

Ask Aunt Gay

Dear Aunt Gay,

I've got a question about your letter to "Wondering" (Feb.89). "Kissing to the point of orgasm?" Are you serious? I read The Hite Report and that had plenty to say about coming, but nothing like that.

Dear Still Wondering,

Serious? Shoot, I know lesbians who have orgasmed from looking into each other's eyes; from nipple stimulation; from the energy running through them when lying on top of each other. I asked a roomful of dykes how many of them had orgasmed in their sleep. Twenty-nine out of thirty. We all looked surprised. There's a lot those researchers aren't asking. Let's not wait for them to tell us what we're doing. Let's be as open about our sexuality as we are about our favorite foods. We'll know more about ourselves, get more of what we want, be more relaxed and happy, and have more energy for living our lives.

Dear Aunt Gay,

I moved to Burlington last year because I liked the lesbian community here. Since I get here I've been outgoing; I ask people out and go to meetings. I make people laugh and think, so I guess they like me well enough. But it's a rare woman who asks me how I'm doing. Every hugging relationship I've got I've initiated. It seems like everybody's life is too full to fit me in; nobody invites me anywhere. I've found a lover; that's not my problem. But dyke does not live by lover alone. I'm desperate enough to consider sleeping around; then at least I'd have ex-lovers to be friends with.

Dear Desperately Seeking,

I know exactly what you mean! This is typical northern behavior, but it's just a bad habit. It doesn't do anybody any good. Even insiders say they feel like outsiders.

So listen all you dykes out there: Do you really have all the friends you want? Is there a woman you're glad to run into but never get to know? Are you planning to connect with her when you have more time? Maybe next month. Or maybe she'll move away again and you won't have to.

Come on! It's not hard. Offer her a jump start if she ever gets stuck. Invite her along when you go out with your usual group. You don't have to marry her to welcome her in. You have community. Nature it.

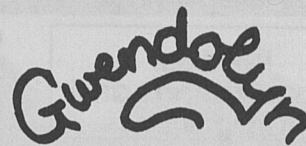
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quent bypass. Coincidence? Probably. It was just bad timing for that letter and his heart attack.

Did the news of my lesbianism cause the heart attack? Perhaps it was the straw that broke the camel's back, the one last piece of stress his system could not handle. After all, my father is 75 years old, and had led a typical American lifestyle...mostly sedentary and eating "too well." So he was probably due for a major medical trauma of some kind.

I do not blame myself for what happened. Just imagine if I had that kind of power! The most difficult part for me through all this has been lack of validation from my family. I took the risk of coming out to them. They still love me, but on the condition that I do not bring up the subject. Well, I am not satisfied with being quiet, but for now the first step for me has been taken, and I need time to reflect and to heal. I must regain my pride in being a lesbian, a dyke, a queer!



Insidious Causal Rationale of the Analytically Impaired (ICRAI)

Okay folks! Hang on to your sensibilities. You'll need them as we muck through the logic in dubio of those who respond to our gayness/lesbianism as if it was some dysfunctional quirk or a condition to be cured. (Come on!)

It all begins with these words, "I'm gay / I'm a lesbian." ICRAI: "Oh. It's just that your past relationships with the opposite sex haven't worked out."

Right! Which came first, the chicken or the egg? Did it ever occur to this bozo that your past relationship didn't work out because you're gay? Don't waste your breath. I suggest asking, "Well, does this mean you're straight because your same-sex relationships didn't work out?" (Ha!)

ICRAI: "Maybe you need to spend more time with men/women. I mean all your friends are women/men." Great. This is the kind of sadist who believes you don't like collard greens because you haven't eaten enough in your lifetime. Try relying on the old cliché about the shoe fitting. "Maybe you really wear a size 6 and need to wear them more often, not all the size 9's you own." (Ouch!)

ICRAI: "You never did accept your femininity/masculinity." What? "Look, most intelligent human beings have long since abandoned traditional notions of what is female and what is male - and we are not all gay." (Get with it.)

Note: When confronted with such conversational stupidity, and you don't want to squander a reasonable response, there are options; a) If you are in intelligent company, chant with them at the offender, "ICRAI, ICRAI, ICRAI, etc." (Ickrah), in unison, adjusting the volume and speed to the occasion. This is especially effective for orating imbeciles and Anita Bryant types. b) If you are one on one, mutter "ICRAI" under your breath. If someone asks, just say that there is an obnoxious piece of phlegm lurking about.

I want a desk!!!

Love ya, Me

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