

QUEERBITS

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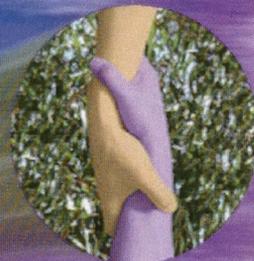
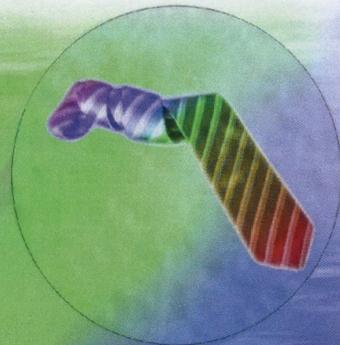
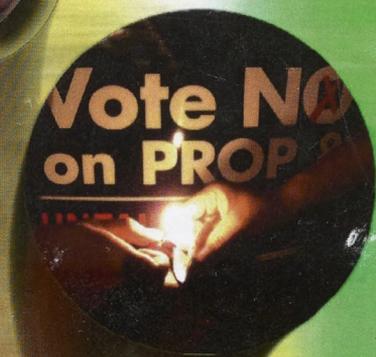
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Be who you are and say
what you feel, because
those who mind don't
matter and those who
matter don't mind.

- Dr. Seuss



Hi Everyone and welcome to Volume I, Issue I of QueerBits! This is a new publication that will incorporate bits and pieces of information from you all!

My goal for the publication is for you, the readers, to see things from the perspective of other members of the community.

Whether or not you step into this space everyday, once a week, once a month, or not at all, my hope is that this publication can connect you to the thoughts and ideas expressed at the Resource Center. I hope you all enjoy this first issue, as much as I have enjoyed in putting it together. Please let me know if you have any ideas for any future issues of QueerBits (refer to the back of this publication for contact information). Enjoy! =)

~ Johnnie Rivas

LGBT HEROINE OF THE QUARTER

Gloria Anzaldúa



Anzaldúa was a self-described "chicana dyke-feminist, tejana patlache poet, writer, and cultural theorist" who helped make the literature of women of color more visible. Anzaldúa was born in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas on September 26, 1942. As a southern Texan living on the border of Texas and Mexico, she experienced racism, sexism, and other forms of oppression. Despite these obstacles, Anzaldúa succeeded in getting her college education. She received her B.A. from Pan American University, and her M.A. from University of Texas at Austin. Anzaldúa was only weeks away from completing her dissertation and earning her doctorate from the University of California, Santa Cruz when she died from diabetes complications on May 15, 2004.

Anzaldúa is very well known for her book *Borderlands/La Frontera*, which examines the condition of women in Chicana/o and Latina/o culture, Chicanas/os in white American society, and lesbians in the straight world. Her writing style includes history and personal narratives giving the reader a close-up and distanced view into a life of alienation and isolation as a prisoner in the borderlands between cultures. One way she reinforces this message is through her use of eight languages she uses in her writing. She uses two dialects of English and six of Spanish. This "Spanglish" makes it more difficult for the non-bilingual reader to read, which helps to show the isolation, which those stuck in the borderlands feel.

Edited By: Beta Hampton

WHAT'S GOIN ON WINTER QUARTER 2009?

Here are some of the events for next quarter:

winter qcamp

qpoc spirituality forum

cause the bible tells me so...

western regional

For dates and times, refer to the rainbow newsletter e-mailed weekly throughout the quarter.

To subscribe, visit lgbt.ucsd.edu/newsletter

Drawing Blood: Proposition 8

Written by: Rodolfo J. Alaniz



I've just come back from a lecture on the Francoist Spanish State at the University of California, San Diego. This project is meant to catalog and preserve the oral history of those who suffered under the fascist regime after the Spanish Civil War. The religious and conservative Francoist civil war toppled the elected government of Spain in a military strike fueled by Nazi and fascist Italian support. Europe escalated towards global war and many Spanish citizens paid the price.

