

DOUGLAS SADOWNICK

My Father, My Self

Coming Out Inside as the Next Stage of Gay Liberation

A year after I recovered from the major depression that followed the breakup of a 14-year-long gay domestic "marriage," I proceeded to fall in love again, this time with a much younger, needier man who allegedly wasn't going to leave me. But I was wrong. Two years later, I was destined to replay the entire drama of abandonment, divorce, and emotional devastation, as if I had learned nothing from its cathartic wisdom: the first time out. This reenactment forced me to confront the fact that my romantic problems with men seemed to point to a familiar pattern that predated adult life. It occurred to me that I was ironically dating men who bore some disturbing emotional and vaguely physical resemblance to my biological father. I began to open up then to how tragically unresolved my childhood romantic ("Oedipal") feelings for my now-dead father actually were. I saw that working these traumatic emotional states through ongoingly in the here-and-now offered the only realistic way to break free from the addictive pattern of romantic hell—what Freud calls "repetition com-

pulsion." A more gay-centered, psychodynamic approach to the ubiquitous predicament plaguing gay men like myself, it seems to me, has revolutionary implications for our personal well-being as well as for the next stage of gay liberation.

To get to the heart of the classic drama: All my life I've struggled—as I think all gay men do perhaps, whether they are aware of it or not—come to ultimate terms with the troubling childhood experience of father (or father surrogate). But we need an entirely new, gay-centered outlook if we're to outsmart amnesia (and forestall unnecessary tragedies) and open our eyes fully (homosexually) to the neglected narrative of this long-forgotten First Great Romance.

The key to initial understanding can be found in the radical Freudian hypothesis of Oedipal infantile romance with one parent or the other between the ages of four and six and attendant murderous rivalry felt for the other, a childhood "Oedipal crisis" resolved through the sacrifice of the incest wish and the eventual identification with the formerly hated parent. This highly charged episode takes place, according to psychoanalysis, before awareness, and informs seemingly-aware adult choices in love, sexuality and personality development. No wonder we fall into folly. For like Oedipus, all human beings suffer a tragic blindness about this oracular truth, a severely inhibiting myopia exacerbated for us gay men by the all-too-often minimized problem of internalized homophobia and toxic shame that we repress rather than redeem.

What can we do about historic short-sightedness? Synthesizing Freud's theories of past sexual and emotional trauma with Jung's veneration for archetypal meaning and purpose in a gay activist way, it seems to me, provides gay men like myself finally with the necessary vision to see how the mental image of the straight-acting, homophobic dad (or other versions of him) can be transformed through ongoing "inner work" into a shamanic guide and erotic initiator.

Having the tools to change from the inside out is one thing, but using them consistently and heroically is another. Perhaps if I tell you a little about the man I am more inclined to forget than recall, you will see why the avoided pain of homosexual childhood becomes an insidious block that, in my personal situation, undermines my capacity to love and within the larger gay community, holds gay liberation back for us all.

My father was an anomaly for a Jewish man, eccentrically macho, and, in that respect, not dissimilar from the men with whom I tend to fall in

love nowadays: implacably sexy in a paradoxically shut-down kind of way. When I was a child the thinly disguised contempt my dad aimed at me resulted in a terrorizing feeling of abysmal alienation that I covered up with straight As at school. He handled his envy for my boastful intellect with happy-go-lucky alcoholism and a cigarette habit. He looked an awful lot like Humphrey Bogart, especially when he lit up one casual Lucky Strike after another. He hunted, fished, and golfed. He worshiped nature despite my mother's operatic complaint that she needed more money to move from the once Jewish now black Bronx. Although we lived in a concrete high-rise, he did what he could to convert the small, four-room apartment to a neatly organized quasi-back-yard, filling each room up with houseplants, half-finished new closets, fancy new blinds, and bubbling fish tanks. He made no bones about favoring my brother. Both of them celebrated a love of the body beautiful and the gravid world of sensation, in contrast with my adherence to my mother's investment in intellect.

As I look back on my childhood, however, I sense that my father had an aching need to be close to me, especially when I became about sixteen. By that time, I had become something more of a man because (unbeknownst to him) I had been kissed by blue-collar young adults, and their working-class ease with getting off in their Brooklyn apartments when their mothers were at church had rubbed off on me. That's when he took me fishing, six or seven times. We spent Sundays casting into the Long Island Sound and he would sneak me a sip from his flask. I once felt so close to his conditional love that I almost asked him why he had waited so long to extend it to me. But I was terrified of his temper and how he could take his hatred of women out on me, if I provoked him by acting sensitive.

