

WRITE YOUR  
**AUNTIE PEARL**



Dear Auntie Pearl:

I can't tell my friends this, so I hope you can help me. I'm in love with a wonderful woman who I'll call "April". The part I can't tell my friends is that she's bisexual. She told me when we met, and she said not to tell anybody. We've been together for almost a year.

At first I thought "so what", because she's with me. But now we're talking about the future, and I'm not so sure anymore. I never was with anybody bisexual before. I'm afraid that some guy will come along and she'll leave me for him. She says that's not how it works, but that doesn't make me feel any better. She says she wants a monogamous relationship with me. But how can somebody like April ever be happy with anybody if she likes being with the other sex too?

There must be other dykes who have dealt with this, but I don't know any. Is my fear silly? If so, how do I get rid of it? This is probably pretty basic stuff, but I need to know! My future depends on it! Thanks for being there.

*Bi-Ignorant*

Dear Bi-Ignorant:

What makes you think you're such a rotten catch that April would leave you for anyone? Why is a man more threatening than the millions of tempting lesbians and bi women out there?

Waiter! Some self-esteem, for this niece! April is bisexual; not promiscuous. Do you think you'd have guaranteed fidelity with another lesbian? Excuse your Auntie's bluntness, but HA! If you're looking for a partner who won't leave, don't just pass on bisexual women; better skip the species. Forget the bars and personals. Try the pound.

Soak your cold feet. April says she's ready to forsake all others. Are you?

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Dear Auntie Pearl:

I'm writing for help. I'm a gay male. I fell in love with this guy. He's so beautiful. But I don't know if he's gay or straight. But I can't get him out of my mind. Every time I see him, I feel like I'm going to fall over. And I get all these mixed signals from him. It scares me.

How do I tell him I love him and keep from falling apart? I tried writing him a letter. But I can't give it to him. He knows I'm gay. Tell me I'm not heading for a broken heart. I go to gay bars. I've had affairs. I even got men's phone numbers and a man who loves me too. So why do I love him so much? Why can't I say it to him? What should I do?

*Falling Apart*

Dear Falling Apart:

Your Auntie has always enjoyed the sporting life, and yes, fishing can be great fun. But darling, your pole is pointed toward the wrong pond. Auntie knows this species of handsome fish you describe. He can play on your line endlessly, but try to land him, and he'll disappear.

Give it up. You may be confused about your hero's intentions, but he knows exactly what he's doing: getting pleasure out of making you miserable. Auntie's nephews do not play this game. If he was interested, you'd know it.

Lust is a grand thing, my dear, but don't confuse it with love. Once you're ready to take a chance on someone available, this will pass. Until then, be grateful you had the sense to keep your thoughts to yourself. ▼

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