GAY PRIDE PICNIC
JUNE 26TH

PRIDE WEEK

and sweets, I'm starting to really show
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Identity NorthView

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Mathes, Sylvia Short. Staff: Karen Carlisle, Michael
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& Want Ads

Moving to SF Sale: We’re selling everything
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to Phantom (Oct. 4) and much more. Also, ’93
Nissan Sentra, 4,000 miles, studded tires and
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and Alan at 279-5363.

Sunny Room for rent–available immediately.
Unfurnished room with two closets (for
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resident, loving cat (sorry, no additional animals);
near the Northway Mall, K-Mart, Costco and
Sam’s; on the bus line and off-street parking; on-site
laundry facilities; no-smoker; no drugs; feminist or
Lesbian woman only. Call Barbara and/or Candy at
337-2011 after 6pm. ▼
Lesbian and Gay Pride

When I first marched in a Pride parade in New York in 1975 (then called the Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade), I was overwhelmed at the sheer numbers, the joy, the, well, pride. We were thousands and thousands of Lesbian and Gay people, accompanied by thousands of proud parents and allies. We marched out of the Gay Ghetto (Greenwich Village), up Fifth Avenue and into Central Park where we heard speeches and exhortations and perorations and felt, for that day, that we could just be ourselves, indeed an epiphany. We were cheered on as we marched and waved banners and rode our spectacular floats. We locked arms with our lovers, our partners, and our parents. And we basked in the glory of the many more thousands of onlookers, some of whom would come out years later, some whom broke from the ranks and joined the marchers, and some who were experiencing their first consciousness-raising Pride Parade.

When I marched in Washington in 1979, there was a moment I’ll never forget. Hundreds of thousands of us were standing on the Mall, the Washington monument behind us, the stage before us and the backdrop of the Capitol behind that (if I remember correctly). Robin Tyler was speaking and stopped herself to marvel at the mass of diverse humanity she saw in front of her (we literally covered the entire Mall). She said, “I want to hear you all shout, ‘We are everywhere.’” Which we did. And a curious thing happened. The chant rose with an unstoppable power from the bottom of our hearts, lifting us, uniting us. “We are everywhere,” we shouted. And our pride lifted us to a new level. “WE ARE EVERYWHERE,” we shouted and as I looked around, tears were streaming down faces young and old, including mine. Robin tried to continue her speech, but couldn’t. Her voice cracked as we continued our mantra.

This year we celebrate the largest sporting event in history, anywhere. The Gay Games. We celebrate the 25th Anniversary of the Stonewall Uprising (honoring those courageous drag queens and hustlers and cross-dressers who simply had had enough police harassment and fought back) giving birth to the modern Lesbian and Gay rights movement. We celebrate women and men in sports and in our political and social history. We recognize our achievements in all forms of human expression.

This year we celebrate the small victories and large that we have achieved over the past 25 years of this “liberation movement.” (My ex-lover is staging a reunion of the Gay Activists Alliance (GAA), one of the first major Gay rights organizations after the Mattachine and SIR.) We see the reinstatement of Lesbians and Gays in the military (accompanied by a slow but sure breakdown of discrimination in that bastion of repression), election to public office, appointments to school boards, and revelations of high up corporate officials that they are Lesbian or Gay.

We celebrate closer to home. If the story is true, the two men who testified recently before the Anchorage Assembly on the one-year anniversary of the Gay Rights Ordinance, and who were against Gay Rights because they were “saved” and “converted” by the Prevo/Johnston/Kerussu gang, appeared at the Eklutna/Kincaid Memorial Day Picnic and declared their love for each other and their homosexuality. Our Pride Picnic will be on the Park Strip (Rose Garden at the West end of the strip) on June 26, the traditional last Sunday in June when the Stonewall Riots occurred.

We are thankful for our non-Gay, non-Lesbian allies who have stood with us during difficult times. We honor their achievements as well—civil rights is everyone’s business but Gay/Lesbian rights seems harder than any other civil right, and thus more need to praise allies who have everything to lose in the current political and social climate. Of course, in the long run, we all gain, even the rabid fundagelicals, as we are aware that until all of us are free of oppression, none of us are free.

And we do not forget our defeats and the incredible passion and hatred leveled at us, and the determination to pass laws declaring us outlaws, and the killings and taunts and senseless acts of discrimination.

Nonetheless, we have persevered and we will continue to fight for rights that, once won, liberate all people, even our detractors. As a very good friend of mine put it, “we have to work toward a world that works for everyone.”

F. Kenneth Freedman, co-Chair, Identity, Inc.
Shadow Boxing
by Stephen H. Miller

Rethinking Activism

The cultural fight over gay rights proceeds without letup. In one corner, we have anti-gay crusaders certain that the "gay agenda" is a part of a conspiracy to undermine family and faith and put society in the hands of radical nihilists. And in the other corner, "progressive" lesbian and gay activists are certain that their Christian opponents are of the same ilk as the Ku Klux Klan and neo-Nazis. Both sides, it seems, are adamant about not recognizing the humanity of "the other."

Those who see themselves as our gay and lesbian "leaders" in what is, in fact, a just struggle for social change, seem to have forgotten -- or never learned -- the lessons of Martin Luther King and Mahandas Gandhi. Instead, they serve up the warmed-over tactics of the SDS, justifying themselves by pointing to the equally demagogic and self-righteous rhetoric of our opponents. Unfortunately, this doesn't get any of us closer to true reconciliation and healing.

There is, of course, the truly lunatic (and dangerous) gay-hating fringe, exemplified by Rev. Fred "God hates faggots" Phelps and others. But all opponents of gay rights are not coming from the same space, and the gay movement hasn't done enough groundwork trying to understand why the more "mainstream" anti-gay activists feel as they do -- a necessary step in order to respond in a way that might generate dialogue (God forbid) and real movement.

Sometimes, I admit, it's hard to remember our opponents are still human beings. Take, for example, Karen Jo Gounaud, the subject of a Washington Post (March 7) profile headlined "Anti-Gay Crusader On A Roll." Gounaud, who has fought to keep gay-positive books and periodicals out of libraries, said she was appalled when she realized that libraries "didn't have any standards" and that there were no rules about displaying publications "harmful to children."

This display of ignorance and bigotry gets my blood boiling, too. But it is not enough to conclude Gounaud hates gays the way Nazis hate Jews. And it's important to understand that the Gounauds of this world think they are on the side of the righteous. "I'm letting my community and my God use me," said Gounaud, who believes liberal and homosexual values are undermining families and society in general. Screaming "Bigot, bigot, go away" isn't going to affect her one whit.

The op-ed page of the Wall Street Journal often sounds a similar "protect the family" refrain. The notorious February 24 essay "Morality and Homosexuality," by a group of Christian and Jewish scholars, claimed heterosexuality should be the recognized norm to protect the sanctity of marriage and for the sexual protection of children. A prominent March 18 letter, "The Assault on Heterosexuality" (by conservative authors Edward Eichel and J. Gordon Muir), warned that the "gay faith" includes "educating (read 'recruiting') kids."

Don't misunderstand me, this is bad stuff. It provides a rationale for discrimination and creates a climate conducive to anti-gay violence. But how are we, as a community, choosing to respond? For the most part, in the worst way possible -- allowing our own politically radical fringe to define us in ways that give credence to our enemies' worse nightmares.

When the Lesbian Avengers handed out candy and Valentine's Day messages outside a West Springfield, Massachusetts, grade school -- complete with an 800 number that connected to "America's Wildest, Hottest Phone Sex Service" -- it was reported in USA Today (Feb. 17) and other national publications. Not surprisingly, the incident soon wound up as fodder for the conservative American Spectator (March 1994) and others on the anti-gay right. Although the Avengers' antics were reported in a few gay papers, such as Bay Windows and the Washington Blade, no one seemed willing to criticize the action, allowing the community's silence to be characterized as consent.

Likewise the press had a field day when Jane Brown, the headmistress of a primary school in the poor London district of Hackney, refused free tickets for her students to attend a Royal Ballet performance of Romeo and Juliet on the grounds that it was a "blatantly heterosexual love story."

Until books, film and theater reflected all forms of sexuality, Brown said she would not be involving her students in "heterosexual culture." Many stateside lesbian and gay activists cheered her stand. But even pro-gay heteros, such as the New York Times's Frank Rich, couldn't swallow this. "Miss Brown apologized," he acted, "but not before her kids missed the show."

John Leo of U.S. News and World Report, who is generally insightful of issues of political correctness but knee-jerk in his opposition to gay rights, nevertheless made a cogent argument about recent gay actions. He described (March 21) a demonstra-
tion by Queer Nation and others targeting a Chicago fundamentalist church over its anti-abortion, anti-gay activism. "The most common chant was 'Racist, sexist, anti-gay/Born-again bigots, go away.'" Alas, the church in question has a congregation roughly 30 percent black, 30 percent Hispanic and 40 percent white.

Leo further noted that "Somewhat confused, the woman with the bullhorn tried to lead the crowd in singing 'Little Boxes,' a song about suburban conformity popularized by Pete Seeger in the 1960s. It was, without a doubt, the least appropriate song anyone could have sung about this diverse urban congregation."

A New York Times (Feb. 21) story about the battle over Camp Sister Spirit, the lesbian retreat outside Ovett, Mississippi, reported that Hank Garde, "who is active on AIDS issues came here expecting to find the world of Mississippi Burning. What he found may have bothered him more."

Said Garde, "I went to the First Baptist Church expecting an extremely rigid Klan-county type of mentality. Instead, I found what seemed like a genuinely caring congregation. They just seemed to have a blind spot on this issue that's really sad and disturbing."

Better writers than I have dealt with why dehumanizing your enemy is never a fruitful strategy, even when they're doing it to us. The struggle for gay rights and inclusion is, when all is said and done, a battle for the moral high ground. Perhaps it's time to rethink the politics of shrill anger, so much in evidence over the exclusion of gals from St. Patrick's Day Parades in Boston and New York. Activists called these processions "bigots' marches." Meanwhile, USA Today (March 14) quoted John Hurley, a sponsor of Boston's parade (canceled to avoid court-ordered gay inclusion) intoning, "We're talking about a radical group with a political agenda trying to force themselves on us," and emphasizing that "the traditional family" is what keeps South Boston's neighborhoods together.

Gay activists need to see behind this bluster and recognize that the family is in crisis, people are scared about crime and rampant violence, and anything that appears likely to fray further the social fabric is bound to arouse apprehension.

We must address these fears with clear hearts and minds (even, the more theologically oriented would say, with "love," rather than meeting self-righteous hatred with self-righteous hatred.

Tales Stirs More Furor

In her Newsday column (March 18), Linda Winer provided an update on protests by the Rev. Donald Wildmon's American Family Association over Tales of the City -- the superb six-hour adaptation of Armistead Maupin's novel that ran on PBS last January. Calling PBS the "Homosexual Pride Taxpayer-Funded TV Network," the AFA organized actions against public TV stations in Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Florida, Arizona, and South Carolina. "We may be particularly interested in protests from offended citizens of South Carolina," Winer wrote, "since their stations never ran the series."

Excerpts from Tales were sent around on a tape to legislators. Shortly afterward Georgia passed a resolution condemning PBS programming and defunding a $19.6 million appropriation for a new public TV building. A voice vote in Oklahoma's House of Representatives amended its public TV appropriations, denying money to programs that "promote homosexuality."

Like the growing number of statewide anti-gay initiatives, the culture war calls for organizing at the local level. The religious right has its greatest success when presenting itself as the defender of community values. The gay movement's response, crying "censorship" and initiating court challenges, is not going to stem this tide. Neither will radical, Sister Spirit-type encampments. Somewhere between self-segregation and closeted assimilation lies a path of being part of the larger community while maintaining and celebrating a gay identity.


"Now I'd like to sing a little love song I wrote while I was on a vacation at an armed women's camp in Mississippi."

NEW YORK NATIVE/March 28, 1994
Chapter 14:
By Dan Cook
"The Great Depression Is Real"

The album marked 1930 was more like a scrapbook, filled with memorabilia and few photographs, after all, Mike had taken the camera to Seattle and had very few opportunities to use it. Each man had their own unique story. Everyone was starting to feel the pinch and the pinch would grow. The Great Depression would leave most of our country numb. The large cities had no built-in support system. John Doe was just a number—the sad thing being most of them didn’t even know their neighbor. Their survival skills were not barter-and-trade, canning, and gardening, but a me-first attitude that had got them a job or first in line. Most didn’t know how or where to start, but one thing they all found out was that everyone was in the same boat. They realized there was always some one worse off then they were.

The small farming areas like John Day had built a strong foundation: the Grange, Co-Op, Cattlemen’s Association, and Church were the cornerstones. All those who lived in that framework had the survival skills, and were one large family. Helping one another wasn’t unique or something you were told to do, you did it because it was the right thing to do. That caring was past down from generation to generation as a fact of life.

One of those lessons, was never to jeopardize your family or the farm. Mr. Preston had done just that, He had used his ranch and breeding stock as collateral, and used the money to invest in the stock market. The walls of Wall street came tumbling down, and the foundation he had built collapsed with Wall street. Now the bank wanted $20,000 or they were going to foreclose.

The Cattlemen’s Association called Steve and explained Mr. Preston had to sell even at a huge loss. He was offering the whole herd for $20,000. Steve and the Association knew it was worth 3 times that amount, but Steve and Mike were the only ones that had that much cash. They also knew the Fall sales were over, and that the meat packers had bought all they could use. If Steve said "no" to the buy of the century, not only would Mr. Preston lose the herd but the ranch to boot.

**CATTLE AS FAR THE EYE COULD SEE**

taken by Mary and Etta.

Both men were hurting—they needed each other in the most intimate and loving ways. Mike missed being held all night and listening to Steve’s heavy breathing as he slept. There was something so reassuring about having that loving arm the last thing at night and the first thing he saw each morning.

At first Steve had a heck of a time, he tossed and turned half the night, his solution, get a bunch of pillows, line them up on the left side of the bed—finally he had a place for his arms and legs. Then he got Mike’s hair tonic [Vitalis] and sprinkled it on his pillow. It helped but nothing could replace the love and desire he missed.

They both poured all their energy into ranch and school, but on Wednesday night, Steve called without fail. Those Wednesday calls were so important to each of them—Mike always let Steve do most of the talking—he was still Steve’s sounding board, and he always had more to talk about. He had taken over like a trooper.

**MIKE’S MARE WITH HER NEW FOAL,**

taken by Mary.

Brewster, Sawmill and Carter’s feed store was starting to feel the pinch. Very few people needed lumber. They were repairing, not building, and the Feed Store wasn’t selling fertilizer. The farmers had gone back to the old way, using manure.

Each of the families had a 17 year old son, Bob Brewster and David Carter, buddies all their lives. They wanted a job riding herd—each had his own horse and both were mighty fine riders. Steve knew what ever money these two made they would give the majority of it to their fathers. The children were not selfish, the family always came first.

It was just the ticket Steve was looking for. Steve asked Mrs. Holt if she would mind cooking for two more. The boys could start work that day.

Bob, David and Robert were already good friends. They had eaten many meals together,
as Robert's guests. Mrs. and Mr. Holt felt very close to the boys. It would be just an extended family. Robert was overjoyed his boss had hired his buddies.

**BOB, DAVID AND ROBERT STACK-ING BALES OF HAY.**

The State leased a large warehouse from the Gibbons Mercantile. Gibbons wanted to sell it and the six acres is stood on to the State for $3,000. The State didn't want it, and in fact they wanted out. They told Steve to get rid of everything in it or take it to the dump. Both Steve and Mike thought it was a perfect site for a hospital—it was high and dry even though the river ran just behind the property. The wood frames and floors of the tent city were left behind when the road crew finished their work—without the tents over them they looked like a mini ghost town, just behind the warehouse.

The warehouse had been refurbished 5 years before to handle the crew and supplies for highway 395. It had it's own well, and there were showers, flushing toilets, sinks and mirrors in one large room, just like a Army barracks. There were two huge water heaters, and it had it's own septic tanks. One room was used for a kitchen and eating room, and there were 3 small offices, and commercial size washers—all this and more.

The State wanted to gut the place. The warehouse held everything that had been in each tent house: chests of drawers, beds with mattresses, lanterns a potbelly stove, blankets, pick and shovels, rain gear, pots dishes—well the list was longer but you can only put so much on a page.

Of course they bought the place.

**THE WAREHOUSE WITH TENT FRAMES AND CHA CHA, VINC AND THEIR BI-PLANE.**

Mike and Steve knew Cha Cha and Vince were learning to fly, they had been for over a year. Steve loved the idea of flying, and had said they would fly to John Day. The guys knew that was impossible. First of all, there isn't a airfield, and the only time anyone has ever seen one of those aero planes was only at the movies. Mike said "It will scare the hell out of everyone." Thank God Mike wasn't there. Cha Cha & Vince called Steve at the ranch—they had flown up the coast and down the Columbia. They were at Fingers and Snap's, but in 2 days they were flying to the ranch. They wanted to know if there was a flat field or road close by. Steve said the field next to the barn was about the flattest and he would have it ready and put red flags at each end. "Follow the ridge going south out of town, look for a large house at the end with a circular drive."

Cha Cha circled the town 3 times, and buzzed the court house. By now everyone was out on the street getting into their cars, and were all headed for the ranch. She just followed the cars and kept circling because the cars kept crossing the field. When they finally lined up Madam's pink and white Bi-Plane touched down after three big bounces. Everyone clapped, you would have thought she was Lindbergh himself. With her pink leather coat and hat, with those pink goggles she was a movie star, and they didn't care.

Steve got his first ride, flying over Purdy and could see the old spur trail that had been left from the pioneers who came in the 1840s on the Oregon trail. There were abandon mines he had never seen. He would have liked Mike to be there that day. Vince and Cha Cha took turns taking various neighbors up. The parson wanted to touch a cloud, Penny said she was so scared she almost "PEED" her pants. Lucy kissed all her children as if she was being put in front of a firing squad, Mrs. Mona Gibbons lost her new hat, all in all they gave about 20 people a quick ride. Everyone held their breath as the plane landed with at least three bounces, then they applauded her wonderful skills. The two were a major hit, and the town was there to see them off two days later.

Mike's world wasn't so glamorous. Hard work and long hours.

**SHANTY TOWN ON THE WATER-FRONT IN SEATTLE; FACES OF DES-PAIR; NUNS AND DOCTORS GIVING THEIR TIME AND MEDICINE; THE RED CROSS, SALVATION ARMY--ALL TRY-ING TO FEED THE HUNGRY.**

Fridays were field-work in shanty town with it's cardboard box and shipping crate lean-to houses. There was no running water or toilets. Open sores, dysentery, body lice—it seemed at times everybody was being treated for one of the these. TB, pneumonia and whooping cough cases were sent to the Hospital.

Everything and everybody had to be sprayed at the hospital, including the Nuns. They didn't want crabs in the hospital. The conversation was always the same. If those people only had toilets, showers and a place to wash their
clothes, things would be different. Sister Ruth asked Mike if he thought his mother’s friends in city hall would help. The hospital had already tried, but they were getting nowhere.

"The Mayor owes me a big favor," mother answered, "give me a couple of days; our Ladies of Charity and Culture might be able to help as well."

Between the Mayor’s wife who got anything she wanted and Mother, the permits were granted for a sewer hook-up and power and water.

