FINAL DRAFT

STORMING THE LULL or
Its a Lesbian Heat Wave

SCENE ONE: THE INTERVIEW

Interviewer

What is the Women's Labour History Project?

Diamond:

It is a non-profit production society which I began in 1978, committed to documenting, representing and critiquing the representation of working class women in British Columbia's workforce, community and domestic life. It concentrates on the instrumentality and consciousness of those women. The initial impetus, which was to contruct a set of histories, which noone at that time had valued oreven posited, has since expanded toinclude a consideration of issues of representation: what sources are therefrom which to make evident this history, what is the history "writing" process, whatis fictional, what factualabout historical contstruction, etc. How can we imagine documents, films, photographs operating in relation to these women within the historic context, how do they function when recontextualized now.

Since 1978 I collected a large number of oral histories, produced a research bibliography, aseries of articles about thehistory for a range of publications, from union newsletters to academic journals; developed a photo exhibition about the ways that photographer represented women at workin the province andfinally, have produced an ongoing series of videotapes, fictional, artumentary, documentary on this history.

Interviewer:

Tell me a bit about these women? Were you interested in their activism? Were they exceptional?

Diamond:

I looked for paradigms, networks, specific resistances and ordinariness. How did women express agency? What was their relationship to existing structures of resistance such as unions? How were they constituted in terms of any group identity? What made women work to change circumstances, what inhibited? The activists tended to be "different", although circumstance intervened enough to make one aware that it is continually an historical factor (i.e. whofortuitously sits next to whoat lunch-

-although one could read causality into even that). Anyhow, heterosexual women who were activists were either "single", had strong family support (husband, brother, dad), had childcare arrangements if they had kids usually in the form of a live-in grandmother, and often faced intensive personal crisis asa result of their activism, which in turnled either to withdrawal intomore

appropriate activities or else single status and with that a primarily professional identity. There were many divorces, some battering and lots of personal pain attachedto women's militancy.

Interviewer:

What about lesbians?

Diamond:

Well, some of the purportedly "single" women might have been lesbians or become lesbians after they left repressive marriages. I did not interview anyone who described themselves as a dyke, although two lesbian warworkerswere mentioned to me, theywere not available or interested in interviews.

Interviewer:

Were activist women individualists? You have spoken primarily about their homelife.

Diamond:

NO. Women were part of networks which helped to sustain their activism. Networks of other women,friendships, unions where they formed enclaves, political organizations like the Communist Party which encouraged women'smembership or theCooperative Commonwealth Federation. With a few exceptions, who functioned alone or with male acknowledgement and support women were almost always a part of a network.

Interviewer:

What about their personal lives? What happened there--were these women sexually active? Were anyof them married? Were any ofthem lesbians?

Diamond:

What do you mean "personal lives"? I can't accept that division because both realms were so intertwinedin terms of motivation and permission for these women. Although there's also a kind of protocol, that it's not acceptable, evenfor the historical record to talk about emotional issues orto talk about really articulated difference. These things were noticeable when I was younger, really younger, and the distance loomed large between us.

In reality, many of themcould not sustain ongoing activismas well as a family. They were forcedto choose: their husbands would not

"female friendships", as it could be euphemistically stated, and several co-workers who were "manly" women. Then there were the womenwho I interviewed who were married and seemed about as butch as one could get, women who "wore the pants in the family". Were

they latent? Were they hiding? Was there a gap, as is often the case, between image and desire? It's fascinating. Now that I'm older I would like to go back.

Interviewer:

Could you talk about the translation of allthis research into art work? Your work crosses a line between fictionalizing, documentary, fantasy?

Diamond:
There are several series of videotapes which I have made about this social history. 'Keeping the Home Fires Burning' is a videotape in two parts, about women and war work and war working women and unions. It cites agit prop theatre and deconstruction as a methodology, where the purely documentary character falls apart into very thin workers theatre sequences.

Then there is 'Daughters Have Courage, Mothers Take Heart'. a series about the 1930s. Of these 'Ten Dollars or Nothing' is completed and itlooks at the gap between archival imagery such as fishing industry films and photos and the testimonial stories of actual women, done retrospectively inorder to create instrumental fictions abouttheir lives. At thesame time, it provides certain glimpses of the historical process of working in the canneries. The images are very automated.

