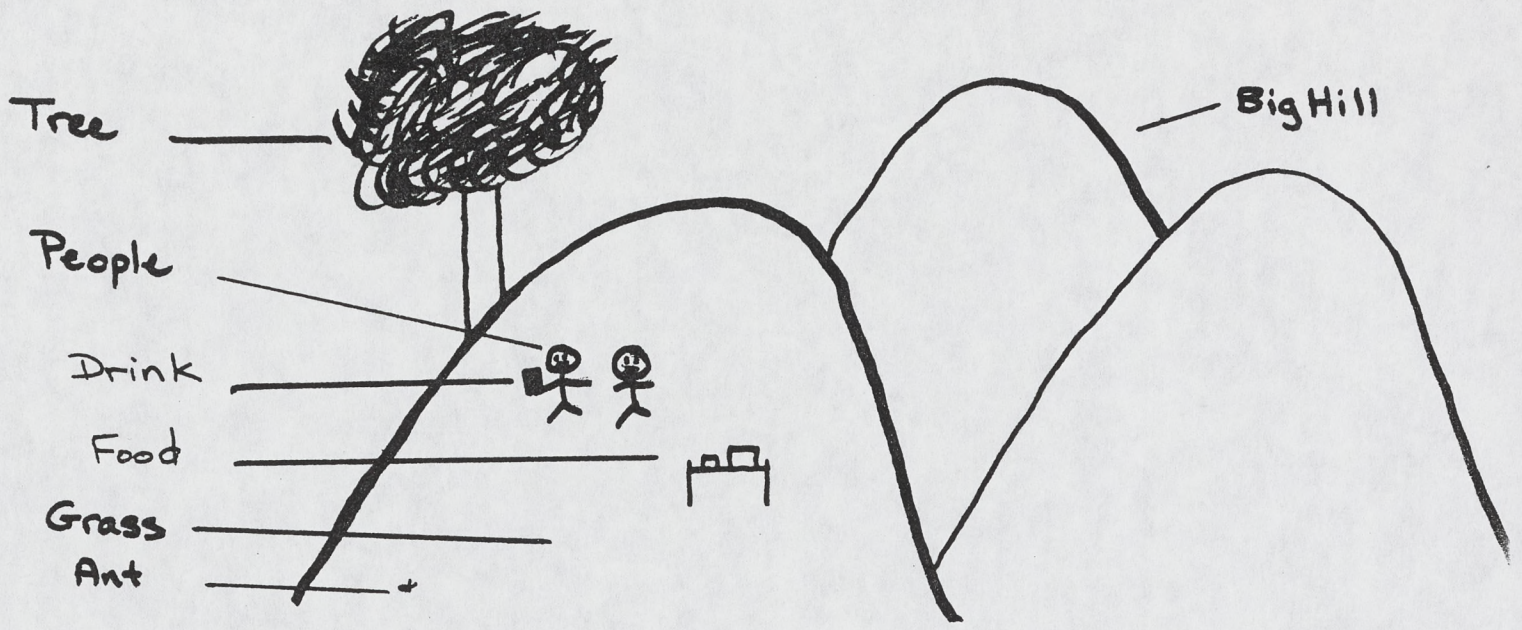



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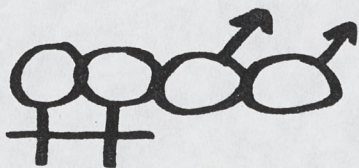
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lesbian sisterhood
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**A DESSERT POT-
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thursday

(ice cream, Cookies. ..)

october 20th

7pm

woman's resource center

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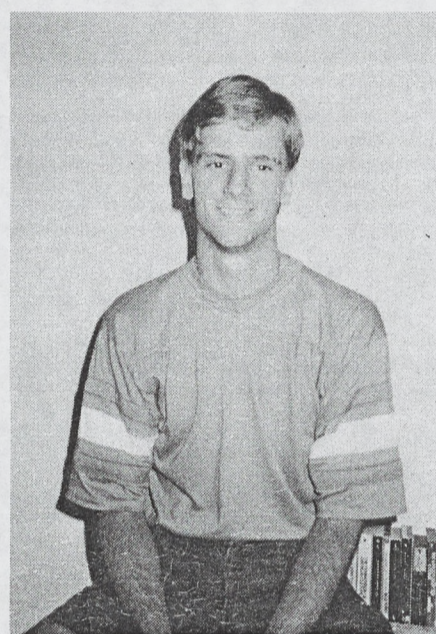
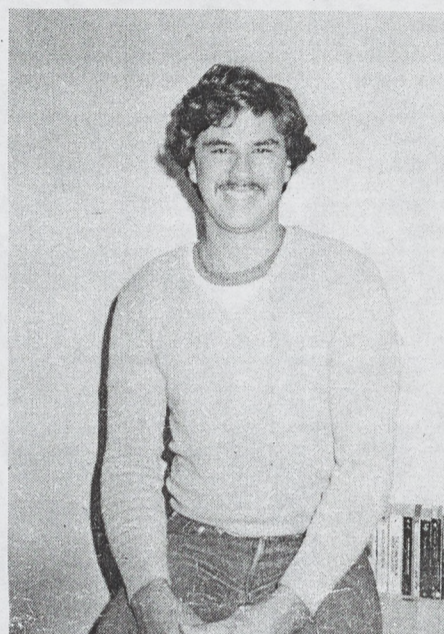
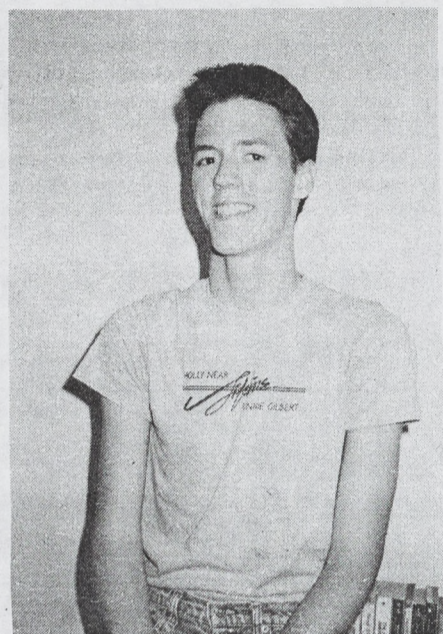
The Lesbian and Gay Quarterly of UCSD

Fall, 1983

premier issue



UC Regents Pass Gay Non-discrimination Policy



UC Bylaws Committee members Gary Reynolds of UCLA, Russell Lewis of UCSD, and Charles Copenhaver of UCSB.

by Russell Lewis

Just as school ended last term, the University of California Board of Regents approved a resolution barring discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation.

A rare joint meeting of the Regents' Educational and Finance Committees reached the unanimous decision after being told by student regent (and UCSD student) Linda Sabo that gay students and employees face "an extremely serious problem" of widespread discrimination.

The resolution bans discrimination by administrators, faculty, student governments, residence halls, university programs, and all other activities under the Regents' authority.

The full policy reads as follows:

"It is the intent and direction for the Board of Regents that the University's policy against legally impermissible, arbitrary, or unreasonable discriminatory practices shall be understood and applied so as to prohibit discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. As specified in that policy, all groups operating under the Regents, including administration, faculty, student governments, University-owned residence halls, and programs sponsored by the University, are governed by this policy of nondiscrimination.

"The policy and its specific application to sexual orientation discrimination shall be appropriately publicized and disseminated within the University."

"The President shall review University nondiscrimination policy statements and revise such statements as appropriate to include sexual orientation among listings of prohibited forms of discrimination. The President is requested to report to the Board of Regents at its February 1984 meeting actions taken regarding this matter."



Linda Sabo

When the proposal for an explicit nondiscrimination policy was first made to the Regents, some questioned whether a policy change was necessary because existing law and court rulings prohibited discrimination against gay people.

But, as Thomas F. Coleman, an attorney who served on California's personal privacy committee during former Governor Jerry Brown's administration, pointed out, a UC policy was still needed because "we've had a long history of sexual orientation discrimination throughout this country... and many people still can't believe it's illegal."

Sabo's report, which drew upon data obtained through a questionnaire distributed by the UC Lesbian and Gay Intercampus Network, makes this abundantly clear.

The following instances were reported.

A counselor at UC Davis told a lesbian student to transfer because "her kind of people" were not welcome there. A student said a faculty member told him not to do a research paper on homosexuals. A teaching assistant was threatened with firing because of his homosexuality. A student was assaulted in his dormitory "solely because he was gay" and threats of physical violence were directed toward a heterosexual student for associating with him. An outside speaker who addressed a campus gathering on the subject of gay rights was repeatedly heckled at one campus. At a University function, fellow students yelled at gay students, "You all deserve to die". Doctors insulted and offended students at UC Berkeley's Student Health Center when

the subject of their sexuality arose in the ordinary course of medical examinations.

Besides specific overt instances, the Regents were made aware of a more subtle, underlying forms of discrimination that pervades the UC system. UCLA psychology professor Letitia Anne Peplau, citing examples of students deleting their names from projects dealing with homosexuality and colleagues deleting such articles from their resumes, testified that "although I am not myself a lesbian, I am here today because of my very great concern for the matter before you. I am convinced there is a climate of oppression at the University of California that is intolerable in a world-renowned university such as ours." It is this same conviction that prompted students to form the U.C. Lesbian and Gay Intercampus Network (UCLGIN) in March of 1982 at a statewide conference of gay student organizations held here at UCSD, and to make the U.C. adoption of a nondiscrimination policy as its first goal. The beginnings of the organization go back further, to the Far West Regional Gay Students' Conference held in 1981 when U.C. students, determined to eliminate discrimination, met. Several statewide and regional conferences have since been held, including a retreat this summer at U.C. Santa Barbara. Members discussed plans for the future of the organization, including revision of organizational bylaws, and formed committees to work in the areas of policing Regent enforcement of the policy, obtaining spousal benefits for same-sex couples in the U.C., and to expel discriminatory organizations, such as the ROTC, on campuses where they exist. The next full meeting of UCLGIN has been slated for October 21-23 at U.C. Santa Cruz. If you would like to become involved with UCLGIN and/or attend this meeting, please contact 452-6969 and leave a message to that effect.

Lesbian Sisterhood: Claiming Our Space

Sharon Moxon

Some Lesbians and Gay men believe separate space for womyn and men is necessary for a healthy and happy community; others argue that solidarity is too important to compromise. After many attempts at solidarity, LAGO has chosen separatism.

Though LAGO has always stressed womyn and men working together, the organization has consistently involved more men than womyn. This is due to the choice of many womyn not to work within a male-dominated group, primarily because Lesbian-feminist theory is quite different from Gay rights theory. LAGO has always understood these separate needs—now something is being done about it.

The Lesbian Sisterhood is the end product of a series of changes in LAGO. When the group first began, it was called GSU, the Gay Student Union. It was later joined by the Lesbian Caucus from the Women's Center. Despite protests from many male members, this new group soon changed its name to LAGO, the Lesbian and Gay Organization, with hopes that recognizing the womyn and giving them top billing would encourage them to

participate and make them feel more welcome. As it was, the group was still mostly male. There was also a feminist attempt to plan the majority of the activities around womyn's themes and to have mostly female speakers.

That was not enough. Next the weekly rap sessions were renovated. The original Support Group, which started out co-sexual but rapidly became overwhelmingly male, was left as a men's group while a group of womyn formed the Lesbian Support Group, for womyn only. This proved to be a positive change—both womyn and men enjoyed their new spaces.

Now, LAGO is going even further. There is a brand new group, still within LAGO, called the Lesbian Sisterhood. This group is an extension of the Lesbian Support Group, which will plan a variety of events just for womyn.

This new space, along with a new awareness of separate needs, has made LAGO men and womyn more supportive of one another. They call this "positive separatism." They are still working together in mutual support, but now with room to grow on their own.

"We Are Not Ashamed... To Say That Love Is Pain"

Joan Black

An orgasm is a very nice feeling. Add to that pleasure love for your partner, and it's even better. Combine that pleasure and love with hate, power, powerlessness, fear and pain in a single orgasm and the results are magnificent.

Sadomasochism is not, as I thought, simply getting off on pain. It sometimes includes pain, but it goes far beyond that. It is a freeing of body and soul, an opening of the last sexual/emotional barriers.

It is an experiencing of a fuller emotional range. It is very fulfilling to feel all at once all for one person every emotion imaginable—ranging through love, hate and ecstasy. It is having every emotional and physical need filled by another person at a given point in time.

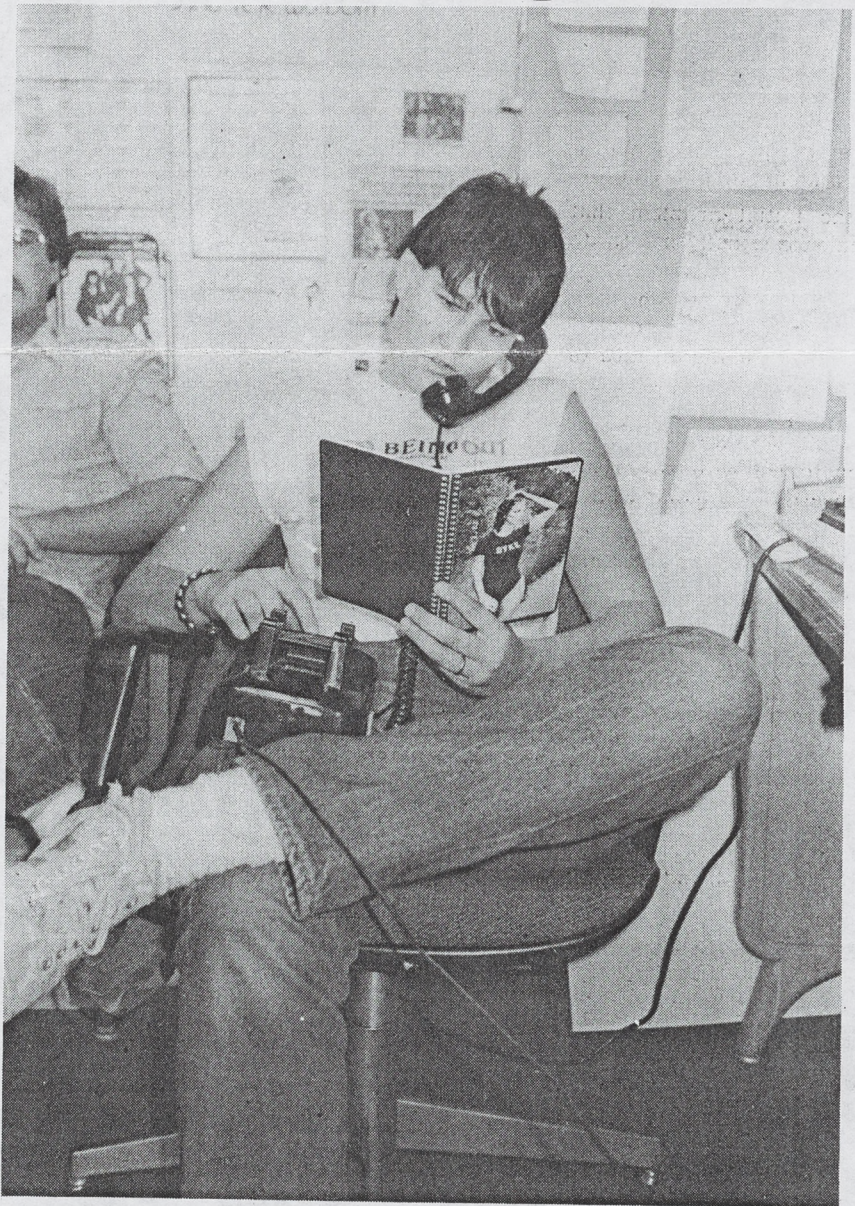
Introducing S/M into a relationship also brings about the freedom to break through all role barriers. Fantasies and role-playing are part of the act. It is a doorway to explore anything and

everything. Complete abandonment to fantasy or sensual experience allows a more total mind and body response.

So there you have it. Yes, I am an S/M Dyke. That is the most difficult thing I have ever had to admit. Now I understand how my sisters in the 50s felt when they said "I am a Dyke." The reaction they got is the same one Sadomasochists get today—even from within the womyn's and Gay movements.

I am really not a bad person. However, I am an angry person. Aren't we fighting for sexual freedom? Shouldn't that freedom include the right to have any sort of sexual preferences one desires? Without the freedom to explore sensuality completely, beyond all barriers, we are not a free society. I am not asking to be liked, pitied, or even understood. I am demanding to be given my rights—to be able to seek my freedom, my way, and to destroy all barriers on the way to becoming a more complete, autonomous woman.

The Dyke Speaks



Sappho Who?

Sappho was a greek lyric poetess around 600 BC residing in an all womyn community off the northwest coast of Asia Minor, the isle of Lesbos (the origination of the term Lesbian).

As was the fashion of the time, womyn of good family like Sappho assembled in informal societies to spend their days in "idle, graceful pleasures," especially the composition of poetry. Sappho, the leading spirit of one of these associations, attracted a number of admirers, some from distant places abroad. Most of Sappho's poems are concerned with her friendship and love relationships with other womyn. Sappho expresses her feelings in terms which range from gentle affection to passionate love. It was precisely in her relationships with others

that Sappho found her inspiration for universally admired lyrics.

Unfortunately, time has treated her harshly, and possibly only one complete poem has survived. This and the denial of her sexuality have served to virtually silence her.

In recognition of Sappho and the countless other womyn writers who have been stifled or silenced throughout history, we have chosen her name to represent our publication. It is, for us, finally a chance to have the voice we are so often denied.

Sappho Speaks is now our space to explore our own identities through culture, literature, art, political issues and community news. We also hope to provide non-lesbian/gay persons with a view of who we are as a people.

Illusions

I realize now the illusions
I once had.
The impetuous desire for
The "experience".
The desire for it to be
Sincere, however much not so.

Anything/one suggesting
Vulnerability or "realness" sent
Shivers up my spine.
Compromises, compensation,
And general over-looking
Enthralled the rest of me.

How wrong and unmatched.
How draining in hopes that it
Would work out.
I think it could have been
Anyone.
Anyone would have done.
The awe of the new.

This was the adolescence of
My coming out.
There was no love involved.
There was only the dream of
The ideal with a desperate
Attempt to put a face to it.

Anonymous

Womens Resource Center

Despite a total lack of support from the administration, the Women's Resource Center is trying once again to provide valuable services to the women of UCSD.

But they need your help. Drop by room 103 of the Student Center and see what's going on. Planning for major events is still under way, but there will be

a topic discussion group held each Friday at noon. This informal group will discuss feminist-related topics chosen by the women who participate. Suggested topics include: Pornography—for or against?, Sexuality and social taboos, Health issues, Getting angry, and women as victims.

For more information, or if you just need to talk, stop by or dial 452-2023.

An Invitation to Explore Your Identity

—An interview with Steve Brady Ph.D. of Counseling and Psychological Services

Ask yourself these questions:

Do you know what your sexual identity is? If so, are you comfortable with your sexual identity? Are you physically and emotionally attracted to your own sex? And, if so, are you concerned about what to do about such feelings?

The following interview with Steve Brady of Counseling and Psychological Services will, I hope, assure people that there are qualified people willing to help each of us learn how to discover and experience our own unique existence by successfully working through some of the emotionally difficult issues which can confront each one of us.

Q. Which people on staff are currently specializing in working with gay and lesbian persons?

A. Myself and Dr. Wilma Bussy, Ed.D., are the two persons who work most closely with the counseling staff on gay and lesbian issues.

Q. What are your formal qualifications?

A. I have an M.A. and a Ph.D. in counseling psychology, and a B.A. in psychology from the University of Florida. Dr. Bussy is a licensed psychologist which I am not because I just finished my doctorate. Dr. Bussy works with all students and acts as a liaison with the Women's Resource Center and with lesbian students.

Q. What types of problems would a gay or lesbian student come to you for?

A. I think the initial problem that people come in with usually has to do with "What am I; Am I gay?; Am I bisexual?; Am I heterosexual?" In other words, "What is my sexual identity?" Then, subsequent to having an idea of what their sexual identity is, people usually move to a point of how to tell other people; what they should tell other people and how to deal with parents are always big concerns of anyone who is gay or lesbian.

Then, I would say, once how "out" one is is dealt with, I think the problems generally are similar to a lot of problems that heterosexual people present. How to maintain a relationship, how to find a partner and the myriad of other things people come into therapy for. I look at it as sort of a developmental process. First of all, people are most concerned with trying to figure out who they are, then, how do they deal with other people and then, how do they establish and maintain a primary relationship.

Q. What can you tell the reader of this article that would help them feel how qualified you are to help them, other than your obvious formal qualifications?

A. I want them to know I'm not interested in anyone being anything but what they are and so I'm not trying to make people heterosexual, homosexual, or bisexual, but to help them discover their sexuality. Having worked with alcoholics and prisoners I think I probably have a frame of reference about what people are struggling with. This experience may make it easier to facilitate the discovery process. It's not that I think the process is any different necessarily by people coming to me. But, I can give education, be a resource, help people deal with the fallout that's involved in disclosing their sexual identity. I can help to grease the wheels, so to speak, in terms of their coming out, if that is what they choose to do.