The Mayor wouldn’t spend a penny on that trash, but The Ladies gave up Culture that summer, and the three main shanty towns had a little more pride. This reduced the Nun’s and Doctor’s work load by well over half. The Mayor took all the credit and was re-elected.

September was their 10th anniversary and Steve drove to Seattle and got a room at the Olympic. Steve was waiting in the lobby when they both spotted each other. "It was one of the hardest things we had to do," they said, later, "shake hands when we both wanted to grab each other instead."

But when we tipped the bellhop and closed that door it was 24 hours of sweet tender, wild, crazy, no holds barred love making. "We didn’t want to fall asleep, remember Mike?" Steve said, recalling that wonderful weekend.

Mike wanted to go to warehouse 3. Mother told him to get everything he would need for his John Day hospital and she would send it. There was everything there but the Nurses.

They looked at the Shanty town—Steve told Mike there were 4 families living in the barn, now. John Day was doing a good job helping them.

There would be no New Year’s party, but while they were in Seattle they ordered a large boxes of chocolates, and made sure they were all different this year.

Mike said he had a couple of ideas he had been putting together for next year. He would be home in April, 7 months from now.

1931, had some big surprises.

Turning the page....

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

[Note: if you’ve been following the saga of Steve and Mike and are missing sections of the storyline, please write or call Cherrosse, who will send the missing sections at no charge.]
and so it came to pass that the Eklutna Picnic be come to Kincaid. Don’t ask! EYE wonders if anyone noticed the Pride Flag hanging upside down.

One EYEspy mentioned it--but only one! ▼ The do was well attended (wonder if anyone wound up at Eklutna only to find the fundagelicals there?) As D (from up North) mentioned, "Surely they spent time together they could have taught each other something!" ▼ Kudos to R&B and M and J for setting up and caretaking and serving and CakA for cooking all that food! And B for MCing--caught the Egg Toss (EYE was flabbergasted that B (who does this all day for a living), didn’t make it to the finals! K and M won! Delicate touch, gentle.... And the Water Balloon toss--more fun to watch the missile break during the daring catch. Everyone’s a winner! ▼ EYE’s EYE lit on D (from the CN) resplendent in his hunting gear (no, gEYE and gEYEn, not that kind, he had a hunting dog with him (wasn’t that a hunting dog?) ▼ Lots of kids in sight all around. EYE goes all misty when it’s so clear that these young ones are being cared for and well nurtured both emotionally and spiritually! ▼ And EYE actually met C! Now, mind you C is remembered from EYE/May wherein we discovered that J already had him on the answering machine well before the arrival date. Anyhow, there he was (cute, too) and about to whisk J off to the Southland where C will continue teaching and J will, he says, go to school for radiology! Congrats to the happy couple! ▼ Different story for K. EYE addicts will remember K from EYE/May (also). Seem K&A have split but no grass grows under Ks, um, feet (or something). Another J looms on the horizon. Stay tuned. ▼ One Picnic regular is overheard to have said that Eklutna would have been "better" but at least at Kincaid there were flush toilets. Amen, sister! ▼ EYE noticed Reina XX wandering around, in Drag! Took EYE some time to adjust, but there s/he was in, gasp, male attire (well, pseudo male attire). EYE had to lean against a wall to catch EYE’s breath! ▼ R stayed in the same place practically the whole afternoon. EYE’d think that after so much re-channeling the rest is deserved. M&K stayed put, too, but all agreed the scenery was worth it. ▼ Here’s a stunner. Seems the tix for the Jason Stuart Comedy eve (6/25)(Gay/Lesbian Pride Eve), are available at the 4As as well as the Women’s Bookstore. Only twist is that some at the 4As were heard to have expressed a fear of going to the Women’s Bookstore. Why? EYE asked. Well, came the answer, folks are scared to go there because they’re Lesbian Separatists! After EYE picked EYEsself up off the floor, EYE had to reflect soberly. It’s reasonable, after all. EYE wouldn’t want the folks at the scardy-cats at the 4As going up there to find out for themselves. That would be too, well, sensible. ▼ Saw LakaC there, all in leather. Saw K hugging LakaC as if there were no tomorrow. K was overheard to say that LakaC is the only person for whom he would have a sex change and be a dyke. It’s true. EYE knows! ▼ And K&K were there, too (selling tix for abovementioned Jason Stuart concert). Not many women showed up (Eklutna is better for that (more room to spread out (geographically, that is)), but it’s nice that this event brings (or has the potential to bring) Our Community together. ▼ M was there, too at the HIV testing table. EYEaddicts will remember her from the HIV testing bit some issues ago. by 4:30 there were some 29 folks came forward to be tested. Anonymously, of course. Results in 3 weeks or less. Be safe, y’all. ▼ And the Human Rights Campaign Fund got 45 or more folks to sign up. EYE was pleased that N & J are so active in that regard. ▼ Along those lines, K (from the abovementioned hugging/SRS”) was seen selling those beautiful Identity lapel pins. Shameless, K. But they are quite handsome. And cheap. ▼ Speaking of cheap, EYE couldn’t believe her ears when R was heard to say (of the recent debacle of a Mayoral race), "had to stop and wonder at the petulant Mark Begich (such a sore loser) and the anal retentive Joyce Murphy." EYE immediately recalled Mouthy Mystrom, bragging (such poor taste, dear, really) about how he’d duped everyone into voting for him by his superior advertising techniques! ▼ Marriage of convenience? Right here in Anchor Town? M did it! Tied the knot, standard type, you know, male + female—or so the rumor goes. "Only business," the happy groom was heard to say. Quel estrange!! ▼ Remember the church group that got the Eklutna campground rather than li’l ol’ us? Well, seems they had to wade to the picnic tables--yep, yep--through 3 inches of water! Why, you might well ask? Because God wasn’t willin’ and the creek rose, no doubt. Lucky us. Queerly blessed!! The church says the MUNI can’t pay them to go back next year. (Maybe we should pray on that.) ▼ E just got back from Zimbabwe where she slopped hippos. It’s only hearsay. EYE got this second hand, so don’t blame

* Sexual Reassignment Surgery
Tribal Warfare v. AIDS:
Epidemics in Africa
by Fred Hillman

Can you imagine a city the size of Anchorage that has 16,000 homeless orphans on the streets, sleeping on verandas of businesses and shops, many of whom are infected with HIV? This is but one of the staggering problems faced by Pietermaritzburg, the capital of the South African province of Natal. This city is the home of a Public Health Nurse, Mrs. Leane Els, who spoke to the most recent P-FLAG meeting in Anchorage. Mrs. Els is part of a group of five Rotarians from South Africa who are touring Alaska as part of a cultural exchange program. They hope to learn how Alaskans are dealing with rural problems, and they also hope to gain support for a 250-bed orphanage that they are planning.

Mrs. Els said that 40% of the population of Pietermaritzburg is under the age of 14 and that the homeless orphans are victims either of tribal warfare that has wracked the nation or of the AIDS epidemic that is sweeping the continent of Africa. AIDS in Africa is a heterosexual disease (in Natal only 7% of cases are in gay men). Unfortunately, it continues to spread due to the influence of tribal customs such as polygamy, the domiciling of rural laborers away from their families in urban hostels, a high rate of heterosexual prostitution, and an infrequent use of condoms, among other things. The homeless children are unschooled and mostly illiterate. In fact, the literacy rate in Natal Province is only 40%, which greatly increases the difficulties for educating about AIDS. The high incidence of HIV infection in the general population is reflected in an HIV positive rate of 10% in the pregnant women who are seen in the clinics of Natal. Diagnosis, treatment, prevention, and education about AIDS are all compounded by an unemployment rate of 50% and the abject poverty of much of the population.

Mrs. Els had arrived only the day before after a grueling 48-hour flight from South Africa and, despite her fatigue, graciously consented to speak to the P-FLAG meeting. She was a guest of Leon Webber, president of the Anchorage chapter of Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays. P-FLAG meets monthly on the third Wednesday at 7:00 p.m. at the Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, 3201 Turnagain Street. All are welcome.

Fred Hillman is a retired physician and occasional Gay activist.
Homophobia on the Financial Front
or How to Pick the Right Professional
by Chris Olson

It was easy for me to come out to my internist. I was proud to say I had been in a monogamous lesbian relationship for 12 years. I needed him to know that I wasn't there for a condition related to contact with a penis (since he asked).

Sometimes, unfortunately, it is hard to come out in a professional setting, even to a professional who is earning a fine living (serving me). Does it matter whether I'm out buying insurance or investments?

Absolutely. Your financial services professional can't make a sound plan for you unless s/he has the total picture. It's helpful to be honest from the beginning to avoid a bad experience. For example, some life insurance companies will not issue you a policy if you want a non-related, same-sex person listed as the beneficiary. An 'insurable interest' must exist between you and the beneficiary. If your broker sent in an application for this coverage and it was rejected, you would have a rejection in the "Medical Information Bureau" (MIB). The MIB is like a credit reporting data bank for life insurance companies. Most companies won't look at you if you have been turned down by another company. (The MIB can't say why you were rejected--only that you were rejected.) A gay-friendly financial advisor would know how to avoid this problem. Ask him/her how to ensure that your gayness isn't used against you. Ask for gay-friendly companies. The wrong answer should send you out the door.

In general, look for integrity, ethics, and honesty; as well as proper credentials and registrations. A reputable financial services professional should have a verifiable license for the products they are selling. Find out if there are commission bonuses for hitting a certain number of dollars taken in. Is this person motivated to do business with you so s/he can go to the convention in Hawaii next year or because they want to do right by you?

Finally, find out whether the financial planner is paid on a fee for service basis or by commission. With a fee for service financial planner you pay every time you meet. With commissions your planner gets a percentage of what you buy.

In a nutshell: 1) be "out" to your financial advisor. If you don't feel comfortable telling them, go somewhere else; 2) make sure they know gay friendly companies, and that they know how to 'work the system' to your advantage; 3) check on the credentials and ethical standards of this advisor. Go elsewhere if you feel uneasy; 4) make sure you feel comfortable with the payment arrangements.

Chris Olsen is a fully licensed insurance and securities representative, has lived in Alaska for 13 years and welcomes new clients and referrals, especially from the Gay & Lesbian Community.
IDENTITY BUSINESS
SPOTLIGHT
BY LINDA S. KELLEN

(This is the monthly spotlight of queer-owned and queer-supportive businesses. This spotlight is of Puffin Family Charters.)

I have been thinking about my last several charter experiences while I've been working on this spotlight. They both went something like this:

I'm in a boat on the Kenai with 3 other women, and the white, male, redneck guide. After listening to his philosophy of life, including several well-placed homophobic comments which became an us-against-him debate, we pulled up alongside a boat belonging to his guiding buddy plus a boat full of his white, male, redneck clientele. The boys felt the need to make comments on our "feminine status." Comments like: "You ladies need some help." (No thank you...actually, we have more fish than you!) "Damn, what are you girls doi'n' out here. Where are your men?" (They're at home, cooking dinner and cleaning house, and some of them are women.) "What are you girls doi'n' after this?" (Chopping up fish heads and thinking of you.)

Well, you get the picture.

Happily, I have the extreme pleasure of introducing Puffin Family Charters out of Seward. The owner/captain of the boat is Leslie Pemberton, only one of two female charter captains on the Kenai Peninsula and, to our knowledge, the only "family" member with a charter.

Leslie's boating experience began with a guy named "Dirty Jack" (I didn't make that up) who wanted her to run a ferry boat for him. He flew her to Anchorage to get her Coast Guard License and she spent a number of years ferrying pilots out to foreign ships so they could guide them in. From there, she began spending her winters fishing in Dutch and her summers running charters for the military in Seward. During the oil spill, Leslie captained one of the boats involved in oiled-bird rescue, skirting the shoreline of the Kenai Fjords area to pick them up. That adds up to an impressive 17 years of experience at operating passenger vessels in Alaskan waters.

Leslie's desire to start her own charter outfit seemed largely motivated by the poor treatment afforded experienced, women captains. According to Leslie, it is very difficult for a woman to break into the private sector charter business up here. As she stated, they are dominated by a "major good-old-boy network" and don't have much room for "outsiders." The interesting aspect of Leslie's experience with the anti-woman attitude is that the military is the most liberal employer, formerly employing three of the total of four women boat captains on the peninsula. (The other captains employed by the military included an African-American man, a man over 65-years-old, a veteran, and a physically challenged individual, earning the nickname "The Minority Fleet.")

Another motivator seemed to be the sometimes unstable nature of individuals in this business that she discovered through three bad experiences working for charter services in the private sector.

Through the help and support of many friends and, of course, her partner Lisa and Lisa's daughter Sophie, she was able to buy a boat, fix it up and get it in the water in a very short amount of time.

Puffin Family Charter's is open for business in Seward, Alaska! Their charter boat, the Sophie Lou, is a 28 foot Bayliner cabin cruiser with a heated cabin and head. She carries up to six passengers and two crew, and she sleeps four.

Besides the differences previously mentioned, Leslie says that her goal is not to "Go out there and slam the big ones!" She is more interested in a slowed down, eco-tour type approach, combining fishing with an appreciation of the great beauty in Prince William Sound and the wonderful marine life. She is offering more personalized service, perfect for the Alaskan visitor who wants something different or for the local who is tired of the same-old tourist trips.

Prices run from a $55.00 half day sightseeing tour of Resurrection Bay to a $160.00 Kayak drop off/pick up 3 days later package. The halibut and silver salmon charters lie somewhere in between. Their phone number is (907) 2-PUFFIN. ▼

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Comfort Zones
by Pete Pinney

For a community that seeks respect, if not outright acceptance, a label that few seem comfortable to talk about is bisexuality. I don’t pretend to understand what that label means exactly. Even though I had sexual encounters with the opposite sex when I was in high school, I have always identified myself as gay. (Maybe not always openly, but that is another issue.) My ex-lover fathered four children, which only leads me to believe that anyone can learn a skill. Given a set of circumstances, people are capable of just about anything. But when it comes right down to it, how do people relate to bisexuality?

A student at the University of Alaska, Fairbanks recently complained that the number of bisexual men on campus seemed to be skyrocketing. “I wish they would just make up their minds,” he said. I told him I thought they had. He was visibly upset.

AGLA, the campus student group, spent two meetings discussing the possibility of expanding from just “Gay and Lesbian” in the title to a more inclusive organization name, since the mission is to be an umbrella of support for the entire spectrum of sexual identity. Tradition won, since name recognition and bylaw changes would be a hassle, but without some dissent from a member who identifies herself as bisexual.

The students had created a forum for openness and acceptance. The argument not to change was put in shorthand: “Everyone should recognize that the group is for everyone.” But one felt as though the group was actually talking to her as a mother would to a three-year-old, “HERE, just TAKE this piece of candy and shut up.” No one seemed quite comfortable talking about her issue.

At a recent Fairbanks Q*Klatch meeting, a couple sat with arms interlocked giving occasional affectionate touches while they discussed topics from a bisexual perspective. They themselves were not a cause for reaction, but several people felt awkward with the “conduct unbecoming.” At the next meeting, people were just as awkward about discussing how the group dynamic had changed as a result. Could a group of gays and lesbians come down on someone willing to share their feelings and questions without marginalizing them in the way racists exclude people who do not look like them? But that wasn’t it. People had come to a meeting not expecting to face something they see and grapple with every day….straight behaviors. Their comfort zone had been messed with. As a result, group consensus was to keep a gay and lesbian focus. Offshoots of the main group could entertain a smaller, more eclectic round table.

But, what was really going on here? Does the community unknowingly, or even blatantly, discriminate against bisexuals? Does the continuum between straight and gay have a middle point, or are we all one way or the other with certain periodic blips on the radar? Can someone grow up acting one way, realize they are another, then find out they are both? And how would that work mentally when sex is involved? When talking about sex, it seems that women often do not separate self-identity from the act itself. Women, for the most part, say that they give of themselves when making love and couldn’t easily just “have sex” with another person. This may be partly a generational thing. But certainly it is a cultural thing, because almost all men say that making love and having sex are separate and distinct aspects of a physical act that don’t always coincide.

Does that mean that bisexuals are sex-crazed individuals who just can’t make up their minds? When Gays and Lesbians look at the label “bisexual” they don’t trust it. If a person is Bi and someone is interested in having a relationship, which part are they getting? If a Bisexual is hanging out at a queer party, are they queer for the time they are hanging out, too? What are they when they are with their straight friends? Obviously these questions are an oversimplification of a seriously complex idea. But what amazes me is how such a label seems so hard for many of us to work on and figure out. I have yet to meet any friend who looks down on Bisexuals or who thinks twice about meeting, playing or just being with Bisexuals as equals, as friends—except when the question comes up: in a certain setting, how do you identify yourself?

Certainly, people cannot label themselves solely by whom they have sex with. Such name-tagging is too simplistic. We can be Lesbian and Gay and never have sex. Not all Republicans are straight. Not all Christian fundamentalists are intolerant. But what handle does one put on all label that, by definition, represents a split sexual identity? Like I said, I don’t pretend to know. There are as many answers to this as there are people, I’m sure. As a comic once put it, “Being Bisexual isn’t the physical smorgasbord everyone might think. It just means I can go to ANY bar and go home alone.”
All of this is what makes me appreciate how complex and diverse our community actually is. That is something I look forward to celebrating in the coming weeks as people around the country discover the pride we find in ourselves, however we label ourselves. I guess we best get used to it.

Pete Finney is always curious about people.

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Many organizations and allies are supporting this ad, which is being coordinated by Equal, Inc.
Down the River with Q*K
by J.S. Coffey

The Q*K canoe trip was an unqualified success. The unique tone of this adventure was set in the grocery store—as the other men of Fairbanks prepared for their weekend outing with cartloads of beer and Boonee Weenies, there was one of US who cried, “But, I need FRESH parsley... and where is the feta cheese?” And those on the Night Before trip to Nenana to drop off return vehicles were graced with the sights of an intense double rainbow and one of the newest moose in the area. Such appropriate omens.

There were ten of us that morning (4 women and 6 men), June 4, 1994, preparing to depart Pikes Landing on the Chena River. After the usual delays and waiting for those fashionably late, we shoved off for the wilderness—after the Bloody Marys, of course.

The first two hours were quite pleasant: slow, meandering current, waving to the tourists on the sternwheelers, and stopping for the Necessary at Chena Pump House.

Then came the confluence with the Tanana—a big, powerful, silty river that made me all too aware that I was sitting in a lawn chair that rocked unsteadily on the canoe. But courage soon returned, and it was time for lunch.

Strange, in this Great State, how far one has to go to get out of the sight of houses. It was at lunch that it was discovered we had no map.

Well, the river runs only one way, so we could hardly get lost. As it happens, canoes connected at the gunnels make a dandy raft, and suddenly the day was clothing optional (until the speedboats showed up!).

With the exception of one tip-over to remind us that the River Stops for No One, the rest of the day flowed like a dream.

Camp was set up on a broad beach at the point of a large island which was dubbed "Lesbia" by its locators. There we discovered sunburn and mosquitoes, and that fresh parsley is worth the effort. We were graced with a midnight rainbow and a beautiful sunset-colored “night.” The campfire conversation of that night will keep the birds and beavers talking about us for decades.

