

**Gay Sex Ed. continued**

and I ask in unison? It seems that the majority of abortions can be attributed to lack of understanding that unprotected sex sooner or later causes babies. Education could potentially increase the spread of such knowledge and probably bring about a decrease in the need for abortions. Besides all of this, why can't pro-lifers talk about or do something to save the lives of our born children? If our unborn children are worth so much,

shouldn't our born children be worth at least as much. For instance, pregnancy is extremely difficult on teens no matter whether a woman has the baby or aborts it. Instead of ranting against abortions, pro-lifers (if their goal is to prevent abortions) should actively discuss or oppose (they love to oppose, don't they) teen pregnancy, while acknowledging that teen sex is gonna happen as it always has.

Everyone must take an interest in the future of our children. Pro-lifers have made a career out of it.

Gays must also be in the forefront of this discussion, because there aren't many straights fighting for gay sex education in schools and because closeted gay teens can't speak for themselves. The alternative is that suicide, substance abuse and unprotected sex continue to pervade the gay community, which remains ignorant of or oblivious to these dangers. Let's make sure the entire gay community doesn't become its own inescapable Twilight Zone. λ

# Thank You!

The Williamson fund awarded Lambda \$1750 to help us stay up and running. We just want to say, "Thanks for your help!"

# Thank You!

**Geography continued**

"It was, well, it was okay. A lot of it focused on Utopia, that bar and bookstore in Bangkok. It was there when I was in Thailand four years ago. Which is cool-- although most of the people they interviewed were experts, with a few upper-class Thais thrown in. When I saw the opening sequence, with the monks, I was afraid it was going to be about homoeroticism among celibate Thai monks. Like a repeat of the Italian nun documentary. I guess it was okay. You know, I was kind of half-watching for my dad."

I place my fork and spoon together on the edge of my plate, hearing my mother's insistent voice demanding I do so. Correct table manners were very important to her. You didn't have to eat anything on your plate as long as your elbows

weren't on the table and you didn't play with your utensils.

"You're kidding. You didn't really think your father would be interviewed in a PBS documentary about gay men in Thailand. You don't even know if your father is gay." Louise is finished too. There are no scattered rice grains around her plate. Even though mostly I had noodles, I've left a bunch of offending rice grains on the table. Being white, they are very noticeable on the purple and orange cloth. I realize I have no idea how they got there.

"I know, I know. It's one of those weird, probably-not-anywhere-near-the-truth fantasies. But it's fun to think about-- and wouldn't it be a riot if my father was living as a gay man with an ex-priest in Bangkok. And if he was wearing the gold lame hot pants I always imagine him wearing?" I never actually saw my father

in anything other than wool suit pants and khaki pants, but in my head he wears gold hot pants. Textured and sequined gold hot pants. Every night he re-sews on sequins which have fallen off. Meticulously and by hand.

Louise grins across the table. "Sure, Miriam. As long as its okay if he isn't a gay man wearing hot pants in Bangkok. What would you do if you ran into him on the street?"

In actuality my father probably lives with Eunice, his old (actually young) secretary, in an apartment in Arlington, Virginia, twenty minutes from where I grew up. But I've never looked him up in information. He's never called me.

I don't have to answer Louise. Our waiter puts the check down next to Louise, but I hand him my credit card. I want to pay for dinner. It's very certain, it's something I can do. Without a doubt (I got paid Friday).

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continued in the next issue λ

"My wife is not a lesbian and neither is my son. I've never had sex with a man and neither has my wife... Keep your sexual perversions to yourself and I'll keep my sexual perversions to myself."

--an excerpt from hate mail received by the Lavendar Network Newspaper.