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Identity NorthView

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


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Submissions: We welcome articles and letters from community individuals and organizations. Ideal length is 1,000 words or less. Please submit, if at all possible, on 3.5 or 5.25 diskette (IBM OK or MAC (HIGH DENSITY ONLY). All media will be returned. All contributions must be signed, but upon request names will be withheld or pseudonyms used. NorthView reserves the right to edit as necessary and to refuse to print any article submitted.

Deadlines: All articles must be received by the 5th of the month for inclusion in that month's NorthView.

Advertising: Rates are displayed graphically on the last page of this newspaper. Contact NorthView by mail or through the Helpline at 258-4777. Advertising can be submitted camera ready or can be composed for you for a negotiated fee. NorthView does not accept personals, nor does it accept advertising that is sexist, racist, discriminatory or sexually explicit.

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

Phone: Anchorage Gay & Lesbian Helpline 907-258-4777. Hours: Thurs-Mon, 6pm-11pm. Messages left during off hours will be returned as soon as possible.
Reflections on the Gay Games,
Stonewall 25 and New York City

The grandeur and the agony of New York City tumble endlessly over one another giving me the impression of a ball cage at a bingo parlor; depending on the "number" you could get the vibrant energy at Unity Central (headquarters for the Gay Games) or you could get the homeless person in filthy clothes (rags really), begging for a handout. You could get the energetic groups of Lesbian/Gay-identified-Games-IV-and-Cultural-Festival goers or the forlorn activity of the hungry picking through dumpsters for scraps of half-eaten throw-away food.

Thursday was a gala reception for the Advocate at the Seagrams Building. Mostly, the attendees were Gaycruits being very upper-crust and (seemed to me) superficial (a grim reminder that the early days of fighting for our rights have transmogrified into very polite politics rather than revolution (except Queer Nation and ACT UP, of course)). The purpose for the reception was equally ironic—the Advocate's years as a (sometimes weak and whining) voice of Lesbian/Gay culture. The crowd included old-time activists as well as Lesbian and Gay glitterati and literati. Some of the folks I recognized were John Paul Hudson, a pioneer in the Gay Press, Jean DeVente (activist), Arnie Kantrowitz (historian), and Doric Wilson (our playwright Laureate). The food and liquor were free but the atmosphere arid, there being little actual recognition of the writers who put their careers and reputations on the line, not to mention their considerable energy. There was a self-serving display of Advocate magazine history (soon, we are told, to go on a national tour (the display, not the history)).

Returning to the midtown apartment (where I was graciously hosted by Mr. Hudson and Paul Philippe), we happened across the New York City Gay Men's Chorus taking a break outside Carnegie Hall! A serendipitous (and feel-good) punctuation to a lackluster evening.

Then there was "Millennium Approaches," Part One of Tony Kushner's Tony Award and Pulitzer Prize play "Angels in America." It's subtitle tells all, "A Gay Fantasia on National Themes."

It was stunning, deep, entertaining and disturbing. My Ex (John Paul) and I saw it together and put serious energy into discussing it.

The phenomenon that it exists and is a Broadway hit is sufficient. That it touches so many so deeply is wonderful. That it touches on issues so deeply ingrained in our Gay consciousness is laudable (especially since barely 10 years ago we were not allowed to show homosexuality in a positive light anywhere, much less a national venue).

Growth, learning and spiritual advancement were framed within the extremes of Roy Cohn (power, machismo, corruption, effectiveness) and Prior Walter (the 34th (or 32nd) in his line (depending on whether you count "the Bastards"). In between those extremes is the PC Black Drag Queen (they always get the good lines), a guilty, angst-ridden Jewish lover, a straight-looking/acting blond man/lawyer with a secret, and, among others, a Rabbi who has a world view reflective of the National Themes mentioned in the subtitle and a pill-popping wife who, through the haze of drugs, sees all, knows all. The show clearly addresses the issue of Gay consciousness and growth and the choices we make in our process/progression toward the light (the Angel, though not without her flaws).

We did question whether stereotypes and verbal/dramatic pyrotechnics are a valid means to get to that point. Many of the characters are stereotypes (except, perhaps, Cohn who is an archetype). But the message still gets across and we cry and laugh and grieve and applaud wildly at the curtain calls. And we wonder just a little if the payoff was achieved through real poetry or the smoke and (brilliant) gay, drag-influenced mirrors.

The next day was a guided tour of the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center. It is impressive. Not because it has two stories and thousands of square feet, but because it is there.

At the height of the Gay Games IV and Cultural Festival and Stonewall 25 and the Alternative March, it was full to the brim with visitors, meetings (I happened across the Lesbian and Gay IBM Users Support group) and preparations for the March(es) and information-giving, smiling volunteers.

There was a huge hallway filled with bulletin boards filled with notices and handouts. The Center houses the Lesbian Herstory Archives and the Pat Parker/Vito Russo Center Library, Senior Action in a Gay Environment (S.A.G.E.) (very active, I'm told) and many other organizations. The meeting rooms are always booked.

The hallways were completely decorated with paintings and graphics, as were most of the rooms (everything from the stunning Keith Haring Men's Room to the intricately tiled and inlaid Women's Room). Seems the unifying theme in décor was
diversity, reflective of a caring and proud attitude about the Center.

Later, we navigate the wall-to-wall crowds of Christopher Street, which is closed off to vehicular traffic. All sizes, shapes and colors, all combinations of those sizes, shapes and colors are present and accounted for. And by their T-shirts they proudly proclaim their Tribes (LA, Montreal, Chicago, Hotlanta, Seattle, SF, NY and on and on).

I could not help but feel, however, that as much as I was affirmed and validated by the great mass of Our Culture, there was a vital element missing: a true and complete bond with a world culture, i.e., all people (Gay, Lesbian and Non-Gay and Non-Lesbian), a "culture" that requires no slogans, protest marches or political actions, that simply shares, and questions not the very fact of being and multiculturalism.

And there were the Closing Ceremonies of the Games—a 70% of-capacity crowd at Yankee Stadium (about 38,500 of us). (I didn’t get to any of the actual Games events.)

The Gay Games is dedicated to "celebration, inclusion and building bridges" and during the closing this was clear. There was an incredible enthusiasm and sense of euphoria as celebrities from all over introduced one another or performed.

One moving moment occurred when Aprile Millo sang the "Star Spangled Banner." She sang a capella and started in a low but pure tone. Her voice floated through and above as we all stood respectfully. Then, a lone voice picked up the melody with her. Then another. And another. Soon the whole stadium was singing. When I mentioned this to my Ex later, he mused that it was too bad we didn’t sing our own anthem "(I Did It My Way"? "I Am What I Am"? "Over the Rainbow")?, but it was a significant statement, nonetheless, that we sang the "Star Spangled Banner"—showing our support of America and it’s values, no matter how slow to recognize our rights.

Among others to appear were Amanda Barse (good), Harvey Fierstein (OK), Suzanne Westenhoefer (funny), Roberta Achtenberg (not inspired), Sara Lewinstein, Jessica Waddell-Lewinstein (daughter of the late Tom Waddell (founder of the Gay Games)), Armistead Maupin (well delivered and quite politically astute), Sir Ian McKellen (inspired), Cindi Lauper (what can one say?), Crystal Waters (that should have been my drag name!), and Patti LaBelle (what else is there to add?).

It was a thrill to be there when athletes from practically every country in the world marched in to the enthusiastic welcome of the crowd. World records (sanctioned and official) were broken during the games and friendships were made. Most importantly, we were visible, inclusive and building bridges.

As if that wasn’t enough, there was also Stonewall 25 (both the march from the United Nations to protest the plight of Lesbians and Gays the world over, and the march from Sheridan Square to protest the dearth of AIDS research, support and education).

I marched at the head of the parade with a small but dedicated band of Stonewall veteran activists. The Gay Liberation Front and the Gay Activist Alliance both led the march from the United Nations. The Big Apple Corps Band followed and the mile-long Pride Flag came after that. And then, from 11am until 5pm in the afternoon, hundreds of thousands marched, pranced, rolled, wheeled and strolled up the Avenues to the Great Lawn in Central Park.

The Alternate march was also well supported and when the two parades met at 5th Avenue and 57th Street, there was genuine respect and thoughtfulness as the two parades, though politically divergent in viewpoint, merged. And marched arm in arm.

I stayed in Central Park for several hours, listening to speakers and entertainers from all over the world—including Morris Kight, who, along with Harry Hay, is credited with founding the modern homophile movement in America.

I saw, for the first time in a combined Lesbian/Gay event, women with no shirts, blouses or bras. I felt we’d finally arrived. Seems men have the privilege of shirtlessness but women don’t as a rule. It’s just not safe. But here I felt that the women who chose to go topless felt the safety and rewarded themselves and all the rest of us with their freedom, their Gay Liberation.

As Ex John Paul and I left the Park (I couldn’t stand the heat, even in the shade), we were again overwhelmed with the masses still streaming into the Park. In all aspects of expression and abilism they came, a steady testament to our dedication to our freedom, our civil rights, our human rights, even in the face of hatred and blatant discrimination.

And then, of course, the inevitable. I ran into a friend, a man who had worked for me many years ago in New York. He had moved to Amsterdam to live and work. Neither of us knew the other would be in town and yet there, out of a possible million people, we come face to face, and fiercely hug and cry and laugh and wonder at how clever the Universe is to put us together at those moments when it can do our hearts the most good.

F. Kenneth Freedman, co-Editor of Identity’s NorthView
32 FLAVORS: ALASKA GAY/LESBIAN/BI CONFERENCE--FALL, 1994

Think of the best party you’ve ever been to, add some nationally renowned speakers, thought provoking issues, great food, and a place to park your car and you’ve got the first ever statewide Lesbian/Bi/Gay Conference! To be held in Anchorage this Fall for three fun-filled and action-packed days (Friday, Sept. 30 through Sunday, Oct. 2, 1994).

The conference is entitled "Culture Quest: A Search For..." What does that mean? Who knows. What we do know is that Lesbian comedian Kate Clinton will be doing a show here in Anchorage on Saturday evening, October 2, and will hopefully join us at the Friday night mixer, the Saturday workshops and lunch, or the Sunday closing festivities. We have also invited Urvashi Vaid, former dynamo at the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, to give the keynote address Saturday. Other than that, things are wide open.

We are soliciting workshop topics and leaders. Interested in learning about homophobia, spirituality, parenting, humor, political or-ganizing, sex in the '90's, or anything else under the sun? Let us know! Friday night we’re contemplating a short film, snacks, and lots of great conversation. Seen any good films lately you’d like to suggest? Or maybe you’ve been harboring a secret desire to set up folding chairs. This is your opportunity. We also need help with fundraising, publicity, and logistics. In addition, there will be plenty of discrete projects that need attention. An amorphous bunch of enthusiastic folks have begun planning for the event but things are wide open for your energy and ideas. So, join the fun! Call Jen Kohout at 272-7193 or Doug Frank at 277-3862 or Ken Freedman at 248-7722 for more info.

Legacy Foundation Salutes Uncommon Women

On Sunday, June 19, An Uncommon Legacy Foundation (Legacy), which provides financial support to the Lesbian community, awarded 30 student scholarships and honored eight remarkable women for their contributions to the social, cultural, health and education needs of Lesbians in a special event, “An Evening of Comedy, Classics and Cabaret,” at Town Hall in New York City. The eight honorees include syndicated cartoonist Alison Bechdel; novelist Rita Mae Brown; long time Gay activist Barbara Gittings; community health activist Joyce Hunter; author/feminist Kate Millett; equal rights lobbyist Hilary Rosen; and Brenda and Wanda Henson, founders of Camp Sister Spirit in Ovett, Mississippi who have been lifted to the national spotlight because of community persecution and subsequent intervention by the Federal Justice Department.

These national scholarships ($1,000 each) are available to graduate and undergraduate students. If you are interested in contributing to Legacy Foundation, or applying for scholarships, write: Legacy Foundation, 47 West 79th Street, Suite 4-A, New York, NY 10024 or contact Vivian Shapiro, 212-769-2610.

And the trouble is, if you don’t risk anything, you risk even more.
Erica Jong, b. 1942, American writer

4As in New Offices; Housing Opens

The Alaskan AIDS Assistance Association is moving! The opening date is August 9th at 1057 W. Fireweed, Suite 102. While the 800 number is the same, the new local number is 263-2050. Make a note of the new phone number and stop by the new digs to say “Hello.”

At last, the support houses on Government Hill are getting their first client. Next week, one of the houses will be occupied! Congratulations and kudos to all who put in so much effort to get the project going and finished.
GLAAD/NY Bulletin
Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation
Fighting for fair, accurate and inclusive representations of lesbian and gay lives.
May/June 1994

IKEA Furnishes Breakthrough
IKEA, a Sweden-based retailer, has decided images of gay men can sell home furnishings. This is the first mainstream television commercial to depict a couple explicitly identified as gay. The couple is seen shopping for a dining table, but they’re also shown as being a loving couple, and as building a life together. This is a real breakthrough; the straight world gets a glimpse of an aspect of Lesbian and Gay life it rarely sees—our everyday life. Thank IKEA by writing to: Pam Diaconis, Public Relations Mgr., IKEA, Inc., Plymouth Commons, Plymouth Meeting, PA 19462.

Keep Elders Outspoken
In an interview in the March 22nd issue of The Advocate, U.S. Surgeon General Jocelyn Elders endorsed Lesbian and Gay adoption, advocated suicide prevention efforts for Lesbian and Gay teens, and spoke out against the extreme right’s anti-gay campaigns. She also asserted that sexuality is a “normal part and a healthy part of our being, whether it is heterosexual or homosexual.” The anti-gay right has responded swiftly, demanding that President Clinton distance himself from her remarks. Please let the White House know that you support Elders and her enlightened approach to health policy. (The salutation is “Dear Mr. President.”) The President, The White House, Washington, D.C. 20500.

