

# Just out

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*Out About Town* is compiled as a courtesy to our readers. Performers, clubs, individuals or groups wishing to list events in the calendar should mail notices to *Just Out* by the 15th of the month preceding publication.

Listings will not be taken over the telephone.

Display Advertising will be accepted up to the 17th of each month.

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## Steppin' Out

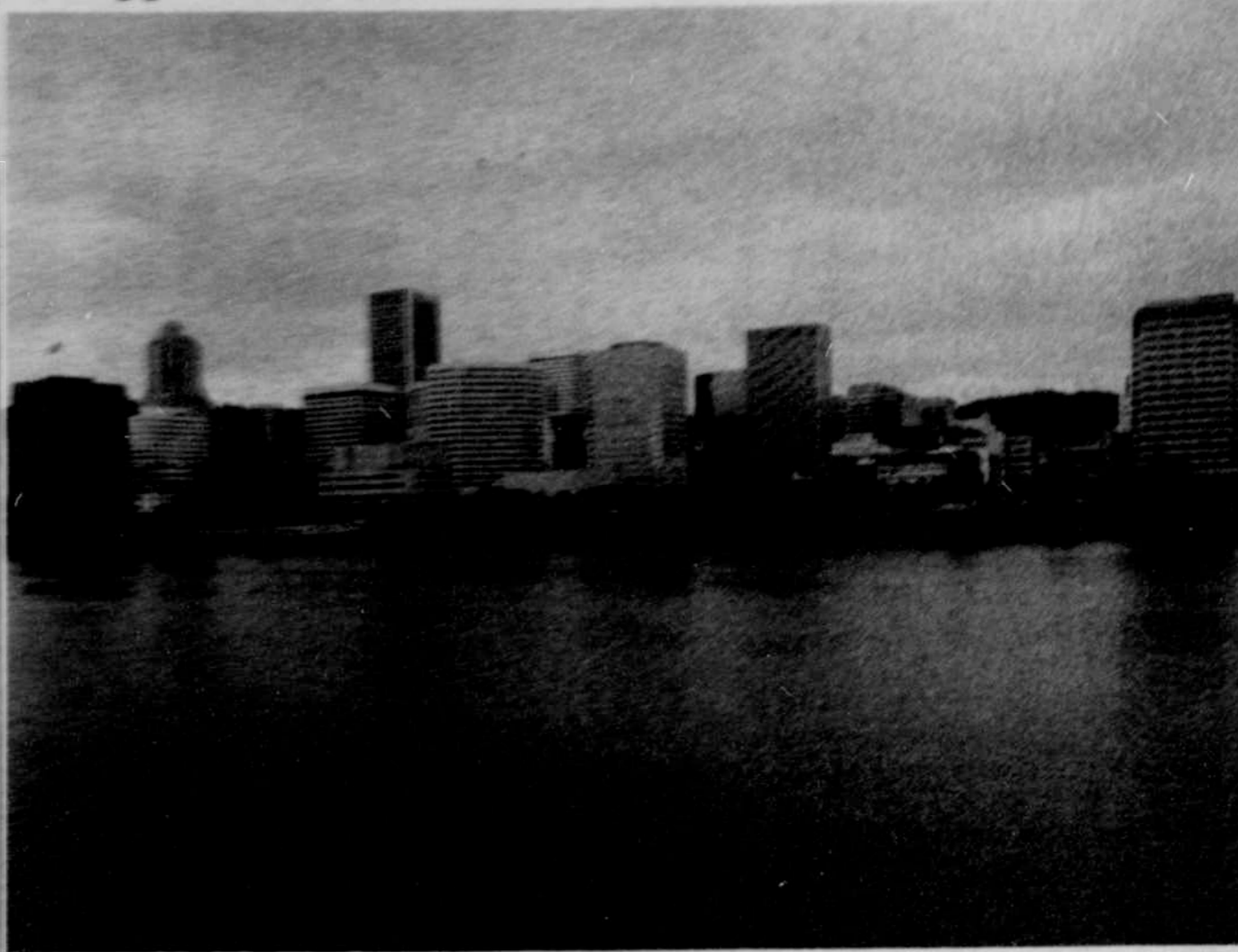


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# C O M M E N T A R Y

## An open letter to a closed mind

*This may be difficult for you to comprehend, but we're a thousand times more embarrassed by you than you are by us*

BY NANCY LYN DEFINE

Do me a favor. Please. Don't pick me out of the crowd at the bar in order to subject me to a 20-minute dissertation on how you're "really not gay, just confused." Frankly, Mr. Macho, I don't give a damn. And stop glancing over my shoulder. I doubt very much the "homo spotter" task force is sneaking around with hidden cameras. Look, it isn't that I don't enjoy talking with new people. It's just that I don't particularly care to talk to you.

So please don't tell me how your family would just die if they even suspected you might be... well, you know. Those of us who are openly gay don't have the slightest notion of the fears and anxieties associated with coming out to parents. We weren't born and raised in the traditional manner. We just sprang up, fully grown, in cabbage patches.

