

Ask Aunt Gay

Dear Aunt Gay,

I like to get going in the morning, but my lover sleeps till noon, and then she wants to cuddle! I don't necessarily want to change her habits, but morning is my best time. Do you think we can work it out? Any suggestions?

Dear Get Going,

Of course! This sounds like a case of complementary differences. Trying talking with your sleeper. See if she's willing to stuff earplugs in when you get up. Not worrying about your noise level, you might accomplish so much that by noon you'd be ready to take a break.

If you consider that sleeping people are often processing on a deep level, you could see mornings as best times for both of you!

Dear Aunt Gay,

Does it bother you if I use your space to sound off? It's about homosexuality in animals. Don't people know that lots of animals act queer? Living in the country it's hard to miss. Winter nights, my male duck tumbles around in the hay with his parts hanging out, chasing another drake. My neighbor's dog, a female, has a loyal girlfriend. I've seen stallions on each other too, and I've heard about wild birds in lifetime lesbian partnerships. How do dairy farmers know when their cows are ready to breed? Other cows are jumping on them. Licking tongues and protruding parts don't lie. The point is, we're just as natural as the breeders. Thanks.

Dear Natural,

It doesn't bother me a bit. You're welcome.

Guendolen

"Coming Out Part II"

So, my friends, you've survived the ICRAI's "Whew," you say...Not so fast!

Insatiable curiosity flows through the vacant brain cells of those with limited imaginations. It rushes through the minds of younger siblings, crass relatives, meddling friends, and idiots. It circumvents consciousness and the intricate mechanisms of thought and cooth. Without warning comes a verbal explosion so disarming our disbelief is matched only by the gall or embarrassment (fat chance) of its source.

So goes the cerebral dysfunction of those who ask, "What do you do?" (Give me a break!...I mean...well...THINK about it!...Never mind).

In the absence of Scotty and hopes of beaming elsewhere - tell them.

"I'm a carpenter, plumber, doctor, lawyer, caseworker for "Sexually Free America", etc."

"Come on. You know what I mean...What do you DO?" (Lesbians have horns, gay men tails, and of course WE'RE from a different planet).

"Oh. You mean Lesbians and gay men. Well, we work, play, eat, sleep..."

"No. No. What do you do TOGETHER?" (This bugger is really pushy).

"We meet, talk, go to parties, dance, sing, march, work for equal rights..."

"But as a couple - you know...TWO of you together?" (Is this a cloister case or what?)

"We meet, date, fall in love, live together, live apart, make commitments, raise children..."

"But, what do you DO?" (Hey and what do you DO!)

"Ohhh...You mean SEX. (I'm talking snide here. This mucous membrane deserves it!) The same things you do only with indoor plumbing (Lesbians), outdoor plumbing (Gay Men)."

If this turkey turd persists, direct him/her to the nearest phone booth, dial Dr. Ruth, and cement the door shut! (Ha!)

Later... Love ya, Me

UNFAIRNESS

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