Invisible on McNeil/Lehrer
Public television’s squeamishness on Lesbian and Gay issues extends to news: Two recent segments highlight the typical invisibility of our community on PBS’s McNeil/Lehrer Report: an interview with William Perry, the new Defense secretary, skirted any discussion of Gays in the military. In another segment, Charlayne Hunter-Gault treated former education secretary William Bennett with kid gloves, allowing him to promote his new book (which champions so-called traditional values), yet never challenged his high profile anti-gay stance. Let the producers know that ignoring our community is neither fair nor good news judgment by writing: Lester Crystal, Exec. Producer, The McNeil Lehrer News Hour, 356 W. 58th Street, 4th Floor, New York, NY 10019

Landers: Teen’s “Too Young” to Know If She’s a Lesbian
Many years ago, a 13-year-old reader confessed her attraction to women to advice-columnist Ann Landers. Landers advised her then that it was “just a phase.” The woman, now an adult and a Lesbian, wrote Landers again to confess the pain that advice caused her during the years she tried to deny her sexuality. Landers, while regretting the woman’s struggle, responded that “13 is still too young” for a person to know her sexual orientation. Given the high rate of suicide among Lesbian and Gay teens, Landers might have told her young reader that they aren’t alone and that support is available. Let Landers know her uninformed answer may cost lives (especially if you have a similar experience to relate): Ann Landers, c/o The Chicago Tribune, 435 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL 60611

The Times Changes at the Top
Former managing editor Joseph Lelyveld recently replaced Max Frankel as executive editor of The New York Times. Like Frankel, Lelyveld has been receptive to our community’s concerns. Thank Lelyveld for his past sensitivity and remind him how important it is to keep our issues visible. Joseph Lelyveld, Executive Editor, The New York Times, 229 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

Coke: No to Cobb County
Atlanta’s Committee for the Olympic Games (ACOG) recently awarded the volleyball competition to suburban Cobb County, the first municipality in the country to officially condemn homosexuality. Coca-Cola, which is one of the Olympic’s primary sponsors, has refused to condemn or distance itself from ACOG’s decision. To hold an Olympic event in a location where Lesbians and Gay men are not welcome flies in the face of the universal human dignity the Olympic games are supposed to represent. Write Coke and let them know that you’ll be joining the Pepsi generation if they don’t reconsider their decision to support bigotry. Mark Hamburger, Vice President, Olympic Planning and Development, The Coca-Cola Company, Inc., P.O. Drawer 1734, Atlanta, GA 30301

Price Hits the Big Time
Deb Price, the country’s first openly Lesbian or Gay syndicated columnist, was recently picked up by the Chicago Sun-Times. Though Price is now
carried by three dozen papers, reaching millions each week, Chicago is her biggest market yet. Send thanks to: Dennis Britton, Exec. Editor, The Chicago Sun-Times, 401 North Wabash, Chicago, IL 60611

Smooches for ABC
After a meeting with GLAAD/NY regarding its broadcast policies, ABC agreed to add Lesbians and Gay men to the list of groups that cannot be misrepresented, ridiculed or attacked on its programming. This came about thanks to objections by our community (including your Bulletin responses) when the network's Broadcast Standards and Practices department tried to pull the plug on Roseanne's Lesbian kiss. Thanks ABC and encourage them to make Lesbians and Gay men more visible by writing: Christine Hikawa, Vice President, Broadcast Standards and Practices, ABC, 77 West 66th Street, New York, NY 10023

Money's Real-Life Philadelphia
Money Magazine showed that employer discrimination against those with HIV doesn't happen only in movies. In telling the story of the firing of a gay air-traffic controller, Money dealt with this real-life Philadelphia story with intelligence and sensitivity. Congratulate Money for showing its readers that discrimination is bad business. Write: Jason McManus, Editor-in-Chief, Money, Time & Life Building, 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020

Expanding GLAAD's Reach
While GLAAD/NY and others have made great strides in convincing media outlets to more realistically portray Lesbians and Gay men, there's still much to do. GLAAD's Media and Response Committee is already covering more outlets than ever (contributing many of the items in this Bulletin). Together, though, we can do more! The committee seeks additional volunteers, especially women, able to monitor such important outlets as talk radio and national weekly magazines. We'd like you to help us monitor and respond, but recognize that many people are only able to do one or the other. Call the office (phone: 212-807-1700; fax: 212-807-1806) or attend one of GLAAD's orientations (150 W. 26th St., Ste. 503, NYC, NY 10001).
One Car In The Driveway?
Or Two?
by Karen Carlisle

What do you do when you fall in love with someone whose experience of being lesbian is completely different than yours? Not just tomato or tomahto but really different? Dear readers, I used to run, or stay away from venues where lesbians not of my ilk congregated; worse yet, I tried to make my lovers conform to my standards of what a lesbian should be. Now I would have denied this to the nth degree, but I did it anyway, sometimes subtly thinking they wouldn't notice and sometimes probably as subtly as a sledgehammer. For this and other sins, I am sorry.

I came out in the free seventies in a feminist political context. I shouted I was a lesbian from the tallest buildings. Well, this is somewhat of an exaggeration, but not much. I lived in a city with a crowd of supportive lesbians around me. Because I didn't expect to be harmed for my orientation, or because of pure dumb luck, I have never been, although I was oppressed at university and I'm sure being lesbian was a major factor.

Dear Love was a born dyke as Lucy says. And her young adult lesbianhood was spent partly in the navy in the fifties where she was thrown to the military anti-gay cops as scapegoat by other lesbians. Some sisterhood. Not designed to make one trust the concept of community, so she has not.

And yet, bravely, there we sat across from one another in a cafe in Bushville while she spilled this delightful information of our shared proclivity. How did she know? True, it was in code, but I was also new in the tiny town and had not been shouting from the rooftops either. Nevertheless, I said the G and L words during that conversation and Dear Love did not expire on the spot. Her eyes did not shift from side to side; her body did not stiffen. She did not lower her head or voice, though she might have wished that I'd lower mine. I was so relieved to be talking to a lesbian...finally.

And now we are lovers, and that word does not convey enough by far, nor does any other. And here we are, both in our fifties, both starting new careers, both of us in debt, neither of us having built up any savings or retirement plans and with no investments...she, the artist, I, the writer and traveler. Time to pull up our boot straps and get serious about our old age which is now in view with a reproachful look on its face. Now we have something to lose. No longer can I say "I didn't have a job when I got this one" and feel assured that another will follow. This one was damned hard to come by. And so I agree that being out, consequences be damned, is not the most prudent behavior at this time in our lives. It is a luxury of the young, the wealthy, or those who live amongst crowds of lesbians and gay men...or the province of the valiantly courageous.

And several weeks go by. I want to come out to a straight woman in my class whose been especially vulnerable about trying to heal her homophobia because I feel dishonest, but she works at Dear Love's workplace and that feels too scary. I have battles inside my head about the whole issue, and I confess them to her; she sympathizes but wants us to continue to be discreet. I find my bottom line: if asked, I will not deny I am a lesbian; if fired, I will fight in the courts. And I am determined that this will be a dialogue between Dear Love and I--no expectations, no ultimatums.

But, dear readers, we spend one week spending the night at each other's houses with only one car in the driveway, and then it becomes a giant-size pain in the ass, so Dear Love, who likes to walk the 3/10 of a mile on a wintry moring at 6 am less than I do, says "I'm bringing my car to your house tonight; this is too hard." Well, I'm not going to argue with her. That was tax night, I remember, because Dear Love's boss was staying up all night to finish her taxes and drive them to town by 8 AM April 16 (in Bushville, the post office employees will let you do that). So her boss was the first Bushville resident to see our little cars sitting side by side in my driveway--at 4 AM it turns out.

By now, everyone is Bushville has seen our cars spending the night with each other, yet no one has said much or reviled us or anything. And, dear readers, it is impossible for me to love someone and not show affection in word or deed. I told Dear Love it was only a matter of time until I took her hand in the grocery store, or called her some lover's endearment in public.

My first blunt happened in the parking lot of Bushville's most popular fishermen's hangout. I hollered "honey" to her across the packing lot. She grinned at me; I blushed furiously. The next blunt was at a pot luck at my house: I called her honey in front of six straight women in a space about 8X12. Dear Love smiled; her boss grinned knowingly; I blushed hopelessly. After the first blunt, I apologized profusely, and Dear Love looked at me fiercely and said, "It doesn't matter. I am not ashamed of you or of our love." It makes me cry to
think of it even now. What I have wanted other lovers to say... Isn’t she wonderful?

By now, many people in Bushville think of us as a couple...a couple of what I don’t know, but when either of us is somewhere without the other, someone will give me a message for Dear Love, or ask her where I am. It seems like her boss and another supervisory person at her work have recently plotted to send Dear Love on an unexpected business trip to Anchorage to be with me for a weekend. Isn’t that lovely? And people ask her about me now that I am gone for the summer.

I have touched her many times in Bushville, mostly unobtrusively. She has not pulled away, or when she did, she was regretful. In the Anchorage International Airport and Hatcher’s Pass and other places I have held her hand and kissed her and stroked her neck and held her and she has responded with love, and even though fearful, says through her fear, “I am learning.”

I have thrust her into groups of lesbians, my friends in Anchorage, and she has been friendly and eager to know them, and so accepting. Aren’t I lucky?

And I have accepted that coming out is a continuous process, and like a dance...two steps forward, two steps to the side...a pause during a musical rest. Some of us like to slow dance best, and some of us like to boogie. I love all the dancers and all the dances, especially Dear Love, especially the dance we’re dancing.

Karen Carlisle, Blushing in Bushville (temporarily in residence in Anchorage)

I’ll not listen to reason. Reason always means what someone else has got to say.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell (1810-1865), British writer

*Weathervane & L испорка:*
The Book Corner
By Joann Contini

The release of the video following the PBS airing of the series has brought back into focus the wonderful collection of writings by Armistead Maupin. If you have never read the "Tales of the City" series, it is definitely time to read them. If you read them when they first appeared in 1978 it is probably time to give yourself a treat and read them once again.

This six-part series had its origins as a newspaper column in the San Francisco Chronicle. The articles were so popular that they were adapted into a series of books, six titles in all. "Tales Of The City", "More Tales Of The City", "Further Tales Of The City", "Babycakes", "Significant Others" and "Sure Of You" are filled with wondrous characters and funny, poignant and historical tales about life in the early gay community in San Francisco. Characters like Michael Tolliver, Mona Ramsey, Mary Ann Singleton and Anna Madrigal who all live at the 28 Barbary Lane apartments are lively, eccentric and, most of all, real. They are people you hate, the people you love. They are lesbian, they are gay, they are transsexual, they are straight, they are young and old, funny and flawed, strong and frail, simple and complex and all too human. They are a delight.

Maupin's books move along like a breath of fresh air. The dialogue is so true to life and the reading is so effortless that when made into the movie, the script often followed the book word for word. Give yourself a well deserved treat and enjoy this chronicle of lives. Since the movie release, all of the series had been reprinted and are available in paperback edition. For the serious personal library collector there are also two hardbacks now available containing 3 stories each entitled "28 Barbary Lane" and "Back To Barbary Lane." Pick them up for a back-yard summer read, for a kayak trip, for the airplane to vacation destinations or to spice up your lunch break at work. These are great stories!

Joann Contini is co-owner of the Alaska Women's bookstore and an avid reader. ▼

Think wrongly, if you please, but in all cases think for yourself.
Doris Lessing, b. 1919, British writer

Catalog Lists Gay Books

Paths Untrodden, a gay owned/gay operated mail order book service for literature concerning male homosexuality, gay liberation and men's issues has released its annual catalog. Paths Untrodden specializes in hard-to-find, out-of-print, small press, and imported books. This catalog sports a supplement of hard-to-find books about the Stonewall era. It also focuses on gay fiction containing titles published from the early part of the century to the present time. The catalog is available for $3.00 from Paths Untrodden, PO Box 3245, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163-3245. ▼

Lesbian and Gay Journalists Meet

More than 500 gay and lesbian journalists and others from the United States and other countries are expected to attend the third annual national convention of the National Lesbian and Gay Journalists Association September 22-25, 1994 in Minneapolis.

U.S. Surgeon General Jocelyn Elders will deliver one of the keynote addresses during the convention. She is expected to discuss the federal government's AIDS education programs and other health care issues. Other featured speakers include U.S. Senator Paul Wellstone, D-MN, and U.S. Representative Barney Frank, D-MA. The names of other keynoters will be announced.

To bring urban, small town and rural journalists together, NLGJA's convention officials selected "Out on Main Street" as the theme for the '94 convention. Some of the sessions during the more than three days of the convention will focus on the concerns of journalists from small- to medium- size towns. The theme also reflects one of NLGJA's goals—to provide a membership "home" for all journalists wherever they work.

"Main Street" also recalls the work of the same name by Minnesota writer Sinclair Lewis.

National Lesbian and Gay Journalists Association, P.O. Box 15613, Minneapolis, MN, 612-473-8692 ▼
Out Law
by Sylvia L. Short

The Stonewall commemoration has come and gone, and everywhere people are taking stock of what progress has been made in these last 25 years to overcome the discrimination against and oppression of the homosexual (wish we could eliminate the "sex" part) community. We can list a number of steps forward:

1. Twenty-five years ago there were no policies, laws or ordinances prohibiting discrimination against Lesbians and Gay men. Today there are eight states (Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Hawaii, Connecticut, New Jersey, Vermont, California, Minnesota), the District of Columbia and more than 100 municipalities and counties which have enacted legislation making it illegal to discriminate in employment, public accommodation and housing on the basis of sexual orientation. In addition, the governors of New Mexico, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Washington have issued executive orders banning such discrimination in public employment.

