

May 21, 2011

CAN'T
WON'T STOP!
STOP!



university of california, san diego

QUEER PEOPLE OF COLOR

10th Annual High School Conference

presented by

SPACES

UCSD Student Promoted Access Center
for Education and Service



Welcome...

Welcome to "Can't Stop, Won't Stop!", our 10th Annual Queer People of Color High School Conference. We are so excited that you are here!

Identifying as a queer youth of color can sometimes be overwhelming. There are the wonderful moments of love and pride and joy, but there may also be times when we've felt sad, alone, hopeless, angry, threatened, unsafe, or attacked. How tough does life get when, on top of school, family, friends, and drama(!), we're also forced to deal with racism, classism, sexism, and homo/trans/queer-phobia in our communities? When it sometimes might seem as if the world just wants us to stop, shut down, shut up, and disappear, what are we, as a generation of queer teens of color to do in the face of oppression and struggle? How can we still find meaning in our complex identities, empower ourselves, foster growth in our community, and pursue higher education?

This year's theme is "Can't Stop, Won't Stop!", to reflect our unique and necessary ability to persist, resist, survive, and thrive as queer youth of color, living with and embracing our complex identities.

UCSD's Queer People of Color (QPOC), along with the Student Promoted Access Center for Education and Service (SPACES), hope this conference helps you begin to think about these questions as you continue pushing through life as a queer youth of color or ally. We hope you engage your experiences at this conference with enthusiasm, energy, respect, and open-mindedness. We hope you have a blast. :)

Much love,

The Fast, the Furious, the FABULOUS

**QUEER PEOPLE
OF COLOR**

University of California, San Diego
May 21, 2011

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Who We Are

Student Promoted Access Center for Education and Service (SPACES)

The mission of the Student Promoted Access Center for Education and Service (SPACES) is to act as an empowering dynamic on campus where UCSD students collaborate to achieve greater educational equity. This encompasses equal access to higher education, undergraduate retention and graduation, and matriculation to graduate and professional schools.

SPACES values the power of student initiated action and organizing by providing an environment for student growth and development and thus is a foundation to create leadership and unity through community engagement.

Student-Initiated Access Programs and Services (SIAPS)

SIAPS serves to encourage and support creative student-initiated programs and services that increase access to higher education for historically underrepresented and underserved students.

Through affirming identities, developing academic success, and providing resources, SIAPS shall empower students to create profound changes in their communities and in the world. SIAPS is committed to supporting all student efforts that match this purpose at the University of California, San Diego.

Queer People of Color (QPOC) We Are Family Access Program

Initiated and coordinated by the Student Promoted Access Center for Education and Service (SPACES) at the University of California, San Diego (UCSD), the QPOC We Are Family Access Program aims to address the needs and issues facing queer-identified youth of color in the Greater San Diego community, particularly in their struggle to pursue higher education. By supporting queer youth of color, connecting them to necessary resources, empowering them to pursue higher education, and facilitating the growth of a strong and supportive community, the QPOC We Are Family Access Program serves to provide structured support for queer students of color and promote greater educational equity for all students, regardless of race, gender, class, nationality, sexuality, or ability.

Conference Schedule

<i>Time</i>		<i>Location</i>
8:00 - 8:30	Registration/Breakfast	<i>Cross Cultural Center</i>
8:30 - 9:00	Introductions	<i>Cross Cultural Center</i>
9:00 - 9:20	Opening Speaker	<i>Cross Cultural Center</i>
9:30 - 10:30	Workshop Session I	<i>Price Center East</i>
10:40 - 12:00	Campus Tour	<i>UCSD Campus</i>
12:00 - 12:50	Lunch	<i>LGBT Resource Center</i>
1:00 - 2:00	Workshop Session II	<i>Old Student Center</i>
2:10 - 3:10	Workshop Session III	<i>Price Center East</i>
3:30 - 4:50	Art & Writing Session	<i>CCC ArtSpace</i>
5:00 - 5:30	Dinner	<i>Cross Cultural Center</i>
5:30 - 6:00	Keynote Speaker	<i>Cross Cultural Center</i>
6:00 - 6:30	Closing	<i>Cross Cultural Center</i>

Workshops

Session I: 9:30 am - 10:30 am

A-G Requirements

CCC Conference Room

Angelica Perez

This workshop will address and inform you about the general courses students need to take in high school in order to apply to a four year college.

Financial Aid - How to Pay for College

CCC Comunidad

Yvonne Borrego, UCSD Financial Aid Office

Going to college can be expensive! This workshop will educate you about how to apply for financial aid, manage your finances, and afford a university education!

Undocumented and Unafraid: AB540 Students in the UC System

Green Table Room

Ana Laura Martinez & Veronica Gonzalez, Migrant Right's Awareness

This workshop will provide information about being an AB540 student pursuing higher education. We will discuss important topics such as filling out the affidavit, where to look for scholarships and how to find university/community support.

Bubbling up: The SAT, ACT, and you!

CCC Library

Howard Li, SPACES

Harsh fact: you will need to take a few standardized tests to get to college!

This workshop will help get rid of some of the confusion and anxiety you may feel towards taking standardized tests like the SAT and ACT. We will review which tests you should take and get acquainted with different formats, question types, and strategies.

Session II: 1:00 pm - 2:00 pm

Asking for it: Choice, Consent, and Respect!

Bamboo Room

Sarah Shim, Queer People of Color

Things are getting hot, heavy, and serious... emotions and sensations are running high, and you're getting down with someone you trust and want. So-- when you're caught in the moment, where does consent come in? What is really "yes", and how do you communicate what you want? How do you make sure that the other person "wants it" too? What tells you that you're ready? How do you draw boundaries without "ruining the moment"? What if you don't really know what you want? Let's get to the heart of it and have some REAL TALK about what consent is, why it's important, and how we can empower ourselves in our intimate relationships as well as our day-to-day lives.

Queer Womyn of Color and the Poetics of Survival

LGBTRC Conference Room

Josen Diaz, Mabel Tsang

The identities of queer womyn of color are a site of creative potential. This workshop explores the art-making practices of queer womyn of color (poetry, visual media, performance) as life-making practices that address issues of racism, classism, sexism, and homophobia while also nourishing the resistive power of queer female desire. Join us for a workshop that promises to be as informative as it is interactive. This workshop is open to those who identify as queer womyn of color.

Fear the Queer (Leadership Training and Keeping your GSA around)

LGBTRC Family Room

Albert Orona, Queer People of Color

This workshop is designed to help folks who have GSA's (Gay Straight Alliances) in their high schools or for folks who want to start GSA's. We will talk about what it means to be a leader/facilitator within a GSA, how to maintain a GSA in your high school, sources of funding for GSA's, and get to know the tips/strategies other folks have used to make their GSA's successful. We'll have tons of fun!!!

