A special dance for women and men with live music from the band that played for the March on Washington and produced their first cassette all in the same month!

**WHERE:** Elks Club Lodge (3rd Ave. & G St.)

**WHEN:** Saturday, October 9th

**TIME:** 8pm - midnight

**ADMISSION:** $7.50 per person, at the door

**LIVE MUSIC:** "Sky is Blu" -- fabulous Rock 'n Roll, swing and slow dancing! No host bar.

**Identity, Inc.** is sponsoring another opportunity for you to tell other friends and community supporters your own personal coming out story. Hear others tell inspiring accounts and enjoy a great chance to practice your own COMING OUT.

**PLACE:** Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, 3201 Turnagain St. (West on No. Lgts., cross Minn., left on Turnagain STREET).

**WHEN:** Sunday, October 10th.

**TIME:** 1:30pm - 4:00pm

(in the Sanctuary)

National Coming Out Day is a campaign about truth, power, and liberation...
NorthView

Identity NorthView is a monthly publication of Identity, Inc., a non-profit, Alaskan corporation concerned with issues of sexual identity. NorthView is published as a community service and the views expressed herein do not necessarily represent the views of the directors, officers or members of Identity, Inc. The publication of an individual’s or organization’s name or photo in NorthView is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person’s or organization’s membership.


Distribution: the NorthView is free upon request and is mailed at special non-profit, bulk mailing rates. Identity’s mailing list is confidential and is not sold, given or loaned to anyone. Copies of NorthView are also distributed at select businesses in the Anchorage area. Financial contributions are gladly accepted to defray mailing costs.

Copying: please feel free to copy this news-letter and give it to anyone whom you feel will enjoy it or benefit from it.

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 or Mac OK). 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 October 12th for inclusion in the October 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.

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Lesbian/Gay Connection Wanted:
* Don’t throw away your magazines. She’s still in Alaska but Dillingham ain’t Anchorage. Please save things such as Newsweek, Utne Reader, Mother Jones and any feminist or lesbian periodicals (or gay publications that aren’t pornographic or S/M and which have a balance of women writers). Feed a soul! Save and send appropriate periodicals Fourth Class mail (gets there the same as First Class and costs less) to Karen Carlisle, P.O. Box 763, Dillingham, AK 99576.
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Anchorage Gay & Lesbian HELPLINE

258-4777
NorthView Editorial

Coming out. We all need to do it. In some manner. Why? Because visibility is our only hope for achieving equal rights. How? Because when people (friends, employers, business associates, social contacts, network folks) know that we’re Lesbian or Gay, they are far more likely to realize that it isn’t an issue of "we" v. "they," rather it’s "us." In Identity Reports, Sexual Orientation Bias in Alaska (Melissa S. Green, Jay K. Brause, Identity, Inc, 1989) the following statements appear:

"Sixty-four percent of gay and lesbian Alaskans believe that, "Equal rights and opportunities for lesbians and gay men can only be achieved when we 'come out of the closet' in greater numbers."

"Sixty-four percent of the employers and landlords who know lesbians or gay men personally support an ordinance prohibiting sexual orientation discrimination. In contrast, only 29% of the employers and landlords who do not know lesbians of gay men personally support such an ordinance."

Does that mean everyone has to rush out and announce to the world they’re Lesbian or Gay? No. That would be foolhardy in some cases and dangerous in others. We’re all aware that homophobia takes many forms, some verbal, some physical -- a caller left a message on the Helpline the other night saying that "all you faggots should catch AIDS and die" (no mention of Lesbians).

As the co-Editor of this publication put it, you don’t have to get up on the "stage" if that doesn’t suit you, but you are part of the process even if you eschew the "stage." That’s because if you’re Lesbian or Gay (or a part of any minority, for that matter), you’re automatically grouped with the it’s-OK-to-discriminate-against-these-people folks. And we are pretty aware that the last acceptable group against which to direct hatred is the homosexual community. So, get up on the stage, if you like, and be active, political, out, verbal, up front. But if that doesn’t suit you, be aware that your support can also be vital, strong and helpful in the background. If you’re not comfortable on the "stage," then at least buy a ticket to the show (send money, contribute your time, go to the meetings).

For many, it’s easy to ignore the message because they can "pass" as straight. They don’t have to worry about discrimination because no one "knows" and there’s no obvious harassment. What they don’t realize is that everyone suffers when even one of us drops the ball. And it’s hard to be constantly vigilant about combating homophobia. It’s hard to decide to rewire our daily lives a tad to "plug in" to consciousness-raising (sorry about the mixed metaphor!). It requires a slightly different focus in our lives: it requires that we either make a commitment to "get on the stage" or "go to the show." Once in a while.

Activism doesn’t have to be a way of life, but coming out in some way, every day, is vital to our struggle for equal rights. Define "coming out" for yourself and put it into action.

Need some suggestions? Come to the National Coming Out Day Speak-Out at the Unitarian Fellowship on Sunday (see Front Page). Listen to the stories. Not interested? Come to the Dance on Saturday Night (see Front Page). Can’t do? Join Identity and get involved, in the background or in the front lines (Helpline Volunteer, NorthView writing/support, Potluck involvement). No? How about Equal, Inc. (see ad). Politics! There’s the Klondyke Kontakt, write for them, support them. How about the 4As. Your work with HIV/AIDS clients is needed. Does the Anchorage Lesbian Families’ Alliance resonate? See the "Groups and Gatherings" column in this publication. Not a kid person? How about the Berdache Society for the transgendered community.

Find your niche! Not your thing? Try the Feminist Sing-A-Long. Not into singing? How about the Imperial Court (raises money for many charitable causes). Pomp and Circumstance not your cup of tea? Try religion: the Metropolitan Community Church was established as Our Church when none else would have us.

There’s no excuse for not finding some way to throw some support to the community, the cause, our very civil rights and those who will follow us. (The Helpline is rife with calls from young men and women who think they’re Lesbian/Gay and didn’t know there was ANY HELP AT ALL UNTIL THEY SAW THE AD IN THE PAPER! You are the role model, whether or not you know it at the moment.

Coming out is a process we can all relate to in some manner. (Even non-Gay/Lesbian people can come out by acknowledging their Gay/Lesbian friends in much the same manner as a Gay/Lesbian person comes out.) Find your way.

It’s your culture, your future. Join the effort to provide a superb present for ourselves and a more liveable world for everyone in the years ahead.

F. Kenneth Freedman, co-Editor ▼
The Fifties & Sixties:
Organized but Not Militant
by Karen Carlisle
Part I of II

The Mattachine Society

Just as the trial of Oscar Wilde for sodomy and the trial of Radclyff Hall's *Well of Loneliness* for obscenity publicized the fact of homosexuality to homosexuals so that individuals had at least one other person to identify with, so the Kinsey Report (1948, 1953) served to mobilize groups of homosexuals into organized social and political groups. Homosexuals were able to read in the newspapers the startling statistics about the incidence of homosexual activity in American life. Since we all know that many people would not have admitted it, it was safe to understand that there were probably many more.

And partly as a result of this astounding news, and partly because of the vision of an extraordinary thinker and activist, Harry Hay, the Mattachine Society was born. Hay who had a front marriage like so many homosexual men of the time, who was an active member of the Communist Party and a Marxist teacher went cruising at Westlake Park in Hollywood and met a handsome man.

Said handsome man invited him to a party that night which turned out to be a rather sady gathering of seminarians and music students who appeared to be of "the persuasion" to Harry's delight. The Kinsey Report was the main topic of conversation that night. To Harry, the Marxist, the fact that 37% of adult men and 25% of women had experienced homosexual relations suggested the dimensions of an organizable minority and he voiced the idea.

The others argued that organizing homosexuals was impossible. They would get arrested. They would lose their jobs. Others of "the persuasion" would be too scared. There would be too few.

Since Hay was working on a progressive presidential candidate's campaign, and thought Wallace would usher in a new progressive era, he jumped to the notion that the homosexual minority might somehow be represented at the Democratic Convention. No one but Hay was excited.

Irrepressibly, he kept spinning ideas anyway. Pooling funds to provide fast bail money and legal help for victims of entrapment. Hygiene: classes in high school could discuss homosexuality as a way of life. Creating a voting bloc of homosexuals and having delegates at the upcoming Democratic Convention. They had fun naming themselves. They considered *Fruits for Wallace*, but settled on the discreet *Bachelors for Wallace* which did become a small, visible organization.

On a roll, Harry brainstormed a homosexual agenda (Yes, Michael Johnson, there really is one! We want the same thing everyone else has.) on a piece of butcher paper with the other party guests. On his way home, he couldn't shut his mind off. There was already a move to shut down open communications after the war that worried progressives. Without Hitler, it was predictable that the government would need new enemies, someone to scapegoat when things went wrong at home. Blacks were organizing; no anti-Semite would touch Jews right then. It was predictable that it would be Queers.

After he got home from the party, he wrote a manifesto that set out for the first time the concept that homosexuals were a recognizable minority (he derived this idea from teaching Stalin's 4 principles of minority culture; that a group share a common language, a common territory, a common economy, and a common psychology). He addressed the dominant heterosexist society and asked them to equate the civil rights of Gays with civil rights for the entire society. In his thinking, he aligned this new minority with the Left and set both against the creeping "American Fascism."

The next day, he called all the men who had been at the party to share what he had worked on all night. They were horrified with fear. One man said, "Honey! That was the best!" He received rejection over and over. No one encouraged him. He kept trying to interest others, but all were evasive. It took him two years to find even one other person who was interested, but he never stopped looking.

In July 1950. Harry and Rudy Gernreich met and fell in love. Hay told him of his frustrations, and they became the original Mattachine Society of two. Rudy asked for sixty copies of Harry's prospectus to show discreetly to the most influential people in the film industry, whose darling he was. Rudi demanded control of who they approached. He made Harry promise to forget their names if they said no.

One day, using a common strategy of communist organizing, Rudy and Harry set out for a gay beach prepared to talk about the Stockholm Peach Petition, a Leftist initiative to recall troops from Korea. While gathering petition signatures, they chatted with the boys on Malibu and asked them if they'd be interested in a discussion group on new findings about social deviancy. Not one was; but he did glean a mailing list of tentative supporters. Finally, Rudy
suggested that Harry approach one of Harry's music students, Bob Hull. He did; Bob went home and told his lover, Chuck Rowland, excitedly about the paper Harry had given him. They were both enchanted. The four of them, and Dale Jennings, became the founders of Mattachine and called this circle of men "Parsifal" after Harry's favorite opera. (It was in his research about music that Harry first encountered the term "Mattachine Society," and recognized it as an ancestor of modern homosexuals. The ancient Romans celebrated the New Year time with a lavish week-long festival, Saturnalia, during which all laws were relaxed, so that slaves and women enjoyed equal rights to participate in festivities where masked revelers could freely satirize their superiors, and sexual orgies proliferated. This pagan custom survived into the Christian Middle Ages as the "Feast of Fools," celebrated in churches everywhere from spring Equinox until April 1 -- All Fool's Day.

The goal of Mattachine was to develop group consciousness. Their organization was based on medieval guild structure: a secret society with various levels of involvement starting with many small satellite groups (discussion groups); members were initiated into higher levels as trust became established. By the end of the 50's, there were Mattachine satellite groups all over the country, but the total number of members was relatively small. From 1950 to 1969, the membership of all the groups totalled only about 5,000.

During the McCarthy era, both communists and queers were a target of Senator McCarthy's House Un-American Activities Committee, of which Senator McCarthy was the chief persecutor. Harry was asked to resign from the Communist Party by the communists because, as an open Gay man, he was vulnerable to harassment by the FBI and therefore a danger to the party. The only other possible grounds for dismissal from the CPA was alcoholism and for the same reasons.

Mattachine soon split into two factions: the essentialists who envisioned a separate homosexual society, and the integrationists who wanted to be accepted as part of society who said that they felt no different from heterosexual society except that they loved same-sex people. The essentialists felt they could validate their own existence while the integrationists wanted experts to do it.

It was dangerous to be different in the McCarthy era; lives were ruined and people committed suicide widely. In every state, homosexual acts were illegal; even the ACLU supported these oppressive laws. Therefore, the integrationists position of getting sympathetic professionals to validate their right to existence and rights became the prevailing attitude in Mattachine because it was safer, and the leftists call to collective, militant action became silenced for almost two decades.

The pioneer lesbian group, Daughters of Bilitis, or DOB, founded by Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, began in the mid 1950's in San Francisco. It was a social club whose goal was to provide an alternative to the bars for middle-class women who were not welcome in the bars anyway, as they were a strong, working-class enclave and class divisions were strong. It was also a secret organization as DOB understood well the reluctance to join an organization and the fear of harassment, loss of careers et cetera. People were allowed to join without giving their full names, but were encouraged to do so in order to receive The Ladder which printed articles by an attorney who reassured the readership that their names were safe: the constitution guaranteed freedom of the press, and a 1953 Supreme Court decision said a publisher did not have to reveal the names of purchasers of reading material even to a congressional investigating committee. But such protection did not apply to lesbians. FBI and CIA informants had infiltrated the ranks and were supplying names. The FBI file stated, "The purpose of DOB is to educate the public to accept the Lesbian homosexual into society."

Mattachine was so secret that Del and Phyllis didn't know it existed, but they soon collaborated since both groups were essentially integrationists (we would say assimilationist today). They called themselves the Homophile Movement and it was essentially a West Coast movement, although their were Mattachine chapters all over the U.S.

It was the civil rights movement and the anti-war movement of the 60's that first encouraged queers to demonstrate. During a 1965 anti-war march on Washington attended by 20,000, seven Queers demonstrated for homosexual rights in front of the White House. Seven. Imagine the courage of those people.

DOB and Mattachine made a famous collaborative effort: they organized a council on Religion and the Homosexual in keeping with their stated desire that they wanted to enlist sympathetic professionals to validate their existence before society. A costume ball was held on New Year's Day, 1965 in San Francisco to benefit the newly-formed council. Police obstructed the entrance with a padded wagon, flooded the entrance with lights and took photos of everyone who entered the hall. 500 Lesbians and Gay men and many ministers and their spouses defied police by entering. Several people,
Gay and Lesbian Victory Fund Seeks Listings For New Political Directory

Washington, D.C. -- (August 16, 1993) -- the Gay and Lesbian Victory Fund is seeking openly gay and lesbian elected and appointed officials, campaign professionals, and political clubs for inclusion in *Out For Office*, a new political resource directory targeted to individuals seeking public office as openly gay and lesbian candidates.

"The goal of *Out for Office,*" said editor and Victory Fund Political services Coordinator Kathleen DeBold, "is to link gay and lesbian candidates (and potential candidates) with the knowledge, people, and resources they need to run winning campaigns." In addition to informative articles by elected officials detailing what it's like to run for office as openly gay, the book lists gay-friendly campaign specialists, gay and lesbian political clubs, and openly gay and lesbian officials.

*Out For Office* will be published in late November, 1993. Campaign professionals, gay and lesbian elected or appointed officials, and representatives of gay and lesbian political clubs who would like to receive a free listing in the directory should contact the Victory Fund by phone at (202) 842-8679, Fax (202) 289-3863, or mail, at 1012 14th St. NW, Suite 707, Washington, D.C. 20005.

Editor's Note: Kathleen DeBold also provides the *NorthView* with the WordGaymes crossword puzzle!▼

including lawyers, were arrested. The next day, several ministers held a press conference to denounce the police; the ACLU persuaded the judge to drop the charges.

The importance of this incident is that homosexuals were no longer isolated and cowed into submission. These two incidences, the demonstration, and the ball, were the first two incidences of public defiance in the whole country.

The dichotomy between homo and hetero was firmly drawn in the minds of the public; and since homos were of great interest to the media as sick or subversive, knowledge of homosexuality was more widely disseminated than ever before. Despite the terrible persecution of Lesbians in the 50's, Lesbian culture grew also.

Karen's Query: It would be lovely to have some memoirs of any Lesbian or Gay man who was out to themselves before Stonewall who could give us a historical perspective on what has changed since then; I am fully aware that there are Lesbian and Gay people who wish all the Gay Rights activists would disappear. This would be a thought-provoking perspective to read about. Anyone interested?

Next month, Part II: The Conservatism of Lesbians.


Karen Carlisle is a lesbian activist in the Anchorage community.▼

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How To Hide A Minority
With Statistics
by Richard Schneider, Jr.

(Part 1 of a 2 Part Series)

"I guess we all showed up," quipped one of the speakers on the podium as he surveyed the carpet of people on the Mall in Washington on April 25. The reference was lost on no one there: Everyone was talking about "the one percent study," which had hit the front pages, notably of the New York Times, exactly ten days earlier. Someone carried a sign that read, "1% MY ASS."

The study, conducted by the Battelle Human Affairs Research Center, turned up a figure that flew in the face of the famous Kinsey study and its legendary "ten percent." The Battelle figure was certainly provocative, and the gay press was taking pains to deny the importance of mere statistics as a factor in the claim for equal rights. But they protested too much. On the fields in Washington, people were hotly contesting the finding itself. Never before had I, a social scientist, heard so many people engaged in so much discussion about research methodology and interviewing technique.

Of course, the figure shouldn't matter in the struggle for equal justice; why did it, then? The reason is that one percent is coming uncomfortably close to zero percent, and memories of non-existence are too strong in the gay community to allow such a possibility to be entertained without a fight. And being entertained it was: Already the statistic was being cited by the Pat Robertson and Robert Novaks of the world, who played with it as a delectable, found morsel, a veritable gift from their God.

The importance of numbers is demonstrated by the use to which the right-wingers immediately put the Battelle finding. The diminution of the gay population has a doubly devastating effect. That their number is very small renders gay people more aberrant than ever. It's hard to believe that fully ten percent of our friends and neighbors could be leather dykes or drag queens, but one percent presents no problem. At the same time, the suggestion that gay people constitute a tiny, radically deviant minority offers all kinds of possibilities for containment and discipline.

Diminished numbers could make it harder for the right to claim that gay people are single-handedly responsible for the breakdown of American morals, but by truly demonizing gay people, as the Christian right has been trying to do for years, it may be possible to fashion a serviceable scapegoat. Amid a general climate of growing tolerance, the right's challenge is to define gay people as radically Other, as something scarcely of this world. They must banish gay people from their actual, living neighborhoods and workplaces and resurrect them riding leather-bedecked floats in 1982's gay pride parade. Diminishing gay people's numbers is tantamount to diminishing their humanity, fueling the fire-and-brimstone images of deviants hell-bent on destroying "family values."

The rally in Washington was heralded as a turning point in the "mainstreaming" of the gay movement, and it did seem to attract a different, more sober kind of coverage in the media. It was against this backdrop of normalization that the one percent figure seemed so contradictory. Gay people were presenting themselves as an unremarkable if integral and, yes, sizeable piece of American life; the study seemed all but to deny their existence.

The proper response is not to say that numbers don't matter; they do. "We're here," chants Queer Nation at rallies. But where? Only at rallies? Where are gay people when they return to their dwelling places, their shopping and socializing worlds, their jobs? Where are they when it comes to behavioral research and social policy studies? Finding gay people in their neighborhoods and milieus, recognizing where their subcultures flourish, is not only a precondition for the recognition of gay people as a bona fide American minority; it is an element in the ratification of their very existence.

Along with this mainstreaming in the media we might expect to see the gay ghetto dissolve into the surrounding suburbs and small towns. But in the absence of hard evidence, we might just as easily argue that gay people are more concentrated than ever in urban enclaves. The very ability to mobilize a throng such as the one that converged on D.C. in April presupposes a highly cohesive community, one whose members would have to be sufficiently concentrated in neighborhoods and electronic villages to organize such an event.

Whether the forces of assimilation or those of ghettoization are on top is an empirical question, as is the question of how many gay people there are. The two questions are indeed closely tied. If gay people -- gay men, in the Battelle Study -- do in fact constitute a strongly ghettoized minority, then this could also help explain the chronic undercounting of their numbers. Certainly gay people would not be the first minority to find itself mysteriously overlooked and undercounted in surveys and censuses. This phenomenon is itself a function of the very conditions whereby the gay
population is constituted as a minority -- as a de facto minority only, whose existence has yet to be officially acknowledged or scientifically sanctioned. Lacking both, there is neither a mandate nor a methodology, neither a Domesday book of the Gay nor an especially effective way to find out how many and who.

