

## Ask Aunt Gay

Dear Aunt Gay,

In our first date she asked if she could sleep with me. I was just getting to know her! I guess I was scared of things happening too fast, so I blurted out something stupid about a TV show coming on and pretty soon she was gone. Did I really ruin any chance of being friends just because I was a little nervous about sex?

Dear Step by Step,

You haven't ruined anything! There's nothing wrong with taking things slowly, and only as far as you want. So what if you were abrupt with her; you were doing the best you could in a tense moment. You can always apologize or explain later.

It's never too late to clear up miscommunications and mistakes. Anything getting in the way of your being exactly how you want to be right now, is a current issue.

Talk with her. Give her a context (you like to savor getting to know people), tell her how you feel (silly/sorry) about what you did (react) and why you did it (you were scared because of \_\_\_\_). Then tell her what you want (understanding/to see her).

Although there's nothing wrong with being fast, maybe she's been thinking she was pushy and insensitive and ruined her chances with you! Try laughing about it together. You know, honest processing is a great basis for a friendship.

Dear Aunt Gay,

What would you do if your roommate complained about every little thing

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about Chronic Fatigue Syndrome; a syndrome caused by a different virus, and platitudes such as "know your partner".

Thank you,

Deborah Kutzko FNP

AIDS Program Manager

Vermont Department of Health

Editors Note: Ms. DeSouza has a B.S. in Biochemistry and is currently a research assistant at the University of Vermont.

Her article was specifically from the point of view of a researcher. Research since the article was written has shown that Chronic Fatigue Syndrome may not be caused by the Epstein-Barr Virus. A virus which is not the same virus as HIV, which causes AIDS. See article in Lesbian/Gay Health section for a related article on lesbians and AIDS.

you did, to the point where you hated to come home? I do things his way, and still I get criticized. I tried telling him off but that was even worse. What am I doing wrong?

Dear Trying,

I hear you. That negative stuff can really wear you down.

Can you tell your roommate firmly and as often as needed that you are not accepting criticism today (or tomorrow either)? Can you give a couple of friends the job of checking in with you daily to see how you're feeling and how this tactic is working? Maybe you can move your interactions onto a whole new footing.

If this doesn't work for you, you may be in an abuse pattern. You should get out and get help, now. Get yourself out of the flood of criticism; find someone you trust to think things through with; and keep those friends checking in with you. You're making a major transition, expanding and freeing your life. That can be pretty frightening. Good luck. © 1989 Aunt Gay

## Hearing from page 9

When anyone in Vermont is denied credit on the basis of sexual orientation, the pool of loanable funds is preserved to make loans more available to me.

I inherit—without any merit on my part—the good will with held from others.

As long as discrimination happens, heterosexuals like myself will profit.

It's not right, and it doesn't feel good.

## Leather Lovers Unite !

by Gilles

A new affinity group has recently formed in Burlington for gays who are into leather, uniforms, denim, and western wear.

The first event, an informal social, was held on Saturday, April 1, at a residence in Burlington, serving as a relaxed meeting ground for an enthusiastic beginning membership. One man travelled 40 miles to attend.

Monthly gatherings will take place in private homes at 8 p.m. on the first Saturday of the month. Plans are being developed for community projects, travel to other cities for meetings and other special events, participation and networking with similar groups outside of Vermont. For the May meeting, a leather club in Worcester, MA has been invited and will send a delegation to Burlington.

For further information, call Gilles at 865-3941.

Gwendolyn

So here I am enjoying the view, while engaged in a little idle conversation with a woman sitting next to me. This stranger turns to me and says, "I'm looking for someone," with such intention and earnest that I believe I've been taken into some grand confidence.

I wait, anticipating some long, drawn-out story of an adventurous past, with many players and intricate details. Perhaps this woman is a spy, a double agent, or an infiltrator from the C.I.A. My heart races, my mind wanders. I check for the door. Oh shit! I'm in a gay bar. They've got my name, a file... Shut up, Gwendolyn. Shut up! (I've obviously watched far too much late night TV and read a few too many suspense novels).

"Is it anyone I know?" I ask nonchalantly. Maybe it's someone on the "Ten Most Wanted List" or a political refugee. No, it's a runaway teen who's gay and has Jehovah Witnesses for parents! Hey, I'm talking with a real live Magnum P.I! (Hot damn!).

"Perhaps," she replies with a smile and a wink. Then, I realize all her intention and earnest was lustful longing. You know, too many cold nights, no one to talk to or hang out with. (Come on). That's her hand on MY KNEE!

"You mean you came here looking for a relationship?" Images of Daisy Mae ("Li'l Abner") hunting for her man with a ready cudgel flash through my mind. (Give me a break).

"Yes. Well...What do you think?" Holy camoly! She means ME!

"I'm sorry. I don't do well with fill-in-the-blanks, not on tests and certainly not on dates." (Humph).

"Well, okay. If you're not interested..." She shrugs me off and walks away.

Well, I wasn't through with this love-forsaken parasite. "Hey! Hey you! You want a relationship...Get a dog!" (Ha! I told her).

Catch you later...Love ya, Me

P.S. Hey, about that desk. I'm still waiting. Where the hell is it!