The epitome of this dynamic—how he identified me with my mother because I identified with her—took place right before my bar mitzvah. We were at some extended family Passover Seder and it disgusted me how, with each gulp of whiskey, my father badmouthed his wife to her relatives. She was no fun, she didn't like to drink, all she cared about was work. Unable to tolerate this drunken litany of self-mockery another second, (in part because I lacked, as he did, the ability to temper my emotions), I rose from my seat and demanded in front of dozens of uncles and aunts that he stop his boozing. My mother tried to silence my shocking outburst, but it was too late. He sneered at both my mother and me, blind with humil-

the crushing father complex, a mysteriously incestuous figure possessing the incorruptible and immortal buried treasure of gay love.

Some of what I am saying may strike a well-intentioned but cut-to-the-chase reader as unnecessarily impractical. Part of our oppression, it seems to me, is that we gays are as extroverted in our approach to our psychological problems and potentials as our enemies; we don't see psyche as the watery source of all life in which we all swim, containing inner personalities and transformational substance. I know about this blindness from personal experience: Even though I have been doing inner work consistently as a gay man for more than ten years, I am as caught in my unconscious complexes as the next shark. I act out my greedy sexual needs rather than struggle with the underlying infantile feelings motivating them and still pick men who correspond too closely to my arrogant father, rather than struggle with my dissociative tendency to mask psychic pain and inner violence by acting out. Only tears can make the fish of the soul swim again, but who wants salt when there are mostly wounds?

I suspect that I will be writing and thinking about these existential challenges for decades to come in part because the sad feeling of failure that comes with trying to write well about gay liberation helps to expose and redeem the massively toxic homophobic devaluing rooted in my childhood. Here I can only try to suggest the outlines of the rich psychology and mythologies of human development outlined in scientific terms by Freud and Jung (but in my estimation first discovered by queer alchemists and philosophers) and that can be reshaped and revised in modern gay-centered terms so that they make practical and revolutionary sense for gay men's lives today.

The fundamental starting point for me is the radical vision pioneered by gay-centered psychologist Mitch Walker. A gay-movement activist and organizer since 1972, Walker has been researching homosexual psychology and gay archetypal truths for over 30 years and was the first openly gay writer to be published in the Jungian literature. He is best known in the gay community for his groundbreaking sexual liberation book, *Men Loving Men*, *A Gay Sex Guide and Consciousness Book*, and *Visionary Love: A Spirit Book of Gay Mythology and Transmutational Faerie*. He also co-created the first gay-centered spiritual movement in 1979, the Radical Faeries, with Harry Hay, which is now a worldwide phenomenon.

In an unpublished paper, "Father-Son Incest and the Oedipal Complex in Gay Men: A Reconceptualization," Walker integrates classical Jungian

iated rage, covering it up with apologetic smiles to the tittering relatives, as we said our goodbyes. But once we got in the car, he inflicted his reign of terror. Speeding down the New England Thruway at almost 100 miles per hour, he screamed the words "bitch," "goddamn bitch," "ball buster" and "party pooper" for at least twenty minutes. He was ostensibly cursing my mother. She sat stonelike in the backseat between my brother and myself, gripping our pinkies, asking her husband for forgiveness without lowering herself too much in front of her children. But I think everyone sensed that the word "bitch" was really meant for me.

It worries me now that my romantic relationships seem, in many respects, a tragic replay of that night. For a very long time I wondered whether I could ever fall for anyone who didn't in some ways secretly—very, very secretly—get off on hating me, much less his own homosexual feelings. I did not believe that any therapist could help me come to terms with the insidious shame I felt for how my love and hate wires had been inextricably crossed. No other gay man could suffer the kind of internalized homophobia I did. I wasted valuable years in my twenties failing to turn to a therapist because I transferred my hatred for my father blindly onto any potential Fisher King crossing my path.