Session III: 2:10 pm - 3:10 pm

"You better Work!": Chubby Queers of Color

CCC Library

Anthony Del Real, Queer People of Color

Calling Chubby Queers! Positive spaces to talk about being Queer, of Color, and being chubby, are often times lagging and even not talked about... With all these images of what we "should" look like, it can get disheartening. In this space, I want to provide an opportunity to self reflect on ourselves as Chubby Queers of Color, and seek the beauty inside and out. So, "you better work!"

Film Screening: *Pariah*

CCC Comunidad

Lizzy Gomez, Queer People of Color

What are some struggles that LGBT youth undergo as they are coming out? Who are the people they can rely on to best support them? We will be viewing a short film, *Pariah* around a Brooklyn teenager dealing with conflicting identities, friendships, heartbreak, and her family's support in a desperate search for her sexual expression. We will then have an opportunity to engage in a discussion to follow up with various issues and concerns that come up throughout the film.

Coming Out Stories

CCC Conference Room

Johnnie Rivas

Being brave doesn't mean that you're not scared. Coming out can be difficult, surprising, painful, triumphant, or all those at the same time! This workshop will focus on some of the processes that come with being out to our families, friends, and loved ones, and how it may work well for some and not for others. Participants will be encouraged to share own experiences and/or questions about coming out.

This Bridge Called Our Backs: Bridging Our Queer and Chicana/o Identities

Green Table Room

Lorena L. Ruiz, Bree Marquez

This workshop will examine the different ways in which our varying identities are often separated and split. As queer/questioning people of color, our identities cannot always be separated. Join us as we look to queer Chicana writers and other queer women of color writers/poets for ways in bridging our intersecting identities. Please keep in mind that although this workshop is open to all people, we will primarily focus on the struggles many queer chican@s face in bridging their identities.

Art & Writing Session: 3:30 pm - 4:50 pm

"Be at the Beat" - Art & Writing Workshop

CCC ArtSpace

Maureen Abugan & Regine Reyes, Kamalayan Kollektive

Chill with Kamalayan Kollektive as we explore multiple types of expression: bomb music, powerful spoken word, deep discussion, and pen, paper and paint. The beauty of expression lies in the ability to communicate with the world, for liberation, for meditation, for our (whole) selves.

Speakers

Vanidy Bailey

Vanidy is a transgressive bigender Caribbean-American. Vanidy received their bachelor's degree from Denison University in Ohio and her graduate degree at The Ohio State University.

Currently, Vanidy is a second year doctoral student at California State University-Northridge. Vanidy's research interests are focused on Black student leadership development.

They have worked at California State University, Northridge as the Senior Community Director and Area Manager with Student Housing, and has worked extensively with the inclusive residential living learning communities for LGBT residents on CSUN's campus. Vanidy has a significant amount of experience and expertise in student leadership development, multicultural affairs, and mentoring. However, their most recent experience is working with the wonderful UC-San Diego, LGBT Resource Center as the Assistant Director for Education. Vanidy enjoys playing the drums, spending time with loved ones and quiet moments at local beaches.



Kay Ulanday Barrett

A CAMPUS PRIDE 2009 Hot List artist, Kay Ulanday Barrett is a poet, performer, educator, and martial artist navigating life as a pin@y-american trans/queer in the U.S. with struggle, resistance, and laughter. Currently based in NY/NJ, with roots in Chicago, K's work is the perfect mix of gritty city flex and Midwest open sky grounded in homeland soil. In *Mango Tribe* and in solo work, K. has featured in colleges and stages nationally and internationally; from the NJ Performing Arts

Center to Chicago's Hot House, The Brooklyn Museum to The Loft in Minneapolis, K's bold work continues to excite and challenge audiences. Honors include: Chicago's LGBTQ 30 under 30 awards, Finalist for The Gwendolyn Brooks Open-Mic Award, Windy City Times Pride Literary Poetry Prize 2009, and recently, a contribution in the anthology "Kicked Out" released by Homofactus Press in 2009. K. turns art into action, as a dedicated activist who works with LGBTQ youth and adores remixing recipes.

Planning Committee

Here are a few of the fabulous people who made this conference possible.



Lizzy Gomez
Sixth College, 3rd Year
Critical Gender Studies,
Minor - Ethnic Studies

Fun Fact: I do not know what my original hair color is. I got addicted to dyeing it any chance I get.

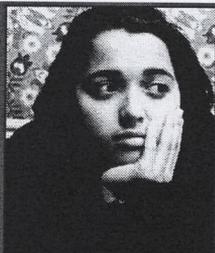


Howard Li
Muir College, 2nd Year
Biochemistry/Cell
Biology, Critical Gender
Studies

Fun Fact: I take immense pride and joy in my ability to make others feel awkward.

Albert Orona
Sixth College, 4th Year
Ethnic Studies

Fun Fact: I won an award in my 4th grade architecture contest for building a flying McDonalds which housed cats and dogs.



Sarah Shim
Marshall College, 4th Year
Critical Gender Studies,
Minor - Sociology

Fun Fact: I love deep fried everything - for example, double deep fried corn dogs, deep fried ice cream, deep fried california burritos...



Taryn Marcelino
Sixth College, 4th Year
Sociology, French

Fun Fact: I enjoy peeling the stickers off of oranges (cuties!) and collecting them.



Anthony Del Real
Sixth College, 4th Year
Ethnic Studies,
Minor - Critical Gender
Studies

Fun Fact: I am a really big Poke' Mon nerd! :D

Special Thanks

We would like to extend a very special thank you to the following individuals/groups who have helped make this conference possible. Events like this take a lot of time to plan and without having lots of support, we probably would not have been able to plan such an extraordinary event. Thank you for all the support, whether it be in terms of financial aid, institutional advice, patience in the late night planning meetings, accepting the ambiguity of the planning process, venting in informal spaces, visiting the high schools, and anything else we may have left out. Again, much love and gratitude to all the forces that contributed to making this possible.

Student Promoted Access Center
for Education and Service (SPACES).

Student Initiated Access
Programs and Services (SIAPS).

Cross Cultural Center.
Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgender
Resource Center.

Women's Center.

UCSD Alternative Tours.

Kamalayan Kollektive.

Asian and Pacific-Islander

Student Alliance (APSA).

Migrants' Rights Awareness (MiRA)

UCSD Financial Aid Office.

Yvonne Borrego.

Vandy Bailey.

Kay Ulanday Barrett.

Frida Pineda Alvear.

Nikki Eddy.

Peggy Ward.

Jessica Graham.

Cheyne Whitney.

Marcia Strong.

Stephanie Luu.

First Students Charter Bus.

La Jolla Design Company.

Osmund Holm-Hansen III.