How is it that a whole way of life can remain hidden from official sight for so long in its struggle to gain recognition? Consider the situation for other groups that have been undercounted in the past--blacks, the rural poor, the urban underclass. Such groups tend to live in out-of-the-way places or neighborhoods seen as dangerous by outsiders. They take a dim view of strangers snooping into their personal lives, and may refuse to participate in official-sounding studies. (Respondents in the Battelle Study had to give their social security numbers!) They may adopt a survival strategy of revealing as little as possible about themselves in interviews, a preemptive reaction to the outsider’s presumed disapproval—or, at times, a gesture of contempt toward the outsider. (True, gay people do not exactly follow the above examples. Gay men are apparently better educated and more affluent than straight. In fact, some of the worst undercounting in the last census occurred in very upscale neighborhoods.)

The Battelle Study and other recent studies of its ilk (such as a widely reported Harris study) can tell us a great deal about what the larger society thinks and knows about homosexuality. The kinds of assumptions they make to reach a conclusion such as the "one percent" statistic need to be closely examined.

There is a phenomenon in research known as efferent thinking. It works something like a self-fulfilling prophecy. What one looks for in the world is dependent upon what one expects to find. The very instruments with which one does the looking are geared to finding what is known to exist. What is unknown is therefore not found, and the reality that one expects to find is always confirmed.

Take the case of poor people in America in the decades prior to the 1960s. When Michael Harrington spoke of "the other America" in his landmark book, he meant it in a less figurative way than most people have supposed: The poor were literally not recognized as a statistical fact; their numbers were chronically underestimated, their very existence denied. It was possible to ignore the poor because no one had yet defined who they were. And without such a definition, no one knew where to look for them, and they weren’t found.

Likewise there is no consistent definition of what it means to be homosexual—or what it means to be gay. Research to date has focused on the behavioral category, "homosexuality," and applied operational defi-

nitions based on self-reported sexual activity. The Battelle study defined homosexuality quite narrowly to include only men who had had sex exclusively with other men over the past year. What about those who had sex with no one, or who had sex with a woman while longing for a man? What the research finds is determined by the definition it gives to the phenomenon being looked for. Kinsey may have erred on the upside by making it too easy to get counted as "gay": For example, he included large numbers of prisoners who may have engaged in homosexual behavior faute de mieux.

Unaware of a distinction which is perfectly obvious to anyone inside the gay subculture, the researchers and the mass media immediately leapt from homosexual behavior to gay (as did the Times, notoriously, in its article of April 15). This strategy has the effect of reducing "gay people" to a particular activity while ignoring them as a group complete with neighborhoods, relationships, and identities. What we end up with is a study that purports to show that one percent of American men had sex exclusively with other men over the last year, and that 2.3 percent have ever had sex with another man.

Next month: "Behavioral definition of 'gays."
Christopher Street, Issue 204, August 1993. ▼
Poets Live The Questions
Jewelle Gomez and Minnie Bruce Pratt
Discuss Politics and Imagination

OUT/LOOK Editor's Note: These questions were posed and answered as a keynote address on the occasion of Creating Change, a lesbian and gay leadership conference organized by the Washington, DC-based National Gay and Lesbian Task Force. It was November 8, 1991, and throughout the reading several hundred people sat rapt in the hotel ballroom in Arlington, Virginia, sometimes laughing, or gathering a collective gasp of emotional resonance.

After several days of skills training, movement debates and occasional political bickering, the two writers presented attendees with a thoughtful and beautifully written gift, an inspiration to examine our lives, our tactics and our goals. We hope it will do the same for OUT/LOOK readers.

Minnie Bruce: We've been inhabiting the dreary terrain of the Reagan-Bush years for a long time now, a landscape in which acts of injustice and oppression are presented as inevitable, part of the natural order, or part of a well-ordered government. In this land, men in power steal and call that "deregulation," men in power lie and call that "mispeaking," men in power subvert the Constitution and call that "national defense." When we who long for a more just world object to injustice, we are trivialized by the label "politically correct," we are accused of limiting others with "censorship." When we testify to another reality, our reality, we are called "fantasizers" and "liars." When we attempt to depict our reality in art, or have it reflected in public policy, we are called "indecent" and "disingusting."

How do we cling to the beauty and truth of our own lives, our own reality, in this land? How do we stay connected to the passion of creating change, which is the art of creating, out of our lives a future that is not inevitable, like a poem whose ending we don't know, can't know because we are in the middle of writing it, in the middle of the joy of creation?

Jewelle: At a time when we feel attacked politically, economically, sometimes from within as well as from the outside, asking questions may seem irrelevant. Yet over the years it is really those who dare ask the questions who are the touchstones for change. On her deathbed Gertrude Stein said to her beloved Alice: "What's the answer?" When Alice admitted she did not know the answer to the meaning of life Gertrude said, "More importantly, what is the question?"

In looking for a means of changing our own inner lives and thus promoting change in the world around us it is often the torturous journey that leads us to articulate the questions that is the most profound and empowering.

Where do we begin to question our own classism, racism, anti-Semitism? When do we notice "we" are also "them"? When do we demand as much of ourselves as we do of the other?

Minnie Bruce: To a younger poet, the poet Rilke once said: "be patient toward all that is unsolved in your heart and try to love the questions themselves like locked rooms...the point is, to live everything. Live the questions now. Perhaps you will then gradually, without noticing it, live along some distant day into the answer." As a way of clinging to our own truths, here are some questions we ask of ourselves, of you, as part of "living along...into the answer."

What in our early lives gave us a sense that political change was possible? What was our first political act?

Jewelle: Early in the sixties it was clear that my life had been outlined for me simply as a projection of someone else's fantasy--Hollywood myth, TV news, educational propaganda. But several events opened up the possibility that there was a reality beyond the lies, beyond the stereotype. The narrow place of schism between society's myth and my reality was a deeply powerful place. A political place.

In 1963 Black Day was declared by local Civil Rights organizations in Boston. All black people were asked to stay home from school and from work as a way of letting the rest of the city see us, simply see us. I didn't stay home. I was 14 years old and believed the newspapers when it said that those who called for this action were simply troublemakers. My great-grandmother, who'd grown up poor, black and Native American, felt the decision should be mine. I seemed to know more of this world than she did. It wasn't until the following year, when I was fifteen, that I realized the newspapers were lying. Sitting at my school desk, in a predominantly black school with only a handful of white and Chinese students and even fewer black students brought home to me the singularity of my position as a black person in white society. The isolation I felt looking at the other young black girls who too had been afraid to be labeled as troublemakers made me understand the power of unity with others and the fear such a unity inspired in those who are in charge. Other incidents broadened the light that shone on the schism between myth and reality. The time I saw a woman riding the trolley car with me and I noticed the numbers tattooed on her arm. In that moment I realized that even though the schools told us nothing of the Holocaust, it did really happen and not just in the movies. Watching my great-grandmother make the decision to not buy stockings so she could
send me to the movies...these were the moments when I saw myself unexpectedly in a political sea. Not observing Black Day was a first political act. The nature of it still stings me and shaped the urgency of my political life.

**Minnie Bruce:** My first political act was not about change at all but about keeping things the way they were. As a teenager in the early sixties, I had a German pen pal, a matter of great excitement for a young curious girl isolated in a tiny town in the deep South. His name was Horst Werner—I can remember it easily, thirty years later. As the civil rights movement in Alabama began to receive international attention, he wrote inquiring what I thought of it. I replied with a justification of segregation in which I used many stupid lies about Black inferiority. My mother read and praised the letter. It was the first—the only—time I wrote down a defense of the political and social views I had been raised with. Proud of myself, I thought I had answered all the questions. Yet why did he never write again? I had no way of standing outside myself and asking questions as if my life were the locked room mystery.

But the civil rights movement kept on, and the people in it were asking questions, the ones marching, the ones singing, the ones being beaten, the ones dying. All of this was at the edge of my attention, at the periphery of my vision; I did not want to look too closely. Yet their questions changed me, nevertheless. In 1967, when I turned 21, I committed my second political act. In the courthouse named after my grandfather, I went to vote for the first time, in a big room with no voting booths, no curtained privacy, just a table and the paper ballot handed to me. Some of the candidates were running as members of what was Alabama's equivalent of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party—their symbol the black panther instead of the coxcomb rooster of Southern Democratic white supremacy. I sat at the table and my father leaned over my shoulder; he began telling me how to vote, and though I had given no thought to this election, when I saw the black panther I began to make my X by those candidates. My father said, "NO. Don't vote for them." But in me, deep down, was my mother's voice telling me, as she always had, "You have to do what you think is right, no matter what others say."

**What did we learn about living from our first lesbian or gay gathering, event, dance, or night at the bar?**

**Jewelle:** If we don't include the Saturdays of my teenaged years devoted to best girlfriends, my first lesbian gathering was outside of the "lesbian community." In the mid-seventies I went to a salon in Brooklyn designed to share the work of black women. Alexis Deveaux for a number of years invited women to read their writing, dance, perform their music for each other. It wasn't specifically lesbian but the ethos was lesbian. I first heard Edwina Lee Tyler there, first hear Evelyn Harris of Sweet Honey sing there, first read my vampire stories there. My entire world opened up. I could actually imagine myself creating, living, thriving as a lesbian with the women I met at these events. They were erudite, politically savvy, and stylish. They were independent women in the U.S. without having lost their sense of Africa, the Americas, Japan, Puerto Rico or the many other places that their ancestors may have come from. Those moments gave me the sense of myself as a lesbian connected to other women, loyal to other women in the world. That sense of connection and loyalty has been at the heart of what I expect, what I demand from others when working politically. I also realized that this group of women was quite insulated from the lesbian/feminist movement. We were outsiders because we were not white. No one thought about us in 1975 off there in Brooklyn creating a world and many of us maintained that isolation deliberately, trying not to think about them/you.

It frightens me to be reminded how many other colored lesbians, small-town lesbians, working-class or poor lesbians remain outside the realm of lesbian politics because we don't remember them because they don't think they have anything to teach us.

**Minnie Bruce:** With my lover and some friends, I sat at a table in my first gay bar, The Other Side, Fayetteville, North Carolina, 1975. I knew no one else in the room. A woman walked over, leaned over me, tough, butch, asked me to dance. Confused, I said no-thank-you and whispered to my lover: "What do I do? I don't know the rules." She said: "There are no rules." Then later she danced with me alone on the tiny spotlit stage, backed me up against the wall, and kissed me there, everyone watching. Of course there were rules, but she wasn't telling. To learn as I went along how we've made up our own rules, hurtful, joyful, and sometimes we don't tell each other because of power, because of shame, or maybe we're just in a hurry, but sometimes we do tell, sometimes we ask our questions again, and then make up new answers together, make a new place to dance.

I can't remember if I went to the bar before or after I went to the Great Southeast Lesbian Conference in Atlanta, spring of 1975, but I remember, as one of the happiest nights of my life, sitting in a little auditorium with my lover and several hundred other dykes, singing our question: "I've been cheated/been mistreated/when will I be loved?" The Red Dyke Theatre
was about to perform, and my political education was beginning with a troupe of revolutionary socialist lesbians, one dressed in male drag doing a hot number to “Steam Heat,” another doing a wicked femme routine complete with whip.

During the day, we had trotted around to workshops held in different lesbian homes in the Little Five Points area, sessions on lesbian mothers, armed revolution, women in nontraditional jobs, lesbian culture. Later at the ALFA (Atlanta Lesbian Feminist Alliance) house, in the middle of a lot of drinking, I began thinking about how I had to go home and figure out what to do about my husband and my children. I had seen that there was no one answer given by these women, that I had to make up my own answers to my questions of how to have a family, a community, and a political coalition that included me and my boys and my lover, and the people at the bar, the drag queens, the military women and men, the closeted teachers, and the political lesbians at the conference.

Next month, look for more of this effervescent dialogue!


Local Coordinators Needed for National Grassroots Program

Local community activists are needed by the Human Rights Campaign Fund to represent and coordinate SPEAK OUT, its grassroots mail program. Individuals should be motivated and possess an outgoing personality. You don’t need experience in political action to get involved. What you need is commitment and a desire to do your part to make a difference.

SPEAK OUT is a great way to begin to participate in the lesbian, gay and bisexual community, to meet new people, to make friends and to learn about what’s happening in Washington, DC and to make a little extra money.

Coordinators will be responsible for representing SPEAK OUT at pride festivals, street fairs, concerts and various other community events. Through representation, coordinators will enroll new members into SPEAK OUT. New members sign up for the program and agree to send overnight mailgrams to their Representative or Senator. Coordinators will also assist in the recruitment and supervision of other volunteers.

The Human Rights Campaign Fund (HRCF) is the largest lesbian, gay and bisexual political organization in the United States. It is committed to securing full civil rights for lesbians, bisexuals, and gay men. This includes passage to the Lesbian and Gay Civil Rights Bill. HRCF works for responsible, well-funded federal AIDS policies, and is also a strong advocate for women’s health issues and reproductive choice.

All of it’s work is focused on federal legislation. HRCF employs a full time lobbying staff which works daily with Congress on legislation that affects the lesbian, bisexual and gay community. HRCFs political action committee lobbies, educates and makes financial contributions to candidates running for Congress who support our issues. Its membership department has a variety of programs and a wide network of volunteers who work to build a strong program of constituent lobbying. This "constituent pressure" is the cornerstone of grassroots politics.

In the last five years, over 70,000 men and women have contributed to lesbian, bisexual and gay victories on Capitol Hill by sending over one million mailgrams to their representatives on AIDS, lesbian, bisexual and gay civil rights, women’s health programs and reproductive choice.

Interested individuals wanting to volunteer or to receive more information, should contact Tony Cheek, HRCFs West Coast Coordinator, at 8430 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 100, Los Angeles, CA 90069 or call 1(800) 727-HRCF (4723), fax 213-650-3694. ▼
Out Law
by Sylvia L. Short

Phobia
The word "phobia" is defined as "any obsessing or morbid fear or dread" - a noun termination meaning "fear" or "dread." As a prefix "homo" means "the same," opposed to "hetero," meaning "other" or "different."

Thus the dictionary sums up the cause of the emotional response which brought about our last disastrous Assembly election. This is the same root that motivated a Virginia judge to deny a lesbian mother the custody of her own child; that pushes military leaders and political allies to deny to certain American citizens the right to protect their country; that motivates religious fanatics into hate-mongering campaigns; that causes able and worthy citizens to resort to "closets." The combined word "homophobia" itself inspires fear and dread.

This is, in essence, real sickness.

There is an equally incapacitating sickness with as futile an end-product -- the phobia that starts with "hetero." While it may stem from reaction to the activities of those beset with its kin, "homophobia," in addition to being a byproduct is an aider and abettor of the ever-revolving dilemma which is most prevalent in our own country. And, I submit, neither "phobia" can be cured unless the other is addressed as well.

Included in this North View is a self-evaluation questionnaire which is geared to find out whether or not one is afflicted with "heterophobia." It is a quiet, anonymous test of yourself, and the higher the score, the more probable that you are not so afflicted. As noted, your return of your evaluation will be of help to the Unitarian Universalist Social Justice committee in connection with a series of workshops we are initiating directed toward understanding, accepting, and embracing all sexual orientations (even our own!).

Based on a manual prepared by the Unitarian Universalist Association's Office of Lesbian and Gay Concerns, the workshop series involves many phases of information-gathering, self-exploration, and personal consciousness-raising. The materials presented originated in research from the fields of psychology, education, and sociology, and the workshops involve intellectual discussion, sharing of deeply held values and beliefs, and the expression of strong feelings. The guidelines for all participants are: Respect confidentiality; set your own boundaries for personal sharing; speak from personal experience and avoid generaliz-

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

The second Monday of every month: 7:00 - 8:30 pm
Open to the public. No Charge.

Mendel & Huntington

845 'K' STREET

Sylvia L. Short
Attorney and Counsellor at Law

705 West 47th Avenue
Anchorage, Alaska 99503
Telephone (907) 562-4992
Groups & Gatherings,  
Circles and Clubs  
News from Gay & Lesbian  
Organizations around the State  
compiled by Faron Puget and Kurt Parish

The Alaskan AIDS Assistance Association (4As): offers HIV testing Wednesday afternoons at their offices. Friday at noon they host a luncheon for people with HIV and AIDS. They are always looking for groups willing to donate and provide these meals. If you’re interested in helping with the luncheons, volunteering with the 4As, or need information, please call 276-1400.

Alaska Gay and Lesbian Association of Fairbanks (AGLA): a UAF Student Organization, has regular meeting open to gays, lesbians and allies. For further information about meeting time and place, contact Pete at 457-0246.

Alaska Women’s Political Caucus: for lesbians and non-lesbians, meets 7pm at the First United Methodist Church on the first Monday of every month.

Anchorage Garden Buddies (AGB): is a social group for Gay Men. For next meeting time and place, or to get on the mailing list for AGB, call 337-3717 or 248-0425.

Anchorage Lesbian Families’ Alliance (ALFA): (formerly Lesbian Moms) usually meets every 4th Sunday at various locations (mostly at Lynne & Marion’s) to socialize and provide support for one another. Adults, children, lesbians, allies, and newcomers are welcome. Lynne/Marion - 338-5253.

The Berdache Society of Anchorage: a group for transgender persons has been more active in the community -- notably at the Blue Moon on Wednesdays at 9:30 pm show. Nora Jean facilitates the group. If you want to get in contact, their mailing address is in the Northview Directory.

EQUAL, Inc.: is a politically active group, addressing such issues at the Gay/Lesbian Rights Ordinance at the Assembly, the Municipal Elections, and many other areas of concern. They have been meeting regularly on every other Thursday evening this summer. Please see Calendar for time and place.

Fairbanks Gay Men’s Support Group: meets on the 2nd and 4th Tuesday of every month at the Interior AIDS Association office at 2210 S. Cushman, #210. If you’d like more information on upcoming activities call Scott at 457-6511.

Fairbanks dance club: The Palace Saloon (Fairbanks) in Alaskaland, is still the hottest spot in town to meet. You can go dancing on Friday and Saturday nights from 11:00 pm ’till the wee hours of the morning. It is a straight, tourist bar at all other times. Phil will be spinning Country, Disco, Top 40, and Oldies for your dancing pleasures.

Feminist Sing-A-Long: Women only: Third Saturday of every month. 1741 Westview Cir. (maps available at the Alaska Women’s Bookstore) or call 337-3543. Non-singers are more than welcome. 6:30 potluck, 7:30 singing. (from the KK. Thanks!)

Gay Bar: free legal question and answer sessions on issues of interest to lesbians and gays. Second Monday of every month, 7-8:30 pm, at 845 K St. 279-5001.

Identity Potluck/Social: 4th Friday of every month at the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, 3201 Turnagain STREET. Doors open at 6:30 pm, dinner at 7pm, program at 7:30. See Calendar and Identity Notes for more information.

Imperial Court of all Alaska (ICOAA): Another Coronation has come and gone and with it brings a new Emperor and Empress. Congratulations to Tiger Lily and Ross Crich (in reverse order), and may they have a successful reign. As events are planned they will be included in these Club Notes.

Lamb of God Metropolitan Community Church (MCC): holds Sunday services at 10:45am and at 7pm at 615 Hollywood Dr. On Tuesday evenings is a study of "The Bible and Gay and Lesbian People." Wednesday evenings, Darl Schaaff is teaching a self-defense class at the church.

Mt. McKinley (non-ascent) Club (MMcNAC): is a social group open to anyone gay, lesbian, or ally. For more information on upcoming social events call Dan at 561-8744.

Northern Exposure Bowling League: starts the winter league soon. Spit shine those balls, watch this space (and the calendar) and come out to enjoy the fun.

Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays of Fairbanks (PFLAG): meets the 3rd Tuesday of every month at 5:30 pm on the 5th floor Fairbanks Memorial Hospital. Contact Nancy at 479-4944 for more information.