The next morning, after a prolonged but very nutritious breakfast, we set out for Nenana. After visits by beavers and a bald eagle, once again the canoes were joined to form a raft, and the day progressed with merriment, sharing, and a reading of radical poetry. Only one person seemed inclined to request stops for necessary body functions.

Soon we progressed to the "are we there yet?" phase of the trip. Following much speculation on our whereabouts, the bridge at Nenana was finally sighted. After two teasing horseshoe turns, we arrived at the landing, and packed up—but not without advice from locals. Our adventure ended with dinner at the Monerosa—"the best hamburgers in Alaska"—no exaggeration—after a couple of days on the river.

As a final word, a special thanks to all the non-participants who made the trip possible with their loan of a canoe or equipment, or even pet-sitting.

J.S. Coffey is a fisherman of Fairbanks, enjoying the experience of living without running water.

Real Talent:
Jason Stuart

Real Talent Productions has made a real effort to bring star-quality Lesbian and Gay talent to Anchorage. Soon, Jason Stuart will arrive, and a national star he is, with appearances on Geraldo, all 10,000 of those cable stand-up shows, and star turns in "Murder, She Wrote" and the "John Larroquette Show" not to mention a number of feature films, including "Kindergarten Cop" with Ahhnhnold.

Jason was interviewed in the Los Angeles Times, and until we can greet him in person, these observations will be our connection:

You're on the "Coming Out" tour. Why did you come out? I just didn't want to lie anymore. There's a lot of gay and lesbian kids out there with no one to turn to. When I was young, I always felt so alone. It's been a very positive experience, and now everything is so much more fun.

Describe your stand-up act. Outrageous, funny and the truth.
Dear NorthView,

I recorded "The Marriage" episode of "Northern Exposure" cutting out most of the advertising -- however, when I saw the words "former homosexual" I quickly started the recording again. I missed most of the beginning, but did capture the following: "Michael Johnston, Former Homosexual..." and the testimonies of thousands like myself that readily admit our behavior was a chosen one. Homosexuality is an addictive and deadly behavior cutting thirty years off the average lifespan and accounting for 75% of AIDS cases in Alaska. I know, I'm one of them. Change is possible. Please, get help before it's too late. Kerusso Ministries 333-HOPE.

By the way, if you missed the following Letters to the Fairbanks Daily News-Miner Editor (inspired by the "Marriage Episode" on "Northern Exposure"), read on, plus an unrelated quip from Joe Sitton, taken from the Advocate.

Eric Walton, Fairbanks

May 5, 1994

To the editor:

Channel 11's decision to run an ad from Anchorage cult leader Jerry Prevo during "Northern Exposure" was an insult to myself and I'm sure to many other viewers. Not one thing that I heard presented was based on any sort of scientific research and yet KTVF allowed this ad to run without any regard to the truthfulness of it. Don't tell me you aren't obligated to check the content of your TV ads. The man in the advertisement claimed he was somehow cured of homosexuality without any substantiation and certainly without support from any reputable source. Can I claim to have a miraculous cure for some disease and buy advertising time on Channel 11? Of course not. What I saw broadcast was not an advertisement. It was a promotional spot for hate-mongering. What unusual timing too, with the Anne Frank Exhibit at the University. Perhaps the management of KTVF would be well advised to pay a visit. I intend to suggest just that to CBS corporate headquarters. Anyone else wishing to do the same can write CBS at the following address: CBS Television, 51 W. 52nd St., New York, NY 10019, Attn: Diane Gantz.

I can't help but wonder what happens to the people who submit to Mr. Prevo's miracle cure and aren't "healed." "If it don't cure ya..."

Andrew D. Binkley
Fairbanks
Thanks to the Fairbanks Daily News-Miner, 5/8/94.

May 13, 1994

To the editor:

The Baptist Church, for which Mr. Prevo is an evangelist, resulted from the splitting of the Protestant church which separated from the Roman Catholic Church. Thus, its prestigious roots stem from the days of the Roman Empire and, therefore, is neither unorthodox nor spurious as Andrew Binkley's apparent attempt to "demonize" would have us believe.

Relatively little is known about what causes homosexuality despite considerable research. In regards to biological determinants, the evidence remains quite inconsistent. For example, some studies show lower levels of testosterone in homosexual males than in heterosexual males while others have found no difference in overall hormones. Additionally, male homosexuals given additional male hormones experienced increased sexual drives, but their sexual preference did not change.

The most promising research to date (Storms, 1981) shows an interaction between biology and one's social environment. The research indicates "the onset of the sex drive during adolescence initiates the development of a sexual orientation, and the various people in an individual's social environment at that time determines the direction of the individual's sexual orientation. An unusually early onset of the sex drive contributes to homosexuality, because the individual's social environment at the time is composed primarily of youngsters of the same sex (boys and girls tend to form separate same-sex groups from early childhood through preadolescence)." His theory explains numerous anthropological observations. (Atkinson, Smith, Hilgard, Introduction to Psychology (9th ed 1987), pp. 336-337. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Publishers).

Most researchers view homosexuality as a variant rather than a perversion of sexual expression within the sexual behavior continuum based on mental health. Many homosexuals are indeed mentally well-adjusted. But, mental well-being in itself offers
no proof that homosexuals are "helpless victims" of circumstances beyond their control—much less comparable to child Holocaust victim Anne Frank.

Detailed reports of the successful treatment of homosexual cases have been published by Flournoy (1953); Lagache (1953); Poe (1952); Socariedes (1969); Vinchon and Nacht (1931) and Wulff (1941) to name a few. Additionally, positive therapeutic outcomes have been collected in surveys by the American Psychoanalytic association (in statistical format) (1956) and the Society of Medical Psychoanalysts (the Bieber study, 1962).

Julie Hicks, North Pole
Thanks to the Fairbanks Daily News-Miner, 5/8/94.

[EW notes "good heavens, my grandmother was a teacher and at that time, (dates of studies quoted above), there were FIVE planets in our solar system"]

May 12, 1994

To the editor:

I wish to address this letter to Andrew D. Binkley regarding the letter he wrote which was published in the News-Miner on Sunday, May 8. It was titled "Miracle cure."

I object to you calling Pastor Jerry Prevo an "Anchorage cult leader." I think you owe him and the communities of Alaska an apology. Do you not know what a cult is? Usually the leader exalts himself. I have known Pastor Prevo to be one to preach the Lord Jesus Christ.

Your specific complaint I find really hard to understand from what you said. Perhaps I might understand if I had seen the ad. You seem to have called homosexuality a disease. However, it is a behavior. Therefore it can be cured. Just as alcoholics stop drinking or smokers cut the habit. Sure it is tough to stop some behaviors. Especially once they've become habitual. But I know through experience regarding behaviors that "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me," Philippians 4:13.

How does the Anne Frank exhibit relate to all of this?

I am writing to Diane Gantz of CBS also.

However, it will not be to support your letter.

Sincerely, Dorothy Machida, Fairbanks

Thanks to the Fairbanks Daily News-Miner, 5/8/94.

May 14, 1994

To the editor:

In response to Andrew Binkley's letter criticizing a commercial that informed television viewers that they could be cured for the lifestyle of homosexuality, research has determined that homosexuality is conditioned and not biological. There is not a shred of evidence that it is biological. Faulty logic has been used in trying to justify it. In one study, Dr. Simon LeVay, a biologist who studies homosexuality, claimed to have found a tiny difference in the brains of homosexual and heterosexual cadavers. The problem was that the men whose brains were sampled had all died of AIDS, which could have altered the brain structure. LeVay could not verify that the "heterosexual" sample were in fact heterosexual.

Another study claimed that, if one of a set of twins was homosexual, his or her twin had a better chance of being homosexual as well. When these studies were analyzed in the New England Journal of Medicine (Fall 1992), their conclusion was that the studies were either flawed or inconclusive; over half of the homosexual identical twin pairs differed in sexual preference.


The "Northern Exposure" airing of the marriage by two homosexual men on KTUU-TV, of which Borough Assemblyman Hank Hove is president is nothing more than a deception to recruit vulnerable people into this lifestyle endangering more precious lives through disease.

Respectfully, C. J. Verner, Eielson Air Force Base.

Thanks to the Fairbanks Daily News-Miner, 5/8/94.

"I'd rather see his very ample butt flossed with barbed wire."

Alaska (Fairbanks) state representative Joe Sitton, opposing a resolution that would have honored conservative talk-show host Rush Limbaugh.
Anziulewicz Writes
by himself

[Editor’s Note: the following is Part I of a 3-part letter from one of our far-flung NorthView members in West-by God-Virginia... a slice of life from the East. Enjoy!]

4/24/94

Dear Bernie...

How wonderful it is to have a friend in the beautiful State of Alaska! It’s been almost 3 years since I visited Anchorage. And my memories are still as glorious as ever. The Chugach Mountains, the low angle of the sun, the Big Burly men at the Blue Moon Saloon... Naturally, I want to visit again! I’d like nothing better than to walk into the Blue moon and surprise you. I’m trying to save for another trip.

I’m sitting in a little place in south Charleston called “Deli de Lee” which serves pizza, sandwiches, and beer. I put in 8 quarts into the Juke box, and played the entire Jeff Lorber C.D., the only Jazz Album on the Machine, much to the annoyance of the regulars. (Most of the jukebox is country music, and rap). It’s a beautiful spring day here: clear, sunny skies, and 85 degrees. I’d still rather be in Alaska in danger of falling into a glacial crevasse.

So much has happened to me since I was where you are. I participated in the news writing workshop at the Alaska Public Radio network in September of 1991. The following October, my news director at west Virginia public radio, Beth, resigned to take a new Job with the West Virginia Dept. of Education. Beth and I had worked very well together for five years. And I was sorry to see her leave... But it also afforded me an opportunity to take over her position. After all, I had been the #2 person in the news Dept. For years and it just seemed logical to apply for the job.

So I did apply (which is a formality in state government) with eerie expectation of getting that promotion. But it was not to be. Although I was the “acting” new director for a couple of months, ultimately they gave the job to a guy from outside the station. They told me that I didn’t have as much managerial experience as he (though I wonder: How is one to gain managerial experience if one isn’t given the chance?)

It was the worst thing that has ever happened in my professional life. The people that made this decision were people who I had known for years, who knew the quality of my work, and whom I had thought of as FRIENDS. And yet suddenly, I felt insulted, embarrassed, and downright BETRAYED by them.

They told me I didn’t get the job just a few days before Christmas vacation. Merry Christmas... huh?

Oh well. What could I do? Some of my co-workers suggested that I give it a chance. That I try to work with this guy, and maybe things would work out. So I tried, honestly I did. But in 1992, I found myself growing more, and more resentful, and it eventually started to reflect negatively on the quality of my work. I had to leave. So I started applying to public radio stations in other states, in hopes of taking my talents elsewhere. I didn’t relish the idea of leaving West Virginia and going through the whole pain-in-the-ass of moving, but what could I do?

Then, in August of 1992, I was dealt a second blow: I tested HIV+. The last time I got tested for HIV was in 1990, and it came back negative. Great! I tried to be careful since then, but there were a few times, I got careless, so I thought it would be wise to get tested again... and nothing could have prepared me for a positive result this time.

So I thought: well, there it is? I was trapped in a job working for someone I had grown to hate, and yet I couldn’t go elsewhere because I would lose my state health insurance. How could things possibly get any worse???

And yet... things started getting better. I had been doing volunteer work for the Charleston AIDS network (CAN) for several years, and through CAN I knew a few people who worked for the west Virginia AIDS program. I eventually became aware of a new AIDS-Education job opening up, and I got very interested. It was a state job, and if I got it, I would be able to keep my health insurance with the State. So I applied for the job in a very aggressive way - not telling them that I was HIV+, but saying: "Hey look: I’m A Gay man, who better to understand the Educational needs of the Gay community that someone who’s Gay?" Well: Oh, joy of Joys: I got the Job! ▼
Groups & Gatherings
Circles and Clubs
News from Gay & Lesbian Organizations from around the State compiled by Kurt Parish

Alaskan AIDS Assistance Association (4As): offers HIV testing Wednesday afternoons (2-4pm) at their offices, 730 T St., Suite 100. Friday at noon is a luncheon for People With HIV and AIDS. We are always looking for groups willing to donate and provide these meals. If you are interested in helping with the luncheons, volunteering with the 4As, or need information, please call the 4As at 276-1400.

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

Anchorage Garden Buddies (AGB): a social group for Gay men looking for an alternative to the "bar scene." For next meeting time and place or to get on the mailing list, call Kurt at 248-0425.

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

Anchorage Women's Political Caucus: for Lesbians and non- Lesbians, meets 7pm at the First United Methodist Church (Anchorage) on the first Wednesday of every month.

Berdache Society of Anchorage: a meeting and support group for transgendered persons. The Berdache Society is active in all areas of the community. For more information call Nora Jean at 258-9909 or see the North-View Directory for the Berdache Society address.

EQUAL, Inc: meets regularly on the 1st Thursday (only) of each month, usually from 7-9pm at the Unitarian Fellowship in Room A. EQUAL is a politically active group addressing such issues as political issues and races, Gay/Lesbian Rights Ordinance at the Municipal Assembly (last year) and many other areas of concern. Please see NorthView Calendar for current agenda or call 566-0930 for more information.

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

Fairbanks Gay Youth Group: for more information call Jeff or Andy at 457-6818.

Feminist Sing-a-Long, women only: third Saturday of every month. 2347 Westview Cir. (maps available at the Alaska Women's Bookstore) or call Lucy at 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, 7:00-8:30pm at 845 'K' St. 279-5001.

Identity: is founded to improve self and community awareness, understanding, and acceptance of the expression of individual sexual identities, in order to promote positive attitudes and healthful ways of living for all people within the State of Alaska. Identity builds bridges between different segments of the Lesbian and Gay communities as well as bridges between the Gay/Lesbian and non-Gay/non-Lesbian communities.

Potluck Social: held on the 4th Friday of every month at the Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, 3201 Turnagain St. Doors open at 6:30pm; dinner at 7pm; program at 7:30. See the Calendar for this month's guest speaker.

Imperial Court of all Alaska (ICOAA): is a social and support group that contributes to our Community by being active in many causes; we plan and present wonderful entertainment, and donate money to needy organizations for them to carry out their important goals. See Calendar for this month's planned activities, or contact Empress XXI Tiger Lilly at 243-6905.

Interior AIDS Association (IAA): offers medical and dental program assistance, "buddies" (volunteers
who help HIV & People Living With AIDS), meal delivery food supplement program, a lending library and counseling support. If you're interested in volunteering or need assistance, please call the IAA in Fairbanks at 452-4222.

**Cathedral of God Metropolitan Community Church (MCC):** holds Sunday services at 10:45am and 7pm at 615 Hollywood Dr. There is a study group on Tuesday evenings -- "The Bible and Gay and Lesbian People." Call 258-5266.

**Last Frontier Men's Club:** a members only club for the Leather/Bear communities of Alaska. Meetings once/month, campouts & week-end trips, too. Write T.L.F.M.C., P.O. Box 202054, Anchorage, AK 99520-2054.

**Lesbian/Gay/Bi-Student Association.** Meets every Saturday at 4pm in Building K, Room 226 on the UAA campus. Social action group, with socializing after the meeting. Wednesdays from 11am-4pm there is an information booth in the Campus Student Center. High school welcome! A Teen Group is being formed/has been formed. Watch this space and the Calendar for more information!

**Mt. McKinley (non-ascent) Club (MMc(na)C):** is a social group open to anyone Gay, Lesbian, or ally. Look for upcoming events in the Calendar, or call Dan Cook at 561-8744.

**Northern Exposure Bowling League:** on hiatus for the summer. Watch this space for Fall start-up.

**Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays of Fairbanks (PFLAG(F)):** meets the 3rd Tuesday of every month at 5:30pm at the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship Log Cabin (Noble & 5th). Contact Nancy at 479-4944 for more information.

**Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays of Southcentral (P-FLAG(SC)):** holds meetings on the 3rd Wednesday of every month. For information call Sylvia at 562-4992 or Fred at 562-7161.

**Klatch,** formerly the Fairbanks Think Tank, is an informal gathering of lesbians, gay men and friends with diverse interests, tastes and views. Our goal is to encourage enlightenment and growth, both within and throughout our Community. Volunteerism creates success. Members lead trips, organize activities and offer social gatherings. We meet on the first Wednesday of each month, and enjoy events scattered throughout (check the NorthView calendar). For more information please contact Eric at 455-4051.

**Women's Coffeehouse:** (Closed May-Sept.) every 4th Saturday, 7:30-9:30pm, Grandview Garden Cultural Center, 1325 Primrose (near corner of DeBarr & Bragaw, same building as Out North's headquarters). Sliding scale, suggested donation $2. Call Barbara or Candy at 337-2011 for more information or if you wish to perform.

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

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"Anyone can be gay...it's no accomplishment...but only I can be me."

--Composer Ned Rorem
The Amazon Trail:  
A Secret Place  
by Lee Lynch

In his Washington Blade column Lawrence Biemiller writes of his father: “Not that he’s not a nice enough guy, ‘cause he is. He just didn’t know—doesn’t know—how to have a queer son.” How true of most parents and how unutterably sad. Children don’t have the words to communicate who we are. Some of us come out, a simplistic and incomplete revelation of our real selves. Our openness often has the unhappy consequence of—on some level—repelling those we ask for acceptance. Parents seldom want to deal with a sexual child, much less a homosexual one. And my experiences has been that homosexual, for a non-gay person, means sexual, to the exclusion of other qualities.

As adults we have the words—or do we? Whenever I run into one particular gay parent my eyes mist over. She so obviously loves her gay child and is so active in fighting those who not only discriminate against him, but hate and threaten the whole family because of its activism, that I am overcome with admiration and gratitude—and pain—because this is the way it should be for all of us.

Yet I know that particular gay child did not willingly come out to his accepting, educated, liberal parents. They respectfully, kindly, gave him the opportunity to say what were probably the most difficult words of his young life. He was unable to initiate the disclosure perhaps because every gay person knows that no words can ever completely express who and what we are. Without that wordless understanding I doubt that any heterosexual parent can ever completely accept a child’s gayness. They may love, reserve judgment, support our unions, but when we listen hard, let our lavender antennae tingle, we know there will always be a sense of bafflement, a caution around us.

In Irish literature there is a fascination with the changeling, a new child suddenly substituted for the “real” child, the one the parents thought they had. The changeling is a mystical explanation of the different, disappointing offspring. We see our difference cloud our parents’ eyes with at least concern and, all too often, horror.

“Ian did live in a secret place when he was younger, a place only gay children know,” writes Georgia Dullea in a New York Times interview of set designer Ian MacNeil and his father, Robert MacNeil of “MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour.” As I read of Ian’s secret place I immediately envisioned green bowers, like illustrations in my childhood copy of Robert Lewis Stevenson’s Child’s Garden of Verse. There was always an androgynous white child pictured in such drawings, an unsmiling but not unhappy being with Prince Valiant hair, who was intent on some solitary activity. This secret and necessary place of ours is recreated by gay adults in bars or works of imagination, elaborate gardens or very exclusive intimate relationships. Interior decoration takes on new meaning when we consider all the gay children perplexed by the world and retreating to secret places to dream.

