

# “HETERRONEOUSLY SPEAKING”

By Kimberly Gadette

They don't know. Shall we tell them?

When they stand close together at the ballpark, their bare chests glistening from some exotic mixture of sweat, beer and sunscreen ... when they entwine their hairy arms, one on top of the other, grasping each others' shoulders and swaying, bumping hips in perfect rhythm as they crow “Take me out to the ballgame”... they don't know.

Later in that same inning, someone may get a wild hair, and suddenly they're yelling “Young Man!” in exuberant unison. Followed by a routine that could impress a dim cheerleader, their bodies contorting to a well-executed Y-M-C-A. And still, they don't know.

Can't they read the writing on the Neander-wall?

Somewhere, at another game, in another time zone, Roger Clemens takes the mound. To the strains of Elton John's “Rocket Man.”

In the middle of August, with a blazing summer sun beating down on their ruddy faces ... they still remain in the dark.

In other seasons, with other sports, when they're at the local ice palace, the stadium, the court, when they cheer, stomp and sing to such anthems as “Another One Bites The Dust,” “We Will Rock You” and “We Are the Champions”—surely they must have a clue. I want to say, “Fellas, other than a flying spherical object, hasn't something crossed your heads? At least once?”

If not, here's the literal kicker: in this, our national playing field, the most hetero of environs outside of happy hour at Hooters—how is it that Freddie Mercury, front man for the appropriately-named Queen and one of the most blatantly homosexual men of his time—how did Freddie's songs become the representative anthems of Jock Nation?

Before Lou Pinella kicks anymore dirt over the chalk outlines in the batter's box, blurring the lines even further, and with or without Zeiss' most expensive binoculars, let's take a closer look at the species of *heterroneous sapiens*:

During the live sports spectacle, do they slavishly follow each and every move of the cheerleading girls on the sidelines? Or fumble their nachos when a bosomy lass breezes by? They may nod and grin, nudging each other with a knowing wink, but ultimately their attention is on the athletic gods performing for their pleasure in the arena. Post-game, if they happen to be with their heterother, do they crank up sexy love tunes on the car

stereo? Or is the dial stuck on blaring sports talk for the next 90 minutes, with call-in dudes echoing their sentiments, howling over that idiotic play and what was the ump/ref thinking?

I'm being unduly cruel. At least when they arrive home, they immediately rush to turn on their beloved. The problem is that their beloved happens to be the flatscreen TV. Pre-set on ESPN. While their ladies moan, in either disgust or impatience, they've now got their idols right where they want them—in their own bedroom. And now they can watch their sports heroes in a more intimate setting, perhaps being interviewed in the locker room wearing nothing but a towel, a bead of moisture and a grin.

Now that they're sufficiently pumped, maybe now they can give their ladies a little slap and tickle? Or not. “Hold on, babe, they're showing the Web Gems. And NASCAR Countdown. And wait, a repeat of Jim Rome!”

On the other gland, if they loved women with as much fervor as their sports—why isn't the WNBA the hottest ticket in town?

Yes, I know, I'm preaching to the choir, er, the Gay's Men's Chorus.

So what shall we do? Give them the lowdown on their potential down low tendencies, or leave them to hum their Freddie Mercury tunes in peace, blissfully ignorant? Perhaps it's best to keep the status quo ... for now. But when those same fellows start gay-bashing anyone, at any time, acting out a bi-faced hypocrisy that is stunning in its stupidity, I suggest we set them sraight. As if we could.

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Kimberly Gadette's articles and columns entail a deep dismemberment of GLBT issues, film, spectator sports, politics, dating and dogs (though it's funny, dogs seldom dare). She's been published over 200 times in the last two years in publications from the East Coast to the West, as well as internationally. Though no one's ever asked to see it, she has an MFA from UCLA.