

Michael Alvear



New Year's Resolutions for Making Gay Life Bearable



It's time for the dyspeptic to get the disturbed to correct their misdeeds. Yes, it's time for the annual New Year's Resolutions for Gay Culture.

As usual, individuals and institutions were handpicked for their spectacular fall from the stupid tree, their ability to hit every branch on the way down, and the gracelessness with which they landed, splat, at our feet, and scuffed our expensive Amalfi pumps.

To wit, the perpetrators and the suggested resolutions:

GLAAD: Resign

Once again, I call for the resignation of this hapless band of McCarthyite censors. Yes, they got that witch Dr. Laura off the air, but at what cost? GLAAD must think Freedom of Speech is a brand of doormat because all they do is wipe their feet on it. GLAAD should have called for Paramount to donate a minute of airtime to a gay civil rights message for every minute Dr. Laura spent disparaging gay people. But no, giving us equal time wasn't as sexy as shutting her up. That would've meant discourse, an exchange of competing ideas. Wipe, wipe.

Andrew Sullivan: Turn back to the person we once loved

Christ, what happened to this guy? He went from being one of our most civilized, articulate spokespersons to being our most embarrassing, obnoxious and loud, God, has he become loud, symbol of hypocrisy. He

spent years whipping Clinton on his supposed immorality yet saw nothing immoral about being HIV positive, advertising on a barebacking website and possibly infecting someone with the virus. He's taking our movement and putting a bowel in front of it.

Anne Heche: You're a moron

Wait, that's not a resolution. Oh, who cares? The truth is, I looked her up in Kinsey's spectrum of sexuality and there it was in black and white: "Moron." Is anybody else sick of this sexually ambidextrous gnat using up our oxygen? Somebody hand me a can of Raid.

Gay.com & PlanetOut: Sell yourselves to the Black Entertainment Network

Why? Because nobody knows how to sell out like those guys. BET could have been a visionary, groundbreaking platform for African-American culture and instead it became an infomercial-pimping, booty-banging video vending machine. Gay.com and PlanetOut could have been visionary, groundbreaking platforms for gay culture and instead they became advertorial-pimping, dick-waving personal ad factories.

Anti-Civil Union Vermonters: Change your bumper stickers

The highways are pockmarked with bumper stickers saying "Take Back Vermont." I say tack another word on the end of it: "Syrup."

Jerry Falwell: Run for president of GLAAD

You're perfectly matched. Both of you live to demonize loud-mouthed activists, both of you are so far behind you think you're leading. Sure, ya'll have a slight disagreement on the issues but certainly not on the strategies.

Rosie O'Donnell: Come out!

Years ago in a stand-up bit Rosie recalled her burgeoning friendship with Madonna on the set of *A League of her Own*. Fans would mob Madonna, trying to touch her, hug her, kiss her. "I'd yell 'Hey, Hands off!'" Rosie said in the monologue. Then she turns to the audience conspirationally and says, "Don't ask me why I'm protecting her—I'm not even f**king her."

So Rosie, stop f**king with us. You came out about your struggle with depression but not about your struggle with sexuality. Are you saying we can look to you for inspiration if we're depressed but not if we're gay?

Queer as Folk writing team: Turn Straight

It's probably the only way we'll get half-decent dialogues out of you. Or at least watch *Will & Grace* once in a while. Will doesn't get laid but the show leaves you in stitches. In *QAF* everyone gets laid but the

show leaves you yawning. Somebody tell me how it's possible that a show about gay people could be so devoid of humor or sharp dialogue. We practically invented humanity's sense of humor and we can't portray it on television to save our lives. Somebody get me Rewrite.

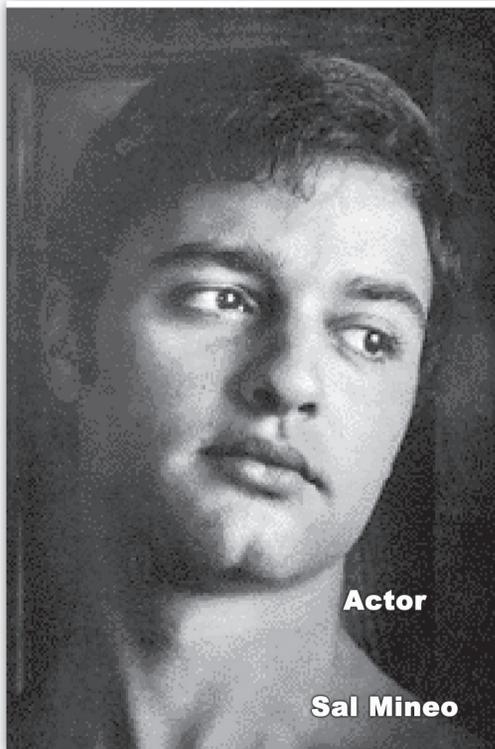
To the military guys who scribbled, "Hijack This, Fags" on a missile: Pull This

Some of us "fags" tried to save people in the September 11 horror and that's the thanks we get? Well, you know what? If you guys were in the World Trade Center rubble and I was the only one who could save you I'd scribble "Pull This, Bigots" on my dick and wave it at you like a lifeline.

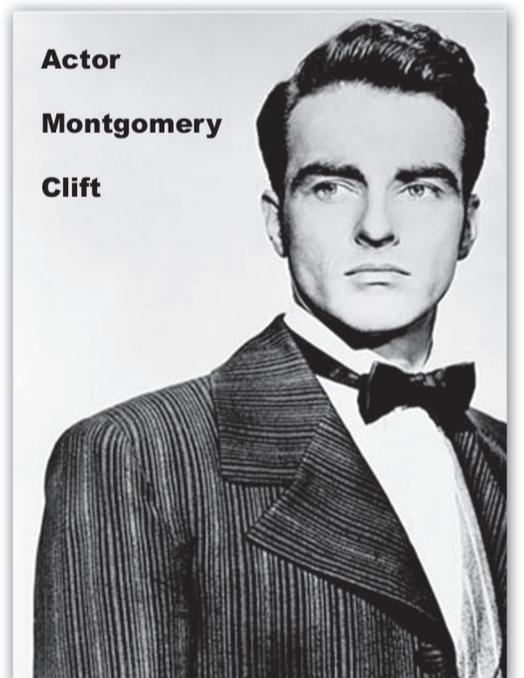
And then I'd kill myself trying to save you. Because nobody deserves to die for who they are.



Screen Goddess
Greta Garbo



Actor
Sal Mineo



Actor
Montgomery
Clift



Michelangelo
Buonarotti

History

was never as

Straight

as we were told.

Recording

our history means reporting the

Truth.



Making A Difference!