

GAY

The E-zine by Lesbians with a Sense of Humor

GAY Comic Round-up



Featuring:

- Gloria Bigelow
- Poppy Champlin
- Dana Goldberg
- Bridget McManus
- Jennie McNulty
- Ellen Moschetto
- Erin Schauer
- Tamale Sepp
- Vickie Shaw
- Amy Tee
- That's What She Said
- Sandra Valls
- Patricia Viletto



Special Feature:
"Chasing Tail"
by Novelist **Natasia Langfelder**

Event Preview:
2010 Camp Lickalotta Festival

Haulin' the Fridge
Massage Therapy
The Happy Lesbian Housewife
To Crush or Not to Crush
Where Do You Do It?
AND MORE!!!!!!



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to go directly to that page.

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to learn more about her

The E-zine by Lesbians with a Sense of Humor

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Illustrations/Artwork

Missy Fox

Leigh Hubbard

Madeline Queripel

Editing

Sarah Andrews

Photography

John Dart Photography (for Tamale Sepp photos)

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From the Editor's Desk

Wow. Has it really been a month already since GAY e-magazine sprang back onto the scene? They say time flies when you're havin' fun and we couldn't be having any more fun (with or without our clothes on) here at GAY if we tried!

We appreciate all the positive feedback we've received and are excited to bring you our May 2010 issue. As if 57 pages of humor in April weren't enough, we've expanded to 89 pages this month to prolong your humor and comedy-related reading enjoyment. Our cover feature includes interviews with 14 of the funniest women around, and I know our contributors J. Allison, Lorraine Howell, and Tammy Scully enjoyed working with each of them to bring you our exclusive interviews.

I can't thank the lesbian comedian community enough for their cooperation with and support of GAY e-magazine. Whether by participating in this interview feature, posting links to GAY on their websites, distributing our promotional postcards at their shows, or being a featured comedian at our website, our comedian friends have been wonderfully encouraging and accommodating of our efforts.

We're also quite pleased to preview the 2010 Camp Lickalotta Festival to be held May 21st – 23rd at the Etowah River Campground in northern Georgia. Part of the great fun of producing GAY e-magazine is in meeting amazing people we might otherwise not have come across and Camp Lickalotta organizers Joanie Beasley and Nancy Leedy definitely fall into that category. GAY columnist J. Allison will be attending the Festival and we'll have a follow-up story on the event in our July issue.

A very special thanks also goes out to novelist Morgan Hunt who, solely on blind faith, offered to support GAY e-magazine when we were just beginning to talk about a re-launch. She has generously allowed us to run excerpts from her Tess Camillo mystery series in our April, May, and June issues and agreed to an interview for this month's issue. Look for an excerpt from her award-winning "Blinded by the Light" in June.

GAY continues to add new writers to our staff and I'm happy to welcome Rikki Grooms, Kate Lacey, Natasia Langfelder, and Alexandra Wolfe to our pages this month. Natasia debuts her novel, "Chasing Tail" in this issue and we'll be serializing her entire novel in subsequent issues of GAY. She's also stepped in as Features Editor for us and has lots of fun interview features lined up for June and beyond. We've also added to our already talented art staff in the person of Madeline Queripel whose cartoon sketches provide another illustrative perspective for GAY.



GAY Editor-in-Chief Candy Parker

We hope you'll enjoy this issue, keep telling your friends about us, and return next month when our music-themed issue will feature interviews with actress/singer Thea Gill (Lindsay Peterson from *Queer As Folk*) and dyke diva Lori Michaels, as well as a variety of lesbian internet radio/podcast hosts, along with more humorous essays from our talented group of contributors.

Finally, we received a few inquiries last month regarding the "DONATE" button you'll find on our pages. To clarify that even the smallest of contributions is appreciated, we've modified that button to read "DONATE \$2", though donations of any amount, no matter how great or small, are welcomed with equal enthusiasm.

Thank you and enjoy!

Candy Parker

Editor-in-Chief, GAY e-magazine



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GAY

GAY

HAULIN' THE FRIDGE

Essay by Cindy Zelman

Illustration by Madeline Queripel

I'm in an old truck hauling an even older refrigerator – olive green, just picked it up from someone's basement – a thirty-year-old refrigerator in the back of a twenty-year-old truck. I'm sitting next to Jan, who's driving; we've been dating for three months and already we're moving appliances together. We got the fridge from two gay guys who've sold their beautiful home in Amesbury, Massachusetts, to move into an even more beautiful home by the ocean in Newburyport. They offered Jan this old piece-of-shit refrigerator for her ramshackle, ready-to-cave-in cottage, her "vacation home" up in Maine. So we're hauling this old hunk of junk and it's ninety frigging degrees out and the truck's a/c is busted. The refrigerator weighs two hundred pounds at least, and here we are two girls, two dykes, bringing it up to Maine to our "love nest" by the Little Sebago Lake. We even have a dog in the back of the cab, Dino. We need someone from *The Lesbian News* to take our picture for this week's Happy Alternative Family of the Week.

Jan has long brown-turning-blond-from-the-sun hair blowing in the hot breeze, and I'm wearing a wife-beater tank. My hair is just longer than crew, so you'd think you'd know who butch and femme are. Ha! She's the pretty one and the one who wears dresses. She paints her nails. She sprays on the perfume. But I'm the one who would buy a new refrigerator and book a trip to a luxury resort. At least I'd get the a/c fixed or rent a newer truck if I'd been given the choice. Jan doesn't give me choices, just *opportunities*, like this one, to spend the hottest afternoon of the entire summer in a beat-up old pickup.

Jan has a contented and stupid grin on her face. She probably thinks we'll be married soon. You don't start hauling thirty-year-old refrigerators three hours into Maine with just anybody. You don't stand there in the blazing August sun determining which law of physics will allow you to leverage an appliance that by any god-given mercy should be dead by now. The gay guys had helped us get it onto a wheeled pallet in the basement, but once it was placed securely they walked out into the sun to discuss draperies and color schemes for their ocean-view McMansion.

Somehow, with the force and brains of only two women, we'd managed to lift the fridge and maneuver it in a series of muscle-tearing pulls and pushes up the steps from the basement and then onto the truck bed.

This refrigerator should have died an appliance death sometime in the 1970s. Please bow to the appliance gods; this ancient olive green thing – they don't make 'em like that anymore. The piece of crap still works. There it lies in the back of the old truck. Due to some perversity of emotion I don't understand, I am compelled to turn my head every five minutes to take a look at it lying there, huge and imposing. It might as well be a gigantic olive-colored wedding ring. Oy. This is no first date. This is nesting. I feel a little panic attack coming on and think about popping a Xanax.

We're in the truck doing a good seventy miles an hour up Route 95, and I'm sweating so much I feel as though I'm in a hot Bikram yoga class. I hate those fucking classes. I hate sweating this much. I worry about dehydration, about passing out. This kind of close air gives me anxiety attacks. But Jan, she looks cool as a cucumber, nothing worrying her. This is Zen for her; she's in the moment, and there is no other moment she can imagine for herself. I know what I'm talking about. I've slept with this woman. You know shit about someone when you start sleeping her.

Jan lives in a crappy little Lowell apartment that occupies the top floor of a house. She lives near a factory, and the smell of the sewage it spews into the nearby river reeks into her upstairs hallway. She doesn't seem to notice. She owns the house and rents out the first floor. Jan is a small-time mogul of dilapidated real estate: the collapsing cottage in Maine, the stinking house in Lowell, and the absolutely ghoulish two-family rental she owns a few towns over in Salem, with the kind of attic where you hide your crazy old auntie.

She says, "If I end up alone, I plan to live in the attic."

Oy.

Jan has no plans to sell any of these houses; they make her feel secure. She's on a mission to fix

Haulin' the Fridge

them up, find a wife, and live happily ever after. Either that or live as a Jane Eyre-ish madwoman in the attic. She spends an inordinate amount of time buying hardware at the Home Depot, starting projects she rarely finishes. Last week, she tore the back porch off the house in Lowell. A few weeks ago we hauled a top-of-the-line toilet up to the broken cottage in Maine. Last weekend, she peeled the old wallpaper from the attic apartment in Salem, by hand, a little at a time, talking about our future. Good lord.

A lot lately, I've been invited (co-dependently commanded) over to her house on Friday afternoon and barely allowed to leave Sunday night (sad face, tears, clingy hugs, begs to stay until Monday morning).

She has two kids (nice kids) and we all watch TV in the pale, fading living room with the blue and white striped wallpaper and with Dino the dog tied to a chain and going

into excited puppy spasms regularly (even though he weighs seventy pounds) anytime one of us breathes in his direction. Lying there on the 1950s couch, I get so lulled into Jan's illusion of security: dog, kids, heat coming through the radiators, stomach full of Jan-home-cooked meal... *We can replace that old wallpaper, can't we, darlin'?* Then Jan leads me to the bedroom, where I try not to notice the big hardcover book about codependency that she has sitting on her night table shelf, the one she was compelled to read during her last relationship. We have standard-issue lesbian sex – fingers, tongues, grinds – one orgasm for me, two for her, all by the light of the TV which she never shuts off, always on the Home Improvement Channel.

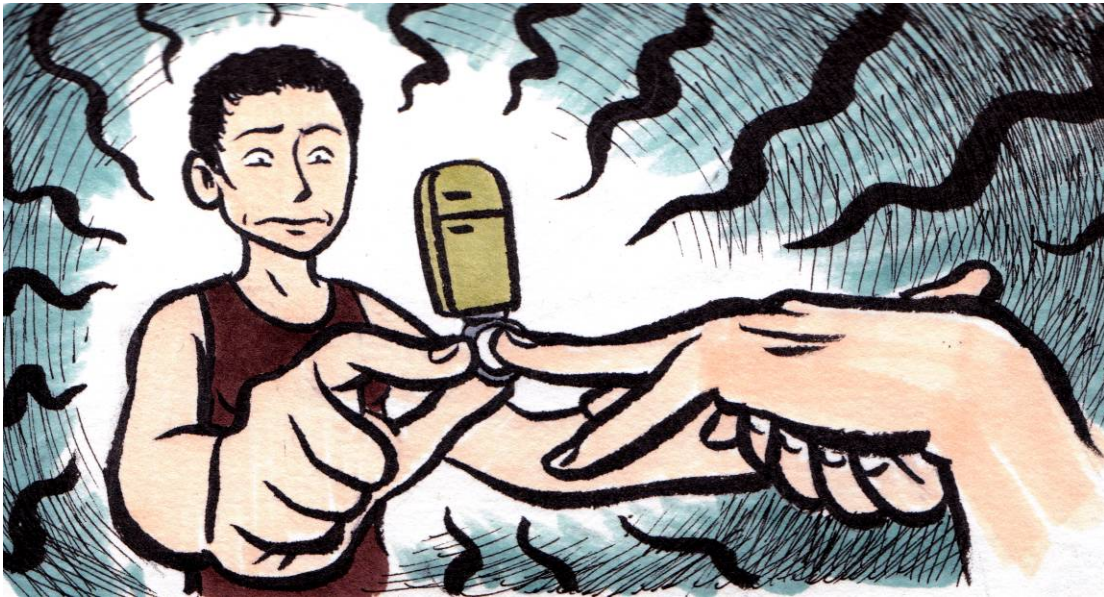
"I should read it again," she says to me more than once regarding the big codependency volume.

You'd think I'd be smart enough to catch the danger signals, but no, no, I'm sitting in this old truck with no a/c. Bon Jovi is playing on the truck radio, which works – at least by comparison to the air conditioning. I hate Bon Jovi. I'm wondering if I should pop that Xanax.

Jan still has a happy-ass grin on her face. Hauling an appliance on a hot summer day makes her feel the way most of us do about an all-expense-paid trip to Hawaii. We experience the airless August afternoon as we head toward a falling-down cabin in the woods that doesn't even have a door on the bathroom (which kills me – I mean, privacy, man) and in which, by the way, half the time you have to throw pails of water down the toilet to get it to

flush – yes, pails of water down the new top-of-the-line toilet. This is Jan's oasis.

It's hard to hear with Jon Bon Jovi screaming whatever the hell he screams and the roar of the



old Ford pickup and the air blowing through the open windows, but every so often, Jan turns her head, completes the smile to a wide grin and says, "Isn't this great. I love this. Maine, the highway. The sun." The girl is in love and I'm not. Or she's in love with love. Last night in bed she said, "I love love." What do you fucking say to that? I managed an "Uh huh."

I smile back at her and nod, take a bottle of spring water from my ice bag and pour it over my sweat-drenched neck and shoulder blades. I manage not to pass out when we are held up in traffic for twenty minutes waiting to get through the Hampton Tolls in New Hampshire and the temperature rises well above one hundred degrees in that old pickup. Jan grins, she gazes at me, in love with love. I should not be here, but a good woman is hard to find and codependency is all too easy. Maybe I should read that book. I ponder the Xanax one more time.



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Lickalotta Fest 2010

A Special GAY Event Preview

Feature by J. Allison
Photo Montages by Missy Fox

What is Lickalotta? Let me break it down for you:

Lick – to overcome or defeat, as in a fight, game, or contest

A Lotta – a large portion or large quantity of something

Fest – an assembly of people engaged in a common activity

Partners Joanie Beasley and Nancy Leedy have always dreamed of bringing people of all backgrounds together to celebrate diversity. These brave ladies have achieved just that as they gear up for the 3rd annual Lickalotta Fest at the Etowah River Campground in northern Georgia. The festival is being held May 21st – 23rd and will feature music, comedy, camping, and other entertainment.

Unfortunately, getting this event up and running was not easy at all. Nancy and Joanie were forced to move the event from North Carolina the first year due to homophobia and hatred. They were given only days to leave the camp that they had worked tirelessly to set up. These trailblazing women made national news in newspapers, and on radio and television. Of course, they ultimately overcame to promote their “safe space for all” event.

GAY recently spoke with Joanie and Nancy about Camp Lickalotta, its conception, past events, and plans for the future.

GAY: What is the purpose of Camp Lickalotta?

J & N: The purpose of Camp Lickalotta is to provide a safe, non-threatening environment to the LGBT community, along with straight allies, who enjoy camping. There is no room for trauma, drama, or hate here. Respecting diversity is what this campground is about.

GAY: What does Camp Lickalotta mean?

J & N: The name encompasses our dream, desire, love of fun, and who we are. When you look up the word “camp” in the dictionary, one of the definitions will say: “to settle down securely and comfortably; become ensconced.” The word “Lickalotta” represents who we are...no shame and open arms. Camp Lickalotta proudly displays the rainbow in the flame of our logo. If you look up “rainbow” in the dictionary, you will find the definition “made up of diverse races, ethnic groups.” When you look up “flame,” you will find “brilliant light; scintillating luster.” Our name and logo say it all. It means equality for all, regardless of religion, race, sexual orientation, or gender. It’s a place where you come with no labels attached. You are just a normal person and treated like one.

GAY: What is the theme for Lickalotta Fest 2010?

J & N: Lickalotta Fest 2010’s theme is “Lickalotta Prejudice.” We are celebrating diversity.

GAY: Who will be performing at this year’s event?

J & N: We have performers coming from North Carolina, Florida, Kansas, Georgia, California, Tennessee, and Texas. The performers are King Alex, comedian; Devonte Jackson, drag king; Baker Act, punk rock band; DaLyrical, hip hop; Patti B., rock ‘n’ roll; Cell Fehrenbach, blues/rock; Liquid Toffee, artist/poet/singer; Patricia Villetto, comedian; MIMI, indie music; Grrlz Will Be Boiz, rock band; and Sayer McShane, rock band. Not all of the performers are gay; in other words, no labels. This is a festival for all adults who are into celebrating diversity.

GAY: What vendors and amenities can Lickalotta Fest attendees expect?

J & N: Vendors are still signing up. We have thus far: breakfast, lunch, and dinner vendors; pride apparel vendors; and even a psychic



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2010 Lickalotta Fest Preview

(Ms. Cecilia). Oh yes, we will be having a Camp Lickalotta Booth where attendees can purchase Camp Lickalotta and Lickalotta Fest garb. The bands will also be selling their wares - T-shirts, CDs, and decals.

GAY: What is the ultimate goal for Camp Lickalotta?

J & N: The goals of Camp Lickalotta entail our dream, desire, and love for fun.

The dream: It has been a dream of ours to open a friendly campground, spoiling ourselves in our love for the outdoors. We want to host and provide a natural outdoor setting, where we can all be ourselves in the LGBT community, including straight allies, surrounded by a totally non-threatening environment, not only with one another, but with the earth as well.

Our desire as a campground is to join people together to create Camp Lickalotta as a safe haven for people, a host of charities and celebratory events, a protector of our wildlife, for our mother Earth, and a comfy zone to hang your hat and put your boots up. We want to bring camping into the 21st century, without the harmful pollutants (i.e., attitudes, prejudices, and/or environmental). A place where people can learn about the environment, respecting and protecting one another through our examples, and pass those on to others who will, in turn, respect the same. We want to be the place to go, the place to turn to, and the place to just have fun.

The love for fun is that we are a social couple and love meeting and making new friends. By offering camping facilities and special events, our spacious grounds will allow people to gather together for fun, laughter, and life.

GAY: Why did you decide to integrate comedy into the event when so many festivals feature only music?

J & N: The reason we feature comedians at our festival is because both Joanie and myself feel that laughter is essential in life. The comedians actually get things started off. Friday night we will have King Alex, and

then Saturday night we will have Patricia Villetto to warm up the crowd. The comedians help get the crowd relaxed and in good spirits before the bands come out to perform.

GAY: What is the greatest show of support that you have had from people other than those who attend the event?

J & N: The greatest show of support we have seen other than attendees are the bands, who are phenomenal. They perform their first year at the festival for free, helping us keep the ticket prices down for the people who would like to attend the event. Darrell and Jaki—the owners of Etowah River Campground, in Dahlonega, GA, who have allowed us to hold our Lickalotta Fest for the third year coming up—are also incredibly supportive. Magazines that have written articles about our festivals, and newspapers writing our side of the story, plus Sirius-Q Out, from New York, that did a talk show with Joanie about Camp Lickalotta.

GAY: What is the funniest reaction that someone has ever had to the name “Camp Lickalotta”?

J & N: There have been several funny reactions to the name Camp Lickalotta. We have gotten everything from extreme laughter and joy to others saying, “You gotta be kidding me!” The very religious like to put up billboards about us, but are too embarrassed to write Camp Lickalotta so they put up “CAMP WHAT?” followed by several Bible verses that they feel hit the nail right on the head; things about “all gays being an abomination and burning in the fires of Hell.” By the way, the billboard was taken down two days after PRIDE Depot notified them that such billboards were a no-no.

GAY: How does one become a “Lickalotta”?

J & N: We have a Lickalotta Creed: Lickalotta Prejudice, Lickalotta Pollutants, and Lickalotta Pessimism. The people that join us are called fellow Lickalottas.

GAY: What one piece of camping equipment can you absolutely not live without?

J & N: A damn tent! It is what is most essential



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to us campers.

GAY: What is each of your favorite knock-knock jokes? After all, GAY is a humor e-magazine.

Nancy: Knock, knock. Who's there? I don't know; get up and answer the door.

Joanie: Knock, knock. Who's there? I don't know any knock-knock jokes. I only know Nancy has some pretty knock-knocks.

For more information on the 2010 Lickalotta Fest, visit them online at www.lickalottafest.com.



Free Advice Worth Every Penny

answer their questions and make them suspect no more. Having this conversation with these two will help build your confidence regarding your sexuality, which you will surely need to break the news to Preacher Son.

Next, you may need to accept that your Youth Minister may never come to grips with your decision (er...wait, it's not a decision, right?). But your fear of rejection should not be permitted to control your life. If you cannot bring yourself to call him to share this wonderful news of your journey of self-acceptance, then write him a letter. Anticipate his objections and try to address them. Use the information you learned in your discussion with your other kids and include all of this in the letter, as well. When the chickens can't cluck, they scratch it out in a letter and hope for the best.

Your other option: Have one of the kids spill the beans for you. That's what any self-respecting chicken would do! Then, all you have to do is duck the scripture bombardment that is sure to fly.

And you never know, Chickie. Your Youth Minister may be a little bit of a Cock, but he might surprise you with a secret or two of his own – like he loves his mother regardless of her fowl (er, foul) life-style.

Carnivorously Yours,
Kate

Dear Kate,
My son is a 27-year-old Baptist Youth Minister to whom I am hesitant to come out. Do you have any advice on how, when, or if I should do this? He lives in another country, so I don't see him very often. My other two kids "know," or at least they suspect, I am gay, but are very open and non-judgmental. Any advice will be greatly appreciated.

Thank you,
Chicken in Florida

Dear Chicken,
If your other two kids have figured it out, I'm betting your Preacher Son already knows, as well. It doesn't take much for folks to figure out if it clucks like a chicken and prances around the barnyard like a chicken, it is likely a chicken. But my dinner menu aside, I have some insights on your brief question.

First, you need to officially come out to your two open-minded kids. Have just the two of them over for a chicken dinner (if not too cannibalistic for you) and lay your bones on the table. They need to understand it's not really a choice, like becoming a vegetarian, and the story of your evolution of self-awareness about who you really are. If what you've said is true, this should go well and you can

Visit
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Lickalotta Fest

May 21 - 23, 2010

ETOWAH RIVER CAMPGROUND

**Our dream is to bring people together
as we Celebrate Diversity
Lesbians, gays, bi-sexuals, transexuals and
straight allies**

**For a weekend of music, camping and
laughter with no labels**

**So make plans to come join us for this
weekend in a safe and non-threatening
environment**

**We hope our festivals will help educate the
public that we are all one**

Contact Camp Lickalotta with any questions

Call (704) 691-7780 or Email: camplickalotta@aol.com

CampLickalotta OR BUST!!

www.lickalottafest.com



Essay by Alexandra Wolfe

Where Do YOU Do It?

Illustration by Leigh Hubbard

Come on, people, I want to know. Where do you do it?

Do you do it at breakfast, or over the dinner table when alone? How about in bed or even in the bath? And would you consider doing it in the shower? Have you done it while stirring the pasta sauce, or maybe leaning up against the kitchen cabinets? Or how about with your back up against the radiator while seated on the floor? Is your thing to do it while riding the bus, the tube/subway, or sitting in the back seat of a taxi?

