



GAYITY



The Mostly Unfabulous Social Life of Ethan Green....

By Eric Orner

ARCTIC SAFE HOUSE FOR A LOUSE

LAST WEEK WE LEFT A FROSTBITTEN ETIENNE AFTER HE HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED BY DRUG KINGPIN GASTON, ABANDONED ON THE CANADIAN ARCTIC, and ultimately, rescued by a lovely NINETEEN YEAR OLD INUIT BOY WITH GOOD BONES, BEAUTIFUL SKIN AND ENORMOUS FUR BOOTS.

VITAL SIGNS
HEART-BEAT..... NO
PULSE..... NO
SMOKES..... YES

Büavik (THAT'S THE BOY'S NAME) BROUGHT ETIENNE BACK TO HIS VILLAGE, WHERE THE CHEF'S GAULIC GOOP LOOKS REMINDED THE BOY'S MOM OF A QUEBEOIS FUR TRADER SHE KNEW LONG AGO...

MORE COFFEE, MISTER ETIENNE?

INSTANT COFFEE AT THE NORTHPOLE. How GHASTLY.

SHOW BLINDNESS IS A GOOD EXCUSE TO WEAR ONE'S GUCCIS IN THE HOUSE

Weeks went by. AS ETIENNE SLOWLY RECOVERED, HE MASTERED A BETTING GAME THE MEN OF THE SETTLEMENT PLAYED WITH DOMINOES MADE FROM POLAR BEAR TEETH..

HE AND BÜAVIK FUCKED A LOT WHEN THE REST OF THE IGLOO'S INHABITANTS WERE OUT ON SEAL HUNT..

HEY, DO YOU HEAR SOMEBODY FUCKING?

BÜ'S GOTTA BOYFRIEND.

Bü had NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE, AND TOOK TO IT WITH A 19 YEAR OLD'S VERVE & RELISH (FUCKING THAT IS, NOT SEAL HUNTING, WHICH HE LEARNED YEARS EARLIER AND DIDN'T CARE FOR).

MEANWHILE, STATESIDE.. JASON CHANG, WHO HAS JUST LEFT HIS THREE MAN MARRIAGE TO TIM & CARLOS, BROKENHEARTEDLY FLINGS A BACCAPAT CRYSTAL FRAMED PHOTO OF THE 3 OF THEM INTO THE FIREPLACE...

OKAY, OKAY, SO HE DIDN'T FLING IT IN THE FIREPLACE... HE DID PUT IT FACE DOWN IN A DRAWER HOWEVER. (NOW HE'S GETTING DRUNK.)

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busted

MO HAS JUST DISCOVERED SYDNEY ENGAGED IN A DISCUSSION OF INTIMATE UNDERGARMENTS WITH AN AS-YET-UNIDENTIFIED THIRD PARTY IN THE HALL CLOSET AT 3 AM.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

MO, I JUST COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. THE TEMPTATION WAS TOO MUCH.

I'M... I'M SPEECHLESS

LOOK, I'M SORRY, OKAY? HEY, SINCE YOU'RE UP, HOW ABOUT SOME POPCORN?

POPCORN? ARE YOU MAD? HOW CAN I EAT POPCORN WITH MY GUTS RIPPED OUT?

OH, COME NOW. THERE'S NO NEED FOR MELODRAMA! I SAID I WAS SORRY!

I... YOU... SPLUTTER! GASP!

LOOK! IT WAS JUST A \$30 CAMISOLE! I DIDN'T EVEN FINISH PLACING THE ORDER!

YOU WERE ORDERING SOMETHING FROM A CATALOG?

GOD, MO! GIVE IT A REST! I KNOW I PROMISED TO QUIT SPENDING SO MUCH MONEY, BUT... IT WAS JUST SO SEXY!

HMM? DON'T YOU THINK? LIKE SOMETHING MARTHA STEWART MIGHT WEAR UNDER ONE OF THOSE SHAPELESS SWEATERS?

A CATALOG! IT'S... IT'S STUNNING.

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS...

Good thing: I love how you've decoupage'd my thighs, Ms. Stewart. Now let me help you take off that hand-some yet bulky cable-knit turtle-neck.

Crafty girl! Don't be so eager, my little scullion. Do I have to get out the macramé wrist restraints?

Good thing: Yes, please tie me down on your \$10 thread count sheets!

ZZZIP!

MAYBE SHE'S UP HERE ON THE OLD COMPUTER.

AAAH!

JEEZ, BABE! YOU SHOULD CUT BACK ON THE EARL GREY.

DAMMIT!

WHAT'S WRONG? SCREEN FREEZE UP ON YOU? HERE, I KNOW HOW TO FIX IT.

LOIS! NO! I CAN DO IT MYSELF!

WELL! AND APPARENTLY YOU WERE! WOULD YOU LIKE A FEW MOMENTS ALONE, GOODTHING?

NEXT DAY AT MADAMMIN BOOKS, GINGER & SPARRON ARRIVE A BIT EARLY FOR THEIR LUNCHEON ENGAGEMENT WITH MO.

HUH... I HAVEN'T SEEN HER IN A WHILE. LET'S CHECK UPSTAIRS.

ACTUALLY, IT WAS STUART WHO WAS SHOOPING.

STUART?! JESUS! IS THERE ANYONE LEFT WHO DOESN'T KNOW THE INTIMATE DETAILS OF MY FANTASY LIFE?

THAT DECOU-PAGE SCENE WAS HOT, YOU KNOW, IT REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING...

WELL, WE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOU! THAT'S JUST IT! WE THOUGHT SYDNEY WAS HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH SOMEONE WE WERE CONCERNED!

YOU JUST ASSUMED SYDNEY MUST BE FOOLING AROUND ON ME?

I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU, BUT SPARRON WAS CONVINCED YOU'D THANK US.

SO YOU THINK I'M A PATHETIC STOUGE, AND SYDNEY'S A DOUBLE CROSSING WEASEL? IS THAT IT?

MO, WE JUST DIDN'T WANT TO SEE YOU GET HURT.

YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW SYDNEY! SHE'D NEVER BETRAY ME LIKE THAT!

CHECK IT OUT, THERE'S A STORY IN HERE ABOUT TWO CHICKS WITH A MARTHA STEWART THING.

WHAT'RE YOU DOING WITH THAT DISGUSTING RAG?

JUST READ IT.

OH MY GOD! SHE'S SOLD OUR SEX LIFE TO "PANTHOUSE!"

VERBATIM!

A TIP TO THE MB TO SENIOR LOGICCO SCHINELY.

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FRIENDS LIKE THESE

MO HAS BEEN CAUGHT IN A RATHER COMPROMISING POSITION WITH THE OLD COMPUTER.

GOD, MO! WHO KNEW YOU WERE SO RAUNCHY?

WHOA!

YOU'RE "GOOD-THING?"

HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT GOODTHING?

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE? THIS IS EMPLOYEE-ONLY SPACE!

UH... SORRY, JEZANNA. THEY'RE JUST MEETING ME FOR LUNCH. I'D ZIP UP FIRST IF I WERE YOU, PAL.

SHORTLY, AT A NEARBY EATERY...

YOU AND SYDNEY HAVE SEX WITH EACH OTHER ONLINE WHILE YOU'RE AT WORK?

ON SLOW DAYS, OKAY? BUT SPARRON, WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY "YOU'RE GOOD-THING?"

UH... WELL, IT'S SORT OF ANKWARD...

SPARRON WENT SHOOPING ON SYDNEY'S COMPUTER WHEN SHE WAS CATSITTING FOR YOU TWO, AND FOUND TRANSCRIPTS OF YOUR, UH... CHATS.

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