I'VE DEVOTED MUCH of my life to trying to figure out this conundrum, first, in chiefly "extroverted" ways, as a journalist writing about gay and AIDS issues, then as a gay activist, and later as an author. In the early '90s, however, my gay activism took a decisively "introverted" turn when I became initiated by gay liberationists linked to Mattachine Society co-founder Harry Hay into the inner world of gay psyche and entered a serious gay-centered analysis and eventually became a therapist. I learned I could stop poking my eyes out, if only I would but see the naked truth: At the heart of my potential and capacity to love like a warrior materialized the slyly deprecating image of my alcoholic father, mocking the ritual way towards a greater and more heroic gay self-realization while also pointing the way, like a wounded healer, towards ultimate psychological freedom. The situation was therefore not entirely hopeless. If I related to this arrogant masculine force through internal, tough gay-activist means, and didn't just surrender addictively to being his bitch, or repress his image and thereby drive it further into the unconscious, his manner of drowning me in bad feelings could be alchemically transformed. A homosexual archetypal truth could be discovered and redeemed from within

terms to gay liberation thought to describe how gay boys at the tender age of four or five fall inexorably into romantic-erotic love with their fathers. "For a gay boy," he writes, "it is the father who is loved and yearned for as the expression of libidinal striving, in the way that the heterosexual boy 'falls' for his mother." He tells us that for gay men, "the mother serves as the competitor and the one who is identified with in pursuit of the father," and that "gay men seek through romance and sexuality to regain symbolically a father-son union."

My own internalized homophobia and toxic shame allows me to hear and identify with the gasp of revulsion I can imagine being experienced by gay male readers at the suffocating thought that we wished romantic merger with our fathers. But consider the fact that our straight male counterparts have had more than a century to accept as received wisdom the idea that they were, for a fantastic time in early childhood, in passionate, erotic love with their mothers. Gay men do not have a well worked out version of Freud's and Jung's discussions of Oedipal theory to help us relate empathically to the imperishable primitive mind of gay childhood. This tragic lack of basic theory and practice not only thwarts our capacity to understand and "work" the creative alchemy of romance to its fullest and heavenly potential, but in fact contributes to the worst forms of self-sabotage that are all too ubiquitous in our community. Without an indigenous homosexual "myth of meaning" to inform our worthiest goals and libidinal yearnings, we are unwittingly and suicidally entrapped within the enemy's value system, floundering, so to speak, like fish out of water.

Attending to the crisis, Walker begins his discussion by grappling with the homophobia of traditional theory and gathers together voices criticizing it. We learn that both Freud and Jung view "mother-son incest," in which the straight male child falls in love with mother and fears the castrating father, as foundational to their theory-building. The healthy mother, in the ideally normal situation, frustrates this naturally-occurring drive. When thwarting is done lovingly and intuitively, it helps the libidinal process along to take its next dynamic action: According to Jung, the blocking of the incest wish magically brings forth an Inner Beloved in the psyche of the heterosexual boy a "ghostlike presence which has objective reality" and is felt as "the source of life, the prime mover." The father-son paper tells us that "this clearly demarcated functional complex can be best described as a 'personality' in the unconscious." This is the "intangible living presence" within each and every one of us that Jung has termed the "soul."

Walker's paper starts from the assumption that homosexual libidinal attraction is inborn and constitutional, a natural variation for some boys and girls, and reworks Freud and Jung's theory to account for the incidentally gay child and gay-identified adult, and the creation of a homosexual inner experience as entirely separate and apart from heterosexual interiority. What makes the paper so vitally urgent for our community today is that it charts in a step-by-step fashion the development of a homosexual soul-complex emerging from the father-son incest wish and its transformations in practically transcendental terms. For the first time, gay men can resuscitate a "gay soul figure" analogous to Inner Beloved (the anima) that Jung has described for heterosexual men. Quoting from Jung's analysis of heterosexual soul figure dynamics but in a gay-centered way, the father-son paper amplifies how this inner homosexual figure moving in the depths emerges as our one-and-only True Love, personifying our "inherent creative power" and our "self-creating tendency." He is a "mystical brother within, a secret sharer," a "figure with the all the erotic and spiritual significance attached to anima, but of the same sex, and not yet a shadow." Here's what we find: The man with whom we want to fall in love is nothing but a projection of a transcendental image whose erotic and energetic source is located within.