Rap Group: If you are in the mood, come on out and join us for a Saturday afternoon Gay-Lesbian rap session. Accessible for the physically challenged. Information: Sheryl - 561-2335, or Robyn - 248-7411.

Women’s Coffeehouse: every 4th Saturday, 8 pm, Church of Religious Science, 637 A St. Sliding scale, suggested donation $2. Call Barbara or Candy at 337-
2011 for information or if you wish to perform. (from the KK. Thanks!)

Women's Two-Step Dance: first Saturday of every month. Pioneer School House, 3rd & Eagle, $3. Lessons at 7:30 pm, dancing at 8:30. Come learn, meet new women, and enjoy. (from the KK. Thanks!)

Back Into the Closet for Equal
by Herman C. Coen, Jr.

Last year was quite a year for the gay community of Anchorage, in many ways, not the least of which was the formation of an organization that wasn't afraid to say its own name and purpose. After years of lesbian and gay groups with anonymous sounding names like the Imperial Court, or the Mt. McKinley Club, or the Anchorage Garden Buddies, or even Identity, finally there was a group of people who weren't going to be anonymous. The process of naming the group was long and tedious, and many people were involved as it progressed. In the end, the name was decided to be "Equal: The Gay and Lesbian Task Force," a compromise blending the two most popular names that were suggested. It was a good compromise, it combined who we were (The Alaska Gay and Lesbian Task Force) with why we were ("Equal" was an acronym for Equality Under Alaska Law.)

As an organization, it was very instrumental in drumming up support for the Sexual Orientation Hearings in December and January, and the organization that worked against the balloting initiative to repeal the ordinance was the result of work that happened at a meeting of Equal (The Gay and Lesbian Task Force). However, after the Assembly election and subsequent repeal of the law, fewer and fewer of us went to the meetings. As a result, things have happened that disgust more than one of us. Specifically, I would like to address only one of these...the decision to change the name.

Every person involved in the decision of change the name should be embarrassed, beyond showing their faces, at their act of cowardice. It was the worst kind of censorship...self-imposed. The reason given for change the name of the group to simply EQUAL, Inc. was that the group had decided to file for 501(c)(3) status for non-profits that prohibits political involvement. If that were the case, all that was required was an end to the political activity, not a name change. The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force is a 501(c)(3) organization, and has a separate organization (The Policy Institute) that does political work as a 501(c)(4) (non-tax-exempt). What we have here is the same thing we have been fighting much longer than we have been fighting the religious bigots, our own internalized homophobia. We refused to let ourselves be ourselves for the comfort or convenience of others, because we aren't willing to have to fight for what is rightfully ours.

The people who voted to censor our name are just like Barney Frank who went along with "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" which violates our first amendment right to free speech. They are willing to sacrifice what we have in our hands right now to maybe gain something in the future. I am tired of giving away, it's time to start taking.

Herman Coen is a gay activist living in Anchorage.

WORD GAYME # 118 (ICE, ICE BABY)

ACROSS
1. Elect officials ___
4. Worth ___
9. Olympic skater, Gail Brown ___
12. Word of negation ___
13. Not active ___
14. Spielberg hit, "Born in the ___
15. Olympic skater, Toller ___
17. Trudgel ___
18. Austie animals ___
19. The middle of the Kinsey scale ___
20. Laurence Olivier, e.g. ___
22. 1988 Olympic gold medal skater, Brian ___
26. U.S. President James K. ___
27. Olympic skater, John ___
29. Skating surface ___
30. Howled ___
31. ___ Alamos ___
32. Refusal ___
33. Assasages ___
34. Bouquet bloom ___
35. Tan's skating partner, Randy ___
37. Clean and ___
38. Bad grades ___
39. French friends ___
40. Ice dance gold medalist, Christopher ___
42. 1984 Olympic gold medal skater, Scott ___
46. Appendage ___
47. Box ___
ACROSS (Contd)
48. Short ___
49. Many mos ___
50. Make amend ___
51. Color ___

DOWN
1. Company abbr.
2. Neither's partner
3. Surprise
4. Cap part
5. Tiny insect
6. Astronomical sign
7. Ornamental vase
8. Spielberg film
9. Oklahoma city
10. "CBF", same
11. Angry
12. Recess
13. Sympathy
14. Pardon
15. Imitating
16. Chocolate bean
17. Consumer
18. Raw meat
19. Hangman's knot
20. Two-time Olympic silver medal skater, Brian ___
21. Box
22. Curse
23. Aaron Frick's book, Diary of a Rock
24. James Dean flick, East of
25. Sur up
26. Louis of paper
27. Grin
28. Church word
29. 24 hours
30. Make a mistake
31. Fedos
32. In the past
33. Part of IOU
34. Composer Renem
35. College degree

\* The ultimate lesson all of us have to learn is unconditional love, which includes not only others but ourselves as well.

Elizabeth Kubler-Ross, b. 1926
Swiss-born psychiatrist and writer
1963-1993:
A Story of Two Marches
by Charles Linebarger

The march is over. Depending on who you believe, the National Park Service or march organizers, anywhere from 300,000 to one million people participated. If the figures of march organizers are accepted, it would make the April 1993 Gay/Lesbian/Bisexual March on Washington the largest gathering ever in the nation's capital, easily topping the 800,000 who turned out for the Desert Storm victory parade in 1991 or the 700,000 who demonstrated in the 1982 anti-nuclear rally. The two previous gay marches on Washington drew from 25,000 to 125,000 (in 1979) and 200,000 to 650,000 (in 1987), again depending on whose figures you accept. But most comparisons in 1993 were not made with any of these marches, but with one that took place 30 years ago on a Wednesday work day, August 28, 1963—the Civil Rights March at which Martin Luther King, Jr., gave his now-famous "I Have A Dream" speech.

Seen through the haze of 30 years, eight presidents, too many assassinations and wars (the Vietnam War came, stalled, and passed into history), the 1963 March on Washington appears today as a precipitating event in American history. The march is seen as the event that pushed the drive for African-American equality with whites into the mainstream, the force that was to topple the last vestiges of segregation in American life. Given the after-glow of success, it is not hard to see why gay marchers today would like to wrap themselves in the aura of that earlier march. However, this may be an example of a time when viewing a past event as rosier than it actually was may not be as helpful to us as examining it in all its complexity.

The Summer of Our Discontent
Our march is over, but our issues seem stalled in Washington. President Bill Clinton appears unable to deliver even on his promise to end the ban on gays in the military; the cause of a national law protecting equal access for gays to jobs and housing seems all but lost. And his latest proposals to increase funding to find a cure for AIDS are already drawing fire from Republicans and conservative Democrats who complain that cancer, heart disease, and Alzheimer's disease are being neglected by the administration.

Watching as the Washington gridlock begins to endanger the entire Clinton economic plan, from fighting the deficit to engendering a national economic recovery, it seems as if the nation is uncertain whether to blame the recalcitrant Republicans or Clinton's inexperience.

Gays are also unsure of who to blame. The problem is that we have many outspoken enemies in Washington, but few of our friends are willing to be as vocal. It is in this atmosphere of unrealized expectations that it seems useful to look at the events of 30 years ago for insight into where we actually stand today.

1963 and 1993; A Comparison
In a sense, the cause of gay rights under the Clinton presidency took a body blow in the first weeks of the administration when it became apparent that Republicans and conservative Democrats smelled political blood in Clinton's effort to end the ban on gays in the military. The resulting hullaballoo over the issue, hearings in both houses of Congress, unprecedented statements attacking a Commander-in-Chief's policies by generals and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, have mired the cause of gay rights between its intractable opponents, led by a currently veto-proof majority in Congress, and a beleaguered chief executive, who finds himself losing on almost all fronts.

Thirty years ago, when John F. Kennedy was president, blacks also found themselves stalemated in Congress. A civil rights bill was actually stalled in Congress the day of the 1963 march. And some at the time said the purpose of the march was to get Congress to pass Kennedy's civil rights bill. If that was its purpose, it was not entirely successful. Kennedy, during his thousand days in office, was never able to get major civil rights legislation through Congress. It's easy to forget that it took his death (in the South, not coincidentally, as Oliver Stone pointed out in JFK) and apotheosis as a martyr to civil rights to create the will nationally to lay the issue of segregation to rest at last. It also took the succession to the presidency of one of the last great Southern politicians to be thrown up by the old congressional seniority system, Lyndon Baines Johnson—the master of Washington insider politics—to make the national will, in the face of intransigent Southern resistance, the law. It was neither an easy nor a swift process.

The summer of 1963 was part of a revolutionary period in American history. Federal Marshals were used to integrate the last of the south's all-white state universities, the University of Alabama, after Governor George Wallace had attempted to prevent black enrollment by personally standing in the door. That same summer, James Meredith became the first black man to graduate from the University of Mississippi—only one year after two people died in rioting following Kennedy's call-up of the National Guard to integrate the university. Meredith still only barely man-
aged to get his sheepskin from Ole Miss because Governor Ross Barnett tried to have his diploma withheld, pending an investigation of charges that he had "made inflammatory public statements on the race issue," an offense that would have caused his expulsion from the tense campus back in '63. The only thing that saved Meredith was a threat from the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools to remove the university's accreditation because of political interference in academic affairs. During his year at Ole Miss, Meredith required a 24-hour bodyguard, and only a personal appeal by U.S. Attorney General Robert Kennedy kept him from quitting in despair during that awful first year.

For Southern blacks of Meredith's generation, 1963 was a year of exhilaration, more than tempered by terror. A church that was used as a starting point for demonstrations in Birmingham, Alabama, was bombed, killing three small black girls. The killings of the three civil rights workers from the North was still a year away in Mississippi, and it would be another two years before police would turn their dogs and firehoses on blacks demonstrating for the right to vote in Selma, Alabama. Across the South, blacks held sit-ins at cafeterias and luncheon counters, trying to break the color bar that would finally only fall when Johnson got the 1964 Civil Rights Law passed.

Everywhere there was disorder which was later followed by change. In the South, Kennedy's party would pay a price that it still pays for having pushed integration in the early '60s—beginning with Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, millions of Southerners deserted the Democratic Party. The solid Democratic South of the previous century would never again give a plurality of its votes to a Democratic presidential contender, even to Southerners Jimmy Carter and Bill Clinton, picked by the party to try and recoup the loss. We have become so used to the modern make-up of the Democratic Party that it is easy to forget today that it is a different party than the one that took Kennedy to victory in 1960 and that, in its new incarnation, it has won the White House only three times in the three decades since.

The gains of the civil rights movement were immense for people of color, but it is easy to gloss over, today, the cost that blacks and their white supporters paid for those gains, particularly in the segregated South. If there are lessons to be learned for gays and lesbians in all this, it is that for us, the entire country is our South. We face outright bigotry by elected officials at some level of government from Maine to California, Alaska to Florida, and outright hatred and homophobia by many of our fellow citizens in every state in the union.

**Similarities Between 1963 and 1993**

There are some interesting parallels between the two marches. In neither case did the President of the United States address the marchers. In 1963, Kennedy was in Washington on Wednesday August 28, but expectations were apparently lower than they are today. Kennedy did not leave the White House for a quick ride to the Lincoln Memorial to speak to the marchers; instead, he met on the day of the march with ten chosen representatives. Clinton managed to be away from Washington on Sunday, April 25, 1993, but he, too, met with ten representatives from this year's march. (Obviously, someone on his staff must have done research on Kennedy and the '63 march.) In its time, the civil rights march was as controversial for most politicians as the gay one was this year.

How the American heartland viewed the march in '63 can be seen by looking at some quotes from the *San Francisco Chronicle* the day before. (Thirty years ago, San Francisco was part of the heartland and not on the cutting edge of liberal politics, as it has been since the '70s.)

"Cab drivers have already started moving off the streets and at midnight, a ban on all liquor sales went into effect. Some liquor dealers were preparing to remove all merchandise from their windows," said the Chronicle. "A number of downtown Government cafeterias will be closed and in almost every major business concern in the city, women are scheduled to stay away by the thousands. Special riot trained troops have been moved into nearby military bases. They will be on constant alert with orders to move, if needed, into the heart of the city within minutes. Some 2,000 local National Guardsmen, including 750 military policemen, will be on duty throughout the city today."

All this was before the ghetto riots that were to tear the country apart later in the decade and were from a paper that editorially supported "Negro rights." However, it's useful to see how unconscious and pervasive racism was, even in newspapers supportive of the civil rights movement. In 1963, everything about the civil rights movement was still new and untried. People who thought about these things—editors, reporters, Washington policy makers—knew that segregation was dying, but they came to the issue not from thirty years in the future, as we do, but from the decades preceding 1963. They did not have a 1993 sensibility shaped by the Vietnam War, the civil rights movement, and the rise of Asia and a united Europe; they had a 1963 sensibility shaped by World War II, the Depression, and the recent demise of colonialism in the Third World. They had grown up with Jim Crow just like we today, whether gay or straight, have been shaped
by an America in which homophobia was not the exception but the rule.

When we look at how the Civil Rights March on Washington appeared to Americans 30 years ago, we need to avoid a preoccupation with their unconscious racism for a more fruitful analysis of how blacks came to enjoy—at least theoretically—equal legal, if not economic, rights with whites today. It was out of that time, so steeped in the legalized racism of the decades, that preceded it that today came to be.

In a column that appeared in the Chronicle in the days preceding the '63 march, Richard Reston wrote, "The massive civil rights march on Washington August 28 will have little, if any effect on the political life of the nation's capital. Publicity about the impact of more than 100,000 Negroes converging on this city has been deceptive. All the talk and speculation over the past several weeks misled the country into thinking the march would either deepen the Kennedy Administration's commitment to the American Negroes' struggle for equality or, somehow, change the course of congressional action on pending civil rights legislation...Over the long run, the demonstration could have an indirect effect on the Federal Government. Should the march stir the civil rights crises and the country to an even greater pitch, then the Administration and congress would have to respond to a different public mood. But the demonstration's immediate and practical effect on Washington is not likely to change the political scene here in any way."

Gay Congressman Barney Frank said practically the same thing on a PBS radio program on May 19 of this year, following the gay march. Explaining why he had proposed a compromise on the military's gay ban that fell short of its complete dismantling, he said that the April 25th march had not affected the current political climate in Washington or the country—although, in the long run, it may have such an effect.

We know today that 1963 was a watershed year for civil rights and that in the years that were to follow, the legal segregation, or American apartheid, that existed in 16 Southern and border states was to be systematically dismantled by the federal government; the entire American view of race was to be turned upside down, leading to affirmative action and busing, to achieve school integration in the North and the rise of elected black officials North and South. The '63 civil rights march was not so much the cause of this sea change in American life as a major symptom and symbol of what was already taking place. In the '20s, tens of thousands of white supremacists and Klansmen marched down Pennsylvania Avenue. In the '60s, 100,000 blacks marched on the capital. In the '80s and '90s, hundreds of thousands of gays and lesbians marched. The marches themselves are signs of changes taking place in American society. The gay movement is what is happening today. Those who stand against gay rights, no matter how many or how vocal, are not trying to change anything. They are only trying to stop the clock. The march by so many thousands of open gays and lesbians doesn't so much scare Washington politicians with our numbers—they know we are still outnumbered—as it vocally expresses what is happening, often quietly and unobtrusively, all across the United States. A social revolution is taking place that has been gaining speed for about a quarter of a century. And it is that more than anything else that is similar between the two marches.

Looking at 1963 as it really was helps us take a firmer handle on 1993 and the disappointments of the current year. The military ban on gays is shaken, but not gone. The gay rights movement is moving ahead, but not nearly as fast as we want or expected. How similar it must be to the feelings of the civil rights workers in 1963. They knew change was happening, but not fast enough to stop the lynchings and shootings that still went on around them. And they must have felt, in the fall of 1963, listening to Southern senators and congressmen fighting on and on to prop up segregation, that they weren't getting anywhere—but that was only because they were in the eye of the hurricane. To their opponents, a veritable revolution was taking place and that is what the opponents of gay rights must feel today—that the legitimization of the entire gay lifestyle is around the corner.

In the middle of turmoil, it's hard to recognize solid ground, but a major change for the better for gays and lesbians is happening in America, and in much of the Western World, today. And for the proof, you only need to go back 30 years and look at the march on Washington in 1963. How far we've come. And how far we have to go.

Christopher Street, Issue 204, August 1993.
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I'm Every Woman
by Chicklet

Upon first entering Miss Vera's Finishing School, all students are required to have with them three things: a candle in the shape of a woman, their tuition in a pink envelope, and a belief in the power of positivity. "The first thing I do when they walk in is sit them down and tell them that they're in a really safe place," says Veronica Vera, dean of students and cofounder of the academy (along with Miss Paulette). "It's very important to keep communication open."

Students then place their pink tuition envelope at a golden statue located in the symbolic heart of the academy—the dressing room. Vera explains, "They kneel down and repeat a dedication ritual: 'I dedicate myself to releasing all of the juicy female energy inside me, I place my trust in Veronica and Paulette, and I thank myself for giving myself this gift.' Then I tell them to take off all their clothes."

And so begins the journey from mild-mannered gentleman to (hopefully) ravishing femme fatale. The academy, located in New York City's West Village, was founded in January 1992 and now has over 100 students. Working with more than a dozen other teachers and consultants, Miss Paulette and Miss Vera, who is a writer and sex researcher, have created a course curriculum designed to ease the fledgling crossdresser into a life of femininity or to help the most time-ravaged gender bender learn some new tricks. Strung about the academy's rooms are purple feather boas, wigs of all styles and colors, and high-heeled shoes (large). From the Barbie shower curtain in the pink bathroom to the school's motto—"Cherchez la femme"—the place is deeply a woman thing, designed to aid the entirely male student body become the ladies they dream of being.

Students are offered instruction in fashion, dance, walking in heels, and, of course, makeup. "Miss Paulette has seen it all," says the school's mistress of makeup (a.k.a. dean of cosmetology). "I graduated from the Tammy Wynette-Dolly Parton school of fine arts. Southern women have got it down, especially in the world of tacky. People love that look." From syrupy Southern belles to ultramod career gals, Miss Paulette instructs the students at the academy in makeup technique to best bring out their "femme self."

Some students have their own ideas, of course. "I had a student the other day who wanted to use blue mascara," says Miss Paulette, "and I said, 'I don't want to hurt your feelings, but blue?' She was real insistent on using it, but I told her, 'I want to transform you into something you've never seen before.' Of course, I did, and she was amazed. She couldn't stop staring in the mirror. She never brought it up again. Believe me, only one out of a hundred girls can carry that blue mascara off. So don't do the blue mascara!"

A very popular course at the school covers modeling, wherein students are done up and turned out to be photographed by the school's dean of photography, notorious performer-sexologist Annie Sprinkle. Students live out their most glamorous model fantasies for the camera, from movie star to schoolgirl. The most popular getups, according to Sprinkle, are "fetish, French maid, and leather mistress—kinky, fetishy looks. Also the classic pinup model. It's all done with lighting, makeup and attitude."

"It's funny," Sprinkle continues, "people will do things for the camera that they wouldn't normally do. It's not even the pictures that are the important things, in my opinion—it's the experience that being photographed gives you that supports you. They leave feeling like they're the greatest models in the world. And a lot of them really are."

Sprinkle is a well-known photographer who has worked extensively for adult publications such as Hustler and Chic. Academy students benefit from her professional experience in erotica as well as her support for cross-dressing. "I really honor people who are exploring their sexuality and are willing to go further and experiment and play," says Sprinkle.

"And I enjoy what they enjoy. I can bring out the sex goddess and slutty porn star in everyone. That's my specialty."

The academy provides an opportunity for crossdressers to express and experience their female side—an opportunity that may not be available to them under everyday-life circumstances. Says James, a student of the academy: "I don't take part in cross-dressing in Connecticut; there's something about New York and the school that offers a safe haven where anything goes. Small-town America can't handle it. It's not something I do 24 hours a day, seven days a week."

