Meet
Free Italian Dinner
at Pioneer School House
Duane French!
Elect Board
Sunday April 18, 1993
Annual Meeting
Tuesday April 20, 1993
Anchorage Assembly
School Board
Proposition One
NorthView

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Contributions: We welcome articles and letters from community individuals and organizations. Ideal length is 1,000 words or less. Please submit, if at all possible, on 3.5 or 5.25 diskette (IBM compatible). All media will be returned. All contributions must be signed, but names will not be used upon request. NorthView reserves the right to edit as necessary and to refuse to print any article submitted.

Deadlines: All articles and advertising must be received by May 13th for inclusion in the May NorthView.

Advertising: Rates are available upon request. Contact NorthView by mail or through the Helpline at 258-4777. All advertising must be camera ready. NorthView will not accept advertising that is sexist, discriminatory or sexually explicit.

Mail: Editor, Identity NorthView, P.O. Box 200070, Anchorage, AK 99520-0070.

Phone: Anchorage Gay & Lesbian Helpline 907-258-4777. Messages will be returned as soon as possible.
Editorial

The following was given in the form of a speech at the Alaskans-for-Civil-Rights-sponsored "lesbian and gay rights" Rally at the Performing Arts Center on Saturday, April 10th.

When I was about 12, I asked my father what was the most important thing a person could be or do. I guess I wanted to know, in my 12-year-old way, what was the meaning of life, or at least, what might I look forward to as an adult.

His answer has guided my life ever since. He said, "If I could reach out and touch someone's soul for one moment in all of eternity, then I think I would be complete." Well, Dad, you did. You touched my soul and I am here to pass along the torch. I am here as a member of the Lesbian and Gay community, as a person driven by the desire to fulfill a mission you helped me envision years ago, and as your proud Gay son.

In the mid-70s when my then lover, John Paul Hudson, and I worked together on his books, his wonderful gifted writings, we talked of our mission as gay men, as lesbian women, as bisexuals and as transgenders. Our focus was that special and heightened sensibility one can develop when heedful of the yoke of one's own oppression. If we can use that gift to help even one person see the destructive power of oppression, if we can help even one person move through his or her internalized phobias, if we can help even one person come to grips with their demons, and then to cast out those demons of prejudice, to banish the evil forces that move them to oppress, to hate, to shun, then we will indeed have made brighter the stars in our firmament, we will have reached out and touched a soul, we will have lit the lamp as my father did for me.

In my opinion we are as the Berdache. We are, if we accept the calling, the spiritual care givers. Not that people of the straight orientation can't be. They can be and they are. But we -- we, and all oppressed minorities can call on that extra cultural gift and bring it to bear on spiritual growth, cultural healing.

What does that mean in practical terms? I'll give you an example. I get calls on the Gay and Lesbian Helpline. When I realize, in some instances, that they've mis-dialed, I tell them that they've reached a Lesbian and Gay resource line and ask if they would like any information. Some ask questions, some don't -- no one is rude. The other night I got a call on the answering machine from a rather young sounding person. He or she left a number, no name, and said "please call." I did. A woman answered, I gave her my name and said I was calling from the Lesbian and Gay Helpline. I asked if there were any children who might have called either as a prank or seriously. She said there were 5, any one of whom might have placed the call. I suggested she might tell her family that the call got a response from someone who wanted to be supportive, regardless of the original intent of the call.

Another good example is this referendum on April 20th, Hitler's Birthday. Gay men, Lesbians, Bisexuals and Transgenders and our allies have joined hands in an effort to gain basic protections under Anchorage law. Even if the majority vote is No, we will not slide back to "square one." Why? Because we have launched a program of education that has affected children and adults alike. Did we not see a Letter to the Editor in which a 6th grader demanded to know why the Gay Rights issue that is so important in the "adult world" isn't on the Kids Voting Program? No, we cannot go back. The flame has been lit.

Each time we make this effort, each time we connect with another soul tortured by this seemingly simple question of basic civil rights, we heal a little more the wounds of our personal and cultural oppression.

Go now and start that torturous but rewarding process of healing the rage. Go now and heal the hurt. Go now and touch another soul. Remember, this referendum is but a step for us and our allies to focus our sensibilities, to draw together, to proselytize for real civil rights. Go now vote with your heart.

--F. Kenneth Freedman, Co-Editor ▼

“Speak Out, Alaska”

Once each quarter Channel 5 (KYES TV) conducts a community forum at the 4th Avenue Theatre — a sort of local "Donahue" dealing with timely community issues. The program, called "Speak Out, Alaska" is hosted by Lynn Curry Swan, is taped live and re-aired the following week.

On Tuesday, April 13 the "Gay Rights Ordinance" will be debated as a "hot topic" prior to the April 20 elections. The tape will be aired April 18-19 (Sun - Mon). Check local listings for Channel 5's air time.
Memories of Max
by Tamsel Tack

"Uncle" Max (as we knew him) was a boyhood friend of my father, and has been part of my life since I was born. His visits to our home were eagerly anticipated as he brought so much joy into our family. As a florist, he taught us much about all sorts of plants, and often brought lovely flowers to our home. My most treasured childhood memory of him was the day he took us to the woods to make dish gardens. Rotting logs, moss, and tiny plants were transformed into miniature landscapes in which I could easily imagine elves romping.

After I was living on my own, I lost track of Max until my father called to tell me Max's partner Elliott was dying of [complications from] AIDS. It took me awhile to comprehend the implications of this message: my beloved Uncle Max was gay. No big deal -- so were lots of people who had been instrumental in my growing up. But if his partner had AIDS, would Max develop that dreadful disease as well? It hit me then that I'd been living in the same city as Max for six years, and hadn't been in touch. I needed to close the gap immediately.

That was September, 1992. I called Max and was delighted to feel the same strong connection with him that I'd had as a child. The difference was that now we related as adults. Max was in the process of moving to a smaller house near the AIDS hospice and was providing constant care for Elliott. His financial resources had been depleted by the incredible cost of caring for someone with AIDS. Although we spoke on the telephone frequently during Elliott's final months, I never saw Max until the memorial service for Elliott in December. Max honored me by asking my husband Kim and me to sit with him in the family room. It took me a moment to recognize Max, yet when we hugged for the first time in nearly twenty years, I felt again that same warm comfortable bond between us.

I made a promise to myself to invite Max to be part of my life again, to include him in our family times. At first I did this to be supportive of Max, but soon my motivation changed. I was so delighted with Max's affirming views of life, his honesty about his feelings, his abundance of knowledge, and his wisdom and generosity, that I knew I had much to gain from being with him.

A month after Elliott's death, Max was diagnosed HIV positive, and was full-blown AIDS in January. I was stunned, and then devastated. It seemed ironic and totally unfair that I had just re-discovered Max, only to lose him again. I might have been tempted to retreat and avoid the inevitable grief, but my stubbornness won out. Instead I became determined to spend as much time as possible with this wonderful man. I began giving him Reiki treatments, a form of hands-on healing. I took food to him, kept in contact by telephone, and visited whenever possible.

Again I thought I was doing this to help Max, but I know that I benefitted from each contact with him. I realized that Max gave me something I'd been aching for since childhood -- unconditional love. And an emptiness in me was healing just by being with him.

Shortly after Max's 70th birthday, he led our family to a lovely spot in the woods on Mt. Hood where he taught my two children how to make the same dish gardens I'd made as a child. I felt incredible joy as I watched his tenderness with Nolan and DeMar, and knew instinctively why I had felt so attached to him as a child. He radiated love and acceptance, and opened our eyes to wonders we'd never before seen.

It has been a year since Elliott's death. As a part of his healing, Max asked our family to assist him in making a quilt panel for Elliott for the Names Project AIDS Memorial Quilt. Our entire family participated with Max in designing the panel, cutting out letters, and placing them on the panel which measured three feet by six feet, the same size as a coffin. This panel will join thousands of other panels in Washington, D. C. I felt deeply honored to be asked to make the panel especially since I had never met Elliott. When Max saw the completed panel he said, "Now I can die in peace."

I didn't want to hear that. Oh, I want him to be at peace, but I don't want him to die. I may never know exactly why this dear man touches me so, but I do know that I am unafraid to love him even as I watch him struggle with AIDS. At times when he feels good, I deny that AIDS is terminal, and think perhaps he's conquered this disease. Then when his tumor grows or he can't eat or breathe easily, I panic at the thought of his death.

I'm not ready for Max to die. I never will be. However when this beautiful man makes his transition from this life to the next, part of my healing will involve the making of another quilt panel.

Tamsel Tack is a Reiki II, an incredibly warm and loving companion and a deep friend of one of the Editors of the Northview.

A difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections.
George Eliot (1819-1880), English writer
Willowsong
by Matthew-Windsong Gurnett

He sits amidst the wildflowers, the sweet northern
breezes gently caressing his cheeks of rose blush and
softly ruffling his hair of brilliant Mother Earth
browns. His eyes, dazzling in their angelic, blue-
green loveliness, wander forlornly across the vast
expanses of the boreal forests below.

He wonders about his young life, how on earth he
survived through all of it, how did he make it, in the
face of all of the horror and the heart anguish...and
the tears. He looks up into the brilliant blue sky and
thinks of... of what? He thinks of his Love, his
precious, priceless Love, Christ, the gentle One, the
One who never gave up on him. The One who never
let go, the Light who cried with him in his deepest
loneliness, who whispered softly to him of hope and
beauty and sunshine and all that was most lovely and
sweet in life. Things like a warm fire in the stone
fireplace in one’s own home, with one’s cats purring
softly and a good hot cup of freshly ground coffee and
the wind blowing outside in the winter night with big
giant snowflakes swishing at the windows,
and...someone holding him close. Someone loving
him and talking in hushed voice of sweet dreams and
warmth and family and friendship. Things like
wholeness and happiness and innocence and rightness
of heart and mind, things like being who he was meant
to be, a beautiful and wonderful and worthy young
man, a child and son of God.

The young man thinks back, thinks back over his
life, how he held onto the one most precious thing, the
thing that others attempted to wrench from him
because of their religious bigotry, the one thing that
saw him safely through it all, his intimacy and
bonding with God, first begun in the Woodland
Forest. He was there in the forest one bright sunny
afternoon walking softly, listening as it were, for what
he wasn’t quite certain. But something was there, or
rather someone. Matthew-Windsong was living his
thirteenth summer when they met, he was sitting on
the branch of a birch tree in the forest, he had climbed
up to sit and listen. And then God was there. He
came to the young boy and He called to him, first in
the wind, and then in the trees and then in the voice of
Forest Brother himself, and the boy listened, first with
his ears, then with his mind, and then with his heart --
and then tears came unbidden to his young eyes, and
he heard the voice of the Precious One, the Author,
the Father, his Father, and the Son was there in that
voice as well. And the voice, it wasn’t a yell, or a
shout, or any other harsh sound or tone, it was like a
whisper, like a caress, like when two beloveds, in
deepest love, caress one another.

And the boy opened his young and trembling heart
to his Father, and to the Son, his Sweet Lovely.
He asked Them to come into him and they came into
him, his very self.

The young man thinks still of other things as well...
like for what reason did he have to experience the
horrible thing -- incest -- and as well, sexual abuse.
Why did they use him like that and then discard him
like that, for what reason? All he ever longed for as a
boy was to be loved deeply, to be wanted and valued,
to be held, to be caressed with pure, sweet love.

And then when he went to that horrible church
camp, he only went because he thought that he would
be accepted and would make a few good friends and
have fun with other kids, and hear about the God who
had come into his being. They called the place Camp
Gorsuch and they called themselves the Church of
Christ, and they called themselves christians with a
capitol C. He thought of how scared he felt around
these strange people who ignored him and shunned
him because he was so shy and quiet and introverted.
He was scared of the way they spoke about his God,
making Him out to be some kind of brooding,
demanding and strict totalitarian. And the way they
prayed and handled the Bible, it all seemed so, so
empty, unhappy and meaningless. They treated the
young boy as if there were something terribly wrong
with him. Even though they called themselves pastors
and counsellors and other fancy titles, they were too
ignorant to detect the obvious symptoms of sexual and
emotional abuse that the precious young boy was
suffering from, and that were quite evident in his eyes
and countenance.

And so, feeling worthless (and that he didn’t matter
at all to any one), he would go off by himself to his
cabin and remain there for the duration of that horrible
ordeal. He would lie on his bunk and writhe in agony
from the excruciating hunger pains that wracked him
because the poor boy was too terrified of everyone
there to go to the dining hall and eat his meals. He
wondered why they wouldn’t give him just a little bit
of attention, a little bit of tender love and affection.
Why? What had he done that was so bad to make
them shun him? Why couldn’t they hear his silent,
wracking sobs, the silent whimper that escaped
unbidden from his broken spirit, but that were clearly
evident within his beautiful, young, searching eyes?
And thus, the young and future prince shrank further
and further backward; deeper into a protective and
very secret place within his heart of hearts, in order
that he could survive and retain his sanity in the midst
of desperate, subtly chaotic insanity.
Matthew-Windsong Garnett is a young gay artist and poet who
is in the process of coming out and redefining his spirituality having
recently left the mainstream Judeo-Christian Church.

Illusions

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Who are we?
Alaskans committed to ending discrimination based on sexual orientation.

How can you participate?
Like to be on panels? Good at speaking to Unions? Want to talk with STAR? Want to be on the team encouraging openly Gay/Lesbian candidates to run? Want to be part of a workshop to help reduce your own homophobia? Have your own idea about what EQUAL might do? Come to meetings every other Thursday starting May 6th at the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, 3201 Turnagain St.

Why?
Because (you) are worth it... we are not going away... we are no longer living in fear.

How can you help?
Please join EQUAL, The Alaska Gay and Lesbian Task Force, or send a contribution to help with expenses. To get on the mailing list, write to EQUAL, P.O. Box 244452, Anchorage, AK 99524-4452. For more information, call EQUAL's voice mail: 561-1755 x1021. Calls returned within 24 hours!