Maybe you're the kind who sneaks off to the bathroom to do it in secret while at work?

Or maybe you're the kind of person who prefers to do it on the sofa, in the privacy of your own home?

What the hell, I hear you asking, am I talking about?

Why, reading, of course. What did you think I was talking about?

So tell me, where *do* you do it?



We Have To Stop Now



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photo: Judy Francesconi

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SPECIAL FEATURE:

Interview by J. Allison

INTERVIEW WITH NOVELIST MORGAN HUNT

Author Morgan Hunt has written a series of scintillating sleuth stories featuring the smart, strong, and witty protagonist, Tess Camillo – database expert by day, detective by night. These artfully spun mysteries include: *Sticky Fingers*, *Fool on the Hill*, and the award-winning *Blinded by the Light*, excerpts from which are featured in GAY e-magazine's April, May, and June issues, respectively.

Both Morgan and Tess are breast cancer survivors, and you'll find the topic approached with compassion and humor in Hunt's work. Hunt's novels combine both mystery, and our favorite genre, humor, a compelling combination which will capture your imagination and keep you locked in through the very last page.

Morgan was born and raised on the Jersey shore in Brigantine. Following two years at a Midwestern Bible college, she joined the Navy and served as an educational services representative. Now residing in Oregon, she works with FEMA's on-call reserve cadre as a public affairs writer. We recently caught up with her to learn more about her creative process, Tess' future, and other projects she has in the works.

GAY: The protagonist in your novels is Tess Camillo, database expert by day, sleuth by night. In what ways would you say Tess is similar to you?

MH: Well, I sleuth often by night. I sleuth by nature; I'm a curious monkey, always wondering how, why, and "what if." I draw from my own life to create Tess, including

that insatiable curiosity, my experience with breast cancer, my Navy service, and my Italian heritage.

GAY: Describe the relationship between Tess and her housemate Lana, the New Age massage therapist and Tai Chi instructor.

MH: Tess is a lesbo from the get-go. Lana has always been straight except for a few years when she and Tess were lovers. When the series begins, Lana has gone back to men. Tess has residual romantic feelings for her, but she's moving on. It's one of the ways the character of Tess grows within the series.

GAY: Why did you decide to write Tess and Lana as virtual polar opposites?

MH: From the outset I wanted to create an Odd Couple kind of dynamic. Partly it's a literary wink at the "opposites attract" phenomenon in romance. Tess is an analytical, linear-thinking, street-smart east coast native. Lana's thinking could be considered, well... gelatinous. Put them under one roof and there's inherent humor. I also wanted to show that we all need one another. Tess may get 90% of what she needs to solve a crime with her own logic, but Lana always contributes something essential.

GAY: How would you characterize each of the books in your series? Are they all similar or does each have its own personality?



Novelist Morgan Hunt

Interview with Morgan Hunt

MH: The first book, *Sticky Fingers*, launches the series. It's probably the only book around that deals with snakes, breast cancer, and the legality of vibrators all in one novel. *Sticky Fingers* placed as a finalist in the 2008 Reader Views Reviewer's Choice awards, and was also a finalist in the Golden Crown Literary Society's awards (mystery category).



Morgan's office—where the magic happens

Fool on the Hill, the second in the series, has the most whimsical humor and the fastest pace. It's about a rock musician who is murdered by crucifixion. In 2008, *Fool on the Hill* won the Best Books Gay/Lesbian Fiction literary award, sponsored by *USA Today*.

Blinded by the Light is unique in several ways. The first two books are set primarily in San Diego; *Blinded* takes Tess to New Mexico. The romantic subplot is stronger and represents a character-changing experience for Tess. *Blinded by the Light* won the 2009 Indie Excellence Award (for books published by small independent presses) for Gay/Lesbian fiction.

GAY: You set most of *Blinded by the Light* in New Mexico instead of San Diego, at a place called The Lightning Field, an earthworks art piece constructed of 400 lightning rods in the desert. Why?

MH: My best friend lives in Albuquerque. About a year after she moved there, she visited me in San Diego and told me about this cool place she'd heard about. "You pay to stay inside this cabin," she said, "and watch lightning bolts strike all around you." I asked her to share whatever she was smokin'. I couldn't believe that any U.S. state would allow such a hazard, let alone encourage tourism there. "You don't

know New Mexico," my friend replied. Well, curiosity bit me on the ass, so I visited The Lightning Field. It's one of the most unusual places I've ever seen. The high desert terrain is gorgeous, the patterns in which the lightning rods are laid out mesmerizes, and the potential danger is almost palpable. There's no guarantee a lightning storm will strike when you visit, but even if it doesn't, distinctive visual phenomena make it well

worth seeing – something I tried to describe in the book.

GAY: In *Blinded by the Light*, Tess develops a new romantic interest. Does this pose any challenges to Tess' concentration?

MH: A zesty romantic like Tess can woo a new lover, track a killer, design esoteric database programs, and remember to change the batteries in her smoke alarm without breaking into a sweat. In the first two books, Tess handles all sorts of involvements quite smoothly. But in *Blinded by the Light*, Tess falls so hard that she temporarily acquires cerebral-rectal syndrome.

GAY: Do you recommend that your books are read in the order in which they were written or can they be read in any sequence?

MH: The plot of each book is independent from the others, so they can be read in any order. It's probably a bit easier to appreciate the character growth of Tess and Lana if the series is read in sequence.

GAY: Does Tess have any bad habits?

MH: You mean other than sticking her nose into other people's business? And making incredibly bad puns? Oh, Lana told Tess that she actually makes noise when she flosses her teeth. So, no, Tess has no bad habits.

Interview with Morgan Hunt

GAY: What makes Tess tick?

MH: A finely machined, precision-calibrated rare titanium timing mechanism. Or so I've heard.

GAY: While your novels are of the mystery genre, you use elements of humor in your writing, as well. Was this a conscious choice or your natural writing style?

MH: Both. Personally I believe a sense of humor is a saving grace. It sure helped me when a hetero male plastic surgeon had to poke and prod my boobs and belly to assess my fitness for a breast reconstruction surgery. (He was actually a great guy with a wicked sense of humor, all of which helped that not-so-fun process.) The 1997 Nobel Prize winner in literature, Dario Fo, said, "Laughter is not a lack of seriousness. On the contrary, irony and lightness are some of the highest forms of intelligence." While the humor comes naturally to me, it's also intentional. I began writing this mystery series while I was recovering from my own breast cancer surgery, and I really appreciated anything that could make me laugh then. I hope all readers, but especially any cancer survivors, will also appreciate Tess' wit and whimsy.

GAY: Do you have plans for another book?

MH: I've outlined a fourth book in the series, set in my current hometown of Ashland, Oregon. Dubbed "Berkeley's northernmost suburb," actors, artists, writers, philosophers, gurus, and many New Age thinkers gravitate to this home of the Oregon Shakespeare Festival. And (of course) while there, Tess tries to track down a nefarious murderer.

GAY: Are you currently working on that fourth book?

MH: The outline is done, and I have some notes, but right now I'm finishing a mainstream mystery thriller screenplay. I also have a political caper novel scratching at my brain.

GAY: So you write mysteries, screenplays, and political novels?

MH: As well as [magazine articles](#) (here's one I wrote for *Writer's Digest* on how to sprinkle profanity into a novel), and poems, some of which have been published in literary journals.

GAY: Who are your literary influences?

MH: I read all kinds of books from traditional murder mysteries to astrophysics, theology, geopolitics, history, and poetry. Among my literary influences are Rita Mae Brown, Annie Lamott, Christopher Moore, Erica Jong, Kathleen Taylor, Kurt Vonnegut, May Sarton, Christopher Buckley, Kinky Friedman, and Janet Evanovich.

GAY: What's the most exciting thing that's happened to you since publishing your mysteries?

MH: I received an inquiry last summer from a thriving Hollywood production company regarding TV rights to the Tess Camillo series. No further news on that yet, but that definitely gave me a rush.

GAY: Are we more likely to find you relaxing in the mountains or at the beach?

MH: You're more likely to find me relaxing in the arms of a sensuous woman.

GAY: From the following list, tell us which one item you absolutely could not live without: television, air conditioner, microwave oven?



The inspirational view from Morgan's office window

Interview with Morgan Hunt

MH: Definitely the air conditioner. With global warming headed our way? Hey, mama didn't raise no fool.

GAY: When you were a child, what did you want to be when you grew up?

MH: At six I wanted to be an explorer like Lewis & Clark. In high school, I considered becoming a theologian. (Yeah, I was a nerd.) In college, I wanted to be a film director. Fortunately I discovered a career where I could explore, negotiate with the Divine, and be creative all at once: I'm a writer.

GAY: Finally, what makes you laugh?

MH: A friend wrote in my high school yearbook, "You have both a joie de vivre and a penetrating manner that cuts through all that is contrived and pretentious." Human pretension still cracks me up, which explains my interest in politics. Oh, and looking in the mirror – that always makes me laugh!

Next month in GAY,
excerpts from Morgan Hunt's
award-winning novel
"Blinded by the Light"

For more information about Morgan or to purchase any of the
Tess Camillo series, visit:
www.morganhuntbooks.com



Special Feature:

Excerpts from award-winning Novelist Morgan Hunt's "Fool on the Hill"

GAY, in cooperation with Morgan Hunt and Alyson Books, is pleased to bring you the second of three excerpts from the Tess Camillo series. We hope you enjoy Morgan's unique mix of mystery and humor.

From Chapter 14: Ten Thousand Angels

(Context: On Palm Sunday Tess discovered the body of a rock star, Cody Crowne, who had been crucified. This chapter takes place a week later on Easter morning. Tess has decided to snoop at the church that the musician's ex-wife attends.)

A stentorian mockingbird woke me up at 5:23 AM. Apologies to Harper Lee and Gregory Peck, but I wanted to strangle its nasty little throat. A fog worthy of Scottish moors engulfed the landscape. I also started my period, which perhaps explained my headache.

I tried to go back to sleep, but the mockingbird showed no mercy. I went out to retrieve the newspaper. It hadn't yet arrived. An Easter morning from hell. I consoled myself with peanut butter Easter egg candies and Midol while coffee brewed.

...After the comics, crossword, and an extra half-cup of coffee, I got ready for church. By 10:20 AM, I was hiding tears at the Church of the Liv-

ing Christ as we fervently sang hymn #314, *He Arose!* I didn't have to look at the hymnal; I knew all the verses by heart.

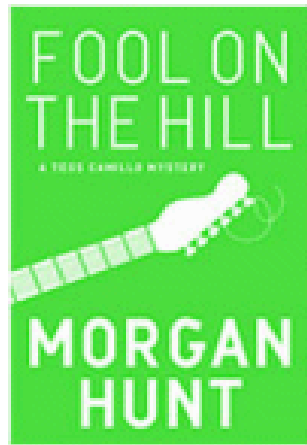
From the age of five I'd preferred to sit in Baptist pews with my ex-Catholic Grandma Camillo, rather than attend Sunday School where the main attraction was eating paste washed down with Kool Aid, while gluing pictures of baby Moses to a bulrush basket.

...I tugged discreetly at my pantyhose, trying to get them to stop binding me. I felt out of sync with the joyous faces around me who did not look like they'd been awakened by obnoxious birds, crimped by cramps, or attacked by their underwear. To my right sat an immaculately groomed gent old enough to

have played checkers with Saint Paul. Across the aisle an entire pew of teenaged girls whispered and giggled, carefully covering chin zits with cupped hands.

The pastor called for us to join in hymn #311, *Ten Thousand Angels*. Inspired voices sang that Jesus could have called on 10,000 angels to spare him from crucifixion, had he not wished to make his sacrifice.

Never, never sing this kind of sentimental hymn on the first day of your period. I redefined 'weepy.' The old gent offered a handkerchief which I gratefully accepted.



THE DICKVANS



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GAY Exclusive Contest

Marriage Equality has come to Washington DC and GAY has teamed with



to offer our Washington DC/Northern VA-area readers
this exclusive contest

Win a FREE 2 hour photo session with
Photography by Sarabia
for your engagement photo



OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. In 250 words or less, tell GAY why you and your partner deserve to win a free photo session. (Remember, we're a humor magazine, so the funnier the better.)
2. Entries should be sent to: Editor@GAY-e-magazine.com.
3. Microsoft Word (.doc or .docx) and Microsoft Works (.wps) files are accepted.
4. All entries will be reviewed by GAY's panel of judges and one winning couple selected. All decisions will be final.
5. Entries should contain contact information, including: full names, location, email address, and phone number.
6. All entries must be received by midnight EDT on May 20, 2010.
7. Winner will be notified via email or phone call and announced in GAY's June 1, 2010 issue.
8. Photography session (up to 2 hours) will be held in the Northern Virginia/Washington DC area. Contest prize does not include reimbursement for any travel costs incurred by the contest winners.
9. Photo session includes wardrobe/location changes if desired by the winners.
10. Winners will receive a CD with all high resolution images from the photography session to print and use as they desire.
11. Winners must sign a release to allow *Photography by Sarabia* to use photo images on their website and in marketing materials, including, but not limited to, brochures, pamphlets, periodicals, and books.

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K2 & T3

S/Mergy

**K2 & T3
are back!**

Please join us Friday May 7th as
we kick off the first

K2 T3 S/Mergy

**Happy Hour and Karaoke
at The EFN Lounge!**

**K2 guest bartending
6p-10p**

2 for 1 drinks til 8:00pm

Tre-okie from 7p-10p

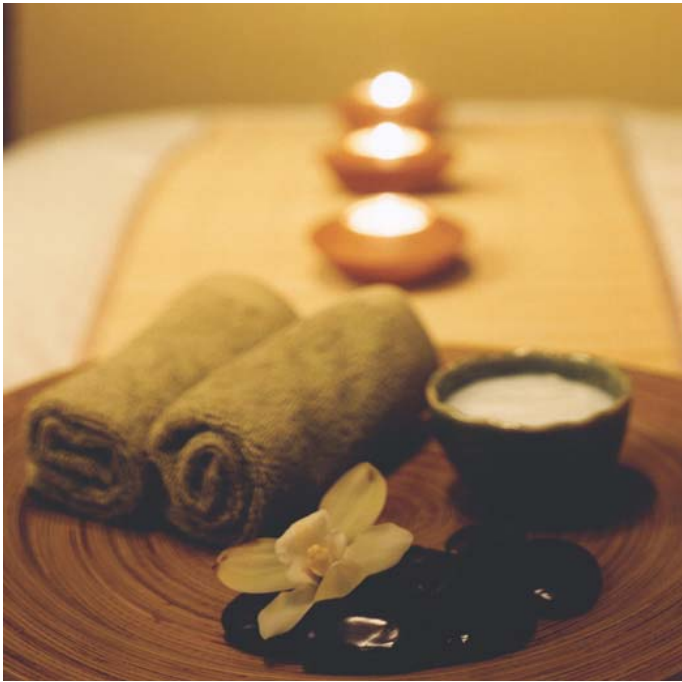
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Massage Therapy

Story and Artwork
by Candy Parker

Massage (noun): the act or art of treating the body by rubbing, kneading, patting, or the like, to stimulate circulation, increase suppleness, relieve tension, etc.



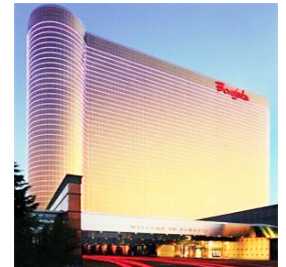
Most people read those words and immediately think “relaxation”. They think of a massage as a luxury. The word conjures thoughts of warmth, calming aromas, and inner peace. Massages are credited with promoting good health and preventing injury; doting partners surprise their wives with them on Mothers’ Day; people pay a lot of money to get one.



For me, however, a massage ranks among the Top 10 most stressful events in my life, somewhere in the vicinity of “visiting the dentist” and “going for a pap smear.” Why is that? I don’t know. I’m just not the strip down to nothing, lie on a table in a dark room, let a total stranger touch you all over type, I guess. *shrug*

A couple of years ago, my former girlfriend surprised me with a weekend in Atlantic City. She

did it up right, booking a room at the Borgata (which the friendly, gay check-in guy upgraded to a suite for us once he learned it was my birthday – go LGBT community!). She brought a ridiculous amount of cash for gambling (made even more ridiculous by our respective winning streaks at the roulette table the first night), and made a dinner reservation at Michael Mina’s SeaBlue restaurant. I was thrilled to be in Atlantic City, my palms tingling and pulse quickening at the thought of playing Texas Hold ‘Em live, as opposed to on my laptop. I was thinking “Everything is *perfect*,” as we unpacked our bags and surveyed the view from our upper-level room...at least until she told me she’d signed us both up for massages the next morning.



She said the words with an expectant smile. (This was supposed to be a good thing, remember?) A massage at the Borgata’s luxury spa! Who wouldn’t want that?

Not being one to want to appear ungrateful, I smiled. A nervous smile, no doubt, as my fight or flee instinct kicked in.

“Baby, you’ve already spent too much on all this. I don’t need a massage.” - Attempt #1 to wrangle out of the massage, the ol’ look-how-considerate-I-am attempted bow out. It didn’t work. She reminded me she loved massages and the money didn’t matter. It was fine and she wanted to give me that soothing experience.

“I appreciate that, really. But I’d be every bit as happy if YOU just gave me a massage – and that’s free!” Attempt #2 to wiggle out of the trap. She laughed. Come on now, I could get that kind of massage any time; it was my birthday – the massage should be *special*.

“Well, it is my birthday, I know. And I appreciate you arranging the massages, baby. I know how much you love getting one, but I’d be just as good downstairs in the poker room while you’re at the spa.” Attempt #3 to escape the massage

Massage Therapy

lair. This was a slightly more direct approach, implying that there were activities in which I'd prefer to engage.



At 10am the next morning, I found myself in the spa, nervous as a firecracker in a match factory. I was given the requisite plush robe and directed to a changing area. I

was told that, once comfortable, I should feel free to unwind in the lounge, from where my massage therapist would retrieve me.

"Comfortable"? Who could be "comfortable" sitting in a lounge with a room full of strangers dressed only in a housecoat that didn't quite overlap sufficiently in the front? I cinched up the belt and tread anxiously into the room where my girlfriend was already sitting in repose, nibbling at one of the free orange slices, sipping the bottled water, and reading a magazine.

"Have a bottle of water," she encouraged, sensing my trepidation.



"No thanks. I'm good." I stammered, eyes darting around the room as I sat down, all the while clasping desperately at the front of my robe.

She shook her head, shrugged, and returned to reading.

As the minutes passed, my anxiety continued to amplify. Though I had showered before heading to the appointment, I began sweating so profusely that I excused myself for a few moments and availed myself of the showers and complementary toiletry products in the Borgata's well-appointed spa.



The lavender-scented body wash induced a sense of tranquility and I was able to return to the lounge area where I continued to await my dreaded summoning.

Not long thereafter, I was beckoned.

"Hi, I'm Christy and I'll be the indisputably attractive stranger in front of whom you'll be getting naked today."

Well, maybe it was more along the lines of, "Hi. I'm Christy and I'll be your masseuse today," but the reality was one in the same.



In the end, I survived my massage experience, the pleasure of the occasion ultimately outweighing my prevent apprehension, though I've not gone out of my way to book another and my girlfriend saw enough from that visit to know that the spa was a place better visited without me.

Perhaps my massage-induced angst is something to add to the list of possible topics to discuss with a therapist someday. Now that would be a massage therapy session I could get into.

Do YOU want to write for GAY e-magazine?

We're always looking for new creative writers to join our team. Just send an email and writing sample to:

Editor@gay-e-magazine.com

Waiting for the Pizza

a podcast



Monday on Out & Out Laughter TV

"Top or Bottom Chef" – There's some lovin' in the oven as this competitive cooking show sizzles in the kitchen and the bedroom. Sugar and spice go naughty and nice. Someone's in the kitchen with Padma!

Tuesday on Out & Out Laughter TV

"You're a Good Fuck, Charlie Brown!" – Peppermint Patti and Marcie cheer as Linus grabs Chuck's peanuts under his blue blanket. Now we know why Charlie Brown never scored with Lucy! Music by Schroeder. (Encore presentation.)

Wednesday on Out & Out Laughter TV

"Law and Order, L.E.Z." – Detective Holivia Bendsome's long-time partnership with Eleanor Stapler gets rocked by the return of sexy D.A. Alicks Cabutt. Tongues will wag as a case of Lesbian Deathbed Syndrome hits close to home. (Featuring Jane Lynch as Detective Munch.)

Thursday on Out & Out Laughter TV

"Battle Star Gaylactica" – After a crushing loss to the Dyklons, the Battle Star Gaylactica crew journey to the mysterious 69th colony...aka, West Hollywood.

Friday on Out & Out Laughter TV

"The Dinah Shore" – Jersey-bred Nooki works her way across country to check out "the situation" in Palm Springs. Will she find her Aqua Net– and sun-screen-doused soul mate amongst the lesbians who flock to the famous links of The Dinah Shore?

Saturday on Out & Out Laughter TV

"Sisterhood of the Traveling Panties" – Knickers will twist when four best gal-pals are separated from each other for the first time. These late bloomers keep from coming apart at the seams by passing around a pair of drawers that fits each of their very different bodies just

so. It's a tale of learning right from thong. (Encore presentation.)

Sunday on Out & Out Laughter TV

"Bjork and Mindy" – Girl meets girl as an illegal alien from Iceland melts the hot heart of San Fran's sassiest sistah, Mindy. Rated TV-14 for nanu nanu. (Encore presenta-



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Crazy Bitch Time Travel

I trust there are many of you who haven't heard this story in the news yet. If you haven't, it is my guess that the "The Man" is still winning. Don't worry. I am working on that. I am completely aware that this opening statement is vague and mysterious, but get used to it – "vague" and "mysterious" are my middle names. **Lifts eyebrow menacingly**

You see, dear readers, I have done it. After what seemed like a lifetime of research (thumbing through *Quantum Physics for Dummies* while sitting on the can) I finally figured out how to make a time machine. All you need are 10,478 completely empty beer cans fueled by cigarette butts (who knew?), both of which I have in super-abundance.