Q. What if you become overbooked with people exploring issues dealing with their sexuality?

A. I will say, any of the staff at Counseling and Psychological Services I would not hesitate to recommend. There are many excellent clinicians on staff. While their specialty, so to speak, is not

working with gay men or lesbians. There are many people on staff who are competent and I respect their work with gay men and lesbians. If I can't help someone, I can facilitate or recommend someone on staff who can. I also want to mention we are in the planning stages of organizing a speaker's bureau on AIDS through Counseling and Psychological Services and the Health Center. We are going to see about the possibility of working with the Health Center this year to educate gay students about AIDS. Myself and perhaps another staff person would hold a workshop on the psychological effect AIDS has had on gay men.

"It has always struck me as sort of sad that people can hate something that is about being able to love another person."

Q. What can you tell a person so that he or she will have an idea of whether they need help or not and if she or he should explore the services your department offers?

A. I think that if a person is reading *Sappho Speaks* and finds in reading *Sappho Speaks* that it seems to be particularly pertinent to themselves and if no one else knows about their sexual identity, then they might explore coming out.

I think that probably the thing that differentiates people that are gay from non-gay, (by non-gay I include bisexuals and heterosexuals), is that homosexuality has a lot of personal meaning to us. If you read something about homosexuality and it seems like you're really interested in it, then that usually is a clue that maybe something involving homosexuality is going on in your own life.

I don't think that everyone needs to come to counseling or psychotherapy. But I think if they're suffering or if they feel a lot of guilt or if they are unhappy about it, I think it can help.

Q. What would you say to the person that reads this and says he/she wouldn't want to discuss or burden others with their problems?

A. The group process would be most helpful. People would then see there are lots of people dealing with varying degrees of success with being gay. They would see gay peers who have good relationships and gay professionals who function well and maintain adequate personal relationships. I don't think you have to have problems.

But, in dealing with the process of being gay, some people are a little farther along in their development than other people. Sometimes it's real nice to see someone who's been where you have been and has gotten through it okay. Just knowing that can be very helpful and can facilitate the coming out process. It has always struck me as sort of sad that people can hate something that is about being able to love another person. Being gay or lesbian is about loving your same sex and it should be something positive and enhancing rather than something negative or pejorative. Being gay has the possibility of allowing you to have very fulfilling relationships with people of the same sex rather than something that drags you down or makes you depressed.

Q. Would you explain about the group of men and women which meet once a week here at school?

A. First of all, I should mention that Dr. Bussy will be facilitating the lesbian support group this quarter and I will be

facilitating the gay/bisexual group. The purpose of the groups is to help those who are struggling with their sexual identity and who want a confidential environment in which to discuss the issues they're dealing with. It's a forum where gay men can have a confidential closed environment. By closed, I mean that once we identify 8-10 men who are interested in joining the group then the groups close. Once closed, people can usually no longer join the group until the winter quarter and then it closes again, but it will open up again in the spring so that each quarter the group is closed. Historically, that usually takes only a couple of weeks of the first part of the first quarter.

Q. If a person is interested in your group, who do they contact?

A. If they're interested, I would recommend the person to call Counseling and Psychological Services at 452-3755, to find out the time or if they prefer, they can speak to me first. I also have no problem with people just showing up if they are interested in joining the group, preferably during the first two weeks of the quarter or I can see them individually if the group is closed. A person could also leave a name and number with Counseling and Psychological Services and I will return their call or they can contact me through my answering service which is 231-3855 and leave a message.

Q. Is the group offered in the summer?

A. No. Only during the academic year and during the summer there are people on staff who see people on an individual basis including myself. I am available all year, but I normally work at the university during the academic year.

Coming Out

A phrase that attempts to describe a process that defies description

by Fred Ryder

I would have to say that my own "Coming out" began when I first became aware of myself as a unique being. I don't mean to imply by unique that I am better or worse, simply different. For example, when all my friends wanted to play baseball or basketball, I wanted to ride horses; or just lie in a field somewhere and watch the clouds float by like some grand parade. While I was certainly athletic enough to play the games, they just didn't interest me. Clouds, oceans, mountains, animals and *people* did.

I had questions about the world around me, so naturally I started searching for answers. This inquisitiveness eventually taught me that I hadn't exactly been given all the "facts—of—life." Not only do women and men fall in love, but so do women fall in love with women and men fall in love with men as well! Nothing really surprising about that, seemed logical.

Why then had the latter been omitted from my *formal* education? (you remember the Greeks?) Omitted is actually too kind a word for what is reality amounts to deliberate deception. By way of omission, subtle (and not so subtle) innuendo and outright ridicule of what to me seemed quite natural, I began to feel that somehow I was basically *bad*.

Ha! Ha! Wrong again! The same inquisitive nature that got me into this mess was to prove the vehicle to get me out. I learned after awhile that we don't

Q. Why have you chosen to help people with their homosexuality?

A. First of all, as a psychologist I have an investment in just helping. Why I have picked gay men and lesbians specifically has to do with my own process of homosexual identity formation or sexual identity formation. My own struggle with defining myself as a sexual being and recognizing how difficult that process is. It would have been nice if when I was in my teens that there had been someone there who could have facilitated that process for me.

Often there's a comfort level that gay and bisexual students have with someone who shares their sexual identity. More than once, I've heard it's not that someone wants to deal with me about being gay, but that they don't want it to be the main issue and they think that coming to someone who shares their sexuality that it won't be an issue. They trust by knowing that I'm gay, I won't make being gay a big deal and then they can deal with what concerns them whether or not that relates to sexuality or not.

Q. What would you say to a non-gay reader who has problems understanding and/or accepting a gay person as a friend?

A. I have worked with a number of non-gay people who are dealing with their friends who are gay or who have gay brothers or sisters, or who are involved in a love relationship with a gay person. I think I can also help the non-gay person who wants to learn how to deal better with their gay friends or loved ones.

Q. Is there anything else you would like to tell our readers?
Continued on back page

know as much about life as some people would have us believe; what we do know is that there is a lot of variety.

I'm able to laugh now when I think back to what, at the time, were some of the most frightening experiences of my life. Think about it; when it takes you thirty years to have honest sex with someone, the act tends to take on the importance of meeting the almighty!

The first time I got up the nerve to ask a man to my home for the night, I started shaking so uncontrollably that we never even got undressed. He held me in his arms for several hours until I stopped shaking, by which time I was so exhausted that I fell asleep. I woke up the next morning feeling somewhat relieved that the *first night* was over, but more than a little embarrassed. (See, I actually believed that everyone is a superstar—even first time out.) I managed a good morning kiss on the forehead, but all I could think of to say was; "Was it great for you too? We spent the next fifteen minutes in uncontrollable laughter. The world was *right* again.

Today, I'm still not a superstar (maybe a white dwarf); I can still make an ass out of myself at times without any help from anyone, and I don't think there is an end to "Coming Out". See, the more I search and stretch my boundaries, the more dimensions I find to this life I live; and how does it go...?

"the more facets the jewel—the brighter it shines."

Notes—N—Quotes

"I don't know a gay from a hole in the ground—in my part of the country, we don't have'em."

Lillian Carter

"If homosexuality were the normal way, God would have made Adam and Bruce."

Anita Bryant

They call it Women's Studies... but it's taught by a man. The dialogues are dominated by men and male ideas. Feminism is never really discussed; Lesbianism is ignored. Where are the women sharing ideas and helping each other to grow intellectually, politically and emotionally that I thought Women's Studies was about?

"We are not trying to imitate women."

Tennessee Williams

LAGO

Why did gay and lesbian students form an organization? At the most basic level is the need to associate with other people who not only "understand" but who also feel the same way—who know what it is like to be gay or lesbian in a straight-oriented society. With UCSD's Lesbian and Gay Organization, gay and lesbian people have their own space and support network. At the same time, however, the organization is a way to make gay and lesbian existence visible to straight society. Only when others in society realize that gay and lesbian people are individuals facing the same problems, with the same distribution of strengths, weaknesses, and special gifts, will they realize that while it is significant that a person is lesbian or gay, it is no more significant than if a person is non-gay. Only when gay and lesbian people become visible enough will their gayness in this sense become invisible. Toward both these goals, LAGO provides a variety of programming (see calendar). The LAGO office is located in room 205 of the Student Center and the telephone number is (619) 452-6969. Please feel free to stop by and if nobody is there call and leave a message on the machine.

Interview

Continued from page 3

A. By and large, I feel Counseling and Psychological Services is an institution which is committed to meeting the needs of gay men and lesbian students. Counseling and Psychological Services made a consistent effort over the years to do outreach with that segment of the student population. All students can look at the institution of Counseling and Psychological Services as being there for them. The fact that I have been asked to be the liaison to the gay community is indicative of the commitment. Any student need not fear utilizing our services. They'll find sensitive, supportive and professional staff of the highest caliber. —Michael A. Woody

AB1, the Agnos Gay Rights Bill, will be up for vote in the California Senate in January. It's important that we all support this Bill by writing our Senators and reminding our friends to do the same.

"Listen, I don't know why the fuck they're beefing about the gays today. I never looked at it that way. It's your life, it's my life, it's the next one's—to do whatever we want with our fucking lives. We've got one life to live—let's live it the way we want to."

Milton Berle

The San Diego Take Aim at Aids project has collected \$31,000. We are proud that our community can show such strength and love.

"Like a large number of men, I, too, have had homosexual experiences and I am not ashamed."

Marlon Brando

SS extends a special thanks to those involved with the other alternative medias for their wonderful assistance.

"My attitude toward anybody's sexual persuasion is this: without deviation from the norm, progress is not possible."

Frank Zappa

"The public has no idea about the real Hollywood. About the number of famous gays of both genders. The financial side of entertainment makes it stay this way, but it might be good if the public knew. Perhaps they'd finally stop thinking in stereotypes, after the shock of finding out that their favorite he-men on the screen are lovers of men."

Farrah Fawcett



Sappho Speaks is funded by ASUCSD allocated student activity fees.

Editors

Sharon Moxon, Russell Lewis

Contributors & production staff

Ann Ballard, Joan Black, Michael Woody, Fred Ryder, Hector Ecks, L. S.

Sappho extends a special thanks to the Associated Students for backing and supporting this and other campus alternative medias.

Send submissions to:

LAGO: B-023, UCSD, 92037, or office 205 of the Student Center.



LAGO SPEAKS on Bisexuality

I think it would be wonderful to be bisexual. I look at it as being able to have it all, to see two ways of loving at the same time.

—Bob

Sexuality is over-emphasized in this society. In most situations I don't care what a person's sexuality is. I'm much more interested in whether they can relate to me emotionally, socially, intellectually.

—Michael

When I get to know a woman and become close, I sometimes begin to have the slightest flushes of sexual attraction. Mostly I'm just in terrible lust with all the gorgeous men on campus.

—Mark

I believe we must grant complete freedom to everyone regardless of sexual orientation, but I also believe in separatism. I enjoy my Lesbian-only space, and just as I do not choose to socialize with heterosexuals, I often do not choose to socialize with bisexuals.

—Joan

There are some women I could have sex with—as a game. Almost like masturbation.

—Ernst

I know I have the capacity to perform sexually with a woman. I just don't have the desire, if you get my meaning, to go out and give it the old college try.

—Russell

In a healthy society Bisexuality would be the ideal. In this society, it is impossible.

—Ann

Bisexuality is possibly the most difficult of all orientations. Bisexuals are often shunned by both gay and non-gay communities. Perhaps the reason for this is that they are a threat to the status quo in each of these worlds.

Gay people also hold prejudices against them because of their partial commitment to the gay movement. Bisexuals, like people in the closet, often are not willing to stand up and fight for our freedom.

Many people, like myself, are now trying to overcome prejudices against Bisexuals and accept them how they are, just as we wish to be accepted. We are also trying to remember that they are a valuable link between the Homosexual and Heterosexual communities. They have the ability to show non-gay people that there are women and men who have the choice to be Heterosexual but are not taking it—i.e., yes, Homosexuality is okay—it's good enough for people to choose.

Bisexuality is the total freedom to be and do anything, and it is very important that the lesbian/gay community support this.

—Sharon

I can't understand why more people aren't bisexual. It would double your chances for a date on Saturday night.

—Woody Allen

LAGO Calendar

This is a summary of events for the remainder of the fall quarter, 1983. The Lesbian and Gay Organization invites your input and encourages you to attend. For greater detail on these events and the organization itself, call (619) 452-6969. The mailing address is:

LAGO at UCSD
B-023
La Jolla, CA 92037

Wednesday:

Steering committee meeting at 5:00 p.m. in the LAGO office (205 Student Center).

Support group for gay men, 7:00 p.m. in Third College Humanities Building (TCHB) 114.

Lunch-on-the-Hump from 12:00 to 2:00 p.m. Everyone invited to chat and eat.

Thurs. OCT. 20

Lesbian Sisterhood: Dessert Potluck 7:30 p.m. in the Women's Resource Center.

Sat. OCT 22

LAGO Outdoors Day: A picnic in Balboa Park. Call the office for exact time and location.

Fri. OCT 28

Halloween Non-Sexist Dance. A UCSD tradition. Come in costume for fun and prizes. 9:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.

Thurs. NOV 3

Lesbian Sisterhood meets at 7:00 p.m. in the Women's Resource Center.

Thurs. NOV 10

Gay Awareness Project: 7:00 p.m. in the Revelle Formal Lounge. Stop by the office for more information.

Tue. NOV 17

Lesbian Sisterhood: Topic Discussion 7:00 p.m. in the Women's Resource Center.

Thurs. - Sun. NOV 24-27

This year's national GAU (Gay Academic Union) Conference will be held right here at UCSD. Stop by the office for more information.

Thurs. DEC 1

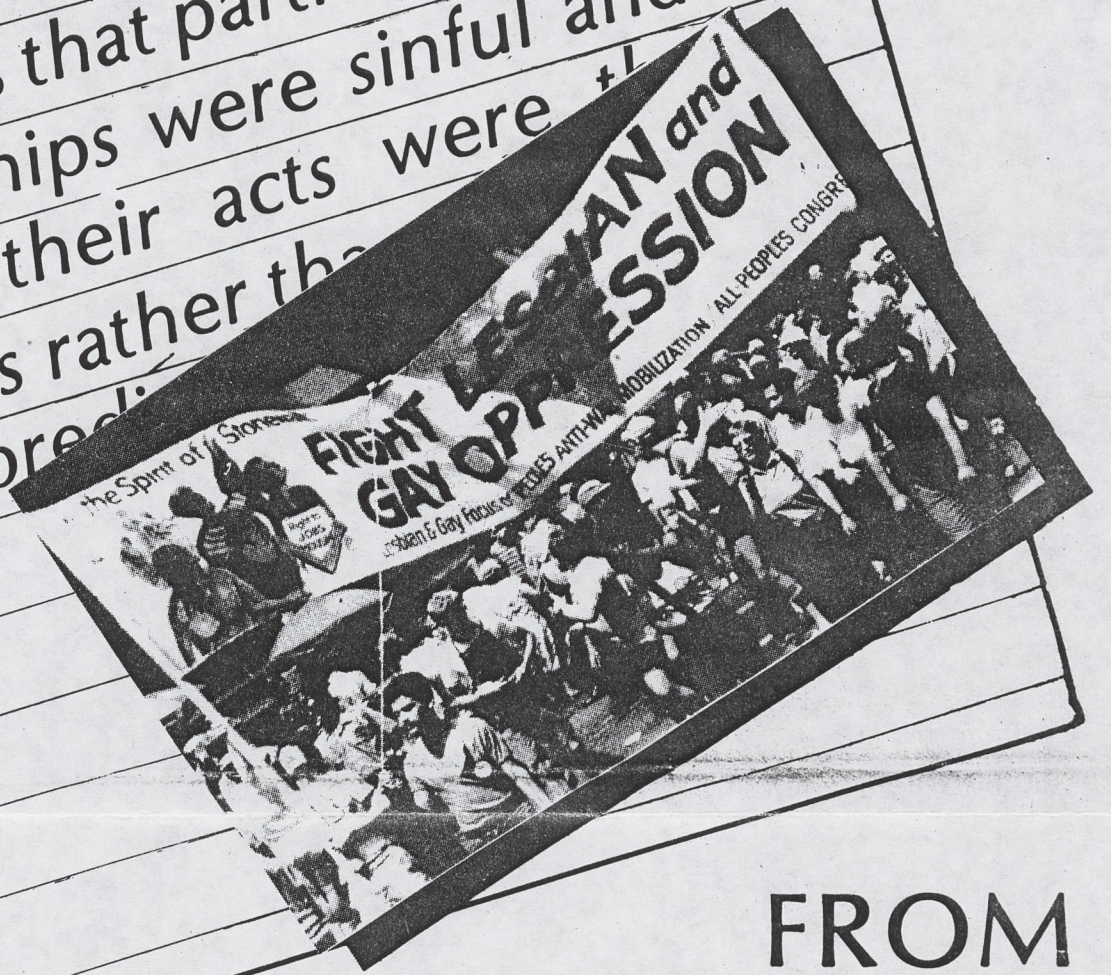
Lesbian Sisterhood: Off-campus gathering, call or stop by for details.

SAPPHO SPEAKS

The Lesbian and Gay Quarterly Journal at UCSD

Winter, 1984

The predominant belief at the outset of the 19th century was that participants in same-sex relationships were sinful and degenerate, that their acts were the result of ill morals rather than the result of ill morals rather than the result of ill morals or conditioned prejudices.



FROM SODOMITE TO GAY IS GOOD

The Changing Nature of Homosexual Identity

by Stephen Russell

Most subcultures are regenerated from within--its members are born and raised and die within the same culture. Among the few exceptions is the gay community. Members of this community have all been raised within the confines of the larger society. They must, through the few clues given by this society, ascertain that they are different from the standard, and are, in fact, members of a group that is hidden, despised, and oppressed by the society of which he has always been a participating member.

Yet, this sub-culture has not always existed. There has not always been this alternate value system with which homosexuals could identify. This article looks at the changing social perception and self perception of the homosexual. The specific focus is on the American gay male community. This is not intended to slight the rich

history of the lesbian or feminist movements, rather it recognizes that these are, in fact, separate, yet related, fields of inquiry, and to treat all of them would do justice to none of them.

The Conception of the Homosexual

The exclusive homosexual (no overt heterosexual proclivities) is a relatively new creation. The contemporary gay community is not the modern manifestation of a cultural constant, rather it is a newly defined and, hence, newly created entity. In regards to historicity, Jeffrey Weeks says that *In different cultures...very different meanings are given to same-sex activity by both society at large and by the individual participants. The physical acts might be similar, but the social constructions around them are profoundly different.*¹ Given the

conception of homosexuality that existed prior to the 20th century, the idea of a homosexual community was both meaningless and inconceivable.

The predominant belief at the outset of the 19th century was that participants in same-sex relations were sinful and degenerate, that their acts were the result of ill morals rather than an innate or conditioned predisposition. Weeks indicates the nature of this conceptual difference: *There was a crucial distinction between traditional concepts of buggery and modern concepts of homosexuality. The former was seen as a potentiality in all sinful nature, unless severely execrated and judicially punished; homosexuality, however, is seen as the characteristic of a particular type of person... (the sodomite) was a temporary aberration; the homosexual belongs to a species.*² As such, it would be difficult for a 'sodomite' of that period to identify with others of his kind, for the role in which he existed in society's eyes was that of 'moral degenerate' or 'criminal', rather than 'homosexual'. The 'others of his kind' would include prostitutes, murderers, and the insane.

The late 19th century, with its advances in psychological reasoning, brought with it new definitions of those who preferred same-sex relations. The prevailing theory of the time was that of 'inversion', the idea that this 'abnormality' was the result of the brain of one gender being in the body of the opposite gender. It was a step forward in that it recognized the existence of a psychological 'type' of person who was attracted to their own biological sex, but it nonetheless precluded the recognition of a distinct 'type' of sexuality. As John Marshall explains: *The curious result of such gender inversion... was that it effectively eliminated the need for a homosexual concept. For as long as the person in question could be conceptualized as a 'Non-man', his 'real' sexual identity could be interpreted as 'female heterosexual' (in a male body) rather than 'homosexual male.'*³

The lack of a widespread understanding or definition of homosexuality isolated many homosexual individuals by

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GRANDMA, ARE THERE ANY STRAIGHT MEN OUT THERE?

by Anne M. Duddy

No, of course the question isn't serious. Well, not THAT serious. You see, I find myself in a very curious position: I am a heterosexual woman completely surrounded by homosexual men. From my experiences I'm beginning to think that I may be jinxed. It may sound foolish, but that's the tune they're singing on the welcome wagon every time I go to my hometown to visit friends and family.

It all started innocently enough in high school. I was known at the time as the "Perennially Platonic Person". I was everyone's friend. Secretly, however, I was madly in love with my best friend. I used to dream about how his perfect, glistening white teeth flashed in the desert sun as he sneered at me and about how his keys danced wildly upon his tight, well-proportioned cheeks. Fantasies about him that would make a nun break out in a cold sweat swirled wickedly in my pubescent mind as I dreamed of one day making him My Boyfriend. I was tempted to wrestle him into a half-Nelson to bring him to his senses, but I finally convinced myself that settling into a platonic relationship was in my best interests. My grandmother was a bit disappointed. All along she sort of entertained the idea that maybe some day I might have married my high school friend. He was such a nice young man after all.