The Francoist regime ordered the execution of countless civilians, including schoolteachers who were associated with a secular governmental enterprise: education. The first city bombings and use of mechanized warfare shocked the world with their brutality. After three years of pure destruction, the fascist government emerged as the central power in Spain. I sat there before a big-screened, personal recount of this conflict. It was painful to hear the voices of those who opposed the regime and those who suffered under the loss of life and liberty. I sat there as an old man cried for his lost wife and child. Brutal slaying in the name of tradition and order. Those who fought for their freedom were met with Death. Wholesale, unyielding Death.

I sat in the lecture hall and thought about my own history. My grandmother recently told me about our family's migrant circuit: Texas for cotton, California for grapes, and Wisconsin for cranberries. I've had a similar, yet more nuanced trail. Texas circumvented my civil rights as a gay man in 2005. Wisconsin halted my pursuit for equality in 2006. Now I am in California, the golden state. Days ago, I was finally a first-class citizen. My long searching for a place where I could be equal (in my own land) had come to a close.

Those same days ago, I was converted back into a second-class citizen as my civil rights were stripped away. This denial of personal liberty was written into the constitution, the very fabric of what makes this state. It's a profound message and I've received it as it was intended. To the Francoist regime, I would have been seen as a lion stalking the traditional, conservative view of society. In California, I must similarly be a horrible threat to challenge such a fundamental thing as a definition of "family" that has

[continued on page 4]

for only little more than 100 years.

On my side of this fight, I have seen the murder, psychological torture, and crucifixion of gay men and women like myself. People I have worked with have been brutally stabbed and died because of their sexuality. Countless more individuals suffer under the current governmental structure that rebukes them. Many of these young people would rather commit suicide than live with such violence and hatred. I speak about all of this from both scholarship and personal experience.

So, I have an imminent question to pose those who decided to purposefully create a government that strips my personal freedom. I have an honest question for those who voted yes on proposition 8: when is it acceptable to defend yourself and your loved ones with force? If an innocent person were to be threatened with brutal crucifixion, am I required to defend this person by whatever means necessary?

I'll let you in on my perspective on that question. Lean in close. I'm willing to die to defend my freedom. I can only wonder if those who voted yes hate so much that they are willing to die to take it. What does it cost them to give me liberty? Nothing. Yet, they cannot imagine what it costs for them to take it away.

Now, I'm not advocating assassination or violence. The system changes when blood is drawn; political force is converted into its true nature, violent force. However, we are the ones who have played nice. We are the ones who have loved our neighbors. Blood has already been spilled. That blood has been from people just like me. Believe me, I don't want to be next and I'll do whatever is in my power to make sure that doesn't happen.

Perhaps, one day, someone will record the countless voices that have suffered the brutal beatings by bigots. Someone will save the "yes on 8" hate speech that condones and indirectly promotes this violence. Our suffering may not be as overt as the Madrid bombing, but it's there. It's the same Death. Silent Death.



Our Resource Center Story

Since the beginning of the 1990s, concerned staff, faculty, and student activists sought to establish institutional support for the LGBT campus community and its issues. The Chancellor's Advisory Committee on LGBT issues (CACLGBTI) specifically recommended a staffed Resource Center in correspondences and reports to the Chancellor. This work culminated in the establishment of an Ad Hoc Committee, which aided by other bodies (Associated Students, the Chancellor's Commission on Diversity, the UCLGBT A Steering Committee and the LGBT Staff and Faculty Association) drafted a formal proposal to establish a Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgender Resource Center at UCSD, that was submitted to Chancellor Dynes in September 1998.

Following the submission of the Proposal, a formal dialogue between the CACLGBTI and the Office of the Chancellor took place, discussing the need for safe space and institutional resources. Finally, in March 1999, the Chancellor appointed a Steering Committee to establish a LGBT Resource Center, and allocated a set of rooms and budget for operations and staff.

