

LOQUACIOUS LESBIANS

**GWEN BARTLEMAN
DISCUSSES
THE "BIG TALK"
PHENOMENON**



GETTING TO KNOW YOU. ONE OF THE MOST COMMON VARIETIES OF THE BIG TALK. PHOTO FROM TEN CENTS A DANCE, A FILM BY MIMI ONODERA.

Her elbows rest on the table, menacingly. She leans toward you, her eyes a vice-grip lock. In your ribcage an alarm bell sounds, because you know: This outing, with this particular person, was not meant for nachos, beer and conversation, as you had been led to believe. Oh, no. This friendly little excursion is rapidly turning into a Big Talk. You brace yourself, hoping for the best.

Big Talks. The bane of all relationships, lesbian and otherwise. But I had a Big Talk with Amy and she told me to write what I know. So I do.

If you've ever slept with, well, *anybody*, you know the scenario. The Richter scale of the Big Talk is directly related to the amount of involvement that you have with the person.

Big Talk Number One usually occurs while standing in the shadows of some beautifully tacky dance floor. You have just recently experienced the crispy end of a burned out relationship and your ego is a little bruised. A woman's voice lilts, "Excuse me." You turn around. She is a stranger. She asks if you'd like to dance. "Yes and no," you say. She stares, questioning. "Yes, I'd like to

dance. No, I don't want a relationship."

The stranger (a) huffs off; (b) exits chortling; or (c) suggests that you skip the dance and head directly for beer, nachos and conversation. If option (c) occurs, you are well on your way to a long-term relationship based solely on the merits of the Big Talk.

Big Talk Number Two goes like this. You've seen her in a bar, at the grocers, at a movie, at a play. You've known her for a week or two. You share a sexual appreciation of one another. You're single, she isn't, so you take her to your

place. Maybe you're a little drunk, maybe not. You fuck. In the silence that follows, she asks: "What are you *thinking*?"

This is the most significant opener for a Big Talk. Don't be duped. The intelligent response is always "I'm not thinking anything," even though what you're thinking is "How the heck can I get you out of my apartment?"

Countless other scenarios are possible. For example, you are at a party, accompanied by your "new" girlfriend, with whom (in a very short time) you've had a lot of Big Talks. Over the course of the evening, you become enamoured of another woman who is beautiful, has a Mona Lisa smile and is flirting with you by squashing out her cigarette butts in the hor-d'oeuvres. Your girlfriend catches you in the kitchen; a Big Talk ensues, continuing through-out the party, the taxi ride home and the dawning of the next day. The worst Big Talk is the continuous kind.

A few of the Big Talks I've had over the years include: the politics/religion Big Talk. The Big Talk about money and joint bank accounts. The "Why is it so important to you that I have an orgasm?" Big

Talk. The monoga-

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♀ Girl Talk

business is discussed by a quorum of your closest "friends." In public. The "I love you, but lust for someone else" Big Talk. The "I want to fuck you / think I'm in love with you" Big Talk. Followed by the mama of them all: the Big Talk about AIDS.

Keep talking, gals. Once we get rolling, I'd love to see anyone *try* to shut us up.