As all good things eventually do, the fun we had in high school ended all too soon and we headed our separate ways to college. He ended up in the wilderness of Los Angeles County and I came here to UCSD. We constantly kept in touch, but we both branched out into our respective college interests and made new friends.

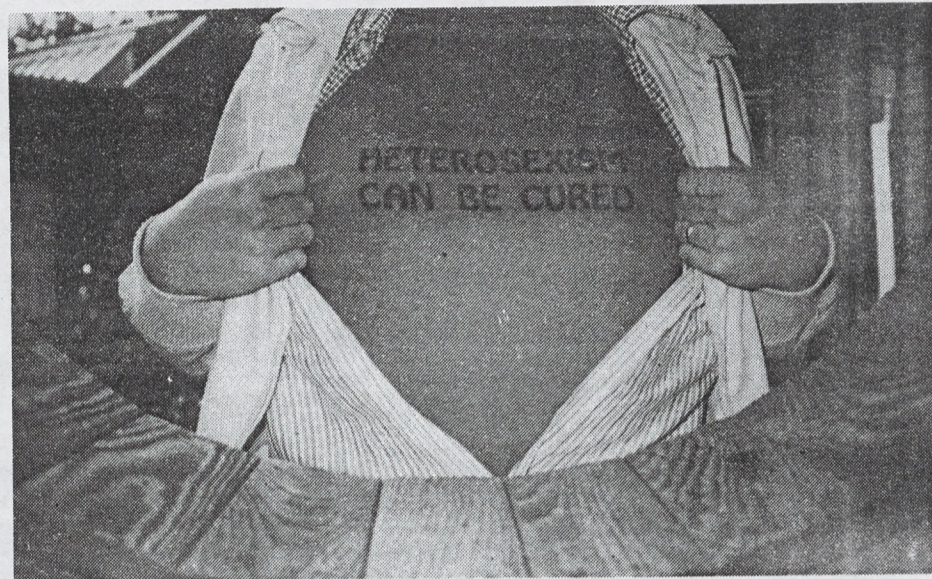
I was incredibly fortunate to find

myself another very good friend shortly after I began my freshman year. Having just not-so-successfully navigated the tortures of puberty, my instincts kicked in once again and I found myself hopelessly in love with my new friend. He was all I had ever dreamed of: tall, dark, handsome, witty, bizarre, with dreamy thick luscious lips and a hormone-charging smile. It was all I could do to keep from jumping his bones in an effort to make him aware that I wanted his gentle caresses which I thought were wasted on the pillow he clutched tightly to his chest as he stared deeply into space. I frequently found myself standing in front of his Adam Ant poster in attempt to make his gaze fall on me instead. Despite my endless endeavors, the concept never took hold in his mind.

I began to go nuts with frustration and our friendship became quite strained. We had more than the usual amount of ups and downs. He was moody, I was irritated and neurotic, and we talked less frequently. By the first quarter of our junior year I had fallen out of love, but the remaining tension caused an estrangement which lasted through most of the second quarter.

Incidentally, my grandmother was elated. She is quite prejudiced and never approved of my relationship with my college friend. She was always afraid I'd marry him and our children would end up retarded and ugly, "as are all children of mixed races". I was accustomed to hearing that every time I visited her. What a drag.

Anyway it was during that second quarter of my junior year that my high school friend and I became a little closer. I called him on his birthday to congratulate him for turning 21 and I found him to be unusually distracted. A week later he called me up and came out



to me. I was surprised but understanding, yet definitely confused.

Life went on and just as I was adjusting to the new changes in my life, I found that my best friend in college and I were able to get along better. It was two months later that I finally discovered why my friend never responded to my feeble attempts for romantic involvement and innuendo. How was I to have known that to him Orion was not just another astral constellation? As if some catalyst were applied to the men I knew, my best friend came out to me, too.

At this point I began to look at the positive side of things: his coming out to me gave us a chance to demolish a few barriers and our friendship evolved to a much higher, freer devotion. What an improvement! Meanwhile, I remember that my grandmother mumbled something about homosexuality being a disease and that it was spreading like wildfire.

I studied in Europe the next year. By February I had fallen in love with a lovely dark-skinned man with black hair and crystal blue eyes. His red ski jacket caught my gaze from afar and I dreamed of the songs he used to write during our art class. His sweet smile lit my dreams at night. I adored him from afar throughout the whole year. I watched him even until he stepped off the plane as we were leaving. I walked up to him to say goodbye, but before I could speak his eyes lit up and his arms spread wide: a tall blonde man picked him up and spun him around, planting a passionate kiss on his lips.

Jinxed. I knew it then. After that, every guy I thought was cute would be seen within that week walking arm in arm affectionately with another guy.

Grandma says, "See, I was right! It's catching! Save yourself and everyone else: move to Arizona". I'm sure she thinks I'm an immune carrier of a new epidemic. Like colorblindness or hemophilia. With all these homosexual men, I think that although she promised to throw a fit if she ever caught me in bed with a man, my grandmother would probably be more upset if she didn't.

Before I could open my mouth to argue, she decided that if I weren't overweight, men would stop "turning queer" each time I fell in love. I disagreed: diets don't make the sexuality. Imagine if the numbers of homosexuals in the world decreased in proportion to the amount of weight I lost on my diet: I'd have Anita Bryant chaining me to a weight machine in a health spa, feeding me chicken broth

once a week for six years!

I thought it would be funny to tell my grandmother that I'm not jinxed after all, that perhaps "it's in the water". However, knowing her, she would probably give up showering for weeks in fear of "catching it".

She makes all this fuss over one phenomenon: there are more homosexual men in my life than I ever could have imagined, and in spite of my grandmother, I'm thankful for it. I've made some marvelous friends who have opened my mind to a lifestyle different from mine. My concept of the true meaning of love has broadened as a result of my contact with them. I may not have many heterosexual men or romance in my circle of friends, but sharing a platonic love with my homosexual friends has freed me somewhat from some of society's many romance-related constraints on my emotions. I know that their influences in my life have made me happier than I might have been otherwise.

So--how do you like them apples, Grandma?



About the Author

Anne Duddy is a senior at UCSD, whose academic interests include neuropsychology and Spanish literature.

She's embarrassed to say she comes from El Centro, but promises never to return. Her aspirations for the near future include meeting a few straight men. We wish her luck, but with the company she keeps, that may take some time.

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SIMPATICO

LAGO SPEAKS ON MAKING BABIES

Sappho Speaks recently asked LAGO members and their friends the following questions about having children:

Do you want to have children?

Why or why not?

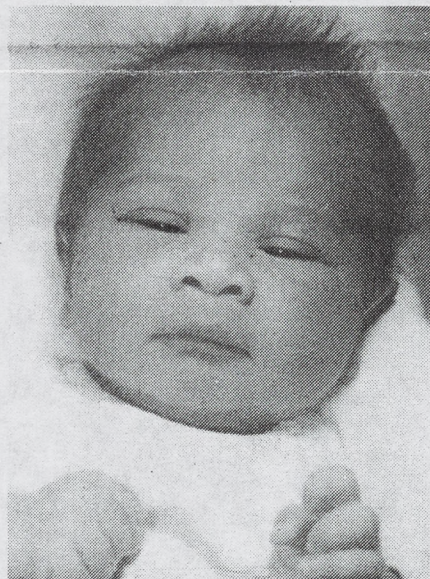
How would you go about having them?

What would you say to people who object to homosexuals raising children?

What would you say to your child if he/she came home from school after being hassled or teased for having gay parents?

Yes, I would love to have children, and no, I couldn't bear to. I have a strong parental need to nurture, but I don't know that I want the responsibility. I would want to be the natural father of the child, so I would find a woman who wished to be a mother...perhaps a lesbian couple who wants children as well. I feel I could raise children with greater tolerance and understanding as a result of being gay. I think that my being gay would be better for them. I would try to explain to my child why it is that people fear what they don't understand, why it is that people are hung up on labeling one another, and make sure that my child knows that he or she was loved.

--Stephen



We would like to have children sometime in the next ten years. We consider child-raising to be a uniquely enriching and satisfying experience. We aren't certain yet how to go about having a child, but, at this point, we think we would like to artificially inseminate a close, preferably lesbian, friend of ours if all were agreeable. We feel we're as ready emotionally and financially to take on the responsibility as anyone. We would raise our child or children to respect other people's happiness in their private lives.

If our child had a problem at school, we would tell him or her that some people cannot accept certain groups of people because of their ignorance or prejudice. That our being different threatens their concept of how they feel the world should be. Some people fear what they have not experienced and can't understand. We would also talk to the teachers about limiting the teasing from other students. If need be, we would talk to the parents of the children responsible for the teasing.

--Michael and Russell

I'm not sure whether or not I would want to have children. I suppose that would depend on what I do with my life and who I am with--kids are a mutual decision. I'm not sure that I want to bring a child into this world; maybe the best thing would be not to have children. On the other hand, some incredibly conceited part of me feels that what I have to give would create a wonderful child, maybe one who could improve the world, if the world lasts long enough. Still, my fear is that the kid would turn out wrong. I know that I've caused my mother pain, and I don't deal well with pain. The problem is that there are no guarantees. I mean, you can do everything right and still get a rotten child. I couldn't deal with having a bad kid, I would feel guilty, like I'd done something wrong. I think I would react badly to having a kid who was a Republican or worse.

Let's see, how would I have a child...well, you get a sperm and an egg, and presto...how I'll get them together depends on the circumstance. I mean, I'm not totally adverse to sex with men or artificial insemination. My lover might want to have a child and she might have ideas.

I don't really care what people say about homosexuals raising children, as long as nobody hurts me or my kids or takes them from me...besides, I don't think assholes should raise children and they do (look at Jerry Fallwell).

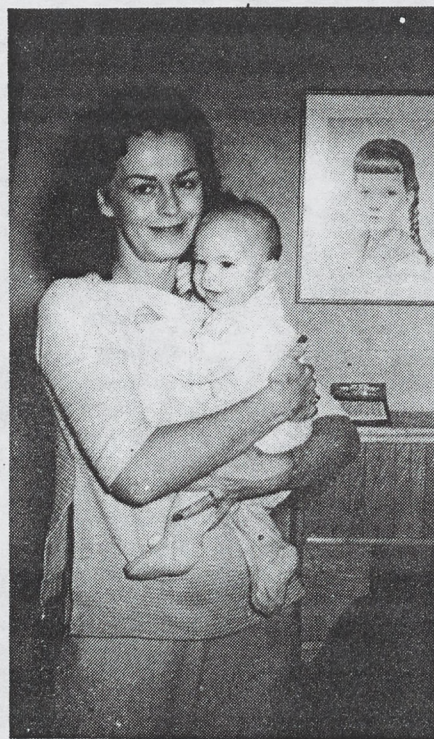
A parent in a situation where their kid is having a hard time from other people about their parents is bound to feel lousy and bitter. But, what can you do? Kids are so cruel, that they will find something to pick on. I was teased because I was adopted. I got through because I knew my parents loved me a lot. Maybe that's all you can do. A kid doesn't understand that people who hate those who are different are sick and need to be pitied. You can tell them, but it's so difficult to understand, that a lot of adults never grasp it, they just return hate for hate. All you can do is love the kid as much as you can and hope that she or her learns this. (If a child learns it, the rest of life is easy, because no matter what, she or he will have friends.)

--Lisa

No, I would not want to have children. I feel that it is optimum for a child to have two parents and I am unwilling to make that sacrifice. There is certainly no real need to bring children into a crowded world. As regards objections to homosexuals raising children, I would say that that may be a valid point, but only on a case-by-case basis, in the same way that many heterosexuals are also unfit to raise children. Love, compassion, and patience seem more important than sexuality.

If people caused problems for my child, I would attempt to explain to the child that it was too bad that the person(s) who hassled her or him had been taught to hate rather than love their fellow human beings. The child would know from an early age that the sexual orientation of a person does not make the person, just as for color or age; but that hate and close-mindedness does make a person inferior.

--Mike



Yes, I have a very strong belief in family ties. I believe raising a family is important. The interaction among family members is a unique form of personal satisfaction as well as a form of self-expression. One's children are a reflection of one's self. Although each are individuals, we tend to become like one another consciously and sub-consciously. Yet, that melange of different perspectives makes each family member unique.

Personally, the thought of carrying for 9 months is not at all appealing to me as a woman; but the satisfaction of watching one's child grow and develop ideas, personality, etc., would overrule any discomfort I may be anticipating. At this point, I cannot answer in whole how to go about having children. I have contemplated adoption as an alternative mode for having a child.

Of course, those who are "homophobic" will object to "homos" raising children. It is therefore important to educate the straight community into believing that homosexuality is an alternative lifestyle and not abnormal or "sick".

Since society reacts so destructively towards homosexuality, it would not be fair to explain to children about homosexuality until they are able to understand and defend themselves verbally. Like anything else, the child must be educated to understand that homosexuality is O.K. It is almost like a child who is adopted; if one loves the child, and the child is brought up in a warm, caring environment, it really should not matter in the long run that their parents are gay. Unfortunately, in order to protect the child, I believe, in many cases, that the parents' gay identity should be hidden from the child's peers and their parents. Since it may be found out, though, the child should be made aware and taught to defend his/her parents.

I would hope that I would raise my child to want to come to me and tell me about problems he/she encountered with other people regarding my being gay, and that we would be able to sit down and reevaluate our position and make sure the child was totally comfortable with the family environment.

--Krysl

Yes, we want to have children. We love children. We would have children through artificial insemination. We would want to know the father well. No sperm banks!! We would combat those people who would object to us raising children with statistics. We would tell those people that the same proportion of homosexuals come from heterosexually-parented homes as come from homosexually-parented homes. If they worry that we will turn our kids into "one of us", we would tell them that most of the people we know were raised by heterosexual parents and they didn't turn out straight. Why should our kids turn out gay? And, why should it matter?

As far as dealing with hassles directed toward our child, we would try to prepare for those by making him/her aware as she/he grows up where he/she came from and the love involved in his/her creation. We plan to explore the differences in our family structure and that of others. Although these explanations may not lessen the hurt of being hassled or teased, they may make it a little easier for the child to deal with the prejudices against homosexuality.

--Liz and Michelle

No, I would not want to have children. The assumption of past generations that one grows up, becomes married and has children without serious consideration to the contrary, is being challenged by many women today. When considering my goals and ambitions, having children is not very high on my priority list and would, in fact, preclude or delay goals which are more important to my life. As you can see, my sexual preference has nothing to do with this particular decision.

If I were to decide to have children, I would choose the path of least resistance, which appears to me to be: convincing a male friend to impregnate myself or my partner. Adoption and artificial insemination would not only be a financial burden, but would also present legal complications due to single-parentage adoption barriers, or to problems related to having a homosexual partner. Although there are obvious complications with impregnation by a male friend, such as the psychological and parental responsibility the male might feel and alienation of the nonbiological female parent, these problems appear to me to be easier to deal with.

Objections by others to my hypothetical family pose no great threat or concern to me. My deep-rooted tolerance of other people's lifestyles, philosophies, and opinions allows for tolerance of their prejudices as long as they do not manifest themselves as infringement on my life.

While I would ensure the child understand why I chose a homosexual relationship, and at the same time guard against communicating any negative feelings toward heterosexual relationships, the issue would not be sexual preference, but love. I would assure the child that both parents deeply love him/her, which is an asset many children do not have. However, breeding tolerance in society is never easy.

--Kathryn

DIARY OF THE INSOLENT

by Debbie Mikuteit

Insolence is my beloved response, growing sophisticated in time but still containing the brazen intensity of the child. I feel and give this reply when he asks with squat, sharp, unperceiving eyes, dully and in accusation. When he speaks out, from a stupid field of similar glassed eyes, his uniformity mutes his statements into those of the idiot crowd itself. I reflect on the correct reaction, watching his opinions grow from the simplicity of a single pea to the profundity of a mass of ants engaging in an orgy of decaying flesh. His commentary, spoken or unspoken, will, I conclude, demand of me defiant insolence until I can view it without disgust. A unique single thought can be volleyed with subtle reply. But *his* voice is the automaton; each sentence unconscious mimicry, each word the errors of mediocrity and resignation, each inflection mechanical and hollow...its repetitive rhythm resonates on me; I echo back upon the wall, "I have heard it before, before, before."

The robotic the dim the despairing the followers, following out of fear of doing differently, their ignorant leader taking them to a cliff. By the time they arrive they'll have realized where they were going, but will also know they can't start again, sadly realize they can't be rewound like reels on a machine even though they imitate the device in every other way. They are likely to leap to death when they discover this.

Insolence, therefore. Insolence, because I have hope, to tug at eyes grown shut out of rare use. Insolence because maybe I can light a fire in them. Insolence to pinch them if they have human flesh left to feel it, to draw the pain that will keep them alive.

And the source of life is in pain. Sorrow brings, as it always has, some adrenalin for tomorrow. Tomorrow when we may be alone again. But do not avoid it, instead revel in the solitary; let it be a comfort. They say that if alone you will look inside, seeing nothing but black, then that's why there's God, to heal that darkness into light. But if you don't try to escape, but face that black, why then it becomes white and is God. Pain avoided needs help. Pain we face is our savior. The one who believes, on this basis, that accepted sadness is strength, is coming. The one who knows it is but surely there. Know, know, know you can never be too familiar with, the ache of uniqueness, the thud of the I would wish, the sharp bite of the faux pas. Rather than escaping them, merge sensually with the things that hurt and with curious fingers explore their source. Commit acts disrespectful and immoral for the intimacy with which they bring you together with the feeling of the painful. All this very close knowing piles up, becoming a mountain of gathered wisdom and influence. No one can dismiss the mountain. The one who lives its life is immortal. Death then is not afraid; for she who finds herself in the stuff of the mountain is near indestructible.

You say it seems true and so okay you believe it, now close the book and go home. But then you don't

really think it is right, because integrity demands that to believe a thing you have to act it yes indeed. Also, you cannot toss this requirement to the wind, no not at all. It says to your robotic "okay nice but okay nice but okay nice" an unhesitatingly patient "Yes but still and still and yet still." This is after all an insolent integrity. This is what you will call it when you turn and go there and it is already there, or you run this way and it smiles back insistently. You will begin to think it is provokingly pert. Especially in the way it seems to know you. It says things repeatedly like you do but is disrespectfully more successful than your calculated robotic speech in maintaining consistence. This is but of course only natural because integrity means consistence. You cannot claim to have anything whole constructed without integrity; there is just absolutely no way to pretend. Can't hide. Can't think *this* bit of no consequence and do other things in the meantime. No, no. And no. Nothing can be forgotten, especially not the smallest. If it is forgotten, you can be certain of one thing and that is it will come back to haunt you.

You may call us idealistic or dreamy... but we manipulate you.

When it haunts you at first you will only feel it as a vague itch. You'll nevermind it, you hope, out of existence, dismissing things that irritate with, "But it just has to be done." At first you will say this objectively, but later the insistent ghost integrity will make you utter it defensively and finally despairingly and uncertainly. It seems as if the tide of life is inching you out to sea. You call this 'reality,' and are content with that designation because you have heard 'reality' is a good thing and besides you look about at other faces blank as your own, then think this all must be real when you're given the evidence of the commonality of the phenomenon. The avoidance you see is popular; this dull life the masses share has a name. It is mediocrity. It is conformity. It is manners, politeness, and civility. This, the ballet of the ridiculous hordes, is done together; one bumbles and the other tumbles and like grotesque gorillas and dancing slippers they ape one another with twisted faces, dripping saliva and over the cliff they go. Locked into mimicry they cannot escape becoming animals and are forced to express themselves in any decent way. People turn away at the funeral embarrassed by the Dorian Gray hideous facade.

This what you call 'reality' is your reality. If you live in polite avoidance, it is the fact of your life that you are haunted and helpless. But, if you disregard everything else, you will know this--it is not my reality, not that of others, and did not or does not have to be yours.

My reality is insolence. It is what you call 'idealism' or 'a dream' or 'immature' or everything else that can let you forget its threat to your philosophy. Oh, beware of the dream, this ideal that we share! We



the nonconformist, the unpopular, the eccentric, the unfortunate, the silent and the ignored. Oh yes, you must stay away from our dream once you have denied it. Never peruse our books which might irritate you. Stay at home and avoid our haunting eyes. Do not watch TV or hear our singing the promise of tomorrow on the radio. Never look out the window and see the sky full of our brilliant blue wish. Instead, jail us with severe laws. Confine our defiant idealism by deluding yourself with the significance of the practical in life. Buy, buy all you can, and imbue yourself for posterity because if you forgo dreams there will be no other continuation of you when you die. Find things to do in your spare time; clutch with murderous intensity to this or that delightful pitiful insignificant deathly hobby which allows you to live without the reminder we are screaming in the hallway where you turned your back and ignored your friends. Oh, but we scream loudly. We'll drive you to more than psychotic stamp collecting. If you run from us it will be a harsh sentence. You may call us idealistic or dreamy, thinking you can control us, but we manipulate you.