Thanks!!!!
Queen for a Doris Day: Home Movies of Rock Hudson's Dire Straights

Perhaps no one has ever performed exploratory surgery on a Hollywood legend as thoroughly or sensibly as Mark Rappaport's deeply imagined hour-long video Rock Hudson's Home Movies, finally opening for a normal run at The Public this week. By now a familiar buzz and festival hype, Rappaport's piece is a wry, sober assemblage of snippets from Hudson's oeuvre that makes elegant hash of the notion of gay identity as well as cinematic representation.

If you believe movies reflect reality, Rappaport will prove otherwise; if you don't, he'll prove they do. By simply and artlessly confronting the on-and-off-screen biography of Hudson from young bull stud to aging American hulk to AIDS patient—to, finally, postmortem media analyist—Rappaport takes a quiet hatchet to public perceptions of gay men as well as to the basic deceptions of commercial movies.

It's like a sardonic postmodern episode of This Is Your Life from beyond the grave; superimposed over the video clips, Hudson (portrayed rather colorlessly by actor Eric Farr, the piece's only handicap) takes us on a dryly narrated tour of his on-screen career, commenting with detached amusement on the psychosexual conundrums the actor was impelled to participate in. "It's not like it wasn't up there on the screen, if you watched carefully," he intones, meaning gyness, or at least subtextual gender chaos.

In one dazzling montage we witness the amazing proliferation of interrupted love scenes (with Dorothy Malone, Lauren Bacall, Doris Day, Cyd Charisse, etc.), as if each Hudson film was subconsciously aware of its lead's sexual cross-purposes. The spatial relationships with co-stars like John Wayne and Robert Stack are, like nearly every aspect of the Hudson cinematography, interpreted as sexual, every on-screen moment a visible entendre of gay tension. Rappaport's apex comes with a hilarious and ultimately pitying analysis of Pillow Talk and the other Hudson-Day movies, in which Rock's characters were always masquerading as housecoat-wearing queens. "I was a gay man pretending to be straight, portraying a straight man pretending to be gay," is how Rappaport's Hudson puts it, and seeing the chronically confused Hudson in this light, making his dazed way through the pre-sexual revolution bedroom farces, is unarguably poignant.

The form of Rock Hudson's Home Movies is daring and unabashedly experimental, all the more reason to appreciate its risky cakewalk through heavily mined territory; Rappaport interrogates the closeted gay life of public figures as well as the social forces that determine it, and takes no socio-political prisoners. Tough-minded, sardonic and finally heart-broken, Rappaport's video deconstructs at its heart the very notion of cinematic image; in the sphere of Rock Hudson, nothing is just what it seems.

—Michael Atkinson
The Eye (not to be confused with the Toes)

EYE got word the other day of a "Christian rock" group that calls itself Hammie and the Technoids but EYE could be mistaken in that little detail. Anyhow, seems they've got a message for those who don't think for themselves: there are no "heavenly homos" (or some similar sentiment), and there's a message purportedly in a song that refers to "not putting out the lake of fire, we might need it yet." My, my doesn't Christian love as taught by the wise elders have a marvelous effect on the youngsters! ▼ While EYE is on the subject, didn't you just adore that wonderful program on the TV a while ago, where EYE learned all about how not to raise children to be, well, you know, "musical"? Seems all ya gotta do is teach that boy to recognize a crescent wrench (whaddya mean, not all boys don't want to play with tools and fix cars and be butch?), don't let two boys sleep together (too darned "musical"), make sure boys do "boy" things and most definitely not "girl" things (too "musical"), and make sure "the mother" stays in the background, suppressing her natural sense of caring, leadership, etc., in order that the husband can appear strong (apparently that's the only way these things can happen): thus does it occur that the boy doesn't become, well, you know, "musical". EYE is impressed on several counts: one, that women, by appearing "too strong" are by default the cause of homosexuality, and two, that the possibility of the child being a girl and turning into a Lesbian is completely omitted. Maybe EYE missed the point, but isn't that tantamount to casting women as chattel, uninspired and helpless and subservient and incapable? Ah, well, can't have everything. ▼ EYE wonders where the rumor surfaced that there's an investigation into some conflict or other going on in the [Un]Equal Rights Commission, you know, the one that sports at least one well known member who is adamantly opposed to equal rights (go figure). Anyhow, EYE heard that the Ombudsperson was investigating Nettie Peratrovich (check the spelling) (Fink appointee) for some sort of conflict. But that's just a rumor and we don't spread same. ▼ Oops, almost forgot the other way to keep your kids from being, you know, "musical." When they go to school, make sure the Kids Voting Program omits important issues from the ballot. In this case a Sixth Grader named Gaia (love that name!) Janvin from Turnagain Elementary School wrote a Letter to the [Anchorage Daily News]
News From All Over

ST. PAUL, Minn. -- Governor Arne Carlson has signed into law legislation aimed at protecting homosexuals against discrimination in housing, employment and education effective Aug. 1.

"I've always been a very strong advocate of human rights," Carlson said at a news conference shortly before he signed the bill. "It's not a position that I'm taking because I enjoy enormous popularity on the issue. I don't. I know that. But I think it's also the right thing to do."

WASHINGTON -- The District of Columbia Council, responding to 12 years of emotional pleas from the city's gay community, repealed a law recently that forbids sodomy between consenting adults. Council members ignored the opposition of some religious leaders and voted unanimously to erase the 85-year-old statute. The District law, which made sodomy a felony, does not specify gay couples, but it has seldom been invoked against anyone else.

ITHACA, NY -- Student Carla Roland was walking along a stone path on the Cornell University campus one day last fall when she saw a message scrawled in colored chalk. It said "1-800-DIE-HOMO."

"My life changed," said the 21-year-old senior, who is a lesbian. Roland and several other students soon asked for a separate living area for homosexual students. The Ivy League campus is split over the idea, with debate focused on whether segregation is the best way to foster tolerance.

Opponents said the proposed dorm at Cornell would be segregationist and would worsen relations between gays and heterosexuals. Supporters said it would give gay students a place where they could feel comfortable on a predominantly heterosexual and often hostile campus.

"The creation of this unit will send a very strong signal that invisibility and harassment no longer will be tolerated," said Joseph Barrios, who represents gays, lesbians and bisexuals on the student assembly. "It would mean coming home and not having to be afraid."

From the Anchorage Daily News, April 8 and 29, 1993.

SEE YOU IN THE FUNNY PAPERS!

Who would ever have thunk it! Of all the sacred cows left in the media, comic strips are the last vestige of middle America, and about as untouchable as grandma's lysol. So it is with proud hearts that we call your attention to a nationally syndicated, enormously popular, highly credible comic strip, "For Better or For Worse", which has a newly 'out' gay teenager.

About a half-dozen newspapers across the country told Universal Press Syndicate that they would not print the series, which has been running for 14 years and is carried by 1,400 daily and Sunday newspapers. Those who complained said the strip went too far.

"It's not offensive at all, but it was condoning homosexuality almost to the point of advocacy," said Thomas Mitchell, editor of the Las Vegas Review-Journal. The strip is written by Lynn Johnston, and deals with family life in a meaningful and humorous manner, a fact which has made it one of the top five strips across the country (and in Anchorage).

From the San Francisco Chronicle, 3/27/93.

SAN FRANCISCO -- Noticed the proliferation of AIDS ribbon jewelry?

As it turns out, the AIDS ribbon, which began as a simple red ribbon worn to promote AIDS awareness, has been a fashion accessory for some time.

Last year, Neiman Marcus commissioned 49 AIDS awareness accessories, including scarves, belts, hats and hair accessories, such as a red pave (sources tell us pave is a cluster of gems) ribbon barrette. Jeweler James Arpad put out a line of ribbons made of Austrian crystal pave on leather.

"A lot of people who want to show support want something more tangible than a cheap red ribbon. I thought this would be a great way to raise money," explained Arpad.

What Arpad called "a cheap red ribbon" makes more sense to me than the pricey chi-chi ribbon. A stark, undecorated ribbon has some grace to it, which is appropriate considering the message.

Sure, the red ribbon has a place. At funerals, on AIDS awareness days, if you so choose, ribbons are appropriate.

But the Emmys? The Grammys? The Oscars? And every other Hollywood event?

Hey, why not at weddings.

At the risk of seeming retro, I don't see celebrations as the proper venue for the ribbons any more.

[Editor's Note: Oh, really?]

It's not as if it is brave, individualistic or caring for Hollywood celebrities to wear the red ribbon. These days, AIDS ribbon chic, the glitterati's ultimate fashion statement, is as trendy as Hollywood politics.

Sympathetic people can donate money, time and food to the sick. Meanwhile, let's go back to satin and dispense with the desperate efforts to make glamour and social conscience meld. They don't.

From the Anchorage Daily News, 3/18/93, column by Debra Saunders. ▼
Gays, The Military … and My Son
Harper’s Magazine, April 1993

From testimony given last July by Roscoe Thorne at the Naval Board of Inquiry’s hearing on his son, Tracy Thorne, a naval aviator. In a challenge to the military’s ban on homosexuality, Tracy Thorne had announced that he was gay on the May 19, 1992 broadcast of Nightline; the Navy began discharge proceedings against him the next day. Roscoe Thorne, who is an orthopedic surgeon in Lakeworth, Florida, did not know that Tracy was gay until his son told him four days before his television appearance. The three-man military board voted in July to discharge Tracy Thorne under the Pentagon’s directive that homosexuality is incompatible with military service. He remains in the Navy awaiting further review of his case.

My name is Roscoe Thorne and I’m a surgeon. I’m not a speaker and I may become emotional because of the gravity of this situation, so I hope you will bear with me. It was twenty-five years ago that my wife went into the delivery room and I, a young physician, waited outside. The doctor came out and handed me a baby boy. I took him and held him in my hands, and I thought he was just fine. But until I heard my son testify here, I didn’t realize what a great man was given to me twenty-five years ago.

Today you are here worrying about a twenty-five-year-old man who has already proven himself beyond a shadow of a doubt as a leader, as a commander, as a superb individual. I’m happy to say I’m his father and I wish I could be like him. I want to talk a little bit about myself. I was born in the Deep South -- Jackson, Mississippi. When I was about five, I had a colored friend named Jesse. Jesse lived over in colored town, and he would come over and play with me. Jesse was a lot of fun to be around. One day I was so happy to see him that I took him to my mother, and I said, "Mama, this is Jesse." My mother was a kind, good person, and she smiled down at Jesse and said, "It’s nice to meet you, Jesse." Later, after Jesse left, my mama said, "Buddy, I want to teach you something." I said, "Yes, Mama." (First time I can remember her teaching me something.) She said, "Buddy, you never introduce a colored person to a white lady." I said, "Yes, Mama, I won’t do that anymore." I was being trained in Jackson, Mississippi, by my white mother, who was a good person. But that was how she was trained, and she was passing it along.

After high school, in 1950, I joined the 31st Infantry Division. It was called the Dixie Division -- 16,000 white-faced men. There were a few Italians, a few Jews, a few Spaniards, but there weren’t any black faces. When my term of enlistment was up, I enrolled in the University of Mississippi. There weren’t any colored people at "Ole Miss" in 1953. We had a cross section of the population -- Greeks, Jews, Irishmen, Catholics -- but there wasn’t a black face there except for Blind Jim, who had a white cane and sold pencils in front of one of the buildings.

I graduated from the University of Mississippi with a pharmacy degree, and I went to practice in a corner drugstore in Jackson that was down the street from the Baptist Hospital. One afternoon I was filling prescriptions and I looked over and saw a young nurse sitting at the soda fountain. She was a registered nurse and had on a pretty white uniform, but she was a black woman. My boss nudged me and said, "Roscoe, go over there and run her off." I was twenty-five years old -- Tracy’s age -- but had been trained. I had been prejudiced by my mother, by my school, by my United States Army, and by my college. And so I went over there and I said, "You’re going to have to leave. We don’t want you in here." And this young nurse looked at me -- she was about my age and a registered nurse and a fine-looking human being -- and tears ran down her cheeks and she left. I felt so bad. I wonder where she is today. I know she’d remember that I chased her out of the drugstore. Mississippi was no place for a young man in the 1950s.

In 1959 I went to medical school in Miami. I dissected bodies in anatomy class, and whether they were black or Oriental or Anglo-Saxon, inside they all looked the same. When they got sick and you gave them medicine, they all pretty much reacted the same way to the medicine. Then I interned at Tampa General, a segregated hospital. We had one ward for the dark colored folks and another where we kept the white people and the lighter colored. We liked to think that we gave them all the same treatment, but we didn’t.

In 1964, when I was in private practice, the government said that we were going to have to desegregate our hospitals. We thought, how in the world can we do that? We’d been working on the Negroses in one place, the Orientals in another, the white patients somewhere else. How can we put them all together? It just won’t work. Well, the government insisted. So we put all of these Blacks, Italians, Poles, Germans, Jews, Hispanics, the homosexuals, the bisexuals, the heterosexuals together and we treated them. And things were better for it, and they still are today.

Now, I’ve been around long enough to know what kind of meeting this hearing is. And I want you officers to know that if you allow anything to interfere with this young man’s ability to serve his country as he so ably has proven he can -- if you allow that to happen -- then I want each of you, when you go home
tonight, to find a good friend. I want you to sit down with that friend, and I want you to tell him or her what you allowed to happen today. It'll make you feel better. You've got to be truthful with yourself. You tell that friend that you've allowed something to happen that, deep down, you don't feel is real good, and you feel bad about it. If you tell it to one person you trust, you'll feel better, and that person will have heard the truth. If one person hears the truth, then you've got a victory, and that's what America is all about. Now I'm leaving. Good-bye.

Angie Slingluff
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A threat to the rights of anyone is a threat to the rights of everyone...

We have to have your support to pass Proposition 1. If you don't vote, you will let Jerry Prevo and the far right decide who does and who does not have civil rights in Anchorage.

Please send your much needed contributions NOW!

Our voice is our vote.

On April 20th,

Vote Yes on 1

Alaskans for Civil Rights (ACR)
Paid for by Alaskans for Civil Rights • Ernie Piper, Chair • P.O. Box 201348 • Anchorage, Alaska 99520 • 256-3439
Using Pronouns  
by Jen Kohout

When my housemates took up macrobiotic cuisine, I embarked on a diet of pop-tarts and tuna fish. Former girlfriends would march in rallies and I would go play basketball. Priorities, so, knowing how politically astute I am, what drew me into the current Anchorage civil rights debate?