2. In the past 25 years, the new concept of the "domestic partner" has become a part of the laws and rules in municipal governments such as Seattle, Cambridge, Massachusetts, San Francisco, Laguna Beach, West Hollywood and Berkeley. Dozens of private universities and colleges (including Stanford, the University of Chicago, Claremont College), and many private corporations, including Levi Strauss, Lotus Development, MCA-Universal and Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream, have extended various benefits to the partners of Gay employees. There is presently a domestic partners proposal bill before the California legislature although it is doubtful that Republican governor Pete Wilson would sign it in an election year.

3. In 1961 Illinois was the first state to repeal its law against sodomy, and since Stonewall, of the remaining 49 states with such statutes 26 (including Alaska) have repealed these laws. Of the 23 states which still have such laws, 17 apply to both homosexual and heterosexual acts, a far cry from the death penalty which was the punishment meted out for sodomy by the Virginia Colony in 1610.

4. Twenty-five years ago there were no hate-crime laws that included sexual orientation. Today, 20 states, about a dozen cities and counties and the District of Columbia have hate-crimes legislation that includes sexual orientation. And in 1990 the federal hate crime statistics bill was enacted requiring the collection of data on hate crimes, including those related to sexual orientation.

Of course this doesn't mean that all obstacles to equality have been removed, even in the jurisdictions described above. Since 1974, yearly attempts to add sexual orientation to the federal Civil Rights Act have failed to get out of committee. This has permitted private institutions to deny equal rights to Gay men and Lesbians, as the firing of Gay employees by the Cracker Barrel restaurant chain has unfortunately illustrated.

While many of the domestic partner enactments extend to Gay couples rights similar to married couples, still many disabilities remain, in the areas of inheritance, co-ownership, recognition and domestic rights, such as custody, adoption, division of properties upon dissolution.

The well-known American backlash is also occurring in the 7 states which are considering proposals similar to the one ruled unconstitutional in Colorado that would remove housing and employment protection for Lesbians and Gay men.

(Most of the above statistics were derived from Peter M. Nardi, Professor of Sociology at Pitzer College, who wrote "Growing Up Before Stonewall: Life Stories of Some Gay Men" and a commentary on post-Stonewall for the Los Angeles Times.)

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

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MC KINLEY CLUB
OUTING A HIT!

Members, friends, and the curious joined the party people of the Mt. McKinley (Non Ascent) club at this year's official patch outing at Birchwood. Friday saw the first of over 100 who made the short hop to the campground to join in this year's celebration. The club reserved the entire facility at Beach Lake including the cabins and the lodge. The weather was on its best behavior (there was no rain until Monday, the last day). There was a well-stocked bar, and food "for days." The club hosted dinner Saturday night and Sunday Brunch, cooked by the right hands of Bob & Ruth (Maurice supplied the pots), with the able assistance of other members. Ruth's famous biscuits-and-gravy was a real hit at the brunch. Jerry and Malcom were so helpful in setup and all the other details. Jessie was ravishing in her daily wardrobe of neckwear, Madame Ashly, aren't you just the jealous one. Julie and Ruth had a thing going on a log...what's up girls? And what's this about Bob D finding love in all of the wrong places?

The traditional McKinley Club bonfire was in evidence all weekend into the wee wee hours. At one point there were four full tables of game players all going at it at the same time with Dee Jay & Bob D coming out on top in the Spades game, Eric in the gay version of The Tabloid game, Bob D & Cherrasie in Pinochle.

Without a doubt, the highlight of the weekend was when the manager of the property showed up and asked if it would be OK for a gorgeous hunk of a logger to cut down some dead trees in the area. I feel certain that the young, blond, muscle-beauty has never had such an attentive audience before as he used his spurs (fan me Mary) to climb several trees near the lodge and cut them down, starting at the top. The cries of glee as he swung from one tall tree on a rope to another with his chain saw swinging in the breeze and his harness (oh, baby) showing off his ample equipment are still echoing in the Birchwood forests.

But what would an outing be without some adventure? It seems that Phil, after a cocktail or two or twelve was not quite as steady as he might have been and managed to break a chair in which he sat, turn over the canoe with himself and Earnst aboard, and when trying to warm his backside by the wood stove in the lodge managed to sit upon said hot stove to the loss of some of his person. As if this were not enough excitement for one group's weekend, a couple of other party goers also thought to challenge the God of the Righted Canoe at 2:36:24am (when the watch quit). Said time just so happens to coincide with the exact time they managed to turn over the canoe in the middle of the lake, spending the next two hours slowly making it back to shore with the full canoe in tow. They reported "The water wasn't half bad." All in all this was one of the best outings in recent history according to those who attended. Those who joined or were members before were awarded their patches on Saturday night.

By the way, what are that cute couple Sheldon and Jim doing next weekend? ♦

You will do foolish things, but do them with enthusiasm.
Colette (1873-1954), French writer

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A Parting of the Ways: Critiquing “LesBiGay” Culture  
Essay by Stephen H. Miller

Warning: the following remarks tread on dangerous ground, questioning what’s become a basic tenet of the lesbian and gay movement. At issue: to what extent lesbians and gay men should create a singular “LesBiGay” culture and community.

I should note right off that I don’t question one whit the need for a strong alliance between gay men and lesbians in the fight for equal rights; my concerns are directed at the more amorphous realm of culture, and by necessity extend to a range of issues involving relations between the sexes in the age of feminism.

Here’s my heretical contention. Men and women have vastly different behavioral patterns and psychological dynamics, and this holds true for lesbians and gay men as well. What makes sense as a political alliance to fight homophobia and sexual orientation-based discrimination does not correspondingly mean that all aspects of gay and lesbian culture (and, more generally, what I’ve termed male and female space — particularly erotic space) must be merged into an androgynous (but heavily feminist) cultural melting pot.

This heresy was instigated after reading the premier issue of Bandanna — a magazine covering “the Gay and Lesbian East Coast Leather Scene.” Departing from previous literature of the genre, Bandanna addresses itself equally to men and women. But since its subject is sex, at first glance it looks like a heterosexual publication. Photos of bare-breasted, big-boobed women in leather garb appear next to those showing off bare-chested leathermen. A sign of progress, our politically correct LesBiGay leaders are sure to say.

Well, maybe one can get used to seeing suggestive male and female fashion spreads side by side in glossy LesBiGay publications like Out magazine, but in a sex journal? Whatever the merits of lesbian and gay togetherness in some cultural spheres (the Gay Games, for instance), it approaches the ridiculous when LesBiGay unity is applied to sex. Maybe it’s time to step back and ask whether anything of value has been lost in the escalating rush toward a LesBiGay movement.

Consider another controversy involving cultural space. It’s now becoming common for feminist lesbians to demand that they be welcome in gay male bars — by which they mean, apparently, a guarantee of something close to numerical parity among patrons — while also demanding, it seems, the creation of more lesbian bars.

This issue was highlighted by a polemic titled “Brothers — Or Oppressors,” which appeared in San Francisco’s Bay Area Reporter. It was written by the women’s caucus of that city’s Community United Against Violence (CUAV) organization, who complained of “the way women are made to feel less than welcome in the majority of bars (in the Castro)” by, for instance, routinely carding them (but, allegedly, not men). “This is a form of harassment, a tactic that states clearly that women are not welcome here,” the CUAV women declare. “It will take a lot of conscientious hard work to get us out of this mess intact as a community.” In short, bring on the sensitivity trainers and let’s hear another round of male self-criticism.

Double standards once again come into play here, since LesBiGay culture — based solidly on feminist precepts — sanctions autonomous space “for women only,” but views male space apart from women as an anti-female conspiracy.

One man responding to the CUAV piece in a letter to the editor said, “I hope the authors remember the women-only Dyke March in June; the women-only music festivals up at Camp Mather; the women-only Dykes on Bikes... while they rage over their evil gay brothers.” Citing a San Francisco Department of Public Health study showing that out of 482 lesbian/bi women, over 400 had sex with men in the last three years, he wondered whether a straight pick-up bar might be a better place for these women to seek “community” with men.

Another letter writer reported that when he marched in the political funeral of a lesbian who died of AIDS, “A woman loudly complained about why all the men were there, and why they were not all in the back where we belonged. Presumably, if no men showed up at all, the complaints would have been about lack of ‘community’ support.”

And one male reader responded to the authors, “Just ask yourselves how many times you’ve uttered that phrase ‘gay white men’ in a less than flattering tone and figure out who is, in fact, guilty of being insensitive to a segment of our ‘community’.”

And on and on it goes, with various permutations and sometimes without a clear-cut line dividing who’s right from who’s wrong. An AP wire story
reported that a lounge in New Port Richey, Florida, became a gay bar and announced it would no longer employ female barmaidens. Although the bar's manager insisted his patrons preferred being served by other gay men, a statewide gay rights group took up the barmaidens' cause, arguing the women were victims of sexual discrimination.

Isn't there any room anymore for autonomous gay male space? While I don't treat the issue of employment discrimination lightly, I wonder what the politically correct response would have been if men (especially straight men) demanded the right to serve drinks in a lesbian bar.

Interestingly, an arguably similar case (but from a decidedly straight-male perspective) concerns Hooters, a national restaurant chain known for its scantily clad waitresses. Hooters was accused of sexual discrimination by a man refused employment as a waiter (the same sort of suit was a factor in Playboy's decision to close down its clubs in the 1970s). The management argued it made sense to pass over a man for the job of a "Hooters girl" because only women could meet the "bona fide occupational qualifications" for the job.

In most cases employment discrimination based on sex is wrong, and establishments like Hooters (which, unlike the Florida gay bar, caters to both male and female customers) do pose serious questions about bias. On the other hand, should we carry the principle of gender blindness to the point that all eroticized commercial space -- gay and straight -- becomes verboten under the dictates of a politically correct Puritanism?

All of this raises deeper questions about the loss of masculine space. For example, John Preston's latest book -- My Life as a Pornographer & Other Indecent Acts -- make me wistful when he paid homage to the reclamation of masculinity as envisioned in Robert Bly's Iron John, in which he found parallels with the pre-politically correct S/M world.

"I am amazed," Preston writes, "to read [Bly's] descriptions of the need for older men to initiate the young into the world of men. It is uplifting to have him discuss the masculine need to challenge oneself physically and spiritually and to realize that, of all the men in our general society, the ones who have the means to do this important work are those in the old world of S/M."

Now, Preston laments, "Leathersex has gone the way of all politics; it's lost its edge. It's been codified, measured, and packaged. The magic of trusting one person, a mentor, and letting those one-on-one bondings spread out until a brotherhood was formed has been replaced with impersonal how-to manuals."

He admonishes, "Let us not expect a world that is founded on the backs of sexual outlaws to become a place where social petitions for acceptance are made. Let's find the essential, often frightening, exciting edges of our sexuality and our spirituality and integrate them with the search for authentic masculinity that Bly advocates."

Whatever one may think of the subcultures of S/M and leathersex, it's rare these days to come across anyone daring to advocate that gay men forge their own ritual space in which to explore and celebrate the deeper meaning of gay masculinity. To do so is a clear violation of LesBiGay dictates, which is why gay men's groups increasingly exist only on the margins of lesbian and gay culture.

Moreover, the very notion of a brotherhood apart from the world of women has become anathema as society, attempting to remedy sexual discrimination, denies any intrinsic differences between the sexes -- positing that gender differences are simply an oppressive cultural holdover from the past.

Recently the courts ordered South Carolina's all-male military college, The Citadel, to admit female students. This was hailed not only by feminists and liberals -- garnering a laudatory editorial in the New York Times -- but also by gay commentators who praised it as a victory against straight male machismo.

Ideologically, we've reached the point where, the New Republic speculates, the Justice Department, and the ACLU may argue that single-sex education (at schools receiving state aid) is constitutional for women but not for men, since all-female institutions help remedy "male privilege."

But again, is anything lost? Yes, said Thomas C. Linn in a USA Today op-ed piece, because "society desperately needs male developmental education." Linn is talking about straight male teenagers, and I wouldn't for a minute advocate male segregated education for all boys, especially most gay boys, whose sexuality sets them on a different developmental track from their straight counterparts.

But listen to what Linn has to say about the advantages to society of allowing all-boy schools as an option. "Many youths develop stereotypical notions of masculinity and manifest their aggression in armed violence," he warns. "Hypermasculine behavior attempts to compensate for an insecure male identity -- the cause of most violence against women and sexual harassment." Linn adds that the answer to male aggression and insecurity (again, speaking primarily of straight males) "is not to
surround boys with more women at school and expect them to adopt a ‘let’s-be-nice-to-each-other’ attitude.’ But to have “strong, committed men to channel aggression and instill an inner compulsion to do what is right. They must be able to affirm their masculinity within society rather than at its expense.”

Sounds a lot like what, in the gay world, Preston was lamenting the loss of.

As I said, it may not be appropriate to have young gay and straight men go through this initiation into manhood together, since their needs are different (and homophobia is still what it is). But gay men need to reclaim their own masculine rites instead of opting for the safety of an emasculated LesBiGay cultural cocoon.

Even some feminists are decrying the broader unisex trend. The New York Times Book Review earlier this year noted the appearance within the women’s movement of oppositional voices declaring “women are women, not men” and that by nature (yes, nature, remember, this is a heretical column) men and women are Gendered in their deepest beings and follow separate quests to wholeness and integrity.

Looking at this in terms of gay men and lesbians, I’d say there needn’t be enmity and clearly in some spheres men and women should work hand in hand. But attempts to construct an entirely LesBiGay world for LesBiGay people is not only a surrender to knee-jerk ideology but, it’s becoming increasingly evident, a distortion of what we all — gay men and lesbians alike — can and should be.