In an uncharacteristically mature moment, I decided to use my time machine for educational purposes as opposed to going back in time to shag Cleopatra. I decided to take a journey to personally interview – drum roll, please – The 10 Most Crazy Bitches in History.



10. Lizzie Borden

I decided Lizzie Borden should be my first interview because I had been spooked to death of her ever since I could poop my own pants. It seemed to me that she would be either the perfect ice breaker or the ultimate deal breaker so I climbed into my time machine, took a deep breath, then quickly set the dial

to August 4, 1892, in Fall River, Massachusetts, shortly after 12:00 PM. Before I knew it, I was face-to-face with Lizzie Andrew Borden.

Amber: Wait a minute. Your middle name is Andrew? (*Snicker*)

LB: Watch it, beanpole. And why are you wearing only pantaloons? No lady I know would run around in only her undergarments asking silly questions in regard to things she knows nothing about.

Amber: **Mentally notes to wear period dress on her next adventure** Miss Borden, if I could just ask you a few questions about...well, oh my.... Lizzie, is that your stepmother's dead body ass-up in her bedroom?

LB: I suppose it is, Miss Foster, is it? But I don't know how she got there. You see, I was just here in the house by myself when I went down to the basement to chop some firewood and all of a sudden my daddy's big ol' head got in the way and then I...

Amber: Hey. Wait just a cotton-pickin' minute here. Who said anything about your... Oh dear. Lizzie... Your dad's face looks like it's been through a meat grinder, and one with dull blades to boot.

LB: **Shrug** I didn't do it.

Amber: Oh, bull honky. Lizzie, you're holding the damn hatchet right there and it has what looks like hamburger meat plopping from it. This is sloppy. You're lucky you're not from my time where they can nab you from fart residue you leave behind.

LB: What?

Amber: Forget it. Do you have anyone else you can blame it on? Like a maid or something?

LB: Yes.

Amber: Lizzie, this is what we in the future call a "fist bump."



9. **Elizabeth Bathory: The Blood Countess**

After hitting it off with Lizzie Borden, my confidence soared and I was excited to go back even further in time and meet someone with whom I had been fascinated for a very long

time – because she was pretty. And vain. And evil. And pretty. After a brief visit to a Renaissance Fair, and “borrowing” of a costume, I cinched up my corset and set my time machine for August 20, 1614, in Csejte, Hungary.

Amber: I must say, I have never been star-struck before in my life, but you...

EB: Quieten, knave! How dare you come before me in your queer contraption of light and speak to me before I have acknowledged you! Now lower your eyes and state your name.

Amber: ** Staring at the floor** My name is Amber, Your Eminence, and might I just say that I completely understand about being so vain that you kill innocent virgins to bathe in their blood to stay young and beautiful. You see, I get that. Sure, in my time we use Oil of Olay, but they still don't put all the ingredients on the back of the bottle, if you catch my drift. You know, those age-defying formulas could be virgin blood and Big Oil would never tell us. I can't believe they have the audacity to imprison you – you who are so divine and majestic and so AWESOME!? I'm your biggest fan and I love you and...can I please smell your hair?

EB: How do you assume knowledge of this information, you filthy simpleton? This is the business of kings and queens, of counts and countesses, of... **sniff** ...what is that smell of dung that displeases mine nose?

Amber: Oh my God. I stepped in horse crap. Here I finally get to meet THE Elizabeth Bathory and I insult her royal nostrils by stepping in horse crap. Your Majesty, it is just an honor to have met you and I am now embarrassed beyond recovery, but since I love you, I will leave you with this: You're going to die tomorrow. SO CAN I PLEASE SMELL YOUR HAIR?

Continue on Amber's journey through time in the next installment of "Crazy Bitch Time Travel" in the June 1st issue of GAY.

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The Happy Housewife

Lesbian



Lorraine Howell is "The Happy Lesbian Housewife," sharing her daily observations, trials, and tribulations via her blog at <http://happylesbianhousewife.blogspot.com>.

GAY is extremely pleased to list her amongst our contributors, and you can look forward to her columns here on a recurring basis.

[A Day in the Life of The Happy Lesbian Housewife Part 2: The Real World Edition](#)

As a result of last month's article, Sweetie had to undergo a therapeutic intervention. The therapist, Dr. Knowsitall, said that along with displaced eyes from the excessive rolling, she was suffering from PTLES (Post Traumatic Lesbian Exaggeration Syndrome). Exaggeration? Harrumph, what does she know? How does she know what I do? What are her credentials in dealing with lesbians?

But I do love my Sweetie and I want her to get well and stop drooling so much, so I'm willing to do whatever they ask...within reason. Part of Sweetie's intervention calls for my having to talk about what my role in her life is and what I **really** do as a "happy lesbian housewife" on a day-to-day basis. I was asked to write an open letter that included **everything** that goes on day to day. Dr. Knowsitall calls this "TWCT," or Tiger Woods Con-

fessional Therapy. I can see how this may be good for Sweetie, but not so much for me. What good is fixing her if I just end up in therapy myself? Oh well, a girl's gotta do....

Dearest Sweetie,
I love you. I want to do everything in my power to help you get better, and stop drooling, and stop your eyes from glazing over. But I digress. In this letter, I will share with you what my life is like on a day-to-day basis and how everything I do revolves around you and our sweet doggies...

and shoes. I will start from the beginning. Well, of course, where else would I start? Ha ha. Sorry, shouldn't be making jokes in a "TWCT" letter, should I? Anyway, my darling, here goes...

4:43am ~ I stumble out of bed to pee. Trip over my underwear, which are still around my ankles from the previous night's sexcapades. Curse loudly as I fall and have to crawl the rest of the way down the hall to the bathroom. Sweetie does not even move. This angers me a bit and I jump

back into bed a bit roughly, elbowing her by "accident," hoping to disturb her sleep. She doesn't even alter her breathing pattern.

6:00am ~ I finally fall back asleep.

6:15am ~ Sweetie's alarm goes off. She does not



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The Happy Lesbian Housewife

move. I do!! I shake her gently with love to awaken her.

6:20am ~ The alarm blares again. I elbow Sweetie with a bit of force. She rolls over, still asleep.

6:30am ~ The freaking alarm screeches infuriatingly, causing me to see red. I hit Sweetie squarely in the gut and yell at her, "Get your butt outta the bed NOW!" She does.

7:15am ~ I finally fall back asleep.

7:30am ~ Sweetie comes upstairs and asks me if I plan to sleep all day. I grab the gun from the nightstand drawer. She can run and dodge pretty well now. She has been practicing! I am impressed.

7:45am ~ I stagger out of bed and look in the mirror. Mascara is streaming down my face, and I realize that I look a bit like a blonde Marilyn Manson. It is not a good look for me. I also notice that I forgot to put my panties back on when I got up to pee earlier. I look around for them, but they are nowhere to be found...hmmm...kinda like the socks that always go missing in the dryer.

7:50am ~ I hear the water running in the shower. I turn on the hot water in the kitchen to freeze my Sweetie as she showers. Hey, it is good for her circulation and her complexion and for... other stuff...ya know. I do it out of love. As I am giggling a bit about freezing Sweetie, I dump dry food into the dogs' bowls and mutter something about, "Be glad you have that. There are dogs starving in Ethiopia." I then head to the kitchen and eat left-over chocolate cake for breakfast while standing at the counter looking out the window.

8:00am ~ I begin to prepare my Sweetie's lunch for the day. Looking in the fridge, I rule out the lasagna because I KNOW there was no fuzzy stuff on there when I cooked it. I consider a salad. She is supposed to be watching her cholesterol, after all. The lettuce is brown though, and the dressing went out of date in 2008. Nope, can't have salad either. PEANUT BUTTER! Peanut butter is good for you! It is protein. Protein is good. Bread...hmmm...kinda hard, but only out of date by two days, so that is okay. Besides, the peanut butter will soak in and soften it some. What goes with peanut butter? Jelly! Hmmm...who the heck ate all the grape jelly? I know. We have grapes! Grapes/grape

jelly...kinda the same. If I mash them, Sweetie will never know the difference. There ya go! Peanut butter and grape (kinda jelly) sandwich. Now what else? No chips left - PORK RINDS! Yes! Someone must have left them here over the 4th of July, but they keep, right? That was not even a year ago. Now we need a vegetable. Well, the lettuce is out! But, we have bell pepper. I will cut bell pepper strips. Finally, something for dessert. YOGURT! It is a little out of date, but yogurt is already soured...duh! I drop everything in an old Wal-Mart bag. Lunch is prepared. All food groups covered. My Sweetie will be so envied at the lunch table! I hope she realizes how much thought I put into preparing her meals.

8:30am ~ I hold the little dog's mouth closed to keep her from biting Sweetie as she tries to give me a quick goodbye kiss. The little dog is a bit jealous of me and Sweetie and actually bit Sweetie square on the butt the first time they met. The big dogs are in the basement chewing on something and don't bother to come up to see Momma off. I head down to see what the big dogs are chewing on after Momma leaves...and TA DA... it is the missing underwear. Yuck. Guess I'll have to "Shout" that out!

9:00am ~ I watch a recorded episode of *America's Next Top Model*. Wonder if Tyra is a lesbian or not. Decide that I think she probably is; wish she would just come out already. That closet is pretty crowded with both her AND Queen Latifah in it. Give myself a manicure while watching. Manicure consists of washing hands really well, cleaning the dirt from under my nails, using lotion and putting on a fresh coat of clear polish. The dogs perform my pedicure for me by licking between my toes, looking for God knows what, and biting at my heels.

10:00am ~ I put in a load of gray t-shirts to wash, start the dishwasher and let the dogs out to play. I then go upstairs to clean the bedroom. I look at the sheets and decide they are not too gross - they are good for at least another day - so I make the bed. Head back downstairs and see something looking at me from underneath the chair. I pull at, beg and plead with that big ol' furball to go outside with the other dogs. I then realize that all of the dogs ARE already outside and that I should really vacuum under the chair more often! Grab the vacuum and get busy!

10:40am ~ Look outside to check on the dogs and realize that the little dog is missing. I look



The Happy Lesbian Housewife

frantically for her, calling her name, praying. I notice that the big dogs are whistling and trying to look innocent while standing over a newly covered hole/grave! Dig the little dog out of the hole/grave while threatening to cut the big dogs' ears off and feed them to the cat if they do not behave. They do not look scared.

11:00am ~ I hop in the Jeep to head to the pet store for supplies. I purchase dog food, cat food, cat litter, treats, etc., and spend \$246.37. I begin to wonder, not for the first time, what jobs are available for animals and if ours are qualified for any of them. They have been to school, after all. I then head to the grocery store to pick up food and treats for me and Sweetie. Hmmm...what can we get for \$20.00? That is about what is left over after the pet supplies. Jelly. We need jelly for sandwiches. Soup and saltines. That is a delicious, nutritious dinner. Diet Pepsi and Coke Zero. That will feed us. We will eat, but the animals will eat WELL! I get in the longest line so that I can read *The National Enquirer* while I wait. (We are on a budget, after all.)

"Brad and Angie Split...Again!" ~ About time she finally realized that Jenny Shimizu was WAY-YYY hotter!

"Another Meltdown for Lindsay as she cries on her balcony in Rome...Can Samantha help this time?" ~ Really? Really, Lindsay? Another meltdown? Just dyke up already! Be gay or not. Party or don't party. Just stop crying already! Jeeesh!

Begin checking out while scanning an ad in the back of the *Enquirer* that asks for people to adopt a starving dog in Ethiopia for just \$17.00 a month. This may be just the thing to do as it would not only be cheaper, there would be less hair on the floor! Vow to check into this when I return home. Check-out clerk asks if I would like to purchase the *Enquirer*. "Of course not," I tell him.

"No one really reads that drive!" I fold it neatly and place it back on the shelf. Pay the clerk \$19.11 for my and Sweetie's supplies. Priorities, ya know!

1:00pm ~ After putting up groceries and starting another load of gray t-shirts, I sit down to write my blog while eating a lunch of half a bagel, six grapes and three of the saltines I just purchased. I begin to write, stop to look something up, and get sidetracked reading Perez Hilton while picking eyebogers out of one of the big dogs' eyes.



2:00pm ~ Let the dogs out to potty and go downstairs to fold the 76 gray t-shirts that Sweetie owns. Scratch my head and wonder how one lesbian can accumulate that many

GRAY t-shirts that look exactly alike and still swear that she needs "just one more." Hear splashing water and run upstairs to find Piper, one of the big dogs, in the pool. Again. For the fourth time today. Drag her out by her ears and explain to her that she is NOT a fish, that she should not get in the pool, and that she could drown. I look down at her and realize that she has her paws over her ears and is going "La...la...la..." Realize that I get no respect. Go inside to Google "Adopt a starving Ethiopian dog for \$17.00 a month."

3:00pm ~ Time for a bath. Sweetie and I are going out tonight to see Kate Clinton, and I must look my best! Try to decide whether or not I should shave my legs. This is a special occasion, but the hippie look is back in and five days' growth is not that much and I will be wearing jeans after all, but I do wanna have sex tonight, so shave the legs it is. I finish my bath, dry my hair and start to pick out my clothes. I wonder if I should wear my sparkly tank top. Am I too old? Are my arms too jiggy? Do I care? I live in South Florida. Everyone is old, everyone has jiggy arms, nobody cares. Sparkly tank it is! Next, the shoes. I want my black sandals. Open the closet and there is one. One lone little black sandal. I look and search. The dogs help. The little dog lets out a victorious yelp and I run over to the ottoman and look underneath. There it is amid many squeaky balls. I dig out 47 squeaky balls in various colors, sizes, and states of disrepair and one lone black sandal. The dogs look at me as if I am a goddess for finding the balls. They kiss me. They bow at my feet. They worship me. I realize that they are worth keeping. I guess the poor starving dogs in Ethiopia will have to wait.

5:30pm ~ Sweetie arrives home. The dogs look up from their spots on the sofa where they are watching Animal Planet. I wave from my spot at the stove. She sits down at the table. I serve up her delicious, nutritious bowl of soup with crackers. She is thankful. We eat and

then get dressed. Sweetie looks at me lovingly and says, "Your arms don't jiggle so bad, honey!"



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The Happy Lesbian Housewife

"Oh, thanks a lot...really, thanks...uh huh!" I reply a bit sarcastically.

Sweetie then gets to feed the dogs their dinner.

6:30pm ~ We jump in the truck and head out to see Kate Clinton. She is so hot! I tell Sweetie this, and immediately her eyes start to roll and glaze over and a bit of drool forms at the corner of her mouth. I am not sure I am helping her with this TWCT. I question whether or not the great Dr. Knowsital really knows anything at all! Sweetie and I have a good time driving to the show and amuse ourselves by pulling each other's finger and burping the ABC's. We are a multi-talented couple!

8:00pm ~ The show begins. Kate is hilarious. She is hot. She has great hair. Her outfit rocks! I love her a little bit. I say these things to Sweetie as I am wiping the drool from her lips and knocking her eyes back into place.

10:30pm ~ We head home. The ride is quiet. We are both lost in our own thoughts. Mine are about squirrels, daisies, and Kate (I am a bit ADD). Sweetie's are about what the dogs may have torn up at home.

11:00pm ~ Sweetie and I work together to clean up the ripped-up dog bed, the trash which was dragged out of the can, and the little dog's pink sweater which has been shredded. I then put the dogs night-night as my Sweetie gets ready for bed. I go prepare for the night ahead myself. I brush my teeth, fix my hair and touch up my face. Next I spray some perfume and head upstairs...

dim the lights...

turn on some music...

do a strip-tease...

crawl in bed beside my lover...

give her a much-needed back rub...

feel her relax...

hear her even breathing...

know she fell asleep...

groan loudly to try to wake her...

lie down beside her, wiggle and turn and wiggle

some more, still trying to wake her...
grab her butt firmly and yell, "Hey, Sweetie, so are we gonna have sex or not? I shaved my legs, after all!"...
smile wickedly as she turns over and grins at me and yells "Nookie Time!"...

1:00am ~ Crawl out of bed and head to the bathroom to pee. Come back and notice that Sweetie is on my side of the bed. Realize that she is there because she does not want to sleep in the "wet spot"! Have a small discussion about who had to sleep in there last time. End up sleeping spooned tightly together, hanging off the side of the bed so that we can both avoid the dreaded wet spot. Hear Sweetie murmur "I love you" as I am drifting off to sleep. Damn, I love that woman!

I hope that my Tiger Woods Confessional Therapy letter helps you to be whole and well again, Sweetie. I am not so sure it worked for him. Just saying!



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Things To Do

by mk czerwiec

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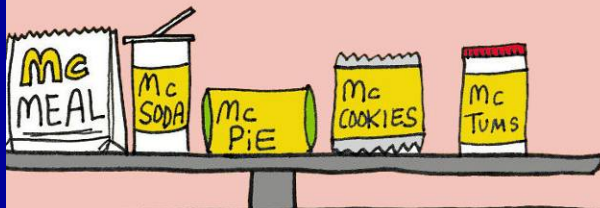
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Do You Know Larry?

Essay by Tammy Scully

Illustration by Madeline Queripel

Okay, turn on your imagination switch and keep an open mind. Do you know Larry? You do, you just don't realize it yet.

Here goes...

Picture a HUGE library, the kind of exquisite library you would only see in a Hollywood film. Everywhere, reaching forty feet to the ceiling, you see shelves full of files instead of books. There are shelves along every wall and almost every open space in the entire building. Each section of shelving has a fancy cherry wood ladder used to retrieve files at seemingly unreachable heights. As you walk through the library door and see this phenomenal display of architecture, you notice a large front desk in the shape of a half circle. At this desk sits an old man consumed by exhaustion yet alert and awaiting your arrival.

This is Larry, the man responsible for all of your thoughts, dreams, ideas, and even occasional brain-farts.

(This is the part where you use your imagination, so feel free to close your eyes. Wait, don't close your eyes or you can't read this. Strike that. Just use your imagination.)

Have you ever had a moment where you were about to say something and at the same time forgot what it was (aka the aforementioned "brain-fart")? Well, here's what happened...

You initiated the thought and Larry rushed to the ladder, climbed it as fast as he could (due to the time-critical status of this info), found the file, opened it, and SPLAT – he dropped the file and out fell every paper inside. The papers got

mixed up and completely out of order during the fall. There you stood, stumped for what to say. You repeated these words while staring up at the corner of the ceiling: "It's on the tip of my tongue... hmmm..." As Larry fumbled with the file, you moved on to another thought as everyone around you was left to wonder if you were having a moment of early onset Alzheimer's. Then suddenly – DING! You remembered! This was possible only because Larry had reorganized the dropped file quickly, and found the information you needed. Gee, thanks, Larry!

What about when you dream? Well, during our time of rest Larry is still hard at work. As we rest, Larry is busy archiving old useless information to make room for the new.

That's why we sometimes have dreams that make no sense. It's like someone (Larry) took a bunch of random crap, put it in a pot, mixed it up and made a story out of it.

(Pretend conversation) "Hey, Susie, I had this weird dream! I was driving my car when all of a sudden a donkey was riding on the roof screaming 'yee-haw!' Then I looked out my car window to see what he was doing only to be sucked out of the car to begin flying – with wings, I guess – through a sky full of flowers!"

WHAT? This is a perfect example of Larry taking thoughts not needed anymore and giving them one more chance to prove themselves important before tossing them in the trash. Thanks again, Larry!

So now that Larry has been formally introduced... do you know Larry? I knew you did.



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GAY Comic Round-up

Interviews by J. Allison, Lorraine Howell, and Tammy Scully

One of the best things about publishing a comedy-centric e-magazine is that we here at GAY get to meet a wide variety of talented lesbian comedians. This month, we introduce (or re-introduce) you to 14 of our favorites, from Gloria Bigelow to Patricia Villetto with many funny females in between.

Be sure to check out their performance dates and take in a show when they visit your town. Meanwhile, you can find information and videos for all featured comedians at www.gay-e-magazine.com/Comedians.

Gloria Bigelow



Gloria "Glo" Bigelow is a breath of fresh air for all comedy fans nationwide. With a background in acting, a feverishly witty presence, and a wide range of experience on issues dealing with race, sexuality and gender, she is on her way to comedic stardom. As an openly gay black woman, she is eager to put each individual in the audience under the spotlight, shake them up and send them home laughing at themselves. In addition to her live stage performances she can be found on *Laughing Matters...Next Gen*, *Hot Gay Comics* on Here TV, and on blogs such as *The Persuasive Pundit* and *CherryBomb* on AfterEllen.com.

GAY: What/Who inspired you to be a comedian?

Glo: When I first moved to New York, I met this girl who told me that I should do stand-up. I wrote my first set, read it to her and then put it away for two years. Two years later, she dared me to get up at a club – and I did. That was a huge gift that she gave me. Sometimes people can see you better than you see yourself.

GAY: How has being a lesbian comedian contributed to your success?

Glo: I guess it's given me a different point of view and a lot less penis jokes to tell. Our community has always been very supportive of me. A lot of the gigs that I have gotten have been because of a fellow queer comic passing along my name and vouching for me. People have told me that I shouldn't be out, but I can't imagine my career any other way.

GAY: If a career as a comedian was not an option, what career would be your second choice?

Glo: I'd go into politics. I love it, I'm fixated with it, and why not give Glen Beck something else to fret over – an openly gay black woman senator

GAY Comic Round-up

who is to the left of the left! He'd just piss himself, and that in and of itself would be very satisfying!

GAY: What is your most memorable performance moment?

Glo: Filming *Next Gen*. I was horribly stressed out with Dyke Drama. Yeah, there really is no other way to put that; it was Dyke Drama and I was so distracted. Then something clicked in me that was like, "You can't let this get in your way. You have a good opportunity here and if you don't show up for yourself you're going to be pissed." I put the drama aside for the two hours it took to do that show. That was the first time that I can remember really showing up for myself.

GAY: Who is your most favorite and least favorite comedian of all time?

Glo: That is such a difficult question. There are so many good ones. I love Whoopi Goldberg. She changed my life as a kid. I'd never seen anyone like her when she came out with her one-woman show. I wanted to be her growing up. I'm also a fan of Suzanne Westenhoefer. I long for the day when I can make it all look so effortless like she does. My least favorite comedian? The hack who tells jokes about his wife who's a "bitch" and his small penis... you know *that guy*...he's in every comedy club in America!

