

# Gay student 'living a lie

At the risk of sounding too Californian, I am just another student trying to get my head together. Like all college students I worry about career choice, the job market and all the other normal problems.

But I, like a number of other students have another worry, I am a homosexual. Unlike those who participated in Gay-Lesbian Celebration Week, I have never had the strength or courage to tell anyone. I have known for more than 10 years, but because of my fear I have had very little interaction with gay people. I have been repressive.

If you think last week was difficult for those who are open about their sexual preferences, try to imagine what it was like for us repressors. On the one hand, we would like to join with others like ourselves and not continually hide what we are, not be ashamed. But on the other hand we watch the prejudice, the joking and the sneering that take place, and it's back to repression.

Worst of all is the feeling one gets when all this takes place. It feels almost as if you are living a lie. You wonder, "Would my friends treat me

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## Guest column

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differently? Would they still even be my friends?"

It is impossible to describe the way it feels inside (almost as if the insides of you twist up and retch). When you hear your apartmentmate say, "If I found out I had a roommate who was a fag, I'd beat his face in and throw all his stuff into the street," you do not conjure up a pleasant vision.

But the complications and contradictions don't stop there. For those of us who are religious it is difficult to listen to sermons informing you that you are damned to hell. It is difficult to listen to religious fanatics talk about how sick gays are and how they should try and save themselves. It's confusing.

If I'm such a horrible human being why did our God (I assume mine is the same as theirs) create me as I am? If it's just part of some earthly test of the spirit and flesh, how come I got singled out for this one? You want to ask these questions, but if you do,

they'll know and be off to their place to pray for your salvation. No help.

Along with the fear and confusion there is also a little bitterness. I, a heterosexual male who makes a different girl each night considered macho and suave, a stud

But when homosexuals go to a party to meet (and yes, to pick up) other homosexuals, it is called leering, lurid, trashy life. Is a trip to a party all that much different (in purpose and intent) from one to TJ's? Are gays totally cornered the market in leather, S & M and B & D?

I'm not sure what I've accomplished by writing this. At the very least I've vented some of my frustrations and let others who are like I do know they are not alone. Maybe, just maybe some of you will rate one and two on the Kinsey scale (one being totally heterosexual and two being totally homosexual and anything in between) and rest somewhere in between. I don't know what it is like to have to hide on the other side of the fence."

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[The author of this guest column chooses to remain anonymous]

Monday, April 14, 1980