How do we get this way? You help us. Look under your feet and see how you're cultivating insolence by squashing us. We grow wild with the pain, grow up with the pain. If we seethe in anger we are blinded by it and cannot learn by it, then we become like you. But when we accept the pain, we bloom into mountains. In my life the growth came directly out of the tense years, where from pain I got love and also insolence. The tears seemed to arrive in a pattern, which I enjoyed observing when for conformity's sake I ought to have concentrated on the pain. Instead I spit in the face of it.

At 14 it began, when I got an illness that left me weak and pale. It hurt. Coming home from school with flesh still ringing of all the insults, I looked in the mirror. Seeing the paleness, plain hair, and worried eyes, I thought I was like a stone from the river that got rushed over, becoming worn out. But I looked at my hands and feet with traces of blue in them. I liked how these veins or arteries or whatever stuck out and looked strong. It sort of made up for that face I avoided in the mirror. The face that got left alone due to strange color and odd expression. I turned my face to the ground and put my hands with

veins on the ground and thought they were like roots of a tree from which all things might come. Through tears, the hairs on my arm glistened like a silvery forest. Something strong on the wind blowing, I knew at 14.

At 16 I was trampled again. At 16 they did not speak, but called queer those brilliant burnings in me whereby I felt whole and ascendant poetic about Sandra and Elizabeth, and Joanna and Christine. "Keep it to yourself," they sang in the hallways; I could read it in their monotonic smiles and boring variations on a single theme. Because I was only *growing* insolent, to myself it stayed. To my own captive heart the profound love. For my own churning guts the penetrating passion. Under my pillow, alone sobbing the pain of unexpressed feeling. I would love later on; and very tenderly for all that I had found it was worth.

I bided my time, as we the disrespectful will do until we are ready to leap out in defiance. So I ambled along, from adolescence at 16 to adolescence at 18. At 18, now I'd gone from the bittersweet home and faced adulthood in the university. There I heard them yelling another untruth. That woman is weak, her body strange, with its odd bumps and not smooth muscle and its incapable voice. Well, by now I was ready to go with all the anger. So I went off on an insolent journey. I took my mishmash body, the mountain. I took my arms hands legs feet, the forest. Took my stringy hair I cut myself all frayed and hanging. Took my breasts new and strange, not a little scary for all their bouncing I don't know where. I brought along my voice scrawly like no human being I loved. Then I packed up my waist and hips that were altogether foreign and I thought from Mars. Mountains I believed were more regular, and my body was just a lot of unexpected turns. Well I took all these things and said this is enough of the trampling: hop in and let's see where we end up.

We went driving driving driving. I gave the eye to those strange passengers at first, but occasionally listened to them, thought them wise, and reluctantly, than more fully, loved them. We all then got together for the big event, which was falling in love at 20. Oh in vain oh in vain oh in vain. She was after men. The pain, the pain, the pain made me gentle and

continued on page 8

The Consequences of Queerness

by Debbie Mikuteit

I thought about it much but kept it tumbling looking for expression and because she feared, "How do you feel?" might loosen some torrent, she never asked. Until the thing escaped of its own power. Then emotions cascaded as predicted, and in what she--still in friendship--told me--without words--would be one of our last meetings, she finally asked ever so politely, "I wonder what it is like for you anyway? I mean to be a lesbian. It must be kind of hard." She did not want me to answer, only to listen while she reflected. "Your lives and your feelings are not made to seem normal like ours, so I guess they end up not being routine, and you turn out with a different sense of humor and all." A different sense...yes. "As a result I could see how you'd feel lonely or sad and stuff like that." I smiled at her genuine interest, and at the way in which her normally collegiate vocabulary became inadequate in exploration of the unfamiliar.

It had often been so for me as well. And it is indeed, I thought to myself, stuff like that which I feel. If I feel. Often I am driven to complacent unfeeling. Quite ordinarily, it seems that I have to be especially insistent if I want to feel, so frequently I forget it altogether and sit on a rock. Let my legs hang and I think rock, tick tock, start to hum a song to the rock. That kind of feeling I can do very easily; nobody pays me any mind. I don't have to give the right answer (as in when my classroom seat becomes the cherished rock and I stare out of it insolently growing its unmovable expression, and then the professor avoids looking at me and I am not



only content as the stone, but then begin to see my fingers growing into leaves.) Oh, it's actually a pleasure to do this which could be called unfeeling or at the same time and just as accurately, profound feeling. Because I really start to think like the rock, and at the same time others note it. Nobody expects sense from a woman who sits on rocks all day. Who possibly does even stranger things when out of the pressing public eye.

My thoughts broke as she went on, and I was happy to see that she did. "Yes, I guess it must be difficult. But tell me something--and no offense--sometimes I think those stereotypes are true. Like, how come you dress like men? Not only that, but you often seem to dress with little sense of style. I know a few gay men and they dress nicely, but a lot of the gay

women just seem like they don't care as much, you know?

Oh boy did I know. Ever since I was little I'd get "helpful hints" on how to dress from parents, friends, teachers, and even passers-by on the street with their dour looks, who could not fathom that what they thought an omission of style was in fact one of the most subtle styles of dress. Now to think my own dear friend fell into the same misunderstanding disheartened to say the least. It demanded a clarification unachievable through ordinary answer; it insisted that she must see it as no common reply. And I knew that an expected response, or even new pearls in a well-known format of answer, will encourage the discussion to go click click click and repeat ideas which have occurred in thousands of dialogues over the world. I did not want this snap click ignoble end for the promise I saw in our exchange.

Thus I laughed congenially and pointed to my own somewhat drab clothing, signalling that no offense had been taken, and that the following unusual argument was to be taken by her without offense as well. I thought that once I had shared her worry--once when I was finding a vision of my own but kept getting it lost in other eyes. But now...now I knew. But more thoroughly understood was this, than simple believing. Now I felt this vision. It did funny things to my body to know it so well, like right now when in answer to her question before I could stop them my legs were stiffening and my body becoming the trunk of a tree. The arms were of course the branches. Then I smiled and my fingers fluttered like falling leaves and I brought them in contact with the ground, where I picked up a real leaf and held it to my arm over the wrinkled lined shirt I had on. Then I held up an eyebrow and looked at her from under it. "See how that leaf sits there? The crinkles in that leaf match the wrinkles in this shirt. Do you see that? Not only that, but see this. The lines in this leaf imitate the stripes on this shirt." She was annoyed, but also vaguely intrigued because she understood my sincerity. I was not yet done explaining.

I dropped the leaf and picked up a pebble, then sat and balanced the pebble on my knee. I put my head down and glanced at the stone sideways, starting to breathe harder while maintaining that difficult position. I looked at her with a humble and mischievous request for recognition. "And can you see this! The stone balances there. Not only that but its gray color goes with the fading blue in these jeans. I could not help myself but grinned impishly. She smiled, but became a little irritated with my denial of the solemnity she thought this, one of our last meetings, certainly deserved. So then I became serious, or at least tended in that direction.

"Really now, these are the reasons why I wear certain clothes like jeans and cotton shirts. I am not however dismissing the importance of your idols to you, just as the simple paintings on my wall at home do not imply I detest the work of Rembrandt or Picasso. If you prefer a little more sophistication in your dress or model yourself after some heroine, I remain appreciative but without a trace of envy. Because my hero after which I



model myself is the earth, exquisitely pure and outrageously simple. If I wore things which did not bend in compliance with the earth, then I could not so skillfully be the tree or place the leaf on my person; if I covered myself without adherence to nature's fashion then the pebble on my knee would fall off out of plain shame and nervousness. Being the bold earth puts magic in my intention, and certainty in all my action.

"The stone balances here. Not only that, but its gray color goes with the fading blue in these jeans."

She laughed and said, "I'm not sure if I understand it completely."

I smiled, "Think about it. Promise me you'll do that, okay?"

She smiled and grew impatient to go, realizing these moments of closeness had to be severed. She said she would try to remember but didn't know if she could and as a matter of fact had to go right now and pick up some copies at the xerox center and her mind was on that.

Her mind on that. On that on that.

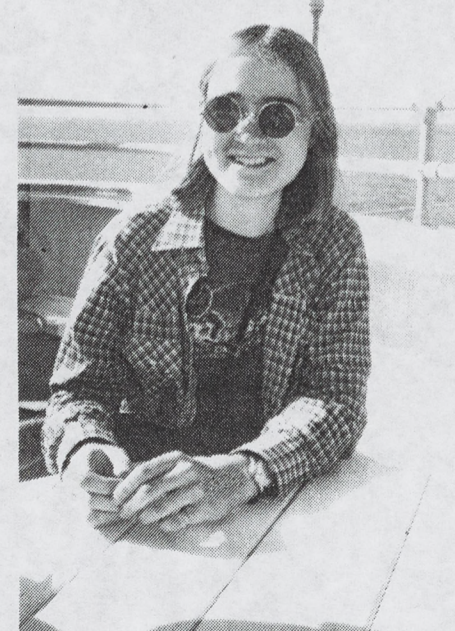
I sighed; then picked up a leaf, poked a hole in it with the stem from another leaf and looked through the leaf, because her fingers tapped randomly on the black sequined purse while she developed a worried look, which in spite of everything, still went well with her white ruffled blouse. Purses and blouses like those had frightened me before, some mysterious power of theirs overwhelming the leaves clear out of my hands and making me think them insignificant, as well as silently criticizing my plain clothes. Indeed, at first the judgement of the two varieties of dress had weighed greatly on the side of the former. This perspective was edged along by subtle insinuations of elders and other ignorants that the frilly were nice clothes. Nice, not nice. If the former were the one, then the latter the other. I believed this once. For two minutes.

In the first minute it seemed to be wholly true when I looked at a

beautiful woman in a silk dress with makeup on her face. But in the next minute she tried to move along with the earth, because her fate was not to be a mute model out of *Glamour* but at birth the stars had proclaimed she was of another simpler world. Her motion was of course in combat with the dress--she almost tore it once. Then in the third and terminal minute, the purportedly 'good' mascara developed a proclivity toward idiocy when it tried unsuccessfully to hold together her sad eyes. From then on I knew what was good and what was bad, and I did not blame the innocent silk and mascara so much as realize that good is being who you are: flowing with the motion of the earth if it calls you, or artfully strolling with vivid ruffled beauty if such is the painting on your horizon.

I looked through the leaf trying to see what was there for my hesitant friend. I said, though she was leaving and reluctant to have me continue, "Well, peering through this leaf gives me a view of you like a crystal ball, but who needs the ball when she can have a leaf." She stood solemn. "And what it says is that you will be

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About the Author

Debbie Mikuteit is a senior in Physics at UC Berkeley. She grew up in the suburbs of San Diego. She is co-coordinator of the Berkeley Gay Students' Union, and is active in the University of California Lesbian and Gay Intercampus Network

LESBIAN FEMINIST PROSTITUTION

—an interview with a UCSD student who is, among other things, both a lesbian-feminist and a prostitute. She wishes to remain anonymous.

Q: How or why did you become a prostitute?

A: I hate to think of myself as a "prostitute," because it's really not part of my identity at all. Very few people here know about that part of me.

It happened gradually, and before I knew it I was totally dependent on it. I was real broke and was propositioned, and I figured, to hell with it. It got real easy. Now I can find tricks anywhere. There's probably not one woman alive that hasn't been offered money at least once, in one way or another. It's something to think about.

Q: How do you go about it?

A: I walk around busy streets a lot, and men drive by. Usually they just ask if I need a ride. I get in the car, and pretty soon the conversation comes around to sex. There's a lot of testing reactions and feeling out the situation. It doesn't take that much time, and San Diego's full of buyers. I think people would be surprised at how much it really goes on.

I'd say the majority of the men are married. Businessmen are real common. They're usually very respectable and have nice cars. But it depends on what part of town you're in. Of course, I present myself as respectable too and I think that helps.

I have a lot of standards. I never lower my rates, even if I really need the money. That sort of makes me feel more respectable.

Q: If it's for the money, then why don't you get a regular job?

A: There aren't jobs around where young women in their first year of college can make any decent money. I'm in the highest-paid profession. No taxes, I set my own hours and my own rates. I take good care of myself. Good jobs are hard to come by. I wanted to be a topless dancer but I'm not old enough. Some day I'll get a good job. My eyes are always open.

Q: You make good money, then?

A: Yeah, I do. I compared it to what some other women that I met said, and I wanted to laugh. I was damned proud of myself. I was getting about twice as much as they were. I probably could be rich, but I only do it enough to survive.

Q: Do you enjoy it at all?

A: It disgusts me. But it's more than just selling myself. The whole street life is included in the package. Sometimes I have some good talks with people. I've learned a lot about life and giving and sharing. Poor people really know how to love. UCSD is an elite class—I think a lot less of people here than of people out there struggling. I don't ever want to be rich because I don't like rich people and I don't want to be associated with them. I hate telling people I go to school here. I'm really in one class but I have the appearance of being in another. I've really had an internal class struggle being trapped between two worlds like that.

Seems like the less people have, the more of it they're willing to give to help you out. Now that I have street people as friends, I'll never again be without a place to stay or something to eat.

I guess I'm prejudiced because I don't like the way the education system's set up, but I've learned a hell of a lot more on the streets than at UCSD.

Q: I know you're active in school politics. Do people view you as being "Politically Incorrect"?

A: Of course they do. For this if they know, otherwise for other things I do. I think "Politically Correct" is a bunch of bullshit. How can any political philosophy be correct? Everyone should live by their own standards.

The people that label themselves "Politically Correct" are usually rich. Tell them to be cold and hungry and have no place to live and then see what they think about politically incorrect. The theory only holds up if you've already got what you're fighting for.

I know what it's like on the bottom. I'm fighting for my freedom and theirs, and I fight damned hard. They don't know what oppression is. How can they win when they're so proud of themselves, and so unaware?

Q: What is your political philosophy?

A: I'm a lesbian-feminist. I know that sounds like a contradiction, but I couldn't survive if I cared what anyone thought. I know what I believe, and what's right, and that's all that counts.

Q: It does sound like a contradiction. How does that work?

A: There are a lot of people out there calling themselves feminists who would spit in my face. To me, though, feminism is not creating the perfect mold and having everyone fit into it, it's allowing women—people—to make their own molds. A lot of traditional feminist theory is very moralistic and restrictive. Like the big anti-pornography thing. They're going after the effect rather than the cause. They're actually inhibiting female sexual freedom.

Q: Does being a prostitute affect how you feel about men?

A: Well, sadly, yes it does. It's really hard to respect people who treat me the way men do. It might seem like I'm asking for it, but it's the situation and culture, not just me.

As far as how I feel about men sexually, I luckily have never found fulfillment in them. I was gay long before I started hooking. Men are just a means to earn money for me. Other than that I like to have as little to do with them as possible.

Q: Is it difficult to hide your lesbianism on the streets?

A: Usually I don't bother. Lots of times I tell the men I'm a lesbian, and it just makes them want to prove their manhood and cure me. They could

never do that. I used to think I was a little bit bisexual, but now I know I could never love a man or sleep with one voluntarily.

Anyway, I'm proud to be a lesbian and those men aren't worth hiding it from. I happen to think a lot more of myself than I do of them.

Q: Does it scare you?

A: Sometimes it scares the hell out of me. Not just that I'll get a disease or get mugged, beaten or killed, but it scares me that this is what I am. I never thought I'd be involved in something like this. I guess what I'm really scared of is losing the rest of myself—the parts that make me strong—to the portion of society that's dragging me down.

Q: What about getting arrested?

A: Well I know it's illegal and all, but it doesn't seem like it should be. Nobody gets hurt. It's not that different from a boyfriend paying for a date then the woman feels pressured to let him maul her, or a wife staying with her husband only because she knows she can't support herself on her own.

Anyway, I've been pretty lucky—

Consequences...

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successful, very much so, but only if you quickly and without delay dash over to the copy center and pick up those xeroxes because they are lonely waiting on you." Looking back I see I was getting impudent toward the conclusion of the conversation, out of frustration at seeing her go. "You better hurry because I see God's wrath upon you if you don't amble over and collect up those papers, for they had taken your sincere promise of everlasting love and now they're hungry for your affection." Simply, I was jealous. I continued, "And they do not get it while you stand here looking at me on the opposite side of a leaf." I gave her some understanding that I knew how she felt.

She agreed with a recollection of her purse into tighter hands, and a nervous tug on her blouse. I was fascinated—ironically—by the ruffles and feminine beauty she wore which I'd loathed before. Now they did not scare me, but grew seductive. I saw how her delightful smile harmoniously blended into her person. She was from another horizon. Leaves green brown orange or crumpled ruffled will do for me, but maybe she is meant for flower petals. I did not enjoy flowers as much as would be expected for a woman but when I looked at her again I suddenly knew the beauty of the flower, and indeed I think I would call her eyes violets except she resisted my naming them, creating that aching chasm of difference which splits an earth in two. Eyes turning from eyes. How could it be? It is murder in the immediate family. It is a rude cancellation of the "depth and breadth and height...of being." It is however a sobering confirmation of some sort of sorrowful contentment and—"I shall love thee better after death."

I've never been arrested. I'm mostly pretty careful. You're okay as long as you always wait for them to proposition you instead of the other way around. Although I do know one woman who was entrapped but of course it was the cop's word against hers.

I find it amusing that selling sex is illegal but buying it isn't.

Q: You seem to be very confident and self-assured. Does it affect how you feel about yourself?

A: At first I felt really ashamed, like I was worth less than garbage, for doing that to myself. But I've learned not to live by other people's values. I know I'm a good person no matter what anybody thinks. Having to deal with this makes me stronger. Kind of along the same lines as coming out as a lesbian made me question a whole lot of things, and I ended up as a stronger individual.

I don't let being a prostitute get me down any more. It's not something I'm proud of, like being gay, but I deal with it. It doesn't make me evil, it's just part of our culture and being a woman in it.

Abruptly she said, "See you later, I guess." And then, to decorate her departure and lessen its harshness, mumbled something about the value of platonic friendship. I knew from her distance that she meant the necessity thereof. Tact is painful. She could have kicked me instead.

"Remember to think about the leaves," I said gently, respectful of her going and accepting of the death it brought to me. Then she glistened with a great smile because she knew I was not angry. We hugged; I pressed my body carefully to hers, feigning platonic expression. She turned and walked away.

Away, away.

In the sky the leaves were falling, fluttering down on us as we separated. "What is it like?" I think she had wanted to know before, but at that time circumstances had us meeting too frequently for her to be comfortable with the suspected answer. She thought it contained things to turn her modest eyes down every time she glanced at me, and that a common occurrence, given that we lived together. So after she heard The News about me which indicated what I might be thinking, she arranged that we should see each other less (i.e., I packed up and out), and then she was open to hearing it all. Then she found that what I might have been thinking not only was I thinking, but also feeling, dancing, and dreaming.

Of course, before she ever asked me, I tortured myself with those questions. "What is it like? What am I like?" I asked several times. Several hundred times. Every day I asked, curious of the fascination I felt for some women, and then more furiously at night I asked when I wished my pillow would turn into one of them. It puzzled me for quite a while, lingering to gather depth and form, like the detailed thoughts of

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The Changing Nature of Homosexual Identity ... continued

precluding any understanding of the sexual or emotional currents in their lives. The result, in Marshall's words: *This absence of clear public conception inevitably meant that many persons with homosexual feelings were prevented from identifying themselves as 'homosexual'. Indeed, the very idea of a homosexual relationship was often difficult to contemplate, even for those who were later to adopt a homosexual identity.*⁴

By the early part of the 20th century the works of Freud, Ellis, and many others recognizing the unique sexuality of same-sex relationships had firmly established homosexuality as a separate and distinct, though misunderstood, sexuality. However, the specific characteristics which were associated with homosexuality (e.g. effeminacy) by both researchers and the public at large were problematic. Many homosexuals who did not identify with these characteristics consequently did not identify themselves as homosexuals. Ironically, at this point, the U.S. government stepped in to give the concept of homosexual identity its biggest boost to date. As described by Dennis Altman in **The Homosexualization of America: During World War II, great effort was expended to exclude homosexuals from the military, and thousands of men and women were first classified as homosexuals by military medical examiners. For many people this was the determining factor that led them to conceive of themselves as homosexual, a fact of considerable importance in the post-war movement of homosexuals to certain large cities....**⁵ Altman also notes that **the U.S. is one of two nations to ever systematically classify homosexuals, the other being Nazi Germany.**

This effectively completed the shift in the 'authoritative' view of homosexuality from one of behavior to one of identity, an important step in the development of the community, inasmuch as it (forced) opponents into a position where they can be seen as attacking the civil rights of homosexual citizens rather than attacking specific and (as they see it) antisocial behavior.⁶ With this identity, homosexuals become a people, moreover, an **oppressed** people in their own minds. Nonetheless, a lot of this perceived oppression was internalized, and the homosexual community remained a clandestine one, a refuge from, rather than an involved segment of, 'straight' society as a whole. Kenneth Plummer observes that at the early meetings of the gay movement in England...the realization that one was collectively oppressed rather than individually disturbed set new and urgent questions. What forces were at work in our oppression? For how long had this been going on? Why had nobody been done anything about it before? Why did the majority of gays still refuse to 'fight'? The answer to many of these questions was that many of the homosexuals of the time had internalized a great deal of the negative rhetoric about homosexuality. Many of them were raised in a time before 'the community' was known to exist. In short, they did not identify with a positive homosexual identity. It took an explosive affirmation of the term 'gay' for many of these men to make the transition to 'gay is good'.