I can’t say I’ve ever lost a job because I’m a lesbian. Nor have I been evicted. But as I journeyed back in my mind, I realized that I have been deeply affected by the prejudice and discrimination I’ve experienced indirectly. I watched as my favorite teacher in high school was fired for being gay; later I witnessed classmates lose job opportunities for acknowledging their homosexuality. Rather than shout in outrage, I hid, fearing that I’d be next, terrified that if I spoke out, I would expose my own identity, lose my job, my home, my family. Pragmatic to the core, I chose a route that got me by. But it was not without a cost.

Unfortunately, I am not one of those emotionally advanced beings who could care less what others think of them. I tend to take it personally when being told what a horrible person I am because I’m gay. Swallowing that kind of message for an extended period of time can’t be healthy for anyone (except maybe unemployed therapists). You know the sinking feeling that creeps up when you’ve got a truth to tell but you can’t quite find the nerve? how your stomach twists with each missed opportunity to speak?

My stomach has done a lot of twisting as a closeted lesbian: every time I pretended my “partner” was genderless (“no personal pronouns please”); every time I pretended not to notice the angry words or looks of strangers who realized I was a “dyke”; every time I walked away, silently. I knew I had to pick my battles wisely but I soon began avoiding battles altogether. I forgot that I could stand up. And I found myself in a rut that left me feeling angry and vulnerable.

This fall my patience ran out. I decided that rather than continue to swallow the injustice, I would attempt to address the underlying ignorance and fear. So I got involved. I went to Assembly Hearings, attended EQUAL (the Alaska Gay and Lesbian Task Force) meetings, and wrote letters. I thought that if I, a regular person who pays her taxes and flosses her teeth, was more visible, maybe some of those who fear us might revisit their stereotypes about homosexuals.

I have to admit that there are plenty of times I miss my previous state of blissful inactivity; the good old days when my primary concern was keeping my aging Toyota running. And I certainly wouldn’t recommend it for everyone (political activism, not old Toyotas). But I strongly believe that everyone has a contribution to make. Call me an optimist, but I have this theory that if all of us came out to the significant people in our lives, everyone would get over it and we’d all live happily ever after. I’ve got a vivid imagination.

Until we reach this utopia, there’s work to be done. Change comes at a price. Right now the price is a municipal election on April 20. The election will determine whether a new ordinance that prohibits discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation by the city and its contractors will remain law. The ordinance is narrow but the message is significant; it’s not okay to discriminate against someone because of their sexual orientation. Unfortunately, winning the election will be an uphill battle. If you can find the time and courage to participate visibly, great. Come to an EQUAL meeting...561-1755 x1021. If not, that’s fine, too. There’s plenty to be done behind the scenes. Write a check to the group that is actively fighting the repeal effort: the Alaskans for Civil Rights, P.O. Box 201348, Anchorage, AK 99520. Or call Teeny Metcalfe at 258-3493 to volunteer. Whatever route you take in the next couple of months, hold your head up and remember to change your oil.

Jen Kohout, recent immigrant to Anchorage, is a newly converted Lesbian/Gay activist.
Serendipitous Wind
Fred Howard

"Am I gay?" The question floated slowly across the room like a trial balloon, testing the winds. It was no bewildered teenager asking. It was a fully-grown, adult man who had the answer to his own question, though it was hidden deeply inside him. HIDDEN FOREVER, he hoped. What had brought him here to meet with the Identity representative, at this time in his life? What response did he expect to this question? Perhaps the guy would pull out a sword, strike his shoulder and dub him, "Sir, Queer", or maybe anoint him with oil and impart a blessing on his gayness.

Naw, that wasn't how it was done. Hadn't Prevo, Falwell and their minions determined that gays recruit for new members? That was why he'd come, wasn't it? To see a recruiting film. He could really get into a gay recruiting film. I mean he could REALLY get into one of those.

That was one part of his gayness, he had never managed to repress -- that sensitive nerve track that ran from his visual cortex, straight to his.... Did he still position himself at restaurants and public places where he could eye all the men entering a room? He selected movies based on the actors he found visually appealing, not the story lines. This was the type of man even military generals feared -- a man with lusting eyes.

Hell, he was about 12 the first time he found a Playboy hidden in his brother's dresser drawer, and hadn't he flipped past the centerfolds to the Jim Palmer-type underwear ads in the back? Hadn't he searched each one carefully for the outline of the sex. He studied the male physique from top to bottom, dreamed about running his hands gently over that two-dimensional male body, fantasized about... having it all.

That was then. Okay, so he still liked to look at men. That was all, wasn't it? Hadn't he buried the rest of his feelings, purged his soul of the "wickedness" of his gayness? He had tried hard enough. He had buried that part of himself. Only.... Only, long after he'd driven the last nails into the coffin, he realized with terror and anguish that he had buried alive the part of himself he loved most. His humor, creativity, laughter, tenderness, love and joy. Sealed it away forever.

At the time, it seemed a small price to pay to live the life his family had laid out for him. When he was 13, hadn't his brother, laid off from his factory job, taken him aside and told him he had to go to college and "make something of himself." His severely-disabled sisters, both old enough to be his mother, had given frequent "pep talks." They, too, wanted their surrogate son to "become something." His real mother had fought bitterly for independence from his father so that she could work outside the home and earn enough money to help him through college.

While high school classmates were socializing, discovering who they were, he was striving to be asexual. He worked tirelessly on the neighbors' farms before and after school, earning money, with that one goal in mind. All these hopes and dreams pinned on one hapless boy. How could he be gay? What would happen to all the dreams if he were an odd-duck, queer-boy? Could he work in his chosen profession? Would he be denied promotions? How could he reach his full potential when faced with all the discrimination and abuse given to gays in our society. It couldn't be. He wouldn't let it happen.

So, he avoided any relationships with men. Women became his best and only friends. Oh, sometimes when the hormones were surging wildly, he'd fall off the wagon, so to speak, but he handled it. In those days, before AIDS, he'd get what he needed anonymously, in brief encounters, without risking the entanglement of a relationship. A "fix" would last him six months, a year, or more, give him plenty of fantasy material. There was no denying his male fantasies, his orientation to men, yet he feared closeness to men because of those very feelings. He could not give expression to those feelings. Men, the object of his lust and desires, also gradually became feared and dreaded. Strange how twisted life becomes under oppression.

So, he was here, at this meeting, testing the winds, with his question. It was the oppressive, chilling winds of the Anchorage Assembly meetings that had brought him here, to this point. He had to confront the hate. He had to confront himself and slowly uncover that coffin, hoping that what he found inside was still alive. He wanted to be whole.

Amid all this rancor, during the raging debate in Anchorage which seemed to have devolved into whether there is "sin" in people loving other people, he had looked inward and had discovered his OWN worst sin. The sin that nearly destroyed him. Not loving and accepting himself.

Fred Howard is a pseudonym. The author is compelled to remain anonymous.

I like living. I have sometimes been wildly, despairingly, acutely miserable, racked with sorrow, but through it all I still know quite certainly that just to be alive is a grand thing.
Agatha Christie (1890-1976), British writer
A Breeze
by Sylvia Short

Twenty years ago the Alaska Supreme Court made a statement that reflects a principle that many Americans believe is the cornerstone of our country. In a case relating to whether a juvenile has a right to wear his hair in a manner differing from the taste of his school administrators, and in deciding that he did, the court said: The United States of America and Alaska in particular, reflect a pluralistic society, grounded upon such basic values as the preservation of maximum individual choice, protection of minority sentiments, and appreciation for divergent lifestyles. (Breeze v. Smith, 501 P2d 159)

Such statements, however, are not tested until situations arise which involve another question of such "individual choice", "minority sentiment", or "divergent lifestyle". The test of how our present Supreme Court would come down if an issue regarding homosexuality were squarely put to them is still in limbo. However, their prior statements are still the "law of the state" and the above quotation has not been changed or weakened.

Sometimes such law is ahead of legislation. The people who are elected and who make the statutes and ordinances which govern our everyday life are only products of their society as they each perceive it, and often they ignore judicial rhetoric in their fight to follow the first law of politics — get (re)elected! So, the lofty principles enunciated in cases like Breeze fall to the wayside in the struggle.

Anchorage has no corner on the legislative market, and our elected officials in general reflect only the usual political status quo. This is not necessarily bad, and we have our share of fine lawmakers as well as the other kind. The ordinance that was passed after the soul-searching contentious arguments of last Fall falls into the category of a compromise, but it was and is a step toward bringing into focus the words of Breeze and making their meaning a reality.

In our country, respect for the voicing of all opinions is venerated, and that was the point of last Fall's verbal struggle. It is one of the bright spots of our version of democracy that we give a minority their say, and that is reflected not only in the time given the proponents of homosexual equality but also in the right of the opposing minority to file their petition to undo the legislative compromise. Now the question is put to the voters, and each side struggles to get their arguments before the large majority who have not yet taken a position on the issue.

Stated bluntly, it is time to get votes. The most appealing language must be used; the logic and fairness must be stressed; we need to get beyond the voter indifference and to offset the inaccuracies of the opposition. Let's make Breeze live, and breeze into victory!

Sylvia L. Short, Attorney at Law, lives in Anchorage.
Time to Quit Dreaming
by Bob De Loach

The rest of this year offers lots of opportunities for organized travel for Gay and Lesbian travelers. Olivia tours, who specialize in travel for women will celebrate their 20th anniversary June 23-27 in San Francisco.

Coming up first from May 1-8 Olivia will take over Club Med’s facility in Playa Blanca, Mexico, which is about 120 miles south of Puerto Vallarta on the Pacific.

Rooms are double occupancy, each with two beds which convert to one large bed if needed. All rooms have private bath and shower. The all inclusive package offers activities such as tennis, rock climbing on an artificial wall, aerobics, circus workshop, scuba, sailing, kayaking, volleyball, basketball, sunning, swimming, snorkeling, snoozing, and sumptuous food. Entertainment nightly by women musicians and comedians is a specialty. Soft drinks, beer and wine with lunch and dinner as well as gratuities are included in the low $895-995 price. Air from Anchorage is extra, but there are some real deals available right now.

From Aug. 20 to Sept. 1 is their Equator and Galapagos island tour and Nov. 20-27 is their Thanksgiving Cruise.

For the guys, Atlantis has two more dates this year. The first is May 22-29 at Sonora Bay, Mexico. Again it’s Club Med’s facilities and is all inclusive. Several restaurants are on site with buffet, steak, and seafood menus. Beer and wine is included and this facility offers wind surfing, water and air aerobics, arts and crafts, and massage. Entertainment is on tap nightly and there are activities planned every day for the so-inclined. The night club is open as long as there are party goers. Price includes all tips at just $895, plus $30. transfer fee. Again, air from Anchorage is extra.

From Nov. 6-13 Atlantis will be at Punta Canna on the island of the Dominican Republic in the Caribbean. An added activity will be a circus workshop where you can be the star of the big top or the high trapeze. Fare is $895 with a $20. transfer fee.

Atlantis offers a share program for those who might not have a traveling companion and who don’t want to pay the premium for single occupancy. This kind of service is available from many suppliers to the Gay & Lesbian Community.

RSVP Cruises still has two main cruises available this year. From Sept. 6-13 they will be touring the Greek Isles with Athens, Istanbul, Kusadasi, Rhodes, Mykonos & Santorini ports of call.

The Thanksgiving Cruise will depart November 20-27th from San Diego with stops at Cabo San Lucas, Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta and return.

RSVP keeps their prices very affordable with seven day cruises starting at $795. plus air.

For more information on these and other Gay & Lesbian Travel opportunities contact your IGTA travel agent.

Bob DeLoach is president of Apollo Travel, BG Tax and Accounting. The Electric Doctor, Apollo Real Estate, Lock Doc, is an insurance broker and still finds time to write novels for adults, take part in community theatre, write this column and be active in the Community.

S--- happens -
in various world religions
Anon

Taoism: S--- happens.
Confucianism: Confucius say “s--- happens”.
Buddhism: If s--- happens, it isn’t really s---.
(Zen: What is the sound of s--- happening?)
Hinduism: This s--- happened before.
Islam: If s--- happens, it’s the Will of Allah.
Protestantism: Let s--- happen to someone else.
Catholicism: If s--- happens, you deserved it.
Judaism: Why does s--- always happen to US?
The Amazon Trail:  
After the March  
by Lee Lynch

After the march, when we return to Shickshinny, Pennsylvania, Flathead, Idaho and Wagon Mound, New Mexico, there will be no time to rest and regroup. Voices raw from chanting, slowed by jet lag or all-nighters on the bus, we will nevertheless be the clarions of an energy raised to explosive heights. A million marchers is more than some whole nations: Cyprus, Qatar, Iceland, Swaziland, Luxembourg. A million veterans of such an exultation of power will come flooding home like soldiers after victory, certain that nothing can stop us now.

Nothing can -- and nothing ever could. Like all oppressed groups gay people have been around since the dawn of civilization. We may be a built-in method of population control, and we may be a gift bestowed on earth to celebrate life through the arts and ceremony. With all the fighting about civil rights, I sometimes lose sight of our special place in the world, the magical plane we move through with our glorious purple pomp, our inspired visions and gentle transformative touch. Unfettered, we bring a light to the earth no other people can claim.

The first time I was aware of being, as the drug store pulp covers say, "in that nowhere's land between the sexes," I was old enough to feel ashamed, but young enough not to know why. I was thirteen when my family spent two weeks on a lake in New England. Children abounded in the cabins, trailers and jerry-rigged shacks. I spent my time reading under the pines or clambering over rocks at the lake front. The other kids were either in the water, swimming and water skiing, or in the red hall batting a ping pong ball across a table. One day a little boy came up to me as I pretended to wait for a sunfish to interest itself in the baitless hook at the end of my bamboo pole.

"Are you a tomboy?" he asked.

I probably mumbled something adolescently assured like, "I don't know." That was the extent of the conversations. He went back to his friends and I to my dreams on the rocks.

My life was never the same.