Finally, there isthe four part television co-production 'The Lull Before the Storm': a two part experimental drama and a two part documentary, complementary to the drama: thedocumentaries decline the drama into a potential actuality. The fictions are about a small, miserable nuclear family: George, Dorothy and Bobby Sanderson. It uses genre after genre of recreations from the era to trace the deeply immobile character of their relationship with its masculine hierarchy.

Interviewer:
So what is the plot?

Diamond:

Nothing much changes in the video, while Dorothy the maternal figure and wife moves deeper and deeper into commodity fetishism and George, the father, into assemblyline regression. Bobby gets larger. George won't let Dorothy work and Dorothy yearns for her former working life, her ex-lover (male) and her pinkish soft radical past. While Dorothy remains at home scrubbing the floor, there is a constant framing by an materialized voiceover narrator (Mr. Grey) and a series of mostly ironic panel discussions about

exemplary historical footage from the times in question. The relationship between Dorothy motivation and ideological practices is hopefully placed in question. The dramas are written as anti-narrative, or at least there is no catharsis in them, justlots of

hysteria.

The family dramas are intercut with fantasy dance sequences which double as ads. The voice of god narrator is a flexible fellow who comments on the family's dilemmas, narrates the ads and chairs pubilc affairs panels. The dramas are also intercut with historical footage. Whilethe dramas are intendedat metahistories, the documentaries are located in a specific Vancouver Island logging community and follow the experiences of women who were loggers, from a white European background or from a Sikh background.

Interviewer:

You're a lesbian right?

Diamond:

Yeah.

Interviewer:

Well, why arethere no lesbian characters? It's not like there is overt heterosexism in the film, but there isn't a clear lesbian position in any way.

Diamond:

No, there is alot of space for the lesbian viewer to feel self-satisfied. Afterall, the piece is a vindication of women's autonomy and the importance of feminine desire. I am looking at certain icons within the culture of the times and it would have been difficult to play with the signifiers in the same way if one of the central characters had been a lesbian. It would have been an interesting project, but not the one that compelled me at the time: constructing the signifiers for working class heterosexual family life and underlining their impossibility.

Interviewer:

You sound rather sadistic to me. Why are you bent on forcing your lesbian audiences to submit,isn't it enough that mostof them grew up in a straight family? No--maybe you're a masochist--
Hoping beyond hope that you will rile your viewers into acts of humiliation and rage against you?

Diamond?

Gee, I never thought of it that way...

SCENE TWO: LETTERS OF CONSOLATION

Dear Emily:

Sorry to hear about the reoccurance of your tuberculosis. I hope that Sophie will come to visit you while you are convalescing. Victoria is so lovely this time of year, it would be wonderful if you could take the air while in recovery.

Now about your note: yes, you did hear the latest gossip. Even though I carefully cited Michel Foucault in my last installation, lots of women gotto the Lacanian phallus and stoppeddead in their tracks. So much for an anatropic image! Lots of recognition and no fascination.

In any case, I am wandering...Word in this town says that no lesbian in her write mind (or perhaps minds would be more apropos)would quote psychoanalyis. It's as unpopular as communism round about midnight. Andhow do you feel aboutyour beloved Canada becoming more balkanized than those Balkins?

Please, don't get depressed. Enjoy thosebegonias! And please be careful when you paint in the woods and stop trying the adopt everybody's babies.

Love Sara

Dear Sara:

Now that we're persuing this, let's talk about writing and the location of relevant knowledge. Dorothy, fragile cipher that she is, seems to carry with her your lover's family, your co-workers familiesand to my surprise andat times chagrin, my family. What's more, the difference that is lesbianism does not preclude women identifying with either your George or your Dorothy.

Now what ABOUT George--you always go forthose boy/girl/boys don't you honey, those horrid brutes that occupied the Vancouver Art Gallery in '38, profaning that sacred house of history. And here heis again, the logger, the tough but vulnerable soldier, who you turn into a disappointed couch potato whose placating wife runs tighter and tighter circles around him. What man would want to identify with him? But you know, Sara, women have told me that they identify with George.

As for myself,much as I love our letters, I am more interested in the forest than the film. I must get up North again to paint. Of course the mosquitos are deadly this time of year and the rain unbearable, but the light, the colour, thetrees hanging low from the weight of wet, that wet coast wet that seems always to drip. And of course I long againto share the spiritual simplicity ofthe forest with her inhabitants. I have just come from seeing my

beloved Sophie, her husband is quite morbid and I fear for her. I will be in the Queen Charlottes soon my dear, so don't expect a swift response...