Helen Leung.

Yen Vu.

Our lovely and dedicated volunteers <3

Final words...

The QPOC High School Conference Planning Committee would like to share the following words with all participants.

"I want to congratulate you on your journey that you have started and for making this conference one of your pit stops. I really hope that our work pays off and you take away a lot from this experience. You all always encourage me to continue doing the work I do because I know someone is getting a lot from it. My work is a gift for you all, filled with love, care, and QPOC (Queer People of Color) fierceness. I also thank you for sharing a part of you with me, I will take that as gift and carry it with me always. Continue being you, be fabulous and know that as long as your passion is your drive, you can't stop there. Love, healing and support won't stop coming your way."

- Lizzy Gomez

"To the QPOC High School Conference 2011 participants, I truly hope this was an educating and empowering experience for all of you. Please know that the fact that we are all able to spend so many sleepless nights working to organize programs such as this conference can only mean one thing: we, as a QPOC family and community, love you and want to be here for you. I hope that this conference is the beginning of a meaningful and supportive friendship between QPOC, SPACES, and you! Stay happy, healthy, and strong. Love, love, love."

- Howard Li

"To all the awesome youth, I just want to say that I hope y'all enjoy the conference. Today is special as we rarely get opportunities like this to come together. I am glad we can engage in important conversations, listen to some awesome speakers, make some cool art, and have tons of fun. If there is something that gave me lots of strength during my teenage years, its family. I am not just talking about blood ties, but the family we make through friendships, relationships, mentorships, and allyships. Today, I want us y'all to know that you are a part of the UCSD QPOC family and will forever have a place here with us. Have fun!"

- Albert Orona

"Always eat the most delicious thing first. Don't fill up on water."

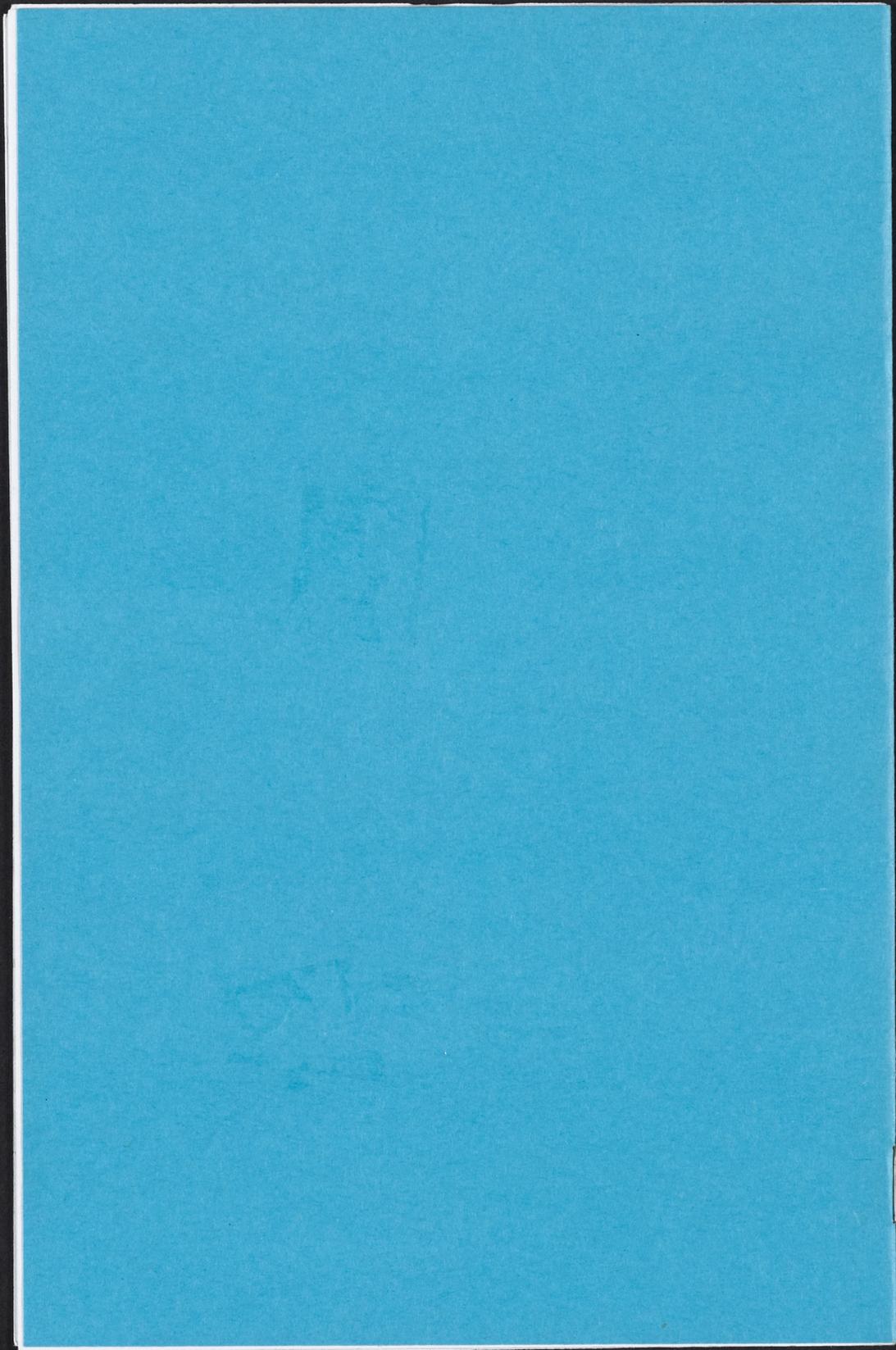
- Sarah Shim

"Hello high school conference participants, I hope that you enjoy yourself at the high school conference this weekend. My only hope is that the conversations you have, the new relationships you create, and the experiences you have this weekend enlighten and bring you healing in one way or another. I hope that you gain the confidence to continue being the "fine, fresh, fierce" divas i know you are. Beautiful and strong, i know you will continue to change the world, and the lives of others who come into your lives, no matter what adventure you embark on. Remember to believe in yourself, you are worth it. "Be the change you want to see in the world". Take care! :)"

- Anthony Del Real

Notes

Notes



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QUEERY

Spring 2011

*The Queery is a publication of the
LGBTQ Pride Center, which is
part of Associated Students, Inc.*

Digital Version At:
<http://issuu.com/asilgbtqpridecenterqueery/docs/queery>

INSIDE:

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Art
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The Other Side

By An Ally

Sometimes it's hard to tell someone. Sometimes it's just as hard to hear it.

LGBTQA. That A is me. I am an ally. I have always been an ally to the gay community. In high school it wasn't uncommon for most of my friends to be gay or bi. My favorite hangout spot is at the CSUSM Pride Center.