To the self-consciousness of any thirteen-year old was added a sense of difference. True, it had always been there or why wasn't I water skiing and playing ping pong? But it had begun to take on shape, the shape of androgyny.

Over the next twenty years I never hardened to the taunts. Most of them were maddeningly repetitive variations of: Are you a boy or a girl? I couldn't, still can't, believe how seriously disturbed others would get over my appearance. It wasn't like I ran around in drag. It even happened to me when I was in skirts. I wasted hundreds of hours wondering exactly what it was that made me look so different from other girls and women.

Back on the lake front it was pretty clear. I was lanky, had short hair which I slicked back every chance I got, wore jeans every waking hour and, in one photograph, walked around with a chocolate cigarette hanging off my lower lip, the packet in the rolled up sleeve of my flannel shirt. No wonder the other kids wanted nothing to do with me. We are marked young, and so are they. Just as our "in between" postures, gestures and walks identify some gays, so does the discomfort of our challengers mark them. What is the signal we send out? What does it provoke in others that they react with avoidance, name-calling and physical violence?

A friend suggested that we threaten the mandated urge to procreate. Do non-gay people perceive us as a danger to the species, as genocide incarnate? I know the feminist theories about the patriarchal imperative to reproduce so that the male, by owning women who will make many sons and fertile daughters, has a ready-made work force and protector of his wealth. Yet surely in this age of artificial insemination, alternative families and over population it's obvious that gays are not going to end civilization. (Except French civilization: recently a bill was almost passed there which would have barred lesbians from legal artificial insemination.)

I think this aversion to gay people goes deeper. Goes to the first human creatures roaming a volcanic, green planet, before thought went beyond food and shelter. Before any kind of moral code was created. Before spirituality was reduced to bowing to mirror images of males. Perhaps it had to do with envy of those who didn't need to hunt and gather for offspring. Perhaps it was resentment at "sissy" men who were taken care of by other men. Perhaps it was anger at "butchy" women who rejected sex with men while at the same time competing with them for scarce sustenance.

This enters the realm of racial memory, a concept not exactly generally accepted. Why else, though, should an innocently androgynous child trigger such deep antagonism?

As we return from the nation's capital to our communities, can we look squarely at the fact that we do scare our neighbors? We can't thrash about in self-
righteous anger and spew forth high moral platitudes till we're blue in the face, but those Americans we call our enemies are just like us inside. There is a common ground. We all speak the same languages. Most of the movement to strip us of civil rights is comprised of people convinced by a handful of powerbrokers that the solution to something -- poverty? crime? drug use? -- lies in shoving us back in the closet.

We need to learn to help the frightened let go of a fear that no longer serves anyone well. After our enormous show of strength at the March, those who went and those who watched will feel empowered. Based on ten percent of the population, there are 24.8 million gay Americans spread across this country, each of us an ambassador. Perhaps we'll again accept the mantle of ceremonial roles some cultures have historically assigned to gays and bring our vision, our special light, our power home.

Lee Lynch is a columnist/author based in southern Oregon. She writes "The Amazon Trail" regularly for The Dallas Voice, Just Out, The Washington Blade, the Identity NorthView (some 16 papers, in all) and is the author of ten books. Copyright Lee Lynch, 1993.
...a votive candle would do the job  
by david wimerly

I promised Ken this article for the NorthView since January. It is April. Time really flies.

i did it again. i shaved my head, again. i promised myself i wouldn't do this again. i had to. it looks so much better without hair. i saw this woman with a lot of hair on top of her head. it did not look good. i have little stubby hairs on my head right now. they need to be removed. i was thinking a votive candle would do the job. maybe nair, for bikini lines, or magic shave, could do the job. but both of these products are very messy. i was thinking i could auction off my head as a fund raiser: "Sold! to the man in the leather, one man's head, to shave." the auction idea has merit, however, implementing it could be a problem. i think i will get some fresh razors on the way home from work. take a little noxema, add some hot water, and press hard with the razor and i can have my head smooth as a baby's bottom in 20 minutes. as long as i don't use chemicals, nor heat on my scalp, my hair roots should remain healthy.

I shaved my head. My thick, dark waves of natural manly beauty have been sheared off the top of my head. I never thought I was that attached to my hair. I have worn my hair scalp-close short for years. Sometimes I would grow it out a few inches, to have it cut in some radical style. Back in the fall of 1985, I had it cut in an asymmetrical wedge. I had Julius cut it to look like Grace Jones, but still to make it unique. The cut, Julius, and I were all looking unique that day. Julius was great; did hair by day, drag by night, and looked fabulous, always.

There was the time I was blond. My father saw it; he was angry, but he let me live. When i saw myself in the mirror the next day and screamed, I heard him laugh. I had never heard him laugh like that. My screaming was funny. His laughing at my screaming was funnier. He was not mad anymore. He did not like his smart, good son, being a blond, but I could have been a lot worse. I washed the lime kool-aid out before I went home.

The bleach took 8 months to grow out. I had fun with my dark roots, food coloring, and aqua-net hair spray. I used a different hair stylist for this. Julius was gone by then. I had a five inch square block of hair, with blond tips, on top of my head.

I have been close to bald before. Once, I had angled lines cut into the sides of my head. That was neat. I had 5 or 6 lines cut into the sides. I looked like I had a barber's pole cut into my head. This was not an easy hair cut to have, and it was a pain to try to keep, so I had the sides cut off, with a strip of hair left on top. I looked like a marine. That was fun. I bought some fatigues, a few olive drab t-shirts (with mickey mouse insignias on the left breast), and played army.

Now I essentially have no hair on top of my head. My eyes seem to stand out more. My eyes seem darker than I remember. My face seems to stand out more. I like my face. My chin has a dimple in the middle. My eyebrows match. I am not all wrinkled up. I won't mind having a few wrinkles aka laugh/worry lines. Wrinkles add character to a man. They mean I have lived. I have been happy and sad. Wrinkles mean I have been to see the circus. Hell, they mean I have starred in the circus. They are only wrinkles, old skin.

I like having my big round head exposed. My hair was just a distraction. I think I was hiding behind all that hairspray. All those stylish young black man hair cuts were neat. I enjoy people looking at me. I don't need, nor want them looking at some decoration on top of my head. Historically, being intentionally bald is a sign of masculinity. Egyptian priest were shaved. The scariest wrestlers on tv are shaved. Being bald is probably the most masculine "hair style" I have ever had. I have been told I'm not butch. I know that. My big beautiful head seems to attract some attention. I like being noticed. This is the most radical thing I have ever done.

People act real strange when you are bald, 6' 1", 340+, and a member of a perceived violent subculture, identified by the color of their skin. Grown mature people will literally jump, step backwards, audibly scream in horror, grab their purses, hold their children a little tighter, check the locks on their cars, or (what cracks me up the most) suck in their guts and throw their chest out a little more, and try to look tough. HA!

In my office building there are a lot of lawyers, legal people, you know, yuppies. They have seen me everyday for a year. When you get to the building everyday, you see the same people. One morning, after the big shave, I get on the elevator and I see these people come up behind me, so I open the doors. Some middle aged man steps in, looks up, turns pale as a sheet, and takes 2 steps backwards. I laughed. He was very embarrassed when he realized it was me. "You look different today!" I wanted to say, "ON YOUR KNEES." But I thought better of it. I know other people have issued similar commands to strangers, expected and received obedience.
Waiters who have seen me a thousand times, suddenly say Yes, SIR! More waiter, no, water, Sir? Usually, waiters treat everyone politely; this guy was drooling. I did get his phone number. The next time I feel wicked I will call him.

David Wimberly is the current President of the Anchorage Garden Buddies and makes his home in Anchorage.

Hate, Lies, and Videotape

WASHINGTON -- A new group to fight anti-gay hate crusades has formed and has kicked off its media campaign with the premier of Hate, Lies and Videotape, a new tape that exposes the propaganda tactics of the religious right.

The Gay and Lesbian Emergency Media Campaign (GLEM) announced its formation at a press conference at the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force February 16. GLEM will produce and distribute media that exposes the agenda of the religious right and promotes lesbian and gay visibility. GLEM is a project of Testing the Limits, an award-winning film-making group based in New York City.

One of GLEM's first projects was the premier of a new video, Hate, Lies, and Videotape. The video, screened at the press conference, vividly compares The Gay Agenda -- a slick 19-minute documentary-style video that feeds on gay and lesbian stereotypes -- with other hate propaganda films such as The Eternal Jew, a 1940 Nazi propaganda film.

GLEM charged that Congressional and Pentagon resistance to lifting the ban against gays in the military is being fueled by The Gay Agenda. The videotape has been distributed to U.S. Senators, Representatives, and to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and is being shown in military establishments around the country and abroad. Gay activists were enraged to hear recently that General Carl Mundy Jr., Commandant of the Marines, had provided copies to the Joint Chiefs.

The video is one of the major weapons in the Far Right's declared "Holy War" against lesbians and gays.

For more information about GLEM and to obtain copies of the videotapes, contact GLEM, (212) 229-2863, 39 West 14th Street, #402, New York, NY 10011.

Taken from the 03/12/93 - 03/28/93 Equal Time published by Lavender Inc., a Minnesota non-profit corporation.
Only Het Men Batter, Right?  
(Part 1 of the Lesbian Battering Series)  
by Karen Carlisle

INTRODUCTION
No one wants to believe, much less acknowledge, that lesbians batter. Our lesbian dream is that “women-loving-women” could only be peaceful and egalitarian. But our experience proves this utopian view unrealistic. We have all heard rumors. We have seen the woman with the broken arm who mumbles when asked how it happened and looks at the floor. We have seen the woman who always looks to her lover for permission to speak, for approval of her decision, to see how her lover will react when she takes an action. We have heard the woman stumble through stories of cruelty or violence who quickly minimizes the behavior of her partner or family member and then blames herself.

According to the Lesbian Battering Intervention Project, lesbian battering probably exists in almost the same incidence rate as heterosexual partner abuse. We may desperately want to cling to our feminist belief that only men are batterers, but we must redefine who perpetrates. It is anyone abusing power and control. This does not negate the feminist analysis of battering, that it is a product of patriarchal conditioning. Patriarchy is the model of human organization in which we have all been acculturated; it says that there must be a hierarchy of power in all relationships, and that those beneath the highest position may be controlled by violence.

Another thing that keeps the whole lesbian community with its head in the sand about this problem is our fear of homophobia and our own internalized homophobia. Why give the heterosexual haters in the world ammunition with which to destroy us? And if any of us have bought their views of who we are, we may feel personally shamed by airing this problem. Some of you will be angry that I am writing these articles; some of you will think that someone knows; I’m not alone, this horror has a name, and a way out.

I have heard lesbians say when a rumor of battering surfaces, that the relationship involves mutual battering, or that the partners are just fighting. Though I will discuss myths in a subsequent article, I wish to confront this myth now for the first time reader of this material. Though there are many similarities between heterosexual and lesbian battering, there are significant differences. One is that more lesbian victims may defend themselves physically than heterosexual victims. This may be a result of the higher percentage of women who are physically active, trained in martial arts or who work in physically-challenging trades. What distinguishes abuse from self-defense is who holds the power in the relationship. The woman who is still being battered may not be able to break her denial and acknowledge that her batterer holds the power in a relationship that we suspect may include battering. Many of us have been uncomfortable around a couple when we observe and feel that one woman is controlling the other. If this is not a battering relationship, it has the potential to be.

WHAT IS BATTERING?
The Lesbian Battering Intervention Project defines battering as a pattern of behavior that harms, gains or maintains power and control over another. These may include (but all not need be present) physical, emotional, psychological, sexual abuse, sexually exploitative and threatening behaviors that curtail an individual’s personal power and/or create an atmosphere of fear and intimidation.

Battering exists on a continuum that has emotional abuse at one end and death at the other. Physical abuse always includes emotional and/or psychological abuse, and emotional abuse always precedes physical abuse. A component of many, but not all, battering situations is sexual abuse or exploitation.

Emotional abuse includes but is not limited to: verbal attacks, insults, jokes about another’s faults, flaws, character, feelings or name-calling put-downs, accusations of affairs. Affairs may be a form of abuse if not consistent with the relationship agreements. Coming out for a partner or threatening to do so, making her ask for money, giving an allowance, arguments before work, social engagements or job interviews, twisting words and events so as to blame the partner for her own abuse; crazy-making isolating, and controlling behaviors.

Psychological abuse is defined in the Lesbian Battering Intervention Project as any emotional abuse when
there is also a history of, threat of, or existence of physical abuse.

Physical abuse includes but is not limited to: punching, hitting, slapping, beating, choking, pushing, grabbing, shoving, throwing another bodily, throwing objects, driving recklessly, use of weapons, shooting, knife, kidnapping, kicking, wrestling, pinching, pulling hair, squeezing, tickling, burning, holding hostage. Physical abuse also includes withholding of physical needs, which include but are not limited to: interruption of sleeping or eating, withholding money, food, transportation or help if the partner is hurt or sick, locking out of the home, denying or rationing necessities. Other facets of physical abuse include indirect harm to pets, children or specially significant property. And finally, implied or explicit threats to do any of the above also constitute physical abuse.

Sexual abuse is complex and will be discussed in more depth in a subsequent article. Generally, the Lesbian Battering Intervention Project defines sexual abuse as any non-consenting or sexually exploitive behaviors that may be verbal or physical. Any single act performed without consent may constitute sexual abuse. Previous consent does not constitute current consent. Under certain conditions, the concept of consent itself is suspect.

If you suspect that you are now being battered, or have ever been battered by a lesbian, you are probably in need of healing and support. You need not be the lover of a batterer, you may be a member of a lesbian family where a misuse of power and control is practiced. Your situation is not hopeless; you can, with support and information, and by listening to the experience of other battered lesbians in a protected environment, begin to recover from this abuse, to take control of your own life, to regain your self-esteem and autonomy.

No one deserves to be abused. The victim is not responsible for the abuse; nor is the batterer’s dysfunctional childhood, chemical abuse, or economic problems. Placing the responsibility for abuse on some external substance, event or person in effect gives the batterer permission to continue battering. The batterer chooses to abuse in order to keep control and exert power. She chooses it because it works. She can get her way almost all of the time. In an egalitarian relationship, each person can only get what they want half the time or some of the time, as in a family situation.

