

REVOLUTIONARY WOMENS WEEKEND

13.



love each other love
ourselves love each
other love ourselves
**LESBIANS
UNITE!**



photos this page: Ellen Bedoz & Donna Gottschalk

some thought after a Gay Woman's Lib Meeting - Sue Katz

Sex is an institution. In an oppressive society like Amerika, it reflects the same ideology as other major institutions. It is goal-orientated, profit-& productivity orientated. It is a prescribed system, with a series of correct & building activities aimed toward the production of a single goal:climax.

It's also a drag. For women, in a culture based on our oppression, heterosexual sex is a product we have had to turn out. To encourage us we are given two minutes of this, a few minutes of that, a couple minutes at something else... all aimed towards the Great Penetration and the Big Come

There is a great pressure to have an orgasm. Sex without orgasm is a failure, it's a drag, it's incomplete, and very sad. (Just like marriage is not real until it is "consummated".) Because of phallic imperialism built upon Freud's ignorance of the female body, orgasm is supposed to come from intercourse. That's just terrific for boys, but since our orgasm-producing organ is the clitoris, external to the vagina-contradicting capitalistic sexist physiology - many women don't produce the appropriate orgasm thru heterosexuality. By that criteria, they are frigid.

I'm a lesbian. A lot of people can't figure out "what we do", how we make love without a penis around for the final consummation. A lot of boys have these ideas of dildoes and bananas. Sex as an institution is so totally tied up with the penis and it's goal that boys assume there must be some poor substitute for their noble item.

I always hated sex with men. The pressure of the goal, the rigidity of the process and ends was always totally unsatisfactory. When ever I heard the word "sex", all those shitty experiences I had with men came to mind. I cannot separate the "sex" from the phallic tyranny I suffered from for so many years.

For me, coming out meant an end to sex. It's dead and gone in my life. I reject that institution totally. Sex means oppression, it means exploitation. It serves the needs of boys. It has little to do with pleasure for the great mass of oppressed people: women.

Physical contact and feelings have taken a new liberatory form. And we call that SENSUALITY. The women's movement in general, especially at the beginning, and gay feminism now is a fantastically sensual experience for me. I love my body and the bodies of my sisters. Physicality is now a creative non-institutionalized experience. It is touching and rubbing and cuddling and fondness. It is holding and rocking and kissing and licking. It's only goal is only goal is closeness and pleasure. It does not exist for the Big Orgasm. It exists for feeling nice. Our sensuality may or may not include

climax. If it does include genital experience, that may or may not be the beginning or the ending of the experience. It may be anywhere, or nowhere. To make good love with women, I don't want to have to "produce" anything. Except pleasure. And that can be at any level or any form. The sensuality I feel has transformed my politics, has solved the contradiction between my mind and my body because the energies for our feminist revolution are the same as the energies of our love for women. When we feel good about someone we may sleep together. That could mean a lot of things from hugs to climax to cuddling to being very close but not touching. If we feel good in a group we may have a pajama party, which would be called an "orgy" inside the institution of adult sex. That could be a genital thing or not. We are free to act without pressure. I refuse to feel like I must make a decision about whether to "put out" or not. There is no such thing as putting out among us. There is no set physical goal to our sensuality. There is no sex.

The whole language is oppressive. It is white male-oriented and a way of being physical that can only draw up very bad memories for a lot of us. We must use it only in referring to that oppressive institution, not to any new forms we are developing. Having sex means accepting a set of criteria for "success" that we did not set up and develop among ourselves.

Sensuality is formless and amorphous. It can grow and expand as we feel it. It is shared by everyone involved. It isn't something one puts out for another. Sex with boys was like doing alienated labor, so that the one with power could make good profit off of my surplus labor. Sensuality with women is a collective experience growing out of our struggle.

Smashing the notion of sex, getting away from these concepts so intimately tied up with the penis, helps us destroy roles. One thing we realized in my close group of gay feminists is that the word "lover" doesn't describe anything for us anymore very much. It is very hard to tell who is who's lover, because that is a condition determined by genital contact in our society. But among us, we have a very brazen set-up. I don't sleep with the same woman every night. I might cuddle with one sister tonight because we were together and felt close and I might crash on some mattress with a bunch of women tomorrow because we all danced together half the night. If your lover is someone you feel emotional and physical attractions to and where there is some kind of mutual commitment, then we are surely the biggest group of floozies in town. It's so wonderful. Without that kind of exclusive coupling sex and lovers breeds, people cannot fall into traditional roles so easily. Because each time you

sleep with someone you have to make the decision that time. Monogamy takes away free will. It becomes an institutionalized habit to sleep together regularly and there is not usually a fresh decision each time. Amongst us, our getting together is dependent on the reality of the present, not on the promises of before.

Sensuality is something that can be very collective. Sex is private and tense. Sensuality is something you want your best friends to feel and act on with your other best friends. Sex is something you want power and territorial rights over. Sex is localized in the pants and limited by that. Sensuality is all over and grows always. Sex is pinpointed in the pants because the penis is there and the penis is, if not the material source, the material basis for power in Amerika. If you don't have capital you get fucked over by those who do. Unless you attach yourself to someone who has it so that you can serve them in exchange for protection. (known as marriage). Sperm is coin. And that whole system of exchange necessarily excludes us as lesbians.

We can't pretend that those few flaps of skin that make up the masculine apparatus are just a few objective ectodermal gatherings. That stuff is the proof of a right to have access to privilege. Some boys reject that privilege, but they always have the possibility of whipping it out in an emergency and asserting their privilege.

We are building a revolution which isn't based on such drivel. And we must have a new language and aesthetic to describe it. Lesbianism is not a sexual perversion: it has nothing to do with sex. It is not another way to "do it": it is a whole other way to have contact. Sex is a phallic term and we are involved in building a humane world. It's like when people talk about being bisexual; it blows my mind. It's like saying that if you have an apple and an orange, you have two apples because they're both fruits.

Heterosexuality and lesbianism are two forms of physical contact. But that's as far as the similarity goes. I sleep with women, make love with women, am a woman, a lesbian. But I don't have sex with anyone. If I had sex, I could have it with a boy, but that would be a whole other trip from what I am feeling about my gay sensuality. It would be another experience, not a different form of gay sensuality. I would be reentering an institution the structure of which is inherently oppressive to me although particular experiences might be of reasonable fun. But radical lesbian sensuality is a form which I myself am helping create. It is not an institution existing outside of me, like sex is. It IS me, us, as it comes out of our new consciousness.

14 min

LOVE&LIFE&LOVE&LIFE&LOVE&LIFE&LOVE

GAY COMMUNITY CELEBRATION OF LOVE & LIFE
December 24th
Candle light march assembling at
Sheridan Square 8:30
ending with communal fest at the new
COMMUNITY CENTER 130 west 3rd St.
BRING FOOD TO SHARE & love

BELIEVE

we believed the myths
and believed and believed and believed,
but now I can believe no longer
and I only believe in you and you
must believe in me.
every moment of my life I
must now stand on a precipice
and watch what is happening below--
watch the games and societies
where I no longer live.
the theatre has begun, I
walk down the street and confront
the audience who still put me in
the old myths.

Perry Brass

I listen for your knocking in my sleep
(I would gladly trade sleep for your presence)
I listen closely.
come with your quick, brown eyes
and your black hair like a slow thick waterfall
with secrets I'd like to know.

The wind soft in trees
gentle thoughts of you.
I listen closely.

MARLENE
Elling