Dear Emily:

How nice of you to rise from thedead for me, how flattering, your letter was charmingalthough quite anachronistic, allthat nonsense about "the primitive" andthe power of the Natural, youreally were an insistent little modernist weren't you?

And thank you for not dismissing my concerns. It's true what you say, half the people in this town developing neo-psych media crit are dykes (and the other quarter are bisexuals). But that makes me boil inside even more! Without even seeing the piece, some women are mad at me for writing a script with a straight woman central character--they assumethat there's no roomfor the lesbian viewer. As though being a lesbian could make me lose my fascination with that formative but resurgent monster, that reproductive force of compulsory heterosexuality, the nuclear family. Isn't the correlative that because I'm a dyke I have no right to consider heterosexuality as an institution.

I am fascinate by the ways that you represent a differentera, for in your time expressionism on the West Coast of Canada was quite a courageous venturing forth against realism. Ironic, isn't it that video,that most modern of media,should so inherit a mid-19th century aesthetic and all the surrounding expectations. But, the Lull, I assure you, is neither a realist fiction nor an expressionist catharsis. Rather it's subjectis interruption (for its subject is femininity)--it's about available fictions that circulated around lesbians AND straight women in the 1940s and 1950s.

In any case, we both acknowledge that there's a larger than life need for alternate culture(s) based on lesbian identities, after all, here I am outing you of all people. Well as in your case those identities are not fixed, and especially when dealing with history, for indeterminate. That's another reason why it may well be valuable for dykes to run our commentary about race, class and location, location, location.

You know, the way that gays and lesbians have always overun

dominant cultural icons--well, we assert our space within discourses as well, even if the SUBJECT is not lesbian identity, its object may well be.

Dear Sara:

I'm back fromthe Coast and feeling quite ill, but I hauled myself out of bed and went, monkey and parrot in hand, to greet my dish

of a letter carrier to-day, hoping that there would be some communication from you. I know you wrote several months ago and I didn't reply. All those run on sentences! You know my philosophy: why use a big word when you can use a little one.

I was tired andthinking of you and I lay down for a moment on the couch. Surprisingly I fell asleep. In my dream, I was giving a lecture to a group of frowning young women with lawnmower hair cuts, inventive tatoos and a range of leather artifacts. I was shocked at their public demeanor. I have always believed that women should wear skirts or dresses and a proper hat in public. Their appearance so dismayed me that I turned my back on them and began to speak.

Perhaps I was defensive as I began, "'I want to respond to the review of my acquaintance Sara Diamond's recent videotape. This scandalous piece of writing is entitled,' "Hidden Heterosexuality Erupts in Diamond's Stormy Drama: Weathervane Points to Closet", by De La Dyke, Victoria Colonist's arts critic. I will begin by quoting the review,

"Sara Diamond has done it again. Her recent video series doesn't say the word "lesbian" once? Historical investigation is crucial for emerging feminist identity: womyn need to know our past. We need to reclaim our possible older sisters, such as Emily Carr or Rosa Bonheur. There are enough straight feminist cultural historians, especially of the socialist variety. I'm personally tired of maternal desire and phallic displacement being assigned to every ouce of female creativity. It's time that each and every lesbian stands up for the truly"hidden from history", each other! Diamond had better spend some fictive time and energy on the lesbian community if she wants its support. Let's have Dorothy leave George in the next round of narrative negotiations..."

I guess that there's nothing more dangerous than overstating your enemy's position for all those horrid young women were cheering, whistling and stamping their feet. In any case, I had prepared a disclaimer, refusing to be associated with my name being used against you, and I proceeded with it.

I felt a sudden shocked silence in the room. Turning, anxious to respond to questions, I saw that the room is completely empty. I awake startled, the monkey is sitting on my chest.

Dear Emily:

Thank-you for your attempted rescue. Your dream sure states the question. Who'se the superego in this story, or am Iwalking some wierd high/low line? Is it the straight museum world or broadcast who edits my scripts in my head or the lesbian community, or some strange tensionof both? Do I needthe approval of my sub-cultures to continue to feel good about my own praxis? YES.

