

DEMETER

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Gays at DLI Harassed

By Kathy Stoner

There is a witch hunt taking place right in our own back yard.

Increasingly over the past year, male and female students at Monterey's Defense Language Institute (representing all branches of military service) have been deprived of their security clearances, suspended from classes, charged with homosexual conduct, and dishonorably discharged from military service.

Although complete statistics are not available, during 1982 approximately 28 of 600 Air Force students at DLI were discharged on this basis, and 32 of the 800 DLI students in the Army's Company C. And the numbers appear to be growing.

This practice represents yet another affront by the present administration in Washington to the civil rights of not only lesbians and gay men in the service, but also of any other political "undesirables" who can be harassed under this guise.

The chances of completely overturning this procedure in the present political climate are probably remote. However, the picture is not entirely bleak: the process is being challenged, and with luck and public support and education, the military may at least be deterred from its present all-out campaign.

U.S. military leadership has a history of homophobia. While there have been periods during which homosexual conduct of service members has been largely ignored, it has always been officially



denounced as anathema to military morale.

Traditionally, homosexuality was grounds for court-martial and dishonorable discharge. In recent years, there has been some liberalization of the military's treatment of homosexuals. Under uniform guidelines applicable to all branches of service, a homosexual is now subject to "administrative separation" rather than court-martial. And if the individual's service record is otherwise clear, he or she is normally entitled to an honorable discharge.

Nevertheless, the Pentagon seems bent on using this new procedure to root out all "undesirable" personnel, especially in security-sensitive installations such as the Defense Language Institute.

At DLI, a student accused of homosexuality typically is called up

before a superior, questioned, and pressured to give a written statement and-or submit to a lie-detector test, under threat of being suspended from class and deprived of security clearance.

Following this interview, the student will be pulled from class, lose his or her security clearance and be reassigned to menial work, pending further investigation, regardless of whether he or she has complied with the demand for a statement or polygraph.

Most students are soon worn down by the pressure. Discouraged, and never adequately informed of their rights, they offer little or no resistance to the discharge procedure, and leave the military with a "general" discharge, even though the regulations entitle them to an honorable discharge.

Even if a service member suc-

cessfully shows that the charges are false, or they are for some reason dropped, the odds are that the individual's security clearance will not be restored, and his or her military career will be permanently affected by the incident.

Any individual faced with the possibility of discharge for homosexuality should be aware of his or her rights.

First, certain basic constitutional protections are available, even under federal military law. These include the right to be represented by an attorney, the protection against self-incrimination, and the right to a hearing.

Every military member has the right to free representation by a "JAG Officer" (military lawyer). It is a good idea to check around and find out which JAG officer is likely to do a good job of handling a gay discharge case.

The individual also has the right to refuse to give statements, take polygraphs or otherwise testify against herself. And promises of continuing privileges in exchange for compliance should be regarded with skepticism; more often than not, those privileges will be suspended anyway. The decision to invoke this right should be made carefully; as soon as possible, an attorney should be consulted.

Following the investigation, the commanding officer or a designated superior will make a finding and recommendation concerning the charges.

If a discharge is recommended, the individual may elect to abide by

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Women's Studies at MPC

By JT Mason

In last month's *Demeter* we examined just a few of the fascinating courses being offered through the Women's Studies Department. Since then two of the 10 courses have been canceled, once again, due to budget problems and low administrative priority.

No longer offered are *Dealing with Stress and Women in Search of Self*. These courses have been extremely successful because they teach skills needed in living in these stressful times. It is rumored that they might be taught outside the college due to popular demand (we will keep you posted).

The three remaining courses listed under Women's Studies are *Women in History, Letters and Journals: Lives of Women in Their Own Words*, and *Women in American History*.

Letters and Journals: Lives of Women in Their Own Words, WS 195-02 — Engl 195, taught by Elisabeth Holm, will meet Mondays for eight weeks from 1-3 p.m. This course will survey the emerging genre of letters and journals dealing with women's lives. The student will develop the ability to analyze these journals for form and content as well as learn how to create one's own journal style; the basic requirement is that each student will be asked to keep a journal for the duration of the course.

The course is broken into four segments: *Childhood: Awakening*, including readings from Anne Frank, Anais Nin, Colette and Louisa Alcott; *Womanhood: Work and Creativity*, including readings from Hannah Senesh, Mary Chestnut, Ruth Benedict and Carolina de Jesus; *Womanhood: Love and Emotional Expression*, including readings from Marian Martin, Anna Dostoevsky, George Sand and Sylvia Ashton-Warner; and *Womanhood: Reflection and Critical Analysis*, including readings from May Sarton, Hannah Tillich, Emily Carr and Florida Scott-Maxwell.