From Homosexual to Gay

In June of 1969, a decisive turning point in the history of the gay community took place. A routine police raid on a Christopher Street (New York City) gay bar turned into a violent assertion of gay identity. Instead of allowing themselves to be victimized by police, the patrons of the Stonewall Bar fought back. The rock and bottle-throwing battle turned into three days of rioting by the gay community, and caused both gays and straights to reevaluate their perception 'the community'. These events, still celebrated internation-

ally during an annual Gay Pride Week gave rise to the feeling and slogan that "Gay is Good", and are marked by historians as the birth of the Gay Liberation Movement. These events provided the most positive identity yet for gays, as evidenced by the observations of James W. Chesebro and Kenneth L. Klenk in **Gayspeak: Since the Stonewall riots...some gay males have sought societal support for an alternative conception of their identity and meanings associated with same-sex relationships. These individuals typically identify themselves as gay, assert a commitment to gay ideology, and overtly espouse a sense of pride and power in being gay. Indeed, males identifying themselves as homosexuals have been distinguished from those viewing themselves as gay...Carmen de Monteflores and Stephen J. Shultz have reported that the homosexual male "internalizes negative stereotypes" while the gay male "rejects the negative societal stereotypes associated with being homosexual" and describes himself as healthy.**⁸



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This observation provides a good perspective for understanding the reluctance of pre-Stonewall homosexuals to 'come out', inasmuch as it involved assuming what they perceived to be a negative identity. In gays who came out in the period immediately surrounding Stonewall, there is a more positive identity, a greater political awareness, and a tendency toward radicalism. The distinction for them between 'gay' and 'homosexual' is

great, the latter being an externally imposed label with negative connotations, and the former an internally imposed label with positive connotations, a self-assumed identity. It has been reported, though, that this perception has not been transmitted to the younger generations: *Radicalism in the movement has declined. Politics have given way to social and sexual concerns, and since this group has never had to bear the painful associations with the word 'homosexual', they find no need to make sharp distinctions between this word and 'gay', and tend to use the*

Today and the Future: the Establishment Gay

same (positive) conceptual construct for both.⁹

The deradicalization of the gay community is no surprise. In its day, radicalism served to mobilize and focus the energies of a repressed community. It made the community visible so that gays who were closeted could see that they weren't alone, and so that straights, who ignored the community, would be forced to admit it existed. Says Paul Robinson, *visibility is important, psychologically, because of the profound role played by its opposite in the life of every homosexual--that is, secretiveness.*¹⁰ But secretiveness is no longer the dominant characteristic of a gay lifestyle. The physical gay community provides a space in which gay people can be comfortable, where they do not feel compelled to hide their identity or modify their behavior. The contemporary gay can go through his daily life with a sense of his community's existence and continuance. Further, among younger men, the existence of the gay community predates their own awareness and participation thereof and therein; as such, its institutions are perceived as permanent and traditional entities. Radicalism has served its purpose; the gay community is 'Establishment'. Gay and Lesbian Organizations are permitted to exist and sometimes sanctioned by universities. (For example, consider LAGO at UCSD

and **Sappho Speaks**, both funded by the Associated Students.) Most major cities have gay advocates offices. Witness also the courting of the gay vote in last year's San Diego mayoral election, as well as in the current campaign for the 1984 vote.

The impact of institutionalization on identity is tremendous. No longer does the issue of a person's sexuality rest primarily upon negative societal perceptions. No longer must a homosexual identify with a group that is 'deviant' or 'criminal' or 'radical' in its definition. By its own definition, the gay community is an alternative to straight society rather than an opposition to it. The community has co-opted many of the values of the dominant culture, while still maintaining currents of progressive ideals. The result is that homosexuals who are coming out--becoming 'gay'--need not radically realign their values to do so. Radicalism is not necessarily part of the gay identity, and that identity is therefore more natural to assume for many. Thus, someone coming out does not feel that to exercise his gay identity he needs to adopt radical ideologies.

The same applies to stereotypical behaviors, such as swishing or limp-wristing. The young gay man who was the star quarterback or the epitome of 'masculinity' need not feel as if he has to adopt such behaviors as he comes out. The gay community no longer requires such explicit 'markers'. A gay person can more freely express his individuality without the aid of supportive stereotypical behaviors.

Observations

We of the gay community have always been both blessed and cursed as a minority by the fact that most of us have been raised within the boundaries of the dominant culture. Cursed, because we have all been denied the presence of others with whom we could identify; blessed, because unlike many minorities, we have been raised within the system,

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About the Author

Stephen Russell is a Communication major at UCSD. He has been active in politics at UCSD and in the gay community. He has worked in film, video, and radio, and anticipates a future in the media/communications field.

LAGO Rhythms

DANCE SET FOR FEB. 3

LAGO hosts its quarterly Non-Sexist Dance on Friday, February 3, from 9 p.m. until 1 a.m.

What does "non-sexist" mean? It means, simply, that anyone can dance with anyone else, regardless of gender or sexual orientation. A tradition dating back three years at UCSD, it has never failed to supply fun and a pleasant atmosphere. It has earned a reputation as "the best dance on campus."

GAY SERVICES FUNDED

Counseling and Psychological Services, in conjunction with the Lesbian and Gay Organization, have been funded to provide services for UCSD students. The services include: a Speaker's Bureau, in which gay and lesbian students provide a panel to address classes, dormitory resident advisors, and other campus groups on relevant issues, a support group for people who are gay or exploring their sexuality, peer counseling, a telephone hotline service for those wishing confidential counseling.

The telephone hotline and the peer counseling program are still in the planning stages. For more information, call LAGO at 452-6969. If no one is there, leave a message on the answering machine and someone will get back to you.

DIARY

continued

turned into song which I sang for her and almost for her beloved man. But then I looked about at what was going on when I got back from the traveling. I glanced at my hands and still saw the veins. But now it seemed other folks noticed it too. I had changed, from an awkward child for whom regret and wishing had been continual into a being whose steps fell with all this past into a declarative present, toward solid rebellious future.

Now I don't want muscle so I can grin hulkingly stupidly, and not big cars or money to occupy time between sleeping. Not either success in a job where I can contribute to society by participation in the machine of it. I am the rebel, but it is often unseen or subtle demonstration which I use. Yes I will be found working in some regular place, I may clean the house or walk down the ordinary street. Then I might seem common. But there is a difference between your confused cooperation and my reserved going along. I am the insolent. I do not find the usual treasures in the workplace; I'm always there in spite of myself. I never wholly sit down when seated. I am not cleaning house when I go through the actions, but instead insolently loving the things I touch. If I am ambling down the street it is not like you walking because I am only secondarily going from one place to another, and primarily I feel the social breezes or natural harmonies around me in response to defiant gut gentle footsteps. If I go to study or work I am not drawn to a thing I abhor by the necessity of the action. Rather, I find rebelliously that my dreams arise grinning at me from the musical corners of every task I undertake. My eye does not look away in fear like yours but challenges the ones it meets with the sturdy patience of a hawk, or like a swaying

plant in the noon wind it laughs softly. No, I am not the unimaginative predictable. Never ordinary. I bathe in the grass as I lay in it. I embrace the night and the moon and smile at death. I make love to you, unsuspecting women, in the short time while you glance at me and am done before you can look away. I will not be stopped.

What is this insistent insolence? At first angry response, and later transcendent into freedom from the turmoil. It is writing that before feared taking up the pen, and now drives words beyond the page. Insolence is growing into the thing they thought they'd killed when they stomped the seeds out of it. It is not excessive complaint, but acutely timed silences and loaded glances. It is beginning to feel again, and this time really. Insolence walks solidly with all its collected aloneness poured into one shuddering footstep, risking going to places unknown, enjoying the air while getting there; making the way for a long and contented peace.



Sappho Speaks

Editors:
Russell Lewis, Sharon Moxon
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Michael Woody
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Cover Photo:
Lee Snider

Send letters, articles, fiction, poetry, photography, artwork, and other submissions to:

Sappho Speaks
B-023, UCSD
La Jolla, CA 92093



LESBIAN SISTERHOOD

The Lesbian Sisterhood will begin meeting each Monday starting February 6 from 4 until 5:30 p.m. in the Women's Resource Center. The group will be an informal rap/discussion format.

GAY MEN'S SUPPORT GROUP

The gay men's support group continues to meet every Wednesday at 7 p.m. in TCHB 141.

The group is an open (meaning that people can come and go at any time during the quarter) informal rap/discussion group. Gay men or those questioning their sexuality can meet to talk with their peers about issues concerning them. The group is led by men who have had facilitator training through Counseling and Psychological Services.

SOCIAL HOUR

This quarter, LAGO has added a social hour every Tuesday evening from 8 until 10 p.m. in TCHB (Third College Humanities Building) 141. It is a place where UCSD's lesbian and gay community can meet, talk, and set their own agenda for fun. LAGO's programming previously had no provision for unstructured meeting time.

Response has been good in the initial weeks. Later in the quarter, LAGO may ask speakers from San Diego's gay community to give short talks or conduct discussions on relevant topics for a portion of the social hour, but this will not be a regularly scheduled feature of social hour.

Consequences...

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some wise man pondering a subtlety of life atop Mt. Olympus. Then when I met her the reply began to come. Slowly. Then more forcefully. And finally the answer was undeniable in all its intensity and the clarity of feeling it gave. I had moved with the feeling and expressed it as it came, not realizing the inevitable trouble in that exploration: my love for her. I laughed to myself in defiance of the difficult result because it could not have been otherwise, and I was glad for us both that it had happened. I had discovered one of the most elusive and important parts of myself. I also knew that all our tense exchanges, and especially our lighthearted ones, had given her some understanding of what it all meant to me. I am certain she has felt it well because she never attempted to shrug it off with a simple reply. Rather she was left straining for words; a rare thing for a writer, but something that will develop with time and a writer's need to reflect on

pain and merge all of herself into one great expressive being. If I saw her again I'd ask her about it.

Then I turned around...and laughed. It would not be so easy to get away from her at all. In my need to imitate the earth I had something of its eyes, and I could see that there she was, glowing freshness in the flowers by the side of the road. I laughed more each time she came up in a new place. I often joked by saying to myself, "I strongly suspect that you shall see her again," and then burst out laughing every time, when a few seconds later I was able to creatively establish her existence in this or that earthly artwork which carried some wonderful resemblance to her. If not in the way she looked, the things took after her because they also incited love; albeit of a more spiritual sort.

"You shall truly see her again." And if not her, why then it would most certainly be some other woman; I knew myself well enough by now to be sure of that basic similarity. Laughing, I knelt to the road covered with leaves and touched the petals of a flower, gloriously making its way out of the warm soil.

3 John Marshall
"Pansies, Perverts, and Macho Men"
The Making of the Modern Homosexual,

4 Ibid. p. 149

5 Dennis Altman
The Homosexualization of America, 1982, p. 70

6 Ibid. p. 9

7 Kenneth Plummer
"Building a Sociology of Homosexuality"
The Making of the Modern Homosexual, 1981, p. 25

8 James W. Chesebro and Kenneth L. Klenk
"Gay Masculinity in the Gay Disco"
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9 Fred E. Jandt and James Darsey
"Coming Out as a Communicative Process"
GaySpeak, 1981, p. 24

10 Paul Robinson
"Invisible Man"
New Republic, June 3, 1978, p. 10
1981, pp. 135-6

Homosexual Identity

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and many of our white male leaders have been trained as dominant members of society to know, understand, and run the system. It is my hope that we never become so satisfied with the status quo that we use this knowledge to maintain it, that those of us who have had to search so hard for our identity find it not only in solidarity with gays, but with all people who are oppressed by dominant culture.

Sources

- 1 Jeffrey Weeks
"Discourse, Desire, and Sexual Deviance"
The Making of the Modern Homosexual, 1981, p. 81
- 2 Ibid. p. 83

SAPPHO SPEAKS

The Lesbian and Gay Quarterly Journal at UCSD

Spring 1984

AIDS IN SAN DIEGO

How America's Finest City is Coping

Russell Lewis

Late last month, it was announced that a virus that is the probable cause of AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) has been isolated. It is HTLV-III (human T-cell leukemia virus, type 3). A blood test, developed by an AIDS research team headed by Dr. Richard C. Gallo, should be widely available within six months. Gallo predicted that a vaccine to prevent AIDS could be developed in about two years. Eventually it may also be possible to treat AIDS before it damages the body's immune system beyond repair.

There have been 4,000 reported AIDS cases in the United States since 1981.

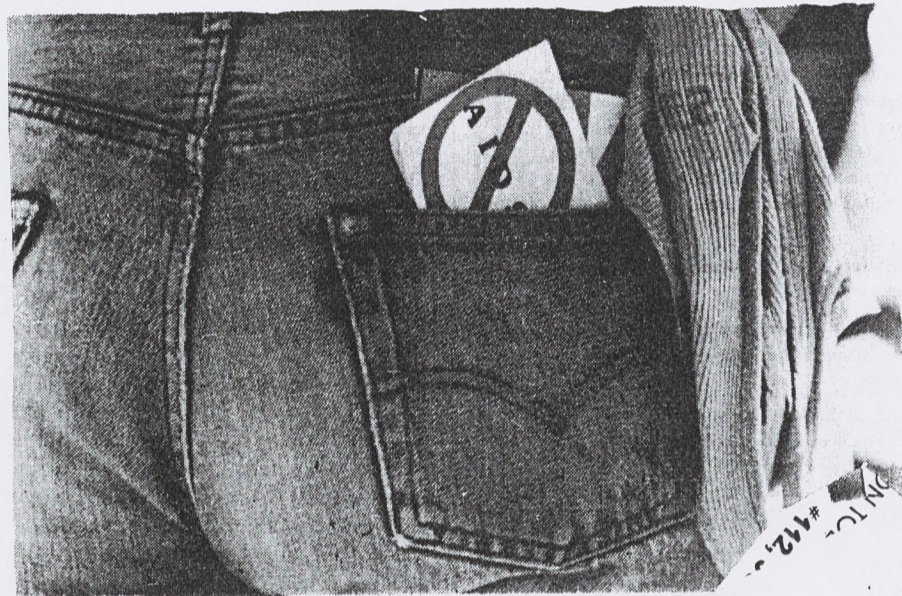
San Diego has had a Mayor's Task Force on AIDS since June, 1983, when there were 22 people with diagnosed cases of AIDS in the county.

At present, there are at least 45 cases of AIDS in San Diego County, 32 wherein the people afflicted are still alive. At least one new case is reported each week. According to Marguerite Jackson, R.N., M.S., Media Director of the AIDS Task Force, and on staff at the Infection Control Program of the UCSD Medical Center, this rate of increase means that San Diego is beginning to show the characteristic geometric progression of the AIDS epidemic.

The AIDS Task Force was convened by Mayor Rodger Hedgecock to generate ideas on how to minimize the impact of AIDS on the county, identify the medical, psychological and social service needs of people with AIDS and ways to meet them, and to educate the general community about the disease.

The Chair of the Task Force is Robert G. Petersdorf, M.D., Dean of the UCSD School of Medicine and Vice-Chancellor of Health Services at UCSD. The Vice-Chair is Elizabeth Barret-Connor, M.D., Chair of Community and Family Medicine at UCSD. Other UCSD Medical School participation is supplied by Dr. Allen McCutchan of the Infectious Disease Division; Dr. Chris Mathews, UCSD Owen Clinic Medical Director; and Dr. Anne Reardon, Assistant Director of the UCSD Blood Bank and Director of the Immunopathology Laboratory. Other participants are various county health service directors, and gay physicians in private practice.

AIDS is a condition whose cause is



unknown, but whose effects are painfully clear. It attacks the body's immune system. People who have AIDS have a radically impaired ability to fight off infection, become weak, and often suffer from chronic and untreatable diarrhea, which is life-threatening in itself. Two of the most common afflictions that people with AIDS develop are Kaposi's Sarcoma, a rare form of cancer which affects the lining of internal and surface blood vessels and leaves purple lesions, and Pneumocystis Carinii Pneumonia, which is the direct cause of death of most people with AIDS.

Earlier indications of the syndrome are rapid weight loss and fatigue for no apparent reason, persistent night sweats, persistent fever, unexplained and persistent diarrhea and swollen lymph nodes in the neck, armpits or groin. People who feel they have one or all of these signs should seek medical attention from health care providers familiar with AIDS.

It was in 1979 that the Centers for Disease Control began investigating an increased incidence of Kaposi's Sarcoma and other opportunistic infections in previously healthy persons, and the syndrome was given the name AIDS. It soon became apparent that the largest number of cases occurred in homosexual or bisexual males, but it has also been seen in heterosexual males and females, a majority of whom abuse intravenous drugs, and Haitian refugees. AIDS diagnosed in persons with Hemophilia A, and in several infants, has been linked to blood transfusions donated by gay men before they had manifested

signs of the syndrome.

Dr. Allen McCutchan, Research Director at the UCSD Owen Clinic, which was set up to deal with treatment and research of gay health concerns, suggests that the reason gay men have been primarily affected by AIDS is that gay sexual practices constitute an effective means of transmission of the agent that causes AIDS.

"The epidemiological data would suggest that the most effective means of transmission is through blood. Certainly links to blood transfusions suggest this as does the incidence of AIDS among intravenous drug users who share dirty needles. Anal intercourse causes damage to capillaries in the rectum, allowing semen directly into the bloodstream. Similarly, oral sex can cause damage to the capillaries in the throat, leading to the same problem."

Furthermore, the HTLV-III virus is very fragile, suggesting extremely close contact is the most effective means of transmission, since the virus has trouble surviving in the environment.

Work in SAIDS (Simian AIDS) at the California Primate Center at UC Davis also tends to suggest that transmission is most effective through blood contact. An infected population was placed in a sub-cage of the main enclosure, containing the non-infected population. Despite rain washing back and forth, and birds flying between populations, none of the Rhesus monkeys in the main enclosure contracted the disease.

SAIDS affected the juvenile population. Observers kept constant watch and reported no copulation. It did not seem to spread through sexual contact, but most likely through biting and scratching among the juveniles, which was observed.

The SAIDS research also lends credence to HTLV-III as the agent in humans, since the agent in the Rhesus

monkey is of a similar type, and the monkey are relatively closely related to humans.

Dr. McCutchan also said that the high number of sexual partners many gay men have opens them up that much more to the possibility of contracting disease. Lessening the number of sexual contacts, altering sexual practices to avoid trauma to capillaries, and minimizing the exchange of bodily secretions, are rational approaches to reducing the risk of AIDS.

"The best way to appeal to people to stop imprudent activity is to advise them of recommendations based on what we know. It has not proven effective to try to scare people with horror stories and statistics because this will make them wish to avoid hearing the facts and becoming educated. They may take refuge in sex, making their situation worse."

The fact is, McCutchan pointed out, that there is no one alive today who has had AIDS for more than three years. However, "there seems to be a related condition which is less severe. We are calling it 'AIDS-Related Complex (ARC). People with this condition manifest fatigue, fever, and swollen lymph nodes, but do not exhibit all the infections necessary to categorize them as AIDS patients under the CDC definition. They seem to be dealing with it better. But, we don't know enough about it to simply call it a milder AIDS condition, and certainly I wouldn't want to downplay the seriousness of the ARC condition. It is quite debilitating."

Dr. McCutchan is currently involved in research with four other UCSD researchers which has been funded for the first ten months with \$150,000. The grant is from the State Task Force on AIDS. They are studying two viruses, EBV (Epstein-Barr Virus) and CMV (Cytomegalovirus), which are often found in gay men, but especially in men who die of AIDS. Both of the viruses are latent in the bodies of healthy people, but "reactivate" during immuno-suppression. McCutchan hopes to discover at what stage in AIDS the viruses "come out of hiding." His team will study 100 local gay men for the next two to three years, following groups "from those who already do have AIDS to men, who, after detailed lab studies, show no sign of the disease." Both CMV and EBV are members of the herpes family of viruses. They may cause some of the secondary manifestations such as swollen lymph nodes, fever and fatigue common to diagnosed AIDS patients and those in the ARC category. As more research is done to determine the relationship

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LETTERS

Prostitution

I am writing in response to the article in the last issue, entitled "Lesbian Feminist Prostitution." It is supposedly an interview with a UCSD student who is a lesbian feminist and a prostitute. That article is the result of someone's vivid imagination. This response is written by an ex-hooker.

Being a hooker is not as easy as walking down the street and getting picked up by "respectable men in nice cars." Every hooker on the street has her own block, and if another woman is seen in that territory more than once, the pimp will take care of her. The recent article leads the reader to believe that she aimlessly walked down the street without a pimp attempting to take her in. A pimp is going to approach anyone who is seen aimlessly wandering down a busy street. You say "no" to a pimp and he will either finger you to the cops, or will do a bit of beating on you. The risk of danger is immense. Besides the everyday street crime which we all face, there is the threat of getting beaten or killed by the john. Many men say that they would never hit a woman, except a hooker, they don't count. I do not think a student would like to put herself in that position when she has to be in school the next day. There are other varieties of prostitution which involve less risk.