Mariette Pathy Allen, author of Transformations: Cross-dressers and Those Who Love Them, says, "Cross-dressing is a huge issue, not some tiny little corner of the world. It's actually very important—politically important—and it's emotionally stirring. It deals with the core issues: What is gender? What is sexuality, orientation, preference? You can be born a man or a woman, you can make love to whomever you want to, or that can change over the years, be cyclical. And you can want to present yourself in one or two or three roles."
If one of those roles happens to involve being a subservient lapdog, Miss Vera’s school offers a course titled Servant Problems and Solutions. Says Miss Vera: “There is a whole contingent of men out there who want to serve. The subgroup in the academy are the men who identify as sissy maids who’d like to be around a woman and not have sex with her—just be there to serve. I have one student who’s written several stories about being a sissy maid. He sees the academy as the total fulfillment of his dream.”

Although 80% of the students are straight, a lot of them have homosexual fantasies, explains Miss Vera. “Sometimes the dressing helps them cope with fantasies that as straight men they may be uncomfortable with. Usually what the students say is ‘I’m heterosexual in my personal life, but when I’m dressed, at least in fantasy, anything goes.”

Miss Paulette, raised on a farm in Alabama, sees a correlation between cross-dressers, other alternative life-styles, and a special group of animals she knew as a child. “We had these chickens that were pink because of chemicals in the feed,” says Miss Paulette. “The other chickens know that they’re different and peck them to death. Just like people, anything that’s different they don’t want to accept. They think by driving it away or killing it, they don’t have to deal with the situation. Not true.”

“When you find out that you’re different, you know you have to find people that you can relate to, where you can be different,” she adds. “Honey, if I’m a pink chicken, I’m in a roost full of ’em now!”

The Advocate, August 24, 1993.

Obituaries

Anchorage resident Michael D. Evans, 35, died from AIDS complications Aug. 25 at home.

A memorial service was held at First Christian Church, 3031 LaTouche St., with the Rev. Wesley Veatch of First Christian Church and the Rev. Jim Morgan of the Metropolitan Community Church officiating.

Mr. Evans was born March 21, 1958, in Mishawaka, Ind., and completed high school in Heber Springs, Ark. He moved to Seward in January 1990, then to Anchorage in April 1990.

Mr. Evans was physically challenged and artistic, and enjoyed working with stained glass. According to his family, he was a warm, caring, compassionate person, who enjoyed people, a pleasant home, gardening, and had an over-all concern for humankind.

Mr. Evans is survived by his loving significant other, John Asplund of Anchorage; his mother, Venette Cunningham, his father, R. Wayne, and brother, Wayne, all of Heber Springs; his sister, Gail Hasbro of Fayetteville, Ark.; close friends Phil and Andrea Wade of Heber Springs; and many other friends in Arkansas and Alaska.

In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be sent to the Alaskan AIDS Assistance Association, 730 1 St., Suite 100, Anchorage, 99501.

Arrangements were handled by Witzleben Family Funeral Homes and Crematory.


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The Politics of "Coming Out"
by Dan Carter

Last month I “celebrated” my 46th birthday. I’ve
known I was gay for approximately 33 years. I’ve
been in a relationship for almost 25 years. I’ve been
“open” about my sexuality with my family for 5 years.
I’ve been “out” to my co-workers, and everyone else
who reads the Daily News, for less than 6 months. I
write all of this for one reason - to tell all of you who
haven’t “come out,” it’s not too late. I’m living
proof that the old saying “you can’t teach an old dog
new tricks” is false.

I also want to tell you that we -- meaning lesbians,
gays, bisexuals, etc. -- will never realize our quest for
political equality until we take the personal step of
coming out to our family, our friends, our co-workers,
our priest/minister/rabbi and even to complete
strangers! I can hear your groans already! Who does
he think he is, telling me how to live my life? What
does he know about my relationship with my family?
Why doesn’t he understand how difficult “coming
out” would be for me?

I do know how difficult it is. Why do you think it
took me so long? By the way, don’t think everyone
will react the same. My immediate family, especially
my mother, has been very supportive. I have seen her
growth on this issue during her recent visit (she jokes
about her support for “radical lesbian/gay rights” as
she and Al stuff envelopes for the Dandelion
Movement). Some aunts, uncles and cousins wrote me
out of the family. I work with the People Mover bus
system and its Teamster drivers -- not a group known
for its flaming liberalism. After I came out during the
Assembly hearings some drivers stopped speaking to
me. Was it the end of the world for me? No, in fact,
seems to have been the beginning!

Most of my relatives and co-workers have relin-
quished their initial feelings of animosity and have ei-
ther given me their “approval” or simply reverted to
the same relationship we had prior to my revelation.
I’ve been asked by family members and co-workers
why I felt it was necessary to discuss my sexuality --
after all, they don’t talk about being heterosexual. It
was the perfect question, one that I would like to
answer for all of you who continue to live in the
closet.

My response was simple at first. I felt I had to
come out so I could stop living a lie. I loved my fam-
ily too much to lie to them by remaining silent. To
my co-worker, an answer was more difficult ... ini-
tially. I finally realized the reason I had lived a dou-
ble life so long was due to one thing - fear. Fear of
rejection by my family, fear of losing my friends, fear
of being fired from my job with the Municipality.

So, how did I get over this fear and replace it with
bravery. I didn’t. My initial fear was replaced by an
even greater one! Last winter, just before the As-
sembly hearings began, I realized my work “behind
the scenes” for equality wasn’t enough. I had to face
my fear of coming out head on because, as I said, I
had an even greater fear -- the fear of what was hap-
pering to our community because I, and many others,
were staying in the closet! I have Jerry Prevo to thank
for this revelation.

After all my years of fear, I finally realized the
right-wing extremists (as a spiritual person, I refuse
to refer to them as “religious”) were after me whether I
was openly gay or, as the ads say, “straight acting.”
I realized they wanted me fired from my job with the
city for one reason - because I’m gay. After all those
years of thinking I could change things while remain-
ing an unknown, I realized I was doing exactly what
the right-wing wants us to do. They want us to remain
hidden in the closet, to remain unknown to our co-
workers, to remain distant with our own families.
And why do they want this so badly? God, it’s so
simple to me now!

How else can they continue to spread their lies about
who and what we are? If your family and friends
know you as a caring, loving person and also know
you’re gay, don’t you think they will “think twice”
when they hear the lies Prevo and others like him con-
tinue to spread about our lives? Until other minority
groups know us, how will we ever begin to network
and form the necessary political alliances to assure our
victory in the battles which lie ahead?

Yes, the right-wing extremists are counting on us --
counting on us to remain hidden in our closets. If we
dare come out of our closets, their distortions of our
lives will be seen for what they really are -- lies!

I urge you to consider coming out during next
months National Coming Out Day. In the end, you’ll
be glad you did.

Dan Carter is a gay activist in the Anchorage community.

Mount Rushmore

T. S. Eliot, William Blake, John Dewey, and St. James
Some Reflections On The 24-Year Struggle Since Stonewall
by Lee Lynch

Trix Bettancourt, from the Boston Alliance for Gay and Lesbian Youth, asked his audience at the 1993 March on Washington to imagine telling the pioneers at Stonewall about our accomplishments of the last 24 years. I, a closeted 24-year-old in 1969, could not have even dreamed of my own life today.

At the March on Washington, the Metro stations were packed beyond capacity with gloriously queer women and men of every variety. We were a fat river of excitement swelling the banks of the city. I couldn’t go up or down a Metro escalator without crying. Either the crowds at the top would cheer the ascending gays and lesbians or those of us riding down would serenade one another.

Back home, the town council will decide whether to support or oppose a ballot measure denying equal rights to lesbians and gays tonight. In the crowd of spectators a man in his 30s asks a woman in her 60s, "Are you one of them? You look like a nice grandmotherly type!" "I am a grandmother!" she replies. "And I’ve worked with and lived next door to gay people and they’ve been the most responsible and nice people I’d want to know."

He leans close to her, "Do you think two men should screw each other?" She fies back, "How can you let paid bigots tell you what to think?" "Would you want a lesbian to do oral sex on you?" "If that’s someone’s choice it’s their business."

"In the schools they’re having sex with the kids."
"I’ve worked in a rape crisis center; I know most of the abusers are heterosexual men."
"The homosexuals are lying to you."

At the national Women’s Music Festival, I bump into a lesbian philosopher. A petition forbidding sexual orientation protection is circulating in her state. She’s pondering the ethical conflict. Should she actively plunge into the fray? Should she continue her work as a lesbian thinker and writer? Which contribution holds most value for our future? I have the same conflict.

We see, all weekend, how strong lesbian culture is, how far we’ve come. One night, Sawagi Takko, a Japanese women’s drum group from British Columbia, performs its mix of drumming, movement, theater, voice and poetry on the mainstage. The women’s sound is huge, their grace spine-tingling. I love that they cross-dress in black ties, white shirts, black pants. Their power elevates me far beyond the nasty tricks of the right wing. What a tragedy to throw down our instruments of art and pick up the weapons of politics.

Performers come up to me, thank me for my work. I thank everyone back. Can we spare our philosophers, our musicians, our artists, writers, producers and spiritual leaders for the battle? Can we risk losing them to the physical and emotional damage wrought by this devastating campaign against us by the right? Where will our demonstrators, our organizers, our strategists go for renewal if there is no culture to make us laugh or tingle with greatness?

At home again, a man tells me, "I think homosexuality is a moral defect, but I don’t hate you."
"Good," I reply, "I don’t hate you for being heterosexual." He looks a little confused and goes on. "I wouldn’t want a homosexual teaching my children."

I remind him that we’ve always been teachers and have done no harm. "I know," he says, "but there’s a moral decline in the world. There are opposing cultures. Some day the two sides will clash. You may be my murderer!"

In Bend, Oregon, in a chilly timber town of 17,000 people, the right forestalls imminent moral decline by demanding that local libraries pull from their shelves "Annie On My Mind" by Nancy Garden, "The Arizona Kid" by Ron Koertge and "Hey, Dollface" by Deborah Hautzig. All these books are on the American Library Association’s Best Books for Young Adults list.

The Oregon Citizens Alliance demands that a library in another rural city put an inch-think photocopied compilation of distortions and lies about lesbians and gays titled, "Facts About Homosexuality," on its shelves. The library director courageously refuses. The front cover directs readers to a local business for copies. It is the shop many progressive people use. Uncharacteristically, I confront the owner. He says, "Thank you for your comments," meaning, "Ask me if I care." I get on the phone and spread the word. A stream of us visit the business. The owner takes the shop name off the offending volume.

After the town meeting, we have won. A lesbian shakes the hand of a reporter, thanking her for her coverage. As the lesbian turns away a man tells the other woman, "Better wash your hand." A non-gay man challenges him, "That was a disgusting thing to say."

Stonewall pioneers, this is lesbian and gay life now. My daily life: being out at town meeting; taking on bigoted businesses; enduring personal attacks; building coalitions with straight people who don’t bash us; creating a dyke culture; living powerful moments of
lesbian and gay celebration that give us the renewal you sought in the barn.

We have accepted your legacy. Hiding is no longer a choice. Today we ponder where best to be flagrant. Like you, but multiplied by millions, we are the front line. We all are.

Taken from the August 1, 1993 Just Out, published by Just Out, Portland, OR.

A Eulogy To My Chosen Cousin Marty
by Jean Craciun

Marty and I shared a special bond, a bond of being different. We do not conform to traditional gender roles, we reject the old rules that would have us exclude the true diversity that exists in members of the human family. Our difference is in our vision of the world, our creativity, our lifestyle, it is after all our very nature to be this way.

Marty allowed me to see the world through his eyes--what a gift to those of us with whom he shared himself. What a charismatic, joyful, loving and yes! spiritual man.

Together we embraced this vision and devotion to fighting for each person's right to live life to his or her best abilities. And we cheered for each other and we raged with each other and we cried with each other.

His challenges and successes speak to me at this time, and his message to all of us is clear:

-- Love One Another Unconditionally
-- Stop the Judgements, the Fighting the Divisiveness
-- & Celebrate Our Different Lifestyles, Families and Visions of What Our Life's Work Might Be.

SILENCE NO MORE MY FAMILY!

Accept and even fight for the freedom of your children to be fully who they are--each one of us a gift from God.

I will miss my cousin Marty, but he has given me Tony and we will play in New York and reminisce of him. I find peace in knowing that Marty is now my guardian angel. He can be yours too!

Jean Craciun is a Lesbian Feminist and a businesswoman in Anchorage.

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The way I see it, if you want the rainbow, you’ve gotta put up with the rain.
Dolly Parton, b. 1946
American singer and actress
Personal Is Political
by Jeffrey Nickel

"Unkindness may do much, and his unkindness may taint my life, but never taint my love." Othello

A lot of what I write for this column will be quite personal—something of a departure for me. But I want to write this anyway, because I believe that personal experience often illuminates "politics" in ways that reach beyond mere rhetoric. This piece was inspired by and is dedicated to Michael ("Chael") who has shown me love like I have never known it before. My feelings for him have made me see, with vivid clarity, what it means—and what it must mean—when two men or two women are in love. He has taught me that love not only should not be hidden, but that it cannot be. With him I am without fear; he is the best thing that ever happened to me.

It is almost trite to observe that gay couples virtually never show any form of affection in public, except if by "public" we mean one of the very few areas in America where we can feel relatively safe, like Provincetown, Greenwich Village, and San Francisco. Aside from certain cities and exclusively gay establishments like bars and restaurants, there is almost no public gay affection to be seen. I remember that when I was about fourteen years old—just as I was fully realizing my romantic and sexual feelings for men (or rather, boys)—my brother told me that the only place in Albany where one could see two men holding hands was Lark Street. This is a somewhat artistic, semi-urban area where—I had indeed heard—many gay people live. I went there immediately, but saw no hand-holding. And in the ten years since that time, despite numerous visits to Albany and to Lark Street specifically, I have not seen so much as one same-sex couple holding hands, and believe me—I look. Here in Washington, D.C., where I've lived for eighteen months now, I have seen hand-holding only three times, all in predominantly gay Dupont Circle.

It's interesting for me to realize that I once assumed such open displays of affection were to be engaged in by gay people only sparingly. Although I always wanted very much to hold hands with and occasionally kiss boyfriends in public, I usually felt so self-conscious that it just didn't seem to be worth it. My eyes would scan every bystander and passersby for the slightest hint of dismay, becoming increasingly uneasy. Actual violence, although an ever-present possibility, was not my greatest concern. Mostly I hated being stared at. It was really quite pathetic.

A strange thing happened when Chael (pronounced "Cal") and I went to an Italian restaurant in Albany several weeks ago. For some reason we were both daring enough to hold hands—above the table—for most of the evening. For once, I had decided to tune out what strangers were thinking and instead focus on what I was feeling. We even kissed several times, although the kisses were quite demure compared to the heterosexual deep-throating one so often sees in public. But amazingly the sky didn't fall. I actually didn't notice any strange looks at all, although Chael later told me that he had. (They didn't bother him.)

That reminded me of a couple I once saw at a gay restaurant in Boston. Both men were striking, glowing in each other's presence. Clearly they were in love. I watched them holding hands, comfortably, playfully. Soon they got up to leave. They headed for the door, began to open it, and for the first time since I'd noticed them, they unclasped their hands. They were now "outside," literally and figuratively. I could still see them, though, and I noticed that the glow was gone. To be sure the love was still here, but now it was regarded as something that had to be tucked away.

When Chael and I left the restaurant we continued to hold hands. I don't mean to brag about this—it was practically the first time I had ever been so open. Since then we have made a practice of holding hands,

...it is far better for others to feel uncomfortable about their ignorance than it is for us to feel uncomfortable about our love....

whenever and where we want to. As "political" as I am, my reasons for doing this -- and I'm sure his also--have nothing to do with politics. Perhaps because I love him more than I have ever loved another man, I have to express that. It had become obvious to me that refraining from touching him would gnaw at me so much that it could slowly consume our love, and I was not going to let that happen.

As gay people, we pretend that being "discreet" doesn't do any real harm to ourselves or our relationships. This is total self-delusion. Surely, there are voices whispering to us: "Don't do it. You have no right to be so open. It's wrong." But we can't heed them, because if we do, we have no choice but to ultimately believe them. Of course, being gay often makes other people -- and therefore ourselves--uncomfortable. Who knows -- maybe Chael and I did ruin
someone’s evening. But it is far better for others to feel uncomfortable about their ignorance than it is for us to feel uncomfortable about our love. There is no “balance” to be struck here. And the truth is that we do others no favors by sparing them exposure to so-called permissive homosexuality, because first and foremost, what people most need to hear and see is the truth.

When I was seventeen, I wrote a poem about an incident that I had with my (then) boyfriend. I described how we kissed several times in a bar; then walked outside, where I grabbed him and kissed him on the lips. He screamed at me: "Not on the street!" and immediately walked away. I wrote about how sick that made me feel; about how I felt like I was dying inside because he wouldn’t let me show him affection in public. At the time, I didn’t know exactly why I was angry; I just knew that I was. But now I understand. His extreme unwillingness to touch me we live more and more lives based not on the truth of who we are, but on the fiction of what we are supposed to be. As children, we said to ourselves constantly, when as girls we gazed at girls or as boys we looked at boys, "I can’t. I can’t." And often, many years later, the picture has changed little. Although we now do a few things privately we couldn’t do at all before, "I can’t" still wins out most of the time; "I can’t do everything if I do a lot of things; if I don’t give my lover a long goodbye kiss on the street; "I can’t bring her home to meet my parents." The hell we can’t.

Often there’s the show, and then there’s the truth. Partners get introduced as “friends” or “roommates” and relatives are simply allowed to believe that these are the end of the relationship. Oh, no -- we think -- we just can’t tell them. They can’t handle it; they’re too old, too young, or just “nor worth it.” They won’t understand. Baloney. They can deal with knowing who we are, and even more importantly, we cannot deal without them knowing.

For things to change, there can be no excuses. We can’t say "it’s no one else’s business." Tell that to the fourteen-year-old next door who wants to kill himself because he believes that gay people invariably lead lives of misery. It is by definition the business of those we care about and those who care about us. We can’t claim that being gay is "a very small part of who we are". It’s not small at all to the eighteen-year-old who was kicked out of her home because her parents discovered love letters to another woman; because her parents hadn’t met any openly gay people, they didn’t know any better. It is a big deal, and unfortunately it will remain a big deal for a long time to come. Think of what it would mean to a little boy just discovering his gay feelings to see us treat our partners as partners at supermarkets and shopping malls. Some children will snicker at such unexpected and unabashed honesty. But for some other children, it will literally mean the difference between life and death.

I know that it makes some people sick to see two men walking down the street holding hands. But people who regard human love as sick have problems; I feel only pity for them. I can’t imagine anything more beautiful than two men holding hands. (I hope that women will forgive me; I say “two men” only because I’m a man.) It is absurd and even profane to hear some people say they might be willing to "tolerate" that. What a courageous move—to stick their necks way out and tolerate love.

When I last visited Chaël in Albany, I was imagining that someone might confront us and demand that we stop " flaunting" our affection. I was all ready to deliver a little speech about how I grew up in the Albany area and therefore had as much right as anyone to
do as I pleased. When I told this to a friend of mine, he laughed; but I really meant it. I had decided that this time, I wasn't going to compromise. When virtually the entire world says "no", my world will say "yes." And if I say "yes" with a vengeance, it is only because the world says "no" with a vengeance.

Coming out and being open, far from being "confrontational", is really just a matter of being who we are. It used to be, though, that gay people didn't even consider it. In my lifetime, I've watched coming out go from "no way" to "maybe"; from "why?" to "why not?"; By now, every one of us knows intuitively that when we kiss our partner, we are indeed making a political statement. The politics of the past told us we were wrong to do so. The politics of the future tells us that we must; and not just on Christopher and Castro Streets, but on Main Street, too.

When others demand our discretion, they are asking us not to do an array of things that straight people do without a thought. But we are supposed to be "careful," and "respect the beliefs of others."

Will openness make us uncomfortable? Sometimes; although I find that as my openness because more habitual my self-consciousness slowly falls away.

Will we sometimes encounter violence? Yes. It's understandable that many of us find the advice "be discreet" infinitely preferable to the threat "don't be at all." But the meaningful truth here is that both demand exactly the same thing; don't be who you are. In that case, as far as I'm concerned, it's not worth being at all. We must walk head first into the wind. But at least then we can breathe.