GAY: What words of wisdom would you give other lesbians needing inspiration in their pursuit to success?

Glo: Take baby steps. Every day do a little something that points you in the direction of your joy. Baby steps add up! Find a group of people who believe in you! Having friends and people who believe in me makes all of the difference in the world.

GAY: What witty one-liner would you use to defend your sexuality if someone asked you

about it in a disapproving, "I can't believe you!" kind of way?

Glo: I am what I am. There's never a need for me to defend it. It always makes me laugh when people are disapproving; mind your own vibration. Zora Neale Hurston has this quote that has always made sense to me whether it's dealing with racism or homophobics: "Sometimes I feel discriminated against, but it does not make me angry. It merely astonishes me. How *can* any deny themselves the pleasure of my company? It's beyond me."

GAY: What have you enjoyed most about working on *Laughing Matters...Next Gen* and which comedic personality did you enjoy working with most?

Glo: I loved having that shared experience with those five other people. It's something that we all have in common – that it was at the beginning of our careers, it bonded us. I love them all dearly. They are all very magical, smart, funny, talented and loving people. Amy Tee and I became very close with all of the touring and working in P-town. She's my very white sister.

GAY: How does it feel to be named "one of the funniest lesbians in America" by *Curve*? Were you surprised or expecting of the title? Please explain.

Glo: I was totally surprised and absolutely delighted. When they sent me the e-mail I was like, "What, how, who...?" I still don't know how I got in there.



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GAY Comic Round-up

GAY: Are there any future events in the pipeline that you would like to share with the GAY community?

Glo: I'm writing a book. Check back with me in 10 years and I should be almost done.

You can find out more about our rising star at <http://GloBigelow.com>.

Poppy Champlin



If one were to cross the sweet grooving persona of Ellen DeGeneres with Denis Leary's raunchy sarcasm, the result would be Poppy Champlin! Poppy tackles tough subjects with ease. In her hands we can laugh at life's most difficult subjects. Poppy is known for her high-energy performances and has been seen everywhere from VH-1, A&E, *Oprah Winfrey* and *Joan Rivers* to her newest gig on Atlantis cruises. She has earned a reputation for being one of the fastest-witted female comedienne on either coast.

GAY: Before doing a performance in the closing ceremonies for the Gay Games earlier in your career you said, "Making 40,000 people laugh at once? I think my hair is going to fall out and I'm going to pass out! I'm probably going to start crying." Do

you still feel that way before you take the stage?

Poppy: If I did that again – yes, I would feel the same way. Getting on stage just started to change for me. I like to prepare somewhat now but let the riff take over and just let the free flow happen.

GAY: I know that you are doing the *Queer Queens of Comedy* tour now. Can you tell me a bit about it?

Poppy: This is a show or a bunch of shows throughout the year that I produce or have them produced across the country – usually around five a year. I pick two other lesbian comics to come with me and go put on a show – usually selling to about 300-500 seats. Olivia sponsors us and I am currently looking for more sponsors.

GAY: You are currently plotting your own television series, right? Can you tell us about that?

Poppy: Well, I tried to pitch a gay game show as well as the *Queer Queens of Comedy* as a series and I hit a few walls, so I guess I am waiting to get back up and run at that wall again. Gotta put energy into different projects and some have to be put on hold.

GAY: You are a busy woman! Are there any other projects you are currently working on?

Poppy: I am thinking of writing a book – just a book of funny stories, some short, some long. And I am going to start up with a manager and see if she can start sending me out for some television shows.

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GAY: You have worked with many other celebrities and comedians. Who has been your favorite to work with?

Poppy: Well, let's see, ah – whenever I do the *Queer Queens* I always have fun with those comics and don't have any favorites there. The Atlantis cruises are a blast. Working in P'town with all the performers during women's week in October is usually a highlight. I love Cheryl Wheeler the musician and Chris Williamson, and I really get into the music at women's week.

GAY: You have been described as a "freakin' ball of comedic thunder," and many other energetic adjectives. Where does all this energy come from and how do you expend it aside from comedy?

Poppy: Yeah, I know the hype is there on stage and I enjoy it and let it come out. It is happy. It is Poppy. Outside of comedy I play racquetball.

GAY: Are there any groups, charities, or organizations that you promote or support?

Poppy: Well, my friend Terry Nail in Santa Cruz has a charity that she runs empowering young girls early on in life so they can grow up with a sense of self and entitlement that is healthy. I can't remember the name of it, but she raises money for it all the time – Bike for Kids was the name of something around it. I want to start taking a look at that. I give to some cancer house for kids here. I am a supporter of all recovery programs.

GAY: Give me details on your most embarrassing onstage moment.

Poppy: Today, auditioning for *Last Comic Standing*. It was embarrassing to stand there and try to be funny, and it just doesn't work for me at an audition. There is no magic when there is no audience, and I looked like a fool.

GAY: I know you are single. What is your idea of the perfect date?

Poppy: I am so far away from that right now I think it would have to sneak up on me and bite me in the ass and then I'd realize it had been the perfect date.

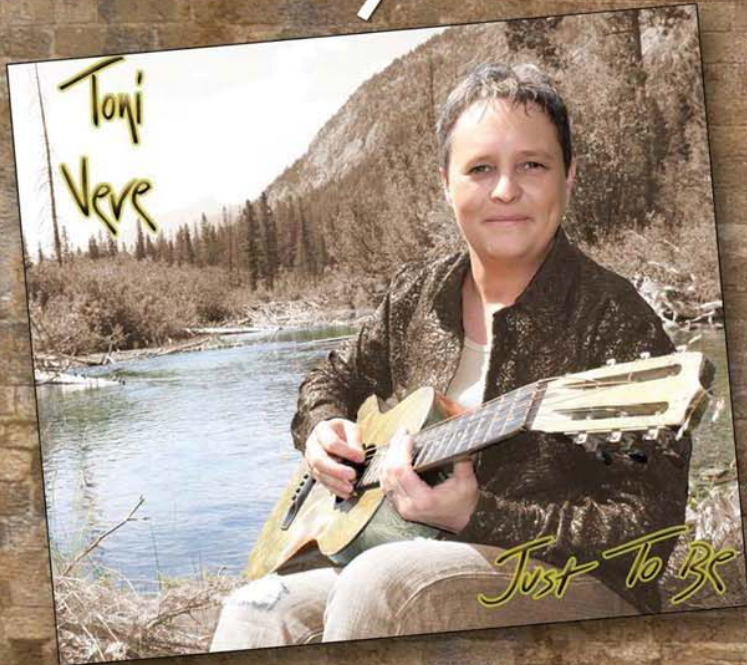
GAY: What is in your refrigerator right now?

Poppy: I just got back from the *Queer Queens* in San Francisco, so my dog's babysitter left some stuff in there like a salad and some old turkey meat and old lettuce. There is also old Pepsi from my Christmas party and pretty much old everything!

Stay up-to-date with Poppy at www.poppycockprod.com.



Introducing *Just To Be* by Toni Vere



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Dana Goldberg



With Dana Goldberg's perfect mixture of wit, strong stage presence, "wild pack of Jews" upbringing, and lesbian foundation, she wins over crowds nationwide.

Along with her various appearances in showcases such as *Last Comic Standing*, Fringe Festival, *One Night Stand Up: Episode 4*, *We're Funny That Way Comedy Festival*, The Lesbian and Gay Comedy Festival, and the Comedy Festival in Las Vegas, she shares her

humanitarian edge by raising thousands of dollars to fight HIV/AIDS and by supporting the GLBT community to spread awareness on equality.

Dana is a force to be reckoned with on stage and leaves audiences in tears with her comedic twists on the crazy absurdities of our world today. She takes simple topics like drinking wine and purchasing milk, warps them, and before the audience knows it they are swirling their woman around as if she were a glass of wine or wondering if the homo milk sipped this morning contributes to a homosexual lifestyle. She's brilliant!

Dana's comedy is by no means only limited to the stage - the proof lies in her interview with GAY.

GAY: How did you decide to pursue a career as a comedian?

Dana: Being a stand-up comedian was a childhood dream for me. My kindergarten teacher told my mother I was the funniest five-year-old she had ever met. I'm still not exactly sure what that means. I was always the class clown, not because I wanted to be disruptive, but because I was

bored in school. I was a pretty smart kid and apparently was not being challenged enough. I think I might have carried that into my adult life. I get bored when I'm not being challenged. After my first few professional shows, doors just started opening up. I think when you're doing what you are truly meant to do in life, doors just open up to you. I'm also the youngest child in a single-parent household run by a Jewish mother in which two out of the three kids are gay. It was either comedy or years of counseling. I just choose to do my therapy on stage.

GAY: Who was the most influential person in your life and why?

Dana: I would have to say it was my mother. As much as I hate to admit it, and as much as she's going to love to read it, it would indeed be my mother. My mom raised three children on her own working three part-time jobs, and we managed to not kill each other in the process. She has always been an incredibly strong role model in my life. She was encouraging when we were children, did what she needed to do financially in order to provide us with the things that would help us grow holistically. She is one of my biggest fans, and even though some of my material involves the family, she's incredibly supportive. I remember finishing a gig one night and she came up to congratulate me. At that moment I realized that I had just finished a set that included jokes about her, my family, sex toys, rectal thermometers and a number of other very inappropriate things for a child to discuss in front of a

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GAY Comic Round-up

mother. She never mentioned a thing. All she said was, "Dana, fantastic show, but did you have to say I was 63 on stage?"

GAY: Describe your first stage experience.

Dana: My FIRST stage experience was my high school talent show. I won doing a ten-minute stand-up routine. I found the original tape and made it into an extra feature on my first comedy DVD. I wasn't out of the closet in high school, but the jeans, button-down shirt, and tie I was wearing screamed otherwise. However, my first professional experience was incredible. It was in a sold-out theater in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in front of 650 lesbians. I auditioned for a show called *Funny Lesbian for a Change*. It was a variety show that raised scholarship money for higher-education opportunities for lesbians. After the audition they agreed to give me a seven-minute set. When I walked out onto the stage that night, I could

see my heart beat through my shirt, and my hands wouldn't stop shaking. I didn't dare touch the microphone for fear that I would turn it into some sort of amplifying vibrator. When I hit my first big joke, I heard the most deafening laughter I had ever heard and I went into a zone. It was brilliant! I knew at that moment no matter what happened in the future, I was good at this and it was something I wanted to pursue.

GAY: What was the strangest moment you experienced on stage?

Dana: I honestly can't recall any "strange" moments on stage, but someone did try and burn down the club I was going to perform in because the owner had thrown her out weeks before. Apparently the only reason she joined the "members-only club" was to "go see Dana Goldberg." We dated for a few weeks after that.

GAY: Apart from the many causes you support and busy comedy show schedule, what

other interests or hobbies do you enjoy?

Dana: I love being outdoors. I love hiking and cycling, golf and soccer. I call myself a Chapstick lesbian. I always laugh because when I asked my mom if she knew I was gay before I came out of the closet she says, "No, I just thought you were athletic." I also love to draw and cook. I like long walks on the beach and...oh wait, I digress. My friends and family are also very near and dear to me so I spend as much time as possible with them when I'm not on the road. Oh - and I'm a pool shark. I'm a lesbian, it's a law.

GAY: If you could invite any three people (real or fictitious) to a private dinner party, who would you choose and why?

Dana: Hmm...let me think very carefully about this. Who would be most likely to pick up the bill at the end of dinner? I think I would like to have a dinner party with Billy Crystal, Robin Williams, and Whoopi Goldberg. When I was younger, I was inspired by their brilliance during the *Comic Relief* specials. The way the three of them banter and work off of each other was pure genius. I'm sure I wouldn't get a word in edgewise, but it would be an incredible dinner party.

GAY: In which way, if any, do you feel being a lesbian helped or hindered your success?

Dana: That's kind of a hard question to answer because I have always been out of the closet on stage. I don't know what it would have been like if I had started doing comedy in the "straight" world and chose to



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come out of the closet later in my career. Majority of my performances are at LGBT events or in front of mainly queer audiences, but I also perform in front of "straight" crowds. Funny is funny, and if I can get an audience to like me, enjoy me as a comedian, the fact that I'm a lesbian becomes very secondary. It's time I start to cross over into the "mainstream." I want to expand my audience base and introduce my comedy to all types of audiences. The "gay" thing has become much less taboo, especially in Hollywood. I think it's important to live authentically in this world, honor who you are. If I don't connect with my material on some level, an audience will see right through it. Some of my funniest and most well-written material is my gay material. I won't stop incorporating that into my act, but it's time to expand my repertoire.

GAY: What do you enjoy most about being a comedian?

Dana: This may sound elementary, but I enjoy making people laugh. I believe I have a gift of connecting with people, allowing them to feel "seen" even if it's through my comedy. I enjoy taking them out of their everyday lives even if it's just for an hour or two to just...be. We take ourselves way too seriously, and if I can get someone to laugh at themselves, at the craziness we call life, that's what I enjoy doing. I get a high off of performing. It's definitely my drug of choice.

GAY: Describe the series of events that resulted in your own production company, DG Productions, and the creation and purpose of the annual Southwest FunnyFest.

Dana: As you know, one of the most important things to me is to give back to the communities that support me. I do a lot of work with the Human Rights Campaign; I donate portions of my shows to many organizations across the country. I work in a male-dominated industry. There are so many incredibly talented women that some audiences have never heard of. I started the production company for a few

reasons. I wanted to produce an event that featured funny, powerful, brilliant women. I also wanted to bring comedy to Albuquerque, New Mexico. I'm from there, started my career there, and it will always be home. Even though the FunnyFest will branch out into other cities, I will continue to produce shows in Albuquerque.

GAY: Where do you aspire to be in the next five years?

Dana: In the next five years I will have my own Comedy Central or Showtime special. I will be performing four times a month in 1,000-person theaters in every major city in the country. I'm hoping to still be with the incredible woman I'm dating and perhaps have a little one running...oh wait...crawling around. Let's not get crazy. I will have run my first half marathon, done several tours in Europe and starred on a successful sitcom with an Emmy nomination. How's that for manifesting? If I can achieve as much in the next five years as I did in the last, I will be a very happy woman.

For more on Dana, visit <http://www.danagoldberg.com>.





Bridget McManus

The beautiful and hysterical Bridget McManus fesses up about embarrassing stage moments, her favorite cities, and more.

GAY: How did you decide you wanted to pursue comedy and where did you get your start?

Bridget: When I was four years old I started running around my

house with a turkey baster pretending it was a microphone. Twenty-three years later I took the stage at The Comedy Store in Los Angeles and decided to make stand-up my full-time career.

GAY: Who were the most influential people in your career?

Bridget: Carol Burnett, Eddie Izzard and my Nana. My Nana had a dirty sense of humor and she was hilarious! She also taught me how to dance and how to dip a girl.

GAY: Do you have any new shows?

Bridget: I have a new show premiering on Logo called *Bridget McManus Presents: That Time of the Month* (TTOTM), which premiered on March 29. *TTOTM* showcases upcoming artists and I act as host à la Joel McHale on *The Soup*. The at-home viewers can also submit their own short films and music videos and possibly be on Logo TV.

GAY: What other projects are you working on?

Bridget: I'm currently working on an awesome new project with Tellofilms.com. I love them!!! Go to their website immediately! I'm also traveling quite a bit. I recently performed at The Dinah in Palm Springs and I'm headlining Sweet's Cozumel Palace Resort in Mexico September 4-11. Pack your bikinis and come play with me!

GAY: What is your favorite city to perform in?

Bridget: Chicago, hands down! Chicago has great food and even better people.

GAY: Describe your most embarrassing onstage moment.

Bridget: Which one? If I had to choose one it would be performing in Provincetown, Massachusetts, with a full audience and my parents in the front row. Let's just say my fingering jokes didn't go over well.

GAY: If we looked through your iPod, what artist, song, or album would you make an excuse for having stored?

Bridget: Avril Lavigne. I feel like a pedophile just for mentioning her name.

GAY: What is the best city you have been to as far as gay-friendly travel goes?

Bridget: Zurich, Switzerland. It's the most beautiful and gay-friendly city I've ever been to. If I had to leave Los Angeles, I'd move to Zurich.



GAY Comic Round-up

GAY: Are there any groups, charities, or organizations that you promote or support?

Bridget: There are two organizations that I promote 100%. The Courage Campaign and Gabrielle Christian (from *South of Nowhere*) Fair Fund. Gay rights and women's rights are my number one priority.

GAY: What will you do after you finish this interview?

Bridget: I'll make my wife proofread this interview because I'm a terrible speller.

For more on Bridget, visit <http://www.bridgetmcmamus.com/>.



**Jennie
McNulty**

Jennie McNulty has traveled the world doing comedy. In addition to headlining in comedy clubs all over the U.S. and Canada, Jennie spends her summers doing her show nightly in Provincetown and she's been a regular act at Harrah's Casino in Las Vegas. She's had smash performances at the Dinah Shore Week in Palm Springs and she's been a hit at countless gay and lesbian comedy festivals.

GAY: You are a very busy woman right now. I know you are doing *Queer on Their Feet*, the *GOLD! Comedy Hour*, and *Dinah Shore Week* in Palm Springs. Tell me a bit about

these or any other projects that you are currently working on.

Jennie: I'm pretty lucky these are all really fun projects. *Queer on Their Feet* is my improv troupe that consists of myself, Diana Yanez and Daniel Leary. We tour with a really fun show that, to my knowledge, is the only one of its kind. In the first half of the show, we all do our own fast and funny stand-up individually, then the second half of the show is improvised hilarity with suggestions and participation from the audience. Kind of like a *Whose Gay Line Is It Anyway?* and a stand-up comedy show all in one!

The *GOLD! Comedy Hour* is a laid-back, loose and hysterically funny comedy night at East/West Lounge. And it's always interesting – you never know who will be in the audience. It's the third Thursday of every month.

"The Dinah" is a world-renowned chess tournament.

AND...I'm REALLY excited about season three of my "walking talk show," *Walking Funny With...* It's going to premiere in the spring in conjunction with the airing of the second *One Night Stand Up* comedy show I just taped featuring all the AfterEllen vloggers. Download and walk along in season three with new guests, new segments, new laughs, and the show will also be more interactive. Stay tuned....

GAY Comic Round-up

GAY: You have entertained the troops in both Iraq and Afghanistan. Bravo for you. What are some of your favorite memories of this?

Jennie: Every minute! I love meeting the military personnel over there. They are so diverse and interesting. And they work together under some pretty hairy conditions. They are...very cool. Thank one if you see them out in uniform.

They thanked me for "taking my mind off of where I am." If I heard that once, I heard it a million times. It's the least I could do. I can't enlist – they do things waaaay too early and I'm a chicken. It was truly my pleasure. I had a blast!

From a civilian "I'm only here for two weeks" point of view, it was complete fun and excitement. I've been able to ride in cargo planes and Black Hawk helicop-

ters, rode in a convoy through Baghdad, stayed at Sadaam's "Guest Palace," and met generals at command headquarters. I've even (allegedly) fired machine guns at a target range. I would not make a good sharpshooter. (Yet another reason for me not to be on the military roster.) Although I do actually kind of dig their discipline.

GAY: I read that you played women's professional football for the California Quake. When did you start playing football and what position do you play?

Jennie: I started playing in 2002 and I play defensive back (and 14th-string wide receiver). It is, without a doubt, the most fun sport, and to be able to play is a dream come true for me. I have loved football since I was a kid and, when I was growing up, football was just one of the many things "girls couldn't do." If you think watching it is fun, take that times a billion, and that's what playing is!

GAY: What is the key to being funny?

Jennie: Finding the truth in a situation and then pointing out an absurdity in that truth. Then, doing so with regularity.

GAY: Who is the most influential person in your career?

Jennie: Cher. Every time I write a joke, I think, "Would Cher think that's funny?" I'm only half kidding. (I'm a huge fan – used to think I was her number one fan, until I moved to West Hollywood – those boys win.)

I don't think there is a "one person" who was most influential. There have been so many people who've helped and influenced me at various stages and in different ways throughout my career. I don't think I could name just one. But, I think, in some ways, *everybody's* influential.

GAY: Describe your most embarrassing onstage moment.

Jennie: I did an entire show (45 minutes) with toilet paper hanging from the waist of my pants to the floor. All the way down, for the entire night. And when I first took the stage I turned around to put the mic stand behind me and the audience started cracking up and I thought, "Wow, I'm killin' already!" No one said anything. I just did a whole show draggin' a 3½-foot piece of toilet paper from my belt. It must have been double ply.

GAY: Are there any causes, charities or organizations that you support?



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- Recording Artist and Community Activist Lori Michaels

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GAY Comic Round-up

Jennie: Anything sports related. I'm such a huge advocate of sports and physical activity. It's soooooo beneficial – physically and mentally, maybe more so mentally. And you don't have to run a marathon, people. Just get off your as**s and do *something*. Stand up when you Facebook...anything. Although, "if" you Facebook at work, I recommend trying that when your boss is out of town.

And I'm about to go on a fantastic fundraising comedy tour for the Independent Women's Football League: www.iwflsports.com (of which my team, the California Quake, is a proud member). I'll be doing shows around the country with the teams in our league. In each city, we'll have special local guests, prizes and, of course, hysterical comedy, if I do say so myself. And it's a great opportunity to raise awareness and money and for me to steal their playbooks.

GAY: Who should star in a movie about your life?

Jennie: Meryl Streep, I hope. I want it done right.

GAY: What is in your DVD player right now?

Jennie: An eight-track tape and I can't get it to work.

GAY: State your life philosophy in 25 words or less.

Jennie: Treat people the way you want to be treated. And don't leave cigarette butts on the beach.

For more on Jennie, visit www.jenniemcnulty.com.

Ellen Moschetto



Shy and reserved one moment, totally vivacious the next, Ellen Moschetto puts a quirky spin on everyday subjects such as family, friends, celebrities, dating and mime spanking. Ellen has stood out with performances at the *Girls Gone Wild* show at the Comedy Studio in Cambridge, and at the annual *Harbor to the Bay* AIDS benefit at the Club Cafe in Boston.

GAY: How did you get your start in comedy?