“I think Gay people are some of the best actors in the world,” says a young lesbian in The Washington Blade, commenting on the personas we slip into for families, employers, the futon salesperson. I imagine the wary pride in that young lesbian voice, already alert to how accomplished we are in our subterfuges. I also imagine the heart-breaking sadness in her eyes, her knowledge that no child should have to make believe forever.

As we celebrate the season of mothers’ and fathers’ days, sadness is inevitable for those of us who choose not to come out to parents—and for many of those who do. That invisible cloak a gay child draws around herself is no seasonal item. Whether we store it in a handy closet or donate it to a thrift shop, the years of wear have imprinted us. Our parents are as alien to us in this one respect as we are to them. There is an extra guardedness built into what for many, gay or non-gay, is already an uneasy relationship.

Regret our defenses as we may, the ironic truth does not change. The very parents who fight hardest to eradicate discrimination, who struggle most intensely to love us unconditionally, are, through no fault of their own, often the people who taught us that we needed to wear cloaks, to hide in secret places. If it is true that most parents simply don’t know how to have queer daughters and sons, it is also true that we don’t know how to have straight parents. We become the best actors in the world to bridge that awkward gap. But when we act, it is from love.

Lee Lynch is a columnist/author based in southern Oregon. She writes “The Amazon Trail” regularly for The Dallas Voice, Just Out, The Washington Blade, the Identity NorthView (some 16 papers, in all) and is the author of ten books. Copyright © Lee Lynch, 1994. ♥

"Morality is simply the attitude we adopt toward people whom we personally dislike."
—Writer Oscar Wilde
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**Thumbelina**

An animated version of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy-tale about a tiny girl born to normal size parents in search for her prince. Directed by Don Bluth ("An American Tail") with voices by Carol Channing, Charo and John Hurt. Rated G, 85min.

**JUNE 10-18/PREMIERE!**
**BODY SNATCHERS**
Abel Ferrara ("Dangerous Game") focuses on the gradual disintegration of a rootless family that already has problems. This third film version of Jack Finney's 1955 novel is about aliens extinguishing the souls of their human hosts. "A good, intelligent horror film with classic sequences and creepy aplenty." Joe Batake, Sacramento Bee.[R], Special Eng.

**JUNE 17-30/PREMIERE!**
**The Accompanist**
Dir: Claude Miller. The music of famed classical composers highlights this French wartime story, the tale of a love-hate relationship that develops between a gifted young pianist (Romane Bohringer) and a beautiful singer (Elena Safonova) whose husband is involved in questionable business dealings with the Nazis. French with English subtitles, [PG], 110 min. Special Engagement.

**PREMIERING JUNE 17**
**From the Producers of "The Crying Game" Comes the Story that Rocked the World.**
Sheryl Lee Stephen Dorff Ian Hart

**Backbeat**

Dir: Alan Scott. The pre-fame, bar-band days of the Beatles in Liverpool and Hamburg are explored in this musical drama that takes the point of view of Stuart Sutcliffe, the fifth member of the original group, who left it just as it was on the cusp of stardom. Rated R, 109m, Special Engagement.

**JUNE 24-JULY 7/PREMIERE!**
Best Cinematography,
1994 Sundance Film Festival

**SUTURE**

A Thriller Where Nothing is Black and White
Dir: Scott McGehee & David Siegel. A baffling case of amnesia provides the backdrop for this hypnotic psychological thriller, photographed in gorgeous wide-screen black and white. The film is heightened by a visual paradox: two brothers who are often mistaken for each other are played by completely dissimilar looking actors, one black, and one white. This contrast presents a realism that is never addressed by anyone on screen, but exists solely for the audience. Not Rated, 85min. Special Engagement.

**JULY 1-7/DOUBLE FEATURE!**

**Shadowsland**


**Searching For Bobby Fischer**

Comedy-drama about an eight-year-old prodigy who may be the next great American chess champion,[PG]

**JULY 8-14/PREMIERE**
Dir: Percy Adlon. A down-home stars as an Alaskan pipeline worker who is assumed to be a man because of her androgynous appearance. Inarticulate, untamed and volatile, she reveals her true sex to a reclusive German emigre who fled East Berlin. Thus begins an unusual relationship between the two women, as they uncover their pasts together. From the director of _Bagdad Cafe_. Not Rated, Special Engagement.

**PREMIERING JUNE 8 (TENTATIVE)**

**GO FISH**

Dir: Rose Troche. Picks up where every other coming out film has left off. Already described as a "dyke Slecker" the film is a hip comedy about contemporary lifestyles within the lesbian community. Winner Best Feature at the Berlin Film Festival, 85min., not ratel, Special Engagement.
Sixth Annual Lambda Literary Awards
Sponsored by Lambda Book Report

National publication designated 1993 as "the year of the queer" and gays and lesbians certainly made their mark in the literary world this year. Two of this year's Lambda Literary Award winners took their rightful place in the establishment: Edmund White's definitive Biography/Autobiography winner, Genet, which won the National Book Critics Circle Award for Best Biography, and Tony Kushner's Drama winner, the Broadway smash Angels in America, which won both a Pulitzer and a Tony.

The other winners of this year's Lambda Literary Awards have made their marks in different ways; the late Randy Shilts' above-and-beyond the call of duty research for Conduct Unbecoming, winner of the Gay Men's Studies category, contributed practically the only facts to the emotional national debate on gays and lesbians in the military. Similarly, Elizabeth Kennedy's and Madeline Davis' Lesbian Studies winner, Boots of Leather, Slippers of Gold, a remarkable look into working-class lesbian life in Buffalo, New York, was a 14 year labor of love that demonstrated we are truly everywhere. Mystery and Science Fiction/Fantasy winners Divine Victim, Catilina's Riddle, and The Fifth Sacred Thing were all published by large, mainstream presses; perhaps "crossover" is possible after all. The Lesbian and Gay Anthologies winner, The Lesbian and Gay Studies Reader, is proof of the inroads we are making within the walls of academe. The winner of the Lesbians Biography/Autobiography award, Marguerite Yourcenar, is the story of the first woman to breach that bastion of male privilege, the Academie Francaise.

Both fiction winners already inhabit the literary mainstream. Lesbian winner Jeanette Winterson's Written on the Body, with its genderless narrator, once again asks "What is lesbian fiction?" Joseph Hansen has long been a mainstay in the mystery world; his Living Upstairs is a beautiful evocative look at gay life in Hollywood's artistic and radical political world out of which the modern gay movement emerged.

Something of an institution in her own right, the late Audre Lorde has captured the Lesbian Poetry Award for the second year in a row, reminding us once again how much her strong presence is missed. We may have to retire the gay and lesbian humor award: this is the third time Alison Bechdel's Dykes to Watch Out For have won our judges' hearts. And Hilary Mullins, whose The Cat Came Back was chosen this year's Children's/Young Adult winner, breathes fresh life into a community institution, the story of a young woman's struggle with her sexuality.

James Schuyler's Collected Poems memorializes the New York urban gay male experience while Michael Klein's 1990, co-winner of the Gay Men's Poetry award, is a spiritual look at the healing power of poetry. Both of this year's Small Press Book Award winners, Stone Butch Blues and Sojourner open doors to worlds previously left virtually unexplored. Run away hit Stone Butch Blues broke the silence surrounding gender roles within lesbian life; Sojourner uncovers the fact of AIDS in the black gay community, and reveals both agony and courage.

In selecting A Star Bright Lie, Coleman Dowell's sexy, poignant posthumous memoir of this career as a composer in New York in the early fifties, the Editor's Choice Award honors a book, a career, and a relationship spanning forty years. And in the 25th anniversary of Stonewall, it is altogether fitting that the Publisher's Service Award honors St. Martin's Press senior editor Michael Denneney, who, in creating and developing the Stonewall Inn Editions, has been a leader in the mainstream press's foray into gay and lesbian literature.
IDENTITY, INC.
Board of Directors Meeting
May 24, 1994

MEMBERS PRESENT: Ruth, Shirley, Ken, Michael, Jenifer, Sylvia, Kurt, David and Tom.
MEMBERS ABSENT: None.
GUESTS PRESENT: Graham and Beth.
HELPLINE: Jenifer stated we need to codify our Data Form for ease in tallying the results; some of the items are redundant. We decided to delay discussion on the form until our Board Retreat on June 5. The computer telephone forwarding is finally ready; however, the computer monitor has failed and is not cost-effective to repair. We authorized Ken to acquire a VGA card and monitor as replacements for the failed equipment. Computer telephone forwarding will begin after the replacements are secured and the volunteers are forewarned.
RESIGNATION: David Wimberly submitted his resignation from the Board effective today; he cited other pressing matters as the reason. Shirley, Kurt and Tom will prepare a list of possible replacements for David's position; his/her term will expire in April 1995. The Board will make its decision at the Board Retreat on June 5.
LESBIAN, GAY, BI-SEXUAL STUDENT ASSOCIATION: Graham stated the UAA chapter was getting re-organized. With the sponsorship of P-FLAG and others, they are having a Bar-B-Que on July 8 and asked if we might help financially. While our funds are limited, we did agree to donate a flyer to be placed in NorthView. Graham will prepare "camera ready" copy for Ruth by our June issue deadline.
GAY PRIDE WEEK: Beth and CA, coordinators for this annual event, have made remarkable progress in organizing this event for June 26! Most of the entertainment has been secured or scheduled, and many groups and individuals who want to sell food, arts and crafts items or services have been contacted. Sylvia reminded us that each group must have their own license and/or permit. Beth has suggested each group or organization be required to pay $10, or a percentage of their sales, to Identity for the privilege of selling their goods/services. We need to acquire a tent to cover the sound stage in case of rain, and we need volunteers to help. A minimum of 10 people at 11 a.m. to help set up; 4 people during the picnic emptying trash cans and monitoring the activities; and 5 people to clean up when its over.
FOURTH FRIDAY POTLUCK: Ruth stated Darl would be our guest speaker for the May potluck; he will be discussing his participation at the Gay Games in New York City this June. Because she will be gone for two months this summer, Ruth has already scheduled the programs for the next three months. Thanks, Ruth!
ADOPT-A-ROAD PROJECT: Kurt reported the litter removal on Patterson Street between Northern Lights Boulevard and Tudor on May 14 went well. The Volunteers met at O’Brady’s on Tudor to organize and coordinate our efforts with the Anchorage Garden Buddies who were picking up litter on Baxter Road between DeBarr and Northern Lights Boulevard. The volunteer sign-up sheet was published in NorthView to recognize those who participated.
IDENTITY T-SHIRTS: Nora Jean coordinated the preparation of 50 white T-shirts which have our logo in neon pink triangles and black lettering. Over half of them have already been sold for $10 each as a fund-raising project.
TREASURER’S REPORT: Kurt and Ken presented financial statements for April; Kurt stated we have $2,186.92 in our account today. The Board authorized reimbursement of $166.51 to Ken for postage, phone and office supplies; and $65.00 to Sylvia for the Gay Pride Picnic permit.
NORTHVIEW: We continue to be plagued with too many people receiving NorthView without paying for it. Of the 400+ notices sent to these people, only a few have offered to become members. We discussed various options.
NEXT BOARD MEETING: Scheduled for 7:00P on June 28 at our office. □
What Makes Healthy Relationships Work
by Glenn Pressel, M. A.

As a couples therapist I am trained to understand and to focus on what are the problems and issues that create distress in relationships. I think that it is equally, if not more important, to focus on the strengths of healthy relationships. Over the years I have used my vantage point as a couples therapist to see what’s healthy in relationships.

The following are some aspects that I see repeated in healthy relationships.

* Importance of the relationship. Relationships are nothing to be taken for granted. In healthy relationships both partners have made a commitment to the relationship itself. The relationship shares equal importance as work, family and friends. One couple I worked with described their seven year relationship as one of their shared hobbies.

* Equality. This is the one characteristic that is probably the most important. Without equality, very few relationships can grow. Equality does not have to mean equality in finances as many people believe. Equality in decision making is the important aspect here. When both partners trust that the equality is there, they can freely advocate for what they want and not just acquiesce to their partner. When partners don’t equally value each other’s desires and wants, trouble and resentment brews.

* Commitment to resolution of conflicts. This means staying with a conflict until it is resolved for both partners, not until it is won. In relationships, if one person is the winner or has to be seen as “right,” both partners lose and the relationship suffers. In healthy relationships both partners have made a commitment not to sweep things under the rug. If you want stagnation in a relationship, sweep issues under the rug.

* Mutual emotional support. This implies supporting each other’s full range of feelings. This does not mean that you should feel the same thing your partner does. It means you are willing to support your partner in what they feel. It is important that we have one ally in this world for what we feel. We need some place where we can express openly what we feel without feeling judged or overly critiqued. This can be especially difficult if anger is being directed towards you. This is not the time to be defensive, but to be willing and wanting to understand why your partner is upset.

* Finding balance. Healthy couples have worked at finding that movable line between dependence on each other and pursuing their own independent goals, hobbies, sports and friends. You are two individual people; it would be unrealistic to expect you would do everything together. Having outside interests keeps some aliveness in the relationship.

Finding the right balance of independence is a developmental step for most couples. There is often a period of fusion that happens in the initial stage of relationships that is actually quite healthy. It builds the trust and security needed so both partners can feel secure and supported in exploring their own interests.

* Sexual exploration. Good sex doesn’t end after the first wave of lust wanes off. That is only the beginning. In healthy relationships both partners are risk exploring their sexual selves with each other. This means working through any shame issues associated with sex and keeping an open dialogue over the years about sex. We all fall into sexual ruts at times, but committing to explore your sexual self and working on being more present sexually usually eliminates the rut.

Sex is a good barometer for the health and emotional intimacy of a relationship. If you are closing down sexually to each other you can probably find some corresponding issues in the relationship. Conversely, if the emotional health of the relationship is high, chances are the sex is good too.

Sex should be getting better the longer the couple is together.

These six aspects of a healthy relationship are by no means inclusive of all the aspects of healthy relationships. They are the most commonly seen aspects, however, in committed loving relationships. Look them over with your partner. Talk about them and add some of your own.


Counseling Alternatives
Counseling for Emotional Healing & Spiritual Growth
4050 Lake Otis Parkway Suite 205
Anchorage, Alaska 99508
(907) 362-1826

Janna GIngras  Connie Judd
Fifth Annual Wasilla Spring Jam 1994

There will be music. There will be diversity. There will be blues. There will be rock. There won't be bigotry.

George Lustig, owner and host of the Wasilla Spring Inn, says he wants the public to know that last year's producer of the event, John Shelup, is in no way involved with this year's jam. Lustig says the negative publicity of Shelup's attitude and band cause many other local bands to boycott last year's festival.

"Last year he organized the show in a bigoted way, and as a result of his attitude and band Dammit Jim and the Faggot Killers, many bands wouldn't participate in the event. It hurt our reputation, he left the place a mess, and took away from the real goal of the spring jam, which is to provide a place where local musicians can come together and play music for a worthwhile cause," says Lustig.

To reform the festival, Lustig sought the organizational skills of solo performer Suzy Crosby, who has previously booked the Talkeetna Blue Grass Festival for the last three years. Crosby says the jam will feature over 35 different bands and concentrate more on rock 'n roll later in the evening. The live country, folk, and bluegrass music will be played until around 7 or 8pm, when the harder rock 'n roll takes over and continues throughout the night.

Attestining to the festival's resurgence is William Thompson of The Disastronauts, a band that chose not to participate last year in protest over the insinuations of the name Dammit Jim and the Faggot Killers.

"We got a call from Suzy Crosby and she explained that the owner of the land had nothing to do with the man who caused the fiasco last year. Suzy is well respected in the folk world, and we knew she wouldn't be organizing it if it wasn't a whole new management," said Thompson. "We've also never played out in the Valley, our label is Hometown Records in Wasilla, so it will be nice to get out there and play in that community."

Crosby says a portion of the proceeds generated from the festival will go to benefit the Alaska Resource Coalition, an organization of farmers and small resource users that have banded together to resist big corporations and foreign investors from taking over areas of the state.

"This is the first year I have been involved with the festival, and the goal of the festival is really two-fold. It's a chance for people to get together and participate in a great weekend of music in the beautiful setting of the valley, and it's a benefit for the Alaska Resource Coalition. Not to leave out the other reason of honoring America's veterans."

Special guest Hobo Jim will serve as Master of Ceremonies and host the wealth of talent from Joystick to The Keep to Mario and Kingtones. The festival site is at mile 233 Pittman Road off the Parks Highway (mile 44) at Church Road. Camping is included in the admission price of $20 for the weekend or $10 for the day; veterans will be admitted for 1/2 price; and kids and seniors get in free. There will be food and craft booths, but bring your own lawn chairs, camping gear, and sunscreen. Pets must be on a leash. For more information call 561-6030.

Thanks to the anchorage PRESS, 5/26 - 6/1/94 ▼

Identity Fourth Friday Potluck & Social

The Anchorage Police (Nan Potter) Department will join us!
Join Identity at its celebrated Fourth Friday Potluck Social. Bring a dish, whether soup, salad, main dish, deviled eggs, hors d'oeuvres, fruit salad, bread, desert, chips, dip, pizza, etc. Identity provides the drinks (tea, coffee, punch). Admission is free. Donations are unashamedly appreciated.

Date: Friday, June 24th.
Time: 6:30pm doors open, socialize; 7pm dinner; 7:30pm announcements & program
Place: Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship. 3201 Turnagain St.
Program: Nan Potter, an expert on domestic violence gives us insight into the nature and "cure." This might be an opportunity to hone our relationship with the Police, develop it, mention our views and get some feedback on issues important to us.
It was 1987. Brian and I had long since broken up, but he was still very much a part of my life. He was the activist I was too afraid to be. He had invited me to a weekend multicultural camp and completely paid my way. It was an eye-opening experience, except for the "reverse discrimination day," in which all the young women put all the young men through the hell they had experienced as objectified subordinates. It infuriated me because I prided myself on being women's ally, and there they were, treating me like dirt. I decided to get even with them by making up a story of having been raped by a woman—my sister's college roommate, actually. It worked, and I was no longer subject to the torture of Venus.

The real issue I was fighting was the fact that, in the seminary, despite all my sincere intentions, I had been raped. It was not very violent, but it was nonconsensual and, the worst part, it occurred more than once. After the first time, I kept my mouth shut. In fact, I acted like nothing happened. In fact, I was nice to the guy, thinking it had all been my fault. I went out with him a couple times to try to be nice, when really I should've kicked him in the balls and belted him senseless. Instead, I ignored it, convinced God would take care of me because "God never puts a heavier burden on you than you can bear." Only when, one night, what Matt had done to me was so evil and terrifying that I lay awake in the dorm the entire night, watching every minute change on the digital clock: 12:11, 12:12, 12:13, 12:14...1:36...3:01...5:15, when finally, thank sweet Jesus, the sun came up, I realized I had hit rock bottom. All those months I thought I had brought this all on myself came crashing on top of me and all that was left was the fear...the fear that if I never had AIDS, it was surely mine now. And I had tried so hard to be good. Why me? Hell, why anyone?!! I decided that if this were to happen to anyone, it should happen to me. Not that it was punishment (although it did take a while for me to dismiss that notion), but it was a test of my strength. I was determined not to buckle. With God's strength, I would be fine. I just had to put my trust in the Lord.