By the way, can I borrow your car? How many people made that joke

to you, you old cow poke bull dyke you? You know, its fun to slip lesbian references into my social (and I mean social) history videos. Take "Keeping the Home Fires Burning". Remember the sequence where the men are playing (water sports no less) on the logs? The guy falls off into the water just when the singer croons, "I heard that that romance fell through..." and then the image cuts to these two women, one a femme and the other a butch, both in overalls, other on a log boom. The butch is lighting the femme's cigarette while thesinger continues, "it's nice tosee you again". Get it? The lesbian double entendre. Really, I prefer to code in ways that are slippery: where one thing seems to be happening,but the other reading is standing on the surface just begging to be taken.

Emily, you of all people should not chide me for some implied "biology is destiny."

Dear Sara:

Thanks for the historical information about Canadian lesbians during the Second World War--it was just at the end ofmy time and heavens knows my interest was mostly in protecting my collection...that was my Final Conflict. I didn't realize that there was so much harrassment in the Canadian Women's Army Corps.

My curiosity about your lesbian viewers still remains. There is certainly muchado (too much for my taste)in the Lull about issues of class, race and being a woman, that have little to do with preference but could still be a source of identification and pleasure. Then there's that militant little cutie, Mrs. Coldwood the journalist, what a babe--as Mr. Grey would say, "A real tomato." And then there's the lines dances, waltzes and rumbas. A little old fashioned voyeurism goes a long way: your lesbian could dance with Dorothy.

Dear Emily:

You of all people know that the theorization of the gaze and the male franchise on visual pleasure can make us into rebellious little pleasure seekers. Let us say that women are positioned as viewers as much these days by the economy of thatdiscourse, which solidly links anxiety and fun, as by any inherent activity of watching. Lesbians are notorious for outperforming the marathon run between the masochistic feminine passive and the sadistic masculine, in asking who do I identify with anyhow, in cross-identification and subversion.

Well, in the Lull, the omniscient narrator,Dr. Spark/Mr.Grey, the fatherly voice of reason that so dominated capitalism's post-war boom. He uses both discourse and his look to construct masculine "knowledge" and thus a favourable exchange of power, but a power which is always referenced and named. This is a gaze that demarcates discourses of social class as much as gender, holding up examples of working class socialproblems to the scrutiny ofthe historically middleclass documentary audience. The narrator plays another role--he is there to extricate anyone in the audience who slips into believing these fictions. After all, how can you believe in a ploy so large that you can trip over it?

If the narrator too literally looks in on the drama, the viewer can overtake his gaze, allowing both distance and identification. Ideally, we are allowed to both share his authority andrefuse it. (an argument for a willful lesbian identity if I ever heard one) And after all, it is Dorothywho rolls the diegesis slowlyforward.

I ask you: are you watching from a lesbian position? Does the fact that I, a lesbian made this work mean that I write from a lesbian position? But what IS a lesbian position? (I know many but that's another discussion...)Do you say to yourself and your date, "If Dorothy was a lesbian she would have left for sure!" Don't be so sure...

Dear Emily:

I keep coming back to this issue of pleasure, to the ability or inability to read sexuality through an art work. Your work is disturbing and compelling: its content constructs a romantic Modernist vision of Nature; it idealizes the supposedly dying culture of the West CoastNative, the primitive Other, andin doing so, it reproduceshierarchies of colonial domination, nomatter how altruistic your written intent. But your canvasses! They are filled with giantphallic trees and vaginalpassageways through the forest, with a passionate and thick application of paint: a veritable panacopea of feminine fetishism. It is work that can be taken over, assigned to a sub-cultural identity perfectly appropriate to your individualistic lifestyle filled with good women friends and a menagerie of creatures. I think I had the sequel to your dream last night:

SCENE THREE: DREAM SEQUENCE

In the dream I am watching the news when a pirate broadcast interrupted. There Iam, tied to a chair in front of a computer. A young woman dressed in a stunning pink evening gown stands at a floor microphone. Sheclears her throat and deliversthe following rhetorical message:

"Lesbian artist, Sara Diamond, having been held for ransom by the

Lesbians From Hell Content Committee, has made the following retraction and renunciation of her previous work:

The camera cuts to a medium close of me. I say,

"I am intrigued by the idea of reworking my post-war family anti-drama into a lesbian fiction, playing around with the problem of seducing a little someone who is straight (or so they claim), or

has never had a lesbian affair, but who pines for one:

What might happen if Dorothy had a particular penchant for female friendship? Perhaps she would have had an affair with a woman instead of with Bill, maybe a Billie or Wilhemena, during that long, dark wartime hiatus of drawn blackout curtains. They might have met on the job and danced in an underground club or even better, openly, at an assumedly innocent WREN (Women'sRoyal Navy) dance. There, no men would be allowed and the socials were considered to give the gals some exercise without the seductive dangers of a mixed event. Just imagine, Dorothy and Wilhemena pressing their bodies together in all the right places, oh so subtley, whispering coyly to each other and giggling with the ingenuity of the situation.

