

HUMOR

Rusty mojo

Sex tips from Sally and the monkeys

It can happen to anyone.

Lesbian Bed Death is that time in the natural evolution of a relationship when two warm, sensuous women slide their silky, pulsating bodies together under the covers and promptly fall asleep.

As a lesbian in a long-term relationship, it's the mental preoccupation that gets in my way the most. I sometimes find my sexual overtures trumped by whatever is on Sweetie's mind. It's not easy to retrieve her attention from worrying about that load of wet laundry she suddenly remembers or what Mo's going to do after Jezzana closes Madwimmin Books.

My sexual response is also susceptible to myriad distractions, such as the widespread misuse of the word *myriad* as if it were a synonym of *plethora*, which it's not, hello?

There's no end to the demons that lure us away from making love with the one we love. Last week when Sweetie and I were getting amorous, the cat started retching at the foot of the bed. That sound sure can sidetrack a private party. By the time she was done, Pussy's rhythmic efforts produced the only thing in our bed that was still hot and heavy.

Our flames of passion also get doused by external influences, such as seeing Lon Mabon's smiling face in the voters' pamphlet or watching the frat-boy president steer our country into World War III. And how sexy do we feel when yet another ignoramus assures us they don't care what we do "behind closed doors," which we know darn well is nothing more than snoring and passing gas?

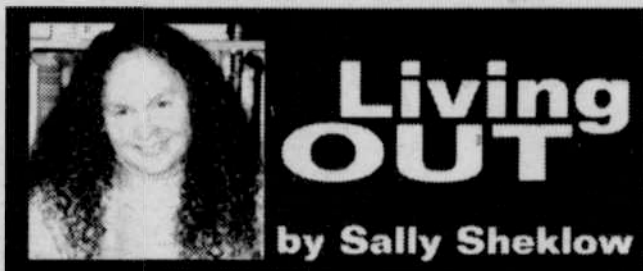
Our sex life is our own business, but who has the energy to focus on the bottom-line? Why are we always "too tired"? Have we squandered our energies on silly little things like getting the Democratic senatorial candidate elected and paying our utility bills?

Have we forgotten the importance of making love with the one we love? What happened to our priorities?

Maybe we let the homophobes get to us. I think I got so wrapped up in proving that lesbians are more than our sexuality, I didn't notice that my own sexuality was dropping out of the picture. I was determined to counter the stereotype of the sex-obsessed homosexual's same-sex sexual orientation. Sex sex sex! Is that all they think we do?

I'd come home from debunking the myths to my hotsy-totsy girlfriend and be reluctant to engage in so much as hand holding, lest Pat Robertson pop out from the TV and cause us to spend the rest of our evening chasing him around with a rolled-up newspaper.

But it's not too late. Even those of us who have been together since mullets were cool can still reawaken our natural, carnal vitality and reignite our power to be turned on by each other's magnificence. And I know this is true despite it also being the message of Joann Lulan, the renowned lesbian sex therapist who



bilked our community of thousands of dollars for her workshops and books and is now married to a man for Chrissake. Whatever, let it go. Honor diversity.

Even Dr. Ruth advises sexually dormant couples to get the TV out of the boudoir. I find it decidedly anti-erotic to spend my late nights in the glow of arrogant white guys.

If you're not willing to move the TV, at least watch something more sexy, like the Nature Channel. During one of our dry spells, Sweetie and I were vegging in front of the telly when we happened to catch a documentary about the bonobo chimpanzees. Have you heard of this matriarchal species? They are the



TWO LADIES SITTING AT A BAR BY PABLO PICASSO

most happy, peaceful and contented social animals on the planet. And why? They have lots of sex.

We were fascinated to learn that the females have giant clitorises and labia right out front, which they keep satisfied by engaging in every imaginable form of sex with each other. These big girls swing from limb to limb just to bump vulvas with their pals several times a day—every day! They don't bother with candles, oils or hot baths. No long, uninterrupted dates required, no complicated scenes to negotiate. They just look into each other's eyes and get it on. Those bonobos inspired us, and our rusty mojos loosened up in no time.

If the two of us can do it, you can, too. So what if you haven't been between each other's legs since Sonja Johnson ran for president? Sure, you might feel like your pilot light has been out so long you wouldn't know what to do if someone lit a match. But don't let inertia rob you and your honeybuns of the sexual pleasure you once knew—and still deserve.

Take a tip from the bonobos. Swing right on over to your love object, clear away the cobwebs, and jump her bones. ♪

SALLY SHEKLOW is enjoying her bananas at sally@wymprov.com.

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