



NOT ONLY BEHIND THE GLASS: a multivoice, multimedia lesbian production

BEGIN

AUDIO/

VISUAL

Sometimes I feel I can just say it. And then there are other times when I find myself just listening, not wanting to tell. So, go ahead. I see you out there. Ask me. Maybe I'll laugh. Maybe I'll just sit here. And maybe, maybe I'll tell you.

Jamie wanted to be a drummer. Days were filled rummaging through cupboards looking for coffee tins and Tupperware to set up a new elaborate percussion system. Gathering her days collection she wandered outside to the freshest patch of sunlight where the line of shade was still cool under her feet and then she just took off her shirt and sat in the field with her blue jeans torn at the knee, breasts bare to the sun. She searched for a daisy to pick and hold in her palm like a butterfly before sticking the stem in her mouth. She knew that Fran would come out soon and she smiled, the daisy hanging from the corner of her broad lips. She would ask Fran to sit down and tell her a story, maybe even sing to her. At the spur of any moment Jamie would fling herself backward into the pillow of daisies, scattering the bumble bees to other unoccupied flowers for she liked so much to be in the middle of picnicking.

I had a sexual encounter with a woman when I was in high school but I had a steady boyfriend. I enjoyed having this boyfriend, because I fit in better, but always, I craved the encounter with the woman. I would always envision pressing against her on a sandy beach with our breasts intertwined and touching, rubbing myself on her leg but I never thought of myself as homosexual. It's the softness of women's skin that I love, the curvyness of their hips and legs, the inside of their lower belly where it comes down to a V but still, I never would have labeled myself "lesbian."

Fran had always been very popular in town which was the very reason she was elected the towns spokeswoman. Fran had a strong passion for keeping bullfrogs in her apron pocket and drinking red tea in the shade. Sometimes, if the angle was just right, she would allow her toes to wiggle in her sandals as she stuck them out from behind the podium. Her most brilliant ideas came to her while walking through the acres of shrubs she had planted one year. She held open forums on Tuesdays and special events on Wednesdays, but when she got to the mic all she could do was look out among the townspeople and fold her hands on the podium. She always saved her stories for Jamie and egg salad sandwich picnics.

I've always liked to look at the National Geographic magazines. I like to look at the pictures of the animals, of Africa, of South America. But I also really like to look at the pictures of the women. These women are usually wearing close to nothing so their breasts sag on their lean bodies and the muscles in their arms and legs look overworked and often undernourished. And I don't know what it is but this huge part of me always wants to just be there, in the pictures, walking and working near them. And maybe I am a lesbian. Because I can sit on my bed with a National Geographic and think about smelling the crushed colors of the land and the sweat on their labored bodies.

Camera Angle: Camera is suspended high on a tree branch somewhere off the coast of West Africa. Two leaves hang in front of the camera and touch only when the branch sways in the wind, only it is completely undetectable because the camera is also swaying so the bare and folliaged ground below appears to exist on two circular planes which intersect each other in infinite places.

Scene: Two women sit on the ground next to a bowl of dark purple berries. The wind is blowing to the North East, rustling leaves and hair. A large rock separates the bare spot on the ground from jungle on one side, sand on the other.

Sound: A hyena in the distance answers the war cry heard from atop one of the trees and the ground vibrates from the herd moving forward. A vulture tears away at a rotting cub.

You are lying face up with you/r arms at you/r side. I sit on top, m/y knees to either side of you/r hips. You crush the dark purple stain in you/r hand, you/r lips, wipe it across m/y shoulder, over m/y breast, the color like a scar tearing into open flesh, marking the insides of my nasal cavities, the snot, the mucus. A second hand, mine in you, dips across you/r cheek and down the belly marking the place you are forced to hold life and you scream and tear up the middle in blood wretch vomit and I stain the ground purple too.



Having a relationship with a man might be easier in outward appearances because I don't have to deal with the homophobia and hate and questions and looks and comments from everyone else because everything looks normal. But it's hard because I have to suppress what I really feel, what I really want. Sex is awkward. Sex is silent. I always have to talk myself into it like I'm convincing myself that that is what I really want when deep down I know it isn't. I'm just too afraid to admit that to myself for what being homosexual means. I can sometimes handle the foreplay, the fondling and caressing, but when it comes down to penetration, I must think of something else. And I am silent. In my dreams, I think of women.

Jamie and Fran sat on the picnic blanket together, picnicking. Jamie remembered the days she'd spent jarring honey out in the field and Fran remembered the dishes she had left in a pile for the sake of watching Jamie in her bareness, eating daisies. It was on this day that they would, in the middle of picnicking, remember the avocado tree and stroll across the daisies to explore that side of the garden. It was also on this day that the novel would be forgotten under the fence somewhere between the orange groves and the time it took for Fran to tell a story.

I always sleep naked. I always sleep naked so there is never the possibility of getting tangled in my shirt until it is pulled over my head to hold down my arms. So there is never the possibility that I will hear the sound of cotton tearing from between my legs. So there is never the possibility that my favorite pair of Calvins will end up as a rag torn into three pieces and used to wipe up the cum stains of each one. So there is never the possibility of having to lie in that discard pile until the sunlight forces my eyes open. So there is never the possibility AGAIN.