In later life, when old George was a bore, Dorothy's dream time would turn toyearning for her Wilhemena. Betteryet, George would never suspect and she could even continue to see Wilhemena during the weekly poker game that she playedin her very own kitchen with her old wartime buddies.

How would this work in the drama? Would Wilhemena function as "difference", as the Utopian "Other", never alighting into the real,the stuff of fiction andfantasy, the classic position of the Androgyne. This lesbian Ideal might never be allowed to enterthe neurotic terrain of daily discourse, thestrum and drang of George and Dorothy as currently inscribed: one long struggle after the other. It has its appeal: a lonely and romantic figure to cut. And what would the narrative be from Wilhemena's position: attached to a feminine that continues to align itself to heterosexual priviledge--is this not the classic narrative of the lonely lesbian? Or if Dorothy and Wilhemena start to fight, as well they might during the circumstances, then we truly arrive at soap: two embattledcouples restating the familiaremotional stakes of love and jealousy.

But that is not the story I wanted to explore...so let's try another bend in theriver...Maybe the Lull needs to be a fullblown lesbian melodrama. In this instance, George would be Georgette, Dorothy would still have Bobby, her son, having "tried" the straight life. George would be at war; Dorothy and Georgette, working as lumberjills. The latter could pick upwhere Keeping the Home Fires Burning left off, profering a cigarette to the lovely Dorothy, while resting on a log boom. So could begin a classic butch/femme relationship.

As I speak a small assemblageOf Lesbians From Hell has enteredthe studio. One of them, wearinga candystripped hospital uniformpipes up:

"No way." I look at her, gathering that she is a butch in femme clothing. She continues,"Enough with this stereotyping,surely you are reducing lesbian history to the most coded images that we retain. Please be more subtle."

"Forget it!" I pout, using the last resort of the imbecile, "I'm the writer.

Another one of my captors speaks: "The metaphor fails, it's like apples and oranges."

"Now come on girls," I say, "After all they're both fruits."

The entire assemblage moans. Finally, a small blondin the corner pipes up, "The point is that we can't afford to start with the hegemonic, with dominance, we have to start with our OWN subjectivities. We ARE different."

"Well then that's easy," sayI, "Then they are indeeda butch/femme couple."

I become distracted, tuningout to the discordant soundsaround me. I muse outloud, "Where could I work some lesbian dialogueinto the rest of the script. Of course, the poker game IS perfect: they could all flirt with each other, the antipathy between Susan and Nicola could be because of competition for Dorothy. That much of the current dialogue is about feminine solidarity on the picket line translating into feminine solidarity within the household against errant husbands would be lost. Small sacrifice to produce a piece for MY community...
I could have had one lesbian (a token) in the poker game. But would that not have simply peripheralized her in relation to the other women? Wait, the video could well have been about that peripheralization, about the ways that their conversation about husbands and theirlaziness marginalizes her abilityto participate without duplicating their circumstances (andthis the masculine or feminine position for the partner in relation to housework), OR she could have provided an ideal other for her friends (Like the time I came out tomy female friends on the Left andthey all said, "Well that's fine for YOU, but WE still have to deal with men," inferring that I was cheating.), and assumed the margin that way.

Suddenly I begin to type at my keyboard, the camera cuts to the screen,

"I met Dorothy when she was a waitress working on the skid road. I was a waitresstoo--we shared a station. The boys were down for the fire season, all the logging operations were down, and out of the corner of my eye I watched Dorothy serve them.

Shewas great with the old timers, theway she'd slip them an extra large piece of pie and a wink.

I'll never forget the day that Bill and his buddies were trying yet again to get intoher pants. She poured an ice cold pitcher of water into Bill's lap, never skipped a beat. Thenshe said to the rest of them, "Okay boys, what would YOU like?" You could have heard a crumb drop to the floor.

I was so impressed. Sometimes, our eyes would meet and she would trip with the coffee pot and blush, my heart would race from my head to my toes. I just had to ask her out..."