On November 8, 1999, Chancellor Robert C. Dynes officially dedicated the LGBT Resource Center for the UCSD campus community. The LGBT Resource Center had a remarkable history at UCSD before opening its physical space. Beginning as a small, two room operation with only 300 square feet, the Center has since experienced dramatic growth. For four years it was housed in a 960 square foot double-wide trailer next to the Gilman Parking structure. Although still modest, the trailer afforded the LGBT community enough space to hold community building events such as the Q Camp Potluck!

In the Spring of 2002 a Building Advisory Committee was established to determine the new location for a number of facilities at UCSD, including the new Women's Center, the new LGBT Resource center, and a new Student Lounge and Restaurant. The committee included a number of faculty, staff and students who were charged with responsibility for making the decisions around the news pace. The new site was chosen in the fall of 2002.

The new LGBT Resource Center at UCSD is located between Mandeville Center and the Original Student center, right near the Art of Espresso Coffee Cart. More than doubling the size of the previous space, the new LGBT Resource Center has public and private space, a large conference room, small group meeting room, common kitchen, gender neutral restroom and three offices. The new space has a combined common room and library, integrating the social and academic aspects of our space. Through the graciousness of the David Bohnett Foundation, the Center is home to 10 laptop computers, which can be checked out and utilized throughout the space by anyone in the community. Along with the laptops computers there is a dedicated printer and scanner for the community to access.

Thanks to the dedicated student, staff, faculty, and committed community members of UC San Diego, the LGBT community has grown to be vibrant and passionate. The LGBT Resource Center is a home, an office, a department, a meeting space and more importantly it is a place of pride for our LGBT community at UC San Diego.

Confessions of a Coffee Master

By: Denny Grebe



Being a barista, I get to meet lots of people. I work in THE busiest store in all of San Diego County, so I would say I meet thousands of people...daily. You would think that being in such a busy store, we'd hardly get a chance to talk to people, but somehow we can still make a connection. At first, I was a bit wary of the whole "connecting over coffee" thing but I find now that it makes the most convenient way to talk to people. Take this conversation for example: "Oh you got a Mocha, have you tried putting vanilla in it?" "Oh my goodness, I love vanilla...I really like sweet things" "Me too, Sour Patch Candy is my favorite kind" "My daughter's too!" See? Instant conversation. Multiply that by ten or twenty and you have my day at work. "But Denny," you may be asking, "what does this have to do with me?"

Connections are made over all kinds of food, not just coffee. When you're home, where do people gravitate? The kitchen. When I'm home I know I head straight for the fridge, whether I'm hungry or not. Here at the LGBT Resource Center, if one person is in the kitchen for any extended period of time, you know more people will be joining in. This past week we had the leftovers from the LGBTQIA Family Thanksgiving Dinner, and the minute I started heating stuff up, it was like a second family dinner with at least 5 people crammed into the kitchen, and twice as many eating in the Center. It's amazing the connections people make over food. "Oh have you tried that turkey? It's really good with the smashed yams." "Yeah it is...by the way I haven't met you before, what's your name?" Food really brings people together.

In this time of grief after the loss of certain civil rights, we need all the connections we can get. Food not only connects, but comforts too. So I say, grab a plate of your favorite comfort food, and make a new friend.

P.S. pass some of that pie over here!





Queer Femme Gender

By: Cheyenne

*Sexy switchy tall
Tantalizing, zip em on,
Knock them all dead heels.*

*My first Pride, I marched in them,
and lesbians looked at me kinda sideways,
like you can't be a queer girl in too many ways
and I said "whatever" and have ever since
but I find a sense of cognitive dissonance
arising in the assumption that a revolutionary body is contrivable
and exists only in a specific space of female androgyny –
while I am a frilly impostor in the range of subversive gender possibilities.*

*Based on these categories and their definitive hierarchies
rising from patriarchy's queer appropriation of misogyny,
I see us use each other's expressions and bodies
to quickly assess whether someone is*

*queer or not,
down or not,
strong or smart or hot or not,
and the resulting invisibility of my body
has more than made me question
if I'm doing something wrong.*

*And I can use that gaze to see
that the privileges of being in a cissexual, gender normative body
complete with purple nail polish, mascara,
and my lip gloss is poppin
means I'll never have to question certain realities.*

But I choose to anyway.