While this articulation of an inner Mr. Right offers to gay men a Copernican Revolution in our world view, it can not be felt as inwardly real and erotically satisfying without great internal struggle (and much therapy). I can feel my own defenses reacting violently to the idea of the gay soul figure and I have been trying to "make him" feel real inside myself for many years. I imagine readers groaning at the implication that the most embodied and satisfyingly transcendental of lovers is to be located not outside (where most of us normally look) but rather inside, within the unfathomed, shamanic depths of the numinous psyche. I can feel the toxic shame pooling inside myself the moment I start to seriously animate the soul figure. Is this yet again another repressive line telling gay men that they shouldn't have sex and love in an outer-directed way? What good does it do to imagine, amplify, construct, meditate on, or dialogue with a homosexual "ghostly male lover, moving in the depths," when one is lonely or broken hearted or in the delighted throes of romantic infatuation?

There is a natural resistance any person is bound to experience before diving into the phenomenological waters of the living psyche. Nothing could be more scary. What makes initiation into soul-figure dynamics all

that much more challenging is that the gay male Oedipal experience is no doubt profoundly more traumatizing than the equivalent for heterosexual boys, due to the added assault to the gay self experienced by gay children pre-Oedipally (namely with their mothers) and the homophobia afflicted on them by their fathers. So the unresolved pain of homosexuality's childhood, and the defenses that are installed to protect us from excruciating inner experience, become an invisible prison in adult life, locking us unwittingly into extroverted answers to what are essentially internal dramas.

One reason for this understandable defensiveness lies in the way the Oedipal wish unfolds for the gay child. Although most mothers may seem to play the role of understanding their child's Oedipal pull toward them and can help let the child down easily, many fathers are at best mystified and at worst utterly repelled by their sons' attraction, and react with veiled anger and sometimes outright hostility.

The paper turns to the psychiatrist and gay Freudian Richard Isay, whose work "places this new understanding of the father's role for a gay son at the center of his study on gay men and their development," to explain what might happen for a proto-gay boy vis-à-vis his Oedipal love object. Isay says why it is that gay men have a special rapport with both the feminine and the masculine, and outlines how the "rivalry with the mother for the father's affection" leads to "an underlying bond with women that is based on a mutual attraction to other men" such that a homosexual child of four, five or six, "may assume some of her attributes" in a wish to be "daddy's little girl." I suspect that most gay-identified men can relate in one way or another to Isay's observation: "These boys may be more sensitive, have more aesthetic interests, may not be involved in competitive activities and may be more seclusive than heterosexually inclined boys." He adds that this dynamic "may lead both to the father's withdrawal and to his favoring an older or younger male sibling." This problem "is invariably experienced as a rejection," resulting in poor self-esteem and often difficulty as an adult "in forming loving and trust rather than angry and spiteful relationships." As Isay sums it up, "ubiquitous in the love life of adult gay men is the persistence of an early erotic attachment to the father and a need to defend against these feelings."

While I myself don't recall the "early erotic attachment" per se with my father, I can free-associate to memories that symbolize the dilemma, such as the moment when it dawned on me consciously that my father preferred

my brother to me. My first memory of my father's unabashed partiality toward my brother takes me back to when I was ten and my brother eight. That's when the Bronx public schools closed for a week due to race riots and Vietnam War demonstrations. My father and brother transformed the slip-covered living room into a putting course, with plastic tees, old golf balls, and fake pieces of plastic green grass littering the matted-down shag-carpeting. I wanted to feel my father's calloused, tobacco-stained mailman's hands around my delicate piano-playing own just as he taught my wiry, wise-cracking little brother how to grip the club. But I was also acutely aware that both of them felt repulsed by my awkward presence and I detected my father sneering at me through his pursed lips.

In the past, I would have resorted to the feminine wiles adopted unconsciously from my mother to win his approval, and I think I recall my father's experiencing that giddiness as cunning and cute. That day, I felt that I could no longer rely on such bait. I recall hopelessly dying inside. I shrugged my already hunched shoulders and retreated into the crowded kitchen. That's where my mother and her sister, over Sanka and coffee cake, discussed joining the anti-war demonstrators marching past our six-story apartment building down the Grand Concourse, because they were sick of keeping company with their loser husbands, who used the excuse of social unrest to take the day off from delivering the mail to drink.