Ellen: When I was young and my parents yelled at me, I learned that if I made them laugh somehow, they'd stop yelling. In addition to punishment avoidance, I just enjoyed making people laugh. As far as professionally, with



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GAY Comic Round-up

stand-up, my brother Tony started stand-up over ten years before I did. So it was something I was curious about for years before I began. The real, on-stage start came when I took a class at a community college. That was a good thing to give me structure and five minutes of material to build on, and I've been building on that five minutes ever since.

GAY: Tell us about the projects you are currently working on.

Ellen: I'm developing a yet-to-be-titled, hour-long, one-woman show that combines stand-up and storytelling. I'm also working on the *Bigg Nez and Bigg Lez* show. Bigg Nez is an African American, straight male comic. On the surface we seem so opposite, but when we co-host a show together, we click with a bunch of unexpected similarities. We are live-action diversity without preaching. Finally, I'd love to get a comedian exchange program active as

well. I think it would be great to travel to other cities and have comedians from those cities then come to Boston.

GAY: Describe your most embarrassing onstage moment.

Ellen: Fortunately I haven't had one of those "I hear crickets and tumbleweeds" sets in a while at this point. Did I just jinx myself? Honestly, I don't think of those hell sets as embarrassing moments anymore; just learning experiences. My embarrassing moments come off-stage, and most often involve me in various stages of undress. That's all I'm saying.

GAY: Alrighty then! Who are the most influential people in your career? Your life?

Ellen: I've liked stand-up since a young age, but I never saw somebody in particular that made me say, "I want to do THAT." I like to laugh, and I like to make other people laugh, so basically it sounds like I'm saying I'm the biggest influence on myself. Yikes. No, really my family is the most influential in my life personally and professionally.

My parents and siblings are all artists and entertainers in some way, so they've greatly influenced and encouraged my creativity.

GAY: What is the key to being funny?

Ellen: According to my father the answer is simple, "funny hats." Now I think it goes deeper than that, but it's hard to say, because humor is so subjective. I laugh at humor I either relate to greatly or not at all. In the long run, I think authenticity, sincerity and being candid without falling in the TMI category are key. Oh, and funny hats.

GAY: What is on your iPod that you are embarrassed to admit to?

Ellen: A big scratch on the screen from the time I tripped over a rock and fell while jogging in the woods. That's about it. The music? Oh, I own those choices; from Taylor Swift, the *Grease* mega-mix, to the spa music that sounds like Enya and ABBA had a chubby muzak baby. I am proud of every tune!

GAY: Are there any charities, causes or organizations that you support?

Ellen: I walked the three-day 60-mile walk for breast cancer a few years ago. Since then, I donate money to the cause yearly. I donate frequently to the Salvation Army, too. I'm starting to get involved with some animal shelters as well. I took in a stray cat (Sugar Moschetto - "Friend" her on Facebook!) nearly two years ago, and she's made an activist out of me! I think it's important to give time, money or supplies to those in



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need. The giving and receiving cycle connects us, and at some point in time we'll all be on either one of those points in the giving and receiving cycle.

GAY: Talk to us about "mime spanking."

Ellen: I can't. Not until after the lawsuit. It's part of one of my comedy bits about naughty times with naughty mime, amongst other mime-related scenarios. Intrigued? Come see me or book me for a show, and you shall hear all.

GAY: Very interesting! What's in your nightstand drawer right now?

Ellen: See answer to previous question...

GAY: You open the fridge, inside there is half a block of "semi-hard" cheddar cheese, two eggs, an onion with a couple

of green things growing from it, some butter that has an expiration date of April 5, 2005, a potato with eyes, and a bottle of margarita mix. What's for dinner?

Ellen: Take-out. As much as I try different food plans like low carbs, wheat/gluten-free and eating for my blood type, I lose and gain the same five pounds over and over regardless. So I'd just get pizza and then swear I won't eat pizza again...until the next morning when the cold leftovers become my breakfast.

Keep up-to-date with Ellen at <http://ellenmoschetto.com>.



Erin Schauer

The lovely comedian Erin Schauer has been spreading laughter all over the U.S. for over 10 years and is now conquering Los Angeles. She has performed everywhere from dive bars to the prestigious Comedy Store. Schauer has performed with Margaret Cho, Damon Wayans, and more.

GAY: How did you decide you wanted to pursue comedy?

Erin: My mom and I had been HUGE fans of the show *Ellen* when it was on television. For my 15th birthday, my mom got us tickets for Ellen's comedy show at the Taft Theatre when I lived



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in Cincinnati, OH. That was my first live stand-up comedy show I'd ever seen. I sat there with my mouth open the whole time in amazement of Ellen DeGeneres and how incredible she was live. After that show, I knew that is exactly what I wanted to do.

GAY: Who is the most influential person in your life and why?

Erin: Besides Ellen DeGeneres being the biggest comedy influence in my life, I'd have to say my parents are the most influential. I was a very shy kid, and I grew up with my parents encouraging me to try any and everything to build my confidence and to find my niche. They are my biggest supporters and the only ones that ever told me that it was okay to be me and express who I really was.

GAY: Tell us about your first show.

Erin: Oh wow... "Terrifying" is the word to sum it all up! I was 17 years old, and one of my best friends in high school dared me to do an open mic night at our local comedy club in Cincinnati, called Go Bananas. I told her, "Hell no. No way. I'm funny with you guys but... NO WAY." So, after a few weeks for persuasion, she talked me into it, I signed up for a comedy contest, and she invited half of our senior class. Right before I went on I was staring in the mirror in the bathroom thinking up ideas of what to tell people if I would bolt out the door. As I was chickening out and sneaking out of the club, my friend came in the bathroom and said she was so proud of me and couldn't wait till I hit the stage. So I decided to go up, did a good job and have been performing ever since.

GAY: What projects are you working on?

Erin: Right now my biggest project is a monthly comedy show that I produce with my dear friend and fellow comic Kim Lupe at the Pig N Whistle in Hollywood called *Crop Dustin' Comedy...Comedy that doesn't stink, it just lingers*. Don't ask

where we came up with the title, ha ha! It's so much fun, and a great casual comedy night with some great undiscovered talent.

GAY: What is your favorite place to perform?

Erin: My favorite place to perform, hands down, is The Comedy Store. It was always a dream of mine to perform there, and I've been so lucky to perform in shows in both the Main Room and the Belly Room.

GAY: Describe your most embarrassing onstage moment.

Erin: Oh, the best story ever! It was probably my third time on stage and I was doing an open mic at a club in Dayton, OH. Before anything came out of my mouth, this fat, ugly-ass bald man in the back row yelled, "Show us your tits!" So I immediately came back with, "Why don't you stand up and show us your man boobs first, so we have something to compare mine to, you Jabba the Hutt-lookin' [insert curse words]." That was my first heckler.

GAY: What is the most ridiculous purchase you have ever made?

Erin: I have an obscene collection of Spice Girls and *Twilight* memorabilia – nuff said!

GAY: Where is your favorite place to get chili in your hometown, Cincinnati?

Erin: Skyline is hands down the greatest chili ever. I wasn't a fan until I moved here to LA and realized how much I missed it. So, my parents ship it weekly to me.



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GAY: Are there any groups, charities, or organizations that you promote or support?

Erin: I speak for an amazing gay and lesbian organization called G.L.I.D.E. (Gays and Lesbians Initiating Dialogue through Equality). We are a nonprofit organization who goes and speaks to middle schools, high schools, colleges, and several other organizations to educate the public on homosexuality. Another charity I hold dear to me is called My Dog Joey. It's my girlfriend's charity that helps raise money for people who lost their animals because they couldn't afford to pay for expensive surgeries to help save their life. She lost her dog Joey almost a year ago, and wanted to start this charity to help others save their beloved pets. www.mydogjoey.org.

GAY: List your top five favorite albums.

Erin: Comedy or music? Hmm...

Music:

Frou Frou – *Details*
Kelly Clarkson – *Breakaway*
Sarah McLaughlin – *Fumbling
Toward Ecstasy*
Spice Girls – *Spiceworld*
Justin Timberlake – *Future
Sex Love Sound*

Comedy CD:

Ellen DeGeneres – *Taste This*
Margaret Cho – *I'm the One
That I Want*
Queens of Comedy
Kings of Comedy

To visit Erin online, go to <http://www.myspace.com/erinthecomedian>.



Miss Tamale Sepp

Miss Tamale Sepp is a cutting-edge "interdisciplinary" performer based out of Chicago. She is known far and wide for her sharp wit and commanding performances that explore gender, ritual, and social themes. Having toured internationally with both the Windy City Blenders and independently, Tamale has incorporated comedy, burlesque, drag, fire dancing, and tribal belly dancing into her work to create exciting, original pieces.



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GAY: How did you get your start in comedy?

Tamale: My family. My father loves to say that in our family "you don't have to be smart, but you gotta be quick." Dinner in our house was famous for being a zing-fest that left each of us haltingly nibbling our delicious food, so as not to miss a possible tag. We were either talking or laughing, so it took forever to finish the dang meal. We all knew if we could get my mom to laugh to the point of snorting, we had done well.

I remember one of the first times I realized how much I loved comedy. A friend of the family, known for her rather harsh personality, was visiting. She did not mince words. I made a joke and got her to laugh. Then I tagged it and got her laughing harder. I kept going and she kept laughing bigger and bigger laughs until she started coughing and yelled at me to stop. My mom was shouting at me to stop and our friend

was literally coughing so hard she couldn't breathe. I felt compelled to continue. I. Could. Not. Stop. Myself. I remember very clearly the excitement of that moment and I wanted more. Much more.

I was pretty goofy in high school, and in college I auditioned for a new improv troupe. The five who showed up for the audition got in. I studied agriculture in undergrad, but after a few years in that improv troupe, I decided I wanted to do comedy for a living. I moved to Chicago and started studying comedy while broadening my horizons to include other types of performance as well.

GAY: What projects are you currently working on? Give yourself a plug here!

Tamale: I tend to keep a number of "irons in the fire," so there's always a laundry list of projects in development. Currently, I am finishing up my MFA in interdisciplinary arts and media from Columbia College Chicago while collaborat-

ing with a few local artists on various performance projects. I book a monthly comedy show called *Tamale Presents LOL* at Circuit Night Club that focuses on bringing comedy to the queer scene every second Friday of the month. By the end of the summer, I should have another one-woman show coming out, and over the summer I plan to tour both independently and with a project that I will reveal when more details are solidified. Find me on FB (Miss Tamale) and visit my site for more info!

GAY: Tell us about your most embarrassing onstage moment.

Tamale: I have many. MANY. I'm a big fan of the "go big or go home" mentality. I admire those who are willing to risk their pride onstage to really go for it. That's impressive to me, brave. It has also gotten me into a LOT of trouble over the years. One of those times was in high school in my sophomore-year English class where we were reciting assigned monologues. I had one where a woman stabs herself, and to bring it to the next level, I had attached sandwich bags (filled with water mixed with red food dye) under my hand-crafted costume. During the monologue, I had planned to stab myself in the pre-set areas and inspire shock and awe from my classmates. I fantasized that they would marvel at my commitment. No dice. That one played out a bit different from how I imagined. The knife reveal was impressive. The



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Jeryl

www.myspace.com/jerylmusic



heartfelt plunges, inspiring. The struggle to pop the concealed "blood pockets" as they shifted and exposed my actual body to the searching knife point... seemingly endless and infinitely painful. In addition to the humiliation of a botched performance and enthusiastic mocking from my peers, my teacher was frozen in horror throughout the whole scene. I can only imagine what liability nightmare ran through her well-coiffed head. Mortifying.

GAY: Who is your greatest influence, in comedy or otherwise?

Tamale: MAN, that's a great question. I'd have to answer that with a "what" instead of a "who."

– Feel free to light some sage and smudge your room before reading this part. –

Comedy and my other artistic practices are all somewhat combined. I feel my life is like a bird's nest, with strands of this and that woven in at various angles and layers for the desired effect. Inspiration for me comes in many forms and is filtered through all the senses. My influences shift in response to the projects I'm working on and those I'm collaborating with. My greatest influence is what I surround myself with in a moment – an experience, an environment, a feeling, a human connection. I find beauty and sanctity in connectedness, and am most greatly influenced by things that foster unity. Comedy is a great unifier.

Jeez - THAT makes me want to finger paint with primary colors to Enya.

GAY: Thanks for the warning... smudging seems to have helped! You call yourself an "interdisciplinary performer." What is that exactly?

Tamale: During an introduction at a recent comedy show, a guy said I was an "interdisciplinary performer." THAT is fun! (*Smirk.*) To be an interdisciplinary performer is to incorporate a variety of disciplines into your work. Many comics focus on comedy. For me, comedy is the way I relate to the world and is very much a part of everything I am and do. I maintain an artist practice that includes other performance disciplines as well, such as fire dancing, tribal belly dancing, burlesque, drag, make-up artistry, installation work, sculpture, and writing. Each interest informs the others in unpredictable ways. I delight in discovering the intersections and overlaps.

Performing in these various fields has provided me with the opportunity to travel internationally with gender performance troupes and on solo tours, develop collaborations with people overseas, and perform as a femmecee, closing shows with a specialty act. The variety of communities I inhabit has informed my comedy by providing a wide range of unusual experiences – not excluding "interdisciplinary" performances. (Heh heh heh.)

GAY: Very interesting! You said recently that you were "baffled at my attraction/repulsion to the actor that plays Snape in *Harry Potter* (and the bad guy in *Robin Hood* and the voice of God in *Dogma*), Alan Rickman. He's strangely dreamy in a frightening



way..." Can you tell us a bit about these feelings that you are having?

Tamale: Oh MAN! I'm so busted! Curse you, Facebook, and your deceptive illusion of privacy! (*Shaking fist at sky.*) Yes, I recently revealed that Alan Rickman tickles my fancy. If you followed the thread further, you may also have discovered that I long to have him read me Mrs. Piggle Wiggle books by candlelight. I can't figure it out! I am certain that I would palm my pepper spray if we were walking down the same street, yet when I watch him in movies, I want him to covet me like a drooling, jiggle-jawed cat watching birds just outside the window. I once saw him improvise some comedy with Eddie Izzard (another of my heartthrobs) and he was incredible. A sharp mind coupled with a demeanor that inspires a low-grade fear for my safety? THAT, dear readers, is romance.

GAY: Really gotta love Facebook...I am right now! I read on there that you also have quite the obsession with the TV series *House*. Tell us a bit about that.

Tamale: Ah, yes. My love, Dr. Gregory House. As a queer woman, I find my attraction to House particularly infuriating. He's scruffy. He's grouchy. He's an addict. Basically, he's everything I am sadly drawn to in queer women. Awesome. Am I offered NO REFUGE in my harmless crushes on fictional characters? Dang it! His brilliance is intoxicating and I love a dry sense of humor, so I am enmeshed ever further with every one of his smarmy one-liners. I mostly want to be involved in a heated back-and-forth with him over, well... ANYTHING. The Libra part of me wants harmony, but the part of me that loves to watch an intelligent mind flex aches to stir up the business end of his mirth.

GAY: Are there any charities, causes or organizations that you support?

Tamale: Yes! I am working with the producers of the independent film *Fish out of Water* to offer screenings of their film as I perform and travel. The film deconstructs the most common arguments religion poses against homosexuality. I truly wish it had been around when I was struggling through those issues. I would have been saved from years of self-loathing. It's wonderful AND it sends its message with love. Please support them any way you can: www.fishoutofwaterfilm.com and www.greatamericanouting.com.

GAY: Fantastic. I know that will help many people! Who should star in a movie about your life?

Tamale: Me. If I'm not available due to my guest appearance on *House*, I choose (in order of preference): Mae West, Winona Judd, Alan Rickman.

GAY: Perfect. Adam would do a wonderful "Tamale"!

You are single and are a self-described "fierce queer femme who loves leopard print." What is your ideal woman like? Your perfect date?

Tamale: I thought you'd never ask! (*Cracks knuckles.*) My ideal woman is first and foremost strong enough to withstand me – not an easy task. I'm bossy, stubborn, and like things my



way. Enticing, no? (*Batting of mascara-coated lashes.*) I want an equal, someone who is strong enough to stand up to me, so I know she will stand up for me. Next, a kind sense of humor is essential. Snarky is okay, cruel is not. I *love* me a secure butch. I am well rounded and appreciate someone who is all about adventures of all kinds. Life is short, and should be lived to the fullest. Security is an illusion. I love people with a sense of play and who are up for anything. I'll try anything three times (just to be absolutely SURE). After that, I'm an absolute *sucker* for a handsome woman in a newsboy cap. St. Patrick's Day and Celticfest in Chicago nearly kills me every year. (*Gazes off for a moment, jaw begins to slack...*) Sorry! Ah HEM.

Butch women do it for me. A hot butch woman who has her crap together and knows her worth is pretty darn impressive – and rare. I am over tragic butches.

Do some work, face your demons, and learn that you are worth being loved and appreciated. Face your damn self and then let's play Scrabble! Smart with manners. I am a sucker for old-school butch/femme dynamic, sans any unspoken sexism. I absolutely love the balance of my femininity with another woman's masculinity, as long as it's understood that the division of labor is based on preference, not ability. I love the performance of it all – it's so "I see what you're doing, and I deeply appreciate that you thought to do that." (*Deep sigh and smile.*) Also, I am in a long-term relationship with my career. I know what I want and am actively pursuing it...always. I am in absolutely no hurry for long-term partnership, and am content with my life as it is. I tend to be a bit high maintenance and I'm fine with it. In fact, I like it. I give a lot, and I expect it to be reciprocated. Luckily, the women who I am drawn to tend to like it as well, as it gives them the performative op-

portunity to flex their romance muscles – and flex they do. (*Hands clasped and doe eyes batting.*) God bless 'em! I've been pretty lucky in this respect.

My perfect date involves a handsome woman who sounds like Alan Rickman reading me "Savage Love" over the glow of a paid credit card statement, sloooooowly turning to ash in a mason jar. Or, going shooting, then riding horses to a small-town ice cream shop. Or, wearing mustaches to a movie about vampires. Really, any time spent connecting with someone where you both get to laugh for a few hours is awesome... especially if they know anything about Eddie Izzard. (ShaZAM!)



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Vickie Shaw

Vickie Shaw is a seasoned comedian who entertainingly speaks about the trials and successes of being a woman, a mother, a grandmother, and gay in America. Vickie's own life provides the best material for her show. As an "out" lesbian mother, she has successfully raised two sons and one daughter and is married to her "husbian," Sgt. Patch. Vickie sat down and answered our questions after just returning from an Olivia Cruise where she was a featured performer.

GAY: I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for taking the time to answer a few questions for GAY and for sharing a bit of yourself with your fans. So, let's start with an easy one: How did you get your start in comedy?

Vickie: All my friends were always telling me I should do stand-up, so I finally decided to do an open-mike night and I literally froze. Why I went back I don't know, but I did and slowly met comics that would recommend me, and the rest is history.

GAY: You are doing "Laughing Loud!" and "Gay Days Disney"—where my partner and I will be coming to see you, by the way—among many other things right now. Tell me about these or any other upcoming projects.

Vickie: I have several tours that are in the works right now, and when those are lined up then I will have those posted on my web site. My friend Dana Goldberg said I'll be everywhere but Yemen!

GAY: You have said, "I don't look the part. I blow away all their stereotypes. I'm the woman next door—except I just happen to be gay." Tell me about some of the strangest reactions that you have gotten from people when they find out you're gay.

Vickie: Many times people, especially straight men, would come up to me after a show and say, "You're not really gay—that's just an act, right?"

"Nope, I'm really gay," I reply.

And then they will say, "But you have a wedding ring!"

"From my partner," I reply.

And they say, "You can do that?"

"Yup!"

And then they don't believe I have children, and they will ask me, "Do your kids know that you're gay?"

"Well, yeah, I think they suspect!"

GAY: Describe your most embarrassing on-stage moment.

Vickie: I did a whole show with toilet paper hanging out of my pants, I mean literally down to the floor! I thought everyone was looking at me funny, but I just thought I was funny! After the show I had some friends there and I yelled at them for not saying something during the show and they said, "We thought you meant to do it!!"

GAY Comic Round-up

GAY: Who are the most influential people in your career? Your life?

Vickie: In my career, it would be all the comedians of the late '60s and '70s: Totie Fields, Joan Rivers, Phyllis Diller, George Carlin, Richard Pryor, Bill Cosby. In my life, it would have to be my children and grandchildren. I tried comedy and came out *for* them. How could I expect them to live their life with pride in themselves and integrity if I didn't myself!

GAY: That is a very inspiring answer. Your children and grandchildren are very lucky to have you as an example for their lives.

Are there any groups, charities, or organizations that you promote or support?

Vickie: All the gay rights and gay youth groups. *All of them!*

GAY: My girlfriend and many of my friends say that we could be sisters. I mean aside from the fact that we are both southern, blonde, clothes-loving, lipstick-wearing lesbians who just happen to have an ex-husband, two sons and a daughter, I just don't see it. But if we were sisters, what would we talk about over lunch?

Vickie: First of all we would talk about the lunch itself!! I love food!! But then after I had tasted yours and vice versa, we would talk about my precious grandchildren, my daughter's upcoming wedding, both of which are primary in my mind right now, your family and where you shop!! I am always looking for a bargain!!

GAY: And shoes! Can't forget the shoes! And, speaking of shoes...what first attracted you to your "husbian," Sgt. Patch? It had to be the shoes, right?

Vickie: When I met her it was instant. We locked eyes and that was it. I knew she was

it. But we didn't get together for a while because I didn't know her name or where she lived!!

GAY: Pick three people, living or dead, who you think would make the most captivating dinner guests conceivable.

Vickie: Ann Richards, Molly Ivins, and Kinky Friedman! I am a Texas girl!!

GAY: Very interesting. So, you have your guests. You open the refrigerator and see two uncooked chicken breasts, an onion, a half-eaten apple, some barely out-of-date cream cheese and a six-pack of Corona. What's for dinner?

Vickie: Sushi.