Streetwalkers are women who have nothing left in life. They do not willingly walk into it. They got sweet talked by some pimp. It quickly becomes a vicious cycle, being always in debt to the pimp (they arrange it that way), and needing money to buy the drugs he got you hooked on.

The fictitious hooker in the interview also says she does not hide her lesbianism. You hide it. You say nothing about yourself. You do not know who you are talking to or how they will react. Often, that reaction is violent.

My experience was six years ago. I was at a well-known private college in another state, had loans up to my ears and was still broke. A friend knew a lesbian who owned a massage parlor

and asked if I would be interested. I spent weeks searching for justification within myself. I finally agreed to it because of my financial situation. I was introduced to the owner, and she told me about the business. I said that I could only work one or two days a week because of school. She agreed to this because I was a friend of a friend and a student who needed a break. I was able to work as few hours as I wanted. It was painful and I felt awful, but I learned to disconnect myself from the situation, do homework problems or mentally recite what I had learned that day. I cannot stress enough how lucky I was. The owner was a lesbian and a friend, so I did not get beaten for not turning enough tricks. This was in the 1970's, in a small city, and herpes was not yet at epidemic proportions. The owner allowed me to develop my own clientele and become an independent call girl because I only needed four clients to make ends meet. I will not get into business again because the emotional price is too high. Ex-hookers continually struggle with the knowledge of quick money always being there, but the emotional expense always being too high. The only reason that I know about streetwalkers in specific is through the women I worked with who began on the street.

This is the first time I have relived this part of my past. It has only been recently I have even been able to talk about it. I am not bitter about the situation, I walked into it with my eyes open. But, I am past it now.

Prostitution need not be exposed in a gay newspaper. It is a separate issue from sexuality. The recent interview seems to confuse the two. The interviewee attempts to speak of prostitution in terms of lesbianism. This is even brought across in the title of the piece.

She tries to justify herself: If she is so sure of herself "I know what I believe, and what's right, and that's all that counts," then she should not have to justify herself at all. She refuses to take

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"Call Me A Heterophobe"

This may sound sort of strange, but I get this creepy-crawly feeling up and down my spine when I meet one of them. I know that they're people, just like you and I, yet there is something very discomfoting about them—almost abhorrent. You know, they actually think their lifestyle is "normal," and they are quick to recruit people to join their ranks. They are even on radio, TV, and in magazines, literally ramming their ways down the throats of the American public. What's more they are arrogant, self-righteous, and without shame. I really can't deal with these people at all. It's almost as if I am the degenerate and theirs is the way of the future. Yes, I suppose you could call me a bigot; but what makes me special is that I'm a homosexual bigot, and I am referring to heterosexual people

(synonyms: heteros, breeders, overpopulators).

You may ask what any hetero has ever done to me that I should be so narrow-minded and hateful towards their entire kind. Well, I'm here to tell you—plenty. As a for instance, how about the time I took my spouse, Lenny, to the company Christmas party (Jews at a Christmas party? Oy, I know. Well, we do try to be liberal). We tried to be very reserved: we wore nice dark suits and we didn't use our pinkies once. So here we are sitting at the dinner table with my co-workers and their dates. We were exchanging pleasantries, the usual bunch of chozzerai that one says to break the ice. The one interesting part of the evening involved a rather buxom Italian girl seated across from us—Maria Evangelina Pastapisoul—

weighing in at a perky 250. Maria was sort of off the wall for a breeder, thus we humored her attempts to be social. Then, as if a pre-programmed Gestapo tapé had suddenly clicked on inside her head, she looked my lover straight in the eye and asked him "what he was." "Human," one might presume, but that's not what she had in mind. Lenny could only recover by redirecting the question back to his willful interrogator. "Why, I'm one hundred percent red blooded heterosexual, and proud of it," retorted this fountain of liberalism and good taste. By the way, in order to assert the proper image of heterosexual female pride, she brusquely stuck forward her Italian bosom, one which would have had any cow running, not walking, to the nearest silicone implant clinic. Of course, by this time the whole table knew about us, and it was only a matter of weeks before the entire office knew.

You can always tell when one of "those people" has found us out. It's the unmistakable fish-eye. The glare that says better than words, "You slime. You are disgusting and ought to climb under the rock from which you came. Or better yet, you ought to be locked away, where we won't have to be reminded that some freak of nature made you part of the same species as us." What's my crime, your honor? That I like to schtup boys instead of girls? That I won't settle down with a she-goat and raise of whole family of hoot-nannies? Believe me, judge, I am a very nice person once you get to know me. And I am quite sure the world can survive without hordes of wise-cracking little heteros populating it. But from the moment I get that look, I know I am doomed.

Or how about the locker room at the health club? All the men are naked and are secretly measuring each others' penises. And that's ok, because they're all real men, and they're just seeing how they stack up against the "true measure of manhood." Of course, all the "manhood" in the world goes instantly out the window if you're caught glancing one second too long. Once the second hand on that built-in stop watch goes past two seconds, your balls have been cut off and you're about to be subjected to the knout and the rack. And for what—because I stopped to admire one of God's most beautiful

works of art? No, the real problem is that one of these "real men" might be embarrassed by an erection, thus having to face the dilemma of his own natural bisexuality.

How about dinner at Mother's? Big Brother is there with his latest girl (who, incidentally, jumped into the sack with him for the mere price of a cioppino dinner with the house white wine). Mother is fawning all over the potential bride-to-be. I mean she may be a shikseh, but at least she's not a faygela, like Lenny and me. The conversation dwells on my brother and his date. Lenny and I might as well be from another planet, judging by the way we fit in with this wonderful family gathering. And we're the real family, the committed unit that survives through thick and thin (mostly thin), displaying the utmost in devotion and caring for one another. Big brother and date may only fuck around now, but they're potential baby-makers, and are to be encouraged (why Mother wants more grandchildren—she despises the ones she has now—is beyond me). Our kind of love? Well, that's childish, make believe love; and as Dr. Joyce Brothers Van Buren Landers Donahue will tell you, "those relationships never last." Well, Mama, I'm here to tell you Lenny and I have been happily married for two years and will be for centuries to come, no thanks to you!

So they are pretentious, game-playing, self-righteous, and have dual values systems. Is that any reason to dislike them? So they practically lynch me and my lover when we go out to a fancy restaurant for dinner—all eyes fixed on the two Martians. Is that any reason no to associate with them in our every spare hour? Why...we enjoy being pinched and artificial...it makes things run ever so smoothly.

Well, that's why I'm a bigot. I have contempt for them, I'm afraid of them, and only wish they could be in my place. And I'm here to say that some of my best friends AREN'T hetero. But I'm willing to live and let live; and maybe, some day, I can shine some of my sunny rays down upon their tortured minds. Just think of me as sort of a...benevolent heterophobe.

P. Rabinowitz

I Love Women

It really pisses me off when people ask why I don't like women.

I love women. Some of my best friends are women. I wonder if the straight men who ask me that question can say the same thing.

In fact, I would argue that straight women play a special role in my life. I often feel more at ease with my straight women friends than I do with my lesbian friends, gay friends, and most straight men I've ever met.

I mean, on one level I have trouble understanding lesbians. I find men so utterly beautiful (the word "dreamy" comes to mind), that I don't understand their attraction to women. I guess the same would go for straight men. What

do you see in her? I mean, look at that gorgeous guy over there. Of course, I have an irrevocable bond of solidarity with lesbians, being similarly oppressed for expressing "the love that dare not speak its name," but, the fact remains, on this level I don't think we can really understand each other, except under the rubric 'same-sex attraction.' But, we don't go around saying "I'm same-sex attracted," we say "I like men" or "I like women."

My dealings with straight men have taught me new meanings to the phrase "ill at ease." Either I find them attractive, and go through that pitter-pat, queasy feeling and, so as not to

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AIDS...continued

between HTLV-III, EBV, and CMV, more will be known about how ARC fits in with AIDS.

Among other research at UCSD, the Gastrointestinal Department's Dr. Martin Kagnoff and Dr. Vance Rogers are looking at the immunity of the bowel, since it could be a major entry point of the possible AIDS-causing agent. Gay men frequently have a condition called Gay Bowel Syndrome (GBS) consisting of persistent and chronic parasitic infections in the bowel.

McCutchan says he originally thought it might be another three years before an agent for AIDS was identified. There does not appear, however, for there to be any way to cut the minimum two year period necessary to develop a vaccine.

In the meantime, those presently with AIDS and the many thousands who will develop the disease in the next few years have to be cared for.

Dr. Chris Mathews is one of the many people now devoting volunteer energies toward that goal in San Diego. He is an Assistant Clinical Professor of Medicine at UCSD, Medical Director of the Owen Clinic, a Founding Chair of the San Diego Physicians for Human Rights, and a member of the Mayor's Task Force on AIDS. His "job" is teaching at the medical school, and care of patients, many of them with AIDS, at the UCSD Medical Center.

The clinic takes place "after hours" every Tuesday and Thursday evening at the UCSD Medical Center Outpatient Clinic. The clinic provides care for the special health needs of the homosexual population, emphasizing diagnosis and treatment of sexually transmitted diseases and AIDS.

When asked if the HTLV-III blood test would be incorporated into the Owen Clinic AIDS screening, Dr. Mathews said that it was far too premature to comment. "I haven't heard any more about the HTLV-III virus and the blood test than you have. I will have to wait until the facts are published in the medical literature before I can say anything certain."

Says Dr. Mathews "I started the clinic with Dr. McCutchan and others in June 1982, basically because I wanted to make sure there was a place for gay people to go for care, especially of sexually transmitted diseases, and now, of AIDS. Since I'm gay, this was my way of contributing to the gay community."

Because "there is virtually no venereal disease among lesbians," the clinic primarily sees men who are concerned with AIDS, sexually transmitted diseases, and "whatever comes in." This amounts to about 15-20 people a week.

The UC role in the clinic is basically that it makes space available in the Outpatient Clinic. To get this space, Mathews had to make a presentation demonstrating need for such a service.

The clinic is not subsidized. All the labor is given by volunteers. As AIDS has become a larger presence in San Diego, the volunteer staff has expanded to include a psychologist who has set up support groups for people with AIDS, and a nutritionist to advise people about their nutritional needs. Mathews

looks for expansion of services as more people become involved in the face of the increasing incidence of AIDS. Despite volunteers, the clinic charges on a sliding scale according to UCSD fee schedules, in order to cover lab costs and other operating expenses.

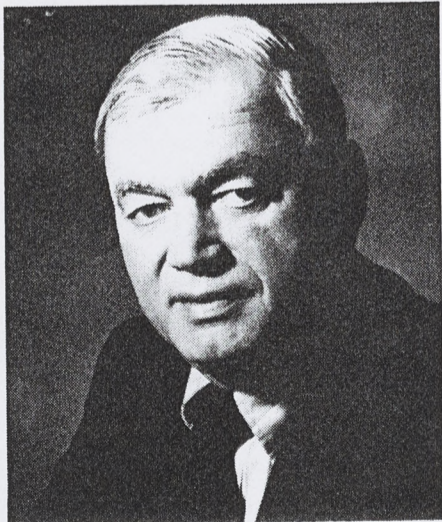
Dr. Mathews says that people with AIDS in San Diego are getting good care, because they usually "fall into good hands...those that are interested in the cases." Furthermore, those involved in AIDS care meet regularly to discuss the problems they encounter. Half of the hospitalized AIDS patients are being cared for at the UCSD Medical Center and VA hospital, with the rest in other county hospitals, including Kaiser, Mercy, Navy, and Grossmont.

The Mayor's Task Force has also made an effort to make sure that hospital staffs are informed of appropriate management of hospitalized AIDS patient. Marguerite Jackson said that hospital workers were informed and periodically reinforced that epidemiological evidence strongly indicates that AIDS is not spread through casual contact. "We wanted to make sure that staff does not always come in to the patient's room wearing masks, gowns, and gloves. This 'over-isolation' can have a very bad effect on the psychological well-being of the person with AIDS." According to reports at the Task Force, the local group of Infection Control Practitioners in hospitals provides frequent education for hospital staff to keep them advised of new developments about AIDS.

Not very far away from the Owen Clinic is the San Diego AIDS Project, directed by Hal Frank, Ph.D., a psychologist very much concerned with psychological aspects of dealing with AIDS. Dr. Frank is also a member of the Mayor's AIDS Task Force.

The AIDS Project is the product of a recent consolidation of the San Diego Physicians for Human Rights and Frank's Shanti AIDS Support organization. They are combining their funds, staffs, and boards to increase efficiency of services offered. Frank, as director, will draw a salary of \$1,000 per month to administer the funds and programs on a full-time basis.

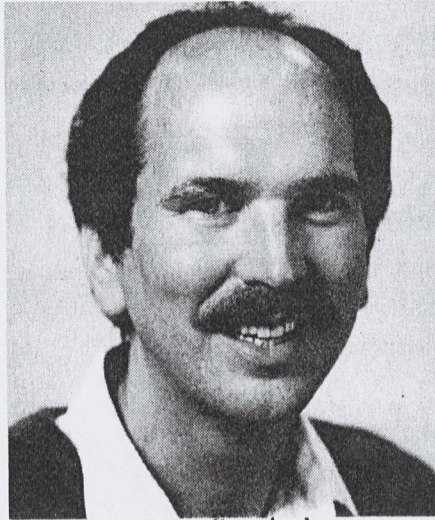
"As Dr. Petersdorf was saying at the last Task Force meeting, this is a disease



Robert Petersdorf

for which we don't know the cause for sure and certainly not the cure or the treatment. This creates very serious problems, not only for the person with the disease, but also for the healthy gay population as a whole."

According to Frank, there are some general stages that people go through which apply to any loss, be it the loss of a lover, or the loss of life through AIDS. "The basic pattern is very similar for those who actually have the disease and



Terry Cunningham

for those who are trying to deal with its existence in the gay community. These stages have been labeled denial, panic, depression, anger, and ultimately, hopefully, action."

The difference is one of scope. For example, denial in a person with AIDS might be simple unacceptance that it is true, that some mistake has been made, while in a healthy person denial might be manifested in avoiding information on AIDS, or downplaying its severity, or hoping it will simply go away.

A large portion of the local gay population is apparently still in the denial stage. According to a UCSD Medical Center Survey, a large portion of the gay population has not altered their sexual lifestyles as a result of AIDS. Terry Cunningham, of the Beach Area Community Clinic Gay Male Screening Program, says that "I tell my friends everything I learn about AIDS, but I know they're still tricking (having sexual contacts) like crazy and not practicing safe-sex measures."

Next comes panic, after realizing that AIDS will not go away. This panic is marked by a terrible fear that one has or will get AIDS or a sense of doom, regret, or shame.

A longer period of depression follows, with the idea that one's sex life is over (or, in the case of the person with AIDS, that one's life and sex life are over), that the 'Gay dream' has become a 'Gay hell.'

After depression, "anger" takes over. One becomes filled with rage that AIDS has happened. "It's not fair," "Who's to blame?" are common thoughts.

Anger can feed on itself and lead to frustration. But, it can also be channeled into constructive action; altering one's life to reduce health risk, helping friends through the emotional strains caused by AIDS, and perhaps even volunteer work to help the community through the crisis.

Frank says that there is an increasing amount of constructive action taking place at the AIDS Project, tied to the increase in the number of people with AIDS. "The increase in numbers has changed the focus of how we're looking at the disease in San Diego. It's becoming more personal, more human, not some misty thing out there. I think that people are getting more in touch with their coping. Now the patients are

concerned about getting their own support groups together. Before, we had to try to get them into groups. Now, they know that they can support one another. They're also extending their concern, they're asking 'What about my lover, what about my mother? Let's set up a group for them. They're hurting out there, too.' The patients are also concerned about the people out there who are afraid, so they're talking about starting a third group for them. I think that's terrific. It's like, don't sit and wallow in your death and misery. Get up and do something."

The AIDS Project also runs a Volunteer Training Program, designed to match a person with AIDS with a volunteer. The focus of the volunteer is not to 'fix' things or give advice, but to form a supportive relationship which honors the patient's own process of unfolding emotions. Volunteers can also work in a group support system, or work indirectly to provide other support services for patients, such as transportation and shopping.

Volunteers take part in a 30-hour training course in communication skills, psychological dynamics, pain and symptom control, history and physiology of AIDS, physical care and spiritual support of AIDS patients, and ethics of confidentiality. They are asked to make a six month commitment to the program for a minimum of three hours a week (for more information, call 294-AIDS).

The climb in numbers of AIDS patients has also changed the complexion of the volunteers, reported Frank. "At first, there tended to be a 'lookie-loo' phenomenon. It was like they were saying, 'Where's an AIDS patient? I want to see an AIDS patient.' You don't have to go looking for one now. You're likely to have a friend who has a friend who has AIDS. Current groups of volunteers in training now contain AIDS patients and AIDS-Related Complex patients within them."

Recently, a discussion came up about Kaposi's in a training session, and the AIDS patient dropped his pants and said "You want to see Kaposi's and touch it, here it is." That's first hand. What that tends to do with this latest group, composed of the mother of a hemophiliac, a couple of psychologists, and reformed alcoholics, among others, is to bind them together. Their attention and focus is absolutely incredible. They're getting into human awareness issues you won't find anywhere else."

Frank says the San Diego AIDS Project also helps meet the financial needs of patients. "We pay rent, buy food, sometimes pay insurance premiums, and pay telephone bills on and off. Every situation is a little different, because different people have different monies coming in. Some have savings, some receive Social Security, some have disability insurance. I just had the case of a patient who received an odd amount from Social Security. He called and they said he could spend it. So he went out and bought food, and they called him back, saying it was a mistake. So, he had to dip into what he had saved for rent to pay it back. He doesn't have anymore money coming in

Welcome To My Song

Sharon Moxon

The bar which I frequented so dutifully during the summer has been transformed, in my months of absence, until it is foreign to me. The dances are the same, but the faces are new.

Tonight I sit alone on a stool against the wall. I look up from my beer; Pat Benatar's gently passionate voice moves in time to the dancers... *In the heat of the night, When you know it ain't right, But you do what you want to do, You do what you feel, Cause no one can feel like you...* When I look up I see four womyn sitting at the table in front of me, holding hands to make two couples, dressed sophisticatedly (by dyke standards), who order from the cocktail waitress but do not dance. My eyes move to take in the pretty redhead who sits at the bar by the door, to greet everyone and allow them to flirt with her; a table full of Navy womyn, rowdy, ruling the bar, they believe, as I once did, the tiny blond kneeling backwards on a chair to make a toast; two black womyn and two chicanas, who know each other but do not sit together; and a woman in a white fur coat amidst a group of ordinary-looking lesbians gathered round the pool table.

A very young dark-haired woman walks in alone. She takes a long time putting her ID back in her wallet while she surveys the room. She hesitates, then sits at the bar and orders a draft.

She pays with a large bill and swallows half the beer at once, sets it back on the napkin, and turns to watch what captivates the rest of us, the bodies hot and drugged, moving together... *Out in the summertime city, Ain't it a pity, There's so much to tie you down, You're leaving tonight, For somewhere you can't be found...* Faces and bodies blend,

you ask yourself, Is this where you belong? Is it right? Or is it wrong? Does it matter what's right? In the heat of the night... The new woman's eyes wander from the dancers to the couple at the end of the bar. She looks away, then back again. I can't see her face but I hope she's smiling. It is a beautiful thing the first time you see two womyn



and I know this bar like my lover's bedroom. I have learned to come here because this is where we gather in celebration of our pain. I am safe here. We unite in the power and strength gained in our fights to overcome. All we have is each other... *While down at the end of town, At a pool hall where they all hang around, You hear them talking about the girls they knew, Talking about what they're going to do, Then*

kissing. She finishes her beer and turns away from the couple, almost facing me. I remember my first time here. Did I look as terrified and as lonely as her? I know I felt it... Out in the streets tonight, Under the neon lights, You're searching for something new. When nothing is real, And no one can feel like you. They say eagles fly, In this red hot sky, But were they just passing through? Or did they look down, and see what you found

was true... She lights a cigarette extracted from a small black purse and glances up to catch me staring. I smile invitingly, thinking she can read my look. Cheer up, I am saying, coming out is hell, we've all been through it. But we're stronger for it. We're strong together. And we love each other because of sharing that. The woman you're watching will soon be your friends, and they'll be your family... *But still in the back of your mind, You've got something to believe in, But there's so much to find, As the night closes in, You thought everything is ended, But it's yet to begin, And you ain't seen nothing yet, But what you see you'll never forget...* I was there, she will be there. She will buy the standard sets of lesbian albums and lesbian books and learn the standard rhetoric and love the woman I have loved. She will live in this world that is a constant reminder that our sexuality rules our existence. And it will hurt.

The blond from the Navy table asks her to dance, and it is no longer my song... *Did it take you so long to want something more? Did you never get off on this before? Well here it is the love you've been waiting for, Standing in front of you like an open door. Then you ask yourself is this where you belong? Is it right, Or is it wrong? Does it matter what's right, In the heat of the night?*

An Answer to A Man's Question, "What Can I Do About Women's Liberation?"