My mother took my hands in her own to warm the chill off them, and I felt alternately rescued and poisoned as she asked my opinion as to whether she should march or not without waiting for a response. Years later, I experienced the same kind of nauseated stuck feeling when I'd let myself get fucked by men in the hope of winning their sadistically ambivalent love. I think this is the kind of dynamic—father rejection; mother entrapment—that would have led me to becoming seriously ill with one STD or another had not stronger impulses to re-create my nuclear family dynamic in the form of gay "marital" life with a long-standing lover (and dog) had not taken over. It has taken years for me to break the cloying grip this unholy triangle still has on my homosexuality, where a rejecting masculine complex pushes me into the arms of a seemingly kind but ultimately raping maternal force. I want to be a gay man in the radical core of my existential feelings and actions and not a mother-dominated "nice" assimilationist, casting for her approval at the expense of his.

The closest I come to setting a limit on my warring internal complexes is when I make a choice to mindfully attend to the inner racket, take a

breath, and make a moral and embodied effort to train my mind continually on what could be more erotically beneficial than internalized homophobia. At such moments, I can sometimes feel my father's son coming alive inside of me, energized into sensuality through the sincere and urgent request for help made by my gay ego, called into conscious collaboration to suffuse my mind with amazing images of being loved by a swarthy stud so as to help me fight my demons and reach toward fuller gay potentials.

I can't tell you how my father's erotic "son" got birthed inside my gay psyche by the creative will of Homosexual Libido in "the constellation of love towards the father" when I was about five or six. But a certain knowing tells me that the nativity of a homosexual "ghostlike presence which has objective reality" absolutely happened; I can feel its procreative legacy to this day. All my life I have felt the demonic erotically charged spirit overtake my conscious ego state every time I develop a crush or fall in love—or look at a naked picture of a hot guy. I am not myself at those times. This electrical jolt of inspired yearning feels both godlike and infantile. I stop thinking, act impulsively, and feel driven toward a calculated surrender. The men to whom I gravitate bear no real resemblance to my father. But without exception each comes at the world from his body like my father did, has a defiant earthiness, and often struts and strides, or so it seems to me, even while just sitting still. I often find myself when I am in the presence of such irrational physicality thinking about fishing—even drinking—even though these are not experiences I generally value consciously.

When I am holding hands or driving or eating or breaking up with such a man, I can confusingly feel at once both the sometimes harsh, something endearing personality of my father resurrected from the oceanic depths of my soul as well as the attendant internalized homophobia trying to regress me violently into being a bitch for loving a masculine man. In fact, you can say that the soul figure may echo aspects of my father's fishy manner of loving and may be poisoned with traits that are not what you would call gay positive. In this way, it would be more accurate to term the inner figure a "soul complex" for the ways in which its own internalized homophobia has yet to be fully analyzed and worked through and thus rendered a more purely apprehended and loving figure. Another way of putting the problem is that the psyche is asking the ego and the soul-figure to go into a kind of couples counseling to work

through the internal and unconscious domestic violence. Dialoguing with inner figures—what Jungian thought calls "active imagination"—stands as the fundamental intervention bridging the sightlessly violent gap between the ego and the unconscious and restoring masculine homosexual wholeness to the neurotic split effected by the repression, hatred and devaluing of homosexuality.

One way the unknowing pain of the unresolved father complex compels gay men to defensively act out is through idealizing a fantasized hot stud on the outside and then chasing or rejecting him (or both) in endless cycles of pursuer-distancer fun and games lacking a modicum of insight. However, if a person, either through broken-hearted fatigue or sudden illness or unprecedented intelligence, wakes up to how relationships fall into self-negating patterns, a new inner attitude can shine through the blind spots. A more loving and capacious homosexuality can come through encounter with what Jungians call the "shadow," and what we, in our community, can entitle, the "gay shadow," a personification of the hurt, crushed gay boy inside.

THE CONCEPT OF the shadow extends a helpful metaphor to every ethical person willing to take responsibility for the most inferior, hidden and deeply shameful aspects of personality. Humanity's current political/spiritual refusal to confront its shadow problem, according to Jungian psychology, renders so-called individuals into prehistoric barbarians pretending self-knowledge but really acting out from the blindly controlling group mind, a fascist situation in which inappropriate shadow feelings are managed through a rapacious and exploitative "us versus them" scapegoat mentality destroying the world's peoples and natural resources. Most of us are split into opposing halves not unlike Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. But yet, as "nice" people, we don't recognize this violence of the inner split—until the shit hits the proverbial fan, such as in the form of a serious malady or break-up or breakdown or worse. This out-of-control and yet simultaneously repressive organization of personality, according to the Jungian world view, is speeding us as a people and a planet to the point of extinction.

