

RANDOM LESBIANS

Never having been to New York it is impossible to account for the strange goings on in my life. New York is so incredibly far away and my living room so close that I fail to see the connection. There was a criminal I once knew who stole my VCR and left a love note in its place. She wrote to me later from jail to tell me how much she had enjoyed watching tapes of old movies and that she had just completed her in-jail training to become a phlebotomist. I saw an ad for a quaint 2 + 1 in Arleta and thought of living there with her after her release. Her next letter to me established my fears as she told me that when she got out she was going to New York. At the bottom of the letter she stapled a person-

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alized business card made in the jail print shop announcing her position as a certified phlebotomist at New York General. She said there was a group of five women being released together and she hoped I wouldn't mind but she had given them my address.

They were a hardworking bunch of women and never failed to clean their plates and ask for seconds. The jail had been so confining that Los Angeles seemed spacious to them and had an equal effect on their appetites. There were no problems but for once, when one of them ate more than her share of biscuits and another whacked her on the head with a broomstick. She immediately wanted to call the battered women's shelter but the other one quickly made it up to her by buttering her biscuit. One of the women, Miriam, was looking for work and saw an ad for a "bassist wanted" but returned from the interview dejected because she thought they had wanted someone who could fish.

On the day of my 40th birthday the \$5.00 savings bond my grandmother had bought at my birth was to mature and the women planned a surprise party for me. For the occasion they had resolved to dispense with their usual bitchy attitudes and put on dresses. Margo, the largest of the five, had the hardest time finding a dress to fit and ended up cutting a hole in the center of a Queen size sheet and wearing it serape style. Luckily, I had insurance because the sheet Margo chose belonged to Josephine, who had spent a lot of time in the jail weight room, and she sent my couch flying through the living room landing on my new VCR. We all sat around the couch, ate cake and ice cream, and told tales of incest with each one becoming more gruesome and fantastic.

Darlene, who had worked in the jail kitchen, was the house chef and spent most of her days inventing new recipes for Spam. One of her concoctions was a bubbling stew which was very flavorful but we all decided that for our own safety

she shouldn't make it again because it required us to make the house non-smoking for fear of instantaneous combustion. We knew Darlene was hurt by this so we stepped up our efforts at encouraging her culinary skills, as cooking was therapeutic for Darlene and kept her arsonist impulses at bay.

Once, a male-child came to the door and handed Margo a note which read "looking 4 mother" at which point Margo swept him up in her arms and made a pallet on the floor next to her bed for him. He fulfilled Margo's lesbian dream of childbirth without pain. At the time of the male child's arrival there was a D.J. available and another party was conceived. No furniture was thrown but a communal horniness erupted which threatened to overload the D.J.'s supply of Patsy Cline. We all expressed passionate longings for family, motherhood, and sex. The women had had enough solitary confinement in jail as had I in my living room. Getting a babysitter, we dressed in varying layers of leather and lingerie and went out in search of a cosmic orgasm. The search called forth all manner of the long forgotten creative unity of women. No longer were we in search of a roommate; although that's how we would introduce her to family. At first, it was sheer agony, but we each, in our own time, learned how to dance without our nipples escaping from our leather bras.

In time, we hired a personal trainer to school us in the ways of carousing and arousing. We went through at least a dozen before we found one qualified in teaching groups. She was from the South Bay and was concerned about the long commute so she moved in with us. Her first lesson was a lecture on the ways of a deaf culture with which there was no sign language for us to communicate. She was a 12-step lesbian who nightly attended meetings for anonymous heterosexuals. Her living with us disoriented Darlene as the trainer was a vegetarian and could not eat Spam. It disturbed Darlene so

much that she considered psychotherapy but changed her mind when she found that Tofu substituted nicely for Spam.

Our second lesson was on safer-sex which was very enlightening for Josephine who, until then, had thought it meant using silk scarves instead of hand-cuffs. With her newfound knowledge Josephine embarked on a new career of walking the streets in a sandwich board extolling the virtues of dental dams. Josephine had nothing but ongoing fun especially when asked to demonstrate. After several complaints were filed against her with the EPA she turned her energies toward Queer Nation and volunteered as a dead body for their protests.

Peyote, who had earned her nickname, and who, until this time, had lived quietly with us, spending a great deal of time alone in her room making trails with her hands, began to express her lust for me. Before jail she had been a vocalist seeking a voice and now thought that I could be the one to sing for her. Admitting I was biased against drug use and preferring my lovers to see only one of me, Peyote followed the trail back to her room and didn't come out for a week.

Our trainer from South Bay next tutored us in body motion which actually took several lessons until we finally had gotten our sea legs. Luckily, we were able to bypass the condom lesson choosing instead to inflate them and decorate the house for the celebration of the male child's birthday. There was worldwide celebration in our house that day in honor of all lesbian mothers who had been forgotten by Hallmark. For the occasion Darlene made a gourmet meal combining the best of Spam and Tofu. After much speechmaking by Margo we left the male child with Stella, the cat, and went off to Holly's Place for a few beers. Upon our return, we found that the male child had been most adventurous and had tried to rewind Stella's tail in the VCR while watching re-runs of "Petticoat Junction".

Peyote had since come out of her room in search of someone funny with brains, and without my anti-drug bias, to receive her lust. The last we heard of Peyote she had been busted and was doing time in Sybil Brand for shoplifting a blow-up doll.