Yet I was tested when my best friend came out to me. I was in shock. While our meeting had been unconventional, we had bonded like pea-

nut butter and jelly. There wasn't anything we wouldn't tell each other. But she kept it from me. I felt stupid talking about the relationship she was in. "He" sounded awesome. I told her that she should totally marry "him". It was a while before I was informed the "he" was a "she". I knew why it had been kept back. I am grateful she told me for it is a part of her.

At the time I told her I needed a moment to process, which I did. I thought to myself, "She is gay...and dating. She is gay and dating!" The first thing I asked her, (feeling foolish after) was, "Did you think I was, you know, for lack of a better word 'hot?'" I was the one feeling uncertain and out of place.

She replied soothingly, "Babe, you're beautiful, but I could never think of you in that way." I told her that I would always be there no matter what to support her. She was brave enough to trust me, which allowed me to be brave and tell her things. One thought that put a smile in my heart was the fact that we would never fight over the same guy.

Pride Center Family

by Romyr Harvey

So I sit here, thinking about lunch, conscious that my Team Support duties start in moments. As I listen (and watch) snips of a *Glee* episode to my left I think, "That's about as dramatic as things get in here." What a corny thing to think. Apart from that, everything else in here is calm. Some are studying and others using laptops. I would be watching shows myself if I wasn't looking for people coming in.

Whatever I choose to do with my time, it's comfortable here in the Pride Center. Everyone around me feels like family, along with all the complex relationships that are part of a family. Some you talk to, others you only exchange the basic greetings with. Then there are those you choose not to talk to, for whatever reason. Still, I love being here!



Looking in the rearview mirror,
seeing the past go on by,
Waiting, watching for something
new to come to view.
But it's always the same as before,
the life you've always known
So you turn ahead to look to your future,
trying to forget what is behind you.

My roads of life are always short.
At the end there are two turns,
You must choose one, and
never turn back to the other.
Mistakes get made and roads start to wind,
But everything happens for a reason.
One day you'll reach your destination safely,
And be able to look back in that rearview mirror
and smile and the life you lived.

By Julia

Home is where your PRIDE is

By *Chuckie Sullivan*

When I first walked on the campus of CSUSM, I was scared, nervous, and didn't know anybody. I was still trying to find out who I was. It wasn't until about the fourth week of school that I overheard a fellow peer talking about some place called the Pride Center. Right when I heard that, my heart started racing a mile a minute. I was out all throughout High School and was proud of who I was. It wasn't until about 3 months before I started college that I was outed to my father. Not having my father know who I was forced me to act and be someone who I wasn't. That killed me on the inside. Hearing this news about a place here on campus that I can go to that is open to the LGBTQA community and where you can just be yourself made me feel so much better and excited to go visit.

When I was standing outside the doors of the Pride Center for the first time I was actually nervous. I wondered if they would like me, if I would have to fit a certain "stereotype", and all other kinds of scenarios. Once I opened those doors however, all those thoughts just flew right away. I was so taken back by what I saw that



I think I forgot to blink. All throughout the room were all these people just hanging out, laughing, talking, and playing

games. That didn't surprise me, but what did surprise me was that the room itself was so warm and welcoming. It displayed LGBTQ pride. Flags from throughout the community were draped on the ceilings. Pictures of famous icons who have come out were all around the walls. Magazines, books, and movies all about the community were on the shelves and tables of the center. I knew that I have found my new

"home", so to speak.

It only took about 3 days and I already felt like I have been there for a year. Everyone was so welcoming and friendly and made me feel so good about myself. They didn't care what my hair looked like, how I talked, or even what clothes I wore, except when we had our little cat-walk days. All they cared about was who I was. Just me and no one else. I felt so happy and never wanted to leave there. I am privileged to be working there at the center and being there for all those other students like me who need a place where they can just be themselves. The Pride Center is not just my workplace or where I go to hang out. It is my home.

We Don't Serve Your Kind Here!

By *Trio Harris*

Education: A right all students have, or rather a right all students should have unless he/she falls under the lesbian gay bisexual or transgender (LGBT) umbrella. At least that's how school seems. Most students, gay or straight, face challenges outside of school and certainly could care less about the students surrounding him/her at school. However, it becomes hard not to care what others think, when at home you are referred to as a "problem" or a "bad example" in front of your peers.

But what if these peers were closer than that? What if these peers who heard you referred to as a "problem" meant a great deal to you? What if these "peers" are your younger brother and sister? It's a story common to many LGBT students and his/her allies. It's a story I call my own. At school, it's hard enough trying to manage at least a 4.0 so I can appeal to any U.C. school of my choice, but when other students snicker and sneer at me behind my back and refer to me as a homo or "joto" in Spanish, along with other terms, education seems like a shot in the dark.

At my school we have a Gay-Straight-Alliance
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or GSA, which I lead as the proud president. You most likely just stopped at the word “gay”, and saw “alliance” and mentally transformed it into club, so now you think I go to “gay club”. No offense to you personally, it’s just, well . . . most people do. In mid-October my GSA and I went to Cal State San Marcos to educate teachers about nothing other than education itself!

Teachers, this is my plea! Look in your classrooms and peer into each students eyes. Hopefully you already realize that you have a class full of real living and breathing people. However, it’s your job to protect us no matter our sexuality.

To my fellow students, I just want to say this. I couldn’t care less about who you spend your time with, so why does it matter who I spend my time with and if I choose to be “more than friends” with him? All I want is respect for having the courage to express myself.

If one person could walk away from this informed on the way my fellow students and I feel, then I know I did my job. Ultimately, I want you to never assume anything about the life of an individual. You never know what occurs in the life of a student; gay or straight.



Lady Gaga: Transcending Music

By Chase Cornofsky

Music, the word itself is timeless; it triggers something within all of us, something larger you can only feel, and until recently has excluded the LGBTQ community. When you wake up in the morning and turn the radio on, the first songs you hear generally has a guy singing to a girl about love and her being his baby and boo. However, music is always changing and has started to transcend the stereotypical song. In our generation, we have come across Christina Aguilera, who in her song “Beautiful” means everyone is beautiful even if you are a part of the LGBTQ community. To highlight this, she shows the start of a romance between a gay couple in her music video for the song. On the downside, there are no specific lyrics in the song about the LGBTQ community, so the message is lost on the radio.