It's 7:30 a.m., you're standing on the street, and you want to kiss your boyfriend good-by. It's time. It's midnight at your parent's house and you want to go to bed with her in your bedroom. Do it. It's two o'clock in the afternoon and our co-worker wants to know if you've ever been in love. Tell him. It matters.

We say a lot to the world when we dare to be indiscreet. We say, "Look here, we've nothing to hide." We tell people that we love, which is what they most need to know.

I have a dream that Chael and I will go to my tenth high school reunion, and we will hold hands the whole time. I want to do it because when I was in high school, I felt that I couldn't hold another boy's hand. I want to do it for every prom dance I was cheated out of, and every romance that couldn't be. But mostly I want to do it because Chael deserves that from me.

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Shaking Up the Homophobic Status Quo

*Queer in America: Sex, the Media, and the Closets of Power*

By Michelangelo Signorile

Reviewed by E. Anthony Rotundo

Can I trust an author who is eager to "name names" for political purposes? Could I agree with an activist who scourns the right of privacy? How much homophobia do I bring to a book by a gay radical? "Queer in America" by Michelangelo Signorile pressed me with questions like these at every turn of a page. Mixing rage, reflection and reportage, this unusual book scrambled my suppositions even when it didn't change my mind.

Signorile is a leader in a new generation of gay activists. He has achieved his greatest fame by announcing the homosexuality of prominent-but-closeted gays-"outing" them—through his column at the now-defunct publication Out Week. And, although "Queer in America" is much more than a defense of outing, the author works throughout the book to make a case for the political tactic he helped to originate.

Signorile builds his case with care. He begins, in the book's most vivid section by describing the agony of growing up homosexual. In a world where parents are homophobic and peer culture is violently anti-gay, social experience drives gay teenagers into the closet. The closet, says Signorile, provides a sense of shelter in a culture that attacks homosexuality at every turn. But it stunts even as it shelters, guaranteeing a life of fear and deception. Politically, the closet perpetuates homophobia by allowing charges of homosexuality to smear and shame, instead of providing a moment of pride or an opportunity for education. Worse yet, according to Signorile, is the fact that there are powerful closeted gay men and lesbians in the very institutions that sustain homophobia, and these men and women acquiesce—or even participate in the oppression of other homosexuals.

It is here that the strategy of "outing" plays a part in Signorile's analysis. He argues that the three major institutions sustaining homophobia are the "Trinity of the Closet"—the news media (who willfully hide the homosexuality of public figures), the political system (which demands closeting and has rarely offered legislative safeguards to gay men and lesbians) and the entertainment industry (which disseminates negative images of homosexuals.) Within these very institutions, closeted lesbians and gay men occupy crucial positions—"The Closets of Power" of Signorile's subtitle—and thus play an active part in their own oppression, as they help to perpetuate the agony of others like them.

Signorile argues that if gay men and lesbians are ever to have a sense of dignity and public worth, the powerful among them must be routed from their closets, even if it happens against their wishes. To call this tactic "outing" says Signorile, is to misrepresent it. He prefers the term "equalizing", because this is a process that puts the personal lives of eminent homosexuals on the public record, just as the media relentlessly expose us to the personal details of eminent heterosexuals' lives.

It is important to stress that Signorile believes only in the outing of gay men and lesbians who occupy positions of power, and then only those who use their power to act against the interests of homosexuals. Although he wants all gays to come out, he emphasizes that the vast majority who have no significant power, should come out in their own way, at their own pace, by their own means.

"Queer in America" raises political and moral issues that few of us who live in a presumably heterosexual world have considered carefully, but they are unsettling, vital questions that parallel the hared questions about inclusion and justice asked by earlier social movements. How should we respond to Signorile's attacks on the homophobic status quo? Even as his book has improved my understanding, I retain my own forms of resistance to Signorile's arguments for outing. I was raised to believe in the immorality of McCarthyite tactics, so I balk at any book with a preface titled "On Naming Names". I embrace the liberal belief in the right to privacy and self-definition, and outing certainly runs counter to that belief. Most of all, I worry about what happens if the tool of outing falls into the wrong hands. Although Signorile has fine-tuned principles about who should be outing and who shouldn't I fear of the people he has to protect from outing—the powerless and painfully vulnerable who are the vast majority of gays. If outing becomes widespread and indiscriminate, aren't these the very people who would suffer most?

Though I don't find myself totally convinced by Signorile's argument for outing as a political tactic, I am compelled by the larger social analysis that underlies the argument. The invisibility of lesbians and gay men reinforces their marginality. Straight people won't be able to learn how normal, numerous or productive homosexuals are until they discover them among their friend, their families, their colleagues,
their leaders, and their heroes. The closet prevents change. The right of privacy sounds like a feeble defense for those powerful men and women who visit pain on fellow sufferers from homophobia.

For, in the end, the closet perpetuates the homophobia that creates. And the suffering wrought by homophobia is truly chilling-- and totally inexcusable. One of every three adolescent suicide attempts is made by a gay teenager. That means that homosexual adolescents are (depending on how figures you use) form 3 to 30 times as likely to attempt suicide as their heterosexual peers. In the face of such desperation, Signorile urges desperate measures. The moral urgency of Signorile's tactics are much more comprehensible juxtaposed with the horror of young people losing their lives to homophobia.

While homophobia and outing are the chief concerns of "Queer in America", this complex book moves in many directions. It is a journalistic history of gay activism in the AIDS era, a coming-of-age coming-out memoir, a manual for guerrilla politics in the Age of Information, and even a utopian blueprint for the high-tech liberation of coming generations of lesbians and gay men. Reading this book is a gripping experience. If "Queer in America" gets the readership it deserves, it will open minds as well as closets.


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The Face of Breast Cancer
by Linda Steiner

Kay Reese was my friend. She could make me laugh from my belly and always kept me entertained with one of her many stories. She was passionate about life, wildflowers, the community, her children and good food. Three years ago in August she died of breast cancer. Hundreds gathered to celebrate her life for she had touched the lives of many. I walked away that day feeling the need to do something for I was lucky, my life had included Kay Reese.

An exhibit, "The Face of Breast Cancer", was conceived by members of the National Breast Cancer Coalition in order to personalize and humanize the breast cancer statistics. Statistics that are so often quoted, but too staggering to comprehend; five women an hour are dying, one woman in nine will be diagnosed.

They chose one woman per state who had already passed away due to breast cancer. The Anchorage Women's Breast Cancer Support Group nominated Kay Reese to represent us. The display shows each woman, presents a short biography and some quotes. It is powerful and very moving to walk among these panels. There are 16 panels in all and they were made possible by a grant from Bristol-Myers Oncology Division, with the help and support of the Blue Ridge Foundation and Senator Patrick Leahy.

This exhibit will be brought up to Alaska by Breakeven Productions. It will be on display at the UAAA Wendy Williamson Auditorium November 1st through the 10th. I need your help in accomplishing this.

Breast cancer affects the lives of many people. When it touches your life it moves people to action. Ann Reed is one of these people. She wishes to share her talent with us to help fundraise to bring "The Face of Breast Cancer" to Anchorage. She is a nationally acclaimed singer/songwriter and will be performing in Anchorage in October. Perhaps Pam Bailey, producer from Quad Cities, describes Ann best:

"Dazzled by her guitar work, tickled by her wit, awed by her lyrics and melodies and soothed by her fine voice, audience members lie in their seats when the show is over, like soft puddles of candle wax, unwilling to go home until the janitors come and sweep them away."

A second artist, Libby Roderick, has also agreed to do a fundraising concert. Libby is a nationally touring artist who was born and makes her home in Anchorage. She is well known and loved in Alaska for her numerous performances to benefit local causes and for consistently speaking out on issues of civil rights, environmental concerns and community integrity. She is celebrating the release of her third album, "If the World Were My Lover". Libby will be in concert in November.

By now you're probably wondering what you can do to help. Well, for starters, come join us for a magical evening with Ann Reed. Ann will be in concert October 2, 1993 at 7:30 pm at the Wendy Williamson Auditorium. Also, join us for Libby Roderick's album release concert on November 13, 1993 at 7:30 pm, also at the Wendy Williamson Auditorium. Tickets to both shows are available through Carr's Tix.

If you'd like to go a step further, you could become a Row Sponsor by purchasing a block of tickets for either $300, $600, or $900. Row Sponsors will receive special recognition. Another option is making a flat-out donation to help fund the presentation of "The Face of Breast Cancer". Last, but not least, you can donate your time and energy. A project this size needs many volunteers and any amount of enthusiasm you can lend will be greatly appreciated. For more information, please contact Linda Steiner of Breakeven Productions at 277-5630.

The dates again are: Oct 2, Ann Reed Concert; Nov 1-10, "The Face of Breast Cancer" Exhibit; Nov 13 Libby Roderick's Concert.

Linda Steiner is owner of Breakeven Productions and producer of the concerts and exhibit mentioned in this article.
Healthy Homosexuality
by Ross Crich, RN

When Ken Freedman approached me to write a column on health issues for Northview readers, my immediate thoughts focused on HIV infection. Natural, I expect, considering my professional and personal involvement with HIV/AIDS over the past eleven years.

We are entering the second decade of devastation from HIV/AIDS in the Gay Community, still with no cure in reach, any vaccine a long way from being available, and medical treatments for many opportunistic infections as toxic as the virus itself and the cost of treating HIV disease out of control! Over the coming months a diversity of health issues, dilemmas and opinions may present for discussion or consideration in this column. These may or may not be my personal opinions, however every opinion stated is based on correct medical information and the latest statistics available at the time of publication. All references and material used in this column are available to readers through the library at 4As or by contacting the sources listed at the end of each column.

Since November 1992, 4As in conjunction with the Municipality of Anchorage Health and Human Services Dept., has been offering HIV Antibody testing both at 4As offices and at mobile test sites around Anchorage. The program is extremely successful, and has been expanded to test for Hepatitis B and Syphilis. Both STD's are identified health problems in the gay and lesbian community in Alaska through the HIV testing program as suspected from statistics available from other rural cities around the country.

Discussions with gay men using this HIV test program brought to light an issue of concern to me for several years. Few of the men were testing regularly for HIV, others tested infrequently and a large proportion had never tested previously. Asked when they had their last complete physical, the answer was most could not remember, or in many cases they referred to their last HIV test. Could this be an indicator that gay men were reluctant to seek routine medical care for the fear of discovering they were HIV positive or otherwise having to disclose to a physician their HIV status if they did know? Those were the two questions which came to my mind!

I could relate well to this fear from a personal point. Before 1988 I too was hesitant to have a physical before establishing my HIV negative status. I have vivid memories of worrying about a simple dose of the flu being PCP, a dark skin blemish the beginning of KS, the ongoing self-assurance I must be HIV positive. The thought of going to a physician to have a physical would surely, in my mind, confirm my own self-diagnosis. Being witness to so many of my friends dying from complications of AIDS, my thought was that any disease I may contract which would take me sooner or easier was comforting.

In 1988, my life took a complete turn around. Suddenly, after the initial shock of testing negative for HIV antibodies, I needed to adjust to the sudden reality and possibility of living a long life. I was going to survive if I took care of myself, both physically and mentally. This would mean a change in lifestyle behaviors and attitude, (the strategy: less physical risk taking behavior and taking time out for myself)! Reflection on the past several years of my life started shortly after I knew I was HIV negative after a good friend on mine, entered the hospital with suspected AIDS complications. He had never gotten tested, convinced he was already in the symptomatic stages of the disease. As with so many others before him, friends including myself, readied ourselves for the long haul of supporting and caring for him through his fight with AIDS. My friend died three days later of renal cancer at the age of 41; his condition was treatable with early detection. He was HIV negative.

As the AIDS crisis continues, now affecting rural areas and isolated communities as a hidden epidemic, there are three messages I want to impart:

1. If you are HIV negative, take care of your physical and mental health. An annual physical does not cost a lot of money and can save you health and money in the long term. Early intervention in any health problem is essential, naturally prevention is better than cure. HIV is not the only potentially fatal disease to which we are prone!

2. If you are a person who doesn't know your HIV status, and has been put at risk, make a responsible decision to have a HIV test (also advisable are Hepatitis and Syphilis tests). Never assume you are HIV positive. Know your status and plan your health care accordingly. In this case, ignorance can equal fear, fear can equal death.

3. If you are HIV positive, shop around for a health care provider with whom you are comfortable and negotiate a health care plan. Enroll with the Alaskan AIDS Assistance Association (4As). Educate yourself about HIV infection, treatment and related issues. Remember, if you are HIV positive this doesn't mean you can't have 'garden variety' illnesses. Knowledge is power.

Health care costs! A recommendation I give to folks without insurance, or on low income is to attend the
Anchorage Neighborhood Health Center, 1217 E 10th Ave., Anchorage, phone 278-5019. This clinic is a well respected and charges on a sliding fee scale (ability to pay).

For anonymous HIV and STD testing, phone Ross 907-276-1400 during office hours to arrange your testing appointment. All calls are strictly confidential.

Letters, comments, suggestions and inquiries about this column can be addressed to 730 I Street, Suite 100, Anchorage 99501, marked to my attention.

Ross Crich RN is the Education Coordinator at the Alaskan AIDS Assistance Association (AAs) and is the newly crowned Emperor of the Imperial Court.

New Brunswick
by Wauta Borawski

Billie Holiday had recently returned from being the toast of Europe, and was walking down a Harlem street after being in a midtown cafe brawl. Shaken by racial epithets hurled, she later ran into a friend who asked, "Billie, how are you?" "Well, you know," said Lady Day, "I'm still a nigger here." After the first night of the fifth annual Lesbian and Gay Studies Conference Michael & I were walking to our hotel on George Street when two Aryan lads in a Toyota pick-up circled and yelled HEY FAGGOTS! It wasn't until I was brushing my teeth, had showered & put on the conference T-shirt that the energy of our tribe came back to me, I laughed as I spit: I am a faggot everywhere, but especially in New Brunswick

(2 November 91)

Wauta Borawski is the author of Sexually Dangerous Poet (Good Gay Poets, Boston). His poetry also appeared in Gay and Lesbian Poetry Today (St. Martin's Press). From Christopher Street, Issue 174.
Women's Health: Lesbians Can Get Vulvar Diseases
by Karen Carlisle

Thirteen years ago, I had a partial hysterectomy -- they left both my ovaries. The surgeon said nothing about future pap smears and I reasoned that I didn't need one anymore. Where could they take a tissue clip from when I had no cervix, no uterus, no womb? I even had a hard time visualizing the void that must be inside me. To what were the internal parts connected that used to be connected to my uterus? The best I could imagine was that the tissue that had been left flapping had been drawn together with thread and resembled a drawstring bag (an another image comes to mind, but perhaps it is unseemly to say it).

Then, several years later, a good friend, a lesbian, was diagnosed with vaginal cancer. VAGINAL CANCER! HOLY SHIT! Now that was a part of my anatomy that I was extremely attached to and the thought of losing it surgically filled me with angst -- more than angst, maybe even terror. So I called my lesbian PA and asked, "Suzan, am I supposed to be having pap smears with no uterus?" Her answer, of course, was yes. You can get cancer anywhere, including your vulva or your anus. (For those of you who aren't sure what is called what, the vulva is the name of all the genitalia outside the body including the inner and outer lips, or labia, and the clitoris; the vagina is the canal that runs from the outside of your body to your uterus; the cervix is the bottom of the uterus which has the opening called the os.)

So when I saw a Daily News headline called "Vulvar diseases are... Poorly Understood" you can bet I was interested. So here's a synopsis of this article for all you women who love your vulva as much as I love mine.

There are a number of disorders characterized by extreme pain that occurs when the tissue at the opening to the vagina called the vulvar vestibule is touched or the vagina is entered (of course the authors of this article had no conception that the tender vagina might be touched by anything but a penis or a tampon). This family of disorders is called vulvodynia. There has been little research done (are we surprised?) in this area of women's health and there is no surefire medical treatment. According to experts (read medical doctors, mostly male), there are several options for treating vulvar vestibulitis, including special diets, interferon injections, calcium citrate drug treatments and surgery.

"A major problem [in diagnosis, besides lack of research,] is that you don't necessarily see anything. And often, if a doctor doesn't see something, he or she may be prone to question... whether the problem even exists," said Dr. Marilyne McKay, professor of dermatology and gynecology at the Emory Clinic Center for Vulvar Diseases in Atlanta. The only clinical signs, for example, for vulvar vestibulitis, is pain during penetration and redness at the entrance to the vagina (which you also get during sex, so check for symptoms at another time than when you are sexually aroused).

There is disagreement as to the causes of vulvodynia. Some doctors believe that a chemical imbalance in the body might be the source of the pain. In 1991, Dr. Herzi Melmed of the University of Colorado Health Science Center in Englewood treated a 32-year-old woman who had suffered from vulvar vestibulitis for four years. An array of drug and surgical treatments had failed. Persistent pain interfered with every aspect of her life. He thought her body might be overloaded with oxalate, a chemical known to cause severe itching and burning. He found elevated levels in her urine, so he placed her on a low-oxalate diet eliminating foods such as berry juices, tea, cocoa, peanut butter and beans. He also prescribed calcium citrate. The woman's pain was reduced in three months and gone in one year, he reported in the December 1991 issue of The Journal of Reproductive Medicine.

Melmed said he has recently finished a similar study with 25 patients and found that 80% became symptom free and were able to function normally when treated with calcium citrate (this is available at the Natural Pantry in the vitamin section).

Are you one of those Lesbians who don't get pap smears? Do you like your vulva? Your girlfriend's? Do it! Tell your friends, also.

For more information on vulvar vestibulitis, contact a newly formed consumer group called The Vulvar Pain Foundation at 433 Ward St., Graham, N.C. 27725. Does anyone know if the Lesbian Health Project has any info on this... Liz Ilg?

Excerpted from the Anchorage Daily News, 6/7/93 without permission by Karen Carlisle. ▼

▼ The thing women have got to learn is that nobody gives you power. You just take it.
Roseanne Barr, b. 1952
American comedienne and actress
The Eye
Not to be confused with the nares

Camp! You've all heard about it, but few have ascended the heights. Get this. R. and B. have been travelling (they're from Arizona and came up the AlCan in their RV), but when night would fall and camp was to be made, they found a RV park or campground, rolled out the astro turf and set out the pink flamingoes. It raised eyebrows on most passers-by, EYE is told. EYE wonders what else. ▼ EYE notes that Sky is Blu performed opening night at the State Fair. Talk about "prime time." Was that H. who broke a string and G. & M. filled in with the blues while the fiddle was fixed? Stay tuned! ▼ Can't express enough gratitude to my sister the Alaska Ear for the following: "A Question That Can Be Answered..." if Theresa Obermeyer, Jerry Prevo and Thom Phinque were trapped in a burning building, who would the firefighters save? Answer: The city of Anchorage. Yes, it really is mean. Ear is sorry." But not too sorry. ▼ EYE managed to snag a ticket to Coronation XXI and couldn't help but note some of the goings-on, vis: in years past, food was not readily available, and a show that started at 6 and went to midnight was a bit much to ask, even of EYE. This year, some intrepid souls brought their own, but were told that management wouldn't allow it (health laws or something). Couldn't help but notice that the liquor concession this year decided to sell food (not cheap). EYE was miffed! What's the big deal? Some folks were downright nasty in trying to remove snacks from a table EYE was in a position to see. Couldn't be greed, could it? ▼ Couldn't help but be moved by the 4As entrance, with a tasteful slide show of many of our brothers and sisters lost to AIDS. The 4As got "Best Entrance," and deservedly, too! ▼ Was also moved by the entrance of the Imperial Grandmother of the College of Monarchs, Maggie! ▼ EYE was not mistaken to notice Arliss Sturgeonekski was one of the Identity tables. She was honored with the Community Service award and received three, count them, three standing ovations as she approached the dais, was given the award and as she retired. During her comments, she noted that we must all be activists. Why? It's easy for her (heterosexual) to speak at the (Civil Rights) Rally and at the Assembly, but it is ourselves who must stand up for our own rights. Later, when D. said she was glad she was running for Mayor, Arliss said she wasn't. D. responded, "I wish I were glad you were running for Mayor. You could reunite

Anchorage Gay, Lesbian, Straight." Arliss: "...not sure if anyone could." EYE is sad about that and hopes it isn't true. ▼ Michelle made only one mistake in her one particular number. She surrounded herself with 3 Calvin Klein clad (only) dancers. Now, EYE appreciates a good body as well as the next. But EYE doesn't remember what song Michelle sang. Oops! ▼ EYE never saw a pierced nipple on a woman, but there she was! Mr. & Mrs. Alaska Leather made an entrance. And audible gasps were heard all about the room. Not to mention a bit of drooling. ▼ CC looked ravishing in her Marilyn Monroe look alike outfit. Yum, Yum. ▼ Also heard that the balloons at the back of the hall were a gift from the real Whoopie Goldberg. EYE is impressed. ▼ Want to know what prominent Anchorage lawyer was so passionate about the work that needs to be done regarding ending discrimination against us that she said "all you Lays and Lesbians need to get behind this!" A slight silence followed. EYE noted a muted comment from the back of the room, "you may be on to a new trend, there." Or something strikingly similar. ▼ It has come to EYE's attention that a well-known former Emperor/Empress is departing the Great Land for sunny downtown California. It is their gain and our loss.