As I keep writing narration, I muse outloud:

It's so easy to get diverted! Most of the dialogue betweenDorothy and George, is fighting and I mean fighting. Translate that into a lesbian relationship and let me tell ya, its totally possible, but WINCE, I mean in PUBLIC??? It would be an act of resolute anti-narrativity on the other hand to writea lesbian relationship where there is no conflict, inwhich Georgette and Dorothy happily manage thefamily budget, little Bobby's socialization and all the post-war pressures tobe married, feminine anddomesticated. Yawn. Whoops, sorry. Where's all that melodramatic pleasure that we thrive, thrive, thrive on??? This tale would be a perfect remedy for lesbian conflict junkies.

I turn to the young women,

"Is that what you lesbian critics really want?"

"No," I continue, the possibilities would more likely be these:

The skirmishes about money that plague George and Dorothy might just as easily rear their heads in a lesbian relationship. One partner might earn more and the other less. There might be pressure in the 1940s and 1950s, depending on just HOW butch Georgette was for Dorothy to stay home, both from Georgette and their sub-culture. On the other hand, Dorothy might pressure Georgette to improveher job OR Georgette might wantDorothy to get out of the house and get a job, knowing how underpaid women, even those doing workequal to men were on the West Coast of Canada and everywhere else.

As I speak the studio dissolves into a group of women and men working on a green chain.

"Many women worked in the wood industry, a few in the forests and many more in timber and paper mills or box factories. Women were favoured if they were single andharrassed, even dismissed if they married. You got pregnant: you got out. So it could be a lesbian enclave. It was a tough sub-culture,with lots of harrassment and competition with men. The economy got bad and they'd try to boot

you out of the workforce, union or not.

I know of lesbiansin the late 50s who drovelumber trucks, piloted scows and worked in other wood related occupations. Appearances are deceiving, I don't know of any longtermlumber gals who didn't look butch, the image came with the territory and many of them were "happily" married with children. Which is only to say that lesbians would be comfortable as all heck in the wood industry in

and afterthe war. Which in turn isonly to say that Georgette has one steel toefirmly planted in somehistorical possibilities, with one hand firmly holding her IWA membership card and the other her lunch bucket, full of Dorothy's delicious sandwiches.

You could bet that Georgette and Dorothy's relationship, idyllic though its beginnings may have been, could have run into many of thesame problems that their straightcounterparts faced. Problems compounded by the closet or ostracization. Problems of longterm boredom in both the space of conversation and the bedroom; of sexual pleasure requiring imagination and openess, of being surrounded by images of anunaffordable lifestyle. AndGeorgette's capacity to bottom out on the bottle, like old George there, coupled with a parallel ambient aggression could be as much apart of a lesbian couple's life as G. and D.'s. And isthe solution to George and Dorothy's problems for them to be queer?

It's likely as well thatGeorgette and Dorothy would have theirown riversto cross. They might be feel the need to pretend that they are just "friends", "cousins" or "sisters". Imagine if they met at work and kept working together all those years. Or,they might be "out", accepted as the "special" aunties by the family or treated as subhumans by them and workmates. Still, there WAS a community in Vancouver, centered around the Vanport bar and dinnertime social groups. They may well have had close dyke friends. including other womenwith children, in their lives. They would face a facade of decisions about raising Bobby, how much should or could he know. They could lose custody in the wink of a bat's eye.

I pause, smile at the audience and then complete my mea culpa:

I don't think that I'm suffering from the hostage syndrome when I say that my interest is no longer how the Lull should "work" for lesbians--now, I'm hooked on all these different readings, and possible rewritings, generating more fragments beyond the fragments...

Must lesbianculture always name itself? Mustit be for a counter-culture and about it? Why can't femininedesire be messy, nomadic and anxious?

Like all bad soap, neither my dillemaor The Lull Before the Storm ever ends--we keep watching because there IS a possibility that Dorothy, in the verynext episode may become a lesbian,leaving old George forever to that permanent baby sitter, the tele.

Will Dorothy have replaced the pleasures of the broom closet, clothrack and cupboard with the anxieties of the closet? Can she satisfy her yearning for sexual liberation and a wage increase? Will her predilliction for playing poker with her pals help her to place her cards on the table of unspoken desires? For the answer to these and other questions, stay tune to the next episode of "The Lull Before the Storm".