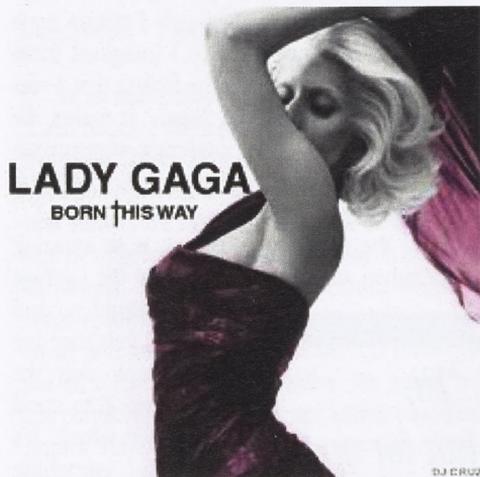
We’ve also come across artists like Katy Perry, who go as far as to mention a gay boy in her song “You’re So Gay”, but she means it in a negative way, where she stereotypes a gay male, saying he wears



H&M clothing, doesn’t eat meat, is super skinny, and into art and indie music. Obviously this isn’t the case for every gay individual. What kind of message does it send out to the gay teen population? I think it is something important to evaluate when looking at the recent teen bullying and suicides our nation has recently gone through. She also again fails to mention the LGBTQ community.

However, what about in her first breakout single “I Kissed a Girl”? She mentions the Lesbian/Bisexual community. Well, no she doesn’t. She

actually says "I'm curious, experimental, felt so wrong, just to try it, don't mean I'm in love tonight, and no big deal, its innocent." She is saying that girls kiss girls just to try it and it doesn't



mean anything more, such as love. She is not bi or lesbian, she is just innocent.

Finally in 2011 one mainstream artist is finally able to say the words the LGBTQ community has been waiting for a lifetime, and actually hear it on the radio. Lady Gaga's new single "Born This Way" has a specific line that states "No matter gay, straight or bi lesbian, transgendered life I'm on the right track, baby I was born to survive". It might not be a song about two lesbian, gay, bisexual, or transgender or queer lovers, but for the first time on national radio, a mainstream song has mentioned the full LGBTQ community. To show you how huge this is for the LGBTQ community, her song hit number one on its first day of release in every single country that sells songs on iTunes. That is over 25 countries that will be playing this song and promoting a positive outlook on the LGBTQ community. It is especially valuable for the vulnerable teens in the LGBTQ community.

Rice Queens

By Kevin Chatham

Last night I was watching the premier of RuPaul's Drag Race on LOGO. As a young gay Filipino-American male, watching a couple of the queens, Manila Luzon and Raja, got me thinking about what it means to be an Asian in the gay community. I instantly loved them. They were fierce queens. But they reminded me of something Jujube, a former contestant said about the gay community viewing Asian males as women born into the wrong body. It really made me pause to think about the perceptions people have about gay Asian males.

Being gay is has its ups and downs. Sometimes it's hard, sometimes it's easy and natural. Being gay helped me discover myself, because of it I know who I am and what I want in life with absolute certainty. For me, coming out was and continues to be an intense and intimate process. Yet, as I seek comfort and community within the gay culture, I find myself at times struggling to find ground.

Asian males occupy an interesting space within the milieu of popular gay culture. There appears to be a hyper feminized perception of the "Asian Body." When I watch portrays of gay Asian males in media I am presented with an image of a flamboyant "girlyboy." The other image is that of a submissive smooth bodied twink. Both of these stereotypes make me really uncomfortable. Let's face it, beauty in the gay world looks like a young, thin, athletic white male. Everyone wants the "straight acting" Scandinavian god gracing the pages of every known magazine. Have you seen Trueblood? You know what I'm talking about: Alexander Skarsgard-esque perfection. That's the standard of beauty. Beauty is Chris Evans, Brent Corrigan, and Jake Gyllenhaal. I can name dozens of attractive white models and actors but I struggle to name just one Asian actor. They're just not out there, there's no space for them. But what happens when you don't fit

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within these narrow margins? It's hard to feel validated when you don't look the part (especially in a community obsessed with aesthetics).

The predominant reconstruction of the "Asian Body" within the framework of culture and popular media is highly feminized. Before I came out I felt like an outsider in the "heterosexual world", to my surprise the feeling persists at times, even now, years after I have come out. I struggle like anyone with the way I look, with the feeling of inadequacy. It seems as though there is little space in the gay community for Asian males. As far as I can tell Asians are supposed to be subservient sex objects or emasculated "girly-boys." Where can I go if I don't see a positive representation of myself anywhere?

The "Asian Body" is highly sexualized and objectified. The "Asian Body" is viewed more as sexual objects. Men are gendered and viewed under a lens of femininity, they are not men; but rather, distorted reflections of "femaleness". It is uncomfortable occupying such a space, to be marginalized and objectified. This kind of thought can be destructive to the process of attaining self worth and self identity. It creates self doubt and tension. Even dating interracial seems taboo at times. The very existence of terms such as "Rice Queen" and "Sticky Rice" is testament to the conscious or subconscious racism and elitism in the gay community. No matter how confident I am of myself, these things wear me down. Are people more concerned about what race I am when dating someone then things like love or friendship? Isn't there something wrong with that? Why are we so fixated on irrelevant things?

When I was in Hillcrest recently I couldn't help but feel like a piece of meat when I entered one of the gay clubs. It seemed like everyone was judg-

ing me. One guy said, "Hi, you're pretty hot for an Asian." Ah! Rude! That comment made me want to leave. Everyone seemed more interested about the way I look then who I was. I know this is the climate of the world we live in. But it is no less unnerving. Consciously I'm sure none of the men were as harsh as I imagined them to be, but I couldn't shake the feeling that I was being sexualized for being Asian. It makes me double think everything, analyzing why anyone is looking at me or checking me out, whether it is good or bad.

I love the gay community. It is so amazing to me when someone can work up the courage to come out, stand up and tell the world that they are who they are; to defy the order of the world to stand up and be themselves. It's beautiful. But everything has flaws because existence is flawed. It seems so backwards for a community who experiences hate daily to be hateful in return. So I pray that you have the strength, whoever you are, to live your life with passion and conviction, stand up, dare to disturb the universe. But I also pray with all my heart that you have the grace and patience to suspend your judgments and let others live as they see fit.

████████████████████
*One guy said, "Hi,
you're pretty hot for an
Asian." Ah! Rude!*



There's No Place Like Home

by Lea Burgess-Carland

"The ache for home lives in all of us, the safe place where we can go as we are and not be questioned." - Maya Angelou

Like so many other queer folks across the United States, I am a part of a diaspora. We come from flat places in the middle of the map that light up bright red as newscasters announce election results. We flock to California or New York, like new immigrants checking in at Angel or Ellis Islands, but the foreign land from which we come requires no passport. We come from towns small and large, where we choke on homophobia so thick we cannot breathe. We know well the palpables of hatred. We are kicked out of our homes, have our children taken away, are fired from our jobs, tied to fences and beaten bloody, have our funerals picketed, and hear our partners die down the hall while we are relegated to hospital lobbies.

So we leave our homes searching for freedom. We leave our families for our survival. But "we" is an abstract concept. Let me move now to tangibles. Let me move into the "I".



