

# Ask Aunt Gay

Dear Aunt Gay,

You would think two intelligent men could divide property equitably when it's time to divorce. But no. Our whole separation process is stalled over who gets the dog. We can't keep this up much longer; the stress is affecting her health. Please advise!

Dear stalled,

Custody battles are hard on everyone. Naturally you feel urgent. But you're going to live with your decision a long time, so take the time to do it right. Could you two let a neutral third party help you find a good solution? Talk to a trained mediator; that's just what they do. Mediation is all about respect and confidentiality. (You don't have to worry about being queer.)

Dear Aunt Gay,

I just heard that some researcher says lesbians have less sex than straight people who have less sex than gay men. My friend says it's because women aren't taught how to initiate sex. I wonder if it's because women suffer much more sexual abuse in patriarchy than men do and sometimes we need space from sex to heal.

Dear Wondering,

I wonder how those researchers define sex. Is genital contact the only thing that counts? Maybe lesbians spend less time doing that and more time kissing to the point of orgasm, or generating electricity from just looking at our lovers, or feeling the energy swirl around us when we lie down and breathe together.

Or maybe we do have less sex. But do we cuddle less, sleep together less, spend less time being intimate with our friends? Do we want more sex? Does more sex make happier people? Maybe sex is the only way men have been allowed to get closeness and touch. Maybe we all need more of all of the above. Asking for exactly what we want, including space, is definitely a skill worth cultivating.

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*Aunt gay, housepainter and gardener, lives in a cold corner of the Northeast Queerdom. She's been learning from her mistakes for 86 years.*

## Answers to L/G Trivia

**Who:** Tommaso de' Cavalier

**What:** The Pride Institute is the first residential chemical dependency treatment center for gay men and lesbians. It opened on March 3, 1986, in Minnesota. Incidentally, its founder, Elaine Noble, was the first openly gay person elected to public office at the state level (MA.House)

**Where:** In front of New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral. Seventy-five gay men and lesbians gathered to protest the anti-gay views of Cardinal John O'Connor.

**When:** The term "homosexual" (in its German form) first appeared in an anonymous pamphlet printed in 1869. Karl Maria Kertbeny was the author.

## Psst from page 11

As a community we need to gather in our diversities and support each other in our common goal of complete civil rights without fear. We support and validate ourselves and each other by speaking out. Come testify, come be present to support us all when the hearing date is set.



Coming out is like a Draconian roller-coaster ride; you psyche yourself up, take a deep breath, do it, and hope for solid ground when it's over. And the ups and downs of this jaunt are enough to make steely nerves scream and the best of cast iron stomachs turn inside-out.

Tell the Southern bible-toting Baptist, and you are cooked meat on a stick. Misread an "...ism ignoramus" (i.e. racist, sexist, etc.), and it will make like Fawn Hall, feeding you through the psycho-moral equivalent of a paper shredder. Chance telling a loved one, and you may discover their latent abilities as backalley surgeons. These butchers not only shred emotional and/or financial umbilical cords, they rip out a few vital organs along the way.

I tell you, it's no wonder there are lead-lined closet keepers sweating out earthquakes at the gates of this ride.

Okay, so there is a rare species of humanist, in seemingly growing numbers, who accept and embrace our gayness. (I won't knock them. They make this ride a joy.) And even more exhilarating are the souls who respond, "Me, too," one time in ten!

But what gets me - what really stews my gizzards - are the slimeballs who profess open acceptance, while surreptitiously reviewing their private rendition of DSM III (Psychiatric Diagnostic Manual.)

These unctuous idiots conveniently slide past the "You're gay and that's fine with me" part, and slide into the "Maybe it's because..." portion of the program. I mean we are talking warped Mary Poppins' reruns here. You know - "A spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down." Come on.

Well, guess what morons? I am a Lesbian because...I am a Lesbian! Swallow that.

If you ask me, these jerks are the hemorrhoids of human existence. And, it's time we let them have it! So, starting next month, I'm going to offer retort to the "Insidious Causal Rationale of the Analytically Impaired". (I.C.R.A.I. - pronounced Ick/Rah) If you have some choice morsels, by all means, send them in. (I want a desk!)

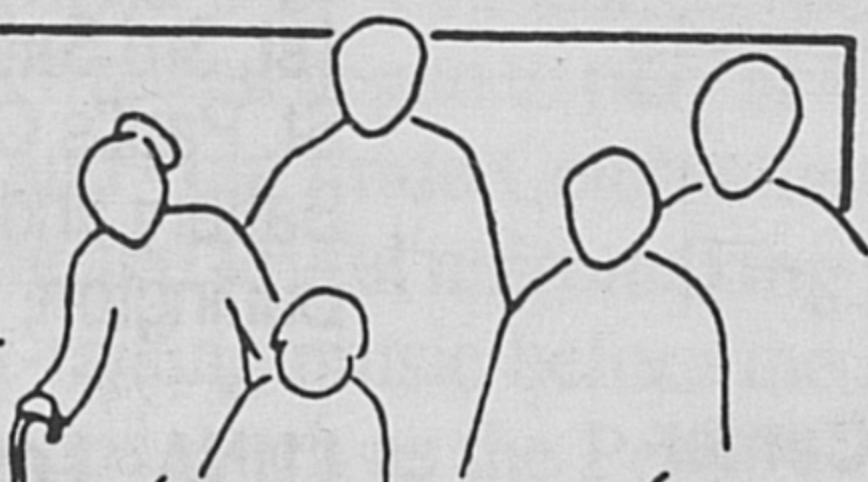
Until then...

Love ya,

Me

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