And please don't think you're complimenting me when you say I don't "look like one." I find that comment not only offensive, but incredibly stupid. Despite your misconceptions, you can't usually "spot one of us a mile away." And this habit you have of smugly looking around the bar and picking out four or five people you don't find attractive then referring to them as faggots, bulldykes and disgusting queers with whom you will not be identified, is almost as repulsive as you are. They are not the reason you can't come out of the closet (although you may be a reason for them to consider going back in). Are you always this obnoxious? Or do gay atmospheres just bring out the best in you?

Look, I'm not a bad person. And I don't go out very often. So when I do, please stop telling me all about that old queen in the corner who won't stop cruising you. First of all, he's NOT even looking at you. He's cruising that cute guy standing a couple of feet in back of you. Actually, no offense (well, maybe a little), but I don't see one person in this whole place paying the least bit of attention to you. But

then you're "really" not gay, anyway.

And stop snickering at my button. If you haven't seen one before than you must be either illiterate or unable to afford a radio or television. If you think pink triangles are funny, maybe you should consider joining up with Lyndon La Rouche. And don't you dare cop a condescending attitude about those of us with AIDS or HIV positive blood. Honey, you have a disease much more deadly.

While I'm at it, don't bother telling me twenty minutes into your monologue that you lied to me about your real name. I have no problem with that. I can think of lots of things to call you. And no, I certainly do not know anyone who would be interested in being your "date" for a family wedding or the office Christmas party. Personally, I'd rather be forced to have sex with Anita Bryant.

Now how did I already know that you campaigned for Bush and Quayle? And that you're a registered Republican? Go figure. But please don't refer to yourself as an enlightened conservative. That's a non sequitur. Try pompous ass.

If I hear you say, "What I do in the privacy of my bedroom is nobody's business and I don't intend on shouting it to the world" one more time, I'll seriously consider taking a picture of you and sending it to the local paper with a caption that reads "Gay homophobe demands the right to be a homo (but only in the privacy of his own room)." Gee, won't your enlightened conservatives let you do that? Not even if you spend the rest of your time openly advocating the enforcement of sodomy laws and trying to get an ordinance passed restricting gay people to certain jobs, accommodations and housing?

I don't understand why people in the closet always tell us about this privacy thing. What do you think we do when we're not running around making it more difficult for people like you? Meet in a parking lot and decide which one of your bedrooms we're going to bug this week? Trust me. We have any number of

## C O N T E N T S

Editorial.....	3
Letters.....	4
Between the lines.....	6
AIDS 101.....	7
Just News.....	9
Just Youth.....	10
Just Years.....	11
A Time of Death, Part II.....	12
Just be Aware.....	14
ACT UP Newsletter.....	15
Just Briefs.....	16
Just News.....	17
Counsel.....	18
Profile.....	19
Out About Town.....	21
Travel.....	24
Amazon Trail.....	27
Just Entertainment.....	28
Cinema.....	29
Music.....	30
Books.....	31
Classifieds.....	32

other things to worry about. So if you have to spout off about privacy, go tell it to a judge. Preferably one sitting on the Supreme Court. Better yet, stop by the office of any number of your Republican Senators. Or go to Georgia. There's a man named Hardwick who would love to hear your views on the subject.

And while you're at it, you should consider writing to Virginia Apuzzo and Harvey Fierstein about the harm being done by all this openly gay stuff. I'm sure once you explained to them that normal people would allow us to live (under certain conditions), if we just stopped being so public, they'd crawl quietly back to their closets and start writing about real issues like the terrible way the press treated Dan Quayle during the campaign and how those slanderous attempts to portray Liberace as a homosexual were really part of a communist plot to take over the world. Hell, everybody knows Mrs. Gorbachev is personally funding ACT UP. She got the idea from Nancy Reagan's "Just Say No" campaign.

Get a grip on yourself. I hardly think major corporations send their people into local gay bars in order to ferret out the "undesirables." Well, maybe some like MCI or Kellogg's do. But if you see someone you know from work, they're probably just as "confused" as you are.

Finally, there is no need for you to hide behind the dog food display if you happen to spot one of us at the grocery store. Believe me, we will not, as you so delicately put it, expose you. We are just as concerned as you that as few people as possible know that you are "really homosexual, not confused." This may be difficult for you to comprehend, but we're a thousand times more embarrassed by you than you are by us. After all, we do have some pride.

Come to think of it, that's what this is all about. So, come on. Do me a favor. Pick someone else out of the crowd. Or go soak your head in your beer. But whatever you do, keep your misguided opinions to yourself. If you won't help us by standing up, at least do us the favor of shutting up.

*Define is a regular columnist for numerous gay newspapers across the country as well as a contributor to such magazines as Christopher Street, The Advocate, Lesbian Ethics, LesCon and RFD, among others.*