Wear a dress
Wear a dress that you made yourself, or bought in a dress store.
Wear a dress and underneath the dress wear elastic, around your hips, and underneath your nipples.
Wear a dress and underneath the dress wear a sanitary napkin.
Wear a dress and wear sling back, high heeled shoes.
Wear a dress, with elastic and a sanitary napkin underneath,
and sling back shoes on your feet, and walk down Telegraph Avenue.
Wear a dress, with elastic and a sanitary napkin and sling back shoes on
Telegraph Avenue and try to run.

Find a man.
Find a nice man who you would like to ask you for a date.
Find a nice man who *will* ask you for a date.
Keep your dress on.
Ask the nice man who asks you for a date to come to dinner.
Cook the nice man a nice dinner so the dinner is ready before he comes and your dress is nice and clean and wear a smile.
Tell the nice man you're a virgin, or you don't have birth control, or you would like to get to know him better.
Keep your dress on.
Go to the movies by yourself.

Find a job.
Iron your dress.
Wear your ironed dress and promise the boss you won't get pregnant (which in your case is predictable) and you like to type and be sincere and wear your smile.
Find a job or get on welfare.
Borrow a child and get on welfare.
Borrow a child and stay in the house all day with the child, or go to the public park with the child, and take the child to the welfare office and cry and say your man left you and be humble and wear your dress and your smile, and don't talk back, keep your dress on, cook more nice dinners, stay away from Telegraph Avenue, and still, you won't know the half of it, not in a million years.

Susan Griffin, *Let Them Be Said*

PRIVILEGE

"a poem for men who don't understand when we say they have it"

Privilege is simple:
going for a pleasant stroll after dark,
not checking the back of your car as you get in, sleeping soundly, speaking
without interruption and not remembering
dreams of rape that follow you all day, that wake you up crying, and
privilege
is not seeing your stripped, humiliated body
plastered in celebration across every magazine rack, privilege
is going to the movies and not seeing yourself
terrorized, defamed, battered, butchered
seeing something else

privilege is
riding your bicycle through town without being screamed at or run off the road,
not needing an abortion, taking off your shirt on a hot day in a crowd, not
wishing you type better, just in case—not shaving your legs, having a good job
and expecting to keep it, not feeling the boss's hand up your crotch, dozing off on
late-night buses, privilege
is being the hero in the T.V. show, not the dumb broad, living where your
genitals are totemized not denied
knowing your doctor won't rape you

privilege is being
smiled at all day by nice, helpful women, it is
the way you pass judgement on their appearance with majestic authority, the
way you face a judge of your own sex in court and are overrepresented in
Congress and are not assaulted by the police or used as a dart board by your
friendly mechanic, privilege is seeing your bearded face echo through the history
texts not only of your high school days but all your life, not being relegated to a
paragraph
every other chapter, the way you occupy
entire poetry books and more than your share of the couch unchallenged,
it is your mouthing smug, atrocious insults at women who blink and change the
subject--politely--privilege is how seldom the rapist's name appears in the papers
and the way you smirk over your "Playboy"

It's simple, really, privilege
means someone else's pain, your wealth
is my terror, your uniform
is a woman raped to death here or in Cambodia or wherever
wherever your obscene privilege
writes your name in my blood, it's that simple,
you've always had it, that's why it doesn't
seem to make you sick at the stomach,
you have it, we pay for it, now
do you understand?

The Best of Friends

Milford Chang

As Matt and Steve walked together silently, the only sound was the soft echo of their footfalls on the pavement. Matt had been having trouble these past few weeks but Steve didn't know why. This last bout of depression had caused quite a bit of tension between the two and they were uneasy whenever they were together. It hadn't taken long to upset what they thought was an impervious friendship. Matt's silence and moodiness had taken its toll. As they walked, Steve thought of their friendships and how it all began three years ago.

They were roommates at school starting their sophomore year. It wasn't easy for them to get past small talk with each other until, during the first quarter, Steve's girlfriend broke off their relationship.

Steve was devastated, and it was Matt who brought him out of that depression. Matt wouldn't leave Steve alone for weeks, nagging him to find another girlfriend or to keep studying or to take runs down to the beach (though the water was too cold for swimming).

Matt just wouldn't let Steve bog himself down with worries until the pain waned a bit and Steve's thinking became rational.

During this time all of Steve's other friends grew tired of his sullenness except for Matt. Matt was with him every minute. Their friendship thrived on the camaraderie. Always telling each other what they felt, they became special friends. The closeness they felt with each other was different from anything Steve had felt before, yet it didn't make him feel uncomfortable. In fact, the closeness that he shared with Matt was

quite nice and Steve didn't want to lose it

Now Steve felt Matt was drifting away and he felt powerless to stop the separation. Steve wanted to help Matt the way Matt had helped him, but he didn't know where to start. He felt powerless.

Their footsteps were still the only sound. Steve realized his vision was blurring. Could those tears have been the same tears that had not fallen since his sophomore year? Had those three years of friendship with Matt been so secure that there was no need for tears? That may have been true earlier but not now. No, this was because they were friends, and the tears came. They were hot and they burned in Steve's eyes. He stopped to rub his face.

Matt stopped and turned to look at

Matt stepped closer and Steve saw tears in his eyes, too. Matt put his hands on Steve's shoulders and, as he composed himself, began to speak.

"Steve, I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I've hurt you. I can't remember when I've ever been so moody but I didn't mean to hurt you. I didn't know you cared so much and I think that's the whole damn problem."

They stood there, in silence again. Finally Matt looked away and said "Steve, I don't want you to think any



Steve. He appeared puzzled. They stood like that for a few minutes. It must have been a strange sight to anyone happening along: two men staring at each other, one in tears and the other silent. Finally Steve spoke.

"What the hell is going on?" Steve asked, trying to steady his voice. "What did I do?" He was almost yelling. But, he didn't care what other people thought now. He wanted his friend back.

less of me and I want you to understand that my problem is not your fault. I don't want to hurt you but I don't want to hurt myself either. I'm tired of the pain and I'm tired of being left alone but I'm scared. I'm scared of you and of what you may do if I tell you the truth. I'm tired of being abandoned, of having to defend myself against the world without anyone by my side. Steve, can you understand how I feel?"

"That's how I feel right now. I feel as if you are going to leave me right now and I have no power to stop you. I don't want you to go Matt, I don't want our friendship to end."

Steve looked at Matt.

"Matt, will you tell me the truth?" "I want to, but I don't want you to leave me, or put up walls. You won't, will you?"

Steve smiled. "Look, you can believe that I won't leave you because of our differences and you can believe that I don't leave my friends in the lurch when problems arise. I also think that you can believe me when I say that I love you Matt, I really do."

Matt's eyes grew wide.

"Matt," Steve went on, "I love you in so many different ways that it is hard to define my feelings for you. You're my best friend, we've been together almost since we came here. I don't think you've ever had the slightest notion of how much I care for you."

"Steve, I love you too, but..." Matt lowered his eyes "I just don't understand how this can be. I love you and you say you love me but your not even gay. How can a straight man and a gay man really love each other?"

"Come on, Matt. Love and sex aren't one and the same." Steve was beginning to feel better. "Remember when we were on the beach once and you were telling me nothing was impossible and that together we could get over anything? I believed you. I still believe it now. Nothing is impossible. We love each other, maybe in different ways, but it is love."

Matt smiled hesitantly. "Thanks. I'm not that depressed anymore." He held out his arms and Steve hugged him tightly. "No, not anymore."

LETTERS continued

Prostitution

continued from page 2

responsibility for herself. "It's the situation and culture, not just me...It doesn't make me evil, it's just part of our culture and being a womyn in it."

She also confuses street knowledge with career knowledge. Street knowledge is learning practical physical and emotional survival—common sense. College is for financial security. One learns skills and facts useful in choosing a career.

The interview reeks with class distinctions. The "respectable businessmen" have "nice cars," she brags about being in the highest paid profession and the easy money, yet she does not want to be rich. Money is what draws womyn into prostitution. If the interviewee is not concerned about money, why didn't she work at Jack-in-the-Box? Also, what makes her struggle to survive more desperate than anyone else's? There are many womyn at UCSD who have children and also work. Is their struggle not as valid? "UCSD is an elite class—I think a lot less of people here than of people out there struggling."

The article was offensive to all prostitutes who are lesbians (a significant percentage) because it makes light of the entire situation. The reader comes away with the idea that the profession is easy, the danger is minimal, and it is mind-broadening and racy because "I have some good talks with people. I've learned a lot about life and giving and sharing." I did not know that what I did was as holy as what Mother Theresa does. I did not know I was contributing to the well-being of the human race. The entire article reeks of a middle class kid imagining the raciness of the other side of the tracks. It is more irresponsible in that it could cause damage. If some womyn student, down on her luck and considering the profession, read that piece she might

think it is easy, that she has nothing to lose, and that there is hardly any danger. What if she walks the street and gets killed? She could have just as easily picked up the newspaper and read about the murder of a hooker. It occurs often enough.

If this newspaper want to gain respect, it should deal with political issues students can easily relate to and hopefully, the gay part of UCSD will mobilize and actually accomplish something.

Name withheld by request

I Love Women

continued from page 2

show this, try valiantly to clamp down on the body gestures and the staring and salivating. Why should I make them uncomfortable by fawning over them when it isn't going to get me anywhere anyway? If I'm not attracted to them, then I switch modes, wondering if they **think** I find them attractive (that is, if they know I'm gay) and still I monitor myself.

There are very few straight men I feel completely at ease with. It's myself as much as them, I know.

But, boy, the sexual tension I feel with other gay men can really be uncomfortable. I guess sexual tension is a universal problem.

With same sex oriented people, I have a feeling it might be more complicated. As children we're socialized to have friends of the same sex, and, by and large, this pattern tends to carry through to adulthood. Well, when your friends are also potential (or even theoretical) partners, sometimes things get complicated. And, I fall into my "what are they thinking?" mode. Are they attracted to me? Do they think I'm attracted to them? Was that hug goodbye more than just friendly?

If one or the other is attracted, the friendship can be strained and end. If you've been friends for years and

"romance" or sex enter the picture, it can be quite confusing. Is this a friendship with sex? Is this the beginning of "primary relationship?" Will we still be friends if we become lovers? Will we be friends if the spark dies? Is this good? Is this bad? Should we try to label it? I'm soooo confused.

With most of my straight women friends, these complications are not present. These women understand what it means to be attracted to men. And, with them, I am free from having to second-guess another man's perceptions.

Straight women know I'm not sexually interested in them. I'm sure that many of them are relieved to have a male friend who doesn't want to jump their bones at any given moment. With sexual tension gone, I feel relaxed, casual.

I am free to talk about things my lesbian-feminist friends (and not-so-feminist lesbian friends) aren't interested in or actively deride.

Clothes, for instance. I don't feel strange telling my sister I love her outfit or how I think her eyeshadow really brings out the subtle colors in her blouse, or that she's got great accessories.

I admit it: beneath the aspiring academic's skin beats the heart of a shopping mall addict.

Furthermore, I swear that the right straight women are the best people in the world to man-watch with. With gay men, I feel like I'm at the "meat market." With my straight women friends there is much more of a "wow, what a dreamboat" sensibility. We know that only one of us probably would have a theoretical chance in hell of getting him, so we don't talk about it, we talk of him.

What a cute little baseball cap. What nice, white, straight teeth. My good, that body, the trim waist, the well-developed pecs and arms. Goodness!!

At work, the women (except lesbians)

and I check out the guys and maneuver to wait on them. The more uptight straight men suffer double psychic shock. How unladylike to ogle the men and how mindblowing for a guy to do it along with them.

The other night at work, I mentioned that I quite approved of the new guys that had been hired. I was greeted by the usual snort and head-shaking from one particularly straight male. I said "Listen, I don't mind a few fag jokes every once in a while, but you're going to have to get over this befuddled, unbelieving, consternated mindset." I'll laugh at damn near anything of questionable taste, including myself. You should have guessed by now. Joan Rivers is my idol.

This is not just a letter of indignation against those who incorrectly think that a gay man would not like straight women.

This is a love letter to the straight women in my life.

They know who they are. To my associate who calls me "kiddo." To my comrade-in-arms against life and linguistics—may we have lunch on Fridays forever. To my sister who is pregnant again after three miscarriages—God, I know what it is to want to have children and to wonder if you'll ever have them. To my grandmother, she of dirty jokes and pinochle games.

But most of all, to my mother—the best mother in the world. She taught me to treasure the similarities and respect the differences between myself and my friends.

So, don't tell me I don't like straight women. I've loved them...ever since I was born.

A. Lanthier

Send letters to:

Sappho Speaks
B-023, UCSD
La Jolla, CA 92093

AIDS

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and he's sick.

The AIDS Project gets its money mostly from contributions from the gay community. As of last October, the San Diego Physicians for Human Rights "Take Aim at AIDS" campaign raised \$27,000.00, largely through benefits held at gay-owned and operated businesses. The fund-raising efforts continue. From that initial amount of \$27,000.00, about \$15,000.00 remains.

There is also a small state grant for educational purposes, such as pamphlets, flyers and resource guides.

"The problem with the state grant," said Frank, "is that they're 3-4 months behind in their reimbursement cycle, so, in the meantime, they want the project geared up and going as of November, but the money hadn't come in until the end of January. 'The Aim at AIDS' money had to carry it. The government always assumes there is a kitty or cushion to get you through."

Recently a fundraising organization has come onto the scene, Aid for AIDS, primarily concerned with raising money for housing and food. With the Aid for AIDS board, Frank will be helping to

set up a home for AIDS patient to live in. Frank has been trying to find a hotel or studio complex for AIDS patients, but has not met with success. Group homes have not proven completely successful in San Francisco. The residents face an emotional crisis each time one of the patients dies, and weak patients fear infection from more active patients. The San Diego home will be named the Toby Rote Home, in honor of the first Mr. Gay San Diego, who recently died in San Francisco of AIDS.

The personal toll can be heavy at times for Frank. Besides the financial sacrifice of all but giving up his private practice, which threatens his solvency, there is the emotional drain of dealing with AIDS patients.

"I got to a point where I couldn't cry anymore," said Frank. "Then, I was attending an AIDS workshop in San Francisco where we try to deal with anger, sadness, and do a lot of emotional cleansing. I just broke down and screamed and cried for two hours. I couldn't even talk afterwards. I was so hoarse. I can see this as a repeating and cleansing cycle for me."

But, it's not all giving to AIDS patients, says Frank. They are often very giving. "The other day, I was

sharing that something interesting happens when you sit in the hospital with a patient for awhile. The person with AIDS may have been worried about rent, but after a while, that's not what the worry is about. It's not even worth worrying about. What really becomes important to them is 'How much can I do for you?' The patient may be in pain, but there's an underlying consideration of how you're taking it. A lot of patients try to make it easier for you than for them. It's very heroic, very giving."

At the other end of the problem from Frank is Terry Cunningham, of the Beach Area Community Clinic and AIDS Task Force, whose main concern and volunteer energies go not into helping those who have AIDS already, but in trying to stem the spread of AIDS. He is one of the screeners and primary driving force of the Gay Male Screening Program, which started 16 months ago at the clinic. "What I believe in most is getting people educated. The best way to do that is to get people screened and talk to them one-to-one about the issue of AIDS and their own sexual practices. I also try to go out and speak to groups like LAGO and GYA (Gay Youth Alliance) since

young people probably have been at less risk. They're probably the least likely to incubating AIDS"

This takes of the character of crisis intervention, since, as Cunningham puts it, people just coming out have a tendency "to want to go out and do as much as they can with as many people as they can."

The screening program consists of an exam for lymphadenopathy (enlarged lymph nodes), screening questions designed to uncover signs of AIDS (any night sweats, weight loss, etc.), throat, rectum, and urethral cultures for venereal disease detection, and blood tests for hepatitis B, syphilis, and a complete blood count to check for any gross abnormalities, such as an unbalanced ratio of blood components. Participants are also supposed to return stool samples to check for parasitic infections of the bowel. The cost of the screening is \$45.00, which, according to Cunningham, would cost about \$270.00 in physicians' fees and lab tests, if performed by a private physician. The clinic relies on volunteer staff, volunteer lab technicians, and farming out lab tests to cut costs. Even so, since the

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LAGO Speaks on Monogamy

Non-monogamy is great, but jealousy is stronger, and I've been hurt too many times. I've tried to believe in non-monogamy, but I can't live with it. I think it's important to say that monogamy is okay, too. I do want to have a lover to share my life with, to have the kind of intimacy that 10 or 20 years together brings. I still want outside friendships, but I need to be "special" to someone. I need one place I share only with my lover.

I was once the "other woman" to a non-monogamous couple. They were really open about it and didn't seem bothered at all. At first it was nice and I knew exactly where I stood, but then I really started to fall for this woman. But she's still with her lover, and I lost her. It wasn't that she didn't love me, just that she had a prior commitment. That made it really hard to deal with.

--Ann

Whether or not I should be in a monogamous relationship is a question that has long puzzled me. Since I've been "out" (about two years), I've been in one primary relationship that was close to being monogamous. I say "close

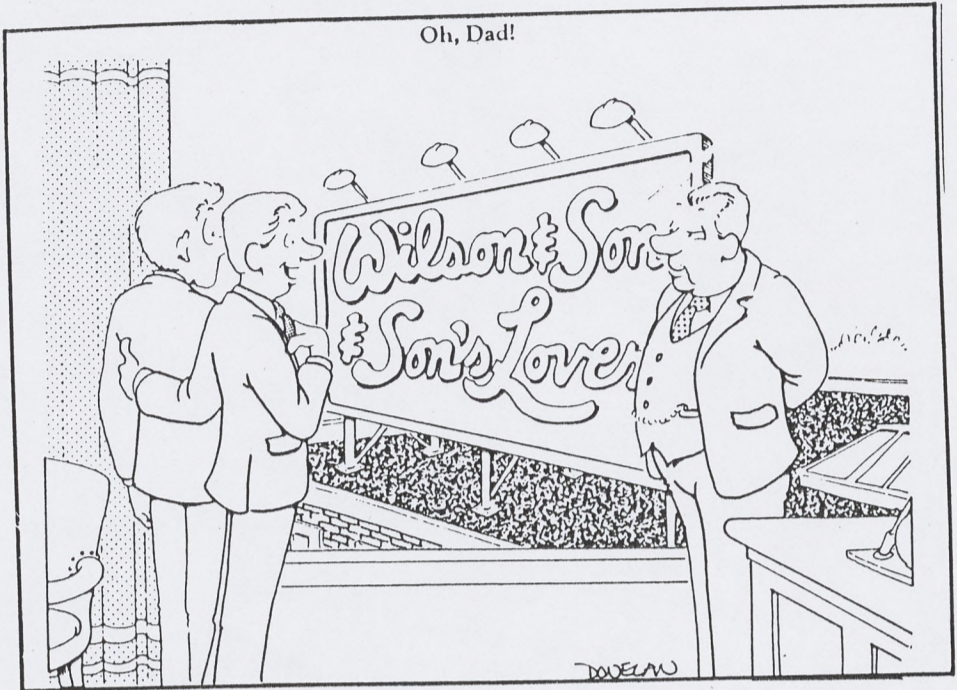
Gay people do not need to accept society's standards of monogamy without question. With the acceptance of our own sexual orientation comes an examination of everything society has taught us, allowing us the freedom to challenge these ideals and accept only the one we value. We are unique group in that we have peer support for the choice of non-monogamy.

Monogamy is not 'good' or 'bad,' rather, it is a lifestyle choice, as is choosing to act on homosexuality and live a gay lifestyle. Choosing monogamy, after careful consideration, can prove very positive. It can provide an intense level of intimacy special to monogamous relationships.

However, marriage is an oppressive patriarchal structure invented for male ownership of women, children, and property, and we need not accept its principles.

Personally, I do not wish to stifle myself. I could not be happy in a relationship in which I would not be allowed freedom. I need the ability to keep part of me for myself. I do not wish to give my entire being to my partner.

Sexual relationships are often extensions and enhancement of friendships. It can be a very positive



I'm just coming off a two-year relationship that was too claustrophobic all the way around, so it's a little hard for me to isolate my feelings about monogamy and non-monogamy. Sexuality is part of a whole package; I think that exclusivity in any aspect of a relationship is undesirable.

At first in the relationship, I was very much focused on my lover and vice versa. The thought of having sex with other men did not cross my mind.

Monogamy, however, was not a principle, per se, with me, as it was with him. When our relationship settled down a bit after those first several months, my attention wandered in a variety of directions--I wanted to spend more time with school, friends, and my family. My feelings had not changed for my lover; the world had simply reasserted some of its influence over me.

I had a few sexual experiences with other men--some during good times between my lover and I, and some during bad times.

Therefore, I do not think that having sex with these other men was a reaction to what was happening in our relationship. It was something I did on my own. I did not tell him about these experiences. He didn't like me to be away from him doing anything on my own for very long, let alone having sex.

Having sex with other men did not mean I did not want to be his lover. I decided that I did not want to be his lover because I was unhappy there. He was too focused on me--I could hardly go to the bathroom without him following me.

What I'm trying to say, I guess, is that I don't believe in a policy statement on monogamy/non-monogamy in a relationship. I despise the possessive aspects of love. When I love someone, I want them to be as happy as they can be. I am not too vain to believe that I can satisfy all their needs all the time, including sexual needs.