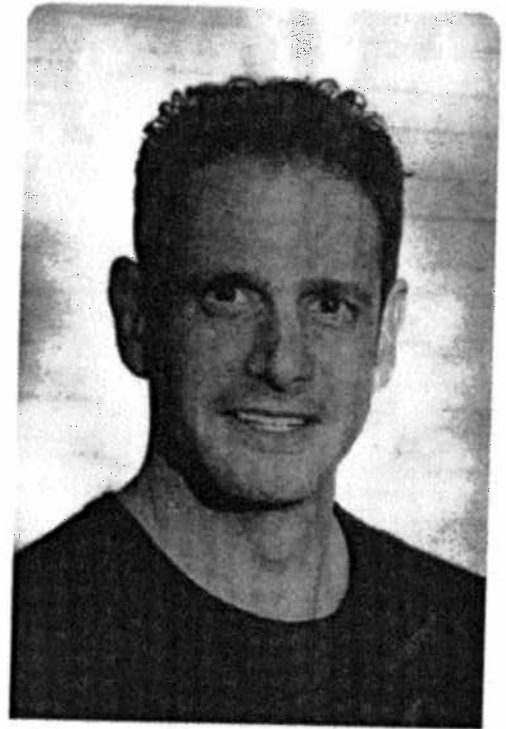
One way of getting a handle on the gay shadow is to meditate on what transpires in unbridled romance and infatuation. When I fall in love, I become mad with need (which I try to hide) and return cinematically and operatically to my Oedipal crisis without being aware that I am doing so.

| CULTURE |

Think Tank

Launching a new psychology with Antioch University's Dr. Douglas Sadownick

BY ASSIA MORTENSEN



PROGRAM HEAD: Dr. Douglas Sadownick



ANTIOCH UNIVERSITY'S Los Angeles branch is taking another step on a decades-long journey toward social justice with the launch of a new master's-degree psychology specialization in lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender studies. Antioch University is a nonresidential university with a 150-year history in California. It is known as an institution that has long promoted experimental teaching methods and social equality. The new program—the first of its kind in the United States—focuses on combating the endemic problems of homophobia and sexism while encouraging inner exploration and community involvement among psychology students.

Dr. Douglas Sadownick, the newly appointed director of LGBT studies at Antioch, has been working together with Dr. Joy Turek—the head of the M.A. in Psychology program—and other instructors to develop the master's-

degree specialization, wherein students have the opportunity to take such classes as "LGBT History and Mythology," "LGBT Multicultural Mental Health," and "LGBT-Affirmative Psychotherapy: Theory and Practice."

"A lot of Western therapy has been very homophobic, historically speaking, and was actually involved in interpreting people's homosexuality as a 'defense,' which was horribly crushing," says Sadownick. "This is why many gay people have a great deal of antipathy towards psychology."

"Post-Stonewall, a promising school of thought developed within the psychology field, together with Rogerian therapy, which focuses on letting the client lead." Unfortunately, therapists discovered that if you let LGBT clients lead, they sometimes lead directly into internalized homophobia," Sadownick says. "But if the therapist can take the lead and be gay-affirmative, that can be incredibly helpful for the client."

"We hope to achieve at least two goals," says Turek: "to sensitize all our students to LGBT issues and thus enhance our overall curriculum, as well as to train student therapists, as well as licensed psychotherapists, on how to work with the LGBT client community in affirmative and effective ways."

Starting this fall (though some classes are already available), Antioch will teach master's candidates LGBT-affirmative therapy, in which the therapist leads, taking on an actively supportive role. This kind of therapy means that the whole therapeutic environment is "gay-positive," including the magazines, all the materials, and all the things that are said by the therapist," according to Sadownick.

Sadownick's work in the relatively new field of LGBT-affirmative psychology is a continuation of his activism and writing. His articles on gay politics, philosophy, and psychology have been included in many magazines (including this one). In addition, Sadownick is the author of two books: *Sacred Lips of the Bronx*, a novel; and *Sex Between Men: An Intimate History of the Sex Lives of Gay Men, Postwar to Present*.

Sadownick completed his doctoral dissertation at Pacifica University in Carpinteria earlier this year, titled "Homosexual Enlightenment," and claims to have found a new way to be an activist within the field of psychology—that is, "working from the inside out."