In a subsequent article(s), I will discuss myths about lesbian battering, sexual abuse in more detail (which includes a discussion about S/M), the lesbian community response to the battered woman and to the batterer, and finally, the question of who holds the batterer responsible?

Information for this article comes from the Lesbian Battering Information Project, Minnesota Coalition for Battered Women, 570 Ashby Street, #201, St. Paul, MN 55104; and from Naming the Violence, Ed. Kerry Lobel, Seal Press, 1986.

Karen Carlisle is a lesbian activist in the Anchorage Community.
Apr 15, Thu:
* EQUAL meeting, 7-9pm, AUUF (561-1755, x1021)
* Brown Bag Student Lunch Discussion (Natl' Student AIDS Awareness Week (NSAW)), 12 noon, UAA Campus Center

Apr 16, Fri:
* Lesbian/Gay 12-step meetings: AA, 7-8:30pm, 637 'A' St (old Synergy bldg, now Anch. Ch. of Relig. Sci.)
* Midnight Sons Gay Men’s AA Group, 8-9:30pm, 1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA phn for info.)
* PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, 4As, 730 'I' St. 276-1400.

Apr 17, Sat:
* Women’s Potluck (6:30pm) & Sing-Along (7:30) at Lucy’s

Apr 18, Sun:
* Bowling Team “Northern Exposure”, 4pm, Park Lanes

* Midnight Sons Gay Men’s AA Group, 1-2:30pm, 1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA phn for info.)
* Metropolitan Community Church, 2pm (see ‘ad’ - new location, call first!)
* Prayer and Praise Fellowship, 6pm, ACORS, 7th & A St., Marcia/Lynne, 274-9317.

Apr 19, Mon:
* Partners of Incest Survivors, 6-7:30pm, $10, Pam Peters, Gateway, 561-7327.
* Women’s music show on KRUA 88.1 FM, 7-9pm, call 786-4846, make on-air requests, give positive feedback, or both!

Apr 20, Tue:
* VOTE! VOTE!! VOTE!!! YES ON 1!!!!
* Anchorage Garden Buddies, 7:30, 272-9220

Apr 21, Wed:
* Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 9:00pm.
* HIV University Early Treatment Workshop, 7pm, Call the 4As, 276-1400.

Apr 23, Fri:
* YES, there is an Identity Potluck Social, 6:30pm, AUUF (see article)
* Lesbian/Gay 12-step meetings: AA, 7-8:30pm, 637 ‘A’ St (old Synergy bldg, now Anch. Ch. of Relig. Sci.)
* Midnight Sons Gay Men’s AA Group, 8-9:30pm, 1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA phn for info.)
* PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, 4As, 730 'I' St. 276-1400.

Apr 24, Sat:
* Helpline Training, Part I of II, 10am-4pm, 4As, call 276-1400
* Women’s Coffee House, 8pm, Kim Acuna and Company, Anchorage Church of Religious Science

Apr 25, Sun:
* Bowling Team “Northern Exposure”, 4pm, Park Lanes
* Helpline Training, Part II of II, 10am-4pm, 4As, call 276-1400
* Lesbian Family Group, 4pm (NOTE NEW TIME), ALFA, Lisa, 278-2198
* Metropolitan Community Church, 2pm (see ‘ad’ - new location, call first!)
* Midnight Sons Gay Men’s AA Group, 1-2:30pm, 1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA phn for info.)
* Prayer and Praise Fellowship, 6pm, ACORS, 7th & A St., Marcia/Lynne, 274-9317

Apr 26, Mon:
* AWRC Board Meeting, 5:30pm
* Partners of Incest Survivors, 6-7:30pm, $10, Pam Peters, Gateway, 561-7327.
* Women’s music show on KRUA 88.1 FM, 7-9pm, call 786-4846, make on-air requests, give positive feedback, or both!

Apr 27, Tue.
* Identity, Inc. Board Meeting, AUUF, 7pm, Members Welcome.

Apr 28, Wed.
* Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 9:00pm.
* HIV University Early Treatment Workshop, 7pm, Call the 4As, 276-1400.
**More Calendar**

**Apr 30, Fri:**
* Lesbian/Gay 12-step meetings: AA, 7-8:30pm, 637 ‘A’ St (old Synergy bldg, now Anch. Ch. of Relig. Sci.)
* Midnight Sons Gay Men’s AA Group, 8-9:30pm, 1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA phn for info.)
* PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, 4As, 730 ‘I’ St. 276-1400.

**May 1, Sat:**
* Women’s Two-Step Dance, 7:30pm lessons, 8:30 dancing, Pioneer School House. Donations.

**May 2, Sun:**
* Bowling Team “Northern Exposure”, 4pm, Park Lanes
* Metropolitan Community Church, 2pm (see ‘ad’)
* Midnight Sons Gay Men’s AA Group, 1-2:30pm, 1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA phn for info.)
* Prayer and Praise Fellowship, 6pm, ACORS, 7th & A St., Marcia/Lynne, 274-9317

**May 3, Mon:**
* Alaska Women’s Political Caucus, 7pm, 274-9308
* Partners of Incest Survivors, 6-7:30pm, $10, Pam Peters, Gatekey, 561-7327.
* Women’s music show on KRUA 88.1 FM, 7-9pm, call 786-4846, make on-air requests, give positive feedback, or both!

**May 4, Tue:**
* Anchorage Women’s Commission, 5:30-7:30pm, Loussac Library

**May 5, Wed:**
* Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 9:00pm.
* HIV University Early Care Workshop, 7pm, Call the 4As, 276-1400.

**May 6, Thu:**
* EQUAL meeting, 7-9pm, AUUF (561-1755, x1021)
* Deadline for submissions to NorthView

**May 7, Fri:**
* Lesbian/Gay 12-step meetings: AA, 7-8:30pm, 637 ‘A’ St (old Synergy bldg, now Anch. Ch. of Relig. Sci.)
* Midnight Sons Gay Men’s AA Group, 8-9:30pm, 1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA phn for info.)
* PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, 4As, 730 ‘I’ St. 276-1400.

**May 9, Sun:**
* Bowling Team “Northern Exposure,” 4pm, Park Lanes
* Metropolitan Community Church, 2pm (see ‘ad’)
* Midnight Sons Gay Men’s AA Group, 1-2:30pm, 1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA phn for info.)
* Prayer and Praise Fellowship, 6pm, ACORS, 7th & A St., Marcia/Lynne, 274-9317

**May 10, Mon:**
* Gay Bar: free legal Q&A, 7-8:30pm, Mendel & Huntington, see ‘ad’.
* Partners of Incest Survivors, 6-7:30pm, $10, Pam Peters, Gatekey, 561-7327.
* Women’s music show on KRUA 88.1 FM, 7-9pm, call 786-4846, make on-air requests, give positive feedback, or both!

**May 12, Wed:**
* Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 9:00pm.
* HIV University Early Care Workshop, 7pm, Call the 4As, 276-1400.

**May 14, Fri:**
* KK Deadline: please get diskettes to Women’s Bookstore.
* Lesbian/Gay 12-step meetings: AA, 7-8:30pm, 637 ‘A’ St (old Synergy bldg, now Anch. Ch. of Relig. Sci.)
* Midnight Sons Gay Men’s AA Group, 8-9:30pm, 1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA phn for info.)
* PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, 4As, 730 ‘I’ St. 276-1400.

**May 15, Sat:**
* Women’s Potluck (6:30pm) & Sing-Along (7:30) at Lucy’s

**May 16, Sun:**
* Bowling Team “Northern Exposure,” 4pm, Park Lanes
* Metropolitan Community Church, 2pm (see ‘ad’)
* Midnight Sons Gay Men’s AA Group, 1-2:30pm, 1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA phn for info.)
* Prayer and Praise Fellowship, 6pm, ACORS, 7th & A St., Marcia/Lynne, 274-9317

**May 17, Mon:**
* Partners of Incest Survivors, 6-7:30pm, $10, Pam Peters, Gatekey, 561-7327.
* Women’s music show on KRUA 88.1 FM, 7-9pm, call 786-4846, make on-air requests, give positive feedback, or both!
May 19, Wed.
* Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 9:00pm.
* HIV University Early Care Workshop, 7pm, Call the 4As, 276-1400.

May 20, Thu.
* EQUAL meeting, 7-9pm, AUUF (561-1755, x1021)

Identity Fourth Friday Potluck & Social

When did you first discover you were a "pink petunia"? i.e., Lesbian or Gay? Our own version of the ob, so benighted sermon seen recently on TV, perhaps. Come to Identity's Fourth Friday Potluck Social. The tradition is to bring a dish, anything from soup to nuts, i.e., main dish, salad, bread, rolls, desert, chips dip, pizza, etc. Identity provides the drinks (tea, coffee, punch). Admission is free. Donations are burningly appreciated.

Date: Friday, April 23rd - NOTE: not the 30th!!

Time: 6:30pm doors open, 7pm dinner, 7:30pm announcements & program

Place: Unitarian Universalist Fellowship Church. 3201 Turnagain STREET, Anchorage.

Program: A group of stimulating members of both the Lesbian, Gay and Non-Gay community will engage you in some fast-paced dialogue about how and when one becomes aware (not a clinical discussion, don't worry)!

Obituaries

Gary Allen Petaluna, 36, died March 29th at home in Anchorage.

Gary was born June 14, 1956, in Lisbon, ND. He moved to Anchorage in 1980 from Hawaii. He loved music and previously had been a member of several singing groups. He began making candles shortly after arriving in Anchorage (some of which were used in the memorial service at the First Christian Church, The Rev. Wesley Veatch officiating). He also worked at Josephine's Restaurant in the Sheraton Hotel.

He is survived by his partner, Alton Staff of Anchorage, his parents, brothers, nephews, nieces, grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins and many wonderful friends.

Memorial donations may be sent to the Hospice of Anchorage, 3605 Arctic Blvd., #555, Anchorage, AK 99503 or to the 4As, 730 'I' St., Suite 100, Anchorage, AK 99501.

Patrick Morgan McEwen, 26, died April 3, in Anchorage.

Patrick was born February 24, 1967 at Elmendorf Air Force Base. He attended Service High School, and the University of Alaska, Anchorage, majoring in graphic arts.

His family said, "An accomplished artist with published work, Patrick was gifted with many talents. In addition to his love of visual arts, he appreciated literature, music, poetry and especially family and friends. He is much loved and will be greatly missed."

He is survived by his mother, Effie and many family members.

The family suggests memorials in his name be directed to the 4As, 730 'I' St., Suite 100, Anchorage, AK 99501.

Louis Falco, 50, a choreographer and modern dance artist who founded his own company and was celebrated worldwide for his energetic creations for films like "Fame," died March 26, 1993 of complications from AIDS.

He was surrounded by his family and friends at his Manhattan, New York home, when he died.

Avoiding danger is no safer in the long run than outright exposure. The fearful are caught as often as the bold.

Helen Keller (1880-1968), American writer
Celebrate Diversity --
Hate Hurts Everybody, Part II
by Don Naff

Okay, here's the second part of my series on
diversity in the Gay Community. Last time I
recommended a couple of words I thought were better
than the usual verbiage used to describe attitudes
towards differences. The words I recommend using
are Celebrate, Understand, and even Appreciate (I
capitalized them just to show that I like them!) These
words replace the common fare: recognize,
acknowledge, tolerate, and accept. So what is wrong
with them, you ask? Well, I was hoping you would.
And that's the purpose of this article.

"Recognize" and "acknowledge" are very similar in
meaning. Webster says that acknowledge means "to
admit to be real or true; recognize the existence, truth,
or fact of". Recognize is "to perceive as existing or
true". Other definitions indicate that acknowledge
might be a little more general while recognize is more
specific in that it also can mean "identify from past
experience." I'm sure you see that neither of these is
enough as we look at differences between us. Blinding
ourselves to differences, either by isolating ourselves
in homogeneous groupings where we are not around
people different from ourselves or by pretending that
differences do not exist is obviously destructive. This
approach keeps us from seeing the world as it really is.
However, stopping here is not enough. Seeing
differences does not ensure either a particular course
of action or an attitude towards differences. It can be
safely said, by way of example, that Adolf Hitler
"acknowledged" differences between his race and other
groups of people around him, and he also
"recognized" the set of differences that makes one
group Jewish (not to mention Homosexual, Gypsy,
Jehovah's Witness, etc.). I would not hesitate to say
that his approach and attitude toward dealing with
differences is not one we should emulate.

So, seeing that there are differences, between
individuals and between groups, isn't enough. Well,
what is the next step? The word used to represent this
next level fits neatly in that category of things
personally most detested, namely my "pet peeves".
And, this may be the word we hear used more than
any other when we discuss this subject. Namely
"tolerate" or any of its derivatives, such as "tolerance"
or "toleration". I have a major problem with this
approach to differences. Consulting dear Danny
Webster again, one reads that "tolerate" means, among
other things, "to bear without repugnance" and, get
this, "to put up with". Several weeks ago I went cross
country skiing with a dear friend. I wiped out several
times, and got up laughing each time. Right up 'till
the end, however. Going down a hill a little too steep
for me (this was my first time cross country skiing), I
"wiped out big-time". My breath was knocked out of
me, and all I could do was lie there unmoving and
squeak out the words, "Stephanie, I think this was a
bad one." I had fallen down directly on my tail bone.
And boy did it hurt. I went to the doctor who
prescribed some medication designed to decrease the
pain and swelling. Besides that (and here comes my
reason for including this little bit of personal trivia), I
had to TOLERATE the pain. I am still tolerating the
pain, though it has lessened. Friends who have
experienced this same type of injury tell me I may be
tolerating the pain for as long as six months (I think
it's interesting how comforting friends can be at
times). I think you see my point. To tolerate
differences means we either can't or don't do anything
about them, but sister wouldn't it be better if we
could!! (I must say, various fantasies I've had about
how my doctor could apply pressure in an opposing
direction in a hope to pop my coccyx back into place
are very interesting indeed, but not practicable, I'm
afraid...)

