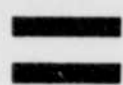


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Riding the Saturn Cycle

The past year marks one small astrological step for the author, one giant leap for a movement

It hasn't happened yet, but by the time this column is printed, I'll have turned 29. Since I share a birthday with the Stonewall uprising, so too will the modern queer-rights movement have turned 29.

A co-worker, upon hearing it was my 29th, asked me if I'd noticed any changes in the past year due to my Saturn Cycle. I usually check my horoscope annually to see whom I share a birthday with and to read once again that I'm maternal, loyal and a sucker, according to the stars. This Saturn business was, however, news to me. She explained that between the ages of 28 and 29, great changes occur. As she explained the ringed planet's role, an eerie fog filled the room and doors slammed. Or so it seemed. I felt like Tia learning the secret of Witch Mountain. I wondered what strange and magical things had happened in the past year. Had I become endowed with magical powers? No. Had I moved any closer to my goal of omniscience? Maybe a smidge, but simply from watching more public television.

So what had happened?

I developed a beer aversion. I can't drink it anymore. I've heard theories of developing beer allergies, tales of people who've developed the same problem, etc. No one has pinned it down for me. All I know is that if I have more than two beers on any given day, I can kiss tomorrow goodbye as I'll be spending it in bed. This change in my physiology happened suddenly one day in February. Go figure. My Irish ancestors are spinning in their graves, to be sure. When they look down at me, sitting in a bar and drinking wine like a total sissy, I'm sure they weep. Oh well, it's not the first time.

Perhaps there's a correlation with the post-Stonewall movement and its own Saturn Cycle. I didn't see any Coors signs at the pride celebration this year. Maybe this means I won't have an adverse reaction to queer-friendly Full Sail Ale.

This year I went through an amicable breakup. That was a pretty big change. The larger scale analogy between me and the queer movement may be the rift over the Millennium March and the split between those who want it and those who want to concentrate locally. The only advice I can offer is that both sides are probably too codependent and disagreement is healthy if it's handled rationally. I'd also advise the Millennium March organizers to move out as soon as possible and to account for all their good cookware.

My sister started chemotherapy to combat cancer during the past year, and that's affected me profoundly. Her chemo cocktail is relatively new and it seems to be working. Our Stonewall

family has also been profoundly affected by health issues. People with HIV and AIDS have tried a new cocktail that's done wonders. This year also gave us the 3-D map of HIV's cell-opening key, the gp120 protein, which can only lead to more answers.

As people who read this column know, I got crabs within the last year. What possible analogy is apparent in the post-Stonewall movement? The parallel that immediately comes to mind is Lon Mabon resurfacing with yet another petition. A good shampoo can get rid of parasites, but they'll always be out there—just like Lon and his like-minded cohorts.

In the wake of these Saturn Cycle changes, what's in store for the future, I wonder?

I phoned an astrologer in an attempt to get some answers, celestial as they may be. Alas, she didn't return my phone call by deadline. I'm going to continue my superstitious streak and assume that her silence was fate speaking. The movement doesn't need answers and neither do I.

I think this Saturn Cycle must coincide with self-reliance. That's based on another



The Saturn Cycle passes you through a portal, not so much from childhood to adulthood, she said, but from insecure self-indulgence to pillarlike maturity. Certainly, that's something I can recognize more easily in the queer movement than in myself.

friend's advice. The Saturn Cycle passes you through a portal, not so much from childhood to adulthood, she said, but from insecure self-indulgence to pillarlike maturity. Certainly, that's something I can recognize more easily in the queer movement than in myself. After all, it was the first year in our movement's history that a U.S. president—regardless of your political assessment of him—endorsed us with a pride message.

I may yearn mildly for reckless nights clubbing on ecstasy and breaking glass, but I can appreciate that I've also come to a time and place where my appetites and responsibilities have changed.

So, while the self-indulgent phase may beckon us back to the past, we have become an institution. Some still may not want us at the table, but for better or worse, our place has been set. Let's eat.

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