At the age of 23 I moved from my home in Kansas to California. My future wife and I carried out the great lesbian tradition of

loading up a U-Haul early one morning - packing it tight with all of our clothes, books, art and furniture - and drove it across the plains, through the desert, over mountains, and into San Diego. As we drove, it was not just the visual landscape that changed, but the political one as well. The closer we got to the ocean the more liberated we felt. We were driving into a glorious sunrise dreaming about all the rights we would suddenly

be granted with a zip code change. However, although I was excited about having more legal rights and social freedoms, my heart was already breaking for home. It has never really stopped.

When I tell people I'm from Kansas they get this look on their face like pity. What they usually say is something like, "Wow, I bet that's different." What their expression says, however, is something like, "Oh you unfortunate thing growing up without electricity and pooping in a hole. You poor dear, at least you are here now." I get it. Most people from California have never been to or know anything about Kansas, except for maybe The Wizard of Oz. On top of that, Kansas seems to give birth to a lot of radical right,



bible-thumping crazies like Fred Phelps and Pat Roberts. A lot of scary homophobic, anti-woman, racist, evolution-denying whackos love them some Kansas. I got that memo. However, what is hard to explain is that it's still my home. And I still love it.

I grew up Lawrence, a super-liberal hippy enclave of a college town. Whatever stereotypes people have about Kansas do not apply to Lawrence. This is a town that votes overwhelmingly Green party and whose mayor, when I left, was a gay anarchist. I love Lawrence. I love the culture, the fresh wheat bread, and the locally-owned coffee shops on every corner downtown. But what I love the most about Lawrence is my family. They are all there. My mom, brother, sister, nephews, cousins, grandparents, aunts, and in-laws. They

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are all there now in 10 inches of snow. They will be there in the summer in 100-degree heat. They are there having holidays and birthdays and graduations. They are all there growing older, and every day that passes is another one that I have not spent with them.

I am lucky to be a queer woman who is completely supported by her family. Unlike many LGBTQ people who are disowned or worse, my family is very affirming of all sexual orientations and gender expressions. I didn't leave home to get away from my family. In fact, every single day I wish I was home with them again.

But going home means more than just getting to be with my family again. It also means that what rights I have in California would be taken away. For example, not only would my wife and I no longer be married, but we could not even be domestic partners. (How strange it is to have my relationship status change with every state border I cross). If I moved back home, my wife and I could not legally adopt children together. We could not apply for loans together as a couple. In short, my family would have absolutely no legal or social recognition, and with that we would have no protection. In addition to my relationship being legally void, if I moved back home I would also not have any legal protection against discrimination in employment or housing. I could be fired from my job or evicted from my house just because I'm queer, and it would be perfectly legal.

All that sounds like great reasons to stay in California, where I have more (but not complete) protection under the law than back home in Kansas. But California is missing one important thing - my family. California doesn't have my three growing nephews or my younger brother who is struggling to keep clean. It doesn't have my ever-aging grandparents, my aunts and cousins, or a swimming pond with the power to heal all heartbreak. California doesn't have my sisters. It doesn't have my mom. And I don't know what's worse, losing my rights or losing my family.

This is how homophobia and heterosexism have me tied up in knots. Because of the discrimination against LGBTQ folks, I cannot go home. No matter how many sunny beaches there are here, none of them are as beautiful as my family. Dorothy was right: there really is no place like home. I want people to remember that when politicians or priests start preaching about family values. I want them to remember that their "values" are tearing my family apart. These things we talk about - acceptance, marriage equality, equal rights - these are not abstract concepts. They are the substance that nurtures or destroys home and family. They are the wings on which my hope lands.

On Wings of Iron

By Kevin Chatham

"I thought we could go check out the car lot on Friday," Elliot said. They had been at it for seven hours now. The oppressive sun beat high overhead. Elliot looked at the other boy, watching him working an impossibly large section of rubble. Elliot paused, gulping against the dryness that formed in his throat; it stung all the way down. He was parched. He felt his body burning uncomfortably, the sweat rolling off, the throbbing heat collecting in his head.

"I can't." Declan answered finally. He looked a lot like Elliot, tall with sinking features, as though the rest of his body was racing desperately to catch up with itself. He worked the rubble, striking it down to more manageable sizes. His movements were more labored, less fluid, with a kind of heaviness that caused his chest to cave in. The breeze rolled by, causing waves of dirty blonde to fall in small patches across his waxen face. It was laced with scarlet, sunburned, it sizzled

but it wasn't unbearable.

"Why not?" Elliot paused. He moved, taking a moment to relax just out of the sun's reach. Then he looked at Declan, his face spotted with dust and freckles.

"I'm taking Quinn out," Declan breathed casually.

Elliot broke eye contact, allowing his eyes to wander the vista. "Ohhh," he sighed, attempting to look unconcerned, but the unnerving distance in his eyes betrayed him. Some time passed; there was nothing but the soft rustling of weeds between them. Then Elliot moved to continue the work, consciously applying more force than before. He moved the gravel, up and down, rocks crashing into concrete. The tiny pebbles roared with every collision. The sound of the metal shovel hitting hard rock was nearly unbearable, shrieking in the vacant air.

Finally, Declan stopped, planting the shovel loosely on a patch of unfastened soil. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Elliot whispered, the word barely leaving his lips.

"I know you," Declan looked on, "something's wrong."

"What?"

"What's wrong with you?" Declan looked irritated, he moved slowly towards Elliot, aligning himself into Elliot's line of sight. "Are you serious? So this is how it's gonna be?"

Elliot paused. He looked at Declan, forcing himself to look unbothered. "Just, get to work okay?"

"Why are you being like that?"

"Like what?" Elliot hissed. "What do you want me to do?" He looked at Declan with large unmerciful eyes. "I don't give a f*ck what you do with your time, okay?" his eyes burned, moving up and down the length of Declan's body, "it's your business. I get it."

"What's your problem?"

"You know what, you're right." Elliot's tone was acid. "I'm glad you finally got a girlfriend, everyone calls you a fag behind your back."

The serrated words flew, striking Declan with unsettling ferocity. Declan felt his heart shatter, imploding in his chest. His stomach

tensed, muscles churning into small painful knots. His head snapped, his sharp eyes connecting with Elliot's. "What did you say?"

"I called you a fag."

"Take it back," Declan warned.

"No." Elliot spat. "Make me."

"Take it back Elliot or I'll..." Declan's fists tensed.

"Or you'll what?"

"Just. Take. It. Back." Declan could feel himself burning with rage, the poison spreading across his entire body.

"No," the word fell flat as it left Elliot's lips, falling into heavy folds beneath him.