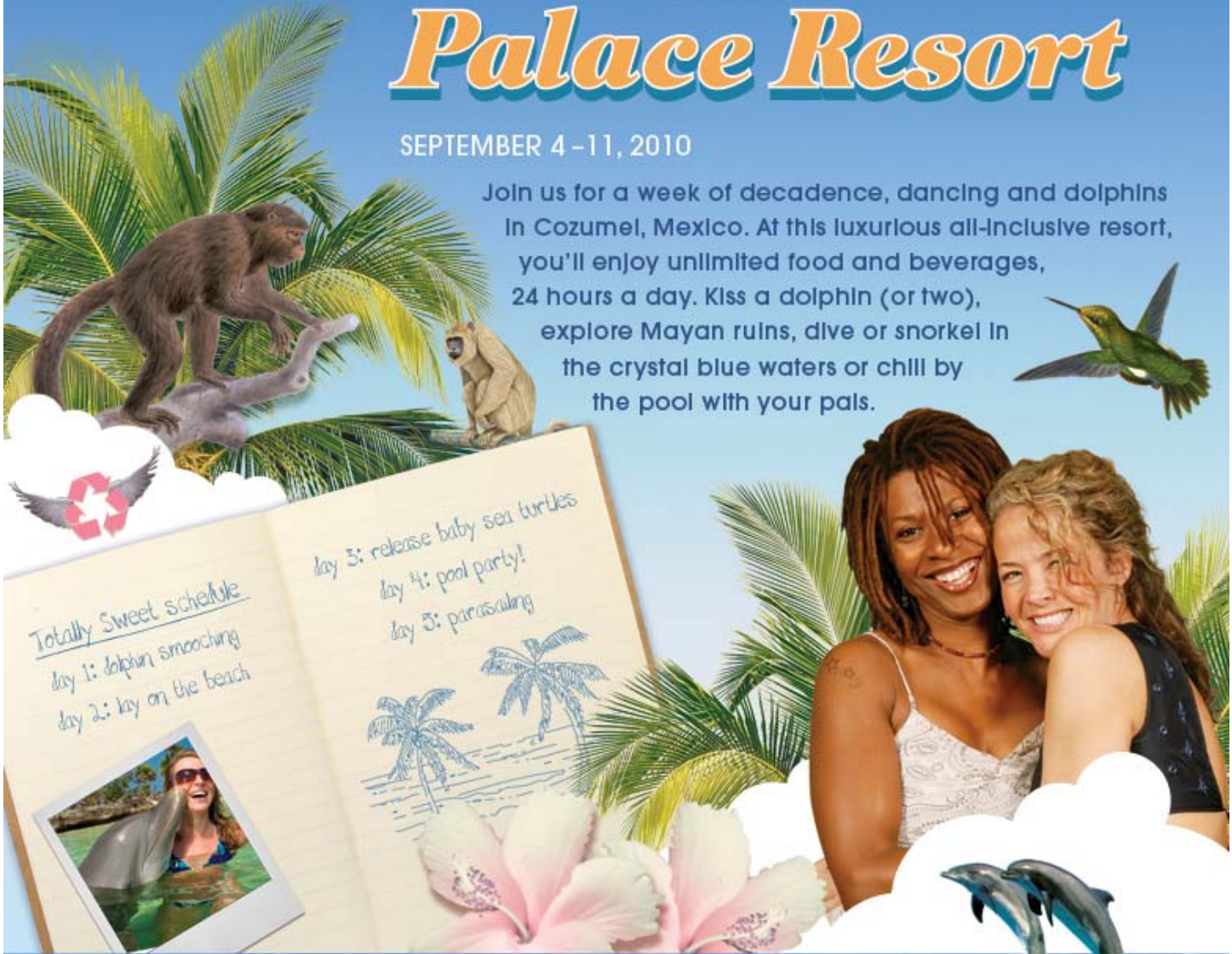
For more on Vickie, go to www.vickieshaw.com.



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Amy Tee

Named a rising star by the *Boston Globe*, Amy Tee is considered one of the busiest comedians on the New England comedy circuit. This month Amy lets GAY in on what is going on with her.

GAY: Where did you get your start in comedy?

Amy: It had always been on my "life list," and a very dear friend of mine, who has since passed away from breast

cancer, encouraged me to try it and the very first time I took the stage, on May 8, 2003, I was hooked. Comedy has become my drug of choice.

GAY: What projects are you currently working on?

Amy: My own DVD taping.

GAY: What was the highlight of working on *Laughing Matters... Next Gen*?

Amy: To be honest, my friends mean the world to me, and meeting Gloria Bigelow was definitely my highlight. She has offered me advice, support, and laughter when I have needed her most. I adore her...I hope she knows how much.

GAY: Do you think that being a lesbian makes it more difficult to succeed in the entertainment industry?

Amy: It's a double-edged sword. Sometimes my best work is performing in front of an entire "straight" audience, because it is something new to them, but when they hear my material, it is enlightening for

them. I talk about my life and it is not much different than theirs. But there are times that I think the "gay" thing isn't so much what is difficult, it's the fact that I am a woman in a man's industry trying to succeed.

GAY: Who has been the most influential person in your career?

Amy: Honestly, my mom. She isn't a comic, but she has taught me to always fight for what I want and what I believe in. She is a strong woman.

GAY: What is the funniest thing that ever happened to you while you were on stage?

Amy: Most recently was this past New Year's Eve. I was hosting a show and there was a very drunk woman in the front who just wouldn't shut up and spoke to me throughout my opening set. A few tables over this old lady who I swear had to be at least 85 years old yelled out, "I can't hear her." So I repeated my jokes and she yelled back at me, "Not you, the other lady."

GAY: Do you support or promote any groups, charities, or organizations that you would like to let people know about?

Amy: The A.N.G.E.L. Initiative with Reach Out, Inc., was created to specially address the fears (and ignorance) that go hand-in-hand when people ignore or simply do not understand the truth about mental illness.

GAY: What is in your CD player right now?

Amy: Dr. Wayne Dyer *10 Secrets for Success and Inner Peace*.

GAY: What are your top five favorite movies of all time?

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Amy: *The Wizard of Oz; It's a Wonderful Life; Serendipity; Donny Brasco; and Laughing Matters...Next Gen ;)*

GAY: Do you have any tricks up your sleeve?

Amy: I am not a magician; I am a comedian, but let's say you never know what I am up to.

To learn more about Amy, visit her at <http://www.amytee.com/me.html>.



That's What She Said is the two-woman music and comedy duo comprised of Kathryn Lounsbery (piano and vocals) and Amy Turner (vocals). Together, they've run the musical gamut from jazz to folk to disco to light opera – and beyond – while celebrating the quirks and stereotypes unique to the lesbian community.

GAY: How did That's What She Said begin?

Amy: We met at Second City in Los Angeles and decided that we wanted to write a show but didn't know what kind. We thought about doing a cover song show where we would change the gender in songs, but we quickly realized that we

wanted to write original songs. We wrote for a full year before we did a small workshop, and we have been performing and honing the show ever since.

Kathryn: It began by total chance after Amy and I met at Second City. We never set out to write a show – it just evolved organically into what it is today. We were just two musical theater dorks who loved improvisation. The rest is herstory.

GAY: Who are your musical influences?

Amy: Bette Midler, Stevie Nicks, Aretha Franklin, Dianne Reeves, Stephen Sondheim, Liza Minnelli, Heart, Ella Fitzgerald.

Kathryn: Definitely the Beatles, who my dad would play for me every day after kindergarten. After that, Dave Brubeck, Nina Simone, all of the great German lieder composers, and lately, Stephen Sondheim.

GAY: What is your favorite song to perform and why?

Amy: Our Gilbert and Sullivan light opera, "First Date." I love taking a classical genre and giving it a twist. A song about online dating done as a light opera is what I love to do. I love to change the perception of what ideas should go with what styles of music.

Kathryn: If pressed to choose one, I would pick "First Date," our Gilbert and Sullivan-inspired opera about online dating. There are

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so many things I love about "First Date"! First, it's totally legit light opera and it's fun to play in that musical style. Second, it's a complete mini opera and it takes the audience on a wonderful and fun journey. Third, it's a song in which Amy and I interact the entire time. And finally, it's truly universal – who hasn't tried online dating at this point? Musically I am especially proud of "First Date."

GAY: What was your most embarrassing onstage moment?

Amy: When we were playing at a venue and the management said, "Can you keep it down? There is a family in the bar." I was just about to sing our song "Beavers." The chorus is "look out behind ya – there's a vagina." Awesome.

Kathryn: At our very first workshop performance of our new material, I was supposed to start the beat for

"U-Haul" on my keyboard. I was trying to get in my rapper mode and seem all tough. I pressed the wrong button and without thinking let out a high-pitched "Oh dear!" I fixed the beat and then said all thug-like, "Oh please." There was also the time my fly was unzipped in San Francisco, but I'm trying to erase that one.

GAY: What is the funniest or strangest reaction someone has ever had to one of your songs?

Amy: We were doing a private concert and beforehand I was speaking with a woman who had never seen our show. Through conversation she told me that she had two daughters adopted from China. In our "Lesbian Cliché Song" we have a line about adopting Chinese babies. I warned her in advance and she ended up getting the biggest kick out of it!

Kathryn: We had some fans in Chicago who tried to request our "Lesbian Cliché Song"

at a karaoke bar. That's a compliment!

GAY: What is your favorite city to perform in?

Amy: Smaller towns with limited gay events. It is very special to play for people who don't get to hear this kind of stuff all the time. Also, Los Angeles is an important city because it is where we started. My parents saw the very beginning of this journey and have supported it ever since.

Kathryn: I really love when we perform in smaller cities that don't get a lot of gay entertainers.

GAY: List your top five favorite albums of all time.

Amy: *Bella Donna* – Stevie Nick; *Ella Live in Rome* – Ella Fitzgerald; *Bridges* – Dianne Reeves; *Sweeney Todd*; *West Side Story*

Kathryn: *Rubber Soul* (The Beatles); *Porgy & Bess* (with Ella Fitzgerald, Louis Armstrong); *Take Five* (Dave Brubeck); *Winning the Night Away* (The Shins); *Jesus Christ Superstar*

GAY: Which "That's What She Said" song lyric describes you best?

Amy: The line "Who I love and how I love is not to blame/but love will survive the winds of change." This is from our ballad "Why Is My Right Wrong," which we wrote in response to the Prop 8 ruling in California.



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Kathryn: "The ex who's still connected" from "KatFone." That song was based on a time in my life when I had three exes who would call me on a weekly basis seeking advice for all kinds of things.

GAY: What was the best part about filming the video for the song "U-Haul Rap"?

Amy: All of it. Working with our director, Bob. Having our amazing friends come out and give their all. Being a character. Putting visuals to this rap song that we really love.

Kathryn: Having Amy squeeze my boobs in rhythm. Oh wait! Sorry. The video? I loved our day of shooting with our fly girls. They were amazing, so fun, and made me realize that we were actually shooting a rap video. It was hilarious and surreal in the best way.

GAY: What will *She* say next?

Amy: We have a seven-week run in L.A. in June and July, and a three-week run in Provincetown from July to August. In September we will be kickin' it at Sweet's Cozumel resort! We are SO looking forward to that!

Also, many songs are waiting to be written, so we will work on new ones and spread the uniqueness of That's What She Said.

Kathryn: *She* is writing a gospel number, a musical theater number, and getting ready to shoot her next music video. Our dry-erase board at home has about 20 other song ideas just waiting for us...of course, one of those includes "Lesbian Immigrant Song" and I'm not sure what we meant by that. Stay tuned!

For more on That's What She Said, check them out here—
www.thatswhatshesaidshow.com.

ADAMBOUSKA



Sandra Valls

Sandra Valls is a brash, high-energy, outrageously funny, in-your-face Latina comedian. She performs all over the country and at local comedy clubs in Los Angeles, including the world-famous Laugh Factory, The Comedy Store, and the Hollywood Improv. Her television credits include Starz Network, BET's *ComicView*, Galavision's *Que Locos*, Mun2 *Loco Comedy Jam*, SiTV's *Latino Laugh Festival*, *Funny is Funny*, *Inside Joke*, and, more recently, HBO Latino original programming *Habla*.

GAY: It has been said that you are great at making lemonade from lemons. So, how did you get your start in stand-up?

Sandra: My stand-up career began after I was dumped by a girlfriend who had signed me up for a stand-up comedy class at a nearby adult night school type of thing. She had already paid for it and urged me to attend. I was so pissed off! Who wants to be funny after you've been dumped!? I decided to take the class because she took most of our friends with her after the breakup. I went into it with the intention of making new friends and to forget the heartache. After the first class, I was totally hooked. I loved it! As a

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matter of fact, my first set ever was all about the breakup and venting about her. It was a hit! I loved it! And yes, I DID make new friends. Funny how life works, right? We have all the power within us to turn poison into medicine. Comedy has been healing me and others since then!

GAY: I know that you are working on a Spanish comedy set for Ft. Lauderdale! Tell me about that and any other projects that you are currently working on.

Sandra: I'm always working on various projects! It's all about being and staying creative! My second Showtime comedy special, *LGBT Comedy Slam!*, will air sometime in April 2010. It's part of the LOL Comedy Festival. You gotta see it. You will laugh till your face hurts. It's me, Alec Mapa, Scott Kennedy, and Poppy Champlin! I'll also be in Chicago with Tamale Sepp on May 14. Additionally, my good friend and hilarious comic Mimi Gon-

zalez and I will be in Provincetown through Memorial Day weekend with our very own comedy show called *Taco the Town!* We freakin' rock, if I do say so myself! We will also be in P'town for Women of Color weekend, joined by gender illusionist Dred Gerestant in a show called *Dark, Dirty, and Dragalicious!* A fierce and funny, hot and spicy, mack daddy, gender-bending comedy escapade. Not to be missed!! I'm also very much involved in promoting The Dewberries. That's my girlfriend Jackie's clothing line. It's unique clothing and accessories for the hot, beautiful, sexy, confident, rebel-minded girl and boy! Oh, and also...trying my best to raise strong, confident, healthy, productive boys. Yes, I have kids. Boys. Nuff said.

GAY: Georgia Ragsdale said, "If Margaret Cho and George Lopez had a love child, it would be Sandra Valls!" Do you feel this is a true representation of who you are?

Sandra: Wow! I love both of these comics. That would make me Mexikorean! No...I'm really the love child of Lucille Ball and Ricky Ricardo! LOL.

GAY: Who is your greatest influence, comedy or otherwise?

Sandra: My comedic influence is Bette Midler. She is brilliant. When I first saw her on HBO, I had an "a-ha moment." That's what I wanted to do. I wanted to be just like her. Do a little comedy and sing. I've had so many wonderful people influence me. I am open to all because we are all connected. I've always loved to make people laugh. It's one of the most beautiful, truest, immediate, healing connections; making people laugh. When I'm out on stage doing my thing, I am reminded every single time, this is where I'm supposed to be. This is what I'm supposed to be doing. This is my mission. My girlfriend influences me so much. She inspires me, motivates me, and empowers me. She is my biggest supporter, my biggest fan. She's right there to pick up the pieces when I begin to doubt myself or begin to lose sight of my dream. We all get sucked into a downward spiral here and there. She's always there to remind me of who I am and what I'm here to do. I love her with all my heart. She is a blessing.



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GAY: I know that you have studied acting, comedy, and I also hear that you are an incredible singer. Which do you enjoy doing most and why?

Sandra: I love both equally. It's two different forms of creativity, of release. I woke up this morning and headed straight for the piano to sing. Sing my favorite song as loud as I can – with feeling of course. It feels so amazing to express through song. I used to sing with an R&B eight-piece horn band a few years ago. I also had a band when I was a sophomore in high school. I played at my own prom. Those were great times! I try to incorporate music in my comedy shows. Music is universal and therefore is the great uniting factor that bonds us together. Comedy is healing. People need to laugh. And while they're laughing, you sneak in wisdom, truth, strength and advocacy in the mix. So they leave your show fulfilled, motivated and happy. That's my mission.

GAY: Tell me about your most embarrassing onstage moment.

Sandra: I was in a college production of *The Bacchae*, one of the most primal Greek tragedies...AND it's super long. You know Greek plays have a chorus; a group of 12 to 15 actors that narrate what's going on with the play. Well, this particular director thought it innovative to have just ME and a fellow actress as the chorus. Just us two. I don't know if you've ever seen or read a Greek play. The chorus goes on and on and on for pages and pages. We had to memorize all these lines and didn't have that much time to prepare. Well, anyway, we – my friend and I – are onstage and I'm in the middle of this long-ass speech, "Hail thou nurse of Zeus, o caverned haunt where fierce blah blah blah blah." Well, in the middle of all that babbling I blank out. Just blank out. I don't know what to do. I start to sweat, which was death for me because I had full-body brown makeup all up my

legs, my arms, my face. I'm so pale you know. I had to show up three hours prior to show time just to apply body makeup. But it's not waterproof! Any moisture washes it off. I'm frozen. Silence. Then slowly, but very regal and deliberate, I walk offstage. Just walk offstage and leave my friend out there. All alone, facing the audience. I laugh every time I think of it. It took my friend a few years to forgive me.

GAY: I hear that you like the song "Endless Love." What songs are on your iPod that you would be embarrassed to admit are on there?

Sandra: Oh damn! I love cheesy love songs. I'm really a big, romantic softy. I love music. I'm seriously blushing right now. I'm gonna be honest now. I have "Wind Beneath My Wings" by Bette Midler; "I'll Always Love You," Taylor Dayne; and "Sign Your Name Across My Heart," Terence Trent D'arby. Um...I guess I would be a little embarrassed to say I still rock to Ricky Martin! Living la vida loca!!!!

GAY: Are there any charities, causes or organizations that you support?

Sandra: Yes, yes and yes. I believe in using my celebrity for good and healing. I believe in empowering people to their fullest potential. One of my biggest causes is domestic violence. Domestic violence must stop now!! A life free from violence is a basic human right. I am a member of



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Women for Women International and have performed for various shelters in California. I also created, produce, and perform in an annual show called *One Gay at a Time*. This show is to celebrate our LGBT brothers and sisters in sobriety and recovery. We invite all sober-living/recovery centers to come and it's free of charge. And, as always, I represent our LGBT community everywhere I go. Yes, even in straight bars. I do lots of straight shows and I don't change my act for them. As a matter fact and sad to say, I was just in Miami performing with some female comics. We were doing three nights there and we are all headliners so, as is customary when you have all headliners on the bill, each comic gets to perform last on the lineup; each comic gets to close the show. When it came for my turn to close the show on the third night, I was pulled aside by the producer of the show. She informed me that I could not close the night unless I change my act and made it more mainstream and

"less gay." I refused and she threw a fit, complete with yelling, finger pointing in my face, insult hurling, eye rolling...the works. I still refused to change it, maintaining that she would never tell the other comics not to be "too straight." Genius that she is, she looks me right in the eye and bellows, "Of course I wouldn't tell them not to be too straight! That's what people want to hear!!" Conversation over. I walked away. I did not close the Miami show. I went second. At the end of my set, I asked the audience, "Um...you liked me, right?" Thunderous applause! Hoots and hollers!! "Just checking...I'm not too gay, am I?" Standing ovation, more thundering applause. JOY. Joke's...On... You.

GAY: What's something you always wanted to do but haven't yet tried?

Sandra: I've always wanted a tattoo but I'm so not into pain. I'm not good with pain. Plus I can never decide on a design or where I

would put it. I promise you will be the first to know when I get one. I've also always wanted to scuba dive. I'm super scared though. I feel it would be magnificent to be underwater experiencing another world.

GAY: So you're in a relationship. How do you keep the home fires burning?

Sandra: We have lots of sex. I'm serious. We make it a point to have lots of sex. Girl, we keep it fresh, fun, and sexy....always! You have to. We have so much fun together! We're always researching new restaurants, events, locations to surprise each other on a date! We reserve weekly time specifically dedicated to each other. No kids. No distractions. Just Jackie and me. We send nasty, sexy texts to each other during the day sometimes. HOT! We both feel it's so important not to "let yourself go." For example, she works very hard all day out of the house. My schedule is more flexible so I'm able to remain at home and work in my pajamas. Here's the thing. I make a conscious effort to get out of those pajamas and look fresh and cute when she comes home! I don't mean all dolled up as if going to a nightclub. I mean just fresh, clean, and presentable. You gotta be put together. She would love me either way, but being put together conveys effort and interest and always leads to loving. We also make time for alone time. That's so important also. You must refresh yourself, fill yourself up before you



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can give to someone else. You know when you're flying and they say if we were to need oxygen masks, put on your mask first then help your child put theirs on. That's what I live by. Put on your mask first...THEN you can help others.

Find everything you want to know about Sandra at www.welovesandra.com.



Patricia Villetto

Armed with her guitar and a multitude of songs and characters, Patricia Villetto will have you laughing so hard it hurts. Patricia performs every Tuesday in downtown Pomona, CA, at The Brick. She is also set to perform at the 2010 Camp Lickalotta Festival May 21st – 23rd at the Etowah Campground in Georgia.

GAY: Hi Patricia. Can you start by telling us where you're from originally?

Patricia: I am originally from upstate New York. A very small town called Cold Spring about an hour north of Manhattan. My mother is from Northern Ireland though, and that is where I went to college. University of Ulster at Colraine.

GAY: How did you get your start in comedy?

Patricia: I've been "the funny one" since I was a kid and had a brief moment in college where I thought I was a serious actress but got over

that quickly. I've been doing sketch and improv since I was a kid and often played songs as part of sketches. One day I just thought, "Hey, I could do songs as stand-up." My first stand-up moment was actually at the open mic at The Comedy Store. I figured if I was gonna suck, better do it at a well-known place, right?

GAY: What was your first on-stage experience like?

Patricia: My first EVER? Well, the first time ever was when I was 11. My first time doing stand-up at The Comedy Store was like three minutes in heaven. Comedy is like a drug, and I was addicted from my first pull of the mic.

GAY: Do you have plans to release an album?

Patricia: I would say yes if by "plans" you mean me and my friends talk about it every now and then. I would hope that I have something by the end of the summer though.

GAY: Do you have any upcoming projects?

Patricia: I will be performing in North Georgia in May at Lickalotta Fest 2010. I've also been cast as Allison, the Texas bartender with a heart of gold, in a new feature film called *Fishnets*, and I am training at Second City and trying to get back into the sketch world.

