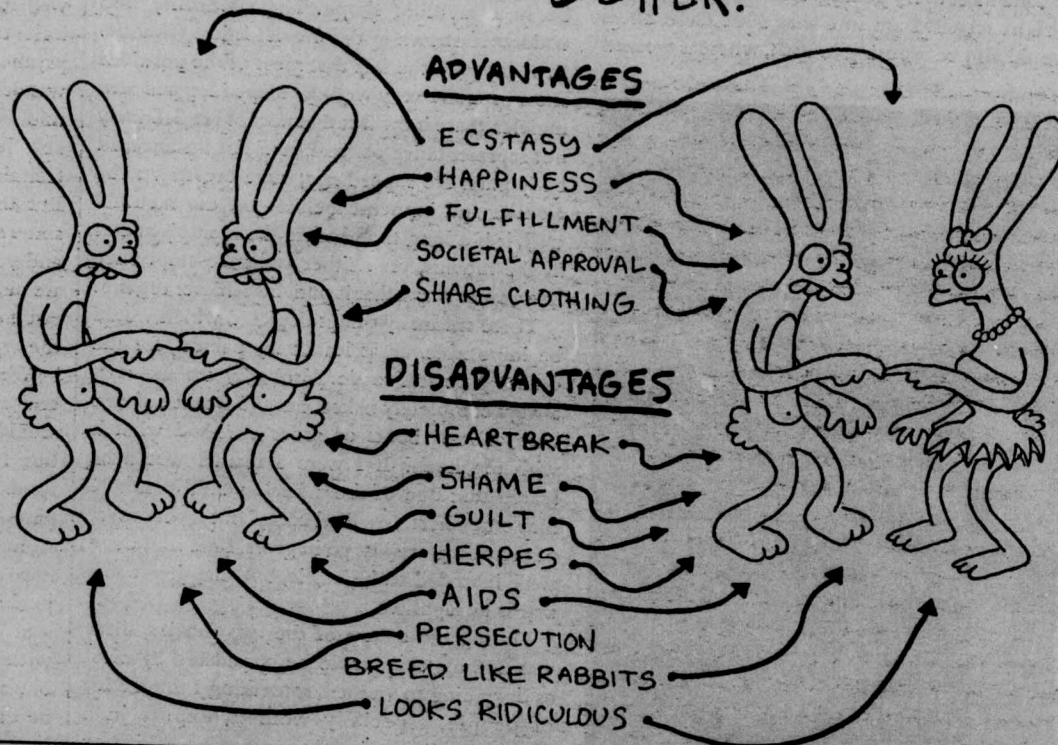


# HOMO VS. HETERO

WHICH IS BETTER?



DREW GILBERT PHOTO

TRISTIS BHARD

SPECIAL TO THE BRUNSWICKAN

Some women have known they were gay all their lives. They were aware, as children, that they were destined to love other women, or at least that they were not destined to follow the role of their heterosexual mothers, sisters or friends. I was not one of these child dykes. It took me a long time to come to the conclusion that I was a lesbian. From the first weird feeling to my first

## The "Dull" Life of a Lesbian

lesbian love affair was about four years. I wanted to be sure, you see. I didn't want to leave behind family, friends and all that respectability over a phase - and a heck of a lot of people told me it was a phase!

Back then, there wasn't a lot of real information about homosexuality available to help me understand what was going on. Of course, my boyfriend tried his best. He showed me lots of pictures and "letters" from Hustler and other magazines of the same ilk. I suppose I don't have to go into detail about how little this helped. One of the ramifications of this education was that I believed lesbianism was just a variation on heterosexuality. It was something women did with each other to keep themselves ready to have sex with men. I think that same idea must be what is behind some of the strange thoughts heterosexuals have on the matter.

When a homophobe states that my being a lesbian is just a choice, I can't help but think they must have seen the pictorial about the two "Lunching Ladies" who chose to diddle with each other on a warm afternoon while waiting for their husbands to return from work. Calling my existence a choice limits it to nothing more than something to do, assumes it is about sex and nothing else.

When an unrelenting homophobe says that gay people are sinners because they engage in filthy immoral pre-marital sex, I can't help but think (since these same people also fight hardest

to prevent the recognition of same-sex unions) that they must be remembering a story about a women's dorm at an ivy league university they read in a book of Forum letters before their conversion. I remember having a discussion with a woman one evening about same-sex unions. She said she couldn't understand the motivation behind our lurid sex groups. After all, we just want to "do it" with everybody. If that's how we feel, why try to drag the name of the Lord into it by calling some of it a marriage?

When I found my voice again, I answered her question, but what crossed my mind was this woman had a pretty vivid imagination fuelled by some incredible reading material. It's no wonder these folks fight so hard to deny rights to gay people. The stories they've been fed make us out to be sexual "aberrations." If they knew how similar (and sometimes as dull) our courtships and unions were to their own, they would be a lot less interested in us altogether.

When a heterosexual pinches up their face and says to me "I don't mind gay people as people, it's just what they do with each other that disgusts me!" I know they must be thinking of some blue movie they saw, or some magazine depiction of what "lesbian sex" is supposed to look like, because they couldn't possibly know the truth. Those pictures don't do anything for me either. They are inherently wrong. They are a man's interpretation of a relationship that is, by definition, outside of male influence. What we do is exactly the same as what heteros do. There is nothing about our sex that is any more acrobatic, lusty, exploratory, fun, weird, or unhealthy than what heterosexuals do every time they decide to "get it on." You cannot name an activity gay people do that heteros do not do with pretty much the same frequency (per

capita)—oral and anal sex included. It is sometimes hard for heterosexuals to believe that there are plenty of lesbians who have not, and never will, engage in oral sex. There are lesbians who are very secure in their identity who have never engaged in any sexual activity at all. Lesbianism is not about sex in the same way that being left handed is not about writing.

Every so often, I think back to the early days of my new life, I'm thankful that I didn't end my soul-searching after reading my ex-boyfriend's dirty books. I kept looking until I came across some real information. I made contact with the gay community, read some healthy books on sexuality, met a woman, fell in love and I am now living a mostly quiet (perhaps some would say dull) life.