*Not genderfuckin' people's notion
of my placement in a class system of gender
doesn't stop me from being rank'd.*

*I feel that it's a challenge to dare to be feminine
in a world where some feminists
are still debating whether I'm allowed to be sparkly
while sparkin' social change.*

*In that way it is a revolution of self to know that I'm still fabulous,
or even okay.*

*So I inhabit my own skin
and play off the insecurities of feeling not queer enough
and don certain symbols because they're fierce or fun or sexy
and I take the time to resist because we queer womyn already fear enough
and recognize that I have style just for doing me.*

Burning Sun

By: Anthony Nuñez

*In the middle of the burning sun
I'm blind
by the kind
of question that may arise
but only to those who suffer it
and everyone else can only begin to surmise
the complexity of this facade.*

*How then, does the instruction
for the construction
of what is ultimately the destruction of us come to be?*

*Who decides what part of you,
what part of me,
is less than?*

*Who decides that you are a wo-man?
Who decides that you are a man?*

*And in the middle of the burning sun
I question the integrity
of this melody
some might consider justice for all
operating under the auspices
that somehow these offices
are checked and balanced!*

*I find it queer
that somehow the mere
fact that I am brown and you are not
can get you to the top.*

*In the middle of the burning sun
I wonder
why this thunder
can rage so freely in your eyes
and hate so freely under the guise
of your religion.*

*The difference between you and them
is that you condemn
their people to unholy wrath
and not for the path
they chose, but for your fear!*

*And in the middle of the burning sun
I for one, choose not to run.*



SEX WORK AT THE LGBT RC

WRITTEN BY: SHAUN TRAVERS

Sometimes I think of the work that we do at the LGBT Resource Center as sex work. Now, don't get me wrong, we certainly do not have sex with any of the students, staff or faculty with whom we work. However, we do work with those constituents around issues that relate to sex. Sex and gender. And gender identity. And sexual identity. And sexual orientation.

See how easy it is to get from sex to the work that we do on a daily basis? Sexual orientation and gender identity fundamentally stem from our understanding of sex. And sex's function and role within our broader society has always been, well, somewhat taboo.

But sex has always been interesting, too. Perhaps titillating would be a better word. That is part of the taboo. That is why it is so easy to target. We are doing something "wrong" by coming to work everyday and doing what we do. The excitement/fear/excitement surrounding sexual orientation and gender identity issues makes my job fun.

Maybe that is why I enjoy the job so much. It is right on the edge of what is "acceptable" to talk about in polite society. Do you ever kind of inside-giggle when you tell someone what you do/where you work? I mean, giggle right *after* that moment of deciding if you're actually going to tell them...



Of course, the more heteronormative and gender-conforming our lives and relationships, the more acceptable we are to that society. The easier we pass as University Administrators (this must be said with the appropriate solemnity). If we all were transgender identified, non-gender conforming "obvious" queers would we even have to tell others on campus what we did? Ever tell someone what you do, and have them say back some sentiment like "Of course you do." Doesn't that always throw you just a little bit? Like "Wait, what the hell does that mean?" I assume I pass until I realize I don't.

It is, in fact, the brave souls, who sacrificed a truly queer life who eased our acceptance into the mainstream. There is an iconic image of men in suits and ties and women in skirts from the early 60s marching for our rights. This was pre-Stonewall. And these men and women "look" just like everyone else. Yet, their proclaiming of an at-that-time-gay identity was groundbreaking. But Stonewall was the true queers. The drag queens and trannies of New York, tired of the abuse, pushing back. Fearfully. Finally.

Sometimes I have to wear a shirt and tie. I

the opportunity to be in meetings where the “respectability” of what I do is judged by the clothes that I wear. Oh sure, I could push it to the limit and wear drag that day. I could claim a gender expression that shakes people to the very core of their understanding of themselves. But it really wouldn’t do much to move me in the circles of power that can make a difference in the lives of those I care most about.