GAY: Are there any organizations that you promote or are affiliated with that you would like the readers to know about?

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Patricia: HPV awareness. Hilarious Patricia Villetto Awareness that is! That was lame and I am sorry.

GAY: Tell us about your favorite character that you have created and where you got the inspiration for that character.

Patricia: Well, that has to be Sister Mary McLiquor, a drunk nun who gives sex advice, because who better to give sex advice than a nun who is married to God? The Godliest Sex Advice! She of course is an Irish nun too.

GAY: What is the worst pickup line you have ever heard?

Patricia: Well, the best I have ever heard is one I use to close out my shows, so you'll have to come and see me to hear that one. My second favorite is "If your left leg was Christmas and your right leg was Thanksgiving, can I come between the holidays?"

GAY: What is the most ridiculous or worst purchase you have ever made?

Patricia: Hands down, my Virgin Mary dildo. I saw one in a porn once where the line "you need to do a Hail Mary" was used. On an impulse I bought it online and it stays in its box. Pure Catholic guilt shames me every day just for purchasing it.

GAY: What is your motto or favorite quote?

Patricia: Tallulah Bankhead, "My father warned me about men and liquor but he never said anything about cocaine and women!"

For more on Patricia, you can find her on MySpace -

www.myspace.com/comicpatriciavilletto.

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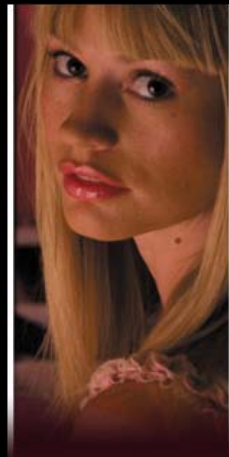
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To Crush or Not To Crush

Story by Alannah Buds

Illustration by Madeline Queripel

A "crush", as defined in the dictionary: to press or squeeze with a force that destroys or deforms.

Several months ago, in the early days of our relationship, my girlfriend mentioned that she once had a major crush on a girl from her past, in college. It didn't bother me much at the time. Well, why should it? The crush was, after all, in the past, before I entered her life. I didn't think a past crush was much of a threat. But how wrong I was!

As time went by, her so-called "Past Crush" started to creep into our lives bit by bit. Past Crush still lived close by and still had connections to Girlfriend.

Okay, so we have all been there. We have all at some point in our lives experienced the throes of infatuation, the pull of unrequited love. And when immersed within the desperate measures of this phase we even went as far as scanning the internet to find free love spells to bring the object of our desire closer to us. We foolishly believed it was a wonderful idea to magic the subject in question into our life. In principle, this plan of action, no matter how desperate, seemed good at the time, even though collecting the ingredients for the spell sometimes proved difficult. A few strands of your crush's hair, the juice of fresh juniper berries, dried bark from a cherry blossom tree, and pink unscented candles. Arranging the potion at the exact given location and time, which for some reason always coincided with a full moon, could be tricky. However, it was not impossible. No, the problem came afterwards, when your lust for the crush individual melted and slowly, in your newly found sanity, you got to grips with the realization of how crazy your actions had become in actually putting a spell on the crush

person. You tried not to dwell on it too long, but looking back, you wondered what was more crazy at the time, your concocting the spell or believing it might actually work!

And so it was for me that somehow, magically, a crush entered our lives.

Girlfriend started receiving random text messages from Past Crush. Girlfriend would beam a smile and go all coy. An e-mail sent at work to Girlfriend, from the Past Crush. Girlfriend would memorize e-mail and tell me word for word what

Crush had written. Girlfriend started going to reunions and social meet-ups where the Past Crush just happened to be. The Past Crush crept into our lives like poison ivy – slowly, persistently, and worst of all, deadly. Deadly because Past Crush evolved into... Present Crush!

I don't put the blame on Past/Present Crush. I believe all blame should go to the girlfriend. For after all, wasn't it she who allowed Past/Present Crush back into her life? All sane, intelligent women realize early on that a woman's mind is a highly complex,

exquisitely structured, intricate system. One tiny miscalculation or imbalance and the whole thing can blow! To stay in harmony, it is vital to keep that motherboard (otherwise known as the brain) in perfect working condition. At no point do you go window shopping or flick through the mental catalogue of previous crushes. It's a big no-no and can only be a recipe for disaster. Unless of course you manage to maintain a degree of secrecy and keep the hidden emotions to yourself. Still not appropriate, but at least it keeps from hurting the innocent party and causing a fuse on said motherboard to blow.



To Crush or Not to Crush

But back to my girlfriend and her ever-growing crush on Past/Present Crush. I was slowly becoming more and more irritated and ever more hurt by her involvement and frequent name dropping into our conversations. One day she went bright red after I asked if she had heard from Past/Present Crush. It was then I knew her feelings for Past/Present Crush were real. Maybe they had never died. Maybe Past/Present Crush had always been there, in the back of her mind. Was I just the consolation prize? She did little to reassure my mind and, by then, my growing insecurities.

Then one fateful morning Girlfriend came out with a line that was to be the last nail in the coffin of our relationship. She replied to my question "Why is her [Past/Present Crush's] mother sending you a text message?" with a joke: "I am keeping in with the mother in case things don't work out for us." Her reply, although told in lighthearted context, held an element of truth. It was apparent in the way she kept contact, kept the connection of this past acquaintance going. I knew Past/Present Crush was spending more time in her thoughts than I was.

I stayed calm and cool, a trait I have perfected over the years in response to comments made by emotionally challenged girlfriends. I drove from Girlfriend's house that morning, went to work, had lunch, chatted, returned calls and e-mails, and went out that evening with a good buddy. Then when Good Buddy asked after the girlfriend, I replied, "Oh, sadly that's over. She has found someone else."

"No! But you don't seem upset," Good Buddy said.

I smiled and took another mouthful from the bottled beer in front of me. It was true, I wasn't too upset; if anything, I was relieved. Three people don't belong in a bed made for two (unless it involves atypical sexual positions, but that's a whole different story). My take on it is this: If you really must have a crush, at least let it be lighthearted, fun; do not let it be lived through close acquaintances or friends with whom a bond can grow. Let it be purely physical attraction to someone whom you have not the remotest possibility of ever meeting on a one-to-one level. Beyonce would be a good crush, or even better, someone passed away, like the late Princess Diana. No fear of meeting her now, unless there really is life after death or spirits are walking amongst us. But you have to ask yourself, could you ever maintain a healthy relationship with a ghost?

And what became of the girlfriend? Six months later I heard on the grapevine that Ex-Girlfriend is still single but has the hots for someone who has no interest in her. Yep, still living in a state of mental longing for the Crush. Yes, of course I feel a small sense of smug satisfaction, but it's always sad because there is always a loser in the crush scenario.

As defined in the dictionary: , a "crush" presses, squeezes with a force that destroys or deforms.



Charm School for Lesbian Reality TV Stars

Essay by Kate Lacey

I was watching a reality television show not long ago in which the “boss” of a well-known company went undercover in the firm’s call center operation to get a glimpse into how things really worked at that level of the organization. The villain of the segment was a big ol’ bull dyke with no social skills and a total lack of empathy. How did I know she was gay? It was her crew cut, her unisex apparel from Sears men’s department, and her tough-girl, no-nonsense, “I’ve never heard of empathy” attitude that screamed LESBIAN! And in response to this scream, a tiny voice inside of me said, “Uh oh. Yet another fine representation of my people.”

Today, as a public service to the lesbian community, I provide the following five lessons to consider if you find yourself on television enjoying your 15 minutes of pseudo-fame.

1. Resist if the director yells, “Lights! Camera! Suck face!” Just because a camera is pointed at you, there is no reason to immediately play tonsil hockey with your female partner.

There’s nothing wrong with making out in the privacy of the night club’s bathroom or even during your fancy dinner at Wendy’s. But when you do so on camera, you are just providing additional fodder for heterosexual men to harbor unrealistic fantasies.

2. Please play nice with others. Do we need another episode of “the angry bisexual-kindalesbian pulls the hair of the straight girl”? No. As you are trying to win your adventure-oriented reality show, it is not necessary to come off as Rocky Balboa on a bad menstrual cycle. If you’re going to call people names, stab other players in the back, degrade and demean your competition, do it as God intended – pick on the effeminate gay male team.
3. Do not be Gay for a Day. Please take the revolving door off of your closet. Don’t play

straight one day and then flirt with the homos the next. This strategy is only attractive for CelebriGays who are so hopped up on booze and drugs that they don’t know *where* they are, much less *who* they are. You see, this kind of behavior encourages our clueless hetero friends and family to think that being gay IS a choice that can be called upon whenever convenient for the subplot.

4. Give the bad press to the breeders. Okay, if you are going on a show that is negative like *Hoarders*, *Intervention*, *Jerry Springer*, or any other show that is bound to humiliate, embarrass, or insult your fellow lesbos, please feel free to pretend to be straight. Use the unclear pronouns, hide your rainbow flag, and discard your collection of Xena action figures. Replace with designer purses, photos of Tom Selleck, and bedazzled Snuggles. Wear an “I heart dick” button so the spotlight of shame shines on our hetero friends for a change.

5. Last but certainly not least, win. If you are going to be on a television show, be sober, be competent, be charming and be the champion! If nothing else, lesbians have a reputation for being competitive that you should uphold. But do so with grace, humor and humility. You know, the way Ellen has mastered Oprah, the way Cat Cora has mastered Giada De Laurentiis, and the way Amelie Mauresmo mastered Lindsey Davenport (that’s tennis, folks).

So when your 15 minutes approaches, remember, when the average, mindless Joe watches you and realizes you are lesbian, they assume you are THE lesbian. So keep your drinking to a minimum, keep your clothes on and keep your mouth shut... unless you are coming to my house, and then all bets are off!



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Chasing Tail

Chapter One

A Novel by Natasia Langfelder

Artwork by Missy Fox

GAY e-magazine is pleased to introduce "Chasing Tail," a lesbian romantic comedy novel by Natasia Langfelder that will tear down the emotional barriers of the most love-scorned woman and leave her sobbing for more—or at least make her laugh. Each month, GAY will publish a chapter from "Chasing Tail", so be sure to come back each month to find out what happens next!

"Huh? What? I can't hear you," I shouted into my cell phone. Shae's voice crackled through the line, the connection from a phone in Costa Rica to a cell in Manhattan isn't the clearest. Verizon should get on that.



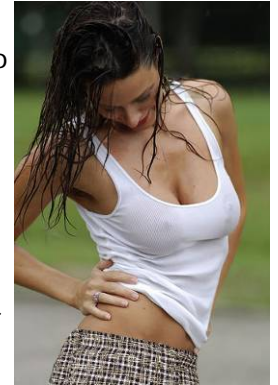
"I said..." She was yelling now; I hoped it was because of the connection and not because she was pissed at me. It was probably both. "You chase tail like a coke addict!"

"No, I don't! I just have an intense fear of commitment!" I yelled back. The line went dead. Maybe the connection was lost, but chances are she hung up on me. I don't blame her. Shae has been my best friend for six years now and for five of those years we were together. Girlfriends and then domestic partners. I consider our relationship a success, given that we U-Hauled the day we met. Shae doesn't consider our relationship a success. I left her when I realized I couldn't be monogamous anymore. Or rather, she politely asked me to leave after I slept with one of her students.

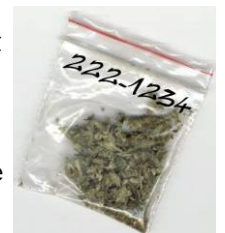
I consider her my best friend, she considers me a pain in the ass. Her problem is that she doesn't realize how much I still love her, how no one can take her place. Plenty of women have tried. When I tell her that, she tells me to shut up.



It was still dark out; I looked at the clock, 4 a.m. I decided to go for a run before work, the only non-hedonistic activity I take part in. Only because if I didn't run, I couldn't eat the way I do and not weigh a cool 400 pounds. If I weighed 400 pounds, I would so never get laid. I pulled on oversized boxer shorts and a wife-beater. The butchiest clothes I own. Sometimes it feels good to look like a boy. Like in the morning, when no one can see. Shae thought I looked cute like that though. She always thought I looked cute.



When we first broke up, I didn't think I could live without her. I had never lived without her, not really. I met Shae when I was 17 and she was 22. I had been kicked out of my parents' house for the fifth or sixth time and was sleeping on Bonnie Caseta's couch in Brooklyn. At the time, Bonnie was 29 years old and had decided to recapture her youth by trying to get me into bed with her. She had big Italian hair, a low, raspy voice and stiff, wiry leg hairs that hurt if she went two days without shaving. She picked me up during my gym class. She stood on the other side of the chain-link fence and waved a baggie of pot every time I ran past on the track. I jogged over to her after my final lap, she gave me the baggie. It had her number written on it with a sharpie. The first time I called her, we smoked in the park. The second time I called her, it was to tell her I was moving in.



Bonnie was fun, she supplied me with a roof over my head, food and lots of pot. But I knew if I gave it up too fast, she wouldn't be interested for long. So I decided to draw it out for as long as I could. I would crawl into bed with her and let her kiss me. We would make out for about an hour and then when I could feel her skin getting hot and her pelvis push into mine, I would jump up and run to the couch to sleep.

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Chasing Tail—Chapter One

We did this for a month, until her 30th birthday party. I was still living with her, but my innocent shtick was beginning to wear on her. Especially since I was kind of dating this other girl at my high school and Bonnie was getting suspicious. I was planning on sleeping with Bonnie that night, hoping that her newfound 30's sense of responsibility would guilt her into keeping me around. Maybe even giving me girlfriend status. At least until my parents decided I could go back home. I put on a green bandeau top, a camouflage miniskirt and those big, black, lace-up boots that were popular in the nineties. I topped the look off with some tousled "Rachel" hair, smoky eyes, and almost brown matte lipstick. Clearly, I wasn't prepared to meet the love of my life that night.

I decided to impress Bonnie with my Martha Stewart skills so while she was at work, I decided to set up for the party. I broke out the stepladder and prepared to scotch tape streamers and balloons to the high ceiling of her pre-war apartment. I set up in the living room when there was a knock at the door, two hours before the party was set to start.



"It's open," I yelled, figuring Bonnie got out of work early to get ready. The door opened and a tiny Colombian girl walked in, holding a case of champagne. She put it down on the counter.

"Hey, I got this for the party; it fell off a truck." The girl smiled and walked over the ladder and held it steady. "I'm Shae." I looked down into her large dark eyes.

"I'm Li."

"So you're the three-year-old whore who's been mooching off Bon, huh?"

"Is that what they're calling me?"

"Yup."

I made a face. "That would be me, then."

"It doesn't have to be." She winked. She was smooth.

"I have nowhere else to go." I passed her the scotch tape. "Hold this." I pulled the roll of crepe paper out of the waistband of my skirt and moved my leg to a higher rung, to give her a better look.

"Why don't you go home, to your parents?"

"They kicked me out." I wished she would just shut up and pay attention to my legs.

"Why?"

"Because I do bad things." I leaned down and ripped off a strip of tape.

"I don't know. You seem like a nice girl to me."

I broke one of my silly 17-year-old rules. I slept with Shae right away. Right away like, before Bonnie got home from work. We made a plan. I packed everything I owned, two duffel bags of clothes and a book bag with my school textbooks. I put them in Shae's car before the party started. Shae spent the party refilling Bonnie's champagne glass.

Bonnie passed out at around 4 a.m. I put her to bed and escorted all the guests out, then I put a glass of water on Bonnie's bedside table along with a thank you note I wrote on an index card. Shae



was waiting for me outside; we moved in together that night.

Shae was so much fun then. Before she got all serious about saving people and unions and blah, blah, blah.

I've been on my own for about a year now. I guess I can live without her. I miss her but I also enjoy my freedom. I wish she wasn't quite so far away. I launched myself out the door and into the dark

Chasing Tail—Chapter One

morning. There are a lot of people out at four in the morning in New York. The fruit sellers were setting up their carts, the drunk girls were going home, the Wall Street executives were already wearing their sunglasses and on their way to work. I jog on the sidewalk, not on the street, because I'm a jerk like that and because I'm terrified of getting hit by a drunk driver. You never know when your time is up. Last week a driver plowed into a Popeye's. People died. You can go anytime anywhere. I like to think I'm good at minimizing my chances of horrible random death. I don't eat at Popeye's anymore, even though lightning isn't supposed to strike in the same place twice.



Shae is always tempting fate. I should have known that from the way we met. She is in Costa Rica trying to organize the sweatshop workers down there. I smile when I think of her wearing camo shorts, a black t-shirt and her straight black hair sensibly pulled back into a ponytail, with a few stressed wisps falling in her face. It's

her standard saving-the-world outfit. In the past year she's been to Brazil, India and Pakistan. She's tempting fate. When your number is up, your number is up. But there is something to be said about not asking for it. I wish she would be more careful.

I twisted past the seaport and turned back up towards my apartment. Shae was currently mad at me because of what I did at the office last Friday. My sex life has never threatened to ruin my career before, but I think that this time I might have really fucked up.

I work for a high-end event planning company in mid-town called Jewel Box Treasures. I didn't name it, I just work there. Sharon Gordon Penderbrook is responsible for the stupid name. She

started her own business, fully funded by her husband, Joel Penderbrook, of the rich-ass East-Side Penderbrooks. But Sharon isn't the lazy type. She is the first person in the office every day and the last one to leave at night. Sharon is the only woman taller than me in the office. She's regal and ridiculously proportionate. All her suits skim her body perfectly, giving the impression of the toned body of a woman who has too much free time to work out. Her hair is dark red, tasteful without being showy. It vaguely reminds me of Peggy Bundy, the first woman I had ever truly loved.

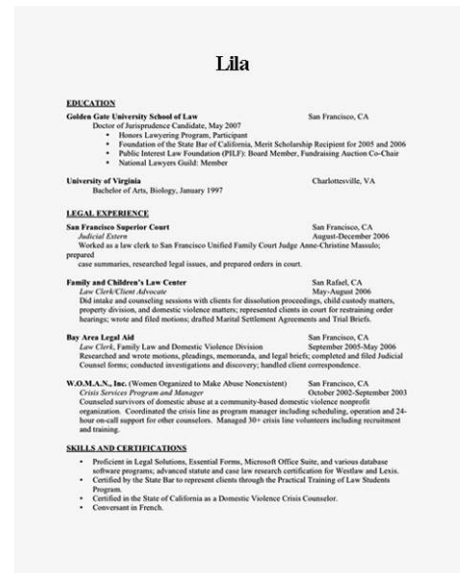


Sharon hired me straight out of college. I sent her an impressive Ivy League resume and she called me in for an interview. The office was on the tenth floor of a generic New York City office building. The elevator doors opened to reveal an elegantly decorated reception lounge. It was painted commie red and had four identical square paintings of solid brown on the walls. Two large potted palms framed the reception desk.

Sandra, the skinny secretary, greeted me and walked me down the hallway. The hallways were lined with offices filled with girls. Girls talking on phones, girls faxing documents, girls at computers. No men. None. It should have tipped me off.

Sharon kept me waiting outside her office for half an hour. When I walked in and sat down, she threw my resume on her desk and tapped it with a sensibly short, manicured fingernail.

"You see this? This means nothing in this industry. This doesn't tell me anything."



“Oh yeah?” was my brilliant response.

“Yes, it’s oh yes. And yes. It is.”

“If that was true, you wouldn’t be wasting your time interviewing me.”

The left side of her mouth twitched, almost a smile. She crossed her legs and leaned back in her chocolate leather chair. “I needed to see if you had the right look. Event planning is all about looks and personality. You need to be nice, courteous and outgoing. You need to make the person you are planning for believe that you care whether or not this night will be the best night of their life.”

“I can give anyone the best night of their life.” After the words were out of my mouth, I vaguely regretted them; maybe I should try not to flirt with a potential employer.

“How?” She leaned forward and looked me up and down.

“By listening to them. Most people don’t know how to listen; I do. If you want to plan the perfect night for someone, you need to know what makes them happy.”

“Now tell me something I don’t know.” Sharon arched her trimmed eyebrow.

I hesitated. “To be perfectly honest, Ms. Penderbrook, I like making people happy. I love the face people make when you give them exactly what they want. It’s what makes me tick. I will come in every morning with the desire to fulfill my own goals, which will in turn drive yours. It would be a mutually beneficial arrangement.”

She looked me square in the eye; I felt an electric shock run down my spine. “I hope you mean that.”

She gave me the job.

Every day I toil alongside a plethora of other women in their twenties. If you work in the service industry, it helps to be attractive. I may be a dyke but I’m the hottest one there and I have the best fashion sense. Screw stereotypes. But seriously, if those girls want to get men, they shouldn’t let themselves be outdone by a lesbian. I mean that in the nicest possible way. Sometimes they wear loafers and it makes me want to vomit. The only woman who can wear loafers and still be hot is k.d. lang.

The loafer girls are very nice but I don’t have anything in common with them, I also don’t trust any of them as far as I can throw them. The first week I worked there, Georgina stole my event. I was too naïve to realize what she was doing until it was too late.

“Mr. Talburt would really feel more comfortable if a more seasoned planner took charge of planning his daughter’s sweet sixteen. She’s his only girl, you know; he wants it to be special,” she simpered, parking one half of her bony behind on the edge of my desk.

“When did you speak to Mr. Talburt?”

“Oh, the other day,” she said vaguely, waving her hand as if to push away such an unimportant detail. I just wanted to make sure he was getting quality service. I’ll tell Sharon to find you another project to work on. I’m sure you don’t mind.”

“Oh no,” I answered, “I don’t mind at all. All our events have to get planned, the small ones as well as the larger ones.” I smiled. At the time I meant it. I didn’t think that event planning was a cut-throat enterprise. I didn’t think there would be a reason to mistrust anyone at work. I thought we all had the same ultimate goal, to make the company as successful as popular.

“Yeah,” she narrowed her eyes, “Right.”

Georgina received a \$2,000 tip from Mr. Talburt. I organized a picnic for the fashion designer Kindred Flame and her staff of ten. They cavorted wildly in the meadow at Prospect Park for hours. When they were done, at midnight, Kindred tied a rough piece of tan cloth around my head as a thank you, instead of a tip. I keep the cloth in my underwear drawer, so that every morning I remember not to trust anyone but myself.