The thought of Brian and those windy winter nights on the beach made me so melancholy I envied his apparent freedom from the oppression to which I had subjected myself.

It was 1988. Lord, schmord. The Catholic Church was now a joke of an institution to me, as was the idea that the priesthood was a noble career. After two priests were relocated because of molestation charges brought forth by my fellow seminarians and several other priests in rehab for alcohol or drug or sex addiction, I felt certain that of the two things I had devoted my life to—God and music—that God did not exist. And all the believers who patronizingly reassured me that I just had a bad experience with an imperfect human and that I should give the perfect God another chance sounded alarmingly like the people who’d always say that the reason I’m gay is because I had a bad experience with a woman that made me turn to men and that I should give their perfect preference another chance.

Bull shit! I stopped listening and believing, and dated a porn star with a ten-and-a-half-inch penis. So much for celibacy.

Right before I left the seminary, I met Scott at a school-sponsored forum on AIDS. He was one of the speakers. He had it, and he had it bad. And I had it for him. He occupied my fantasies almost as much as Brian had the year before. I even wrote songs for him. He was everything I wanted in a friend except that he needed incredible amounts of sleep. I cared so much for him and only once did I let on how I felt about him. It was at a Christmas party in L.A. and I told him I had a crush on him. When we hugged, I hugged harder than I should have—I knew better, but I liked him so much. I ended up bruising his frail, dying body. We didn’t see much of each other after that. He simply dropped off the face of the earth.

One night, when I was living in Santa Barbara, I came home from work to find a series of messages from the guy who had hosted the Christmas party. He said, “Come down here, quick. Scott’s really sick and we don’t think he’ll last the night. I hate to leave this on your machine...I know it’s been a long time but, he’s in the hospital and he’s been asking about you.” It occurred to me at that moment that Scott had pushed me away so he could spare both of us the pain of him dying. The next message on my machine was from the same guy, “Chris, I don’t know where you are, but you need to come down to L.A., please!” He gave directions and everything, right down to the room number. I was changing frantically out of my suit and into street clothes when still another message played, but this time, his voice was slow. I knew. I just knew. “Chris. I’m sorry...” His friend’s voice was so
shaky...I'll never forget it. "He's gone. He wanted to make sure you know that he loves you...well, loved you."

I sat there on the floor of my dream apartment by the beach, surrounded by all the material things I had maxed out my Visa for, thinking, God damn you, Scott! Why the hell did you wait 'til the last fuckin' minute?! There's so much we could've shared. I went to the piano and played the songs I had written for him, singing them to his soul as it floated away from me. I wanted his music to follow him up to heaven. When I finished, I put the songs in my music folder and never played them in their entirety again.

It was 1989. I finally decided to get tested. Needless to say, I was terrified at the prospect of a positive result. I had gone back into a period of celibacy, but only because men were all jerks, especially the big ones who did porn. I came out of my celibacy just in time to fall in love with a wonderful jerk who I suppose I'll always love. He and I tested together, and our results both came back negative. I was now sure that AIDS would never be my personal problem.

The entire time, in the back of my mind, behind Scott and even the seminary, was Brian, and the activism he had come to represent in my life. He was the only friend I had who actively fought the LaRouche/Prop 164 campaign in California to quarantine all people with AIDS. He was as community-minded as I had hoped to be, except that all his hard work was for the gay community, not any oppressive church. After years of being jealous of his spirit, I decided my own hadn't been broken after all, and the time had come for me to fight AIDS instead of myself.

(Addendum)

AIDS Project L.A.'s Buddy Program was my first step in becoming actively involved in the struggle with HIV. I was hooked up with the most wonderful friend I had ever been arranged to care for. Greg was ten years older than me and full of colorful stories of his lost generation. His people—the gays of the 1970s—intrigued me so much because of the decade's high campiness and the fact that, sad to say, many if not most of those boys were now dead. He had worked at Studio 54—the gay disco in New York—in the late 70s and had a multitude of tales about all the disco divas: Divine, Vicki Sue Robinson, Sylvester—who, on New Year's Eve, made Greg drive him all over the city in search of a drug store that was open so he could replace one of his broken fake press-on nails.

Greg taught me more in the months we spent together than most of my friends had been able to show me over the years. I learned from him how to be patient with the world. I learned the meaning of commitment: whenever I was especially frazzled and spreading myself too thin with school and work etc., he would tell me he needed my friendship and that, if I wasn't able to commit, I needed to let him find someone who could give him what he needed. I finally came to realize I didn't want to lose a friend like him. He and I had shared so much—spontaneous hikes in the snow, beautiful sunsets at the beach, 75% off sales at Pic N' Save (a sheer delight for us, especially when we would dis' the ugly women's fashions), heart-to-heart talks that lasted well into the night...the list was full of wonderful experiences that were made spectacular because of who Greg was. His humor and insight made all our times together more delightful than I would have ever had on my own. I wish everyone could have known him...he was a person I was proud to call "friend." He was brilliant (a straight-A student at the local college), spontaneous, generous, and—more than sincere—he was a person of integrity. He was his word. All these qualities drew me closer to him with every day we were buddies. My two decades of living soaked up every last bit of a soul who was living in a body of the dying.

There is no end to the story, of course; only the chapters. After Greg died, I left my career as a radio DJ and devoted myself full time to fighting AIDS. Each day in the fight is terribly bitter, but certain people—angels, really—like Greg make it sweet. As sweet as it can be in light of the horror.

Christopher Fabbro is a lifeguard outreach specialist in Pasadena, Calif. ©1994 C.P. Fabbro

A gay in the life. by John Sieruta

No! Absolutely not!! Blind dates are always a waste of time, energy and money!

I appreciate you wanting to do it, but I can do just as badly on my own without your help.
May 24, 1994

To the Anchorage Women's Community,

For a short thirty-two hours, I had the distinct pleasure of taking in a whirlwind tour of a small portion of your spectacular State, of being pampered and well-accommodated at the Cheney Lake B&B, and performing my comedy routine for a small, but warm and enthusiastic, group of women at the UAA theatre. I was very impressed with the openness and friendliness of your community as a whole, and with the individual women I had the opportunity to meet.

Thanks to Real Talent Productions, to Karyn Mucklow for affording me the opportunity to perform for your community, to Janetta at the Cheney Lake B&B for putting us up (or putting up with us, as the case may be), and to the Anchorage community at large for your support. I look forward to a return trip.

With warm regards from the lower forty-eight,
Slique Callahan

June 8, 1994

Dear Ken:

Thank you for your time, your advice and your friendship.

Articles on two topics you asked for are enclosed. They are: finding gay/lesbian supportive schools; a perspective on being gay from a Christian ally. I want to write on a third topic: teens who are gay, and not dealing with it well.

I have given thought to your cultural understanding of sexuality. Frankly it bothers me. Factually, cultural issues pass from person to person in part by personal contact; sexual orientation does not depend upon that. I realize the significance of what you said about adopted children of a different race, but culture does not pass completely to the child who does not know who is of another culture. Sexuality transfers more nearly completely, without instruction or role model.

Politically the theory is scary. I think it lays the groundwork for people to speak of acculturation, indoctrination, and ability to chose in a manner which might lead to negative moral conclusions. I am really afraid of the consequences in the hands of Prevo, etc. Handledness works better for me. I do not deny cultural implications, but that is not the whole story. Am I on thin ice? Keep the debate going!!

Anyway, I hope I can help.

Tom Croak

Dear Ken,

Here is the Diary we talked about. Also the Business card from Fr. Paul in Kodiak. He asked me to give it to you, as he'd like to be a contact for a safe place for Gays on the Island. He is extremely nice, and gay friendly. Thanks for everything.

With Love,

Dan Kay

Today is the 21st day of my new life as a civilian. Although I'm still adjusting to my new environment, I am relieved as well as disappointed. Relieved because the horrors that I've faced in the military have come to an end, and disappointed because I find it sad that in this country Gays are still fighting for acceptance, not only in the military but in the civilian world as well.

My career in the U.S. Coast Guard is over, and I'll probably go on to do great and wonderful things. However, since I've been here in Seattle following the "Gay Witch Hunts of Kodiak," one thing keeps going through my mind: the words of my mother. She once told me that in this country you can be anything that you want to be.

Well, what I wanted to be was a Coast Guard Corpsman. I was no longer willing to take a brush and a can of "semi-gloss straight" paint and decorate myself from 9 to 5 every day so that what I wanted to be and do in life would become a reality to me.

So now I say to my mother that in this country you can be anything that you want to be as long as you're a straight white male who is married to a white female with 2.5 kids, a golden retriever and a small house with a white picket fence. That is the America that our founding fathers dreamed about. I know that it sounds like I'm exaggerating, and I probably am. It's just in this country I've seen a pattern develop. First it was white women who struggled with the all-white male-dominated society for acceptance. Then it was the immigrants, then the African-Americans, and finally, in the end, Gays and Lesbians. It seems to me that for homosexuals it's always "in the end." I know it may also sound like I'm whining, but after all that I've been through in Kodiak, I think I deserve to whine a little.

Well, enough of the soap box. As for my future now, I'm looking for work as a dental assistant, and
still have no intentions of painting myself straight everyday. I’m not saying that I’ll go around throwing it in everyone’s face or including my sexuality as a "hobby" on my résumé. I’m just saying that if asked, I’ll proudly say Gay. After I find work for the daytime, I’ll begin my job hunt for evenings as an EMT. This will surely limit my time for hunting a mate in life, but I’ve somehow always managed to include this into my schedule between working, talking to my mother, and church (yeah, right).

As for my relationship with my Dad, I have new developments. I decided to give him a call and tell him that I’m sorry for the profanity that was used as I left his home for the last time. I also said that I love and miss him. He asked me where I stand as far as my sexuality goes, and I replied that I have no choice...I’m a homosexual. I told him that fathers and sons often disagree on various issues and that it was OK to do that. I said that while I don’t believe in his new-found religion, I’m willing to look past it to love and respect him as my father. That is all I’m asking him to do. He agreed and we’ve got a lot to talk about for now.

So, I will end. I would like to thank all of the "Identity" readers who have offered so much support. I don’t think I could have made it without you. I would especially like to thank Ken Freedman for all of his time and effort in following this story as it has gone on within past six months. I’ll keep in touch, and thanks Gay Alaska!

Daniel


P.S. Sorry about the paper (chewed), the dog got a hold of it.

June 1, 1994

Dear Ken,

Thank you for your letter and the copy of the newsletter. I have taken some time to respond to you so I could spend some time talking with the leaders of my church, both elected ones and people who work behind the scenes, plus I included some people whose input I value very much. I talked with them about a ministry of outreach to Gays and Lesbians and how that would effect people in this congregation. Their overwhelming response was, "if there is a need that is not being filled, then go for it!" They did have two concerns that were minor. One is the fact that I am single (divorced) and what kind of rumors that might cause (who cares), and second, they did not want me to tie up all of my time with "outside" counseling. My predecessor did such, and therefore he had no time for the people in the parish. (He had the need to be needed.)

In looking back during these conversations, I tried to look at the response to Daniel. It was very open and loving to him as an individual. I don’t think many in the congregation knew he was Gay. And if they did, I don’t think it would have mattered. I found out during the course of the conversations, there have been gay people in positions of leading worship here in the past. So I would say from my 8 months experience here all persons would be welcome, to be a part of us, however they may want to do that.

Your reactions to the church are normal for many people, gays and straights who somewhere in their lives might have committed a sin or two. We tend to be the only organization that tends to shoot its wounded, instead of reaching out with loving hands. That is not the case here. We are working very hard here to see that that type of situation does not ever happen.

For your information, as of this writing, I see my ministry here unfolding in this manner. First to offer myself as friend/counselor to any and all persons who wish to come and talk with me. Second to work with the Salvation Army to see if there is a need for an HIV/AIDS support group. And maybe somewhere down the line, to work with teenagers who might be questioning their sexuality. So along with pastoring my flock, that should keep the agenda pretty full.

So, enclosed, please find my completed membership form and a check. We would also like to be listed in your "Yellow Pages." I would also like to contribute a column on spiritual issues from time to time.

If there is anything else I can do, please let me know.

God’s Peace,
Fr. Paul B Smith, Rector
St. James The Fisherman Episcopal Church
Kodiak, AK 99615

Saturday, June 4th

Dear Ken:

I was the person who called you recently while passing thru town with a tour group. Thank you for
your assistance and for Eric in Fairbanks' phone number. We had a nice visit. Sorry that time did not permit us an opportunity to meet. We have much in common, it seems. Thought you'd like this "safe sex" postcard I got in Berlin last year.

[Editor's Note: use your imagination.]

Take care,
Golden Eagle

June 6, 1994

Dear Ken,

Thanks for your thoughtfulness...getting your cards really brightens my day! It's great to be acknowledged and appreciated.

NorthView has really blossomed in the year I've been reading and I'm excited about its future—keep it up; Alaska needs you and the dedication you show!

About "Viral Diary"...if you'd like to simplify the bi-line to something like "...is an HIV educator in L.A.", it might more specifics. Either way, I'm tickled to be a part of NorthView and, like you, look forward to a long and fruitful association.

Sincerely,
Chris Fabbro

THE LAST FRONTIER MEN'S CLUB would like to CONGRATULATE Terry Myers, Mr. Alaska Leather and Eric Britten, Mr. Bear Alaska. We also want to give a big hand to Dan Garabedian, Mr. Alaska Levi, Peggy, Ms. Alaska Leather, and Cindy Ms. Lipstick Lesbian. All of you did a great job and we'll be looking forward to having you represent our state. T.L.F.M.C. also wishes to give a special THANK YOU to Darl Schaff, Brent Rochon, Phil Formento, Ruth Van-Scoy Kevin French, H.M.I.M. Ross Crich, H.M.I.M. Tiger Lily, Scott Turner, Lou Jenks, Misty Dawn, Jazmine, Reyna, Brittany, Savannah, and of course our great Emm-Cees, D.J. Johannessen and Lana DuVall. Without you we would not have had as successful an evening. Thanks to everyone who attended and to all the contestants. We will certainly look forward to working with you at the second annual BLACK AND BLUE BALL.

Sincerely, Jerry B., President

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 - 8:30pm
Open to the public. No Charge.

Mendel & Huntington

845 'K' STREET
Presidential Support Against Anti-Gay Initiatives
by Anne Bounds

Leaders of national lesbian and gay organizations heralded President Bill Clinton’s strong statement against the anti-gay initiatives occurring in 11 states around the country. The President said, “I am committed to the fight for equality for all Americans.”

Clinton responded to a request from gay and lesbian groups with a strongly worded statement lending his support to defeat anti-gay initiative campaigns fueled by the Far Right. Campaigns are already underway to compromise or eliminate gay rights gains in Arizona, California, Florida, Idaho, Maine, Michigan, Missouri, Nevada, Ohio, Oregon, and Washington.

The President made it clear that he was on the side of the gay groups: “All people in our society must enjoy the opportunity to be judged on their own merits. Sadly...this simple principle of justice has come under assault in several states this year. Those who would legalize discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation or any other grounds are gravely mistaken about the values that make our nation strong. The essential right to equality must not be denied by a ballot initiative or otherwise.”

The President also commended the broad-based coalition of leaders from the religious communities, labor unions, environmental groups, gay and lesbian organizations, women’s groups, senior citizens, communities of color, Republicans and Democrats, and many other groups who have united to oppose these ballot initiatives.

“You have demonstrated through your actions and your diverse membership that this is not an issue of ‘special rights’ for any one group. This is a battle to protect the human rights of every individual,” Clinton said.

The President’s support was delivered in the form of a letter to William Waybourn, Executive Director of the Gay and Lesbian Victory Fund, who wrote him on behalf of the Victory Fund, the Human Rights Campaign Fund, the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation, the Black Gay Lesbian Leadership Forum, and Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays.

Out Law
by Sylvia L. Short

Those few beautiful days of Spring have blossomed into full-fledged Summer, and it's time for us all to become reacquainted with the beauties of our enviable state. A few of us have already spent time in the great outdoors cleaning up Patterson and Baxter Streets, and we assure you this privilege is open to everybody!

With Summer the work-pace seems to slow while the fun-pace picks up. On the legal horizon, now that we have been recognized by the Municipality for our road-work and have procured the requisite permits for our Gay Pride picnic celebration, it's time to take stock of where we are and where we want to go. The balance-sheet looks something like this:

1. **Mayor:** The new mayor is still something of a question, although his refusal to participate in our candidates' forum was a distinctly unfavorable sign. He has, however, been in contact with our most locally prominent lesbian, Joyce Murphy, because of his admiration of her ideas on helping our city. He remains neither a plus nor a minus as yet.

2. **Municipality Assembly:** We are still trying to work our way out from the disastrous results of the election where the radical right prevailed for candidates to repeal the addition of non-sexual-orientation discrimination in the public employees ordinance. Concentration on our friends in the Assembly is important.

3. **Governor:** Those of us who were there will remember the presence of Tony Knowles and his support at the rally at the Performing Arts Center during the troubled times when the Muni ordinance was being pushed. All gubernatorial candidates should be scrutinized as to their stance on non-discrimination.

4. **State legislators:** There is no corrective legislation on the immediate horizon. We can look to successful laws in other jurisdictions and contact our favorite law-makers about them. It's important to make our ideas known, either through organizations or individually. And, again, all candidates should be checked thoroughly.

Now, a peek at some of the goings-on on other fronts.

On March 10th the new Massachusetts Gay and Lesbian Student Rights Bill went into effect, obligating all Massachusetts schools to provide Gay and Lesbian students with a safe educational environ-

ment and providing tools to ensure that happens. Students can report harassment to school officials, and guilty students are being suspended. A peer education program is being formulated, and teachers have undergone training on the new law.

In Cambridge, MA, Gay and Lesbian Advocates and Defenders (GLAD) filed a lawsuit against the largest city union to open health insurance enrollment to same-sex domestic partners of all city employees. The suit was resolved within two months of filing by the union's agreement and the action of the city council to comply with the ordinance adopted some 18 months previously which mandated such benefits.

Although the City of New York was permitted to exclude Gays from the St. Patrick's Day parade of the Catholic male group, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a different result came about when the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court permitted the Irish American Gay Lesbian and Bisexual Group of Boston (GLIB) to march in the annual St. Patrick's Day Parade in that city. The victory became hollow, however, when the parade was canceled by the Allied War Veterans Council of South Boston, as they had vowed to do if they lost. It is expected that they will seek review of the decision by the U.S. Supreme Court. It should be noted that the New York case was differentiated as a strictly religious event which included a mass, a blessing by the Cardinal, and strict control of parade content; whereas the Boston parade celebrated both St. Patrick's Day and Evacuation Day, a state holiday, was administered by a secular, rather than a religious group, did not have a religious theme, and made no specific requirements for participation.

How important is a Helpline? The line maintained by GLAD reports its calls for help increased threefold in comparison between the first quarters of 1993 and 1994. The breakdown of 1994 was family law (117); employment (90); HIV/AIDS (61); domestic partnership (49). Particular concern was noted in the fivefold increase in violence/harassment (42) and youth calls which increased to 14 after only 4 in the fourth quarter of last year. We will be looking forward to checking our own records on the Identity helpline and seeing if these comparisons match.

Have a good summer and enjoy these halcyon days.