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EYE (LITE)

NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE LATS

It was a sight to behold. Right there in the middle of Red Robin (Dimond, of course). EYE was there, so there’s no use denying it. J got one of those fancy drinks, you know—the ones with the frangipani all over it—anyhow, I took the cookie (yes, in the drink, on top, actually), took the cookie in his teeth, actually, and without using his hands, gave it to K. Well, there are witnesses, including K (the other one) and S and D. EYE was gloriously shocked. Quel delicatessse! ▼ Then there was the incident at Ks during F/S/M party (no, it’s not what you think). Seems K (the other one) was helping, or something, when he dropped the entire box of rubber bands. EYE knows there’s a line in there somewhere, but it just won’t reveal itself. Alas. ▼ Now here’s an honor we don’t often get. That’s the Editorial We, not the Royal We. Seems S is to throw out the first ball at the Bucs v. Goldspanners game. That’s baseball for them as didn’t know (EYE didn’t, but then EYE can’t tell a field goal from an ace at ice hockey, either. Be there on July 24th at Mulcahy, or be square. Or round. Or diagonal…. ▼ They deny it! D & W are not boyfriends, repeat, they are not. They just live together. Or something. ▼ Emperor VI of all Alaska, R, will be here for Coronation (his first time in many years). ▼ EYE did notice K in the AND. Tiny print. But there. Finished the Mt. Marathon in a personal best time of 1:27:51. K was 176 out of 410 runners. Yea!! ▼

WORD GAYME: LEATHERMEN & LESBORADOS

ACROSS
1. L.A. flaw
5. judicato
8. Which person?
11. Cord
12. __ Person
13. Press tightly in the arms
14. Native Peruvian
15. Encounter
16. Intense anger
17. L & L ring holder
20. Actor Mineo
21. and Sympathy
22. Lesbian classic, ___ Girl Out
25. Body of water
27. L & L gear
31. L & L gear

ACROSS (Cont’d)
35. Floor model
36. Adversary
37. Roads (abbr)
38. NBC show, ___ and Order
41. Many mos.
43. L & L gear
50. Fall behind
51. Defy
52. Actress Skye
53. Greasy stuff
54. of Destruction
55. Words of negation
56. Layer of a papertowel
57. Morning moisture
58. Little buzzer

DOWN
1. ___ of the tongue
2. 60’s skirt
3. One time
4. Machine parts
5. Film critic Rex ___
6. Happening
7. Parade composer Eric ___
8. L & L gear
9. Throw
10. S-shaped molding
11. Free-for-all
12. Money
19. Public garden, to Proust
22. Ancient
23. Ruby or Kiki
24. Dental
26. Sandy’s bark
28. Assents
29. Parakeet, for one
30. Endings for sex and quart
32. Recounted
33. Ulysses author James ___
34. Flying prefix
39. Summed
40. Use a Lens
41. L & L gear
42. Pig’s supper
44. Wagging unit
45. Andersen classic, The ___
46. A Barrymores
47. Crazy bird?
48. Architectural pier
49. Rita Mae Brown mystery, ___ In Pieces

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Fingers and Snap had a confession. Not only did they know Victoria but they had met Vera and Mike's mother at the Calico Club. "They probably won't recognize me without the piano," Fingers mumbled. She assured him not to worry about his private life with Steve. Anyhow, Mary and Etta would be great cover. The dinner party for Mike's out of town guests was held at his Mother's estate. It turned out far better than Mike or Steve could have expected.

Even before Mike could introduce Fingers or Snap by their real names Mother said "I know those girls! Fingers and Snap from the Calico Club." The formal dinner was anything but sedate as Mike had thought it would be.

Steve's parents felt a little uneasy at first but they knew Mike and Steve's friends from the ranch. Mike asked Papa Lane to say the blessing, and that helped Mama and Papa feel more at home. They all had champagne and as far as Steve knew that was the first time his parents had tasted alcohol, and it would be the first hangover. After dinner Fingers played every sing-along she knew. Mama and Papa seemed to know them all and were acting like long lost lovers. **Photo of everyone behind the grand piano.**

After commencement mother had a garden party, colorful tents, flowers, catered food and live music. She invited all her friends and that included the Mayor, the Chief of Police and assorted politicians. They all headed for the open bar. Steve and Mike realized more than ever that she was in control. Mother made her point and from that day on they stopped worrying about Mother going to jail; she probably owned it.

Mike said, "I couldn't tell if Mother was glowing because she had an MD back in the family or because Fingers and Snap had brought her sons closer to her world." Whatever it was the big city and rural America came together that week. Mike's Mother was doing her best. She was a major player: politics, charities and investment. (Bethlehem Steel was going under, so she invested, by buying stock, when no one else would, and she gave it to Mike and told him to hang on to it, that it would be worth a hundred times that some day. It was worth $8 thousand at the time.)

The only time she didn't hire locally was when she had the new garage built—she used a Canadian contractor. Mike would find out years later that she had a vault built under the garage that only she and
his uncle knew about. You might say she was covering her assets.

There was no stopping in Portland. Mike and Steve needed fresh air and everything John Day could offer. The new herd, the little filly, the staff and all the good people, and that four poster bed was calling long distance.

Mike had some big plans, but he would have to talk to the school board. At the semi-annual town hall meeting held at the Grange, everyone would be there and they were all short of cash.

Mike had all the information on vocational training that Charles and Roland had sent to him from Astoria. They warned him the state had a freeze on hiring and wages, but Mike had a little leverage. Mike had 4 Dictaphones [the original office recorders], 12 adding machines and 12 typewriters—all from his Mother’s warehouse. There was only one typewriter in the whole school, and you can’t teach secretarial skills if you don’t have the tools. He also was in need of a teacher.

The radio gave National news and Penny, the telephone operator, gave the rest. The local printer closed his doors a year previously and Mike wanted to put him back to work. He would have to move his equipment to the school and teach journalism, typesetting and general office machines, and he would not get paid by the state, but any business he received he could keep. The room and utilities would be free. The printer agreed, and Ruth the librarian was going to help. The next three people had to meet and agree or this plan of Mike’s would never get past first base. Mr. Lee was the best cabinet-maker in town. Mrs. Lee was known for her talents with high-gloss lacquer painting, and Mr. Brewster had the sawmill. The four met at the Lee’s boarding house. Mike had 8 jars of different sizes, the largest of which was a pint. These were not Mason or Kerr canning jars even though they did have screw lids. He brought out two catalogs full of holiday candy chests of every size.

"Mr. Brewster, what I need to know is how much it would cost Mr. Lee if he asked you to cut your wood precisely to order and ready for assembly, say for this large chest?"

The three looked puzzled as Mike pointed to a chest. Mr. Brewster asked a few questions and said he could make a profit at 60 cents each. Then Mike turned to the Lees. "Now if you two bought the materials and assembled the chests, keeping in mind glue, hinges, latches and your time, and finished in high gloss paint and natural stain, what would you sell the boxes for?" They thought about it and said between $2.75 and $3.25 per box.

Mike asked if they could make 40 to 50 chest per week between now (April) and Thanksgiving? Mike knew the answer would be no, but he told them that if they would teach their crafts to the older students, they would be eager to help. Once they learned the Lees had to promise to hire them, they were starting to see the picture. "Now we have to get the co-op to buy your chests. They didn’t make candy but they made everything else as he pointed to the jars.

The school board loved the idea. The office machines might have helped a little. They would have vocational training and it wouldn’t cost the state one penny. The school board also had to do some very important judging.

The Co-Op had only $2,700, and if they bought the chests they couldn’t buy the supplies the farmers needed each year. It would have to go for a vote. The head accountant, Mr. Bailey, had a problem. First, it was not the policy to pay farmers up front. They were always paid after the wholesalers paid the Co-Op. "We do not buy produce or products from non-members like the Erickson’s cheeses or the Bergstrom’s smoked meats. Those old widows who make mustard and horseradish, how much do you think they can make?"

Mr. Bailey grew Blue Lake green beans, acres of them. Mike reminded him how many acres he had to plow under. His wife made the only pickled green beans in the county and that’s just the kind of product these chests would need. Talk about a change of heart.

Steve and Mike said they would ask the cattlemen’s association to help finance the co-op, but it would be up to the co-op to pay it back.

Mike had worked on this idea for over two years. It was important that everyone got a piece of the pie, even the local Barber. He would finally get paid cash, instead of a quart of peaches.

The Town Hall meeting was held at the Large co-op’s open sorting room and warehouse. The Grange was too small this time—they all wanted to hear about Mike’s plan. Mike took the time to put everything on large white butcher paper. What the co-op would need to do was pull all this together. How would they market homemade gifts like Pottouri, sachet, nutcrackers and the children’s offerings of wild walnuts and filberts. During Mike’s presentation everyone was snow quiet. Questions were answered one at a time with Mike reminding them each time what the co-op needed was their best recipes. The school board was going to judge their masterpieces on Saturday. They were to take their jam, jelly, pickles, relishes or whatever to the barber shop. The barber and his
wife had the sole duty of collecting and numbering each entry. That barber cut more hair in three days than he had in three months. Each customer gave him two bits for two bits of information even though he wasn't a judge. It was nice to see people spending money. He was finally able to buy supplies at the Mercantile.

The gifts for the chests could not exceed 25 cents and who ever produced them had to make a profit. Canned or smoked products would vary in price, but who ever won, that person would sign a contract. They would be given up front money to start and the rest when they filled the contract.

**There were over 300 hundred entries.** Most families, like Lucy's, had at least five entries. The judging was held at the open warehouse with it's long tables covered with butcher paper. Only the name of the product and a number were in front of each saucer. The barber's wife had a list that matched names to numbers. The single items, like cheese and smoked sausage, were still graded. Jams, jelly, pickles and relishes filled over half the tables. Mike wasn't amazed at the variety, just the quantity. Three different kinds of honey, three styles of beef jerky, mint, cinnamon and herbal teas, cowboy relish (like a salsa) mint apples slices and apple butter.

The 2x4 railing around the open sorting room was packed—**everyone trying to figure who won what.** A contract was placed under each winner's number. The community leaned on the railing. "Was that Mrs. Myers or Mrs. Burns Chow Chow, whose family had won the contract?" At 4pm everyone was there when the names were matched with the numbers. The winners took the contracts and numbers and were given front money as soon as they signed (the contract stated exactly the amounts of the products the co-op required. All in all, 27 families were now employed and that included the Bruisers, Lees, and even the printer, and Ruth, who was going to be very busy making labels and teaching the kids all about the newspaper business. Sight unseen Cha Cha ordered 50 chests, mother, Vera and Mike's Uncle ordered 150 for friends and associates; Finger's boss ordered 100. Keep those big spenders happy.

Mike's Mother helped get the department stores to sell the co-op products, and a little arm twisting got three buyers to travel in (to see the products) from different stores. The produce wholesalers also wanted to buy the beautiful chests filled to the rim with wonderful food. They were shocked to find all were pre-sold—they put their orders in for next year.

Blue Mountain Family Foods had been there all the time. Sometimes it's hard to see the bounty and the spirit of the land. Confidence, courage and strength of character were the hallmark of a great nation, and that was the spirit of Grant county. They had all of the above. Their spirit had not been broken, just the opposite. It was stronger because no one had to tell them they were family, they just were.

Turning the page....

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

[Note: if you've been following the saga of Steve and Mike and are missing sections of the storyline, please visit us at Cherresse, who will send the missing sections at no charge.] ▼
Gay Sensibility

by Pete Pinney

Huge marches and protest rallies worked in past decades but may have outlived their usefulness in changing minds and creating political opportunities. These activities have opened the community to new ways of looking at the world. And that has been invaluable. But a good thing has to keep growing or find new expression to remain effective.

Depending upon whom you talk to, the gay pride march and weekend events in Fairbanks were a celebration, a day for coming out, and a political statement of the gay and straight alliance. Coverage in the Fairbanks Daily News-Miner has created a deluge of letter (both pro and con), more riveting than the O.J. Simpson hearings. The Stonewall rally in New York, on the other hand, broke into several opposing factions that shattered any hope of reenacting the unified March on Washington. It is now old news.

So which one was more successful?

In the early days of the gay movement, seeing all those people out together was a source of pride. The initial success of those big events led to events in smaller venues such as our fair city. But success is easily copied. It is no accident that Christian groups have recently chosen the last weekend of June to form a worldwide show of solidarity. It made page two of the Sunday paper, but it is only a matter of time before those organizations try to overshadow our parade.

There are many other ways to be out and proud. The Adopt-a-Road program in Anchorage or AGLA’s sponsorship of a plaque with the association’s name as part of the Golden Heart Park project are long-lasting examples. By organizing gay groups for clean-up days and public broadcasting donation drives, we can spotlight our efforts in a positive way. We do these things as individuals already. A group will better demonstrate how valuable our contributions are.

Beyond stamping currency with “Gay Dollars” or pink triangles, gays and lesbians can act collectively in other ways. People could move into certain neighborhoods. (Fairbanks even has a gay subdivision, albeit only four houses — so far.) A group of bed and breakfast owners in Fairbanks are establishing a statewide network for our own family of tourists.

Other suggestions for increasing gay visibility are special events to raise money for others for everything from hospice to breast cancer detection. The Anchorage crowd could even sponsor a Prevo look-alike and pie throwing contest. The next time some hateful, callous person spouts off about AIDS being a God-given disease, challenge them to contribute to the end of the epidemic if they have such great connections. If they can’t be a part of the solution, they will just remain as part of the problem. When people care, they put their time and money where their hearts are. Our own community does that regularly. It is time we take some credit for that. And we can do even more.

We have many goals and agendas, and we need to support each other as best we can. By increasing our confidence and visibility, we can show those who can’t be out and everyone else that we do contribute; we are valuable members of society — even at the local level. Rather than paying too much attention to the ignorant or reading mean-spirited church signs, we can donate cans of food, encourage professionals to display safe zone signs (the pink triangle with a green circle) to signify a safe haven for discussion of sexual orientation issues, or even organize an Alaska version of the California Ride for AIDS between Anchorage and Fairbanks.

Such interactions will dispel the straight myth that our family is irresponsible and unproductive. Thinking globally but acting locally can usher in new ways of celebrating gay pride. It is time to build that same spirit locally in every town and village. Now!