I wasn’t wearing underwear the day I outed myself. Sharon, the president of the company, was presenting an orientation on the new company health insurance policy. Shae and I were still together at the time and her “career” as an anti-sweat-shop activist didn’t exactly come with health insurance.

“Do you provide coverage for domestic partners?”

Someone dropped a pen, but Sharon didn’t miss a beat.

Chasing Tail—Chapter One

"No, we don't." She continued with her presentation. No one treated me differently after they knew. The loafer girls knew I was different the whole time, now they just knew why.

On Friday, Georgina had burst into the office we shared with extra obnoxiousness.

"Oh my god, oh my god. Did you see the dress that Sharon is wearing to the Unicef ball tonight? She said that her husband is picking her up right after work so she brought it to the office. Oh, Lila. It's beautiful, it's a Marchesa. Everyone in the office is talking about it."

"Sharon would look great no matter what or whom she wears." I didn't really mean it; I just wanted to throw Georgina off her game.

She stiffened. "Oh, right. I didn't mean to imply she would only look good in a designer. Oh no, Sharon would look killer in a paper bag."

"Hey, do you know if that means she's leaving early? I have a seven o'clock meeting with her tonight to debrief on the McCallister account."

"Word is he's picking her up at six." She smiled triumphantly. "Guess she forgot about you, Li."

I decided to stay at the office late anyway. I liked to use after-hours time to do grunt work, printing invitations, table places, data entry. At nine, I packed up to go. As I passed Sharon's office I heard horrible high-pitched squeaks. It sounded like a cat was caught in the radiator. Concerned, I opened the office door. Sharon was sitting on the floor of her office, in a beautiful silver Marchesa dress studded with signature rosettes, shaking uncontrollably. I turned beet red.

"Oh, gosh. I'm so sorry; I thought something was wrong with the heating or..."

"He never came." Sharon cut me off. "He said he would. But he didn't. He never does. I don't even know why I'm still doing this."

I dropped to the floor and crawled through the shimmering folds of dress. "Hey, it's okay." I patted her back. I just wanted her to stop crying. She didn't.

"I'm so humiliated."

Yeah, that sucks, I thought, but I didn't want to make it worse. "No, no, don't be. It's just me. I

won't tell any of them. Please don't cry." I tried rubbing instead of patting.

"Please don't tell anyone."

"I would never do that." I enjoy my job way too much. I moved closer and hooked my arm around her shoulder. Her skin was soft and smooth; it smelled clean like fresh linen. I felt a sudden rush of blood; I squirmed a little, repositioning myself in front of her. She looked at me; her eyes were wide and green. She looked scared. She rested her hand on my cheek.

You can tell when a woman wants to be kissed. She becomes a star. Her body gains mass and solidity. Her core is hot and liquid. She has gravity, enough gravity to suck lesser matter into orbit. If she wants it you have to give it to her. So I did. It was hot.



That was Friday. The *incident* completely ruined my weekend. I stayed hid on Friday night and went to the gym Saturday night, with all the other losers.

Please, God, I jogged up the stairs to my apartment. Don't let me be fired.

Look for Chapter Two of
"Chasing Tail" in the June
issue of GAY e-magazine

Nann Dunne presents . . .

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What's in a Name?

ROOMMATE [room-meyt, room-] – noun: A term used by the uncomfortable family and friends of LGBTQ persons for introductions to others.

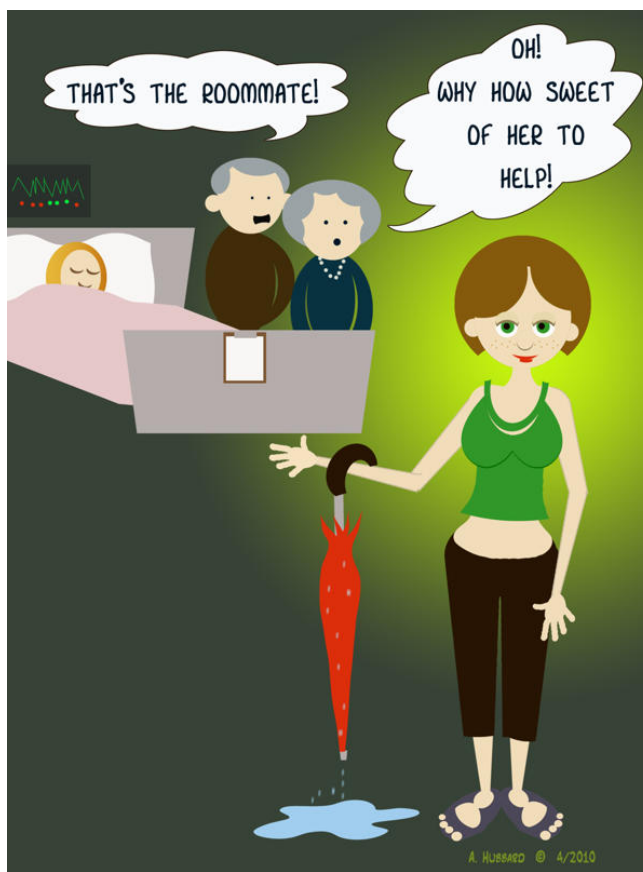
Ah, the dreaded “roommate” introduction. We have all experienced this uncomfortable introduction and the unfortunate chain of events that often follows. Even amid our recent victories in gaining equality, “roommate” often remains the chosen term used to describe one’s gay or lesbian partner to family and friends. Often, this is easier than trying to explain to 87-year-old Grandma Jean that her precious granddaughter likes girls. The lucky ones have family that are comfortable enough calling us by our rightful title, but really, how often does this happen, at least at first? The stumbling for words during the introduction... how should we handle this obvious, though usually unintentional, slight?

First, try not to rush over and unload a disproportionate measure of anger on the offender, berating them for the sum of all “roommate” comments you’ve had to endure over time. And we all know someone who has, purely for shock value, responded, “Oh no! I am her girlfriend. You didn’t know? That’s right, she’s a lesbian!” WRONG. Don’t do this either. Politeness is always the best policy. Over time, people will question this label and that’s when the fun begins, so just relax.

The roommate introduction, followed by small talk, and then it’s over. Usually family and friends aren’t too concerned with the roommate. That is not until we end up in a corner someplace trying to look like we aren’t thinking of at least ten other places we’d rather be. Then we become the subject of curiosity, having to explain who we are every five min-

utes to whoever happens to sit down next to us. It’s always loads of fun!

I’ve had plenty of these roommate introductions in my gay lifetime; comes with the territory when dating someone so deeply trapped in the closet they couldn’t find their way out with a map and a machete. Family, friends, coworkers – I have been “the roommate” to all and I’d like to share my last “roommate” experience so all the other “roommates” out there know they aren’t alone...



Snow was falling as we traveled to the hospital early that morning. The car was consumed with silence. Uncomfortable silence. Maybe it was the early hour that stifled conversation rather than the nervous anticipation we were each feeling in regard to the fact that I was about to spend the day with her parents for the first time. She was going under the knife and we’d all be standing by together. (Let’s say the early morning was the reason for the silence, since all parents love me!) In any event, after arriving at the hospital she checked in, leaving her parents and me in the waiting room. Awkward already. Her parents suggested I go wait with her before the surgery. What a nice gesture! Except as soon as I got to the

room, her mother was right behind me. I guess she’d changed her mind.

The surgery began as her parents treated me to breakfast. Fun times, sitting around a table making small talk with people who had just started to get used to my presence the only night before.

Slowly, as family members began to show up and join our happy trio in the waiting room, the anxiety

What's in a Name?

over the introductions started to creep in. How long would it be before I was the ROOMMATE? Not long.

A distant aunt walked in and greeted the family, then glanced at me. I was sitting so obviously with her parents – right between them actually. The glance turned into a look of “Well now, who in the world is this?” And then it came.

“Auntie, this is her roommate. She will be helping take care of her.”

“Oh, that is so nice of you,” and Auntie walked away.

Not so bad. I didn't even get the chance to talk. I wouldn't be so lucky as the day dragged on; the more family that showed up, the more questions there were to answer. Well, at least this helped the day pass.

I was designated to wait with her after the surgery while everyone else ate. Great, I get to fulfill the girlfriend role when everyone is hungry, but am relegated to “roommate” status at other times. To pass the time I began making small talk with a lady across the room.

“How is she doing?” the woman asked me.

“She just came from surgery but she's doing fine. Is that your mother? How is she doing?” I responded.

“Oh, she's fine; we will be leaving soon. Is that your sister?”

“No, ma'am, She's my...umm...roommate.”

Yikes! Did I just call myself the roommate? I guess I did. Just as the word “roommate” slipped from my lips my partner, still only semi-conscious, sat straight up in her bed and exclaimed, “ROOMMATE!!”

As quickly as she woke, she was out again. I kid you not, this really happened. (I was lucky my partner didn't remember this incident later when she regained full consciousness or I would have had some explaining to do.)

Okay, so it's a habit, one that's so very deeply engrained in many of us. So the next time you're referred to as the “roommate”, try to remember that it's a process - for everyone.

Coming Up in GAY

June 1st Issue

- Cover feature/interview with “Queer As Folk” star Thea Gill (Lindsay Peterson)
- Interviews with a variety of lesbian internet radio/podcast hosts
- Interview with singer Lori Michaels
- Original essays/stories with a music theme
- AND MUCH MORE!!!

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July 1st Issue

- Vacation and travel issue including a cover feature/interview with Sweet's Shannon Wentworth
- Interview with author and Rehoboth Beach, DE resident Fay Jacobs (“As I Lay Frying”)
- Interview with Director Gabrielle Lindau (“These Showers Can Talk”)
- Original essays/stories with a vacation/travel theme
- AND MUCH MORE!!!



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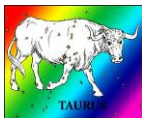


May 2010

Horoscopes by S. Powell

LUNA GAYZING

YOUR WINDOW TO THE MONTH AHEAD



Taurus—April 20th — May 20th

You will certainly be noticed this month, my sweet bull. But make sure it will be for the right reasons and not for the wrong ones. Much as your fellow Taurus sister Cher does, say what you mean and mean what you say so that there are no misunderstandings in your relationships, whether personal or professional. People love a good “story”...make sure you don't give them something to talk about. Be prepared for a delectably private relationship to take you to places that you thought you had forgotten how to get to! Enjoy the ride!



Gemini—May 21st —June 20th

This is a month in which you need to reach out and really communicate. The feelings are there, you just have to share them. This will allow the “one” that you most want to reach to realize that you really do care. Put it all out there and reap the benefits! And, believe me, the benefits will be great! As much as you need to “put it out there” in love, you need to rein it in financially. Just be careful how much you spend! You will probably be too busy “reaping benefits” to spend much anyway.



Cancer—June 21st — July 22nd

You're in a position this month to come up with unique ways to increase your income. You may need to put in more hours, but it will all pay off in the long run. Increased intimacy with a partner is probable this month. You have had a wee bit of an arid spell...but honey, the well ain't dry. Prime that pump and enjoy the month!



Leo—July 23rd — August 22nd

You're in demand everywhere this month, dear Leo. At work, everyone is depending on you. Friends call on you for advice. Family expects you to be there at their beck and call. Don't forget yourself! Take a long hot bath. Read a steamy romance novel, have a drink, see a movie, whatever you want...just do something for you. You are no good to anyone if you are not good to yourself. So, my dear Lioness, go see a mushy romantic comedy with a really hot chick in it, take yourself to dinner, have a mojito and finish the night by reading some wonderful short stories that make you blush!



Virgo—August 23rd — September 22nd

Money-making ideas are abundant this month. Make the time to sit down and determine how realistic each is before acting upon them. Selling ice cubes to Eskimos is really not a viable money maker. Around the middle of the month, an old disagreement with a lover is likely to be revisited. You have to be clear and concise with her so that this difference doesn't keep coming up again and again and again...ad nauseam...Talk it out already! There is an answer, even if you just agree to disagree.



Libra—September 23rd — October 22nd

May is the time for enhancing or attracting a romantic relationship to you. A partner or partnership seems to be taking priority over everything else in your life right now. Take off those rose-colored glasses though and see people for who they really are. If you take off the glasses, you will be rewarded greatly with a wonderful, loving relationship. If not, you will end up with a lot of one-night stands with really hot sex...And, well, that's okay too! Financially, you may need to tighten your belt this month. There are cutbacks coming, and though they will not hit you directly, you could get side-swiped.

May 2010

Horoscopes by S. Powell

LUNA GAYZING

YOUR WINDOW TO THE MONTH AHEAD



Scorpio—October 23rd — November 21st

Attached Scorpions will find much pleasure and happiness with their partner this month. Single scorpions may very well meet a new girlfriend through work or group associations if they can tuck their stinger underneath their butt and play nice for a change. Prickly scorpions have been a bit moody lately, and now is the time to pull it back and just listen! You don't have to be right all the time! Business travel is a good possibility this month and could go a long way in furthering a career that has felt stalled.



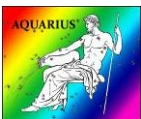
Sagittarius—November 22nd — December 21st

This is a great month for health and well-being, my dear Sagi! Start a new exercise routine, join a gym or give up carbs. It will pay off quickly. Singles should watch for someone walking the same path that may want to walk off into the sunset together. Those in a relationship will notice a renewed interest in the physical side of their relationship. And with all the extra energy from exercising...woo hoo! Both singles and those in relationships will enjoy the benefits. Your perseverance on the job may get you noticed and opportunities for advancement could follow.



Capricorn—December 22nd — January 19th

You are enjoying a creative peak professionally. Your professional charm is shining this month, which may lead to a new job or a promotion. You deserve this. Take it and run with it! You tend to be pessimistic and fatalistic when it comes to matters of the heart, however. Sit down and write "I will not be pessimistic" 1,000 times on a pink piece of paper. Next, draw curlicue hearts all over the 1,000 sentences. Then, finally, burn the piece of paper and as the ashes blow away, realize that you deserve love! Yay, you are cured. That will be \$99.95, please.



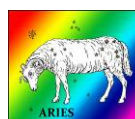
Aquarius—January 20th — February 18th

An exhilarating and lively month is ahead for you. You have worked so hard lately, and it has paid off, very well! But it is now time for you to play! It is time for some fun, sun and romance. This is a great month for a trip, whether professional or personal. There is a good chance of reconnecting with an old flame as well, especially toward the end of the month. That flame is still burning bright...burn, baby, burn!



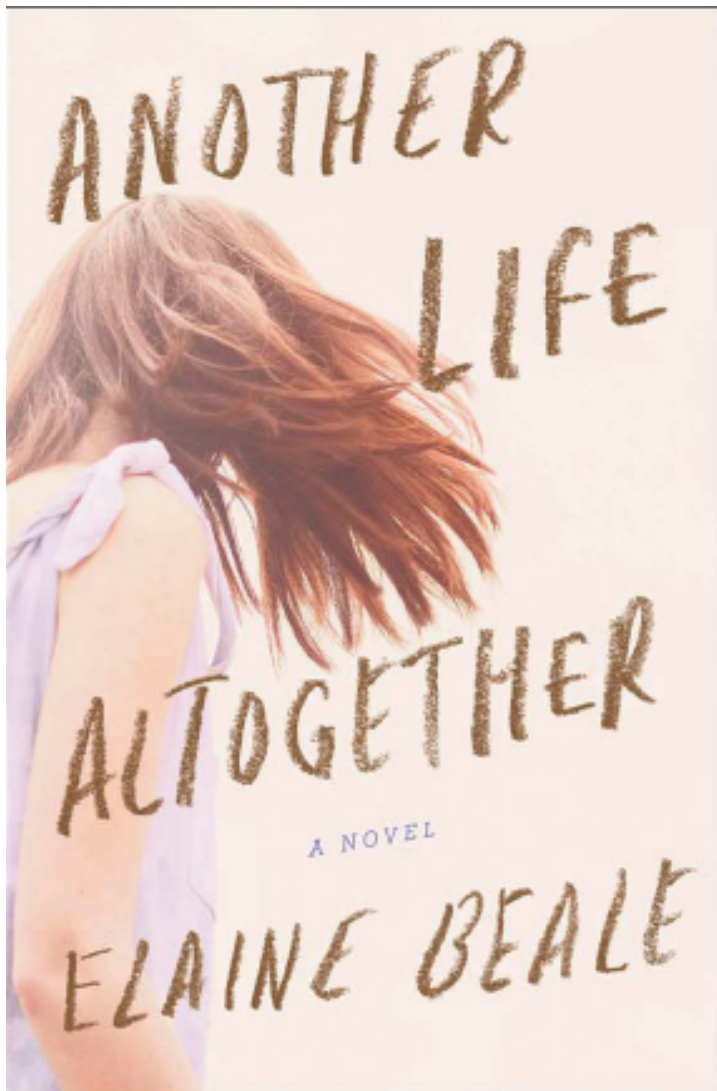
Pisces—February 19th — March 20th

Focus on domestic life is at the forefront right now. Your verbal skills are outstanding this month, attracting many followers! Be careful that you do not allow this "admiration" to cause problems at home. Pisces like romance, poetry and being loved/wanted. This newfound "following" could be an answer to all these needs. But, dear Pisces, make sure that you realize that real love is what you seek, not just the flash of new feelings. Repeat after me: "I want and deserve true love." Now, go and hug a tree, my wishy-washy fish friend!



Aries—March 21st — April 19th

You are finally being appreciated for your unique and clear-cut style as well as for your adventurous nature. Time to stock up that nightstand drawer as either a new love or a rejuvenated relationship will rock your world this month! The vibrant energy that you are exuding is hard to resist right now, but be careful that you do not attract too many "sweet-thangs." It's time to reevaluate your finances, especially as this could be a potentially high-spending month. You don't have to buy flowers for ALL those lovelies that you are meeting...remember that!



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May 1st

Slim Bloodworth – New Westminster, BC - Lafflines
Belinda Carroll – Portland, OR - The Escape Nightclub
Poppy Champlin – Albuquerque, NM – Albuquerque Funny Fest
Erin Schauer – Los Angeles, CA – The Downtown Comedy Club

May 2nd

Amy Beckerman – New York, NY - Ms. Fag Hag Pageant
Daddy Jane – Atlanta, GA – My Sister’s Room

May 5th

Dana Goldberg – Los Angeles, CA – LA Improv

May 6th

Slim Bloodworth – New Westminster, BC – Lafflines
Erin Schauer – West Hollywood, CA – Hamburger Mary’s

May 7th

Amy Beckerman – Boston, MA - Mottely’s Comedy Club
Slim Bloodworth – New Westminster, BC – Lafflines
Jessica Kirson – Long Island, NY – Governor’s Levittown

May 8th

Amy Beckerman – Boston, MA - Mottely’s Comedy Club
Slim Bloodworth – New Westminster, BC – Lafflines
Vickie Shaw – Sarasota, FL – Church of the Trinity, MCC
Amy Tee – Amherst, NH – Amherst Country Club
Suzanne Westenhoefer – Racine, WI – Memorial Hall at Racine Civic Center

May 11th

Jessica Kirson – New York, NY – B’nai Zion

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Where the Funny Girls Are



May 12th

Kristen Becker – Toronto – We're Funny That Way Comedy Festival
Jessica Kirson – Toronto – We're Funny That Way Comedy Festival

May 14th

Kristen Becker (with Jackie Monaghan) – Toronto

May 15th

Kristen Becker (with Jackie Monaghan) – Toronto
Slim Bloodworth – Grosebeck, TX – Rainbow Ranch
Poppy Champlin – 5/15 – 5/22 - Olivia Cancun
Joanne Filan – New York, NY – Gotham Comedy Club
Dana Goldberg – 5/15 – 5/22 - Olivia Cancun
Mimi Gonzalez – 5/15 – 5/22 - Olivia Cancun

May 16th

Jessica Kirson – New York, NY – Museum of Jewish Heritage

May 21st

Amy Tee – Salisbury, MA – Hobo Café
Patricia Villette – Dahlonega, GA – 2010 Lickalotta Fest

May 22nd

Kristen Becker – Buffalo, NY - Nietzsche's
Simone Campbell – Madame Tussauds
Patricia Villette – Dahlonega, GA – 2010 Lickalotta Fest

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Who are the
Funny
Girls
Are



May 23rd

Patricia Villetto – Dahlenega, GA – 2010 Lickalotta Fest

May 26th

Jen Kober – Lake Tahoe, CA - Improv

May 27th

Belinda Carroll – Portland, OR - Portland State University

Poppy Champlin – West Hollywood, CA – Hamburger Mary's

Jen Kober – Lake Tahoe, CA – Improv

Erin Schauer – Hollywood, CA - The Comedy Store

May 28th

Jessica Kirson – Provincetown, MA – Crowne and Anchor

Jen Kober – Lake Tahoe, CA – Improv

May 29th

Jessica Kirson – Provincetown, MA – Crowne and Anchor

Comedy Night at Azul—Palm Springs, CA—Azul Tapas Lounge

Jen Kober – Lake Tahoe, CA - Improv

May 30th

Jessica Kirson – Provincetown, MA – Crowne and Anchor

Jen Kober – Lake Tahoe, CA - Improv

All dates/venues gathered from official comedian websites and are subject to change.

Please contact the venue to confirm.

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EDITORIAL:
 Editor-in-Chief: Candy Parker
 Features Editor: Natasia Langfelder
 Copy Editor: Sarah Andrews

ART/PRODUCTION:
 Art Director: Leigh Hubbard
 Graphic Design: Missy Fox
 Production Manager: Candy Parker
 Web Director: Candy Parker

ADVERTISING:
 Advertising Director: Candy Parker

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS:
 J. Allison
 Alannah Buds
 Monique Finley
 Amber Foster
 Rikki Grooms
 Lorraine Howell
 Kate Lacey
 Natasia Langfelder
 Ellen Moschetto
 Tammy Scully
 Andrea Simon
 Alexandra Wolfe
 Cindy Zelman
 Joanne Ziegler

CONTRIBUTING ILLUSTRATORS/ARTISTS/PHOTOGRAPHERS:
 MK Czerwec
 Missy Fox
 Leigh Hubbard
 Madeline Queripel
 Photography by Sarabia

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHY:
 John Dart Photography
 (Tamale Sepp photos)

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