Sylvia L. Short, Attorney at Law, lives in Anchorage

"I think extreme heterosexuality is a perversion."
—Anthropologist Margaret Mead
Sorry, Jerry, Dandelions Are Everywhere
by Dan Carter

Well, folks, have you noticed the spectacular "crop" of dandelions around town this year. Seems as though they're trying to "take over" the entire city, doesn't it?

Some of you may not know how this page and the political arm of EQUAL received the name, Dandelion. Ann Milton thought of the name and, after listening to Far Right Extremists (FRE's) bemoaning the facts that (1) there were too many gays in Alaska and (2) if gays would only stay out of sight all would be fine, we felt there couldn't be a better symbol. No matter how hard the FRE's try to get rid of us, we'll just keep coming back...and coming back...and coming back...

I was driving past Anchorage Baptist Temple last week and saw their gardener mowing the lawn--and murdering thousands of dandelions in the process. Next day as I passed the Temple, I noticed all those little yellow flowers waving their heads at the sun. Next time I went by a kid was spraying what I assumed was weed killer and, wouldn't you know, after a few days of wilting, an entire new crop started sprouting. I guess we really are EVERYWHERE! (NOTE: I've heard two of Jerry's Kids have become Dandelions again--"Welcome home, guys!")

You may cut me down with the scythe of your shaming words to make your garden prettier or tell me I'm not a flower--but I am and no words can change that.

You may mow me down with the sheer weight of your adamant perceptions, but by morning, I will forth another audacious blossom.

Weeds
Karen Carlisle, copyright June 5, 1992
reprinted from OCT '93 NorthView

You may dig deep into the soil with blunt judgements and chop at my roots but you will never find them all--pieces of me still grow in the fecund, inner darkness and in another season I will bloom all over the hills for I am the dandelion.

PLEASE GIVE US A HAND (S)!
If you would like to help pay the $900.00 to produce and display the Gay Pride signs on People Mover buses, please make your check payable to EQUAL and mail to the address shown to the right. All donations will be greatly appreciated!

If you're not on EQUAL's mailing list, sign up at the Gay Pride Picnic on the Park Strip. We will soon have more than 1,000 people on our mailing list.
Gay Supportive Schools and Colleges
by Tom Croak

The thought of leaving familiar surroundings to attend a boarding school or college, especially in the lower 48 states is frightening enough for teenagers who are generally at peace with the world around them. When that teenager is gay or lesbian or suspects he or she might be, the prospect can be even more frightening. This would seem to be the ultimate unprotected peer environment, where peers have always been the source of humiliation and ridicule—actual or potential.

Leaving parents is a mixed blessing. They offer familiarity and security, even with the ever-present threat of discovery and rejection.

The good news is that many—even most—colleges and boarding schools in the lower 48 offer far more support than hometown living. Except for a minority of colleges dominated by very conservative self-styled Christian thought, nearly all colleges in the lower 48 have some opportunity for G/L/B students to find soulmates through recognized campus organizations for G/L/B students. In addition, college campuses are most likely to draw outspoken and highly visible allies from the straight community. While the same trend is not pervasive among secondary schools, many private or independent secondary schools tend to be supportive in the same way.

The bad news is that there is no where anyone can go to escape completely the homophobia which so dominates our society. Even on the most supportive campuses, some homophobia does occur. My son, while a student at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, one of the most supportive campuses in the country, recalls the day the door of a dormitory room shared by a gay couple was graffitied with anti-gay epithets.

The student body president (who was gay) and several gay and lesbian administrators were among the people who seized the leadership to find a constructive outlet for the anger this generated. But that did not keep some homophobic students from expressing their own hatred in open meetings.

If looking for a school or college consider these guidelines:

> Schools and colleges in urban areas in the Northeast and in the San Francisco area, Quaker (Society of Friends) affiliated schools and colleges, and those with strong art and music curricula, have some tendency to be supportive of G/L/B concerns, although these rules are NOT foolproof.

> Schools and colleges with a strong commitment to G/L/B concerns may also be very strongly committed to other liberal causes and sometimes appear to be out of the mainstream in a number of areas. If you want a somewhat conservative surrounding which is also supportive of G/L/B concerns, that is harder to find, but it does exist.

> A number of books are now available which purport to address G/L/B sensitivity on campus. As I have not yet reviewed these, I will defer simply to the catalog of the Lambda Rising bookstore in Washington, D.C. In a later issue, I will publish reviews of some of these books.

> Single sex campuses are less likely to be supportive than co-ed campuses. That may seem backwards, but single sex education tends to fuel homophobia.

> Get personal insight from people you trust. I can help. I generally charge a fee, but I DO NOT CHARGE TEENAGERS WHO ARE NOT OUT TO THEIR PARENTS. To qualify for my help without fee, mention this article when you call. (1-800-727-3684)

Tom Croak is an educational consultant, with a specialty in Gay and Lesbian outreach, practicing in Latrobe, PA and Anchorage, AK. He works with families helping them select the best in educational and therapeutic resources for their sons and daughters. ▼

In Pocatello, Idaho
by Andrew Barron

From the highest ridge I saw
A broken ring of jagged peaks
The bony spine, the smothered grass,
Breasts of snow and slivered rock

Here the Mormons preach of worlds
Granted placid, quiet wives
Ex-cons charge aggressive bikes
LA, Iraq are distant threats

Witches chant, gem-gazers group
The tie-dyes, bearded, beat their drums
And we who love unnaturally
Unbewitched by city haunts

Ask how few, how strange we are
And drag drunk cowboys home from bars

© February 21, 1993
Confessions of a Christian Ally
by Tom Croak

At the May pot-luck supper, which I attended, one participant commented on her joy and surprise at the very warm reception the Identity Adopt-a-Road crew received from a very outspoken Christian. I wish I could remember the exact words as she seemed to want to convey that not all Christians are bad.

Another member of Identity had dinner with me the previous evening and wanted to know how I could reconcile my Christian beliefs with a supportive relationship with gays, lesbians, and other sexual minorities. The same person expressed the pain of not being able find a place of worship which fully accepted him, without allowing intellectualization to eclipse "a spiritual touch," or be too overbearing in its evangelical Christian approach.

As an active practicing Christian with warm ties to the G/L/B communities, I often become uncomfortable as people make assumptions about these alliances being incompatible. I do not find them so. I also feel very deeply for the pain of those who might want an opportunity to share in a fairly traditional form of Christian worship, but cannot do so without being made to feel like second class citizens.

My view of this may be a minority view in Christian circles, but it is one to which I adhere strongly and feel capable of defending under any attack. The Jesus I worship is the same Jesus who repudiated those who wanted to live by a repressive law rationalized by religion, and reached out to all who were banished from mainstream society, whether for reasons of their own sin or solely on account of their victimization. He never specifically addressed the issue of homosexuality, although it was all around Him.

He is reported in the Gospel of John to have had a special love relationship with the author of that particular gospel and to have frequently reclined holding John in an affectionate embrace. (I personally think that this was not a homosexual love, but a father-son type relationship where John was in fact a very young boy. But my faith would not be shaken if it was a homosexual love. If it was, it is just too bad that was not explicitly revealed. Those who interpret the Bible literally must explain this relationship some way.)

Outside the gospels, the six passages which appear to condemn homosexuality all have context problems and lend themselves to ambiguous interpretations. I leave the fine analysis to the scholars, but briefly these passages fall into three groups: (1) Moral prohibitions and commands which are in direct parallel with other prohibitions and commands which gay bashing "Christians" feel are not binding today—such as prohibitions on eating pork, and requirements for circumcision and animal sacrifice. (2) References to more general immorality, such as Sodom and Gomorrah, where the real issue was making "pleasures of the flesh" (relatively little of which was homosexual) a personal god before God, and (3) Passages from St. Paul, who frowned upon all sex and seemed to be saying that homosexuality was a PUNISHMENT FOR SIN, rather than that homosexual acts were sinful. It is clear that St. Paul and many of the Old Testament writers viewed homosexuality negatively, but no more so than pork, uncircumcised penises, and worldly pleasures in general.

I believe that if Jesus were to come into Anchorage today he would go directly to the poor, the ill, the imprisoned, and the disenfranchised. I believe He would confront the self styled Christians who use scripture as a rationalization to abuse others in the same manner He confronted the self styled arbiters of religious morality of his day, the "scribes, Pharisees, and teachers of the law" whom He also called a "brood of vipers."

I am not writing this to convert anyone to Christianity, but to give a very personal answer to a question which has been asked of me. If it helps a reader who wants to be Christian, but who feels rejected by the way Christianity is usually presented, I'm happy for that.

My alliance with the G/L/B community is based upon my belief that God has led me to make this a priority in my life. I simply do not understand how a person can purport to interpret Christian scripture literally and still rationalize the abuse of anyone on the grounds of sexual orientation.

My hope and prayer is that Christians and sexual minorities can begin to spend more time talking about what we all have in common rather than that which divides us. Through that we all find peace and realize we are all of one family.

I am reminded of the title of Troy Perry's autobiography, JESUS LOVES ME AND HE KNOWS I'M GAY.

Tom Croak is an educational consultant, with a specialty in Gay and Lesbian outreach, practicing in Latrobe, PA and Anchorage, AK. He works with families helping them select the best in educational and therapeutic resources for their sons and daughters.
Born Again Lesbian
Lynn Sangster

Christianity, what is it? When I was 14 years old it meant I had to be 'born again.' When I was 16 it meant I had to become a member of a church and decide what 'the Lord was calling me to do for the rest of my life.' When I was 19 years old it meant I had to be 'filled with the Spirit.' When I was 24 it meant I should be 'serving God' in some meaningful way.

On the other hand: Christianity--what has it been for me? It has been a yoke of 'shoulds' and 'musts' around my neck. When I was 14 I felt acceptance and love from others because I prayed in a designated way. When I was 16 I felt needed and listened to because I learned what was acceptable to the denomination I was involved with. I learned that to be in the image of God I must not dance, swear, drink, smoke, have pre-marital sex or be homosexual. When I was 18, I went to a church-sanctioned college. I learned to study hard and be acceptable to God and others. In that process one of my study partners became my first lover. We were secretive, confused, and sure that no one else had ever experienced similar feelings. Even though I became the dormitory chaplain, we knew we were 'living in sin and bound for hell.' At age 20 we broke up and within six months she married a man. Although, I received a wedding invitation, I chose not to go. From age 21 to 24, I became a campus peer counselor, and the Dean of Students referred students to me, students who were 'struggling with sexual sin.' I prayed with them to 'overcome their sin and move on to a life dedicated to Jesus.' I vowed to 'hate the sin, but not the sinner.'

(One notable highlight: In 1987, I was working in an agency where I met a Lesbian. The way I came to meet her was that I heard someone talking about her, and they called her a faggot. I went to her and told her what was said, and when she didn't deny it, I saw that she was not going to be an easy convert to Christianity. I chose to get to know her better. To this day, I consider her a friend and a pillar in the community.)

In the same year I was the youth director of a local church. The minister chose to visit a friend of mine in her place of employment and try to convert her. When she did not conform to his doctrine, he announced to the Church that we needed to pray for her soul; he also told her if she did not accept Jesus she would burn in hell. I confronted him on his behavior, and asked him to apologize to my friend. He refused to do so, and I resigned from my position in the Church and left.

Two years later, I met a woman who told me she was interested in me. I told her to go away, and refused to be around her for several months. Then, months later, we took a drive together, and after we fell in bed together, I began to accept that I was indeed a Lesbian. It only took 12 years from my college relationship until 'coming out' day February 27, 1991.

I continued to profess to be a Christian. There were people in the Gay/Lesbian community who supported my belief, and even prayed with me. One of the most treasured gifts I received came from a friend who professed to not be Christian. She gave me a button that says 'Born Again Lesbian.'

In October, 1991, I fell in love with my life partner. We had been together several months, before I realized she was a pagan. It scared me at first. I wondered if I might be getting in over my head. Suddenly things were not predictable and I wondered if Jesus would accept me if I 'strayed' from what I had been taught? I was able to get through some of this brainwashing, because we prayed together. She was able to accept where I was on my spiritual path and love me in spite of it.

In 1993, I had the opportunity to face some of my oppressors by attending Assembly meetings, and listening to testimony by those who wanted to deny equal rights for Gays/Lesbians/Bisexuals. Standing in the lobby of the Loussac Library, I confronted former college friends, ministers and people who once considered me 'family.' A man whom I dated in the late 1980s began yelling and telling me that 'the Lord was crying at the sight of me.' I believe he was partially right: it feels as though the God of my understanding was holding me like a babe in arms and protecting me from verbal abuse and judgment by my oppressors/Christians.

This year I began to acknowledge that I do not consider myself a Christian any longer. I was able to admit it out loud over lunch with a Lesbian friend a couple of months ago. This became real for me because I had just run into a woman who had been a surrogate mother to me at age 14, when I got 'saved' in the Church. I loved this woman and needed her acknowledgment. When I saw this woman in an elevator she said 'hello' to me, but pulled away when I reached out to hug her. She rushed away from me and abruptly ended the conversation. I assume that I am unacceptable to her because I am Lesbian.
I may grieve losing my Christianity, but I know that it is a conscious decision. I am looking forward to new spiritual awareness. For the Prevo-ites', I must say that it will be a cold day in hell, when I regret this decision. I feel that I am the recipient of new freedom.

Free at last!

Lynne Sangster considers herself fortunate that she came out of the closet. She lives with her partner, Marcia, and two daughters.
Obituaries

Juan Pablo 'J.P.' Uriceochea

Juan Pablo Uriceochea, 25, died May 12 at home in Anchorage.

A Memorial mass was held at Holy Family Cathedral with Father Steve Moore officiating. A mass was held simultaneously in Bogota, Colombia.

Mr. Uriceochea was born July 12, 1968 in Bogota, Colombia. He received a bachelor of science degree from Rutgers University in Newark, N.J.

Mr. Uriceochea resided over the past year in Anchorage working as an engineer for Raytheon Service Co.

He enjoyed opera and he was an art patron, collector and philanthropist.

"J.P. was one of the most unique persons who made friends wherever he went and kept them always. He was a most sensitive and warm person who loved the arts and was a passionate collector of art and sculpture," said his family.

He is survived by his mother, Carmen San-
clemente of Arlington, Va.; father, Alavaro Uriceochea; brother and sister-in-law, Rodrigo and Maria Lulu Uriceochea; niece Maria Uriceochea; and grandmother, aunts and uncles, all of Bogota.

Arrangements were handled by Evergreen Memorial Chapel, downtown.


Poet gets Posthumous Boost

Because Maurice Templesman read "Ithaka," a poem by C.P. Cavafy, at the funeral of Jackie Onassis, Cavafy's books have been selling out at Manhattan bookstores.

Cavafy, a Greek who wrote extensively about his being gay, died 61 years ago.

"Ithaka" is in "C.P. Cavafy/Collected Poems," which was published by Princeton University Press.

New York magazine reported that on the upper East Side, where dwelt Jackie and her set, bookstores were reorderng the book within two days after the funeral.

One store reported that it had run out of poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay, whose "Memory of Cape Cod" was read by Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg at the funeral.


Dyer Downing, CRNI (1965-1993)

I miss you, Dyer. I miss falling asleep just holding hands and talking about the day's events. I miss 2-stepping and your gorgeous smile as we danced. I re-play our favorite song by Trisha Yearwood often. "That's what I like about You"(I like a man who can lay down beside me, stand up to me, is crazy about me, can do without me too--that's what I like about you). You provided the only real fantasy I ever had: a caring, loving, romantic, fun, monogamous relationship. Sex was fun too.

The Michael Johnston's and Jerry Prevo's of this world preach to young kids about teenage, "premarital" sex saying kids confuse sex with love. Sometimes they are right. But then they confuse sex and "Love" when they talk about homosexuality. They criticize "promiscuity" and then work to deny us one legally recognizes relationship. They are hypocrites.

On our anniversary, and as my own health deteriorates, I long to hold your hand at night, to comfort me because I am scared. I hope that I did enough for you to make you know you were loved. I cling to the pictures, re-read our letters and cards, and share the sentiment you expressed to your best friend: that you "are the best thing to ever happen to me." I love you and you are in my memories forever.

Kevin Sampson (moonlight).


Speak Out

PAID COORDINATORS & CANVASSERS NEEDED!

Defeat the Radical Right and earn money with the Human Rights Campaign Fund. Assertive individuals needed to sign up members, increase grassroots pressure on Congress, and canvass for lesbian/gay/bi rights, reproductive choice, AIDS and women's health. Have fun at community events/pride festivals.

Earn $15-$20/hour for part-time work!

CALL 1-800-777-HRCF

"Speak Out"
"Paid Coordinators & Canvassers Needed"
Where in the World?
by Bob De Loach

Gay & Gray!
Toss out the Clairol, gays cause there is a company who specializes in travel for the "Gray Set." "Two old farts and a baby," as they call themselves is offering a variety of travel opportunities for the over-40 gay traveler. Gay 'n Gray is offering a fully escorted Labor Day Spectacular from September 3-11, 1994. Starting from Vancouver, BC the tour uses Motorcoach, ferry, train and trolley of a sweep of Victoria, the Rockies and Kamloops, Banff to Lake Louise and back to Vancouver. Hotels, ground transportation and many meals are included on this unique tour. Limit of 32 persons on the trip. Cost is $1,995 per person, double occupancy.

DC Dearies
As reported in last month's NorthView, Dan (AKA Chersesse) and I descended upon Washington DC to attend the annual convention of the International Gay Travel Association (IGTA). After last year in West Hollywood, I was a little skeptical that they would be able to match that show. Well... was I surprised. Our convention hotel was right on DuPont Circle which is 1) a main center in DC, 2) home of the foreign embassies, and 3) The Gay center in DC. It's the Castro of DC. Some highlights of the festive event were what I believe to be Firsts for DC. Our group held a lavish cocktail party in the Sam Rayburn House Office building with various entertainers including the Gay Men's Chorus and some members of the Washington Ballet.

Surely a real highlight of the trip was the reception at the Australian Embassy with an address by the Australian Ambassador (who would have thunk it). We were able to gather a lot of reference books and meet with everyone who is anyone in gay travel. There were executives there from Fortune 500 companies such as Avis, American Express, Forbes, Hilton Hotel, and American Airlines-- one assumes to see what all the fuss was about gay travel, and who left (after seeing the demographics) with a pledge to return the information to their boardrooms.

Another very impressive aspect of the convention was to see the Australian and Netherlands Governments trying to see who could outdo whom in wooing the delegates and the Board to select their cities, Sydney and Amsterdam (Seattle has the convention for 1995) as the site of the convention for 1996. This is a pleasant change from IGTA trying to find a city who would be brave enough to host an openly gay convention after San Francisco was the first not so very long ago.

See ALASKA
There is hardly a better time of the year to see some of our own Great Land. There are many opportunities to visit areas which you have not seen, or to re-visit those you have. Various tour companies offer Alaskans a variety of tours including Denali Park, Nome & Kotzebue, the Pribilof Islands, Katmai National Park, Kenai Fjords, Prince William Sound and Prudhoe Bay to name just a few. There is so much beauty to see in Alaska, so why not see some of it this summer?