Declan moved with impossible speed, his fist crashing down on Elliot's jaw. The force was instantaneous and powerful, sending the smaller boy spiraling onto the floor, his body bouncing once before settling. Elliot felt his body strike the ground with a loud thud, the rocks scraping his skin. Dust roared around them, colliding in ominous clouds of

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**"I called you a fag."
"Take it back," Declan
warned.**

brown and gray. Declan maneuvered with predatory ease, poisoning himself above Elliot, his breathing growing more and more labored. Despite the soot of dirt, Elliot saw Declan's face twisting, glowing in frenzied anger, muscles tensing. "Take it back, now!" Declan warned.

"No."

Declan's fist rained down on Elliot's face. He heard the dull sound of his fist connecting over and over again; it was muffled, defeated. He could feel the sensation, the glorious heat enveloping him. His movements were frantic, desperate as his fists heaved up and down. It was a strange feeling, the flesh of his knuckles splitting as it crashed against the smaller boy. He could feel the bruising force, each collision, ripping through them both. He struck again and again and again, each violent connection urging him onward.

It took a few seconds for the dust to settle. The only thing that pierced the uncomfortable silence was the sound of Declan's strenuous breathes, his chest moving up and down in deep exaggerated motions. He looked down catching a fleeting glance of Elliot's swollen face. It was haunting. Surprisingly elegant, his grey eyes quivered with anchored defeat. The soundless tears were rolling down his face, burning lines of dirt and blood, setting in deep pools across his lacerated lips. Declan met Elliot's gaze, his eyes swirling with haunting emptiness. Declan paused, feeling completely numb. A wave of nausea rolled through him, leaving him shivering in a cold sweat. He took a breath, deep and resonant, and noticed that

he was shaking, and like Elliot, he too was crying.

"What's wrong with you?" Declan pleaded, the tears coming now in steady streams down his face.

"Finish it." Elliot squeaked beneath him.

"Shut up!"

"FINISH IT!" Elliot coughed, choking on a small mouthful of blood, eyes stinging with dirt and sorrow.

"Stop!" Declan pleaded, "please..." he continued. Declan was convulsing, his entire body frozen with paralyzing guilt. He looked down at his hands. They seemed dark

and grotesque, trembling in short spasms. Declan waded in a pool of shame, standing as the breeze rolled from the distance. Silence, it was crippling. There was nothing for Declan to focus on, except the sound of his own lungs absorb-

ing and retracting air. He heard Elliot's silent sobs and imagined his face now, hauntingly innocent. He couldn't bare it, any of it, the distance, the burning, the growing helplessness condensing inside him. But it was Elliot that broke the silence. And it was Elliot's hand that tugged Declan back down to Earth as they slipped fluidly into his.

"It's okay." Elliot said with surprising tenderness.

"I'm so sorry" Declan offered.

"It's okay."

"We can't do this!" Declan broke the contact, his eyes tracing the empty hills, the grass rolling in folds over the horizon. There he searched for nothing in particular, allowing himself a moment to feel the sun upon his face. "I can't do this to us," he paused to

Surprisingly elegant, his grey eyes quivered with anchored defeat.

look at Elliot, "to you."

"Declan."

But Declan was moving, interjecting, fully aware of what was happening. "I can't." He sank to the floor. "I'm not strong like you are." His voice moved with honest abandon. "You're my best friend; you're the only person that really knows me." Declan shook. He brushed his fingers along the dusky strands that gathered around Elliot's eyes, lingering achingly slow. He stroked Elliot's face, gently, his fingers barely touching. Then with his thumb, began to trace the outline of Elliot's lower lip. They were swollen, red and quivered beneath Declan's ghostly touches. Declan looked into Elliot's eyes, apologetically. "You know how I feel about you," his fingers were shaking now as Elliot struggled to keep still beneath him, "that will never change."

"Declan..." Elliot breathed. They were close now, closer and further than ever before. Elliot moved to a dangerous proximity, he could feel Declan's wounded breaths striking his skin, fragrant with heat. His hands reached for Declan, guiding it around him, until they sat beside each other, breathing in rolling waves of dusk. Elliot felt his heart singing low, solemn melodies and his mind opening, inviting in the swallowing uncertainty. His mind worked hard, cataloguing the moment: the rustling weeds, swaying all around them, his mouth, and how it tasted of sweat and blood, the dirt, the musty browns and dry grays stinging the corners of his face, and finally the limitless and seemingly undying feeling of comfort he felt when Declan held him close.

There in the silence, he allowed the words to pour out of him, "I love you."

LGBT WHO?

By Trish Redondo

The Pride Center is where I spend most of my time on campus. When walking out of class or grabbing a coffee in the middle of my work shift, I am often asked, "What are you doing right now?" or "Where are you going?" When I respond with "I am working at the Pride Center until 5..." or "Oh, the Pride Center, I have homework to catch up on." I sometimes face a puzzled, yet curious look on the face opposite of me. The LGBTQ Pride Center stands for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, queer, or questioning. My friends and acquaintances that know me well, know that I am not part of the LGBTQ community, but I am a part of the LGBTQA community.

I have been an ally of LGBT since summer of 2010. Having been on the Orientation Team here at CSUSM, I was introduced to the Pride Center while giving my group of 1st year students tours of all the social justice centers. I volunteered to help Robert, the Director of the Pride Center, with putting the space together. When the fall semester started, I ended up applying for a job as one of the Communication Specialists and was employed.

Since starting up work at the center, I have learned more than I ever thought I would. A lot of people assume that the Pride Center is just for gay, lesbian, or queer folks. Not true. The center is a place where ANYONE and EVERYONE is welcome. Since becoming a part of the center, I have never felt more comfortable or at home anywhere else on campus. Not many people can say that their place of employment. I have never experienced the type of family that I see when walking through the door of the Pride. The environment is friendly and fun. It is a second home for a lot of people who enter. Usually people are on their laptops finishing up a last minute paper, or eating lunch while playing a card game. The music is usually on and I can always count on welcoming smiles and hellos from my peers. Yes,

Continued on back cover.

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the center is a great resource for LGBT. Yes, it is a Safezone. Yes, we as staff at the center reach out to students who are looking for a place where they are represented. The Pride Center is not just for lesbians. It is not just for gays. It is not a place where anyone should feel unwelcome. It is a place for students. All students.

From attending social justice trainings, to just talking and getting to know my friends and peers in the center, I have truly grown as a person. A year ago today, I never knew much about racism or sexism and I certainly didn't know about heteronormism. I didn't know anything about social justice. I was a tad bit naïve to the world around me. From stepping out of my normal comfort zone, I have taught myself that everything in life is a learning experience. Each day matters. Every person matters. My coworkers have turned into best friends and my boss, a mentor that has taught me more than I can say. I know I speak for mostly everyone in the Pride when I say that the center is a home and we love being there.

