

gayity

Curbside

by Robert Kirby

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HEY, BRENDAN HERE. I BET YOU FORGOT I WAS EVEN HERE, DIDN'T YOU? THAT'S OK, I FORGET ME TOO, SOMETIMES...

I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL FOR A FEW DAYS THE OTHER DAY.

OL' NATHAN'S SURE GOT QUITE THE TALE TO TELL: IT'S NOT EVERYONE WHO JOINS A GANG OF YOUNG GAY HOODLUMS, COMMITS A BUNCH OF PETTY CRIMES WITH THEM, HAS A FORBIDDEN AFFAIR WITH THEIR YOUNGEST MEMBER, LOSES HIS LEFT EYE BECAUSE OF IT, AND STILL LIVES TO TELL ABOUT IT.

CAL VISITED ME A LOT...

THAT MUCH STUFF HASN'T HAPPENED TO ME IN THE LAST TEN YEARS. OK, MY WHOLE LIFE.

IT'S NOT THAT I'M JEALOUS - HOW COULD I BE? I'VE STILL GOT TWO FUNCTIONAL EYES, FOR ONE THING. I'VE GOT A CAREER AHEAD OF ME. I HAVE A GOOD BOYFRIEND. GOT NO PROBLEMS WITH THE LAW, NO SOCIAL TRANSGRESSIONS OF ANY KIND. EVERYTHING'S ON THE UP AND UP.

BUT I'D LIKE TO MARK MY LIFE WITH MORE THAN JUST THE TYPICAL MILESTONES: THE OBLIGATORY COLLEGE DEGREE, THE INEVITABLE TRIP ABROAD EVERY TWO YEARS OR SO, THE TIDY SUM CAREFULLY TUCKED AWAY FOR RETIREMENT PAYDAY; A LIFE OF EXPECTATIONS DUTIFULLY MET.....

I KNOW BEING PART OF A GAY TEENAGE SEX GANG ISN'T THE ANSWER - GOD, WHAT WOULD MY MOTHER SAY - BUT WHAT IS? I GOT NUTHIN...

...I WONDER WOULD I LOOK COOL ON A MOTORCYCLE, OR LIKE A TOTAL SAP?

ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME??

#310

Dykes To Watch Out For by Alison Bechdel

private lives public lives

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AS THE TURBID, OIL-SLICKED TIDE OF AMERICAN PUBLIC OPINION BEGINS TO TURN AGAINST THE WAR, OUR FRIENDS ARE CAUGHT IN THE UNDERTOW OF THEIR OWN PERSONAL AFFAIRS.

472

SYDNEY, YOU TOOK MY "PLEASURE AND DANGER" TWO SEMESTERS AGO AND I NEED IT BACK.

UH... I'LL TAKE A LOOK, BUT I DON'T THINK I HAVE IT. HEY, D'YOU WANT TO ROOM TOGETHER AT THE MLA CONVENTION AGAIN THIS YEAR?

IF I GO, I'M GETTING MY OWN ROOM, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

WHY?

YOU KNOW WHY, YOUR LITTLE TRYST. I WAS OKAY KEEPING YOUR SECRET FROM MO WHILE IT WAS JUST A ONE NIGHT STAND, BUT YOU'VE BEEN IN CONSTANT COMMUNICATION WITH MADELINE! YOU'RE PROBABLY EMAILING HER RIGHT NOW!

I HAVE TO GO. JUST RETURN MY BOOK, OKAY?

TRAITOR!

YOU'RE THE TRAITOR, TROGLODYKE.

AND NEAR A MOTLEY CLOT OF BIG-BOX SHOPS...

MO! UH... YOU'RE THE LAST PERSON I'D EXPECT TO SEE IN THIS PLACE.

HI, TONI! I HAVE A JOB INTERVIEW AT THE LIBRARY BRANCH OUT HERE. PLUS I'M ADDICTED TO THESE FRICKIN' CHAI LATIES.

UM... REALLY?

WHAT DO THEY PUT IN THEM? SOYLENT GREEN?

OOOPS.

TONI, THANK GOD YOU CAME. LISTEN, WE HAVE TO THINK FAST. ANA KNOWS.

HEY, GLORIA.

MO??

UH... YOU MEAN ANA KNOWS ABOUT THE SURPRISE PARTY WERE PLANNING?!

YES! EXACTLY!

OH.

A PARTY! HOW COME YOU DIDN'T INVITE ME?