As a popular lecturer at Antioch, where he has taught child and adolescent development, family systems, and human sexuality for about ten years, Sadownick instructs students in

how to recognize the ramifications of internalized homophobia, to "learn to develop a special sensitivity to [LGBT] issues, and transform this kind of shame into increased self-esteem." In addition, he teaches would-be therapists how to recognize unique stressors for LGBT clients, and how to minimize damage.

"I always had a strong feeling about being gay, that there was an important meaning and mystery to it," Sadownick says. "Eventually I became a gay activist, and I continued that with journalism. But I felt it wasn't the fullest expression."

"In the work of Harry Hay," he continues, "gay people are said to be born with a gift. According to Hay—and I think this is an important idea—we need to maximize our differences from straights, and to maximize our unique potential, for the sake of holding out a healing capacity that would benefit not just gay people, but society as a whole."

For more information about Antioch University's master's-degree psychology specialization in LGBT studies, visit the Antioch Web site at www.antiochla.edu or call 310/578-1080.



SCHOOL TIES: (from top) Dr. Douglas Sadownick, Dr. Joy Turek, and Dr. Matt Silverstein (core faculty of the M.A. in Psychology program); the campus of Antioch University

PARTY LINES

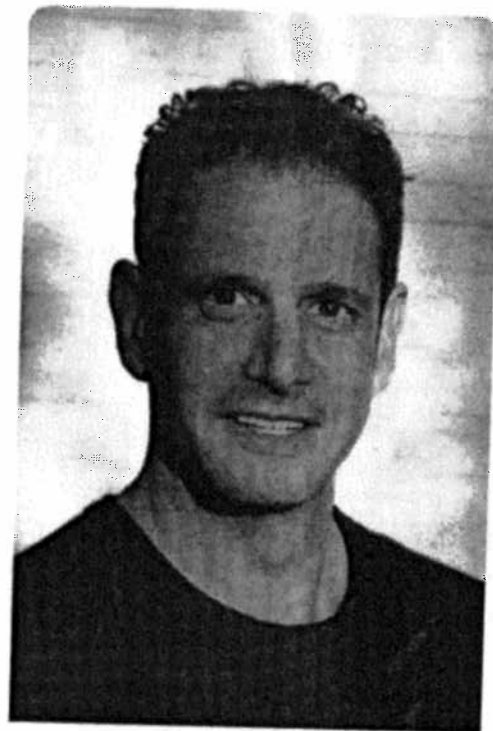
In celebration of their new master's-degree psychology specialization in LGBT studies, Antioch University will host two nights of performances at Highways Performance Space: Friday, July 21, and Saturday, July 22. Performers include gay activist and performer Michael Kearns, rapper Dead Lee, dancer Joel Smith, and writer Eloise Klein Healy. Tickets are \$20. Call 310/315-1459.

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how to recognize the ramifications of internalized homophobia, to "learn to develop a special sensitivity to [LGBT] issues, and transform this kind of shame into increased self-esteem." In addition, he teaches would-be therapists how to recognize unique stressors for LGBT clients, and how to minimize damage.

"I always had a strong feeling about being gay, that there was an important meaning and mystery to it," Sadownick says. "Eventually I became a gay activist, and I continued that with journalism. But I felt it wasn't the fullest expression."

"In the work of Harry Hay," he continues, "gay people are said to be born with a gift. According to Hay—and I think this is an important idea—we need to maximize our differences from straights, and to maximize our unique potential, for the sake of holding out a healing capacity that would benefit not just gay people, but society as a whole."

For more information about Antioch University's master's-degree psychology specialization in LGBT studies, visit the Antioch Web site at www.antiochla.edu or call 310/578-1080.



SCHOOL TIES: (from top) Dr. Douglas Sadownick, Dr. Joy Turek, and Dr. Matt Silverstein (core faculty of the M.A. in Psychology program); the campus of Antioch University

PARTY LINES

In celebration of their new master's-degree psychology specialization in LGBT studies, Antioch University will host two nights of performances at Highways Performance Space: Friday, July 21, and Saturday, July 22. Performers include gay activist and performer Michael Kearns, rapper Dead Lee, dancer Joel Smith, and writer Eloise Klein Healy. Tickets are \$20. Call 310/315-1459.