But even in the suit-and-tie, I know, just slightly below the surface, that those with whom I interact *really* wonder what I do everyday. The easy questions pop most frequently to their lips. “So you counsel students?” “So you are the president of the student group?” Ah the beauties of delusion... A 36-year-old president of the student organization?

Nope, we talk about sex. Every day. We don’t counsel students. We listen to them. We listen to them as they laugh about sex and sexuality. As they push the boundaries (of taste, of propriety). As we push back. As they cry about relationships, about love promised and love denied. We support them as they organize themselves to achieve basic human rights. Like being treated equally regardless of the color of their skin (or who they sleep with). Like falling in love, even if it is across a border. Like aligning our bodies to our understanding of ourselves, and controlling our reproductive selves. Like getting a decent wage for a hard day’s work, without fear of being discovered undocumented. Like being big, huge and fabulous when people would prefer them to be small, quiet and in line. Like figuring out how to make space for

everyone in our community.

Because queer sex, really queer sex, is related to all the other “bad” things that folks don’t like to talk about. Like class and race and religious oppression and imperialism. And all the shit that is bad in the “global” economy that really is the US’s economy up in everyone else’s business.

So, yup, we do sex work. With all the associated excitement and taboo. Oh yeah, we can get away with it, wearing a suit and a tie. But at the end of the day, it is still sex work.

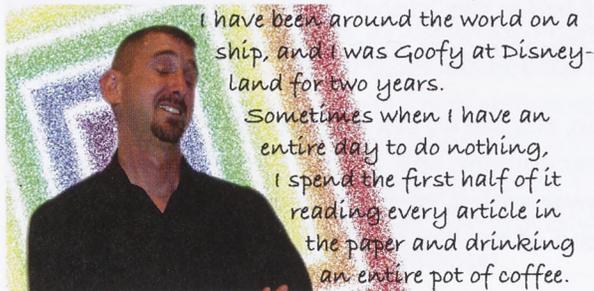
I love my job.

Shaun Travers

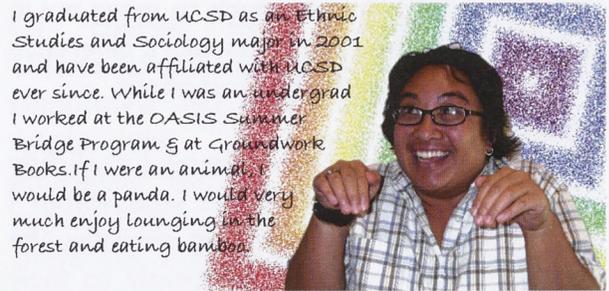
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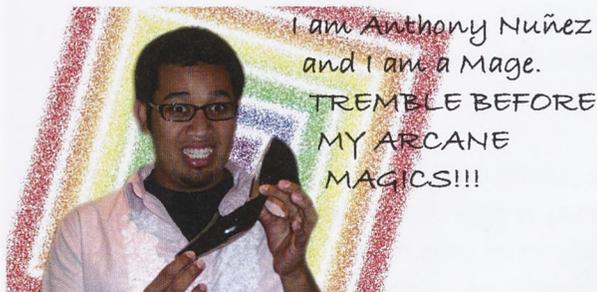
Shaun Travers
Director



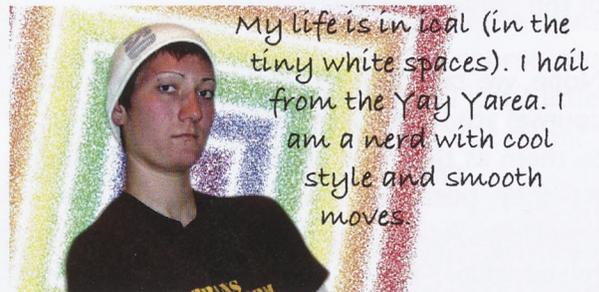
Jan Estrellado
Assistant Director for Education



