





Heterosexism: Our Loss

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As a Gay man I walked this campus naked and abandoned. I was left to fend for myself, like some creature forced to prove legitimacy and the right to basic existence to a some sort of higher socially imposed lord of morality. So they told me.

With every eager step I took away from the closet-- a dark creation of society's status quo and conformity-- I was stripped of myself. As a Gay male on this campus I was stripped of: my right to love another man; my right to walk freely and safely; my right to normalcy and self proclamation; and my right to enjoy leisurely the ending of my adolescence, instead of being thrust into the world of adulthood, forced to vie for life.

And exposed, stark and branded, I was left to cry alone. Like hundreds of thousands of Lesbians, Gays, and Bisexuals, I crouched in a corner of my room as my tears dripped into a pool of desolate solitude and isolation. Intensified with the inability to cry in the arms of my own dignified parents, my tears fell heavier into my pool of lost humanity and desperateness.

Yet with all this forced stigmatization, I, like others, trek farther and farther away from the darkness of the closet. Why?

Because being Lesbian, Gay or Bisexual is beautiful. We are people who embody and ennoble the word "life," and do not give in to the ease of conformity. We are people who strive for "true happiness," weary, yet unshaken and determined in our pursuits. And we are people who attempt to honor and exemplify an ideal called "freedom," the freedom to address our orientation in a repressed and oppressed world. While I understand my imposed oppression, as a heterosexual understand your loss in this heterosexist, homophobic society. Understand your loss in conforming, never being able to simply compliment and/or admire a member of your own sex. Understand your loss in never allowing yourself to love, even as friends, over ten percent of the world's population, merely because of sexual orientation. Understand your loss in repression, never able to explore or truly understand the entirety of your sexuality and desire.

In the middle of all my rage and frustration, lost to heterosexism, a brilliant Chicana/Latina woman, by the name of Lillian Rose-Royball told me, "Chandan, to blame others for acts in response to their own oppression is in itself an act of oppression," Only now do I understand what she said. No longer will I allow my oppression to instill rage within myself. No longer will I allow my frustration to cause me to blindly blame the oppressor. Rather, now I strive to break the pattern of heterosexism that oppresses us all.

I implore you, don't fight heterosexism because you like me. Don't object to homophobia because you feel sorry for me. And don't fuel your objections with the need to release your guilt; we no longer blame you. Fight heterosexism and homophobia for the oppressive pattern they place on you. Fight heterosexism and homophobia because you relish your humanity. And fight heterosexism and homophobia because you believe in the ideals of your freedom in its most pinnacle form.