As for remaining partner S. (and EYE quotes), "take a number and get in line." ▼

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Anchorage
Where in the World?
by Bob De Loach

A Glance to the South
Just about this time of the year we Alaskans often start to cast an eye to the south and start to plan for our warm-up getaways. This is good planning as the time for receipt of our annual bribe from the Alaskan Permanent Fund is nearer than you may expect. What better time to plan that warm-up get-away?

Costa Rica in February
The Mt. McKinley (non-Ascent) Club’s annual international outing is to Sunny Costa Rica (Central America). This is one of the year’s hottest travel destinations, partly due to the great climate, very American and gay-friendly people, an extremely diverse country, and the low cost of travel in and around the country. The McKinley Club trip includes round trip air on United Airlines, 10 nights hotel accommodations at all of the hot locations in the country, private bus with free cocktails for travel throughout the country, all breakfasts, and transfers and admissions to the parks. The trip covers the rain forests, (Feb. is the dry season), the world famous volcanos and hot springs, world famous river rafting and ample time to toast on beautiful unspoiled beaches with world class diving, snorkeling and deep sea fishing. Total price for the tour (February 17-27) is $1,525.00 double occupancy with room-sharing available. A deposit will hold your place on this trip with full payment due 30 days prior to departure. Space is limited. Apollo Travel is exclusive agent for this package. (P.S. Your reporter is spending 8 days in Costa Rica in early October to pave the way for this trip, so sign up now!!)

Olivia Thanksgiving
Board a luxury liner cruise from West Palm Beach, Fla. to San Salvador, St. Thomas and San Juan, November 20-27. This women’s cruise is priced from $995 per person with cruising for women as only Olivia Cruises can offer. Call for more information.

Gay Games: Freedom Train
On June 17, 1994, for the first time in 25 years, a deluxe private train will leave Los Angeles for a cross-country journey, arriving in New York City in time for Stonewall 25 and the Gay Games. The 16 carriages will leave LA and travel up the coast to San Francisco, then will wind through the Sierras past Salt Lake, Denver, Chicago and then on to NYC. The return trip leaves NYC on the 27th of June heading south to New Orleans, then on to San Antonio, Tucson and back to LA. Along the entire trip the US and rainbow flags will be proudly flown from the engine while the freedom train logo will be affixed to the end of the platform car. Arrangements have been made through Slotty Tours, a company with a national reputation for fine rail cars and charters. The deluxe Lesbian and Gay Pride train will accommodate 250 persons in first-class comfort. Rates are from $3,300 per person round trip in coach and $4,500 per person dbl in a private bedroom. One-way tickets are also available. Tickets include train accommodations, hotel in San Francisco, NYC and New Orleans plus all meals and entertainment aboard the train. Optional Gay Games, theatre, and concert tickets are available. For further information 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.

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Gay Broadway
by John E. Harris

At the Tony Supper Ball, we danced like extras in a Depression-era movie musical—ringside seats, waiters bearing champagne bottles, black tie, of course. We were ready to clear the floor for Fred and Ginger the moment they appeared. They failed to show, but we were surrounded for a moment by other luminaries: Terrence McNally, Kander and Ebb, Hal Prince, and Tony Kushner -- the artists who transformed this lackluster Broadway season into a dangerous, dazzling one.

As celebrities spun before our eyes, I realized our great good fortune. There are few places gay men can go to waltz; we had certainly never danced this way before. The irony? In the middle of an event that celebrates the mainstream, we were doing just that, smiles all around at the sight of us. And yet it was a fitting conclusion to the Broadway season -- the most obviously gay one to date.

The Best Play (Angels in America: Part I Millennium Approaches [A Gay Fantasia on National Themes]), and Best Musical (Kiss of the Spider Woman) are both flawed works that triumph by flexing theatrical muscles. Angels is epic but uneven, due to a few weak links in the characterizations. Still, it's riveting theater. Over three hours long, it flies by as if it were a sitcom -- and I mean that as a compliment. Kushner writes lines that are hilarious one moment and harrowing the next, barely allowing the audience to catch its breath. The Roy Cohn scenes alone make this a must see. As played by Ron Leibman, they chill to the marrow of your bones. More on Angels when Part II, Perestroika, joins it in repertoire in the fall.

Kiss is the kind of landmark musical that only Hal Prince can produce -- at once hugely entertaining and deeply disturbing -- so much so that days after seeing it I could not even play the cast album. I had to process the experience -- figure out what had happened on stage -- before I could relive it.

To understand just how revolutionary Kiss is, you must picture the audience of, say, a Wednesday matinee: The ladies have shopped, they have even lunched, and now they’re sitting down to see a Broadway show! With Chita Rivera! Or picture the family from Utah on vacation: Dad says, "Well, why not see Kiss?" After all, it won the Tony." And the climax is two men having sex.

You know the story: A gay window dresser (Molina) and a straight revolutionary (Valentin) meet and mate in a South American prison cell. But the musical is darker than the movie version. Here, Molina clearly uses Molina for his political purposes. There’s little love in the sex, only pity and use.

Molina (Brent Carver) transcends this grim reality by immersing himself in the roles of a B-movie star, Aurora. As played by Chita Rivera, Aurora is a glamorous, gutsy, husky-voiced enchantress who can kick her heels behind her ears while leading a chorus of barechested men in scintillating song and dance. During Aurora’s act, we catch glimpses of Molina as he mirrors her every move -- we are watching the movie in his mind.

But Prince’s vision is more complex than that. Aurora, from time to time, becomes the Spider Woman, the only role of the star’s that Molina dislikes. As the Spider Woman, she appears to Molina -- in a dream of seduction that leads to death -- even when he does not call upon her.

In their strongest, richest score since Cabaret, Kander and Ebb swiftly navigate Kiss’s multi-layered reality. There are songs for Molina and Valentin (Anthony Crivello) in prison, movie scenes that Molina describes to Valentin and that we see Aurora perform, and hallucinations. One of the most beautiful melodies to be heard on Broadway today occurs during a quartet between Molina’s mother, Valentin’s girlfriend, and the two men as they sing about who they must miss: "Dear One."

At first, Terrence McNally’s book portrays Molina as a mediocore gay stereotype, the kind that’s femme to the end. Only in Kiss, unlike the Mendl character in his Lisbon Traviata, this pathetic creature becomes heroic, shattering the initial perception that he is just another silly diva-obsessed queen. Molina’s fantasies are more than an escape, they are a form of redemption, a release from the grasp of intolerant people.

In Molina, we see an average gay man getting by the way average gay men have for centuries: dressing up, "Dressing Them Up" as Molina sings about his department store mannequins, dressing life up -- pretending it is more beautiful, better, than we know it to be. It’s the aesthetic in us all that says, "If there’s a war on don’t bring me the news...gimmie love."

Molina is nicely, perhaps too nicely, juxtaposed with Valentin, who is committed unto death to reality-- the revolution -- although he also relies on imagination to get him through. Valentin dreams of a lover, "Marta," who loves him back. Even his fantasies are rooted in reality.

During the course of the musical, Molina and Valentin connect with the help of Molina’s make-believe. Like gay artists throughout history, he entertains the prosaic straight man -- gives him what he wants to see and makes it larger than life. Valentin
even begs to hear "Good Times," a scene from one of Aurora’s movies that validates his own political furor.

In the last half of the second act, this human connection — Molina’s now in love with Valentín — leads to Molina’s death: He makes the phone call outside the prison that Valentín asks of him and is brutally tortured and murdered.

More so than either Manuel Puig’s novel or Hector Babenco’s movie, Spider Woman shows that fantasies can be fatal. The very thoughts that we use to escape a world of rejection can connect us to other people in dangerous ways. As Valentín embraces Molina, the Spider Woman appears and sings her theme song; we know this love means death.

I’ve always liked to think that fantasy is a harmless game to play, so useful, so necessary, and, let’s face it, a reason to live. Here Molina’s fantasies twist and turn, mixing with reality. They become the very agents of his destruction. The genius of the musical is to make this connection visually as the ambiguous Spider Woman/Aurora weaves her way in and out of Molina’s mind, confusing the healthy fantasies with the destructive ones, the ones that you can’t control -- like Molina falling in love with Valentín -- that want to control you.

Perhaps you can understand why I call this the darkest musical ever written (and I love dark musicals): It simply does not let us off the hook. Molina sees Valentín refuse to save him even as he dies. In Kiss, sexual fantasy leads to death. I don’t need to tell you what strange resonances that has in the age of "AIDS." But Kiss never spells out the dangerous liaison between fantasy life and the real world. It lurks in the shadows of this show, just out of sight.

Prince ends the show with a brilliant coup de théâtre, “Only in the Movies,” where Molina flips into his final fantasy, one that plays in his head moments before he dies. As unremittingly bleak as Kiss is, its finale forms a glorious paean to show biz and the triumph of the imagination. To the everlasting credit of Prince, Kander and Ebb, McNally and especially Brent Carver, Molina emerges as a fully-fleshed out gay hero. Unlike Paul in A Chorus Line, the cartoons in La Cage, or even Falsettos’ Marvin, Molina dominates the show. It’s his fantasy, his party. A heartfelt thank you to the entire Kiss team and producer Garth Drabinsky for taking us to a place where few musicals dare to go: the soul of a gay man.

—— Christopher Street, Issue 204, August 1993

Absence does not make the heart grow fonder, but it sure heats up the blood.

Elizabeth Ashley, b. 1939

American actress
William J. Clinton  
President of the United States  
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue  
Washington, D.C. 20100  

August 5, 1993  

Dear President Clinton,  

I am writing to you to express to you my grief at the loss of a close friend. Enclosed you will find the obituary of Stacy Belzter, who died of an AIDS-related illness. He was a kind person, loving and hard-working, and the world will be a bit less without him.  

The reason I am writing to you is that you have failed him, and many others like him. He believed in you, and your promise to make AIDS one of your priorities. You did not. It took you five months to name an AIDS czar, and you have not once since taking office fully addressed the issue. Mr. President, please, people are dying every day, people who are just like Stacy. You have the power to make a difference, and you have their faith in your hands. George Stephanopoulos has referred to you as the President of all of the people, and Stacy was one of your people.  

Please, do something soon. Speed up trials for drugs that show promise, issue an executive order that will allow voluntary participation in experimental treatment programs. Free up more funds for research, treatment, education, and prevention. People just like Stacy are counting on you. Please, you know the pain of losing a close friend, don’t let Stacy be forgotten.  

With Great Hope,  
Herman C. Coen, Jr.  

The White House, August 19, 1993  

Mr. Herman C. Coen, Jr.  

Dear Herman:  

Thank you for your letter about the AIDS crisis. We must commit ourselves to stopping the spread of this terrible disease.  

In dealing with the AIDS crisis, I will pursue a four-part strategy of more research, thorough testing, better treatment, and improved education. I want to increase funding and accelerate research in order to help develop a vaccine and find therapies that will destroy HIV, repair the immune system, and treat AIDS-related infections. Until that time, we must reform our health care system to control the rising cost of treatment and provide security to every American family. I have asked Congress to fully fund the prevention efforts under the Ryan White Health Care Act so that we can help people with AIDS and ease the burdens that it places on families.  

We must promote AIDS education in our schools and launch a strong and effective campaign that will reach into every community. Focusing national attention on this disease will help to provide the best strategies for prevention and will encourage compassion and understanding for the victims of this disease. I welcome your support as we seek to defeat AIDS.  

Sincerely,  

[Signature]  

The Food Factor  
from Jan (Scott’s Mom) Olson  

Calico Beans  
* 1/2 pound bacon, brown  
* 1 pound hamburger  
* 1 medium onion  
* Add: 3/4 Cup Ketchup  
1 Tsp. Salt  
1/3 Cup Brown Sugar  
2 Tsp. Mustard  
2 Tbl. Vinegar  
2 Tsp. Garlic (or to taste)  
2 Cans Pork & Beans  
1 Can Kidney Beans  
1 Can Lima Beans  
1 Can Butter Beans  
* Simmer in crockpot or bake in a 350F oven for one hour.  
[Jan’s Note: Makes a nice potluck dish!]  
[Editor’s Note: and a workout at the gym later will help clear those free radicals!] ▼
Back ing Down on the Gay Ban: Why It Happened
by E.J. Dionne Jr.

The effort to lift the ban on gays in the military collapsed long ago on the day President Clinton decided to abandon his middle-class tax cut. When a president starts dropping popular campaign promises, his more controversial pledges are doomed to fall by the wayside.

The strongest argument Clinton had for lifting the ban was the simplest: He had promised, unequivocally, that he would do so back in 1992. Since president should keep their promises, Clinton could have argued, he intended to keep his. But when he dropped the middle-class tax cut without a fight, Clinton abandoned this high ground and handed the “Republicans a new line of attack: Why was it, they asked, that Clinton could dismiss his promise to middle-class families without a tear, but considered himself bound by his pledge to gays?

There was no way Clinton could sustain his end in this argument. His claim that post-election numbers forced him to drop efforts to cut taxes for the middle class was hogwash. The proof is in: To close the deficit, Clinton sought a broad $72 billion energy tax, passed by the House. The Senate opted for a much narrower gas tax and cut the amount raised by nearly $50 billion. Budget director Leon Panetta says the administration will have to capitulate to something closer to the Senate version.

Clinton has given away up to $50 billion in revenue for absolutely nothing. It would have been far better to take $20 billion or $30 billion from the energy tax and use the money to cut income taxes on the middle class, targeting the relief to lower-middle-income families with young children. Had he done this, Clinton would have kept his promise, made the tax code fairer and gained a stronger position to redeem his other pledges.

Too often ignored in commentary on the middle class tax cut is the extent to which it’s about more than money. By targeting so much of the relief he promised to families with children, Clinton was making a moral statement—and it was a statement that fit well with his promise to gays. Clinton and supporters of gay rights have argued that one could regard discrimination against gays and lesbians as wrong and still be “pro-family.” Increasing the tax break for families with kids was a way for government to honor the work families do and to do so with more than words.

To win on the gay rights issue, advocates need to be clear that the point is not to overturn the family structure, as some conservatives claim. Andrew Sullivan, the New Republic editor who is one of the most thoughtful advocates of gay rights, has made the simple but powerful point that gays are the products of families and honor the work parents do no less than anyone else.

In the case of dropping the ban on gays in the military, moreover, gay rights supporters were not seeking affirmative action or anything else so bold. It was an attempt to reverse a policy that wrote bigotry into law. Was that so radical?

Clinton’s agony of the compromises he had to make was reflected in his comments, notably his admission that his is not “a perfect solution.” Clinton’s proposal does at least provide a somewhat larger “zone of privacy” for gay and lesbian soldiers than the unworkably narrow versions of the “don’t ask, don’t tell” plan. To get as far as he did, Clinton had to fight pressures from the Joint Chiefs of Staff. And then there was the opposition from Democratic Sen. Sam Nunn of Georgia, who expresses about the same degree of loyalty to his party and its president as Henry VIII demonstrated toward his various wives.

Despite Clinton’s retreats on gay rights and taxes, the evidence does not support the view that Clinton is simply a profligate promise-breaker. For a candidate who made as many promises as he did, Clinton has already kept many of them. He and Hillary Clinton have taken a lot of grief — and will yet take more — to come up with a new health care system. Clinton promised a lot more money for the working poor, and he delivered. He said the burdens of tax increases should fall on the wealthy and, in his plan, most of them do.

Nonetheless, he can’t get around how he has now backed off two of his most visible campaign pledges. What ought to have been learned from the trouble George Bush ran into by breaking his “no new taxes” promise is that campaign talk matters. Voters can exercise control over what government does only if they can rely on candidates to mean what they say on important issues. Most of the time, victorious candidates can govern effectively only if they work out the broad policy before the election to create a sustainable majority.

By offering the pro-children tax cut and an end to the gay ban as planks of the same platform, Clinton sought to create ground on which both middle-class families and gay right supporters could comfortably stand. He tried to show that these two groups overlap, a fact known to every gay person and every heterosexual with gay relative or friends. That’s why Clinton’s
promises to middle class families and to gays were honorable when he made them, and are still worth keeping.

From The Washington Post, National Weekly Edition, July 25-
August 1, 1993. ▼

An opportunity to hear...

Dr. Deepak Chopra

Dr. Chopra leads us on a journey to awaken the inner intelligence, to experience the silence between thoughts, to discover one's true nature. Dr. Chopra discusses the concept that we are what we see and the steps of power. The power of knowledge, silence, intention, language, and awareness which ultimately unfold the higher self and fullness on all levels of life.

Lecture: Monday, October 11, 7pm, West High School Auditorium. Tickets: $15, $20, $25. available at Carrs Tix.

Workshop: Tuesday, October 12, 9:30am - 4:30pm, Alaska Regional Hospital. $150. Tickets available at the Performing Arts Center Ticket Office.

Sponsored by ACORS, Center for Positive Living and friends of Dr. Deepak Chopra. For information, call 279-5683 or 258-LIFE. Limited financial assistance for lecture tickets available through the 4As.

"Discover the Power to Fulfill Your Dreams"
Fall Arrives: **Dandelions Continue To Bloom!**

The **Dandelion** Movement continues to grow as people sign up with the community voter education/information project. The project started in mid-summer (at the height of dandelion season) but appears to have gained momentum as fall approaches. There are currently 366 **members** with more entry forms arriving weekly. We have members from all of Anchorage's Assembly Districts (including 46 members from the district whose Assemblyperson voted against equal rights for gays and lesbians because, as he said, none of "them" live in his district). We also have members from every one of Anchorage's State House of Representative and State Senate Districts.

Although we've only been active at Anchorage functions, news of our group has spread and we currently have members from 31 of Alaska's 40 Election Districts including Barrow, Douglas, Fairbanks, Hope, Juneau, Kenai, Ketchikan, Palmer, Seward and Wasilla. We also have members from Seattle and Los Angeles!

The women's community continues to lead the way in support of **Dandelion** with more than 60% of our **members** being womyn. The main emphasis of the group is to provide information to as many gays/lesbians and our friends as possible. This will only happen if **ALL OF US SUPPORT THIS PROJECT!!** You don't need to enjoy politics to be a member. In fact, many of our initial efforts are aimed at people who don't like politics. However, in order for us to be successful, **we need you** to join the group - along with every other member of your household. More than anything, politicians understand two things - money and votes. **We need as many voters in our group as possible or we won't be taken seriously.**

Many of you have already received your first letter listing your elected officials (with phone numbers). It's important that you keep these handy. If issues arise that have a direct impact on our community, post cards will be sent to each member of **Dandelion** to inform you of the issue and encourage you to contact your appropriate representatives. At this time, the organization will only provide information and not endorse issues or candidates (after all, one of the big differences between our organization and local **right-wing extremist** groups is our recognition that our members have the ability to think for themselves).

Ann Milton (345-5922) & Dan Carter (274-9226) are co-chairs of **Dandelion**.

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**IMPORTANT NOTICE**

The next meeting of the Anchorage Equal Rights Commission will be Thursday, November 18, 1993 at 6:00PM. The meeting will be at the Spenard Recreation Center. More information will be in next month’s Northview.