Women in History, WS 172 — Hist 172, taught by Karin Strasser-Kauffman, will meet Tuesdays and Thursdays 11 a.m.-12:30 p.m. This three-unit course deals with the lives of ordinary women in their everyday concerns of family, work, art, politics and culture. Beginning with archaeological digs and their revelations about the widespread evidence of Goddess worship in ancient society, the course moves through major cultures, among them Mesopotamia, ancient Judaism, Egypt, Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. The latter third of the course examines women in colonial and pioneer America, with some discussion of the 19th and 20th centuries in the USA and the contemporary women's movement.

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Because He's the Boy

By Riz Raymundo

Rita Salvador stood at the kitchen window, smiling, her dark eyes following her daughter, Prissy, who was eagerly pedaling down the street toward her friend Melinda's house to show off her new bicycle. Tightening the scarf around her shoulder-length dark hair, Rita turned and looked at the breakfast dishes which she had agreed to wash sitting in the sink.

"Just for this morning, remember now?" Rita had said to Prissy's back as she ran out of the kitchen, impatient to get to Melinda's.

Soaping the plates, Rita thought, "Thank God I have only one child. What if I had two? I can't afford two bikes." She stopped midway in the scrubbing of a plate and smiled broadly as she remembered a scene years ago. Her smile turned into a chuckle as she said out loud to herself, "And thank God I have a girl!"

Rita's father had been a farm laborer and she and her brother, Sonny, had grown up in labor camps. She was remembering the last camp they had lived in; she was a first year student in high school and it was the week before Christmas.

She stepped off the school bus after a long hour's ride through a cold, drizzly, bleak countryside and started down the long, muddy, dirt road toward the long bunkhouse of the camp where they lived. Ignoring the cold, wet wind, she happily thought, "I won't have to ride that ol' crummy bus anymore and I won't have to walk on this ol' muddy road anymore too," skipping and side-stepping mud holes.

For the past two weeks after she and Sonny had gone to bed, she had heard snatches of whispered conversations between her parents from behind their curtain partition at the other side of the room, hearing words such as "bicycle," "we can't buy two," and "second-hand bicycles." When Rita heard her mother's voice say, "She's the oldest..." Rita stopped listening, certain she would get a bicycle for Christmas. She knew her brother

had also heard; neither mentioned what they had heard, but she knew by his quiet sullenness he was also sure she would get the bicycle.

"One more week!" she thought, reaching the room that was home and entering to change clothes before going on to the large camp kitchen where her mother worked as assistant cook.

Juanita Rosario smiled a greeting when she heard then saw her daughter come down the long dining room toward the kitchen. Taking a tin plate from a small table by the side of the stove, Juanita dished the rice, vegetables and meat into it and handing it to her daughter said, "I will pour our coffee. I will sit with you in a few minutes to rest my feet and I also have a matter to talk to you about."

Rita looked at her mother with happy eyes wanting to say, "Yes, I know all about it already," but said only, "Okay, Mom."

Juanita walked slowly to the table with the two large tin cups of hot coffee, trying to hold back the inevitable as long as possible. She sat down, half-smiled at Rita as she wiped her hands on her apron, fussing a few seconds with the hem as she straightened it over her lap.

"Uh... how was school today?"

"Same ol' thing, Mom. Nothing exciting happened as usual." Rita tried sounding casual and continued eating.

"Uh... Rita, your father and I... uh... we have been talking about how much you and your brother wish to have bicycles," Juanita started slowly, trying to find the right words. "We have been trying to save money for two bicycles, used bicycles, for Christmas for you and Sonny... but we... uh... only have been able to save for one and... so... we can only purchase one. I am sorry. And also, I do not think we will be able to purchase a Christmas tree for this Christmas."

Juanita paused for a long moment, then in a rush of words, "It was a very, very hard decision to make but we... your father and I... have agreed that it would be best that Sonny will receive the

bicycle. I am telling you this now so you will understand our decision, but you are not to tell Sonny, understand?"

Rita, in the process of spooning a mouthful of food into her mouth, slowly placed her spoon back onto her plate. She sat, stunned and hurt, staring at her mother.

Juanita continued, trying to ignore the hurt she saw in her daughter's eyes. "It is because he is the boy; he will need it more. You know he wants to participate in after-school sports and..."