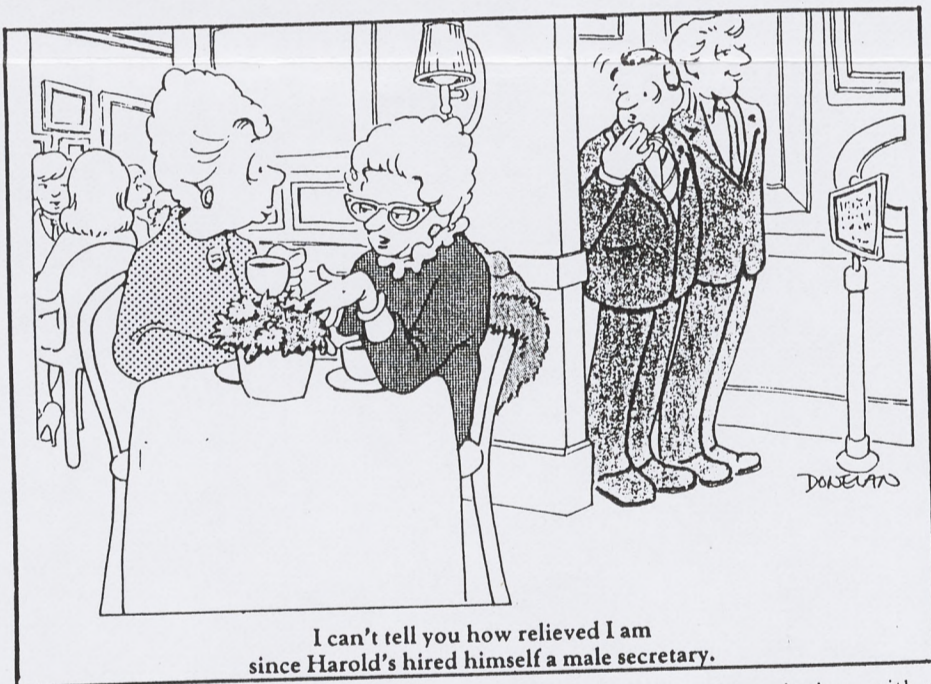
So, as far as I'm concerned, it's fine with me if someone I love explores those needs, learns more about themselves, and perhaps has some gratifying sexual experiences along the way.

--Russell

Like other gays, I was raised within the non-gay community and have been influenced by my parents and church. This is one reason why monogamy is so important to me. The other reason is that I like growing through a monogamous relationship. There is a special feeling that I get out of knowing that my partner and I are committed to knowing each other and growing in a way that is unequalled by a polygamous relationship.

I am not saying that I do not see strength in non-monogamy. However, it is important for me to find an individual to draw strength from and be able to give strength to through a loving monogamous relationship.

--Kevin



to" because there were a few times when each of us strayed and wound up in bed with someone else, either a male or a female. It's important to point out, though, that those "one-night stands" were with people who were mutual friends of ours. In no way was our relationship threatened.

I believe monogamous relationships are great. In the future I plan on staying in a relationship that is "close to" monogamous. I enjoy the intimacy and security of having a lover who I can always rely on for love. I also enjoy having him rely on me, for my love. An occasional "one-night stand" will likely be part of my future. Those occasional sexual excursions are simply for fun and I know that they will not threaten my relationship.

The non-gay world lives their lives close to the way that I live mine. That is, they have occasional "one-night stands". The difference is that they seldom let their spouses know. When they do inform the spouse, the relationship often ends in disaster. And that is what I find to be too bad.

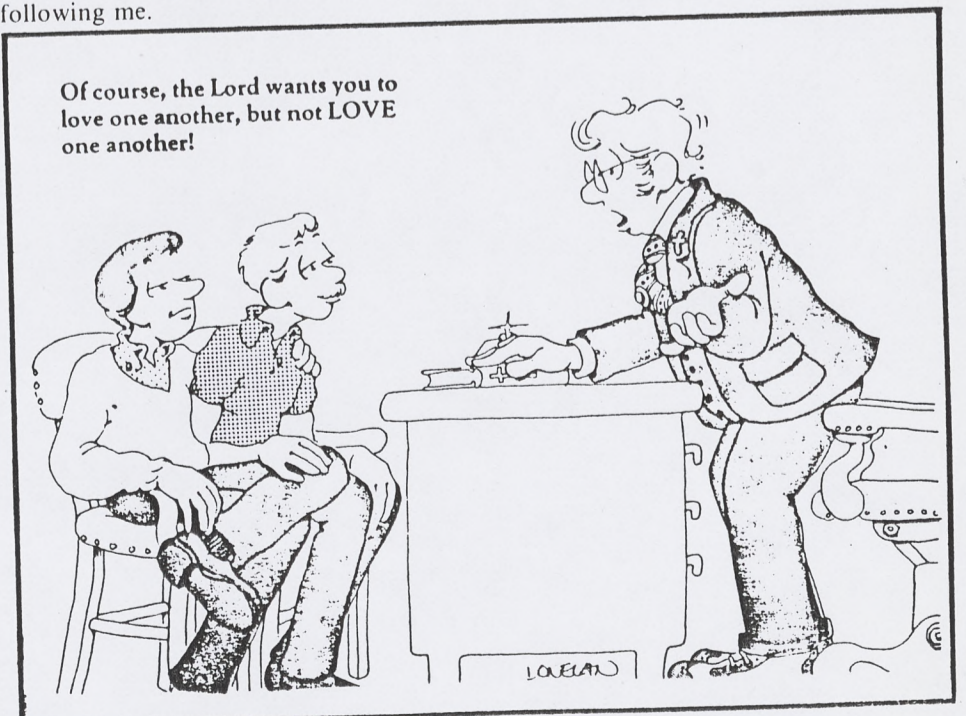
--Carlos

growth experience to make love with a close friend or couple. I will not amputate this part of me from who I am just because I am sharing a significant portion of my life with a lover.

I also greatly appreciate how different and unique women are. There is something valuable to be gained from or shared with so many people. At the same time, no one person could ever completely fulfill all my needs; it would be unfair of me to expect this.

For non-monogamy to work, though, the primary relationship must already be very secure and trusting. It requires loving and knowing the other person enough to give her complete freedom, and being loved enough to happily accept a partner's growth experiences with other people. If jealousy doesn't have to exist, we have our freedom and our security, our love. This is the ideal relationship.

--Sharon



LAGO NEWS

Support Groups

Two support groups are offered this quarter, one for gay men and one for lesbians. These groups are informal, providing a forum for relating to peers and discussing issues of personal or social/political natures in a supportive environment. The groups are open to all students, focusing on the needs of development of some new, caring friends. For the times of these meetings, call 452-GAYS

Social Hours

Social hours provide the most informal setting for meeting gay peers. The primary purpose of these activities is enjoying oneself in an environment that accepts individual differences, advocates freedom, and shares a knowledge of homosexuality. Social hour is every Thursday from 7-9 pm in Third College Humanities Building.

Helpline

Some LAGO members have been trained by Counseling and Psychological Services to operate a nightly lesbian and gay helpline. This new, valuable service provides a number to call

AIDS

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program receives no government funds, it has had to rely on benefits at gay establishments to keep going. For an appointment, call 488-0644.

Cunningham says that when a blood test to detect HTLV-III becomes available, it will be incorporated into the screening program, and the clinic will offer it at cost

He describes the identification of HTLV-III as a "good step in the right direction," but cautions that it is no reason to abandon concern about sexual practices.

"It will be at least two years before there is a vaccine," said Cunningham, "and it will be a preventative treatment only. It will not help anyone who has AIDS now or who develops it before a vaccine is available."

The screening program will continue even if a vaccine for AIDS is developed. "There are a lot of other insidious sexually transmitted diseases that the screening checks for which should not be forgotten about simply because it looks as if some progress has been made with AIDS."

Cunningham reports that of the first 400 men to go through the program, 85% thought they were all right and were just expecting confirmation of that fact. But more than half of them had something wrong: over 60 had asymptomatic gonorrhea or syphilis in

from 7-10 pm every weeknight. Callers often seek information on networking or realizing a gay/lesbian identity, or just feel like talking to someone who shares their sexual orientation.

Peer Counselors

LAGO's trained peer counselors, under the guidance of Counseling & Psychological Services, are available to all students who are lesbian, gay, bisexual, or exploring their sexual identity. The service is confidential and supportive. Students are free to talk about anything they are concerned with. The counselors have experienced many rewarding interactions with students. The most common issue is coming out and establishing an identity as gay, lesbian, or bisexual. For further information call LAGO at 452-GAYS.

Speaker's Bureau

The LAGO speakers bureau consists of lesbian and gay student panelists speaking to various groups on campus. They have spoken to a variety of classes, most recently Dr. Lola Ross's Human Sexuality class. They have made presentations to the resident hall advisors of

the throat, rectum, or urethra, 32 had parasitic bowel infections, 51 had abnormal urinalyses, and 96 had abnormal blood counts, 45 also had lymphadenopathy. Nationally 18% of those with lymphadenopathy for more than six months are eventually diagnosed as having AIDS.

"Those men thought they were OK, and they were going around having sex in a business-as-usual manner. That's frightening. It's really important, especially now with AIDS, to make sure that you're as healthy as you can be. If you're having all these other diseases, and you don't know about them, your immune system will be taxed and perhaps allow the viral particle that causes AIDS to come in a lot faster. It's real important to do safe sexual practices. That means don't ingest semen, no anal penetration without a high-quality condom. It means no oral anal contact. Basically, it means don't exchange body fluids. Tears, sweat, saliva are potentially dangerous, but they would have a low titer of viruses, that is, a low risk of transmission, so kissing would probably be OK. The very high risk practices seem to be those that involve material getting directly into the blood. Also, it seems important that substances are not present where they are not naturally produced, for example semen in the rectum or throat, are less well tolerated.

Reducing the number of partners is also important, because when you have

all four colleges and will speak to a group of dorm residents in the near future. Audience response has been very positive, and question-answer sessions have raised some intriguing issues. The topics covered include how homosexual identities are formed, coming out, life on campus or the dorms, facing and

combating homophobia, and family life.

LAGO is located in Office 205 of the Student Center, behind the new indicator office. Feel free to stop by; there is often someone around, or call (619) 452-GAYS for program information.

QUESTIONS FOR GAY MEN TO THINK ABOUT

Do you...

- ...ever wish those lesbians wouldn't be so militant?
- ...support John Green's efforts to be rehired by the CIA?
- ...think *Tootsie* and *Terms of Endearment* are Feminist Films?
- ...label yourself 'liberal'?
- ...ever treat the subject of rape lightly?
- ...use the word 'Oriental' to describe Asians?
- ...ever wish those bisexuals would make up their minds?
- ...employ sex roles in your personal/romantic relationships?
- ...find the prospect of having your penis chopped-off unthinkable?

Are you:

- ...against separatism, or simply don't understand it?
- ...a consumer of pornography (movies, magazines, books, etc)?
- ...out to only a select group of people?

TRUE OR FALSE:

1. Reproduction Rights has nothing to do with Gay Men and Lesbians.
2. We're just like everyone else except for one little thing.
3. Black men have bigger cocks.
4. When choosing a college major, job opportunities and potential income are the most important criteria.

MULTIPLE CHOICE

1. Another name for a Gay Man is:
a) girl b) queen c) she d) Miss Thing e) none of the above
2. Another name for a biological female is:
a) girl b) fish c) bitch d) Miss Thing e) thing
3. If you had \$11,000, you would spend it on:
a) MX Missiles b) food to feed the poor (who aren't really poor) c) a new car
d) a four day Lesbian/Gay Student Conference e) none of the above

sex with someone, especially if you engage in high risk activities, you're opening yourself up to a whole pool of people, a geometric progression in reverse of all their sexual partners."

Part of the resistance to change in sexual patterns is that "sex is a real opiate. It makes you feel loved and warm, like a human being. But there are a lot of ways to get those needs met than through unsafe sexual practices. But, compulsive sexual behavior is hard to change. We have counselors at the clinic who can discuss with people why they feel the need for such sexual patterns."

Says Cunningham, "It's time to take responsibility. It's not 1974 anymore. It's 1984, and we've got a big problem out there."

Responsibility means monitoring your own health, it means getting yourself screened. It means confronting your fears and working through them with people you care about and who care about you. It means seeking out knowledge even as the experts do, it means being good to yourself and your sexual partner by following safe-sex guidelines. This means finding new modes of sexual expression, and that might not be so much a responsibility as an adventure, and a novel opportunity for self-expression. It might mean more hugging and touching.

It means caring about yourself and your fellow man. This is the best way to help the AIDS Task Force minimize the impact of AIDS in San Diego.



Sappho Speaks

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Our thanks to everyone who helped make our first year of publication a success.

Send submissions to:

Sappho Speaks
B-023, UCSD
La Jolla, CA 92093



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August 4, 1984

County, city urged to pay for AIDS care

Section: LOCAL

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Article Text:

Mayor Hedgecock's **AIDS Task Force** will urge the county, city and United Way to pay for medical and other assistance to patients with acquired immune deficiency syndrome (AIDS).

The recommendation was contained in a report submitted to Hedgecock by the task force which was established in July 1983.

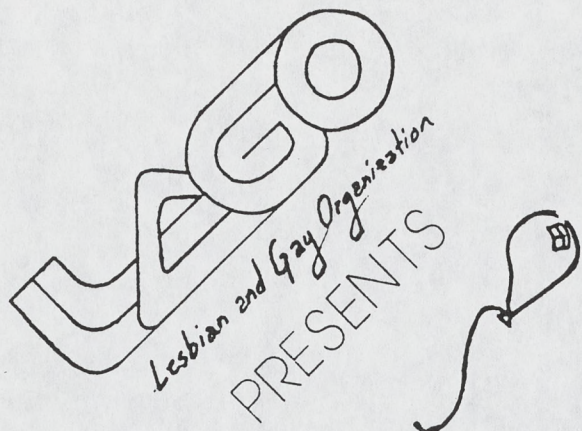
The report said that if the task force is continued for at least a year, one of its major goals will be to "urge the county Board of Supervisors, the City Council and United Way to provide financial support, personnel and medical assistance to AIDS patients." In a statement, Hedgecock commended the group and said he intends to reappoint the task force, headed by Dr. Robert G. Petersdorf, dean of the UCSD School of Medicine, for another year. The task force includes physicians, public health officials, representatives of community health organizations and gay community leaders. The report also called for emergency and long-term housing for patients of the usually-fatal AIDS; support for development of special AIDS units in local hospitals, and creation of a special patient advocate at UCSD Medical Center for AIDS victims. "Because AIDS is infectious and usually fatal, the disease has provoked unique problems for patients in the community," the report said. "Similar to other seriously-ill patients, AIDS patients often suffer a dramatic change in self-esteem, future prospects and physical and emotional strength. These problems are compounded by guilt, fear and isolation"

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1984–85 General Materials

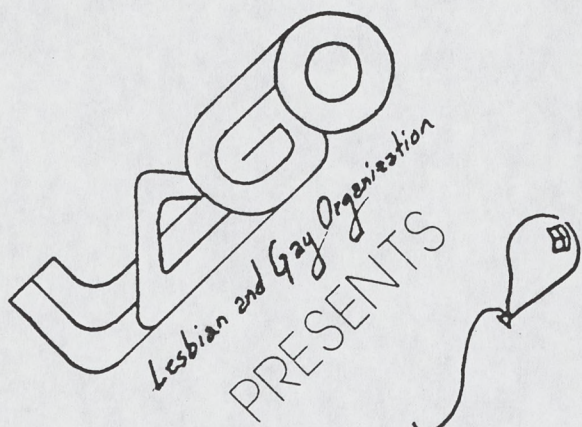


PICNIC IN THE PARK

PACK YOUR BASKETS
&
BRING
YOUR BLANKETS

SATURDAY, NOV. 3
AT "THE LOOP"
IN BALBOA PARK

For more info call: 452-4297 Mon → Fri 9 to 2



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**Critics
Praise:**



THEATRE
RHINOCEROS

THE "AIDS" SHOW

NATIONAL
REQUIRED



FREE

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS AS

Concept: Tom Vech
Photography: Maile Klein



ARTISTS INVOLVED with DEATH and SURVIVAL

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"...high-class, professional, entertaining...a deeply moving and educational show..."

BAY AREA REPORTER

"...could have been bitter and self-pitying, but is both gallant and funny...our tears of sorrow are leavened with tears of renewal..."

"...no moralizing and no hand-wringing...There is...lots of truth..."

DRAMA-LOGUE

"...an entertaining, enlightening and shattering experience..."

Sat. Eve. Performance To Benefit S.D. AIDS Project

The evening performance of Saturday, February 16 will benefit the San Diego AIDS project, an associate of the MAYOR'S TASK FORCE ON AIDS. Call 294-2437. To benefit the San Diego AIDS Project, a special offer for tickets will be available that includes the performance and a special reception following the performance. These tickets can be purchased through the San Diego AIDS Project.

AIDS SPREADS to General Public

RECENT EVIDENCE...indicates the disease is beginning to spread through heterosexual contact in the U.S. as reported in **THE NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF MEDICINE...SCIENCE MAGAZINE...L.A. TIMES**...two more victims had contracted the disease through heterosexual contacts..."We know that AIDS can be transmitted to heterosexuals, but no one knows how far it will go," said Dr. Peter Drotman...San Francisco health officials have become more concerned over the last two months in their escalated campaign against AIDS...**SAN FRANCISCO**-The city's health director quit Tuesday, citing political problems in fighting the spread of AIDS and warning that a national epidemic of the deadly disease is just beginning...

Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS) is a disease contracted primarily through sexual contact or the exchange of blood or blood products. **THE INCUBATION PERIOD CAN BE AS LONG AS FOUR YEARS.** The disease attacks the body's immune system, leaving it open to a variety of other diseases. There is no known cure for AIDS, and the disease has thus far proven to be invariably fatal. The total number of cases in this country now stands at 7,408; of those more than 3,498 have died. High risk groups include hemophiliacs, drug abusers who share needles, and Haitians. The disease does not only affect men. Hundreds of women, and even some children have been diagnosed. In other countries, such as Zaire, AIDS strikes heterosexuals with much greater frequency than in the United States.

Sponsored by the Gay & Lesbian Student Union of SDSU with the support of A.S. Cultural Arts Board.

Post-Performance Discussions

Members of the audience can question the creative staff, performers, and concerned health professionals in post-performance discussions.

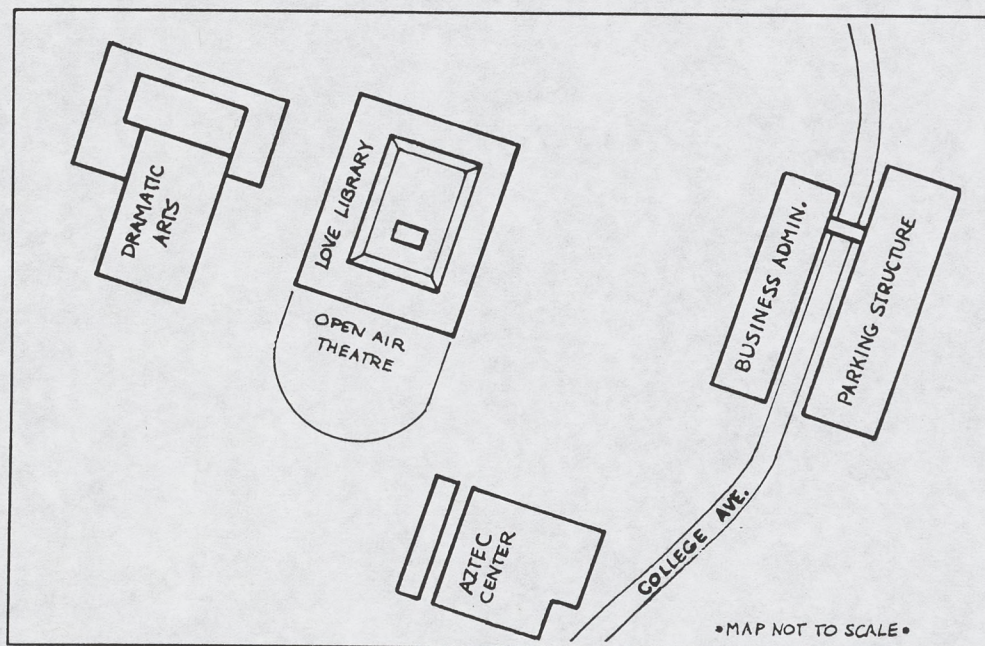
VITAL STATISTICS

WHERE: SDSU's Experimental Theatre,
Dramatic Arts Building.

WHEN: February 14-17, 1985 Only!
Thursday-Saturday Eves. at 8:00pm
Saturday & Sunday at 2:30pm

TICKETS: \$7.00—general public
\$5.50—students with ID and senior
citizen/long living persons
\$5.00—SDSU student with ID

PARKING: Free, lighted parking in the high
rise parking structure on the East
side of College Avenue. Allow an
extra 10 minutes for parking and
walking to the theatre.



YVONNE SHULTZ
ASSISTANT TO THE MAYOR

Will Speak on

"HUMAN RIGHTS"

REVELLE PLAZA

NOON - MONDAY

part of Gay Awareness Week

▽ sponsored by LAGO and ASUCSD ▽

Apr 29 - May 4