It was time, our trainer felt, that we should move on to the more aesthetic part of our education and arranged for a charter bus to take us to a showing of dyke art in Santa Monica. The art show was an array of mixed media depicting hate crimes, love crimes, and stolen memories. There was a single woman standing in front of a metal sculpture of two women embracing, impaled on a cross. It was titled "Wanted: women, dead or alive". She turned and looked into my eyes as if to ask "Are you smart enough to never let this become reality?" There was something in that look that was both charming and disarming and when we left she was on the bus with us. The ride home provided relaxing comfort from the tortures of dyke art.

The male child, approaching puberty, began to exhibit unsettling canine behavior and we were left with no choice but to have him neutered. This stopped his pleas for dining from a bowl on the kitchen floor. Margo was the first one to notice the subservient nature of the male child. It was decided that he should be under the guidance of a professional and so it was that Dirk, the valet, came to live with us. Dirk was dependable and in no time the male child was, in the French tradition, serving from the left and removing from the right.

Chartering another bus, our trainer took us to the Nuart for a women in film series. Most of us, only being familiar with snapshots of old lovers, were unprepared for Simone de Bustier's inner child romping across the screen. The next film was a story of star-crossed lovers in which a Scorpio-fem falls for a Virgo-butch but whose families are opposed. The whole

experience left us all feeling anxious and wanting to return to the safety of our home.

Daphne, the woman from the dyke art show, claimed that a writer seeks spiritual fulfillment by not writing as this goes against tradition and it is only by suppressing the desire that one can grow spiritually. I tried this for awhile and found my spiritual self reading books on witchcraft looking for incantations to recite while burning Stephen Dedalus in effigy. The end result was a return to writing and visualizing Daphne's tight buns. She next tried to explain the works of a French philosopher and the concept of killing the author but I shied away from this as I had finally worked through my suicidal tendencies. She accused me of being only concerned that my books sold for at least \$25.00 and not whether there was any content. I tried to convince her this was not true because I was perfectly willing to have them sold at Crown Books and to show her I was sincere, gave her the teddy bear I had gotten at my first writer's workshop. I stayed secluded for several days after this in my little den worrying about my writing and dreaming of philosophers trying to get in and re-write my work. The dreams stopped, finally, after I took all of my writing and bound it securely in Saran Wrap.

Portia came home one day after her weekly session of tarot counselling. She claimed that a near death experience was awaiting one of us. Not completely trusting Portia we went to Puppy Carmona, the numerologist, for a second opinion. Puppy said that it was possible, but that we could prevent this from happening if we would lock onto the sensual nature of our communal living arrangement. This would mean cutting the proverbial apron string which bound us all to our mothers. Fortified by the accumulative total of our body fat we embarked on our search for the sensual. We insured that our gathering would be informal by discarding all jewelry and any clothing with sharp objects. Puppy had warned us that sometimes these journeys left few survivors so we doubled our

body fat and held tighter together. A warm glow started to envelope the group but it turned out to be Stella rubbing against our legs. Trying to speed up the process we each stood back and yelled "here I go" before flinging our bodies in a pile on the floor. This did not have the desired effect as Margo ended up on top while Portia lay on the bottom and indeed Portia did have a near death experience. Three weeks later Portia was discharged from the institute. She gave up her tarot counselor, became a Buddhist and studied the art of Zen.

The dairy industry was looking for a few good milkers so Margo packed up herself and the male child, fired Dirk and left for Wisconsin. The dairy farm she worked at had all the modern equipment and Margo's job was teat monitor. The only delight she found was when one of the rubber suction devices came off and had to be re-attached. I had read in the AAA Tour Book that there was no erotica to be found in Wisconsin. Later, I found out that she had met up with a gorgeous milkmaid from a neighboring dairy who milked the old-fashioned way with her hands. Watching T.V. one night and re-reading Margo's last letter I saw Josephine on the news having been arrested at a Queer Nation protest holding up a sign that read "I still love Martina" while being led away in hand-cuffs.

With Margo, Peyote and Josephine gone the house started to lose its womanspirit. Dusting off an old tube of lipstick I suggested we needed to be recharged. Daphne, 23, fun loving and bored was all for it. We signed up for guitar lessons but found it took too long to learn anything but "Puff the Magic Dragon". Next we trained for marathons but only ended up with shin splints and spandex. We were looking for soul in all the wrong places. Still determined, we hired a Swedish woman skilled in massage. After much discussion of meatballs and no massages, we let her go. Darlene had grown tired of Spam and Tofu and longed for expanding her

culinary skills in the purer methods of Bisquick. Darlene left with a full figured Jewish woman who promised secret recipe's for Bisquick bagels.

It was then only myself, Daphne, Miriam and the personal trainer left, that is, until Miriam rode off one day with a motorcycle club. The personal trainer still had hopes for Daphne and I to get in touch with our goddess in the office. She brought a crypt home and had us each take turns laying in it and concentrating on invoking the goddess of words. Instead, we both dreamed of a Puerto Rican woman in a marketplace uttering words neither of English or Spanish. Next, she brought in a Gay Christian to pray over us as we lay in the crypt together. The Christian ritual being too familiar we realized we were not marriage minded and returned the crypt within 30 days for our money back guarantee.

Our time spent in the crypt, however, did do wonders for Daphne's reluctance to engage in foreplay. We went back and practiced the body motion positions. Position 47 was utter brutality but we were able to put Daphne's leg back in place without calling 911. We never found our goddess but did meet up with a huntress wearing a head dress.

Never having been to New York it is impossible to account for these strange goings on in my temple of heaven. New York is so incredibly far away and my living room so close that I fail to see whether this is a cult or cure.