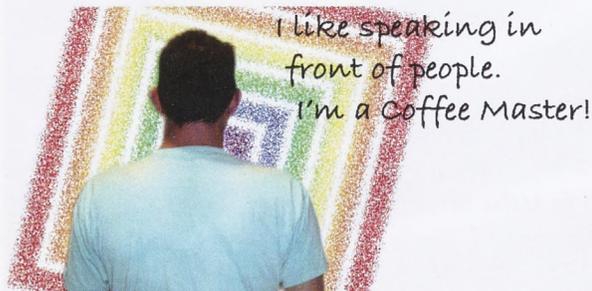
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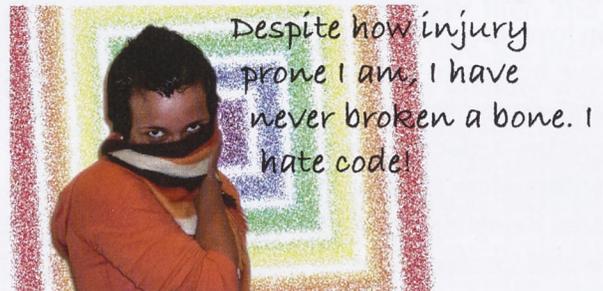
Chris Gauthier
Arts & Culture Intern



Denny Grebe
Speakers Bureau Intern



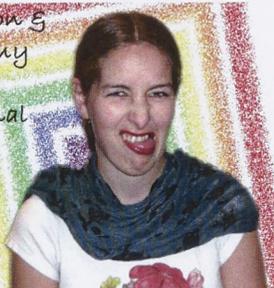
Natalie Guererro
Graphic & Web Design Intern





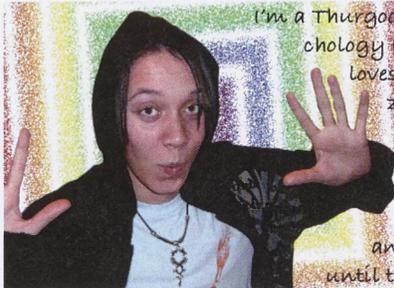
Beta Hampton
Resource and Events Planning Intern

I like to attend science fiction & fantasy conventions with my family. This last summer I worked at the Yerkes National Primate Research Center where I did observational studies of the chimpanzees and got spit at and poo thrown at me a lot.



Mike Moody
Library & Special Collections Intern

I'm a Thurgood Marshall Psychology Honors student who loves order and organization, hence the Library & Special Collections. In my spare time I write, draw and play video games until the wee hours.



Johnnie Rivas
Rainbow Newsletter Intern

I have a tendency to be a perfectionist. I enjoy the cold weather because I can wear many layers.



Michelle Strange
Youth & Senior Intern

Huge outtie; external processor. I like girls... they like me...



Chase Smith
Graduate Community Intern

I'm a graduate student in the Literature Department. I'm from Berkeley.



Felipe Zañartu
Community Graduate Intern

I am an avid fantasy football player. Favorite show on the history channel is the presidents.



See You Next Issue!



This publication is a quarterly compilation of news and information from the UCSD LGBT Resource Center and the Community to further establish the connection with the Resource Center and the greater community. The views expressed in QueerBits are solely of the writers and not the LGBT RC. For more information about QueerBits or to offer your comments or suggestions, please contact the LGBT Resource Center at (858) 822-3493 or rainbow@ucsd.edu. If you would like to submit an item, please forward them to rainbow@ucsd.edu and type "QueerBits Item" in the subject line. Items should be personal and reflect your experiences with the LGBT community.

The UC San Diego LGBT Resource Center is committed to being accessible to all who frequent our space, participate in our programs, and attend our events. Our physical location is accessible to anyone who utilizes assisted mobility. If you require specific accommodations to fully access any of our programs or events, please contact Anthony Nuñez at anunez@ucsd.edu, (858) 822-3493.

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