Pete Pinney has recently proclaimed Fairbanks as the new lesbian gay Mecca. ▼
Q*K Quips

Q-K is planning an outing to Tangle Lakes (mile 20 Denali Highway) for August 5, 6, and 7. This area, which is on the National Register of Historic Places, offers much on archaeological and natural interest. Activities will center around camping, with hiking, canoeing, and fishing available.

Contact Jeff at 457-7289 for more information.

Q-K is investigating the possibility of inviting candidates running in the upcoming election to a discussion of issues important to our community.

Contact Eric at 455-4051 to share your ideas.

P-FLAG of Fairbanks is sponsoring a meeting between gay and lesbian individuals and prominent religious leaders who oppose gay rights. Check the next issue for a report.

FAIRBANKS EYE

"I can't believe I'm sitting in a tourist trap, and it's a FUCKING GAY BAR!"
--Overheard in the Palace Saloon

"Fags without running water—the people back home will never believe this—you guys are just flannel dykes and don't know it."
--Recent visitor to Fairbanks

"Mooseburgers at a Gay Pride March? In Fairbanks, Alaska?"
--Guest banner carrier from Michigan

All Sparked With Wonderment

This is a Fairytale—it's not necessarily true.

by Eric Walton

Once Upon a Time in the vastness of deep dark spacious space, there was a wanderer wandering. She carried with her a bundle. A bundle filled with wonderful wonderment and precious presents—but she needed to find just the right place to put them.

She traveled on and on looking here and there. She passed by HUGE, fiery stars, millions and millions of them—far too hot for her delicate deLights. On and on, going by cold, dark little balls of rock and ice, much too dark and cold. Beyond gigantic spheres of colored gases mixing and moving, like massive potions of poison. Searching further and faster she sped thru space, past planets, past suns, past comets, all of which had wrong chemistry for what she had in mind.

Time was on her side—she continued her hunt. Trillions and billions beyond belief. Clouds and clusters—all not quite right. Masses spinning, systems swirling, space expanding, on and on and on.

She needed to find a spectacular sunset
though not too spectacular.

A quiet dawn
but not too quiet.

Cold wintry nights
but not too cold.

The gentle rhythm broken by the thunderous crash of lightning
but not too often.

She must have just the right balance of vapors and mass, light and dark, hot and cold.

Suddenly, way off in the distance, she saw a jewel. Crystalline blue with shifting white. All at just the right speed, just the right tempo. Of all she had seen, this sphere was certainly the most beautiful. The most perfect for her plans. Mother Nature finally found the kingdom in which to bestow her precious presence—all sparked with wonderment.

Eric Walton, who lives in Fairbanks, brings you this story, live by fax, from a cabin in the woods with a leaky roof but no running water.
Gay culture includes the celebration of men. I did not buy the calendars. I already own them. They are hanging proudly in my home.

I think you did good, for a good cause, and should be commended for your performance, and the Women's Bookstore should be praised for donating the calendars in question. The water color I purchased in the auction, still amazes me. The clear feelings of pride it rouses in me are quite nice.

David Wimberly

Dear Ken,

The latest Identity [NorthView] arrived yesterday. I'm honored to see some of my political cheap shots make it to the inner circle of The Eye. As for Rick Mystrom's boastful claims of tricking voters, said speech existed only in the fevered imagination of ADN reporter Peter Blumberg. Enclosed (see next letter to Mr. Cowell-Ed.) is a draft of the letter the AdFed board unanimously voted to send in response (though you'd never know it from reading the ADN; Rick's speech, which was so selectively reported, was at an AdFed meeting). I'd also point out that the AdFed board includes an ADN employee (yes, she voted) and the AdFed board meets at an ADN conference room.

R.

Mr. Fuller Cowell, Publisher
Anchorage Daily News
PO Box 149001
Anchorage, Alaska 99514

Dear Fuller,

The AdFed board of directors was dismayed by the tone of the Daily News story concerning Rick Mystrom's May 20th speech at our club. A copy of the story is enclosed.

Mr. Mystrom spoke in response to an invitation we had issued to whichever of the mayoral candidates proved victorious. As was made clear in the introductory remarks, we hoped our members would gain some behind-the-scenes insights into the role advertising played in the campaign.

Mr. Mystrom provided just that. His remarks were those of an advertising professional sharing experiences with colleagues and they were warmly received.

Unfortunately, through selective reporting and lack of context, your paper's coverage gave the
impression of a sinister and boastful tone not present in the actual event. The article was not a fair reflection of Mr. Mystrom's speech as a whole and, by implication, reflects unfairly on the advertising industry in general.

Sincerely,
Rick Nerland
President AdFed

July 8, 1994

To Whom It May Concern (And how mean spirited we must be not to realize that we need all be concerned):

I want to say good-bye. I want to express my gratitude. I want to commiserate. I want to remind.

I first came to this great land just 20 years ago. I arrived knowing no one, with three brand new nursing uniforms and traveling debt to repay. I soon found employment and struck up what would be long friendships. My sweetheart and I discovered one another while working on the pipeline and have created a marvelous life together. School and work have both been stimulating and rewarding, ever a challenge. Now, for a variety of reasons, we are choosing to move Outside, most ostensibly for me to attend graduate school.

I am counting down the days and must resist letting my mind wander at bedtime, lest I forfeit hours of sleep, so full of nervous anticipation do I become. Good-bye cold car seats and scraping windows. Good-bye glare ice, snow berms and the "bundling" routine. And good-bye darkness! (Don't misunderstand me. I love Alaska and will always love Alaska. Perhaps we'll be back, but I'm grateful for the change and anxious to see what new experiences await).

I will miss you all happily. I will miss you all with sadness. Thank you. Thank you all for being the strong, independent, loving and unique creatures that you are. I have learned much and gained much and grown so very much by being in your presence. You have set a powerful example for me to emulate. I must strive to be creative and tolerant. But most importantly I must not let my commitment wane. Our battle is too important to yield.

Bearing up under the extremes and with little support bleeds Alaska. The attrition rate takes a high toll. But the core remains because it must. To do otherwise we could not live with ourselves. For that honesty to self and that wish for others, I commend you. You do what you must but still, take pride.

The world, our state, our community, our block, our households are better for it.

I commiserate. The finality of death scares us. We work hard to be hopeful, to maintain our faith, such as we choose. But death is an unknown and nothing points out our powerlessness more. We fear death for ourselves and our loved ones.

I believe that as a nation as well as individuals, it would behoove us to begin to prepare ourselves for our inevitable deaths from birth. I believe life would be appreciated more if we adopted a healthier perspective of death. How many fewer regrets we would have if we lived our days as if they were our last. Regrets--salt in the wounds, that the losses create in our lives. Many, too many, have died before their time. They have left us alone, less, and hurting. We owe it to their memories to remain committed and active. We can stop the rising toll of infected and dying.

And finally, I want to remind. We know what we need to know. Prevention in the way of dealing with HIV/AIDS. Of course, chemical interventions are long overdue and will be more than welcome. But, it is not incumbent upon us to get this devastating disease!!

Are we really communicating among ourselves and to everyone who needs to hear the prevention message? And of course we are everyone and everyone is us. Can we love people enough? Enough to make them feel good about who they are, just as they are? If we can, we must start, or continue or learn how.

In my discouraged moments, I feel we are failing. Failing at an issue, beyond life and death, one of basic human regard. Many of us don't have it for ourselves and we are losing it for our neighbors.

We must share the challenge in order to make a difference in our world. Can we save ourselves? Yes!

Good-bye. Stay well.

With respect and love to you,
Gwen Perry-Crawford has been the Director of the S.T.O.P. AIDS project in Anchorage.

July 7, 1994

Village Green General Store, Provincetown, RI:

What a fabulous week! And the food and entertainment weren't too shabby either! No rain, 75-85 degrees, thousands of lean, tanned bodies. This was truly a pilgrimage to Mecca. I have never seen such great looking men and women concentrated in one small locale in all my life. I could rave
Dear Community:

Alaskans Living with HIV (ALHIV), a statewide HIV/AIDS agency based in Juneau, recently sponsored and accompanied Jeanne White, the mother of Ryan White, to Juneau, Anchorage, Fairbanks and Barrow on a speaking tour. ALHIV strongly addressed homophobia—the companion disease of HIV/AIDS. At the public presentations with Jeanne, I shared that it hurt me just as much to lose my beautiful gay male friends, my best friend, and my little brother, as it did for Jeanne to lose her son. I also stated that until we deal with the twin epidemics of hatred and hysteria towards the Gay community, we could not begin to move towards a true healing of this devastating disease.

I was told by someone close to Jeanne to “cool my agenda.” My response was that although there has been a disproportionate amount of sympathy to some that have contracted this disease, this disease still disproportionately affects MY community and I will continue to speak out against such blatant discrimination. My words were heard clearly by Jeanne and her companion. It strikes me that as long as we are fighting among each other as to who is a “victim” and who “deserves” this disease, then we will never get the real work done by those at the top of the “ivory tower” in Washington, DC, who enjoy such bickering among minority groups.

At ALHIV, we are especially concerned about young Gay and Bisexual youth who need access to someone who supports their personal choices. These are high risk individuals who need AIDS education! Infection rates are rising among young Gay and Bisexual persons. Many of them perceive this disease to be something that happened to the generation before them.

Community, in the true sense of the word, means to embrace one another, sometimes putting our own biases aside. Standing united as a community against the twin epidemics of homophobia and HIV/AIDS is the only effective way to implement sustained social change. Politicians and the powers-that-be are not interested in our personal problems or in our ability to get along or agree or disagree with each other. They simply do not want to be a party to infighting or factionalism. When you have a divided message you are diluting the political response; when you have a coherent message you become effective and enable people to respond.
positively. Let’s not give politicians the perfect opportunity to “divide and conquer.”

In this spirit, I invite all members of our community to come into our offices above Heritage Coffee, 2nd Floor (Juneau), or call ALHIV at 463-5688 and contribute your creative ideas to stopping the spread of this epidemic. This is very difficult but gratifying work and it takes a lot of hearts and minds in a community to be effective in this epidemic. One person can make a difference! We welcome your thoughts.

Rita DeSouza is the Executive Director of ALHIV (Alaskans/Americans Living with HIV).

June 7, 1994

Hi, Ken!

Yes, it’s OK you published my letter.

It feels so good to feel like myself again—I think I’ll never take another pill!

Regards to Matthew.

I just finished my part of a newspaper feature a friend, Joe, and I are working on—a kind of quiz with cartoons. He’s an entrepreneur, very bright. Now he’s trying to syndicate it. He hopes to make me wealthy. Keep your fingers crossed!

Love,
Millie-Amy

29 Jun 94

Dear Ken,

As another former West-By-God-Virginian, I was pleasantly surprised to read in your last issue the first of three articles entitled “Anzuelovich Writes.”

It proves to me again how small our world is, after all. I was born, reared, and served two churches in West Virginia before moving up here just about 1 year ago. It was good to be reminded of [a] lovely state and a place I called home for over 40 years.

Paul (Fr. Paul), Kodiak

Dear Editor,

Just a note to thank Identity and all the other supporters for the Gay pride picnic. What a truly lovely afternoon. The music was great, the food was delicious and the company was the best. It was so nice visiting with folks and watching friends, families, kids and dogs relaxing and enjoying themselves in the sunshine. Thank you for your hard work and special efforts to create a day where we could come together and celebrate our pride in our community. Joann

Lesbian Separatists ?????

(this dialogue is in response to the quotation in the last edition of the NorthView regarding some one’s opinion that some gay men may be afraid to go into the Alaska Women’s Bookstore because they were “lesbian separatists”)

Did you know the Capri theater was a gay men’s separatist theater? Really? Oh yeah, just look, it’s owned by gay men and it shows lots of gay men movies. Yeah, but... they show a few lesbian movies too and, they show movies about non-gay men and also about non-lesbian women. Oh, hmmm... but I heard..... Well, you heard wrong, they are an alternative theater showing movies other folks won’t show or won’t take the financial risk to show. Oh, I see, an alternative theater.....

Yeah, so I heard the Alaska Women’s Bookstore is a lesbian separatist bookstore? Really? Yeah, it’s owned by lesbians and they sell lesbian books? Yeah, but they sell gay men’s books too, and they sell books about non-lesbian women and non-gay men too. Oh, hmmm... but really, don’t all lesbians hate men? Yeah, it’s true, just like all gay men hate women. Hey, that’s not true, ...oh I get it, you were making a point. Yep, the point is people often say things that aren’t true just because they are used to saying them. Yeah, but they sell lesbian music. Yeah, but they sell gay men’s music too and music for relaxation and meditation, and drumming and wild music and African music and Native American music. Really? Yeah. Well, I heard they sell things made by women. Yep, they sell lots of things made by women and things made by lesbians but they also sell items made by gay men, things made by environmental companies, gifts made by Native Americans and other indigenous peoples. Yeah, but I heard... Well, you heard wrong, the women’s bookstore is an alternative bookstore selling books and music and gifts that other people won’t sell or won’t take the financial risk to sell. Oh, I see, Just like the Capri. Yep, just like the Capri, an alternative.

Well, did you know the Once Upon A Time Bookstore was a separatist bookstore? Really? Yeah, listen to this, I went in to find Anne Rice’s newest book and they told me they only sold children’s books. Can you imagine, they didn’t
want to sell books written for adults? Well, what you need to understand is that they are a specialty bookstore. Oh, is that what it's called. Yeah, a specialty bookstore, kind of like you won't find pagan books in a Christian bookstore or you may not find bibles at the Source or you may not find new books at a used bookstore or you may not find used books at Waldenbooks. Oh you mean like, some grocery stores sell everything and some sell Dali foods and some sell Asian foods and some sell just produce. Oh yeah, now I get it, like some gift stores carry only T-shirts or some carry only Alaska gifts while others carry just fine art and others carry imported items. Oh I think I'm getting it now, like stores can specialize and choose what they want to carry or they can carry a little bit of everything. Yeah, now you've got it. So, Once Upon A Time is a specialty bookstore. Yep.

