A Letter from Robert

Friends,

I expected my college years to be more or less like a Pepsi commercial. You know, studying physics, and 18th Century French literature during the week and running off on the weekends to Fort Lauderdale or at least Kerr Lake for "oodles of giddy college fun." No such luck.

Instead I started to hang around the CGA (o.k., the CGLA) office and soon found myself writing Lambda articles, planning programs, having flyers printed, reserving rooms, taking out the garbage, and, yes, arguing over the color scheme for the spring dance. And then, without being forewarned, I accepted the position of chairperson of the Carolina Gay Association. Who? Robert Pharr, freshperson from Charlotte? No, not him; he was always so bright and well-behaved. But he loved animals and folksongs--I always thought so, he always was weird and bathed a bit too often. His parents will kill him!!

And now I've been chairperson, along with Cathy Labyris, for two years and upon my ensuing departure I'm supposed to gush forth knowledge like a mountain stream overflowing its banks after the spring thaw. So here's some gushing for ya.

First, COME OUT!!!! Come out to as many people as possible. Believe me when I say that I know that coming out is scary and difficult, but it's not impossible. (see ROBERT'S LETTER on page 7)

with

TRACE WIREN.guitar & vocals MARTHA BOURNE.saxophone

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