Queen City Cruise
Once again the Tacky Tourist Clubs of America are offering a gala Queen City Cruise in August, 1994. Ticket are on advance sale now for this cruise which leaves from pier 55 aboard one of Goodtime's ships for "An unforgivable naughtical adventure on the high seas!" cruising past thousands of Navy sailors, creating a spectacle at the Ballard Locks, dining on a lavish buffet and dancing on the upper deck. Tickets are $38.00 each in advance.

Proceeds benefit: Lambert House, Seattle Municipal Elections Committee for Gays & Lesbians (SEAMEC) and the Oregon Save Our Communities.

On the very same day, August 6, 1994 you might sail aboard the historic schooner "Zodiac" for a 5 hour outing on Lake Washington. Price is $60.00 which includes picnic buffet and beverages.

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. ▼
The Directory

This directory is our "yellow pages" and reference guide. 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)llies 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) KT Creative, Katie, 278-9174

AIDS:
  (A) Alaskan AIDS Assistance Assoc., 276-1400 (see ad)
  (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

Alaska Native Networking:
  (G) Kila Consulting, Roy, 272-1334

Alternative Medicine/Health:
  (A) Hope, 561-2330
  (A) Gateway, Ketki/Jaimiti, 561-7327
  (A) The Ole Herb Shoppe, Constance, 522-4372

Amusements:
  (G) Hollywood Canteen, Rand, 561-0064 (see ad)

Apparel:
  (A) The Look, Karl, 278-5665

Architectural Design:
  (G/A) Lipson/Brown Design, 274-0913

Astrology:
  (A) Rainbow Counseling, Maureen, 277-9582

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

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

Bars:
  (A) The Blue Moon, 277-0441 (see ad)
  (G) Palace Saloon (Fairbanks), Alaskaland (Fri and Sat ONLY)
  (G) The Raven, 276-9672
  (G) O'Brady's, 344-3835, 338-1080, 563-1080 (see ad)

Bed & Breakfast:
  (G) Alta's (Fairbanks), Pete, 487-0246 (see ad)
  (G) Aurora Winds, James/Bill, 346-2533
  (A) Beach House, Mary (Homer), 235-5954
  (L) The Butterfly Inn, Kay (Hawaii), 808-966-7936
  (L) Cheney Lake B&B, Mary/Janetta, 337-4391
  (L) Garden Cottage (Orlando, FL), Lisa, 407-894-5395
  (G) Gingerbread House, Yves (Montreal), 514-597-2804
  (A) Island Watch, Eileen (Homer), 235-2265 (see ad)
  (L) Mermaid Inn, Nancy/Bonnie (Pt. Lauderdale, FL), 305-565-8147
  (L) Northern Comfort, Reada, 278-2106
  (G) The West Cook House, Doug, 277-3862

Bicycles Repair:
  (G) Roy's Bikes, Roy, 333-8212

Boarding School Selection:
  (A) Tom Croak, 800-727-3644

Books:
  (L) Alaska Women's Bookstore, Joann/Marish, 562-4716
  (A) Alaskana, Gene, 561-1340 (see ad)
  (A) Cyrano's Books, Sandy/Jerry, 274-2599

Carpet & Linoleum Installation:
  (A) Big Bob's, Mark, 561-2121
  (A) Don, 349-1065

Catering:
  (G) Alaska Best Catering, Maurice, 338-1080, 337-1969
  (G) Illusions, Brian, 243-8457
  (G) Silver Spoon Cleaning & Catering, Brent, 258-8828

Child Care:
  (G) Kid Zone, Andrew, 337-3882

Churches:
  see Spiritual

Coffee Houses:
  (G) Hollywood Canteen, Rand, 561-0064 (see ad)

College Selection:
  (A) Tom Croak, 800-727-3644

Computer Bulletin Board:
  (A) Myths' Reality (Berdache), 333-3423; 338-2869
  (A) Gay Geeks, 333-4039

Computer Supplies:
  (A) Frigid North, Tom, 561-4633 (see ad)

Computer Consultants, Graphic Design, & Desktop Publishing:
  (G) Al's P.C. Connections, Alfred, 561-2767 (see ad)
  (L) Angie, 337-0253 (see ad)
  (G) By-Teq Alaska, Inc., Ken, 248-2422
  (L) CDA Services, Walrand, 276-5862
  (A) Computer Maglis, Phil, 274-3628
  (A) Helleck & Assocs., Terry, 276-3869
  (A) LLR Technologies, Logan, 272-7377
  (G) Lucian, 272-0325
  (G) Mark, 338-3357
  (G) PC Possibilities, 248-6277

Costume Design:
  (G) Every Bloomin' Thing, Jerry, Malcolm, 274-3158

Counseling:
  (G) Ability Design Associates, Doran, 258-2561 (see ad)
  (A) Counseling Alternatives, Connie, 562-1826
  (L) Counseling Alternatives, Janne, 562-1826
  (A) Jann, 248-9488
  (G) Ken, 248-7722 (see ad)
  (A) Marion, 562-0012
  (A) Psychological Services Center, 786-1795

Deaf Support:
  (A) Interpreter Referral Line, 277-3323 voice, 277-0735 tty
  (A) Deaf Rehabilitation Serv, 277-3456 voice, 258-2232, tty

Dental Care:
  (A) Ward Hulbert, DDS, 248-0022
Dog Boarding:
  (A) Doggie Vacations, 344-3647

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

Electronics:
  (A) Frigidaire North, Tom, 561-4633 (see ad)

Electrolysis:
  (A) Anchorage Skin Care Clinic, Barbara, 277-4247
  (A) Gentle Touch, 561-6608 (see ad)

Entertainment:
  (G) Capri Cinema, 561-0064, Movieline: 275-3799 (see ad)
  (A) Mascarella Music, Diane, 277-9751
  (L) Real Talent Productions, Karyn, 562-5777, 278-5683
  (A) Syzgy/Music Magic, Linda, 274-2599

Financial, Insurance, Investments:
  (L) Chris, 561-8040/338-3962

Fishing:
  (L) Puffin Family Charters, Leslie, 278-3346

Floors & Tile:
  (A) Quality Floors, Bob & Ruth, 248-3900

Florists:
  (G) Every Bloomin' Thing, Jerry, Malcolm, 274-3158

Gender:
  (B) Berdache Society, Nora Jean, 258-9999

General Contracting:
  (L) R&L Construction, Lita, 279-4606

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

Hair Styling:
  (G) Gabriel, 272-9045
  (A) 36th Ave. Hair Design, Ledjha, 561-8967

Health:
  (A) Gatekey, Ketki/Jaimini, 561-7327
  (L) Health Advocacy-Medical/Legal Research, Linda, 337-0253
  (A) Home Health Care, 261-3173
  (A) The Big HA Shoppe, Constance, 522-4372
  (A) Skin care, Shari, 345-7451

Health, Naturopathic:
  (A) Hope, 561-2339

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

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

Home Products:
  (G) Watkins Products, Jim, 243-5954

House Cleaning:
  (L) Connie's House Cleaning Svc., Connie, 276-3147
  (A) Green Valley Cleaning, Tara, 345-4657
  (G) Randy, 345-4607
  (G) Silver Spoon Cleaning & Catering, Brent, 258-0828

House Sitting:
  (L) Carol, 271-4620 (see ad, TLC)

Imperial Court:
  (G) Imperial Court of All Alaska, Tiger Lilly, 243-6905

Hypnotherapy:
  (A) Rainbow Counseling, Maureen, 277-9582

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

Kites, Games, Banners, Puzzles:
  (A) Northwind Kites, Pat, 279-4386
  (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
  (L) Leslie, 278-2198 (see ad)
  (A) Marion, 562-0012
  (L) Vicki, 277-5222

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

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

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

Obstetrics & Gynecology:
  (A) Jane, 563-5151

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

Pet Care:
  (A) Doggie Hut, Art, 279-5861
  (A) Doggie Vacations of Alaska, Constance, 344-3647

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
  (A) Anchorage Women's Political Caucus, Rhonda, 274-9308
  (G/L) Equal, Inc., 566-0930 (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

Producing:
  (L) Real Talent Productions, Karyn, 562-5777, 578-5683

Recreation:
  (L) Alaska Women of the Wilderness, Rachel, 688-2226

Real Estate:
  (G) Apollo Real Estate, Bob, 561-7481 (see ad)
  (A) Bronwyn Hillman, 248-2804; 563-5186 (see ad)
  (L) Dynamic Properties, Jill, 261-7663
  (L) Dynamic Properties, Lucille, 279-7600 (see ad)

Reiki/Counseling:
  (G) Ken, 248-7722 (see ad)
  (L) Spirit Services, Barbara, 274-4089

Research:
  (L) Crockett & Associates, 279-3982 (see ad)

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

Resume's:
  (G) Kita Consulting, Roy, 272-1334

Rooming Houses:
  (A) Regina's, 276-4904
Security Alarm Systems:
(G) Mark, 278-2829

Sightseeing:
(L) Pufina Family Charters, Leslie, 278-3346

Snowplowing:
(I) Jade Services, Julie, 688-1126

Social:
(G) Anchorage Garden Buddies, 248-0425
(GLA) Q*Klatch (Fairbanks), Eric, 455-4851

Social Research Design, Student Consultation, Evaluation:
(I) Susan E. Johnson, PhD, 272-4113

Spirational:
(A) Alaska Women of the Wilderness, Rachel, 658-2226
(A) Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, Art, 248-3737 (see ad)
(A) Church of the Covenant (Matsuska Valley), Pastor Howard Bess, 746-1089
(A) Lamb of God Metropolitan Community Church, Jim, 258-5266
(A) St. James the Fisherman Episcopal Church (Kodiak), Fr. Paul, 486-5276
(A) Unity Church of Anchorage, 346-2824

Sports:
(I) Alaska Women of the Wilderness, Rachel, 658-2226
(A) Flies by Ilene (Eagle River), 694-6946
(G) Roy's Bikes, Roy, 333-8221

Student Organizations:
(G/L) Alaskan Gay and Lesbian Association (AGLA, Fairbanks), Pete, 457-0246
(G/L) Lesbian, Gay and BI Student Association, UAA, 226 (see Club Notes)

Support Groups:
(G) Ability Design Associates, Doran, 258-2561 (see ad)
(A) P-FLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays, Anchorage), Sylvia 562-4992, Fred 562-7161
(A) P-FLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays, Fairbanks), Nancy, 479-4944

Tarot/Psychic:
(I) Spirit Services, Barbara, 274-4899

Therapeutic Facilities, Out-of-State:
(T) Tom Crone, 800-727-3684

Theatre:
(A) Out North Theatre, Gene/Jay, 279-8999

Travel:
(G) Apollo Travel Agency, Bob, 561-0661 (see ad)
(G) Apollo Travel Agency, Cheresse, 561-0661 (see ad)
(L) Apollo Travel Agency, Karyn, 561-0661 (see ad)
(L) DreamQuest Tours, Karyn, 562-5777, 278-5683

Tutoring:
(A) James, Biology, 248-6412
(I) Pam, Math & Physics, 561-2634

Veterinarian:
(A) Dr. Jean Battig (Fairbanks), 452-6055

Woodworking:
(L) North Star Signs, Rusty, 333-7900

Writing & Editing Assistance:
(I) Kathy, 278-2840
(G) Killa Consulting, Roy, 272-1334
(L) Mel Mel, 276-7269 (see ad)

Yardwork, Hauling, Snowplowing:
(I) Jade Services, Julie, 688-1126
Luscious, Lusty Love in the Golden Years
by Karen Carlisle

Whoopie! I have just risen from my Saturday morning love nest at 12:30 noon—sated, peaceful, rested. Yaga, Bodhi and Verushka are napping in the sun. The magpies, white-crowned sparrows and robins are singing in the birch trees, the tall sedge and on the many-colored tundra that surrounds the house. Dear Love and I, with our naked faces and their love-cherried cheeks, just ate potato leek soup while gazing with love eyes across the table at each other. Now she has gone for our mail and I sit before my computer feeling like the luckiest dyke alive.

Luscious, lusty love in the golden years. Immediately after I proposed that title last month, I felt a surge of politically-incorrect guilt. When do the golden years begin? I envision the anger of those righteous, old lesbian feminist ageism activists who tell us that we don’t have a right to call ourselves old until when? Our sixties? Our seventies? I don’t know what old is. And I don’t know when the golden years are. But I know that the demarcation between old and not old changes as each of us ages. And I know that my life is suffused with light.

And I know this: when I was growing up, it was understood by every developing, emerging female that we would be sexually past our prime at forty. Excuse me? I didn’t emerge into my lesbianism sexually until I was 36. The first time a woman touched my naked breast, I knew the ecstasy would kill me. I was forty and past when the Great Passion bulldozed through my life knocking down most of my values on its careening way. And there were relationships where sex diminished in direct proportion to the growth of silence.

There came a point when I knew that the pleasure and benefits of a relationship did not balance out the pain and distress that was sure to come. And I chose to stop doing it. Since I have never done casual sex easily, it also meant I was choosing a life of celibacy which meant to me that I would not be sexual with other women (some people say celibacy means no sex with self either but I didn’t go that far).

And just to make sure my resolve did not weaken, I moved to a place where I couldn’t possibly find a suitable, if any, lesbian lover—Bushville, Alaska. I wish there were some way to make a pregnant pause march across a page, to let the slow smile of dis-belief unfold so that you could see it. The arrogance of myself.

It makes me believe in a higher power, or guardian angels, or something. After all, my resolve, born in my mind, did not stand. All it took was that pixie face with its smiling lesbian eyes sitting across a table from me week after week to start the mysterious thing in my imagination that soon moved to my nether parts and started tormenting me. And soon I was plotting, conniving, biding my time—all without even knowing for sure is she was a lesbian. However, I had never before had my bells rung by a het woman (well, maybe one, Ken, but we never even got near the bell-ringing stage), so I could probably trust my perception.

And yes, we had a safe-sex interview, and the results reassured us we didn’t have to use fingercots and dental dams. Thank goddess! Most of the luscious pleasure for me is in the feel and smell of that voluptuous vulva against my flesh. I would rather test for HIV and wait six months before the plunge than use that equipment (and I did once), but hey, that’s me.

What was different was that I was willing to wait and watch. Experience, not age. And now to the good part.

Having not been sexual with another in 4½ years, I was unaware that physiological changes were upon me sexually. Even though I’d read about them. Those things happen to others, not me. Like lessening of juices. Like thinning of the vaginal wall. Like loss of stamina and sore joints in the hands and elbows. This is good? No, neither good nor bad, but the creativity with which we approached having sex and the fun and laughter we had doing it and the breath-shuddering results of our experimentation was great. Whoever said that necessity is the mother of invention wasn’t kidding. I know some of you would like to know all the juicy details, but Dear Love is a bit shy about that; she is not as big an exhibitionist as I.

The best thing? It’s hard to choose the best thing. But sexually, anyway, it’s the expertise of loving we each bring to this union, the knowledge we’ve gained through making love for so many years. We know how to listen to a woman’s body well. What delight.

But I will tell you a couple of things to be careful of. Thinking we could use external lubrication when the well went dry, I bought some stuff called For Play, a sexual lubricant. Dear readers, it must have been made by boys for boys, because it numbed our mouths, tongues and all the corresponding body parts in that "rose-wet cave." And they stayed
numb for over an hour. It doesn’t take much imagination to figure out what happens with a numb clit. Nothing. Well, if we hadn’t been so frenzied what with neither of us having had sex in a while, we might not have been doing it with such freqe-ncy and then our natural juice production, while less than it was in the past, would have been sufficient.

And so we have found it to be true. Thank goodness, we have calmed down some, and still, we are being sexual often, often. Isn’t that nice? And it would be enough even if it weren’t so often because I love love love this woman and she rings my bells plenty.

The other thing to be careful of: vigorous rubbing of those tender labia after a certain age can cause them to tear. I had no idea—what a terrible thing to inadvertently do to one’s beloved. So be aware. There are so many actions that qualify as lovemaking. Use your imagination. Read books. Be creative. Be gentle.

When I owned the Women’s Bookstore, we carried a book called _Lock Me In the Eye_, by J.E.B. On the cover was a photo of two aging women, Katie and Pagan who were clearly in love and lust with each other. I think, when I enumerate the benefits of being a lesbian, that one of the greatest is that we don’t stop being sexually attractive to our prospective mates no matter how old we get. All the time, I read of aging and old women becoming lovers. I love Dear Love’s aging signs. She is a reflection of me and she is beautiful; so then must I be.

There are great joys. We are more relaxed about everything, about what our bodies look like, how they are changing. We are more honest, less willing to make nice. We are more accepting—we know how imperfect we are. We have been through the wars. When we see ourselves beginning to do the same behaviors as in previous relationships, we know it is us now, and not the other. We no longer need to be right. We laugh at ourselves, we fess up to our shit so much quicker; we are less defensive. Not that there aren’t ISHOOS. It ain’t that easy. Issues only disappear when life is ebbing. Not that there isn’t fear; but they’re the same ones, comfortable as an old shoe. Even the old shoe finally wears out, though, and you have to give it to the Good Will. Now that’s an image—I could write down my old fears and send them in an envelope along with a donation to the Good Will.

So youngers, do not wonder, do not fear. You can keep on being a loving woman for as long as you want.

Karen Carlisle, blessed in Bushville ☼

_Corrections:_

On page 48 of the May _NorthView_, we inadvertently 'typed' Karen Carlisle’s poem ‘Depth Charge.’ The first line of the 4th stanza should have read, ‘You are not my enemy.’ The Editors sincerely regret the error.
EFORE EVERYONE

EQUAL
Minutes for June 2, 1994:
recorded by Linda S. Kellen

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:  PHONE:
Terri Bies   566-0930
Kathryn Carovano
Dan Carter
Doug Frank
Richard Martin
Maureen Suttman
Amy Young

ADDRESS:
P.O. Box 244452
Anchorage, AK 99524

MINUTES FOR NorthView: Linda S. Kellen
Meetings are held the 1st Thursday of the month.
The next meeting is July 7, 1994, 7pm, Room A at
the Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship.
Brief Meeting held June 2, 1994 due to no
quorum of the Board:

ANNOUNCEMENTS:
The bulk of the Equal board will be either
attending the Gay Games in New York, NY, or out
of town for other, at the same time the Gay Pride
Picnic will be happening here in Anchorage.
Unfortunately, Equal will not be able to have a food
booth this year.

DISCUSSION:
We had some discussion of the picnic this year
and the thought was discussed that Kincaid Park
may be a good spot for us to hold our Annual
Meeting in September. We will keep you posted.
The gubernatorial race was mentioned and the fact
that this is the first race in which Equal officially
holds its 501(c)(4) status. Next meeting, we will
have more of a strategy discussion.

Bus Signs: Gay Pride Week signs will be on five
Anchorage buses June 18th through July 1st. The
design for the bus signs is located somewhere in this
issue of NorthView. This is an expensive
proposition, however. It will cost $330.00 for the
two weeks of space rental and $520.00 for
production costs: total of $850.00. We are
contacting folks to see if they are interested in
helping to sponsor this ad with a donation. So far,
response has been positive. If you are interested in
being a supporter, send a check or money order to
the Equal address above and tell us whether or not
we can use your name in a newspaper ad.

Businesses, churches and other organizations are
welcome and encouraged to participate as well!
It was also discussed, regarding the bus sign
design, that Equal may need to have bumper stickers
with the same logo: GAY PRIDE WEEK; In
Alaska, it's 52 weeks a year! Some of the
membership attending was unsure if it would sell.
If you have an opinion on this or anything else in
the minutes, please call the Equal phone line and let
us know.