Well then why do they call it the "women's bookstore". Yeah, well, that's been the name for a long long time. The bookstore is part of the feminist bookstore network which has more than 130 feminist or women's bookstores throughout Canada and the United States. Oh, so they're a specialty store focusing on feminist books. Yeah, now, you're getting the concept. Oh, I see, just like Once Upon A Time. Yep, just like the Once Upon A Time, a specialty store.

So, why a specialty feminist bookstore? Well, they were started because the main bookstores weren't carrying books by women or about women or pertaining to many things of interest to women. Oh, give me break! Hey, give me a break, it wasn't that long ago that women weren't allowed to own property, vote, work in a lot of jobs, play a lot of sports, etc. etc. Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, I guess you're right, I am forgetting reality here. No kidding, in order for women to get their voices heard, they had to start their own publishing companies just to get women's words in print and then other women started women's or feminist bookstores so they would have a place to sell books published by the women's publishers. Really? Yep, and then some lesbians formed lesbian publishing companies to get lesbian words and ideas in print and the women's bookstores provided an outlet for them. Hmm. Yep, and then some gay men formed gay publishing companies to get gay words and ideas in print and the women's bookstores provided an outlet for them. neat!

Hm, this is interesting. So, what's the feminist bookstore specialty mean? Well, the feminist bookstores generally buy books from women publishers and lesbian and gay publishers and small presses so that there continues to be an outlet for these works and so that they can be read and enjoyed by the larger community. Feminist bookstores carry information about the movement of women out of oppression related to gender so there are the books of a more social/political/analytical nature. Feminist bookstores also have been at the forefront in promoting books that emphasize positive values so they naturally have carried materials on peace and non-violence, ecology and they have carried books for children that are specifically non-homophobic, non-sexist, non-racist, non-violent. Feminist bookstores have also been in the forefront of paying attention to the physical, emotional and psychological harm that comes to individuals in our society through rape, battering, incest and imbed misogyny and carry books to help people heal from violence and oppression and, they also created an outlet for books to help the perpetrators learn to think and live in a more positive and humane way. They were in the forefront of carrying books related to recovery and personal growth and development so that women and men could leave behind the trappings of various addictions and live a freer and fuller life. Feminist bookstores, understanding gender oppression, have been the pioneers in exploring other oppressed groups and therefore often carry books about and by many racial and ethnic groups as well as gay men and lesbians. In general, feminist bookstores carry books that are not hurtful or harmful to women in general and which promote a more sane, life-affirming, accepting, diverse, humane and positive world.

Hm, now I'm getting the picture, so if I want to find out about ending the oppression of women, or read about women's lives and what they've gone through, or if I want to learn about how other groups of people like gays or Native Americans are oppressed, or if I want to learn new ways of relating to the world or new ways of relating to other people, or if I want ideas on how to make myself and my world less fearful, less oppressive, less homophobic, less racist, less warlike, less sexist, less ageist then I have a specialty store to go to and find out about those things. Yeah, and if I want to relax, meditate, explore healthier mental states, healthier bodies, alternative healing, alternative spirituality, alternative lifestyles, alternative ways of thinking, then there is an alternative bookstore for me to go to. Hmm.

Hey, now you've got the picture. So, they're not separatists? Nope, not only that, they really support the community by donating items or money or selling tickets at no charge or helping advertise
activities for fund-raisers for Identity, 4 A's, 15%, Tundra Women's Coalition, Imperial Court, Booth Memorial Home, Committee for Equality, Equal, Sane Alaska, Real Talent, Alaska Women's Cultural Center, Diva Family, KAKM, GLBSA, Anchorage School District, Garden Buddies, University of Alaska, Breakeven, Alaska Women's Resource Center, Mary Conrad Center, Planned Parenthood...plus they actively promote local women owned businesses and local lesbian and gay owned businesses.

Okay, okay, okay, I get the picture. Well, I really have to go but thanks for all the info, it really helped. You're welcome. Well, I hope whoever called you separatists reads this and understands better just what's what. Yeah, I hope so too. And, maybe an apology would be in order too. Hey, don't get too radical on me.

Joann Contini ▼

A gay in the life. by John Sieruta ©1993

Look at Your Mailing Label!
The new NorthView mailing labels now give you the renewal date for your Identity membership. Please refer to the line above your name. If the date is 199000, you are not a current, paid member. Please become one—we need your support! Otherwise, your membership expiration is expressed as year/month, i.e., 199410.

We are struggling to continue our activities, which include the NorthView, the monthly Potlucks and the Helpline, not to mention the Lesbian & Gay Pride Picnic and National Coming Out Day! Please send your membership now (more if you can, less if you can't) and support your Identity!

Members: we send notices on your membership anniversary, but you could help us save money by sending your renewal early.

Thanks! Thanks!

Low Cost - Level Premium
TERM LIFE INSURANCE
Call: 338-3962 and leave a message for Chris
Insurance Broker for Alaska's Lesbian & Gay Community
So, Why Aren't You Running for Governor?

by Dan Carter

Now that the campaign for Mayor of Anchorage has ended, we're headed for "bigger and better" things in August and November.

Just in case you're not one of the multitudes who have decided to create their own party and run for Governor of Alaska, here's a few hints about the upcoming race:

**PRIMARY ELECTION:** This election will take place on August 23 and will determine which candidate will continue as their party's nominee for the general election (runoff). For example, there are three Democrats running for governor (Sam Cotten, Tony Knowles and Steve McAlpine). The one receiving the most votes will run again in November. The same is true of the Republicans, Alaskans for Independence, Greens, Libertarians, etc.

This election also determines the final candidates for 60 state house and senate districts. Many people feel this election isn't as important as the final race in November; however, with the right-wing flexing their muscle, every race is important to assure progressive candidates are in the finals!

If you're not registered to vote, YOU MUST BE REGISTERED BY JULY 24 to be eligible to vote in the Primary Election. You can register at any Municipal Library or give me a call (274-9226) and I can sign you up or tell you where to go to register.

**GENERAL ELECTION:** This election will actually decide the winner. Final list of candidates for this race will appear in future editions of Northview. After the election of 1988, it is anyone's guess as to who will be in this race. Governor Hickel did not run in the primary last time but was selected by the AIP just prior to the election. This time he is again choosing not to run in his party's primary but will probably create his own party (as many others are rumored to be doing) so he will automatically be placed on the November ballot. With a large number of candidates competing in November, this makes it more important than ever for ALL OF US to vote. To be elected governor, a candidate does not need a majority of the votes—only more votes than any of the others. This could help the right-wing by splitting votes. GET INVOLVED NOW!!

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**LET'S PARTY!**

EQUAL will have a cook out to celebrate the summer. Join us for a great evening with your friends.

**WHERE:** Doug Frank's home
211 W. Cook (Govt. Hill)

**WHEN:** Thursday, August 11
6:00 - 8:30 p.m.

We'll provide, hot dogs, burgers and veggie burgers, you bring soda, chips, salad, etc.
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. 1741 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 healthy 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.

Lamb 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: 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 (soon to have a new name!): 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 schoolers and bi-sexual men & women most welcome! A Teen Group is being formed/has been formed! Watch this space and the Calendar for more information!

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 information or if you wish to perform.

Women's Two-Step Dance (suspended for the summer; will resume in September): 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!) ▼

Identity Fourth Friday Potluck & Social

Trish Queen, the new ED of the 4As is our guest.

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 unabashedly appreciated.

Date: Friday, July 22nd.

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

Place: Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship. 3201 Turnagain St.

Program: Trish shares the programs, the finally-opened Support Houses on Government Hill, recent developments, and future plans.
42 Years Together...
Don & Cec in Australia
by Don Allen and Cec Cooke

[Editor’s Note: we asked Don & Cec to talk about their relationship and they replied. “At long last I am sending you a story of how we met. We enjoy getting the Identity NorthView... it is miles ahead of our local gay publications—somehow it is more readable. When T&A were here their stay was all too brief—hope they will come again. Anyway, we hope to go to England next year, so will see if we can stop off in Alaska.”]

It is a strange story how Cecil and I met. In 1952, in April, I had flown up to Brisbane with a friend of mine that I had been in the army with, and we were staying at one of the hotels in the city, now demolished. We had been for a walk in the Botanical Gardens, and my friend, Jim, had caught the eye of another chap also out for a walk. So an assignation was made, and that night the catch was to come to the hotel, so I had to make myself scarce. So I went for a walk. Down by the river was a well known beat, now also demolished I think, and I made for that. There I met another man, who had a car, so we went for a drive in his car, and made whooppee. During the conversation (we talked afterwards) he told me he was going out to Ipswich, out from Brisbane, where his boyfriend lived, on Anzac Day, and we were invited to accompany him. So out to Ipswich we went, and had lunch at the boyfriend’s house. Anzac Day is a public holiday here, to commemorate the landing in 1915 of our troops and New Zealand troops at Gallipoli.

Unknown to me, Jim took a shine to the friend, and made a furtive appointment to meet him on the 29th. That was the day we had tickets for the ballet at night, so I had a ticket to spare, and then I did not know anyone in Brisbane. So I appealed to Merv, (the one who had picked me up (or was it the other way around?)) and he promised to take me to the General Hospital to meet a friend of his who worked there. (Merv incidentally was a Presbyterian minister, who, when he found out that Cecil and I were living together, turned straight!). So I met Cecil at the hospital, who then came to the ballet with me, and afterwards!!!!! That was the beginning of something. My mother, with whom I lived, died some time later, and Cecil gave up his job and came down to Sydney to live with me at Padstow, one of the southern suburbs of Sydney.

We lived at Padstow for a couple of years, until another gay friend (married) with whom Cecil worked, persuaded us to look at a house behind his, then being built, and we fell in love with it. So we put a deposit on it, and when it was finished we moved in, and have been here ever since. That was 1955. I worked in a Government Department, and Cecil worked in one of the big retail stores in Sydney. Then he had a job nearer home, which involved Saturday work. He was at that store until it closed down, and I was able to recommend him for a position in the Department where I worked. And we were there, both in the one Department, until we both retired in 1982. By then I had risen to be Accountant, and then we combined with another big Department, where I was in the Accounts Branch as Budget Officer.

When we first came up here, we shifted all our belongings on the back of a utility truck, we had that little. Our belongings consisted of 2 single beds, a prefab bedroom cupboard, 2 cane chairs, table and 4 chairs, kitchen table and 2 chairs, and 3 cotton rugs. Since then we have acquired much more, and as we are thinking of shifting up to Queensland next year, we will have to have a pantechnic to shift us.

We have always both been interested in plants, and after we retired we both joined a local Horticultural Society, where at the moment I am Treasurer and Cecil is the Membership Secretary and Judges Convenor. It keeps us busy, but we are getting a little fed up with all the work. As we are both Specimen Judges, we get out a lot to flower shows.

We do not go out to gay venues—we prefer to stick to just our own company and that of our friends. In any case, parking in Sydney, especially at night, is expensive, and at a premium, and travel by train can be risky at night. There is a large Gay population in Sydney, and Gay activity is very open. We have a Gay Mardi Gras every February, which we used to go to, but now there are so many straight nights watching it, it is hard to get a place to watch. We could not go this year, as we were busy otherwise, but we used to go every year. Now it is being telecast the next night, it is easier to watch on TV. And there is also a video of some 2-3 hours of it, put out commercially. We have quite a few gay newspapers here, but in our opinion, none of them can hold a candle to the Identity NorthView. We both enjoy reading that, especially the serial “That’s How It Was, and How It Is….”

Don & Cec were visiting Alaska a year or more ago, and at a party at H&B’s (they came with T&A), we met and discussed writing a piece for the NorthView! ▼
Travel Agent 101

More in our continuing education in travel.

Let your travel agent in on your preferences. If you enjoy the Gay lifestyle and the company of fellow Community members then let your travel agent know that you are a member of the Community. This is especially true if your agent is a specialist in Gay travel. If you call your local IGTA travel agent, drop them a hint when you are talking to the agent like “I saw your ad in the Identity NorthView. This will clue them in to provide a lot more interesting information which could make the difference between an ordinary trip and a really special one. Your IGTA travel agent has many reference books with tons of information on destinations all over the globe. But, since even IGTA travel agents do not limit their practices to Gay travelers, unless they know you, they are not likely to give you all of the information you might like.

Information about Gay or Gay-friendly properties or where to go in a strange city is all available if you just say the word. So don’t be shy about your interest in nude beaches, the best cruising places, hotels, or bed and breakfasts; they will make you feel at home.

Olympus Vacations

Olympus Vacations, which patterned itself after the successful operations of Atlantis has closed it’s doors and ceased operations. The company, which took over major Club Med type properties in Mexico and planned similar vacations in Tahiti, blamed the company they emulated, in part, for their failure (in a letter to IGTA travel agents this month).

St. Patty’s day in Ireland

Kenny Tours, Ltd is offering a 9-day package to Ireland just in time for St. Patrick’s Day! Air, Hotels and most meals are included in this package which leaves from New York. March 12, 1995. $999.00 plus tax per person, double occupancy buys this tour which includes Mr. & Mrs. Gay Emerald Isle in Cork and Dublin, St. Patrick’s day parade in Dublin, King and Queen’s ball in Dublin, and farewell in Limerick.

Olivia!!

In less than 5 years, Olivia Cruises has taken over 8,000 women on cruises to the Caribbean, the Yucatan, the Mexican Riviera, Alaska, and Greece. For 1994-95 they have cruises planned for July 3-10, a week-long cruise from New York to Montreal; October 1-8 finds them ashore at the Sonora Beach resort in Mexico; April 9-16 is an eastern Caribbean Cruise over spring break; and last but not least—Look out Alaska! June 21-28 they’ll come ashore at Alaskan ports of call in DROVES!!