There were fifteen (15) members of the public at the August meeting. Fourteen (14) of them were **Dandelion** members! Way to go, let's do it again in November!

---

**Name(s):**

**Mail Address:**

**Home Address:**

City:__________, AK Zip:__________

**HOME PHONE:**

PLEASE PROVIDE THE FOLLOWING INFO, IF YOU KNOW IT:

**YOUR VOTER PRECINCT NUMBER:**

**YOUR VOTER DISTRICT NUMBER:**

* If you receive your mail at a post office or any location other than your actual residence, please put your home address or the nearest intersection to your home so we can determine which information will be sent to you. Thanks!

In order to receive information from the Dandelion Movement, cut out and mail to:

Dan Carter
PO Box 210072
Anchorage, AK 99521-0072
A Step to Power
by Larry Kramer

I am in despair from the behavior of a president I no longer recognize or like. His entire staff and their attitudes leave me totally befuddled. The appointment of David Gergen, I fear, will not be good for us, as Gary Bauer and John Sununu were not good for us—and as Clinton's domestic policy adviser, Carol Rasco, his political adviser, Rahm Emanuel (a former ballet dancer), and his health secretary, Donna Do-nothing (whom I outed as a lesbian at the march on Washington) are not good for us.

We poured so much hope into this man. This Bill Clinton from Arkansas. This Arkansas that had a terrible record on gays and AIDS. How could we have been so naive?

Why aren't we fighting back? We appear to be more powerless than ever. We are losing on issue after issue, even the ones on which Clinton made us promises—promises now seen to be downright lies. Five people have turned down the position of AIDS czar, now downgraded to AIDS "coordinator". The reason? the fight over turf by the two vipers Donna Do-nothing and Carol Couldn't-Care-Less. The military mess is headed for a compromise most meaningless. (For once I agree with Barney Frank, not on the terms he's suggesting but on his reasoning: Since we didn't fight hard enough to win, this is the best we can expect. During the march, 2 million gay people were in Washington. Less that 10,000 bothered to go to Capitol Hill and lobby their congresspeople.) The AIDS meetings Donna Do-nothing is finally getting around to at HHS are so burdened under the turgid weight of bullshit, you can actually feel another bureaucracy heaving its fat ass into the muddy slime of time.

It doesn't matter who's president. The system stays the same. We're being poured into another concrete straitjacket and are on our way to finding ourselves dead at the bottom of the river.

Because he's now in such hot water himself, Bill Clinton, I predict, will never keep any of the promises he made to us. We must begin to operate as if Bill Clinton has now become the enemy. When the enemy is weak is usually the classic time to press for advantage. Our forces of power—people with money, lobbyists, politicos, people who know people, our Washington and national "leaders"—should be working furiously behind the scenes.

A few weeks ago I was talking to David Geffen, who was complaining how so many of our organizations in Washington are so useless—fighting with each other, canceling each other out—and run by idiots. the kind of stuff I've been saying for years. I tried to talk him into funding another organization, one that would be stronger and richer than anything we've got. "We don't need another organization! What we need is one organization! One strong and powerful organization!" David yelled.

Perhaps, as in so many things, David's timing is right on the mark. Now is the moment for all our Washington organizations to make themselves into one. I've never been able to understand where the lines of demarcation are that determine what HRCF and NGLTF can do without stepping on each other's toes. And how does HRCF's AIDS lobbying not cross swords with AIDS Action Council's lobbying? (If you could actually dignify what either of them do by calling it lobbying.) And how do HRCF and NGLTF divvy up the mess in Colorado? And the military mess without tangling with Tom Stoddard's group?

In other words, we need one powerhouse transmitter in Washington, not a lot of weak satellite dishes.

A few weeks ago the ACT UP chapter in Washington folded predicting ACT UPS everywhere would follow suit. How selfish, craven, and cowardly of them! This is not the time for ACT UPS to fold up. This is the time for ACT UPS to act up! Wars are won by armies who come at the enemy with various ammunitions. (What ACT UPS everywhere must deal with is their monstrous disorganization and never-ending haggling and inefficiencies. They too should be one unified, connected worldwide organization)

If the '80s was the time of anger, let the '90s be the time of cohesion and structure. We desperately need to know that when we are attacked we have a way of fighting back immediately.

It is time for the boards of all of our Washington organizations to meet and make themselves one. I'd rather write one big check to one strong organization than half a dozen small ones to a bunch of also-rans. There comes a time when our much-praised diversity as a community can also do us in. We would not be the first diverse community that has learned—the hard way—that united we stand, divided we fall. HRCF and NGLTF joining forces with the others could be just the symbolic first step that we need.

Larry Kramer is an author, a playwright, a screenwriter, and the founder of ACT UP. Thanks to the Advocate, "The Last Word," July 13, 1993.

Never go to bed mad. Stay up and fight.
Phyllis Diller, b. 1917
American comedienne and writer
Commentary On Compromise
by Gregg Smith

And now the lawsuits start. The ACLU has already filed suit against Les Aspin for the "don't ask, don't tell" compromise put forth by President Clinton as a way to integrate homosexuals into the military. Representing seven gay members, the suit claims that the new policy violates their civil rights under the Constitution.

Gay rights activists could learn a little in the art of negotiation. No one ever gets anywhere by demanding things. I was listening to a Navy Captain and former Vietnam POW speak last week on negotiation. His basic tenet was that you rarely get anywhere by being angry at the people you want results from. Like it or not, gay people do not hold the cards on this issue. The Supreme Court has held every challenge to the ban that the military poses unique conditions and that ordinary civil law is not always applicable.

Gay rights groups have waged an extensive PR campaign to show that there are many high quality, "normal", gay men and women already serving. Indeed, gay service members have been some of the highest caliber and most decorated around. The Campaign for Military Service and Human Rights Campaign Fund have a whole stable of gay active duty and former military men and women that are straight-arrow recruiting poster types with squeaky clean service records. But the "you probably already know gay people and they're just like everybody else" approach misses the point. It is not so much homosexuals that many people find abhorrent, and they fear will create havoc in the military, but rather, the idea of homosexuality.

I run into the same dichotomy in my own family. My mother loves me but does not want to have anything to do with my partner who she's never met. The idea of us sleeping together, cuddling, etc. "makes her skin crawl." She can accept me as a person but don't make her accept a behavior that she cannot be around.

Poll after poll has shown that Americans are increasingly "tolerant" of homosexuals but not of the "behavior" of homosexuality. Clinton's compromise, however unworkable it is, taps into this general sentiment. You can be a homosexual in the service as long as you don't practice homosexuality. Now, realistically, most people know that this will not work. This is like saying that it's okay to be a baseball player as long as you don't play baseball. But in reading through the policy I see much greater restrictions on the very activity that has most gay service members up in arms anyway—the systematic hunting and searching that has ruined so many lives. My own successful military career ended because of such a search.

I am glad to see that gay soldiers and sailors will not be singled out just for going to a gay bar and having their license plates spotted by the NIS. From this aspect, I applaud Clinton for bringing about this change. He has taken a stab at the civil rights aspect of this issue— that people should not be denied the right to serve merely based on their status.

Changing societal attitudes about homosexuality, on the other hand, I feel is a long way off. Some of my close friends think this is a cop-out on my part. But I have long held that as a community, we were politically naive to think Clinton's magic executive order would erase completely the military ban and legitimize our behavior and all of our lives to the straight majority. That change is probably years away.

Societal attitudes and fears about blacks and women in the workplace haven't changed quickly either. People have shown that they will not have their morality legislated to them. Remember the Republican convention? The backlash against the "family values" hawks ultimately resulted in Bush's defeat. For those who see homosexuality as immoral, they will fight any attempt to legislate it into law.

My partner returns next week from six months at sea as a Navy enlisted sailor aboard a large ship. I'm very anxious to see him for a number of reasons, not the least of which is to hear a first-hand account of his shipmates' reactions to the "don't ask, don't tell, don't pursue" compromise. Since January, when the issue became so highly charged, he has been a necessarily silent observer in the berthing compartments, workout rooms, and mess lines of the ship. He has heard all the fagbashing, the crude jokes, and the hate talk. He has known the discomfort of listening to his buddies brag about their girlfriends while keeping mum about his own relationship. He has heard his shipmates actually applaud the sailor who beat Allen Schindler to death. After all, Allen deserved it for being a queer, they say.

When I think about the many times I've said that there should be a total lifting of the ban, I think of my partner and what that would mean to him and all the others like him. He is not likely to be open in this environment at this stage of his life. He is discreet and private and doesn't feel the need to share the details of his love life with the world.

The new policy will help protect him from rumors, lies and witch hunts. The new policy is far from being perfect, and will be challenged again and again until further change is brought about. But if it can put the
investigations and witch hunts to an end, I feel it’s a good start.
Taken from the August 1993 Out And About of Virginia, published by Out And About of VA, Inc., Norfolk, VA.

Angie Slingluff
337-0253
COMPUTER SERVICES
Your Job Done Your Way
Layout, Simple Accounting, Mailing Lists, Thesis, Projects, Charts, Graphs, Overheads, Slides, You name it!

Anchorage Daily News
Wednesday, July 21, 1993

MARSTON REAL ESTATE
BRONWYN HILLMAN
REALTOR
2804 W. NORTHERN LIGHTS BLVD.
ANCHORAGE, ALASKA 99517
OFFICE: (907) 248-2604
HOME: (907) 563-5156
FAX: (907) 243-4359

Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship
3201 Turnagain Street, Anchorage, Alaska 248-3737
Sunday services are held at 9:00 a.m. and 10:30 a.m.
Unitarian Universalists practice the following principles:
1. The inherent worth and dignity of every person.
2. Justice, equality and compassion in human relations.
3. Acceptance of one another and encouragement of spiritual growth in our congregations.
4. A free and responsible search for truth and meaning.
5. The right of conscious and the use of the democratic process within our congregations and in society at large.
6. The goal of world community with peace, liberty and justice for all.
7. Respect for the interdependent web of all existence of which we are a part.
Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

If lesbian nation and its supporters can overflow with love, so can its wrath sting. When I wrote some time back about my personal boycott of L. L. Bean because of heir Linda Lorraine Bean’s right wing proclivities, I received mail that indicated that Bean gear is dear to the hearts of more queers than myself.

I am reluctant to be a mouthpiece for L. L. Bean, and thus far my own boycott decision has not changed, but given the reactions of readers as well as the potency of our sting, I want to share the reply of what appears to be one of the largest, albeit unintentional, queer outfitters in the world.

Linda Lorraine, according to Catharine Hartnett, Senior Public Affairs Specialist at Bean, "is one of twenty Bean descendants who own the company. She also serves on the Board of Directors with several other family members and company executives. She does not work at the company, and does not have an office here."

Ms. Hartnett also shares that Bean’s charitable donations go primarily to organizations like the National Wildlife Federation, The Nature Conservancy and the Appalachian Mountain Club. Although "no corporate funding is directed toward any PACS, religious or social action organizations," she points out that Bean has "a non-discrimination policy, prohibiting discrimination based on sexual orientation." Bean’s company AIDS education programs instruct about "real and perceived risks presented by AIDS in the workplace," says Hartnett, while carefully acknowledging that AIDS is not strictly a gay disease.

Good work, Bean. Could Linda Lorraine be the only bad bean in the barrel?

I still haven’t been able to bring myself to send one red (lavender) cent to a company that even unintentionally fuels someone reported to be a supporter of the Christian Coalition and Jesse Helms’ National Conservative Action Committee. Readers with similar concerns might consider letting the company know their feelings.

Lee Lynch

August 12, 1993

Mr. F. Kenneth Freedman
Dear Kenneth:

Thank you for contacting me once again concerning President Clinton’s efforts to end the ban prohibiting military service by homosexuals. By now you should have received my earlier letter to you outlining my position, but I did want to provide you with an update.

We disagree on this matter, and I cannot support efforts to completely lift the ban. During the time that has transpired since President Clinton announced his intention to lift the ban, the Joint Chiefs of Staff convinced the Clinton Administration that allowing open homosexuals to serve on active duty would have a detrimental effect on our military capabilities. The Administration’s resulting policy, presented to Congress on July 19, recognizes that open homosexual conduct is incompatible with military conduct and will not be tolerated.

The Senate Armed Services Committee recently endorsed legislation that strengthens the Administration policy by codifying, or writing into law, a policy that expressly states that homosexual conduct is incompatible with military service. In addition, the Armed Services Committee language makes clear that there is no constitutional right to serve; that military life is different than civilian life; that services have the right to exclude persons who might pose a risk to unit cohesion, morale, or good order and discipline; and that the presence of individuals who demonstrate propensity or intent to engage in homosexual behavior create an unacceptable risk. Unlike the Clinton policy, the Senate language does not create a protected status for sexual orientation.

The bill containing this language is expected to come to the full Senate for debate sometime in September. I am continuing to review the measure and its likely impacts on our military services and America’s veterans. Although we disagree, I will have your views in mind when it reaches the full Senate for debate.

Sincerely,

Frank H. Murkowski, United States Senator

Alaska Community Share
MEMBER AGENCY

OH NO! MY AUNT LOUISE IS COMING TO VISIT!

SHE DOESN'T KNOW I'M GAY!

YOU'VE LIVED WITH YOUR EX-COLLEGE ROOMMATE FOR 10 YEARS AND SHE ISN'T CAUGHT ON?

SHE'S OLD! OLD PEOPLE ARE DENSE! BESIDES, SHE'S RELIGIOUS!

SHE'S LIVED WITH AN EX-WIFE FOR THE PAST 20 YEARS!
Troy Perry at the MCC
by Joseph Wegener

“We must be very powerful people for them to spend so much time and effort on 1% of the population,” said Rev. Perry. “So, just let those people keep on talking about us. The more they talk about us, the more powerful we become!”

Rev. Troy Perry, founder of the Metropolitan Community Church (M.C.C.), was in Anchorage over the weekend of August 27-29th. He was here to ordain Jim Morgan as Minister of our local M.C.C. And although he was ill with a flu bug, he managed several dynamic presentations.

Rev. Perry’s belief is that Lesbian and Gay people are children of God. That belief (and the belief in his Christian ministry) catapulted him into the political arena. Though his life has been threatened and M.C.C. churches have been torched, he continues to strive for equal rights. Now the M.C.C. has 250 churches in 17 different countries and enjoys an annual membership growth rate of 15%, making it one of the fastest growing churches in the country.

Rev. Perry brings a message of hope and strength in the face of a Judeo-Christian attitude that doesn’t welcome us. Rev. Perry invites us all to look within and draw strength from our uniqueness rather than agree with those who describe us as flawed. Most, if not all, of the passages in the Bible that are used to degrade Lesbians and Gay Men are incorrectly translated or taken entirely out of context.

Rev. Perry has been in the forefront of the equal rights process for 25 years and brings reports that are inspirational if not downright frightening. For example, last year at the M.C.C. in Atlanta the pastor’s life was threatened, the altar was desecrated and hateful graffiti were spray painted inside the church. There were telephone calls saying they would die if they celebrated Easter services and that someone would die. Rev. Perry was scheduled to take part in the service but was advised even by church members to stay away. He did not.

Rev. Perry told us that on Easter morning, as services were about to start there was palpable tension in the air rather than joy and celebration. Rev. Perry prayed: “God, I have always believed in your Angels. Please send them now to protect these people and this church.” As he ended his prayer, a small woman in fatigues and combat boots appeared at the back of the church. When the pastor and Rev. Perry approached her, she said, “I’m not the type of person who usually goes to church, but when I heard about all the trouble you were having, I got together my people from the Atlanta Lesbian Feminist Alliance and there are 50 dykes surrounding your church, and NOBODY is going to bother you.” Rev. Perry allowed that he never knew that angels wore fatigues and combat boots.

One never knows!
Joseph Wegener is a full-time student at UAA and spouse of Rev. Jim Morgan, Pastor of the local MCC. ▼
When Troy Perry Didn't Make it to the Potluck...
by Jen Kohout

Coincidence? Maybe. Then again, maybe the evening turned out exactly as it was meant to. We went to last month's Identity Fourth Friday potluck expecting to hear Troy Perry, founder of the Metropolitan Community Church, speak. However, when Rev. Perry became ill and was suddenly unable to attend, Ken Freedman, Identity guru, turned to the sizeable audience gathered and asked simply: "What does spirituality mean to you?"

The room of 40 fell silent. Then hands began to lift... "Nature." "Enlightenment." "Jesus Christ." "Self-knowledge." "Sex." "Ethical living." "A Higher Power; Supreme Being; A Goddess." The range of answers was a spectrum of color.

Yet even more striking than the breadth of the responses, was their depth. It was obvious that the people gathered had really thought about their spirituality. A follower of Buddhism explained the pursuit of compassion. Another man used the awe-inspiring life-cycle of salmon to illustrate finding spirituality in nature. A woman spoke of finding guidance through the spirit of a beloved grandmother. One or two wondered what could bring one closer to her or his ultimate source than the silence of the wilderness?

Some expressed the pain and anger of rejection by organized religion. Having grown up in a Christian family, I was intrigued by how other gays and lesbians had resolved the discrepancy between knowledge of their own sexuality and Christian tradition; a chasm it had taken me eight painful years to bridge. One brave gay man acknowledged that he was a fundamentalist Christian. He shared the freedom of his realization that Jesus Christ, the pillar of his faith, actually celebrated our sexuality rather than demanding its repression. A woman discussed the expansion of her faith from the narrow Catholic Church to a broader, encompassing belief in a universal force.

Each response was unique yet often each comment was met with many heads nodding in agreement. This prompted one man to observe that where a discussion about religion is often fraught with disagreement; one about spirituality is filled with common themes. Another person offered a beautiful illustration. He described a wise teacher who explained to a student that when the teacher pointed to the moon, the student should not look at the teacher nor at the teacher's hand, rather the student should look at the moon.

Estranged from many traditional religions, those present had been forced to create their own faiths. In my own case, my sexual orientation had caused me to question and ultimately reject many of the social and religious constraints aimed at me. Yet rather than abandon spirituality, resilient lesbians, gays, and others have eagerly embraced it. When Ken asked whether our sense of faith was driven by fear, the answer was a resounding "no." In the face of religious oppression, gay spirituality seems founded on positive self-revelation.

By the time I left that evening, I had discovered a valuable truth. I learned that the process of actively creating a faith is a challenging and profoundly enriching experience. A lesson I might have missed had the program gone as planned.

Jen Kohout is a Presbyterian eco-feminist, this week. Besides, she was recently elected to the Identity Board, is co-chair of the Identity Helpline and a regular write for this rag!}

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▼ If love is the answer, could you please rephrase the question?
Lily Tomlin, b. 1939
American actress and comedienne
That's how it is,
and how it is........
(Remembering)

Part 5: Mother's Surprise
By Dan Cook

Note: The following tale (and the subsequent episodes to be serialized here) were drawn from stories as told to Dan Cook (AKA Cherresae) by Mike and Steve (the protagonists). Mike & Steve kept a chronicle of their 50 plus years together in a collection of photo albums. In showing the pictures and describing them, Mike & Steve tell what turns out to be a touching gay history.

Our Story: Both born in the year 1900, Mike and Steve met at the University of Oregon in 1920. There they fell in love. Mike received his degree in Veterinary Medicine and Steve in Geology and Surveying.

It was the spring of 1928 when the house was finished and stood like a sentinel guarding Mike and Steve's 2,000 acre ranch. They had agreed to let Mike's mother build on their ranch, but this grand house seemed so out of place. They had worked very hard to be part of this rural community and were now afraid that the good folks of John Day would turn their backs on them. That didn't happen: it became known as 'Mrs. Potter's house," and the community was happy for the two men they had grown to love.

In the last couple of years the farms and ranches around John Day had finally received power and telephones. That, with movies and radio, brought the big city to the country. The dream books were Colliers, Post, The Women's Home Companion, and Life. The wish book was the Sears & Roebuck catalog.

The fads and fashions of the twenties.