"But, Mom," Rita close to tears said, "I'm already in after-school sports myself and..."

"Yes, that is true, but it will not be safe for you to ride home on a bicycle from school, you know. It is not safe for a girl."

"But it's always still daylight when we're finished."

"Yes, but your father wishes to continue to pick you up as he has been doing and..."

"I don't understand! Nothing will happen to me. I'm almost 15 and Sonny's only 13. I'm the oldest and I heard you say so yourself."

"You are not to argue. Sonny also wants to have a paper route and will be in need of a bicycle."

"I wanted a paper route too! Remember? Why didn't Dad let me have one and I could've had a bike?"

"Rita! You will argue no more! It is because you are a girl and a paper route is boy's work. It is better you continue with babysitting as it is safer work as you are in the homes of the children. Now, our decision is made. You understand? Now finish your food."

Juanita felt for her daughter, wishing it were possible to buy both her children bicycles. She got up slowly from the table, thinking of a pretty sweater she had seen which she knew Rita would like, deciding to purchase it to add to the skirt she already had on lay-a-way for Christmas. "I will exchange my coat I have on lay-a-way for the sweater. My old coat will be serviceable for another winter," she told herself as she entered the kitchen. For Rita, 30 years later, the memory of her mother's face was still.

Rita quickly glanced around her small kitchen before stepping into the living room. She stopped and looked at the telephone, then

decided to call her parents after she straightened the bedrooms. Going into the hall, she looked into Prissy's room and smiled at the nine-year-old neatness of it, thinking, "Too bad her birthday isn't everyday," and continued to her bedroom. Fluffing her pillows, she thought of her father's reaction when Prissy wanted to go into a paper route partnership with Melinda. He had been proud of his granddaughter's ambition, which surprised Rita.

To her question of surprise, her mother had only shrugged and her father said, "Is not Priscilla's friend's father to accompany them?" and immediately dropped the subject, hiding behind his newspaper.

Later Rita and her mother discussed it, deciding that as far as her father was concerned, Prissy could do whatever she wanted and being a girl had nothing to do with it. How they had laughed over that. And when the paper route business had been dropped after only a month, he had accepted it as a matter of course in one's life.

Back in the living room, Rita picked up Prissy's baseball cap from the floor on her way to the telephone and thought, "Tom-boy..." and out loud, turning the cap in her hands, "I wonder? Could it be because Prissy is, Dad accepts her as a substitute for the grandson he doesn't have?" She smiled mischievously as she laid the cap on the end table to pick up the phone.

"Merry Christmas, Mom," when her mother answered.

"Huh? Merry Christmas? That is not for another five months yet!"

"I was just thinking, Mom, what would Dad have said if I had a son too and I still gave the bike to Prissy?" Rita laughed, ignoring her mother's surprise.

Juanita, caught off guard by her daughter's greeting and question, and wondering what was wrong with her daughter, was not able to respond for a few seconds.

"Mom?"

A sudden burst of laughter rang into Rita's ear, then she heard her father's questioning voice and her mother's muffled reply.

Rita waited a second or two then asked, "What did he say, Mom?"

Juanita laughingly replied, "Humph!"

Gays at DLI—

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the recommendation, or to challenge it. In either case, the service member should insist on an honorable discharge. Anyone reading this article who has previously received a less than honorable discharge for homosexuality should consider applying to have his or her discharge upgraded.

If the individual decides to challenge the discharge, there are two possible strategies.

First, the constitutionality of the regulations may be challenged on due process and equal protection grounds. In California, this approach has so far been unsuccessful. The 9th Circuit Federal Court of Appeal has ruled that the regulations are constitutional.

However, "Gay Rights Advocates," a San Francisco-based public interest group, is presently pursuing a case (involving a gay DLI student who was discharged

two years ago) in the Washington, D.C. Federal Court of Appeal, in hopes of obtaining more favorable precedent there.

Another strategy (exemplified by the Norton Sound Navy cases a few years ago) is to fight each case on its facts, forcing the military to prove its charges each time. This approach requires even more energy, perseverance and stamina than the constitutional approach.

In the Monterey Bay Area, we can do our part by keeping informed and supporting lesbians, gay men and others being harassed by the military at DLI, Fort Ord, and the other military installations here.

Ultimately, a combination of both strategies (the constitutional approach and forcing the military to prove each charge), if played out in large enough numbers, with a broad base of civilian support, may prove successful in wearing away the military monolith.