Cannot Drag This Queen Down

by Pepita

*Textures and patterns
used were from
cloaks.deviantart.com*



*Hey Class of 2011 Graduating Community!
You're invited to...*



Walk it Out: A Community Senior Send-Off

Thursday | May 26, 2011
Price Center East Ball Room

Congratulations to all of you in your nearby achievement!

The SAAC community, Cross-Cultural Center, Women's Center, LGBT Resource Center, and SPACES, would like to throw you all a celebration in honor of YOU!

Enjoy a catered dinner, listen to words of wisdom, receive resources, and take away a gift to be worn at graduation. Then stay around and invite your friends to YOUR dance party.

Evening Attire Encouraged

Graduating Seniors Dinner: 6-8pm

(seniors, faculty, and staff only)

Community Dance Party: 8-11pm

(open to all)

*For more information and/or to RSVP by May 12
Email : hardeepjandu@gmail.com*



Let's Talk about Allyship!



COME TO THE LGBT RESOURCE CENTER FOR A PROGRAM WHICH WILL TAKE A LOOK AT ALLYSHIP. HOW DO WE PRACTICE ALLYSHIP? HOW DO WE PERPETUATE HURT AND VIOLENCE THROUGH ALLYSHIP? HOW HAVE WE BEEN HURT BY ALLIES? WE WILL TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF THESE QUESTIONS AND EXPLORE OTHER RELATED TOPICS. THIS PROGRAM PROMISES TO LOOK CRITICALLY AT WHAT IT MEANS TO BE AN ALLY AND HOW TO EXECUTE ALLYSHIP IN A PRODUCTIVE WAY.

FOR ANY FURTHER QUESTIONS FEEL FREE TO CONTACT ALBERT ORONA VIA EMAIL: AORONA@UCSD.EDU.
THE T: WEDNESDAY JUNE 1ST 2011, 5PM-7PM LGBT RESOURCE CENTER.

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 Vanidy Bailey at vbailey@ucsd.edu, (858) 822-3493

Need a place to study for finals?

Each day, from the evening of June 5th until the morning of June 9th, one of the Campus Community Centers or SPACES will be...

**OPEN
24 Hours**

The Schedule:

LGBT Resource Center:

Open 24 hours: Sun. (6/5) - Mon. (6/6)

Cross-Cultural Center:

Open 24 hours: Mon. (6/6) - Tues. (6/7)

Women's Center:

Open 24 hours: Tues. (6/7) - Wed.(6/8)

SPACES

Open 24 hours: Wed. (6/8) -Thurs. (6/9)

We'll have study space, games, fun, and a ridiculous amount of coffee.



Get your study on!



For more information, please visit ccc.ucsd.edu, lgbt.ucsd.edu, women.ucsd.edu, or spaces.ucsd.edu.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO

the 2011 *Rainbow*
GRADUATION
&
Induction
INTO THE LGBT ALUMNI
Ceremony



Saturday, June 4th 2011
Four o' clock in the afternoon
The Great Hall at Eleanor Roosevelt College

WELCOME

Chancellor Marye Anne Fox

HONOREES

UC San Diego LGBT organizations

PERFORMANCE

Daniel(la) McDonald as Swedish Sapphire

SCHOLARSHIPS

LGBT Resource Center Advisory Board

FACULTY ADDRESS

Fatima El-Tayeb

AWARD RECIPIENTS

Volunteer of the Year

PERFORMANCE

Kuttin' Kandi

STUDENT ADDRESS

Sarah Won Shim

PRESENTATION OF THE GRADUATES

The class of 2011

INDUCTION INTO THE LGBT CHAPTER
OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Andrew Tess

CLOSING REMARKS



Class of 2011

Angelica Aguilar

Brianna Marquez

Belinda Blea

Cary L. Klemmer

Christopher Magpantay Datiles

Daniel McDonald

David Joseph Clark

Elizabeth C. Sibert

Evan William Knopf

Gerald Dan Narvaez Manos

James Wescott Small

Jamez Ahmad

Jonathan Ramirez

Julia G. Katawazi

Kat Simpson

Lisa Ann Ofelia Cassidy

Lorena Libertad Ruiz

Mabel Tsang

Madelyn Zita Medellin

Manvi Singh

Mark Kevin Naceno Yu

Mary Hernandez

Michael Christensen

Mina Rahnema

Moisés Peralta Gomez

Patrick (Pao-Weng) Chen

Sam Seung Jung

Sarah Won Shim

The University of California, San Diego

Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgender Resource Center Mission

The LGBT Resource Center is a diverse, open, and public space for all members of the university community to explore issues relating to sexual and gender identities, practices, and politics. It develops student leadership, builds workplace equity, promotes academic research, and provides resources. The center challenges existing definitions of variant genders and sexualities by engaging in community building on- and off-campus. This center sustains and develops visibility, sense of community, and knowledge of diverse queer people.

Special Thanks to...

Francesco Carusi, Daniel Women's Center, the UC Center, Ray Guerrero, Sonia LGBT Resource Center Advisory the Chancellor's Advisory Committee Orientation Issues, the 2010-2011 LGBT Resource Center for all LGBT community. It has been a

And finally, thanks and fabulous



Lee, the UC San Diego San Diego Cross-Cultural Rosado, the UC San Diego Board and Scholarship Committee, on Gender Identity and Sexual interns and the volunteers of the your contributions to the UCSD gratifying and memorable year.

GOOD LUCK to our graduates...

You make us proud!



Dear friends @ Preuss ♡

Thank you for the heart-warming letter! We love that we have young up-and-coming leaders and activists who will hopefully one day come to the LGBT Resource Center as Senior Interns who will bring new ideas and changes here at the center, or simply as visitors to tour our Space. We have much to learn from each other, whether gay, straight, lesbian, bisexual, transexual, or any other identity.

[Handwritten signature]

One Love, Cary Klemmer

UCSD LGBT Resource Cntr

L A U R A

Elaine

LIZ
MAY
E

Charlie!

[Handwritten signature]

♡
Mariah

친구사이

(between friends)

for all self-identified queer, questioning, Lesbian,
gay, bisexual, transgender Korean students:
a safe, confidential, and welcoming community

meetings held ^{Tuesdays @ 5:30 - 6:30 PM} ~~wednesdays 7-8PM~~, conference rm of the
CROSS-CULTURAL center (PC east 2nd floor)

Korean@gmail.com

The Student Affirmative Action Committee
presents this

Certificate of Appreciation

to

The Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgender
Resource Center

For continuously fighting for social justice and
liberation at UC San Diego and the greater community
through intersectionality and coalition-building.



May 6, 2011


SAAC Vice Chair/ Acting Chair 2010-2011

"To be a student and not a *revolutionary* is a contradiction" Salvador Allende