I was in a few sexual relationships with women before I would accept responsibility for being gay. I'm not sure if I was avoiding it because I didn't want to believe it myself, denying it, or if it just never occurred to me that there was a label for me. I was always just doing what I felt was right even though I had always felt somewhat different but never really knew why, I never really knew what I wanted. When I told my Mother I was in a sexual relationship with a woman she cried and blamed it on herself. Then she claimed I never really told her what happened to me in Riverside. I was gay before I got to Riverside. Being raped is beside the point.

Camera Angle: Camera is shoved under the bed on a cold hard dorm room floor. The room is dark so the camera only picks up the shuffling of three sets of tennis shoes, jeans around the ankles. The space under the bed seems to get smaller and larger in rhythmic patterns.

Scene: Small dark dorm room with two single beds. One is unoccupied and unmade. On the other, a college student, female, wearing only a white T-shirt and Calvin Klien underwear. She is stretched out in a pre-slumber state on her back on top of the sheets. A calculus book lies open on the desk. The door is unlocked.

Sound: The only thing that can be heard is the tunneled sound of three voices laughing and whispering. At the precise moment when the cotton tears the audio portion can no longer be heard.

THERE IS NO SOUND
THERE IS NO TEXT



THERE IS NO SOUND
THERE IS NO TEXT

I think it's too hard to consider those women in the pornos lesbians. I was channel surfing the other day and I stopped on the nasty channel. And watched. These two women were having sex in a blue leather chair. One woman straddled the chair with her breasts jiggling above the seat and her ass up in the air while the other sort of fucked her from underneath and behind with three fingers and her tongue before she pulled out a long white vibrating dildo and fucked her with that too. The two moaned and groaned screaming MORE MORE into the camera with hot pink lipstick and her lips protruding awkwardly. Then I heard some strange voice dubbed in that kept repeating OH BABY I WANT YOU SO BAD and I found myself standing up and yelling too. IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT? DO YOU WANT HER ASS, YOUR ASS, STICKING IN THE CAMERA LIKE THAT? DO YOU WANT TO BE FUCKED ON A BLUE LEATHER CHAIR? Right then some man came in and started to fuck one of them, so I just went back to channel surfing.

Camera Angle: Camera is suspended from a Gothic light fixture in the center of the room on a circular rotary-type thing enabling the camera to shift smoothly and circularly from the ceiling to the floor.

Scene: Small off-yellow room with a faded red sofa in the right corner and a shredded mattress thrown in the middle. A Gothic light fixture hangs above the mattress. A rusty horseshoe lies on the splintery wooden floor. Two figures can be seen, naked on the mattress.

Sound: The only thing that can be heard is the barn burning outside the room and streaks of red siren lights, random voices, instructions on putting out fires, and the inside of a submissive woman's head.

you are turned on top of m/e so your coarse pubic hair is digging its imprint on my shoulder, denting the epidermis with lashing streaks of red, blood rising to the surface, veins bursting. I show m/y fangs, want to sink them into you/r buttocks, the fleshy muscle, to the bone, gnawing and scraping the muscle to show the grey-white skin of an exposed femur. But I sit here as you read m/y mind, sink your own canine incisors into the muscles of m/y abdomen, growling, ripping the flesh with shark-like thrusts, each time you/r skin rubs like sharp razors against m/y cheeks m/y lips, m/y tongue. You/r mouth on m/y breast biting hard, knee thrust up in between m/y legs, pulling down, outer labia majora flattened beneath your weight and the wooden floor and I let my/self scream for more, and I am panting with saliva dripping from m/y tongue.



I had a conversation about lesbian sex over tossed green salad and chile rellenos one day. I was asked what is it that lesbians do, and I had to think, well what do we DO? and so I said... sometimes I pretend I'm between her legs when I'm licking her ear. The lobe is her clitoris and I stroke it long and slow at first dipping into the canal on the 4th and 6th strokes, tasting her soft insides. Then I work my tongue a little faster against her lobe until I take it between my lips and suck on it, the whole thing in my mouth, thinking, pretending how warm and soft and erect her tissue gets... And when I saw the expression on the other person's face I said... and sometimes it's not like that at all. Sometimes it's just eating chile rellenos and a tossed green salad.

Camera Angle: The camera is dropped in the middle of a flower patch. One end is stuck, slanted in the muddy soil so the view is that of a diagonal portion of the sky, the flower tops, and long green stems.

Scene: A blanket sits in the flower patch close to the oak tree which provides a corner of shade on the far end of the blanket. Empty containers are scattered about. A blue blue Volkswagen is parked under the tree.

Sound: The majority of sound is taken up by the bees buzzing and the flowers are occasionally rustled by passing livestock. An airplane flies overhead.

They shared a picnic blanket. Jamie would close her eyes and believe that she could stay smiling in the bareness, listening to syllables, the rhythm of Fran's voice. And the story would, in certain places, stop, reminding her that if she opened her eyes again, it would all still be right there and not only behind the glass. And if it ever got too cold, Jamie would slip on her shirt and leave it untucked, because the sun was sure to come back later, curl in a ball at the edge of the daisies, and look up at Fran, wanting to hear more story.

I saw in a store front window, a picture of Gertrude and Alice, touching. And I had to laugh out loud. Because the day is here. Ya, the day is definately here. When I walk down the street, I hear people say, "That's a dyke." And it's not because I have short hair and dress the way I do, not because I'm holding another woman's hand, but just because I AM.