Other aspects of the definition of "tolerate" involve
"allowing" something to happen without
"prohibition", or "permitting" something. I have a
problem with this, too. We tend to make value
judgements about differences. This is our biggest
problem in dealing with them. To tolerate in this
fashion means that we, the "tolerators", are in some
higher or better place to begin with than those who are
different. Who says so? It seems to me that history
has shown that it is those who are different in some
way from the norm are the one who have the greatest
impact on the rest. So, perhaps it could be said that
they are "better" than the rest of us!

Then we come to another old friend, "accept" or
"acceptance". The dictionary defines this as, amongst
other things, as "accommodating oneself to". This is
only one of several definitions, and others include
such things as "to receive with approval or favor"
which is certainly heading in the right direction. I am
much more comfortable with this word, but I really
don't think it goes quite far enough. It is a little better
at encouraging a properly positive attitude towards
differences, but still misses the mark. After all, on a
less drastic degree than tolerate, we "accept" or
"accommodate to" things we can't change. We may
still wish we could change them, but we can't, so we
accept them. Another word indicating the same thing
is "adapt". As species evolve, they run into adverse
conditions, which at first kill them off in droves. Then, over a period of time, certain ones of them begin to change slightly in some way which allows them to survive the condition. This change is known as an adaptation. Also, to me, one who grants "approval or favor" indicates that they are doing it from some perceived position of power or authority -- better again than those having the difference.

The words we use effect the way we see things. They also reflect our attitudes and opinions about our topics of expression. I hope you will work with me to stamp out the use of words which get in the way of our seeing differences between groups of people as spice in life rather than taint or spoilage.

Don Naff is a State Employee and an activist of many colors. 

You Learn

After a while you learn the subtle difference Between holding a hand and chaining a soul, And you learn that love doesn't mean security, And you begin to learn that kisses aren't contracts And presents aren't promises And you begin to accept your defeats With your head up and your eyes open, With the grace of an adult, not the grief of a child, And you learn to build all your roads On today because tomorrow's ground is too uncertain. And futures have A way of falling down at midnight. After a while you learn that even sunshine burns if you get too much. So you plant your garden and decorate your own soul, instead of waiting for someone to bring you flowers. And you learn to endure... That you really are strong, And you really have worth And you learn... and learn With every good-bye, you learn.

The staid, aristocratic world of Lady Cassandra Stonehurst is shattered forever when the young heiress finds herself inexplicably drawn to Alex Ferrars, a brazen young stablemaid with short-cropped hair and a penchant for male attire. Come to Regency England for this year's most exciting and passionate Lesbian romance.

If you can't get to your local Gay and Lesbian bookstore, you can order STONEHURST by sending $9.95, plus $1.50 postage and handling to:
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Or calling 1-800-533-1973

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Let's Get Political!

by Vanna White (aka T. Neal)
from the KK, Apr/May, 1993

Beware the fiendish gay hordes! Gays should stay in the closet! Gay sex perverted, unnatural behavior!

Are you sick of reading and hearing these words? Tired of the twisted lies and ugly rhetoric vomited almost daily by the bigots next door? Feeling unsafe and unwelcome in your hometown? Well I am, and there are mornings I feel downright emotionally battered after reading the newspaper. What to do?

Everyone must chart their own survival course through a barrage like this. I have found the best strategy for me is to get involved in the political process. By asserting my rights, I rebuild an assaulted sense of self that results from being portrayed so wrongly.

I invite those of you on the political sidelines to join. WE NEED YOU!!! Being political takes many forms. Let me share my personal political arsenal checklist of late:

1. BE INFORMED. Ignorance is my own worst enemy. Even as the most obvious advocate for my life and my freedom to choose, I don't absorb by osmosis the nitty gritty facts which are needed to make a difference in discussion. It takes some effort; this issue of the KK has a few pearls (see related articles) and the [Anchorage]Daily News, bless its heart, does a good job. Read, go to meetings, ask questions of those close to the action. Take advantage of the wisdom base of the many talented activists in our community. Practice articulating your position - that's verbal ladies - in the shower.

2. BE VISIBLE. EDUCATE. Fear is enemy number two. My heart still beats a tad faster when explaining why I am wearing a pink triangle button. The good news is that it is getting easier. Wear those buttons! I've given away five or six right off my jacket to supporters. They are great conversation starters. The most moving of moments came for me when I explained the origin of the pink triangle as a symbol for gays and lesbians.

COME OUT, COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE! They want us in the closet where darkness and isolation reinforce our sense of illegitimacy, both personally and communally. It takes courage and in some cases the risk is great. But the rewards are rich and go beyond your own sphere. Polls show that individuals who know or associate with gays are far more likely to be supportive of civil rights for homosexuals. Should that surprise you? Hell no, my lesbian and gay friends are some of the most wonderful people on the planet. Let the world know that, too.

WRITE LETTERS TO THE PAPER. We don't like to admit it, but we are subconsciously keeping score. (Three against, one for, looking bad today......)

3. DONATE MONEY. Money is the lubricant of the political process. Some of us, I know, have already given more money during this campaign than in any former political seasons and for good reason: this referendum hits close to home. What your dollars buy:

$2.90 sends 10 letters of appeal to supporters
$25 buys 30 seconds of radio time
$65 buys red lipstick drawn tenderly from my cleavage
(you awake?)
$300 buys 30 seconds of TV time
$3000 buys a full page ad in the paper

There are two groups that are currently active in the anti-repeal process and in the longer term challenge of education to eradicate hate and prejudice against gays and lesbians. Information on how to contact them or send donations is found in elsewhere this issue.

GIVING MONEY CAN BE FUN! Watch for fundraiser parties, auctions, concerts. Who knows when someone in a black lace dress might grace your fete?

4. DONATE TIME, ENERGY, TALENT, MORE MONEY. Not all of us have money to spare. But we have talent to go the long haul. Can you work a computer? Lick envelopes? Write position statements? Speak in front of people? There is a niche for you. Contact EQUAL or Alaskans for Civil Rights.

Get creative about fundraising; at the suggestion of ACR, I just wrote 30 letters to friends and family members asking for a donation. Have a party and do this with your friends. It was a moving experience on some level, trying to explain why this was important enough to send a form letter asking for money. I was surprised at the power of my own words. Alaskans for Civil Rights has a form letter and pre-stamped envelopes you can use.

5. SUPPORT YOUR SUPPORTERS. We are fortunate to have among us some incredibly dedicated members of the community, our extended families, and legions of allies. Some are spending enormous resources, personal, financial and professional, to wage this battle. You've seen them at meetings, in the newspaper, at assembly meetings, heard them on TV and radio. They have hosted fund raisers, published newsletters, worn buttons, sent money, and taken the heat. Remember to thank them. I hereby THANK YOU ALL!! There are other ways to show
appreciation - take them a pizza, offer child care, give them a hug. Vote for them!

6. SUPPORT AND THANK YOURSELF. It just wouldn't be PC to leave out this one. These are tough times: take care of yourself. The strain of daily vilification and increased threats of violence and recrimination can take its toll on the bravest among us. For me, talking about the pressure, acknowledging when it is present and affecting my mood, asking for support when grappling with the weight - all help. I worry about our relationships, too. At the same time all this asserting of self can be affirming of who I/we am/are, the backlash (or fear of it) can reach beyond the YOU into the realm of US. Take care of yourselves, good people.

7. LAST BUT NOT LEAST BY ANY MEANS: VOTE ON APRIL 20, GET YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS AND FAMILY AND COWORKERS TO VOTE, VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE!!!!!!!

from the KK, Apr/May, 1993

A Modest Proposal
by Mei Mei Evans

We often suffer from a sort of optical delusion. We act as if we are not connected to everything and everybody. We think we can separate ourselves from people who are different. We think that we are not connected to life in all its forms. It is the most painful delusion in the world today.

- Albert Einstein

Proposition 1 on the rapidly-approaching municipal election ballot has the potential to further widen the rift between members of our community or, perhaps, to render moot an issue which has taken on frightening proportions in its implications for how we as human beings will treat each other in the coming millennium.

As the world "shrinks" and all of us find ourselves increasingly in situations that require us to interact with others whose backgrounds may be quite divergent from our own, co-existence itself requires that we adapt new ways of being with one another. I would like to modestly propose that we try to think well of one another. I have noticed in myself that I have a tendency to assume that if someone else "wins" the goal they are seeking, that I will necessarily "lose." Are you like that, too? Perhaps we might begin by challenging our knee-jerk assumptions that another's exercise of his or her values will automatically infringe on our own.

Surely it is a cause for wonder that of all the lifetimes of all human beings ever to exist in all the world, a relative few of us inhabit this particular place in this particular time. Doesn't it make sense that we should cherish each other? If I found myself on the other side of the world in a crisis situation with a few of my fellow citizens from Anchorage - no matter what your particular background or beliefs - I'm willing to bet that I would feel a pretty strong closeness to you. In that context, our similarities would outweigh our perceived differences.

Can we learn to not only tolerate but to appreciate our diversity and to be glad that there is so much variety in our lives, enriching all of us?

Please, do you think it might be possible for us to not only tolerate, but to like each other? Do I ask too much?

Someone, not Einstein, penned the following limerick:

There were two cats of Kilkenny
Each thought there was one too many
So they fought and they fit
And they scratched and they bit
Until there wasn't any.

The moral is clear. Unless we learn to honor and respect our diversity, we will increasingly rend and ultimately destroy the fabric of our society.

(With grateful acknowledgment to a speech given by Barbara Solomon, Graduate Dean, USC Los Angeles.) Mei Mei Evans is a published writer, an adjunct professor at Alaska Pacific University and the University of Alaska Anchorage. She does seminars and workshops on cross-cultural awareness in the Anchorage area. ▼

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Gail Godwin, b. 1937, American writer
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Gays in the Military
Historically Speaking
by John Paul Hudson

Editor’s note: This retrospective and analysis of homosexuality and the military is presented here in serial form over the next three to four issues.

A successor Macedonian king, Demetrius I, was less free of censure than predecessors when it came to his homosexual pursuit of reluctant youths, one of whom fled the king’s advances by jumping into a boiling cauldron of water in a bathhouse, while the father of another imposed a fine on Demetrius after that man’s son had acquiesced.

In the 200s Antigonus II of Macedonia, who Athenaeus reports loved a harp-singer named Aristocles, founded a dynasty that would survive until the Roman conquest of 168 B.C.

The Carthaginians fielded two famous homosexual generals in the Punic Wars against Rome, Hamilcar Barca, and his son, Hannibal, in the 200s and early 100s B.C. While the former’s successes on the battlefield, and as dictator of Carthage and of a sizable Spanish empire, were not hampered by his homosexual exploits, according to accounts of Cornelius Nepos and Livy, a successor named Hasdrubal was said to have been married to Hamilcar Barca’s daughter to allay talk about the two men’s being lovers.

As for the grandiose Hannibal, one of the great army figures of his day -- though not so great when he tried naval leadership -- his inclusion among homosexual leaders is based mostly on the biography of Nepos, in which it was stated that when Hannibal’s brother-in-law sent for Hannibal to come to Spain, it was rumored in Carthage that Hasdrubal was planning to use Hannibal as the father Hamilcar had used Hasdrubal. This was reputedly much to the dismay of some elder statesmen who thought that the continuation of such affairs among her generals from generation to generation might give Carthage an "odd reputation."

Roman military greats of the Second and First Centuries B.C. included the "blood and iron" conqueror and dictator Lucius Cornelius Sulla, who favored actors, as well as a few actresses; Nichomedes III of Bithynia; and one of the best known warriors of all time, Gaius Julius Caesar.

Caesar’s attachment to Nichomedes may have impaired his judgment with regard to his own self-discipline as a soldier. In the course of the Second Mithridatic War (83-81 B.C.), Caesar was sent as a promising young aide to raise a fleet in Bithynia, where he tarried so long beyond the duties of his mission with the handsome young king that their affair became something of a scandal. He contrived reasons for a return and further stay, and it was Cicero who described Caesar’s having acted as royal cup-bearer during a wild party at the youthful Bithynian court, then being conducted, clad in a purple chemise, to the royal bedchamber.

Enemies of Caesar in later years mocked him with the title "Queen of Bithynia," but apparently the widespread knowledge that he was promiscuous with other men did not limit his ability to command armies, or dilute the respect of ordinary soldiers. His men, after the conquest of Gaul, were permitted to include in their repertoire of ribald songs a ditty that went: "Behold now in triumph Caesar, who under him brought Gaul;/Sharing not the triumph Nicodemus, who under himself brought Caesar."

A popular epithet of the day applied to this beloved leader was "Husband to every woman and wife to every man." Besides his three wives and Cleopatra, wives of many another man were linked to Caesar.

The poet Catullus referred to a homosexual affair of the conquering Caesar with a mysterious "Mamurra," who may have been the ambitious Mark Anthony, and Augustus Caesar was accused of managing his own adoption as Caesar’s heir by making himself sexually available to his great-uncle in Spain.

While documentary evidence would seem to establish that numerous Roman and some Byzantine warrior-emperors were exclusively homosexual or, more accurately, ambisexual -- which was the more prevalent condition among upperclass men in ancient as well as Medieval and Renaissance societies -- in the West it was not until 1066 that a homosexual warrior who was to become King of England distinguished himself first and, as it happened, forever as a conqueror: William II, the Norman invader.

This outstanding general was so ardent homosexually that he refused even to enter into the obligatory marriage -- just as had the hold-out Romans Nero, Caligula and Commodus. Upon becoming king he left off the classic persons of a soldier -- which Shakespeare would later best define as being "full of oaths and bearded like the pard" -- by presenting his clean-shaven face framed by long curling hair, and holding court among a sybarite group whose flighty actions were said to be offensive to public decorum.

Sodomy became so fashionable under the reign of this bachelor conqueror that the saint-to-be Anselm urged in a letter to an archdeacon that the Church be lenient in dealing with sodomites because "hitherto this sin has been so public that hardly anyone has
blushed for it, and many, therefore, have plunged into it without realizing its gravity."

To be continued...