Holbrook Travel

Is continuing with their tradition of nature travel including Bolivia, Costa Rica, and Kenya with Ecuador thrown in for good measure. Trips are planned between 11/4/94 and 2/13/95 and include a botanical adventure in Costa Rica, The World of ornithology in Trinidad & Tobago, the enchanted Galapagos Islands, Belize, and ending with Honduras in February.

James Dean Vacations

Trips include the Australian Barrier Reef and the Sydney Sleaze Ball in September, an Amazon Cruise in October, Paris and Venice—Orient Express in November and Mardi Gras Downunder for February ’95.

Not For Those Not In Shape.

Progressive Travels, Inc. is offering an eight-day bicycling tour of the Dordogne section of France. 18-21 speed bikes, helmets, meals and accommodations are all included in this unusual tour. Guides, support vehicles and the like are also included. Over 300 kms will be covered on the trip. Not really a trip I would like, but I could see myself at the massage concession at day’s end to soothe those aching muscles, muscles, muscles. Price is $1,850 per person plus airfare to France.

Men On Vacation

Departs 25 August for Hawai & Maui, 25 September for Sydney Sleaze Ball & Fiji, both 17 and 25 November for New Zealand Cycle Tour, 26 December for New Year’s Downunder and 16 February for Sydney Mardi Gras ’95. This first-class operation has always been a Gay crowd pleaser.

The Caracas Connection

Is a 6 night, 5 day inclusive package for New York or DC which has all gay departures from 7 Sept. ’94 to 7 June ‘95 at a very special rate of $789.00 which includes round-trip air, hotel, transfers, full breakfast daily, sightseeing, and a beach party.

Bob DeLoach, 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.

Deadlines: All articles must be received by the 5th of the month for inclusion in that month’s NorthView.
It's a pleasure to serve the Community!

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NYPD Abandons Duties at Stonewall 25
by Joe Kennedy

In an incredible snafu that could easily have resulted in accidents, injuries and violence, the lead contingents of Sunday's official Stonewall 25 March were left stranded on a busy Central Park roadway jammed with speeding bicyclists, skaters, runners and horse-drawn carriages trying to break through their ranks. For nearly half an hour, with no police or other officials in sight, they fended for themselves.

Earlier, as the March made its way up First Avenue and across 57th Street, the three lead contingents preceding the mile-long rainbow flag—the Gay Activists’ Alliance (GAA), the Gay Liberation Front (GLF) and the Big Apple Lesbian and Gay Band and Marching Corps—were greeted by cheering crowds and swarmed by media cameras amid a heavy police presence.

As they entered Central Park at 6th Avenue, GLF decided to stand aside to wait for another group of Stonewall veterans. GAA and the Band proceeded forward at the direction of a lone volunteer Marshall who had been guiding them from the beginning of the March at the United Nations.

But the two police vehicles that had been escorting the March through city streets suddenly and without warning or explanation disappeared as the March entered the park. There were no signs, barriers or personnel present to notify recreational users that the park roadways were closed for a march.

GAA and the Band found themselves alone and without official escort in the middle of a roadway that was wide-open to a heavy volume of speeding recreational traffic. Horse-drawn carriages and even a garbage truck tried to plow through the lines of the official Stonewall 25 March. The situation was ready-made for an accident or a violent confrontation between the marchers and the recreational users.

GAA and the Band stopped in their tracks and tried frantically to get official guidance and assistance, but none was available. The lone Stonewall 25 volunteer Marshall at the head of the line of march admitted that he had no radio, no way to contact authorities about the problem. Apparently panic-stricken, he disappeared. For a quarter of an hour, there was not a single police officer, Parks Department employee or March Marshall in sight as the potential for a serious flashpoint of conflict between the marchers, who refused to leave the roadway, and the recreational users increased. A GAA member wondered whether a march headed by Cardinal O’Connor would have been abandoned in such an unbelievably uncereemonious way by its police escort.

Finally, a different Stonewall 25 volunteer Marshall and two Parks Department officers arrived on the scene. The officers immediately radioed to their captain that there was a serious problem and requested that official vehicles be dispatched to clear the roadway of recreational users so the March could resume. Until the vehicles arrived, the two Parks Department officers stood in the roadway themselves trying to stop the recreational users from crashing through the ranks of marchers. Two vehicles showed up and, with lights flashing and sirens sounding, escorted GAA, the Band and the rest of the March behind them up the West Drive of the Park for the remaining mile and a quarter to the Great Lawn. The delay caused by the disappearance of the police escort and the resulting crisis had lasted more than 30 minutes.

With the exception of one police officer on the West Drive near the lake who ordered bicyclists and skaters off the roadway as the March approached, the Police Department made no effort to assist the Parks Department in shutting off the oncoming recreational traffic.

In a separate incident earlier on West 57th Street, one of the GAA marchers, attorney Hal Weiner, took the name and badge number of a police sergeant who refused to remove a man marching in the middle of the street with a large anti-gay sign in front of the official contingents. Other police officials did subsequently order the man onto the sidewalk, but he was not arrested. At the St. Patrick’s Day parade, gays and lesbians who attempted to walk in the street with their signs were arrested by the hundreds.

If Police Commissioner Bratton is serious about holding his officers accountable for their failures, he will investigate why the police escort for a major historic event like the Stonewall 25 March simply vanished, why the police officers who subsequently became aware of the problem in the park showed little interest in doing anything about it, and why a sergeant who claims to be blind is still on duty.

Joe Kennedy is also the author of the recently published "Summer of '77: Last Hurrah of the Gay Activists Alliance." He was a leading activist/journalist in the '70s. He initiated, hosted and anchored an early, weekly, Manhattan Cable Gay TV news program. Along with other GAA veterans (including Ken Friedman and Ken's ex, John Paul Hudson), he led almost a million Gays, Lesbians, Bis and Allies in the Stonewall 25 parade.
"WE'RE HERE..."

Over a two-week period in June, I had the most exhilarating time of my life. I attended the Gay Games and Stonewall celebrations in New York City. I wasn't alone, there were hundreds of thousands of lesbigays as well as tens of thousands of our straight friends, family members and supporters. We met many people from all over the world (after all, the Gay Games had athletes from 44 COUNTRIES!!). We also had fun meeting many new ALASKANS...from Juneau, Sitka, Fairbanks, Bethel and, yes, Yakutat!

If I can play "tory guide" for awhile, I would like to share some of the highlights and a couple of low lights with those of you who celebrated Pride Week in Alaska.

GAY GAMES/OPENING CEREMONIES: The opening of the Games was held at Columbia University's football stadium. It was amazing to see 11,792 athletes enter the stadium (the largest number of athletes to compete in a single event in HISTORY!). Of course, the entrance of TEAM ALASKA was our personal highlight but the entrance of the teams from Cuba, Russia, Estonia, Zimbabwe and South Africa were definitely crowd "pleasers"! South Africa was an especially proud moment for the 40,000 people in the stadium. This was the first time a South African team had competed under the new flag representing a multiracial country and this was the first fully integrated sports team to represent South Africa in decades. It was definitely a moment to remember!

THE GAMES: Although there were so many different events--many taking place at the same time--we did find time to take in diving (yes, the "OUT & PROUD" Greg Louganis was there), figure skating, physique, ice hockey, etc. (games consisted of more than 30 different sports).

The highlight of the games, to me, was the figure skating competition. Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner were the guest MC's but the competitors were the center of attention. This was the first time the US. Figure Skating Association (or whatever their title) sanctioned "same-gender" pairs competition! It was fantastic...the women's pairs champs were wonderful but the men's champs, from Montreal, stole the show. They were magnificent, should be professionals! It was even more amazing considering the problems they had getting to the games. The skating rink they used for practice refused to let them skate after receiving complaints from "concerned parents." Physique competition also had same-sex pairs posing routines.

As fantastic as the athletes were, the fans made the games even more exhilarating. Hundreds of thousands from all over the world, cheering wildly and giving standing ovations to virtually every athlete--regardless of their actual performance! It was wonderful to see people recognized for their efforts rather than simply elevated to position of prominence by their ability to win! The next Gay Games will be in August, 1998 in AMSTERDAM. Start saving now, it will surely be something you will want to be a part of.

THE MARCH: If you heard the media reports of 90,000 people in the March, well, just forget it! This figure was obtained by an estimate of the number of people in Central Park at 2PM. There were 70 groups in march, Alaska was 39 and we hadn't even LEFT THE STAGING AREA to begin the march until after 2PM. Final estimate by police was 750,000. Three times the population of Anchorage! Almost one & a half times the population of Alaska!

THE LOW LIGHT: Al & I were asked to leave St. Patrick's (could that be a highlight?)

"THE LAST FRONTIER!"
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)ly indicate that the business or service is owned by (L)esionals, (G)ays or (A)lies. 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, 278-5167

AIDS:  
(A) Alaskan AIDS Assistance Assoc., 274-1400 (see ad)
(A) Alaskans Living with HIV (ALHIV), Juneau, 463-5688
(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, 561-2230
(A) Gartley, Kari/Jaimin, 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, 277-0852

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), Alaskanald (Fri and Sat ONLY)
(G) The Raven, 276-0672
(G) O’Brady’s, 344-8033, 338-1080, 563-1080 (see ad)

Bed & Breakfast:  
(G) Alta’s (Fairbanks), Pete, 457-0246 (see ad)
(G) Aurora Winds, James/Bill, 346-2533
(A) Beach House, Mary (Homer), 235-5948
(L) The Butterfly Inn, Kay (Hawaii), 808-966-7936
(L) Brush Lake B&B, Mary/Janetta, 337-4391
(L) Garden Cottage (Orlando, FL), Lisa, 407-854-5395

Bicycle Repair:  
(G) Roy’s Bikes, Roy, 333-8221

Boarding School Selection:  
(A) Tom Crook, 800-727-3684

Books:  
(I) Alaska Women’s Bookstore, Joann/Marla, 562-4716
(see ad)
(A) Alaska, Gene, 561-1348 (see ad)
(A) Cyruso’s Books, Sandy/Jerry, 274-2599

Carpets & Linoleum Installation:  
(A) Bob’s, Mark, 561-2111
(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, 258-0828

Child Care:  
(G) Kila Consulting, Roy, 272-1334

Churches:  
see Spiritual

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

College Selection:  
(A) Tom Crook, 800-727-3684

Computer Bulletin Board:  
(G) Myths Reality (Berdache), 333-3425, 338-2869
(G) The Wilde Side, 333-4039

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

Computer Consultants, Graphic Design, & Desktop Publishing:  
(G) Ai’s P.C. Connections, Alfred, 561-2767 (see ad)
(L) Angle, 337-0253 (see ad)
(G) By-Teg Alaska, Inc., Ken, 248-2422
(I) CDA Services, Valley/Idaho, 276-0962
(A) Computer Magik, Phil, 274-3528
(A) Helleck & Assoc., Terry, 276-3869
(A) LRR Technologies, Logan, 272-7377
(G) Lucian, 272-0328
(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, Janis, 562-1826
(A) Jann, 248-9408
(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 vty
(A) Deaf Rehabilitation Serv., 277-3456 voice, 258-2232, vty

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) Fridgit North, Tom, 561-4633 (see ad)

Electrolysis:
(A) Anchorag Skin Care Clinic, Barbara, 277-4247
(A) Gentle Touch, 561-6688 (see ad)

Entertainment:
(G) Capri Cinema, 561-0664, Marveline: 275-3799 (see ad)
(A) Mascoretta Music, Diane, 277-9751
(I) Real Talent Productions, Karyn, 562-5777, 275-5683
(A) Syzygym/Magic, Linda, 274-2599

Financial, Insurance, Investments:
(I) Chris, 561-8048/338-3962

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

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

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

Gender:
(B) Berdache Society, Nora Jean, 258-9909

General Contracting:
(I) R&L Construction, Lita, 279-6986

Gifts:
(I) Alaska Women's Bookstore, Joann/Mariah, 562-4716 (see ad)
(A) Love of Alaska, Talyne, 243-8076

Hair Styling:
(G) Gabriell, 272-9045
(A) 36th Ave. Hair Design, Ledjua, 561-8997

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

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

Helping:
(G) 1 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, 243-5854

House Cleaning:
(I) Connie's House Cleaning Svc., Connie, 276-3147
(A) Green Valley Cleaning, Tara, 345-4657
(A) Randy, 345-4607
(A) Silver Spoon Cleaning & Catering, Brent, 258-0826

House Sitting:
(I) 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, 275-4386

(I) Wood Nymph Landscaping, Valerie, 338-0338

Legal:
(I) Mendel & Huntington, Allison, 279-5001 (see ad)
(A) Short, Sylvia, 562-4922 (see ad)

Massage (therapeutic, Swedish, Shiatsu, and much more):
(G) Gabriell, 272-9045
(I) Leslie, 278-2199 (see ad)
(A) Marion, 562-0012
(I) 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 (Vasilla), 373-5353

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

Painting:
(I) L&L Painting, Lisa, 277-7559

Pet Care:
(A) Doggone Dog, Arlid, 279-5861
(A) Doggoned Vacation of Alaska, Constance, 344-3647

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

Picture Framing:
(I) Studio Designs, Lisa, 279-4668

Political:
(A) Alaskans Concerned About Latin America, Ruth, 333-1190
(A) Anchorag 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, 562-3852 (see ad)

Private Investigators:
(I) K&K Investigating, Karyn, 561-3668

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

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

Real Estate:
(G) Apollo Real Estate, Bob, 561-7481 (see ad)
(A) Bronwyn Hillman, 248-2504; 563-5156 (see ad)
(I) Dynamic Properties, Jill, 261-7663
(I) Dynamic Properties, Lauelle, 279-7600 (see ad)

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

Research:
(I) Cracius & Associates, 279-3982 (see ad)

Restaurants:
(A) Cucina della Piazza, 274-1173
(G) O'Ready's, 344-8033, 318-1080, 563-1080 (see ad)

