



DEAR DR. HARTMAN

Sperm Wails

Hello patients, Patients, psychic storms are currently shaking the lesbian community and the underlying cause can be summed up in two words—baby hunger!

There are signs of it everywhere. Separatist women who haven't even let a man inside their house for years are now running around Sydney with empty Vegemite jars looking for sperm donors.

These are the lucky ones. At least they've made the decision to try. It's the ambivalent girls I really worry about. I had a little lesbian lassie arrive at my Newtown clinic in Sydney just the other day in a shocking state. She was an ex-Catholic who'd been in the clutches of the nuns from the cradle to Year 12. She told me she'd now "overcome her guilt" and "accepted her sexuality". You know the type, a real worrier.

She now lives with her girlfriend in a non-sexist, non-smoking, sperm-free zone. "But all I really want is a baby!" she wailed. "I know lots of women are self-inseminating these days," she told me, "but I find the idea a little odd." And then she threw herself across my couch and wailed, "Doctor, what should I do?"

At my Carlton clinic in Melbourne the girls with very short hair and very big leather coats start queuing

up in the waiting room as soon as we open the doors. They've all got dogs waiting outside. The really desperate ones have started to dress their dogs in clothes. The 'dog dressing' phenomenon is one of the advanced symptoms of the baby hunger syndrome.

'Dog dressing' usually begins innocently enough, perhaps a simple scarf tied rakishly around the neck of a tough bull terrier. A few months later you see that same bull terrier at a street march or in a shopping centre and you notice it's wearing a carefully made little waist-coat with a women's symbol embroidered on the pocket. It all seems like a cute joke at this stage. A little eccentric but nothing to worry about. But when you see that same bull-terrier being pushed down the street in a set of shorty pyjamas, you begin to realise that something is terribly wrong. To the professional eyes of the psycho-sexual therapist, this is a clear case of baby hunger!

Patients, if you are bottle-feeding your poodle while you read this magazine, might I offer you this simple advice: make the decision to do it right now and get down immediately to the all important job of sperm acquisition.

Now you hear a lot of stories these days about how "the boys don't like to part with their precious seminal fluid". I had a terribly bitter lass in group the other day who'd worked her way through university as an usherette in a suburban movie theatre. She insisted that "the bastards squirted it all over me for years in the back row and now they won't even give me a teaspoonful when I really need it". I couldn't bear to see the terrible tightness that was developing around her mouth, so I had one of my male nurses give her what she wanted on the spot.

Frankly, patients, this emotionally scarred usherette has just been going to the wrong films in later life. Every male with a gold pass to the Sydney and Melbourne film festivals is a known donor.

Follow these simple instructions and soon your only problem will be deciding which of your friends to have at the birth:

1. Most importantly, get it quickly. Some lassies spend months of their lives with thermometers up their love canals trying to work out the precise moment of ovulation.

All these scientific efforts have often been to no avail for one simple reason—they are not getting it in quickly enough. The little tadpoles get very tardy within 30 minutes. You want to see them out of his joystick and into your pouch within ten minutes. There's no time for picking it up from the bloke at his house and dashing across town in a taxi. The mother-to-be needs to have that chap jerking off (to use a medical term) in close proximity to her person.

2. Get that bloke and his jar into your house. Make sure you provide him with a range of appropriate literature. Remember this is no time for ideological purity about what constitutes pornography. Give the chap a fighting chance. After all, just how aroused would you feel left alone with a jar in a strange bathroom?

While he's busy with the magazines, you should be in the kitchen preparing a light snack and a refreshing beverage. After all, even the blood bank gives its donors a cup of tea and an Arnott's assorted cream.

One final word of warning: don't be surprised when he comes out of the bathroom and sheepishly offers you a tiny blob. It might have felt like buckets down your leg in years gone by, but when you see it in a jar in the cold light of day, you'll be surprised how little it looks. Grab it and get it in—then send me a cigar.

I'll deal with the psycho-sexual implications of the actual birth in a future consultation.

Send your problems to Dr Hartman's secretary, Julie McCrossin, care of ALR.