



LAMBDA



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Carolina Gay And Lesbian Association Newsletter ©

*Does love need a minister, a rabbi, a priest? Is divine love . . .
based on the permission of a decadent society?*

Lillian Hellman

→ → → → → Stop the Hatred! → → → → →

In recent weeks, the anti-gay element on the UNC-CH campus has been building steam. Beginning with a program on AIDS by the Intervarsity Christian Fellowship (a group to which I belonged for two years), the religious Right will soon be waging an organized assault on homosexuality. According to two CGLA members who attended a recent discussion about homosexuality at the Chapel Hill Bible Church, the groups will try to "love the homosexuality out of us."

Below is a reprint of my Letter to the Editor of the Daily Tar Heel of Nov. 6. Unfortunately, while such letters do cause concerned individuals to get involved,

they also fan the fires of the homophobes and cause them to, among other things, respond with their own Letters:

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To the Editors:

For the third time in two years, a publicity banner promoting an event of the Carolina Gay and Lesbian Association has been torn down in the pit. Each time, the theft has occurred in the middle of the night and was selective (i.e., other banners hanging in the pit at the same time were left untouched). Posters around campus for the same event (a benefit dance (see STOP THE HATRED on page 2)

→ → → → → On the Road to Motherhood → → → → →

Some of you may have read my article on artificial insemination. Here I am at the climax of a 3-year journey through cervical caps, daily basal thermometers, and sperm-filled yogurt jars. At last, I am 8 months pregnant with a son growing wildly in my body. My world and I change rapidly in a twirl of activity.

My family has known for some time that I am a lesbian trying to be a mommie. Their hope that this might be a phase was dashed as my belly swelled. My mother, however, has turned into my protectoress against all conservative forces in my family. This 80-year-old woman rises wielding her sword of, "She wants to be a mother; she will be a good mother, and I love her" to any critical remark made by any relative or family friend. She and I have become intensely close during this time as both of us begin to really fully understand the other. My father sits blinking and confused at the turmoil of emotional changes around. He talks with me cautiously but lovingly. He seems to bring to conversation often his own mother, a large, forceful Irish woman who raised five sons alone in an Irish ghetto

neighborhood of New York. While I seem to have fallen into a magical pool of relearning my parents and their rich oral history, my sister and her brood would prefer that I moved to another state and another family.

The close people in my life are filled with excitement, uneasiness, and wonder. It is hard many times not to always talk baby and to maintain normalcy in my relationships. My stomach is often felt, watched, and wondered over.

Susan and I moved from fear to joyous flight. She lays her head to my stomach each morning and evening, traces my stretch marks, eyes the changes in my breasts, reads baby books, and fingers teddy bears. We talk endlessly about fears of losing our relationship in raising a child, how to maintain our lovership and our own individualism, how to be co-parents legally and emotionally. We move closer to one another both as we learn more about each other and cling to the last moments of being two rather than three.

The outside work of employers, co- (see LESBIAN MOTHERHOOD on page 4)