John Paul Hudson, who was at Stonewall, has been called a "pioneer writer for the Gay Press" in such publications as The Gay Book of Days, thanks to his involvement as New York correspondent and feature columnist for the original Advocate and as a star columnist for Gay, America's first gay weekly. His Gay Insider books and the Gothic suspense novel Superstar Murder? brought him to national prominence. Recently completed: the first draft of a book related to AIDS and the metaphysics of gayness, called The Lost Commandment.

License Plate Language:
A Test

The following is only one of a series of funny (we say hilarious) visuals similar to the phonetic car plates seen daily across our fair city/state/nation. In order to appreciate and "get" the joke, one must read it aloud.

Ready? Here goes:

MR DUCKS
MR NOT
OSAR
CM WANGS
LIB
MR DUCKS

In case the meaning escapes you entirely, the Northview will print the translation in next month's rag, along with another of these little beauties. If you were lucky enough to have been taught to read by sounding out words and letters phonetically, you are ahead of the rest of us poor dolts who struggle daily with unfamiliar words. So get out your pencils.

There will be a test at the end of the semester! 

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Flash! KSKA To Have Ballot Debate from the KK, Apr/May, 1993

Heard it on the radio...KSKA is planning to devote air time to discussion of upcoming election candidates and ballot issues, including the proposed [Gay Rights] ordinance repeal. They have issued a call to the public to send in questions to be addressed. This is a good chance to publicly clarify points of the ordinance that have become hopelessly mired in confusion. So, write KSKA with appropriately illuminating questions!

Examples: Does the ordinance as written and passed really institute special rights for homosexuals? Are illegal acts such as child molestation protected under the ordinance? Are employers forced to hire homosexuals under a quota system? Write KSKA 4101 University Drive Anchorage 99508.

WORD GAYME #55: MEN ON FILM

DOWN
1. Lillian Faderman's Girls and Twilight Lovers
2. John Reed film, and Sympathy
3. Mood
4. Movie heavy, Greenstreet
5. Garlands
6. Everything
7. Harry
8. Perry Mason stars, ___, Hart
9. Play parts
10. Stonewall event
11. Leading man, ___, Grant
16. Type of force or head
20. Pen's partner
21. Tropical tree
22. Home of Gaysnow newspaper
23. Trees
24. London theater (with Greek)
25. Gay activists/British actor McKellen and nannycakes
28. T.V. family that had a gay son
29. Picnic playground
30. Unactable Elliot
32. Stiff, formal
35. Observe
36. Actor Robert
38. Southern star (abbe)
39. Actor Robeson or Muni
40. T.V. Oscar
41. On Fred Astaire's shoes
42. Always
45. Compassion in 55 across
46. A Gabor
47. Personal pension plan
48. Big horse
49. Dark bread

ACROSS
1. Singer Redding
5. The Cowardly Lion
9. Circle part
12. Conductor
13. Charles Lamb
14. Spy group
15. 50's song and dance man
17. Rock pile
18. Serbian city
19. Eastwood classic, Play ___ For Me
21. Actor Tyrone
24. He sang "Runaround Sue"
26. Nautical hello
27. Quintessential movie sissy, ___, Paigbon
31. Limerick (abbe)
32. Healthy

ACROSS (Cont'd)
33. Rita Mae Brown bestseller, Six of ___
34. Roles for George Raft and Edward G. Robinson
36. Drugs
37. Simple
38. Lones star, Maurice
39. Equal actor, Firth
42. T.V. series, Roe ___
43. Doctor's group
44. Gig star, Maurice
45. Softball official
46. Nautical "bearded"
52. Paris airport
53. Fleur de ___
54. "Same time next ___"
55. Garden tool
"X" Marks the Spot or
They're Off and Running!

Political endorsements are not the bag of this rag, but that doesn't keep the editorial staff from noting where various candidates stand on issues of importance to our readers. The list below is separated into two sections, School Board Candidates and Assembly Candidates. Those in each list who are officially "on the record" as being supportive of Lesbian and Gay Rights issues have a star (*) by their name.

[Editor's note: this information is based on the best information available. Please check around if you have any questions.]

**Anchorage School Board**

**Seat A** Jim Arlington appointed to Dorothy Cox's seat

* 1. Jim Arlington
   2. Dr. Margaret Fischer
* 3. Dr. Charles G. Moses
* 4. Caroline Gardner

**Seat C** Darryl Jordan, Incumbent (seeking a third term)

  1. Darryl Jordan
  * 2. Patti Higgins
  3. William H. "Bill" McKee
  4. John Fleming

**Seat D** Peggy Robinson-Wilson appointed to Walt Featherly's seat

* 1. Peggy Robinson-Wilson
  2. Don Smith
  3. Manual A. "Wally" Wallace
  4. Joe Ressel

**Seat E** Ann Ballow appointed to Carol Stolpe's seat

  1. Ann Ballow
  * 2. Harriet Drummond
  3. Lorraine Ferrell
  * 4. David Oliver
  5. Nathaniel Perry

**Seat G** Debbie Ossiander appointed to Cabot Christianson's seat

* 1. Debbie Ossiander
  2. Tony Petrone

**Assembly Candidates**

**Seat B** Downtown

* 1. Marilyn Heiman
* 2. Gordon Glaser
  3. Charles Wohlforth
* 4. Tammy Townsend
  5. Gloria Schriver
  6. Warren DeSoto
  7. Ed Jenkins

**Seat C** Eagle River

  1. Craig Campbell
  2. Tom Staudenmaier
  3. David Walker

**Seat E** Spenard

* 1. Fay Von Gemmingen
* 2. Gil Lulay
  3. Joseph Murdy

**Seat G** Midtown

* 1. Duane French
  2. Kevin Meyer
  3. Frank Thompson
  4. Jim Weymouth

**Seat I** Muldoon

  1. Charles R. "Chuck" Booher
  2. Eddie Burke
  3. Cheryl Clementson
  4. Willie Creech
  5. John Wilson

**Seat K** South Anchorage

* 1. Jim Barnett
  2. Jennifer Garcia
  3. Bob Bell
  4. Paul McGrady
* 5. Randy Lee Schaffer ▼

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Negative Energy
by Carmen Cash

Negative energy has been around a time or two. It looms in the air like a settling fog. There is its counterpart, positive energy. This brightens our lives like the sun. We want the warmth of the sun in our lives, but sometimes it hides beyond the clouds for long periods of time.

As adults we learn to accept negative energy in some forms. However, when it follows us or leads us home to our private world and stays for a while like a nagging relative, the effect can be devastating. Negative energy can be conquered and replaced by positive energy. It can be a difficult task, depending on the amount of negativity that surrounds you.

Negative energy colors are sullen. They are not necessarily black or brown. They are subdued, depressing colors that can be blue, pink, or any other color. It is not the color that matters as much as the shade which paints your world when negative energy is near.

Since negative energy can stay for a while, it can make you feel like being stuffed in an empty, dark suitcase with a lock and key (ugh!). Your surroundings are sullen, perhaps even colorless. Feelings are closed in...not allowed to breathe or to expand themselves naturally. The result: suffocation, feeling closed in, disconnected from the rest of the world, alone and trapped inside a space of negative energy.

Where does it take us, and what do we do?
Our personalities play a big part in how we deal with negative energy in our lives. Some of this energy is easier to deal with than others. Environment, worldly issues, time, space and previous experiences with negative energy can also play a part in our emotions and our behavior.

Too much negative energy creates a disfunctioning system inside as well as outside a person. Behaviors fluctuate drastically when negative energy is abundant, and destructive behavior breeds more of the same.

The trick, of course, is to break away from the pattern...easy to say and difficult to do. Human nature creates diversities fueled by one’s own personal garbage and clutter, thereby enabling negative energy to flow. Positive energy does the opposite: it gives life, it loves us warmly. It’s our duty to ourselves to find positive energy and bring it home with us. Another way of using positive energy is having faith in a goal you’ve set for yourself. Tearing through the tough times and striding forth with minimal fear helps open that suitcase more and more until you unpack yourself, stuff the negative energy, instead, inside, lock it and throw it out with the trash.

Something to strive for in this life of ours.
Love, Peace and Happiness!
Carmen Cash is a budding writer, a member of EQUAL and Straight-But-Not-Narrow ally.

FourA's Membership Drive Underway

The Alaskan AIDS Assistance Association's (FourA's) annual Membership Drive began April 1st and ends May 31st. Currently there are only 160 paid members of the FourA's. Organizers hope this years' Membership Drive will increase the number of paid members to 750.

Membership is a crucial part of the FourA's organization. The $25 Basic Membership, as well as higher membership levels, generates much needed revenue and provides the forum from which the Board of Directors is elected. More importantly, becoming a member, volunteer, or donor to the FourA's signifies your dedication to fighting the spread of HIV/AIDS in Alaska.

The FourA's offers many benefits to its members. All members receive the tri-annual newsletter, current HIV/AIDS information updates, voting privileges, agency fliers, access to free educational seminars and more. Donors at the Basic Plus level receive a FourA's coffee mug, members joining at the Silver level receive a signed Rie Munoz limited edition print and Gold Members will receive a signed framed limited edition Rie Munoz print. Moreover, the FourA's provides its members with the knowledge and information needed to protect their families and friends against HIV/AIDS.

Your membership is greatly needed! Enclosed with this newsletter is a self addressed envelope containing a Membership Card. Please take the time now to complete this short form and mail in your Membership Dues.

If you have any questions about Membership in the FourA's contact Brian Becker at 276-1400. We need you to join us in the fight against HIV/AIDS in Alaska! ▼
...just about every culture
by Kurt Parish

Recently I had the extreme pleasure to witness 15%’s "The Celebration of Change". I couldn’t believe that there were less than twenty men, including the party of four that I was a part of. For a theatre that holds 800 people it was a sad showing for gay men. Having been involved with the Imperial Court of Alaska for a couple of years I found that it is mostly made up of gay men. Can we genuinely expect support from the non-gay/lesbian community when intra-community support seems (at "Celebration" as well as other happenings) so lacking.

During the last few months Anchorage and the citizens thereof have engaged in an ongoing battle regarding adding the words "sexual orientation" to a city ordinance that covers discrimination in the workplace. Since this issue came forth I have felt a compulsion to address it. Not knowing where to focus this additional energy I decided to express my thoughts and feelings, and try to put them into words in hopes of bringing just a little more awareness into our lives.

Having worked in a "temporary" status, among other things, for the last two years I have finally gotten a permanent job with a company that employs over 250 men and women. Out of all these people five know that I am gay and three others have discovered my true identity by having a mutual gay friend. There are also three others that I know are gay or that frequent establishments that cater to homosexuals.

That means I am aware of at least a dozen people that definitely tolerate, if not endorse homosexuality. It is these people that are going to make a difference in whether this ordinance is going to pass or not. I have made a commitment to myself to broach the subject with at least twelve of my fellow co-workers, in the days to come, before the community marches to the polls. If every gay man, lesbian, and ally were to get five others to vote on this issue it may have a chance at succeeding. Otherwise, Prevo is going to accomplish his goal in closing the lid on this vital issue once again.

There is such a diversity within the gay community that we can accomplish bringing the awareness, and severity of this ordinance to just about every culture, corner, and aspect of Anchorage’s community...well, except maybe one. If people feel the need to stay closeted at their work place, I would hope they would make an effort to encourage friends and family, who otherwise might not take the initiative to vote, and urge them to help make a difference. People tend not to vote on issues that don’t affect them, and they won’t know unless we each do our part to educate them.

We need to not only make a stand for our rights as citizens but a stand for our individuality. We need to be more accepting and understanding of each other and show the "NO" voters that we are humane to everyone. I hope that from this experience the gay men, lesbians, and straight community can learn to not only co-exist in equanimity, but perhaps work together on the real issues facing our society.

Kurt Parish lives in Anchorage, is a member of the Imperial Court, a gay activist and an aspiring writer. ▼

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Manager

IT WAS BASED ON PHYSICAL ATTRACTION...I'M SORGEUS AND HE WAS ATTRACTION.
That's how it was, and how it is.
(Remembering)
by Dan Cook

I was raised in the Seattle area, and when I came out in the late fifties it was extremely dangerous. The ones who should have been there to help were some of the worst. The police knew the law was on their side. Just to be gay was against the law, aside from the act itself. The bar owners had to pay every beat cop each week and they would still raid the bars and harass the customers. If you walked out of the bar alone you could be arrested or required to pay a fine (cash only) on the spot.

You could not report being harassed because the very fact that you were gay meant you were committing a crime.

Gay organizations were also against the law. The only groups that had a chance were informational or clinical groups that registered under the guise of helping heterosexuals understand what homosexuals were.

There was one group called Jamma Phi. I can still remember our parties being raided. Even if they rented a grange hall in some God forsaken farm community, the word got out and 2-400 would show and guess who also would show up? That's right--the cops. I broke many a heel running through the woods, but Jamma Phi never gave up. They did however get a lot smarter, and so did the bars.

The bars took the cops to court and won. Because the payola, as we called it, was against the law. Owning a bar, gay or straight was within the law. The bar owners had hits out on them. Thank God the Fed's gave them projection, sometimes moving them to another county and only letting them come in to testify. To this day we have a far better life because of those gutsy bar owners. "Remember Stone-wall".

Across this great nation we finally stood tall and said we wouldn't take it any more. We have been fighting and gaining for many many years. "So few to speak for so many."

There is no gain without some pain. If you can not join, than contribute: EQUAL, P.O. Box 244452, Anchorage, AK 99524-4452; Alaskans for Civil Rights, P.O. Box 201348, Anchorage, AK 99520-1348, March on Washington, 603 W/20th Ave., Anchorage, AK 99503. Please dig down this time. It's your life and you deserve a wonderful, peaceful, free and loving world. Well, that's how it was--and how it is.

Till next time...
Cherresse AKA Dan Cook was Empress I of Eugene, OR, Empress 18 of All Alaska and very active in gay politics over a long period of time.

GAY BAR:
A monthly question and answer session on legal issues of interest to lesbians and gay men such as relationship contracts, wills, custody & visitation

Every second Monday of the month, 7:00 - 8:30
Open to the public. No Charge.