Women wore their hair shorter (bobbed), the flat-chested look was in, Betty Boop lips were in (they looked as though they have been sucking a dill pickle for years), as were rolled down hose and shorter skirts. One of the sexiest things for the women to do was to powder their knees in public. Men wore blazers with very baggy pants, and parted their hair in the middle.

Mike and Steve moved their clothes from the small ranch house they had grown to love. There was no need to be concerned about the furniture as mother's decorator had every corner filled in the new house. They did bring the food. Their pantry and walk-in cooler was stocked with everything one could want, and more. It would be two more days until the staff would arrive with Mike's uncle.

While pouring over the blueprints, they found two rooms which they didn't know existed. One was a wine cellar which was empty (prohibition) and the other was a safe behind mother's shoe rack in a large walk-in closet. Mike and Steve also had a safe and large wooded file cabinet behind a pivoting book shelf.

The dumbwaiter traveled up from a very large linen closet which was stocked with shelves of linen all differently monogrammed for Mrs. Potter, Dr. Potter, Mr. Lane, and Guest. Even the laundry bags were monogrammed. The laundry fell down shoots to end up in the basement. The butler's pantry also had a small sink, two ornate tea carts, silver trays, and tea services of all sizes. It was well-stocked with cleaning aids, four boxes of white gloves and a new device called a vacuum cleaner.

The third floor had five small bedrooms, one bath and a small parlor. At one end there was a large storage room which had stairs which led all the way to the laundry room in the basement, and that empty wine cellar.

At the front of the house a large circular drive was framed with newly planted grass and other imported plants. One greenhouse in Portland was sending lilac, roses, azaleas, rhododendrons, and other bedding plants along with three men who would landscape the grounds.

For the moment, however, the decorator and his crew had returned to Seattle and this allowed Mike and Steve a couple days of very welcome privacy. They took the horses out for a nice run and ended up at the hot springs for a little skinny dipping.

Mike's uncle arrived a few days later with a staff of five, two maids, a cook, her husband, and a general do-everything man and his 16 year old son, who had been trained as a valet. The boys thought at the time that five domestics was overkill. Mike's uncle reminded him just how spotless his mother liked her own home, but the guys still felt that the staff was a bit large.

Standing in front of the spiral staircase
Mr. & Mrs. Holt, their son Robert, two maids, Dave and Rose - all in uniform.

Steve and Mike took an instant liking to the Holts and their son Robert. Mr. Holt had worked many jobs, valet, chauffeur, butler, gardener and general fix-it man. Robert had been his apprentice. Mrs. Potter had hired Robert to be Steve and Mike's Valet without a word to the boys. Mike was furious with his uncle for even allowing a valet to be hired without even consulting them first. But all five had apparently
been hired as a package. His uncle counseled them saying, "Give the lad a chance. He's highly trained. Give in to your mother's wishes on this. After all they are all paid from her account. When she goes, you can do as you wish."

Steve and Mike didn't at all like the idea of losing their privacy and being told what they had to put up with was hard to swallow. They let Mike's uncle know in no uncertain terms that there would be no more surprises, and in the future anything that had to do with the ranch had to go through them first.

The uncle agreed and took the staff on a tour of the house. In no time at all the staff was unpacked and in uniform. Mike had asked Mrs. Holt to assemble the staff in the kitchen to give them their instructions. Steve let Mike do all of the talking. He had listed their favorite dishes, and how they liked them cooked. He told them the time they liked to eat and instructed them that they would serve themselves from the buffet in the sunroom, and that formal dinners would be very rare.

The kitchen was one part of the house where the staff could have some privacy. Mike knew that, but also knew that he and Steve enjoyed getting their own coffee and snacks. They occasionally even used the back door which was usually for staff only. The two maids could only look at Mrs. Holt. Mike told them that he knew they might not like the arrangement but Steve's habit of going to the kitchen every night couldn't be broken. "We'll adjust, Dr. Potter," was Mrs. Holt's reply.

Steve had a list of things to show Mr. Holt. The barn, it's new lights and water system and it's tack room.

The next step was to talk with Robert. That was Mike's job, which was a little more detailed. The two men had a suite of six rooms, two bedrooms, a parlor, two small offices, and a large bath with a shower and steam room all connected by an inner hallway.

Robert had been trained from birth to do his job and he knew that whatever he saw or heard would never be kitchen gossip. He was given a list of things to do: coffee at 7:30 am and breakfast in the sunroom at 8; he was not to wash the dishes as they showered, and he was not to lay out night shirts as they slept in the buffet; AND they were not to be disturbed after 8pm at night; and it would be up to Robert to keep the six rooms clean.

Mike's uncle stayed the night and was gone the next morning with the message that his mother would arrive in two weeks, with her secretary.

In those two weeks they found that they hadn't lost their privacy. Robert seemed to enjoy just making up one bed, and they had to admit that having hot coffee and breakfast waiting for them each morning was a delight. Mrs. Holt was a wizard in the kitchen, the maids kept the place shining, and Mr. Holt had the barn spotless, and the landscaping was complete.

A Photo of Vera Styles circa 1896 with the inscription "Prima Ballerina is the swan in Swan Lake."

Next page: Mike, age 2, and Victoria, age 6, sitting on a park bench; Victoria in boots and lace and Mike in a Lord Fauntleroy outfit. Another photo of Victoria, 1923, with short pageboy haircut with spit curls.

Vera Styles had Victoria out of wedlock in 1896, in Victoria, Canada. Mike's father had delivered the baby and filled out the papers as though Victoria had been adopted. The scandal would have destroyed her career, but the adoption of an unwanted child was the ticket to admiration. Victoria spent her whole childhood with nannies or in private schools. She was paraded out only when mother needed a showpiece. "That was one sad little girl," Mike said. "But when she got older, she was as hard as nails and could give you a look which would make the hair on the back of your neck stand up." Now she was mother's secretary.

Vera, with the help of Mike's father, now owned four exclusive ballet schools. Her career was over, but her fame was not. It was 1920 and the same year Dr. Potter had started an importing business in Vancouver, Canada, Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco. Surgical equipment was their primary product, but the finest European booze was their money maker. This was not bath tube gin, but the best booze for a thirsty public willing to pay for the quality. For eight years Mike's father and uncle sheltered Mike and his mother from the truth. That is, until Dr. Potters death. And now Mike and Steve were about to get the shock of their lives....

Tune in next time for more of the photo vignettes from out of the past when Mike's mother arrives in all her glory, not to mention her new Packard.

Turning the page....to be continued.

Cherresse AKA Dan Cook was Empress I of Eugene, Oregon, Empress 18 of all Alaska and very active in gay politics over a long period of time. ♥

♥ The phrase "working mother" is redundant.

Jane Sellman
20th century American writer
Sept. 16, Thurs:
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 7pm, open/non-smoking, 1231 W. 27th Ave.

Sept. 17, Fri:
* PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, 4As, 730 'I' St. 276-1400.
* 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.)
* Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in Alaskaland.

Sept. 18, Sat:
* Feminist Sing-A-Long, call 337-3543
* Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in Alaskaland

Sept. 19, Sun:
* Metropolitan Community Church, 10:45am, 7pm, 258-5266.
* EQUAL, Inc. is Having a Party! 1-3pm, business meeting, 3-5?? Potluck! Celebrate! Fun!! 5351 Whispering Spruce or call 345-5922.
* Midnight Sons Gay Men's AA Group, 1-2:30pm, 1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA phn for info.)
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 8:30pm, variety format, 1231 W. 27th Ave.

Sept. 20, Mon:
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 7pm, open/non-smoking, 1231 W. 27th Ave.
* Women's music show on KRUA 88.1 FM, 7-9pm, call 786-4846, make on-air requests.

Sept. 21, Tues:
* Parents and Friends of lesbians and gays of Fairbanks (P-FLAG) meeting - 5:30.
  Call 479-4944

Sept. 22, Wed:
* Free HIV TEST at 4As, 2-4pm.
* Self Defense Class, 7pm, Darl (at MCC), 258-5266
* Blue Moon Boy-Re-Alice Review, 9:00pm.

Sept. 23, Thu:
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 7pm, open/non-smoking, 1231 W. 27th Ave.

Sept. 24, Fri:
* PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, 4As, 730 'I' St. 276-1400.
* Identity Potluck Social! David Marshall from Channel 2 (See ad.)
* 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.
* Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in Alaskaland

Sept. 25, Sat:
* Woman's Coffeehouse 8pm, call 277-0713
* Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in Alaskaland

Sept. 26, Sun:
* Metropolitan Community Church, 10:45am, 7pm, 258-5266.
* Anchorage lesbian families' alliance. Call 338-5253.
* Midnight Sons Gay Men's AA Group, 1-2:30pm, 1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA phn for info.)
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 8:30pm, variety format, 1231 W. 27th Ave.

Sept. 27, Mon:
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 7pm, open/non-smoking, 1231 W. 27th Ave.
* Women's music show on KRUA 88.1 FM, 7-9pm, call 786-4846, make on-air requests.

Sept. 28, Tues:
* Fairbanks gay men's support group. Call 457-6511

Sept. 29, Wed:
* Free HIV TEST at 4As, 2-4pm.
* Self Defense Class, 7pm, Darl (at MCC), 258-5266
* Blue Moon Boy-Re-Alice Review, 9pm

Sept. 30, Thu:
* 4As nominations for board members due. Call 276-1400.
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 7pm, open/non-smoking, 1231 W. 27th Ave.
* EQUAL meeting, 7-9pm, AUUF (561-1755, x1021)
More Calendar

Oct. 1, Fri:
* PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, 4As, 730 'I' St. 276-1400
* 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
* Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in
  Alaskaland.

Oct. 2, Sat:
* Ann Reed concert at the UAA Wendy Williamson
  Auditorium, 7:30. Call 277-563 or Carr's tix.
* Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in
  Alaskaland

Oct. 3, Sun:
* Metropolitan Community Church, 10:45am, 7pm, 258-
  5266.
* Midnight Sons Gay Men's AA Group, 1-2:30pm,
  1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA phn for info.)
* Women's Two-Step Dance at the Pioneer School
  House, 7:30-8:30.
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 8:30pm, variety format, 1231
  W. 27th Ave.

Oct. 4, Mon:
* Alaska Women's Political Caucus. First United
  Methodist Church at 7pm
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 7pm, open/non-smoking,
  1231 W. 27th Ave.
* Women's music show on KRUA 88.1FM, 7-9pm, 786-
  4846, make on-air requests.

Oct. 6, Wed:
* Free HIV TEST at 4As, 2-4pm.
* Self Defense Class, 7pm, Darl (at MCC), 258-5266
* HIV University. Topic: "Coping with recent HIV
  diagnosis." 6-7:30pm, call 4As 276-1400.
* Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 9:00pm.

Oct. 7, Thurs:
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 7pm, open/non-smoking, 1231
  W. 27th Ave.

Oct. 8, Fri:
* PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, 4As, 730 'I' St. 276-1400.
* 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.)
* Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in
  Alaskaland.

Oct. 9, Sat:
* Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in
  Alaskaland
* National Coming Out Day (Observed) Dance! Elks Club, 8pm-
  midnight — Sky is Blu plays music: come out, come out, whoever
  you are!

Oct. 10, Sun:
* Metropolitan Community Church, 10:45am, 7pm, 258-
  5266.
* Midnight Sons Gay Men's AA Group, 1-2:30pm,
  1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA phn for info.)
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 8:30pm, variety format, 1231
  W. 27th Ave.
* National Coming Out Day (Observed) Speak Out! Share your
  coming out story — come to the
  Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, 1:30-4pm — 3201 Turnagain
  STREET: come out, come out, whoever you are!

Oct. 11, Mon:
* National Coming Out Day! Come out, Come out,
  whoever you are!
* Community potluck for Muriel Miguel (lesbian erotic
  storyteller).
  Call 279-8099 for location. 6:30pm
* Gay Bar legal Q and A. 7-8:30, call 279-5001.
* Dr. Deepak Chopra, lecture: mind-body medicine.
  7pm 4As call 276-1400.
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 7pm, open/non-smoking,
  1231 W. 27th Ave.
* Women's music show on KRUA 88.1FM, 7-9pm, 786-
  4846, make on-air requests.

Oct. 12, Tues:
* Dr. Deepak Chopra workshop - "A day with Deepak
  Chopra."
  Tix at PAC. 10am - 5pm.
* Fairbanks gay men's support group, call 457-6511
* HOT 'N SOFT! Muriel Miguel's celebration of
  lesbian sexuality.
  At the UAA Wendy Williamson Auditorium 8pm, tix
  $10, call 279-8200.
Oct. 13, Wed:
* Free HIV TEST at 4As, 2-4pm.
* Self Defense Class, 7pm, Darl (at MCC), 258-5266
* HIV University. Topic: "Understanding HIV infection."
  6-7:30pm at 4As, call 276-1400.
* Spiderwoman theater "Storyweaving Workshop."
  UAA building "K" room 109, $10, 7:30-9pm.
* Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 9:00pm

Oct. 14, Thu:
* EQUAL meeting, 7-9pm, AUUF (561-1775, x1021)
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 7pm, open/non-smoking, 1231 W. 27th Ave.
* Spiderwoman Theater performance. At the UAA Wendy Williamson Auditorium, call 279-8200.

Oct. 15, Fri:
* PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, 4As, 730 'I' St. 276-1400.
* "Native Woman and Theater", brown bag panel discussion. 12noon at Cyrano's
* 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 pnh for info.)
* Spiderwoman Theater performance. At the UAA Wendy Williamson Auditorium, call 279-8200.
* Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in Alaskaland.

Oct. 16, Sat:
* Spiderwoman Acting Workshop. $10, 10am-12noon at Cyrano's.
* Spiderwoman Theater performance. At the UAA Wendy Williamson Auditorium, call 279-8200

Oct. 17, Sun:
* Metropolitan Community Church, 10:45am, 7pm, 258-5266.
* Midnight Sons Gay Men's AA Group, 1-2:30pm, 1231 W. 27th Ave. (Call regular AA pnh for info.)
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 8:30pm, variety format, 1231 W. 27th Ave.

Oct. 18, Mon:
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 7pm, open/non-smoking, 1231 W. 27th Ave.
* Women's music show on KRUA 88.1FM, 7-9pm, 786-4846, make on-air requests.

Oct. 19, Tues:
* Parents and friends of lesbian and gays in Fairbanks (P-Flag), 5:30, call 479-4944.

Oct. 20, Wed:
* Free HIV TEST at 4As, 2-4pm.
* Self Defense Class, 7pm, Darl (at MCC), 258-5266
* HIV University. Topic: "Lifestyle Choices & Changes" 6-7:30 at 4As, call 276-1400
* Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 9pm.

Oct. 21, Thurs:
* Lesbian & Gay 12-Step, 7pm, open/non-smoking, 1231 W. 27th Ave.
* Garden Buddies, call 337-3717.
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)llly 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. NOTE: in some instances you might encounter employees who are unaware of this Directory and its significance. Don’t be offended: it's an opportunity to enlighten them.

All listings are in Anchorage unless otherwise indicated.

AA:
(G) Midnight Sons, see Calendar

Advertising:
(L) K.T. Creative, Katie, 278-9174

AIDS:
(A) Alaskan 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

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

Automotive
(A) Courtney's, Michael, 562-1227 (see ad)

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 (see ad)
(G) Aurora Winds, James/Bill, 346-2533
(A) Beach House, Mary (Homer), 235-5945
(L) The Butterfly Inn, Kay (Hawaii), 808-966-7936
(G) Gingerbread House, Yves (Montreal), 514-597-2884
(A) Island Watch, Eileen (Homer), 235-2265
(L) Mermaid Inn, Nancy/Bonnie ( Ft. Lauderdale, FL), 305-565-8437
(L) Northern Comfort, Reeda, 278-2106

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

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

Churches:
see Spiritual

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

Computer Consultants, Graphic Design, & Desktop Publishing:
(L) Angle, 337-0253 (see ad)
(A) Computer Magik, Jim, 274-3528
(A) Helleck & Assoc., Terry, 276-3849
(A) LRR Technologies, Logan, 272-7377
(G) Lucian, 272-0328
(G) Mark, 338-3357
(G) PC Possibilities, 248-6277
(G) Tom, 338-1312

Deaf Support:
(A) Interpreter Referral Line, 277-3223 voice, 277-8735 tty
(A) Deaf Rehabilitation Serv., 277-3456 voice, 258-2232, tty

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

Electrolysis:
(A) Gentle Touch, 561-6608 (see ad)

Entertainment:
(G) Capri Cinema, 561-8064, Movieline: 275-3799 (see ad)
(A) Mascarella Music, Diane, 277-9751

Fish/Fishing:
(G) Magik Fisheries, Gil, 274-3528

Florists:
(G) Fireweed Florist, Steve, 276-6628

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

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

General Contracting:
(L) R & L Construction, Lita, 279-4686

Gifts:
(L) Alaska Women's Bookstore, Joann/Maria, 562-4716 (see ad)
(A) Love of Alaska, Talyne, 243-9876

Hair Styling:
(G) Gabri, 272-9645 (see ad)
(A) 36th Ave. Hair Design, Ledja, 561-8967

Health:
(L) Health Advocacy-Medical/Legal Research, Linda, 337-0253
(A) Home Health Care, 261-3173
(A) Skin Care, Shari, 688-2963

Health, naturopathic:
(A) Hope, 561-2330

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

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

Home Products:
(G) Watkins Products, Jim, 243-5054

House Cleaning:
(L) Connies House Cleaning Svc., Connie, 276-3147
(A) Green Valley Cleaning, Tara, 345-4657
(G) Silver Spoon Cleaning & Catering, Brent, 258-0828

**House Sitting:**
(L) Carol, 271-4620

**Hypnotherapy:**
(A) Rainbow Counseling, Maureen, 277-8582

**Jewelry:**
(A) Peggy's Jewelry & Repair, Peggy, 562-1095

**Landscaping:**
(L) Green Earth Gardening, Susan, 337-3543
(L) Wood Nymph Landscaping, Valerie, 338-0338

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

**Massage (therapeutic, Swedish, Shiatsu, and much more):**
(G) Gabriel, 272-9045 (see ad)
(L) Leslie, 277-8713
(L) Vicki, 277-5222

**Mental Health:**
(G) Ability Design Associates, Doran, 258-2561 (see ad)
(A) Connie, 345-0898
(A) Jann, 248-9408
(L) Jauna, 562-1826
(A) Mental Health Consumers of Alaska, Brian, 277-3817

**Mortgage Brokers:**
(A) City Mortgage, Lynn LaPerriere, 277-8700 (see ad)

**Music/Instruments:**
(A) Oldtime Music Company, Marge, 561-6862 (see ad)

**Native Arts/Culture:**
(A) Moon Dance 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)

**Picture Framing:**
(L) Studio Designs, Lita, 279-4606

**Political:**
(A) Alaskans Concerned About Latin America, Ruth, 333-1190
(G/L) EQUAL Inc., 561-1755, x 1021 (see ad)

**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, 688-2226

**Real Estate:**
(G) Apollo Real Estate, Bob, 561-7481 (see ad)
(L) Browny 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:**
(A) Cyrano's Cafe, 274-1173

(G) O'Brady's, 344-8033, 338-1030, 563-1080 (see ad)

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

**Snowplowing:**
(L) Jade Services, Julie, 688-1126

**Social:**
(G) Anchorage Garden Buddies, 243-3064

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

**Spiritual:**
(A) Alaska Women of the Wilderness, Rachel, 688-2226
(A) Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, Art, 248-3737 (see ad)
(A) Lamb of God Metropolitan Community Church, Jim, 258-5266 (see ad)

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

**Student Organizations:**
(G/L) Alaskan Gay and Lesbian Association (AGLA), Pete, 457-0246

**Support Groups:**
(G) Ability Design Associates, Doran, 258-2561 (see ad)
(G) Fairbanks Men's Support Group, Scott, 457-6511
(A) P-FLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays), Nancy, 479-4944

**Theatre:**
(A) Out North Theatre, Gene/Jay, 279-8099

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

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

**Writing & Editing Assistance:**
(L) Kathy, 278-2840
(L) Mei Mei, 276-7269 (see ad)

**Yardwork, Hauling, Snowplowing:**
(L) Jade Services, Julie, 688-1126
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