In late July (July 30, 31?) during the Silver
Salmon Derby, we discussed a possible camping/fishing trip to Seward for Equal members and
friends. Stay tuned.

***ATTENTION ARTISTS***
By request, Equal is extending the "Design an
Equal T-shirt" contest one last time, to July 30,
1994! If you come up with a design that our
panel of distinguished judges chooses, not only
will your handiwork be displayed on chests across
Anchorage, you will also be $50.00 richer! Send
your entries to the Equal address at the top of the
page, or call the Equal number.

AGENDA FOR JULY 7TH MEETING
I. Reactions and final finances regarding the bus
signs.
II. Planning and strategizing for the gubernatorial
race. Candidate debate? Questionnaire?
III. Camping trip with Equal Board and friends -
if so, when and where.

***************HELP WANTED*************
PARENTS to attend School Board meetings. It is
IMPERATIVE that we are there to help frame the
issues !!!!!!!

LETTER WRITERS - Anchorage Daily News,
Anchorage Bypass, Equal Rights Commission,
Anchorage Assembly, etc...

SPEAKERS- Anyone interested in being a
member of the Equal Speaker’s Bureau, please call
Equal at 566-0930 and leave your name and
number. Thanks to those people who have!!!

SPEAKING ENGAGEMENTS - Have a group
that you need enlightened? Call Equal and let us
know where, when, and what topic!
**REGISTER TO VOTE** Learn the system,
use the system to change the system! There’s a
governor to elect in November!!!

Anchorage Gay & Lesbian HELPLINE
258-4777

A Community Service of IDENTITY, INC. P.O. Box 30678, Anchorage, AK 99520
Double Trouble
by Lesléa Newman

"Trash, Flash," I say, reminding my beloved that it is Sunday evening, time to put the can by the curb. "In a second," she grunts as the Starship Enterprise zooms across our TV screen. Ten minutes later I plant myself in front of the television, blocking Flash's view of Counselor Troy's cleavage to remind her again. "Next commercial," she promises.

Why, you might ask, don't I just take out the garbage myself? After all, the cans aren't that heavy. But that's not the point. The point is rubbish patrol is a butch job.

Yes, Flash and I are a bona fide butch/femme couple. Contrary to popular belief, butch/femme did not disappear with the beehive hairdos of the fifties. Butch/femme is alive and well in the nineties, at least in this household. So what exactly does this mean? What makes me the femme and Flash the butch? Is it the fact that unlike Flash, I have never been called "Sir" once in my entire life? Is it because unlike me, Flash hasn't worn a skirt since 1967, the year she shed her nun's habit? Is it the fact that any dyke in Lesbianville who has a job interview or family affair coming up, runs straight to my closet to check out my collection of high heels and evening bags? Is it because whenever Flash and I go out, she steers me around the dance floor with the same smooth confidence she uses to steer our car through the most impossible traffic jam?

All of the above is true, but it's not why I'm a femme and Flash is a butch. For me, being a femme is an expression of who I am deep down inside, and I'm sure being a butch is the same for Flash. We are not playing any roles. We are not putting on a show. We are each being ourselves, and we are both thrilled to have found in each other, someone who not only accepts who we are, but appreciates and celebrates it.

Six years ago when Flash was a bachelor, she remarked to a buddy, "I'll never find a girlfriend. The only femme left in Northampton is Lesléa Newman." When I heard that story, I knew Flash was the girl I would marry. Sure you can be a femme without a butch or a butch without a femme, but it isn't nearly as much fun. Flash and I bring out the best in each other. As soon as we started dating, she cut her hair as short as she had always wanted it to be, and I started wearing my skirts tighter and my heels higher. We donned our finest for our butch/femme mating dance. And at our wedding, there was never any question as to who would wear a dress and who would wear trousers, who would break the glass underfoot and who would throw the bouquet.

Of course some lesbians think the whole butch/femme thing is passé. Recently I've noticed a disturbing trend in the Personal: "Lesbian wanted for this, this and this. No butches please." Girls, girls, girls, you don't know what you're missing. Don't you know that every true butch has a heart of gold underneath that rough exterior? Don't you know that any butch worth her weight in Brill Cream will do anything, and I mean anything to please her femme? Reading the sentence, "No butches please," made me want to wrap my arms around Flash and protect her from all the hurt that's out there in the world, just waiting to find her. Because it's the butches that take much of the heat for the lesbian community. Nine times out of ten, it's a butch that gets dyke-baited out on the street. There's pain and frustration in being a femme who unintentionally passes day after day, in a world that sees lipstick and pantyhose and translates that into "straight." And there's also pain, frustration and vulnerability in being a butch who puts her life in danger just by walking out of the house in freshly ironed trousers and a T-shirt, her short, sharp hair combed within an inch of its life. And when Flash and I go out together, it's double trouble. It's obvious there's a sexual charge between us even if Flash's arm isn't draped around my shoulder. When we go out to eat, waitpeople always stumble. Sometimes they'll stammer, "What'll it be, ladies?" even though Flash is no lady. Other times they'll say, "What can I get you guys?" even though I am certainly not a guy. If I was asked for advice, I'm not sure what I'd tell our waitstros to say. "Two for lunch, Lesbians?" doesn't sound quite right. Nor does, "Some dessert for you Dykes?"
And so to solve the problem we often eat at home, which means there is a lot of garbage to be taken out. And here it is, eight-thirty and Counselor Troy is lying prone in sick bay with the lovely Dr. Crusher about to examine her. It would be cruel to disturb Flash at a time like this. And so I decide, just this once, to take out the garbage myself. No sooner am I back in the house than the phone rings. I pick it up of course, since I, like most femmes, was born with a Princess phone in my mouth.

"Lesléa," my neighbor Karen says, horrified, "was that you taking out the trash?"

"Yes" I admit, reluctantly. "Flash is knee deep in a brand new Star Trek episode, and I let her get away with it. But just this once."

"That's a relief," Karen says. "I saw you out my window, and my whole take on butch/femme was instantly destroyed."

Not to worry, world. Butch and femme are here to stay.

Lesléa Newman writes fiction, non-fiction and poetry. She has fifteen books to her credit including "A Letter to Harvey Milk," "Secrets," "Love Me Like You Mean It," "Writing From The Heart," and the infamous "Heather Has Two Mommies." Recently, she started writing a column called "I'm Telling You" for Metroline, a regional Gay and Lesbian newsmagazine distributed in Connecticut and western Massachusetts. ▼

Lavender Ladies

By Amy English

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"My attitude toward anybody's sexual persuasion is this: without deviation from the norm, progress is not possible."
—Musician Frank Zappa
"God Hates Queers..."

"God hates queers....and all good Christians should hate queers, too." That's just one line from a very disturbing movie recently shown at the Capri Cinema. I had previously seen the previews of "One Nation Under God" and thought I was prepared to see a very serious movie. The immediate impact was not nearly as strong as it was after reflecting on the movie and the situation we find ourselves in with our own little local "reparative therapy" organization--Michael Johnston's Kerrusso Ministries.

If you didn't get a chance to see the movie, it was done in a documentary format and showed interviews and videos of organizations who claim to be able to "cure" homosexuals--many of them by simply converting gays to Christianity. As a gay Christian, I have never quite understood the need to change my sexual orientation to be Christian. If sexual orientation changes when you're "converted," does that mean you'll "turn" gay if you're a straight convert? Makes as much sense to me as the other! The interviews with "former ex-gays" coming out of these reparative therapy programs was most enlightening. The techniques used by Exodus International and other similar organizations would make the Marquis de Sade proud. Although no one spoke of physical abuse the programs are filled with mental abuse as well as a need to fill a person with self-hate.

I would love to know the techniques Michael uses to "repair" his lost boys. I guess I could just ask him but doubt I'll find out much that way. If any of you know people who have been involved with Kerrusso Ministries and are no longer involved, please ask them to give me a call (274-9226). I would really like to talk to them and possibly do a future article about Kerrusso's "therapy."

Of course, Michael doesn't seem to do anything on his own--his mentor, Dr. Prevo, must be pulling his strings--much like a marionette. In the past election, Dr. Prevo was so proud to point to the ads Michael's organization produced which denounced Mark Begich as an example of Christian activism (personally, I find it difficult to separate Michael's group from Prevo). Neither Prevo nor Michael seems to feel there's anything un-Christian about causing dissension among groups of people or dividing the city--none of this is a problem--as long as the RIGHT candidate wins. Their philosophy is definitely "the end justifies the means." This is a method employed by politicians for many years but when a person or religious group uses such tactics, it removes any claim they may have of being on higher moral ground! As a Christian, I think using God's love as a method to "divide and conquer" in politics is as immoral as a person can get.

Not only are their methods questionable, they have proved to be very "poor winners." The title of Prevo's sermon after the election was, "Christians, get ready for more harassment." He railed against liberals, the media and President Clinton. I'm a liberal but I respect the office of the President of the United States—even when I disagree with the person filling that office. The Prevo's of this country bemoan the fact children commit crimes and don't respect their elders--at the same time expressing their disdain at anything/everything President Clinton does in the most disrespectful and derogatory language imaginable.

Prevo says harassment of Christians is "...part of a nationwide plan to make Christians look bad..." Excuse me, Jerry, you don't need help to look bad, you're doing fine on your own. As a Christian, I do believe we have to answer for our actions and I have a feeling when the Far-Right Reverend Prevo meets his Maker, he will have a difficult time responding when asked, "Did you ever do anything to cause dissension among MY children?"

He also used the time-worn political approach of every demagogue--fear. Telling his flock of the perils of not bowing down to the White House power structure, he said: "when THEY come after Jerry Falwell, when THEY come after Pat Robertson, when THEY come after Jerry Prevo, THEY'RE going to come after all Christians" (who are THEY, Mr. P?). Ignoring the absurdity of the statement, I think if any of you are looking for a gift for "Doctor" Prevo, you might want to check out counseling services for chronic paranoia.

I doubt if there are many ministers in this nation who could top Prevo's string of services with the word "homosexual" included. Again, as a Christian I find it absurd to know that he spends so much time fighting against homosexuality (it makes you want to say...ummmmm!). There are no words from Jesus on this subject...yet some feel bashing gays is their only reason to exist. Maybe they need to read what Jesus says in Matthew 19:19: "You shall love your neighbor as yourself." We are your neighbors, Jerry.

Dan Carter is a local gay activist
“The Pink Triangle”
by Richard Plant
Published by Owl Books
Reviewed by Dan Cook

These facts documented by Richard Plant answer many questions about the Holocaust and the Nazi war against German Gays. The Germans used the family values theme of Christian fanatical fundamentalists to call for a holy war against its most vulnerable minorities, and gays were just one of the scapegoats.

To understand why gay organizations were so secretive before the 1960's (even in the States) is to understand what the Allies (including the US) did to those with the pink triangles. US laws were not that much different from those of Hitler's. At the conclusion of the war gays were not liberated from the camps as most of the other prisoners were. In fact, they were transported to prisons with some serving as much as 6 additional years after the war was over. No other minority was treated so cruelly. By the time the few who survived were released their families were so indoctrinated by the Nazi hate machine that they turned their own sons away.

I would highly recommend this well researched account of what happens when politicians and hatemongers use family values as a call for conquest and genocide, and why there must always be separation of Church and State.

Churches and the Gestapo used each other at times. On one hand doctors who performed abortions were targeted in order to make the Nazi Party look like it cared about family values—many were killed or sent to the camps. On the other hand, larger Protestant churches wanted a larger piece of the pie so they went out and formed the smaller groups such as the Jehovah's Witnesses (who were also rounded up and sent to the camps). Many of these had previously applauded the arrest of homosexuals and Jews. The purge of the Catholics was only stopped by pressure from the Italian leader Mussolini after the Pope had minced no words with him and ordered him to "Stop Hitler or else."

As we move into the anniversary month of Stonewall, celebrating our Culture in the Gay Games and Gay Pride events across the Country, we must look to history so as not to repeat the past. Here in one book are the facts, not the fictions. Let US not forget!!

This book is available at the Alaska Women's Bookstore on Tudor Rd.

Cherrisse 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. ▼
June 21, Tues:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 8pm; call 566-1133
- P-Flag Fairbanks, call Nancy 479-4944

June 22, Wed:
- Free HIV TEST at Four A's. 2-4pm.
- Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 9:30pm.
  $3 cover.

June 23, Thurs:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 5:30; call 566-1133.
- Gay, Joyous & Free AA Meeting 1231 W. 27th at
  7pm (non-smoking.)

June 24, Fri:
- PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, Four A's, 730 'I' St. 276-1400.
- Live and Let Live AA Meeting, 637 A. St. at
  7pm (non-smoking)
- Midnight Sons Gay Men's AA Meeting, 1231 W. 27th Ave. 8pm-9:30

Identity Potluck (See Ad...)
- Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace
  Saloon in Alaskan land.

June 25, Sat:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 12:00; call 566-1133
- Gay Pride March 1pm Fairbanks, call 479-4944
- Third Annual Scott Olson Float Trip, $63 per
  person, call Eric or Bob at 277-3236
- Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace
  Saloon in Alaskan land.

June 26, Sun:
- AUUF Services 9am & 10:30am
- Metropolitan Community Church, 10:45am, 7pm. call: 258-5266

Lesbian/Gay Pride Picnic
Rose Garden at West end of the Parkstrip 12-6pm.
- Anchorage Lesbian Families' Alliance,
  call Lynne at 338-5253
- Midnight Sons AA Meeting 1pm (Gay, Lesbian only) 1231 W. 27th Ave.
- Gay, Joyous & Free, AA Meeting 1231 W. 27th at 7pm

June 27, Mon:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 5:30; call 566-1133.
- Gay, Joyous & Free AA Meeting, 1231 W. 27th at
  7pm
More Calendar--

- Women's music show on KRUA 88.1 FM, 7-9pm, 786-4846, make on-air requests.

**June 28, Tues:**
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous) 12-Step meeting, 8pm; call 566-1133

**June 29, Wed:**
- "Facts for the Front" HIV AIDS related training at UAA Arts, call 276-1400
- Free HIV TEST at Four A's, 2-4pm.
- Blue Moon Boy-Re-Alice Review, 9:30pm $3 Cover

**June 30, Thurs:**
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous) 12-Step meeting, 5:30; call 566-1133
- Gay, Joyous & Free AA Meeting 1231 W. 27th at 7pm (non-smoking.)

**July 1, Fri:**
- Mt. McKinley Non-Ascent Club, Birchwood Camp Out, entire weekend, call Bob at 561-0661 prior to the weekend.
- PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, Four A's, 730 'T' St. 276-1400.
- Live and Let Live AA Meeting, 637 A. St. at 7pm (non-smoking)
- Alaska Women's Festival, Welcoming Party, 7pm, Louise, 479-0618 (Fairbanks)
- Midnight Sons Gay Men's AA Meeting, 1231 W. 27th Ave. 8pm-9:30
- Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in Alaskaland.

**July 2, Sat:**
- Freedom Dance - Seattle call (206) 233-8842
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous) 12-Step meeting, 12:00; call 566-1133
- Alaska Women's Festival, Open mike 2-5pm; evening performances at 6:30pm, Louise, 479-0618 (Fairbanks)
- Women's Two-Step Dance at the Pioneer School House, 7:30 - lessons - 8:30 dance.
- Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in Alaskaland.

**July 3, Sun:**
- AUUF Services 9am & 10:30am
- Alaska Women's Festival, Performances begin 1pm, Louise, 479-0618 (Fairbanks)
- Metropolitan Community Church, 10:45am, 7pm, 258-5266.

**July 4, Mon:**
- Alaska Women's Festival, Women's Softball Challenge, Louise, 479-0618 (Fairbanks)
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous) 12-Step meeting, 5:30; call 566-1133.
- Gay, Joyous & Free, 1231 W. 27th at 7pm
- Women's music show on KRUA 88.1 FM, 7-9pm, 786-4846, make on-air requests.
- Anchorage Garden Buddies, July 4 Annual, 7pm, Kurt, 248-0425

**July 5, Tues:**
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous) 12-Step meeting, 8pm; call 566-1133

**July 6, Wed:**
- Free HIV TEST at Four A's. 2-4pm.
- Alaska Women's Political Caucus, First United Methodist Fellowship at 7pm
- Q* KLATCH meeting, call Eric 455-4051
- Blue Moon Boy-Re-Alice Review, 9:30pm. $3 Cover

**July 7, Thurs:**
- NorthView Deadline for July issue.
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous) 12-Step meeting, 5:30; call 566-1133.
- Equal meeting at the AUUF 7pm, call 566-0930
- Gay, Joyous & Free AA Meeting 1231 W. 27th at 7pm (non-smoking.)

**July 8, Fri:**
- PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, Four A's, 730 'T' St. 276-1400.
- Live and Let Live AA Meeting, 637 A. St. at 7pm (non-smoking)
- Midnight Sons Gay Men's AA Meeting, 1231 W. 27th Ave. 8pm-9:30
- Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in Alaskaland.

**July 9, Sat:**
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous) 12-Step meeting, 12:00; call 566-1133
- Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in Alaskaland.

**July 10, Sun:**
- AUUF Services 9am & 10:30am
- Metropolitan Community Church, 10:45am, 7pm, 258-5266
- 4As Garden Party, 12-6pm, see enclosed flyer
- Midnight Sons AA Meeting, 1pm (Gay, Lesbian only) 1231 W. 27th Ave.
Calls for Submissions

Blue Cellar Queers! Working Class and Poor Gays, Lesbians, Bisexuals, Two-Spirited, Transgendered, and Transsexual People! What is "Gay Community" and how do you fit in? An anthology is accepting submissions that explores the relationship between class background and queerness. Using life experience, poetry, short stories, theoretical essays and cultural commentary, this anthology will challenge a narrow definition of gay and lesbian community by raising the voices of those whose experience of class combined with race, gender, age and ethnicity do not mirror the expected image.

Write for guidelines with an SASE to: Susan Raffo, Anthology, PO Box 8939, Minneapolis, MN 55408. Deadline is October 1st, 1994.

I am a gay sociologist at Indiana University conducting research upon how single, sexually active, gay men cruise. I am looking for anecdotes, real-life stories, thoughts or philosophies about cruising. Can you help by sending me your experiences?

I am particularly interested in the methods gay men use to cruise others in bars, bathhouses, streets, outdoors areas, etc. How do you cruise other men? What are some of the techniques you use? How do you avoid dangers such as physical assault, robbery, etc. How do you manage to avoid HIV infection? How do you know that the men you cruise are sexually compatible? Can you recall a cruising technique that was successful? Unsuccessful? Do you make use of any gay cruising symbols such as the hanky code? Where are your favorite cruising spots? Do you cruise actively, do you wait to be cruised, or do you do both? Do you have any other thoughts on cruising you feel are important?

Any experiences, thoughts, or information you send me will be greatly appreciated. I am asking for your anonymous replies [tell me only your age and city you live in] and all information you send me will be treated confidentially. Please send replies to: David Avilene, Department of Sociology, Ballantine Hall, Bloomington, IN 47405, or E-mail to DTAVELIN@UCS.INDIANA.EDU.
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