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Jews, Queers, and Closets
by Rabbi Yonassan Gershom

Over the past few weeks, readers of Equal Time have debated whether being queer is analogous to being black. Maybe, maybe not. But I can say this: being queer is a lot like being Jewish. To begin, the very use of the word "queer"—once an insult but now a term of pride—parallels the use of the word "Jew" in the English language. During the late 19th century, American Jews often called themselves "Hebrews," because the dominant culture used "Jew" as a pejorative (as in "Jew the price down" or "dirty Jew.")

By the 1950s, Jewish publications were saying "of the Jewish faith," a rather affected phrase still used by some Jews and many Gentiles. But the majority of Jewish people today have reclaimed the word "Jew" as a term of pride, a defiant affirmation that "Jewish is beautiful" in spite of what the bigots may say.

So what is a Jew? While Jewishness is not a race, neither is it merely a religion. On the anthropological level, to be Jewish is to belong to a tribal people whose membership, according to Jewish tradition, is determined by whether or not your mother is Jewish. It is also possible for Gentiles to convert to Judaism, and if they do so, they are considered bona fide members of the tribe.

In other words, Jews are like queers in that some are undoubtedly born that way, while others are self-made. But in either case, once you are Jewish, you face the same issues about "coming out" that confront gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgender (G-L-B-T) people. "To tell or not to tell" is often THE question.

Many people today do not realize that before the Civil Rights Amendment was passed in 1964, the same types of restrictions directed against people of color were also used against Jews in America.

When I was growing up in the 1950s, employers could openly refuse to hire Jews. There were neighborhoods where we could not live and clubs we could never join, no matter how much money we had. "Exclusive" was synonymous with "fashionable," which in practice meant "white Christians only."

Those were the days of Anglicized names and nose jobs, when Jews straightened their hair and decorated "Hanukkah bushes" in order to "pass" for Gentiles. "Ethnic-looking" Jews who could not "pass" were often stuck in dead-end jobs and ghettos—a Yiddish word which originally meant "the Jewish part of town." And yes, it did happen right here in Minnesota.

Nowadays, American Jews have equal rights under the law, and can be found in all walks of life. But the closet issues still remain, and wearing a Star of David can be compared to wearing a pink triangle.

Once, while working for a Minneapolis insurance company, I was having extreme difficulty getting the Jewish holy days off. At one point my supervisor said to me, "I think you are just using your religion as an excuse to get more days off. The other Jews in this department work on those days."

I was shocked. Not one of those fellow employees had ever identified themselves to me as being Jewish. In fact, they tended to avoid socializing with me, as if hanging out with a "blatant" Jew who wore a beard and skullcap would stigmatize them. As indeed it might, because, for Jews as well as women and racial minorities, the "glass ceiling" is definitely in place. Although the stereotype has it that Jews "control the money," in reality there are very few Jews beyond middle management in the corporate world.

Within the queer community, too, Jews sometimes feel they must hide in the closet in order to be socially accepted. As a spiritual director, I have listened to many G-L-B-T people tell me how they "suppress" their Jewish identities in order to "fit in." In fact, many have said that they are more "out" about being gay or lesbian in the Jewish community than they are about being Jewish in the queer community. Simply sharing the same sexual orientation is no guarantee against prejudice.

As a "professional Jew" who is paid to look and act Jewish, (after all, I am a rabbi), I seldom come into contact with overt prejudice on the public speaking circuit. However, I am also aware that panel discussions are an artificial construct, and for this reason I sometimes travel incognito, just to see what the real world is like. Because I have somewhat "Aryan" features, it is possible for me to "pass" for a Gentile. All I have to do is change my clothes, tone down my hand gestures, and use "Minnesota Nice" voice inflections. In short, conform to local "norms."

But on the other hand, during these undercover forays, I have frequently endured bigoted slurs and ethnic jokes about Jews, told by otherwise "nice" people who did not know that I was Jewish. What to do? Laugh at something that was not funny? Refuse to laugh and be asked what was "wrong" with me? Try to raise consciousness while remaining in the closet? Or come out and risk ostracism? I doubt there is a queer person on earth who has not faced the same dilemma.

Which brings us back to my original point. Being gay is like being Jewish because in both cases it is usually possible to "pass," but the price of that closet
is high. We find ourselves constantly weighing the social advantages of the closet against its emotional costs.

I personally do not believe in "outing" people, either as Jews or as gays, because I see that as a violation of individual privacy. But at the same time, I have spent many hours in one-to-one conversations, discussing the advantages of publicly affirming Jewish pride. And I suspect that, if I were to list my arguments for coming out as a queer, the reasons would be very much the same.

Taken from the 01/29/93 - 02/12/93 Equal Time published by Lavender Inc., a Minnesota non-profit corporation.

A Kettle in the Closet

What if I could tell my story without censoring it? Without worrying if some family member might see it and be hurt/offended/shocked? Without being eternally NICE? At the thought of truth talk, I experienced both intense relief and a sense of urgency that would not allow sleep until I wrote this.

I grew up surrounded by homosexual men and women before I knew what "homosexual" meant or knew that this term described the sexual orientation of my loved ones. I think I find the term "homosexual" distasteful because my first encounter with it was hearing a minister describe my father as a "homo". The tone was clearly derogatory. My mother had us convinced that our father was gay, something which he denies to this day. He, on the other hand, insinuated strongly that since my mother's bed partner after he left was a woman, a lesbian even, that my mother was -- well, you know... It seemed a matter of the pot calling the kettle black.

Looking back, it seems significant that so many of the people our parents brought into our lives were warm and loving fascinating and funny, full of life, and homosexual. Only I didn't know about their homosexuality until years later when our relationships were such that their sexual orientation was just one more interesting aspect of them. I see now how fortunate I was to know them as people, then as people who are homosexual.

My brother lived in the same house that I did, but his experience was clearly different. He and his wife see homosexuality as an "abomination of the Lord" while I see it as about as abnormal as being left-handed. Somehow we were surrounded by the same people and made different decisions about them. Needless to say we discuss neither politics nor religion.

I wish our parents would come out of the closet -- if in fact they are closeted. I suspect that the truth of their sexual orientation will go to the grave with them. I'm not even sure how important that is to me.

In order to tell this story, the author wishes to remain anonymous. March 31, 1993.

The Endless Loop of Homophobia

There is no discrimination against gays, so no protective laws ("special rights") are needed.

Gay sex is perverted and unnatural. We should not encourage or tolerate it (we discriminate).
Full Page: $75

1/4 page: $25

Business Card: $15

1/2 page: $40

3 months: 10% discount
6 months: 17.5% discount
12 months: 25% discount

Full inside back page: $100
The Directory

This directory is a fledgling "yellow pages" and reference guide. It isn't complete, either. Want to be listed? Know someone who you think wants to be listed? It's free! Write Identity or call Ken at 248-7722 or Angie/Linda at the KK at 337-0253.

The designations of (L)esbian, (G)ay and (A)lly indicate that the business or service is owned by (L)esbians, (G)ays or (A)llies. All peoples (regardless of sexual orientation) are encouraged and welcome to call for further information.

All listings are in Anchorage unless otherwise indicated.

AA:
(G) Midnight Sons, see Calendar

AIDS:
(A) Alaska AIDS Assistance Assoc., 276-1400
(A) Interior AIDS Assoc., 452-4222
(A) Pierce County AIDS Found. (WA), 206-383-2565
(A) S.T.O.P. AIDS Project, Gwen, 278-5019

Art:
(L) Studio Designs, Lita, 279-4606

Astrology:
(A) Rainbow Counseling, Maureen, 277-0582

Automotive:
(A) Courtemay's, Michael, 562-1227

Bakery:
(G) Illusions, Brian, 243-8457

Bars:
(A) The Blue Moon, 277-0441
(G) The Raven, 276-9672
(G) O'Brady's, 344-8033, 338-1080, 563-1080 (see ad)

Bed & Breakfast:
(G) Alta's (Fairbanks), Pete, 457-0246
(G) Aurora Winds, James/Bill, 346-2533 (see ad)
(L) The Butterfly Inn, Kay (Hawaii), 808-966-7936
(A) Island Watch, Elleen (Homer), 235-2265
(L) Mermaid Inn, Nancy/Bonnie (Ft. Lauderdale, FL), 305-565-8437

Books:
(L) Alaska Women's Bookstore, Joann/Mariah, 562-4716 (see ad)
(A) Alaskana, Gene, 561-1340

Catering:
(G) Alaska Best Catering, Maurice, 338-1080, 337-1969
(G) Illusions, Brian, 243-8457
(G) Silver Spoon Cleaning & Catering, Brent, 258-0828

Computer Bulletin Board:
(G) AK Computerized Shopping Mall, 248-7997
(A) Myth's Reality (Berdache), 333-3425; 338-2869
(G) The Wilde Side, 333-4039

Computer Consultants, Graphic Design, & Desktop Publishing:
(L) Angie, 337-0253 (see ad)
(G) Tom, 338-1312
(A) Helleck & Assoc., Terry, 276-3869
(A) LLR Technologies, Logan, 272-7377
(G) Lucian, 272-0328
(G) Mark, 344-1508
(G) Randy, 276-8102

Deaf Support:
(A) Interpreter Referral Line, 277-3323 voice, 277-8735 tty
(A) Deaf Rehabilitation Serv., 277-3456 voice, 258-2232, tty

Electrical:
(G) The Electric Doctor, Bob, 561-2225

Electrolysis:
(G) Gentle Touch, 561-6685 (see ad)

Entertainment:
(G) Capri Cinema, 561-0664, Movieline: 275-3799 (see ad)
(A) Mascorella Music, Diane, 277-9751

Florists:
(G) Fireweed Florist, Steve, 276-0625

Gardening:
(L) Green Earth Gardening, Susan, 337-3543 (see ad)

Gender:
(B) Berdache Society, P.O. Box 203134, Anch., AK 99520-3134

General Contracting:
(A) House Surgeons, Ken, 561-5274

Gifts:
(L) Alaska Women's Bookstore, Joann/Mariah, 562-4716 (see ad)
(A) Love of Alaska, Talyne, 243-0876

Hair Styling:
(G) Gabrielle, 272-9045 (see ad)
(G) Jim, 338-6749
(A) LifeSpa, Internet!, Ledja, 411

Health:
(L) Health Advocacy-Medical/Legal Research, Linda, 337-0253
(A) Skin care, Shari, 688-2963

Helpline:
(G/L) Identity Helpline, 258-4777
(G/L) Fairbanks Lesbian/Gay Line, 452-3745, Code 82

Homeless:
(A) Brother Francis Shelter, Lynne, 277-1731

Home Products:
(G) Watkins Products, Jim, 243-5064
House Cleaning:
(A) Green Valley Cleaning, Tara, 345-4657
(G) Silver Spoon Cleaning & Catering, Brent, 258-8828

House Sitting:
(I) Carol, 271-4131 (see ad)

Hypnotherapy:
(A) Rainbow Counselling, Maureen, 277-0582

Jewelry:
(A) Peggy's Jewelry & Repair, Peggy, 562-1895

Landscaping:
(L) Green Earth Gardening, Susan, 337-3543 (see ad)

Legal:
(L) Mendel & Huntington, Allison, 279-5001 (see ad)
(A) Short, Sylvia, 562-4992

Massage (therapeutic, Swedish, Shiatsu, and much more):
(G) Gabriel, 272-9045 (see ad)
(L) Leslie, 277-0713 (see ad)
(L) Vicki, 277-5222

Mental Health:
(G) Ability Design Associates, Doran, 258-2561 (see ad)
(A) Connie, 345-0088
(A) Jan, 248-9408
(L) Joanne, 562-1826
(A) Mental Health Consumers of Alaska, Brian, 277-3817

Mortgage Brokers:
(A) City Mortgage, Lynn LaPerriere, 277-0700 (see ad)

Native Arts/Culture:
(A) Moon Dancer Arts, Rosemary (Wasilla), 373-5353

Painting:
(L) L&L Painting, Lisa, 277-7549

Pet Care:
(A) Doggie Hut, Arlid, 279-5861 (see ad)

Photography:
(G) Fotos by Frank, Frank, 337-3399 (see ad)

Political:
(G/L) EQUAL, the Alaskan Gay & Lesbian Task Force, 561-1755, x1021
(G/L) March on Washington, Scott/Herman: 258-5131, Lori: 274-5674, Jaime: 338-8762,
Doug: 277-3862

Printing, Electronic Graphics:
(A) Alaska Micro Associates, Rebecca, 337-0460
(A) SOS Printing, Val, 562-1678
(A) Timeframe, 562-3822 (see ad)

Private Investigators:
(L) K&K Investigating, Karyn, 561-3665

Recreation:
(L) Alaska Women of the Wilderness, Rachel, 658-2226

Real Estate:
(G) Apollo Real Estate, Bob, 561-7481 (see ad)
(A) Bronwyn Hillman, 248-2804; 563-5156 (see ad)
(L) Dynamic Properties, Jill, 279-7611
(L) Dynamic Properties, Lucille, 279-7611 (see ad)
(A) Dynamic Properties, Steven, 279-7611

Restaurants:
(G) Cyrano's Cafe, 274-1173
(G) O'Brady's, 344-8033, 338-1080, 563-1080 (see ad)

Rooming Houses:
(A) Regina's, 276-4904

Social:
(G) Anchorage Garden Buddies, 272-9220

Sociology, research:
(L) Susan Johnson, Ph.D., 272-4113

Spiritual:
(A) Alaska Women of the Wilderness, Rachel, 658-2226
(A) Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, Art, 248-3737
(A) Lamb of God Metropolitan Community Church, Jim, 338-6749 (see ad)

Sports:
(I) Alaska Women of the Wilderness, Rachel, 658-2226
(A) Flies by Ilene (Eagle River), 694-6946

Support Groups:
(G) Ability Design Associates, Doran, 258-2561 (see ad)

Travel:
(G) Apollo Travel Agency, Bob, Cherisee, 561-0661 (see ad)

Woodworking:
(L) The Alaska Woodpile, Boston, 561-6670
(L) North Star Sights, Rusty, 333-7900

Writing & Editing Assistance:
(G) Mel Mel, 276-7269 (see ad)
O'Brady's Burgers & Brew
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(907) 338-1080

Calais II
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Anchorage, Alaska 99503
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