This is Not a Sexy Issue

by L. Ashley Turner

En condamnant puissamment les médias et ses employeurs, l'auteur explique sa résistance à ce qui est considéré «sexy» et à ce qui est considéré honorable.

You packed the lesbian press conference September 14th, 1995 at the Beijing Recreation Centre in China with your hardware and bright lights, shoving microphones in our faces with the inevitable "just how do lesbians make love anyway?" and "why do you prefer women?"

And yet Chirac leers at me as I return to the room and I hear the pain of women giving birth to "jelly fish babies" with no head or two heads with no limbs or too many and you are outside getting the low-down on my life in an ocean without bombs. I hug Maria Kersakle from Samoa in the French South Pacific and through my tears ask what I can do in my ocean without bombs. Maria tells me to write about what happened in the room today as the women in Samoa fight through and beyond their tears each day of their lives with neither cameras nor microphones.

Back home in Canada (the world's largest exporter of plutonium), Chirac sets off yet another bomb to poison not the white French Riviera but the Indigenous peoples of the South Pacific and the ugly waves of colonial imperialism rise over me and I want to find at least one of you reporters and shake you and tell you that, no, this is not a sexy issue but neither is a woman making love to man or woman as her reproductive system is being poisoned and our children are dying and the same colonial bastards who employ you are raping mother earth's ecosystem over and over. Nothing is sexy when the river of lust, of life herself, is dying and the ocean of our dreams, of our childhood play, perishes. Your children may not care that you covered the South Pacific jarring my senses once again.

I run after you, pleading for you to stay and you make excuses and finally admit "the environment is not a sexy issue" and I want to shrug with you and admit you are right because sex makes me smile too and your curiosity used to be mine. And yet Chirac laughs at me as I return to the room and I hear the pain of women giving birth to "jelly fish babies" with no head or two heads with no limbs or too many and you are outside getting the low-down on my life in an ocean without bombs. I hug Maria Kersakle from Samoa in the French South Pacific and through my tears ask what I can do in my ocean without bombs. Maria tells me to write about what happened in the room today as the women in Samoa fight through and beyond their tears each day of their lives with neither cameras nor microphones.

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