Resumes:
(G) Industry Consulting, Roy, 272-1334

Rooming Houses:
(A) Regina's, 276-4994

Security Alarm Systems:
(G) Mark, 278-2029
Sightseeing:
1. Puffin Family Charters, Leslie, 278-3346

Snowplowing:
1. Jade Services, Julie, 688-1126

Social:
1. Anchorage Garden Buddies, 248-8425
2. GLA Q*Klatch (Fairbanks), Eric, 455-4051

Consultation, Evaluation:
1. Susan E. Johnson, PhD, 272-4113

Spiritual:
1. Alaska Women of the Wilderness, Rachel, 688-2226
2. Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, Art, 248-3737 (see ad)
3. Church of the Covenant (Matanuska Valley), Pastor Howard Bess, 746-1089
4. Lamb of God Metropolitan Community Church, Jim, 258-5266
5. St. James the Fisherman Episcopal Church (Kodiak), Fr. Paul, 486-5276
6. Unity Church of Anchorage, 346-2824

Sports:
1. Alaska Women of the Wilderness, Rachel, 658-2226
2. Fines by Irene (Eagle River), 694-6946
3. Roy's Bikes, Roy, 333-8221

Student Organizations:
1. GLA Alaskan Gay and Lesbian Association (AGLA, Fairbanks), Pete, 457-0246
2. GLA Lesbian, Gay and Bi Student Association, UAA, K-226
   (see Club Notes)

Support Groups:
1. Ability Design Associates, Doran, 258-2561 (see ad)
2. PFLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays, Anchorage), Sylvia, 562-4992, Fred, 562-7161
3. PFLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays, Fairbanks), Nancy, 479-4044

Tarot/Psychic:
1. Spirit Services, Barb, 274-4089

The Therapeutic Facilities Out-of-State:
1. Tom Croak, 800-727-3684

Theatre:
1. Out North Theatre, Gene/Jay, 279-8099

Travel:
1. Apollo Travel Agency, Boh, 561-0661 (see ad)
2. Apollo Travel Agency, Cherisse, 561-0661 (see ad)
3. Apollo Travel Agency, Karyn, 561-0661 (see ad)
4. DreamQuest Tours, Karyn, 562-5777, 278-5683

Tutoring:
1. James, Biology, 248-6412
2. Pam, Math & Physics, 561-2634

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

Woodworking:
1. North Star Signs, Rusty, 333-7900

Writing & Editing Assistance:
1. Kathy, 278-2840
2. Kita Consulting, Roy, 272-1334
3. Mel, 276-7269 (see ad)

Yardwork, Hauling, Snowplowing:
1. Jade Services, Julie, 688-1126
"Flash, brace yourself. The P.U.'s are coming."
"The P.U.'s?" She thinks hard. "The Politically Unbelievable?"
"Correct. Also known as the Parental Units."
"Your parents are coming?" Flash's voice rises. "Why?"
"Why, do I know why?" I already sound like my mother. "They want to see the new apartment."
"Can't we send them pictures?" Flash asks.
"No." I start to plan. "They'll get here Saturday at 1:00. We'll eat lunch from 1:05 to 1:30 and dinner at 5:30. That leaves four hours to kill."
"What should we do with them?" Flash asks.
I shrug my shoulders. "Well, what do they like to do?" she asks.
"Besides eat?" Flash nods. "Not much. Gossip and kvetch."
"Sounds like someone I know," Flash says, but I am not amused. Four hours of unstructured time with my parents could be fatal.
"They like to travel," Flash reminds me. "We'll take them sightseeing. Don't worry."
"I'm not worried," I reassure Flash. "I'm hysterical."
Flash and I spend the next four days cleaning the apartment. We wash the floors, scrub the walls, dust the TV. We clean our sock drawers. Flash defrosts the refrigerator. I alphabetize the spices.
On Saturday I am up at six, trying on everything in my closet. I want to look good so I don't reinforce my parents' belief that I am a total failure, yet not too well off, just in case my father wants to slip me a little cash.
They arrive at 1:00. "This is so nice," my mother says, waltzing into the apartment. "I can't get over how lovely this is." Her voice is truly surprised, giving away her suspicions that we live in a barn.
"Very nice," my father echoes, schlepping two shopping bags upstairs.

"Where's the kitchen?" my mother asks. "I always head right for the kitchen." Translation: I don't want to see the bedroom.
"This is so nice!" my mother's voice is still shocked. She looks around for two seconds and then announces, "I brought bagels. Let's eat." My mother unpacks enough food to feed all the lesbians on Flash's softball team. Bagels, cream cheese, lox, pound cake, applesauce, cookies. Soon we are all happily munching away. This is the easy part of the visit: we can't talk with our mouths full. Soon all eating stops and conversation must begin.
"So, what's new?" my mother asks, but she doesn't want to know what Flash and I have been up to. She is merely thinking out loud.
"Let's see," my mother says. "You remember the Siplinsky's?" She doesn't wait for an answer. "The oldest daughter just had a baby. A girl I think she had. Was it a girl?" She asks my father.
"A girl or a boy, I don't remember," he replies.
"And remember Steven Silverberg, he was a year ahead of you? His wife had a breast removed. Cancer. She pauses for a sip of coffee. "Oh, and the Greenbergs from our block, you remember them. Their grass was always so brown, you remember, it looked like hay."
This is too much. "Ma, I don't remember the Greenberg's grass."
"Sure you do," my mother insists. "They live three houses down from us. You know."
"So," I pretend interest, "what about the Greenbergs?"
"They got sod. Their lawn is gorgeous now."
What can I possibly say to this: the grass is always Greenberg? Flash sees I am fading so she suggests going for a ride. As soon as my father gets behind the wheel, he starts to sing. His voice is the male equivalent of Edith Bunker's, which doesn't bother me, but Flash has perfect pitch and can only take so much. To quiet him down, she plays tour guide.
"See those mountains?" Flash points out the window. "Notice they run east to west, unlike most mountain ranges that run north to south."
Isn't that interesting?" my mother says. I look at Flash, who mouths I don't know what I'm talking about. I mouth back. Just keep talking.

We keep my parents occupied until it is time to change for dinner. Then we're back in the car, heading for the fanciest restaurant in town.

My mother orders curried shrimp, my father, lamb. I order chicken and Flash surprises me by ordering curried shrimp, too. I raise one eyebrow at her; Flash hates curry. Flash flashes me a smile.

Soon our salad and bread arrive. Now there's plenty to talk about. "Oh, is that bread good," my mother says. "You think it's homemade?"

"The house dressing is excellent," says my father. "It's like that dressing we had in Vermont."

"New Hampshire," my mother corrects him.

"I'm sure it was Vermont," my father insists, and for once I am glad for this inane conversation, for sitting right next to us is the entire pride committee of Lesbianville. Words like "bisexual" and "transgendered" fly through the air, but luckily my parents are too busy talking and eating to notice.

Our entrées arrive. My mother beams at Flash. "Isn't this delicious? Honey," she pokes my father, "you don't know what you're missing. Flash, we made the right choice." Now I get it. Flash has reinforced my mother's opinion of her own good taste. She is so focused on her plate, she doesn't notice the gallons of water Flash consumes throughout the longest meal in history.

After dinner, we drive back to our apartment, but I discourage my parents from coming in. "You don't want to get home late," I say. "There might be traffic."

"Good-bye." My father shakes Flash's hand and gives me a hug.

"Good-bye, darling." My mother kisses my cheek. "We had such a wonderful time, I'll never get over it." Neither will I.

Leilá 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. ▼
March on Washington
Andrew Barron

Next week's the March on Washington, a big parade, perhaps a million lesbians and gays. I marched in '79, chanting with youthful spirit by the side of Earnest Leon, my fat, pock-marked, well off Bahamian friend, accused too often then of not being Black enough, because he spoke so well and liked white men.

At that time I'd joined the gay group at Columbia, earnestly debating in those sunny pre-plague days the political effect of drag names, the joking conferred even on the deep-voiced and well-bred. Clubmates called me Sally, rankling a bit, not because I felt too masculine and grim, but for its common, housing-project lilt.

A hundred thousand men I saw, and as many women, shorn and severe, long-haired and fair, languid and lank, or built like Sherman tanks. It appeared that genes, God, or moms, whatever makes for queers, do play dice with our hearts, despite Einstein's cheer.

Now we march again, by sheer diversity and size refuting the old lies, the Elders Contingent promising no, we don't all die young, the Women of Color banner stating in postscript we're not all middle-class white men, unmasked hopeful faces proving we don't all come out at night.

On this occasion let's ask again: what do the hateful fear? Jesus demanded love. Distasteful or troubling to some, men may indeed admire beards, not breasts, and women often find soft chests and fat behinds more comforting than pecs.

If this were a crime, I'd ask God why, at a very sweet and innocent thirteen, I trembled and sighed whenever John Glusman, a half-Jewish classmate, a half-Jewish classmate who beautifully combined my own dark Hebraic looks with a glossy blonde shine, entered a room or brushed by my side,

and if my heart offends Him, who ordered its design?

*April 17, 1993

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Anziulewicz Writes by himself

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

April 30, 1994

Dear Bernie,

Back again at Deli Dee-Lite to finish this letter. How have you been since the first two pages? Or rather, the first three pages? This is a long letter.

My new job with the West Virginia AIDS program has been a Godsend. Not only is AIDS education something I can be truly passionate about, but getting out of the news reporting business has allowed me to get actively involved in gay rights issues. Before, as a news reporter, I had to keep my opinions out of my work, nor could I even be open as a gay man, lest I be perceived as being impartial. Hell, there are plenty of people who assume that a gay news reporter would automatically have some kind of political agenda!

But now I’ve become a spokesperson for sorts for West Virginia’s lesbian and gay community. I’ve written letters to the editor, I’ve been interviewed on TV and radio, I’ve lobbied the state legislature, I’m a frequent caller to radio talk shows, etc. So few people are willing to do it, and frankly, I’ve got nothing to lose: I don’t have to worry about losing my job or my house. In fact, I’ve gained enemies in the process. People and lawmakers at the state capitol building, who used to enjoy being interviewed by me and who liked me as a person, now don’t want to be seen in my company for fear that they might be seen as a sympathizer, or worse: as someone who might be gay him- or herself.

But someone has got to do it! And fortunately, I’ve gotten a lot of respect and admiration from my fellow queers. So often I’ve had people come up to me and say something like, “Chuck, I saw your letter in the newspaper the other day and it was great! You know, I wish I could do more for gay rights, but, you know, I’ve got my job to worry about...” And usually I just say, “Hey, don’t worry about it. I’m having a ball!”

One of the best things about my new job is that I was able to keep all my benefits: annual leave, sick leave, health insurance, etc.

And then... on top of that, in February of last year, I met a wonderful man named Ken. We started dating, and when it started getting serious, I told him of my HIV status, giving him the opportunity to bail out of the relationship if he wanted to. But Ken chose to stick with me, and two months after we met, we set up house together in a nice neighborhood here in south Charleston. Things have been fine ever since. My health is good, my immune system is still good.

It’s as though God finally said, “Well, Chuck, you’ve been through so much shit, you’ve had so much patience, that I’m going to make things better.” And really, when I consider the circumstances surrounding all that has occurred in my life, I can’t help but wonder if someone wasn’t looking out for me.

Save this letter. Let your friends read it. Let this be a testament to my life as one gay man, struggling against the odds.

More later!

Come Out by Letter?

Have you ever come out to someone by letter? Xanthus Press is publishing an anthology of “Coming Out Letters” and would like to see your letter and hear its response for possible inclusion in our upcoming publication due out in the fall. Submit now:
Xanthus Press, 71 Franklin St., NY 10013.

Deadlines: All articles must be received by the 5th of the month for inclusion in that month’s NorthView.

Notice! Notice! Notice! Notice! Notice! Notice!
Do you wish to receive your NorthView in a “brown paper wrapper”? Several people have said they’d like that. Others have said they would become members of Identity ONLY if they could receive their NorthView that way. Well, now you can.
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PREMIERS
JULY 15
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"FUNNY AND REFRESHING,
AS KNOWING AND CLEVER
AS IT IS CHARMING.
A WARM, SEDUCTIVE DELIGHT."
—JOHN MAHONY, THE NEW YORK TIMES

Naked in New York

Dir: Dan Aigrant. Comedy-drama about a frustrated New York playright who talks to animals, and the many people in his personal and professional orbit. Starring Eric Stoltz, Kathleen Turner, Ralph Macchio, Tony Curtis, Jill Clayburgh, Timothy Dalton and Whoopi Goldberg. 81min. rated R. Special Engagement.

PREMIERE
AUGUST 5

Widows’ Peak

Dir: John Irvin. A delicious cast adds spice to this comedy-mystery set in 1920s Ireland. A picturesque lakeside suburb and hotbed of godless populated mainly by widows where the indomitable Joan Plowright plays the dowager empress of the community, who has already buried two husbands and now dominates her son who is quite the eligible bachelor. Mia Farrow, Natasha Richardson and Adrian Dunbar co-star. PG, 101min. special engagement.

PREMIERS
JULY 22

thirty-two short films about
GLENN GOULD

Dir: Francois Girard. A unique cinematic portrayal of the life of the late Glenn Gould, the controversial and eccentric pianist considered one of the greatest musicians of the 20th century. Each of the 32 elegantly constructed vignettes represents a variation of the theme of Glenn Gould (Colm Feore), depicting the diverse aspects of his life from age 4 until his untimely death at age 50. Not rated. 82min. Special Engagement.

PREMIERS
AUGUST 12

HIGH LONESOME

Dir: Rachel Liebling. A celebration of music and the first comprehensive film about bluegrass. High Lonesome explores the content of the music and its evolution from folk roots to modern forms. Featuring prominent bluegrass stars Bill Monroe, Ralph Stanley, Mac Wiseman, Jimmy Martin, Earl Scruggs, The Osborne Bros., and many more. NR, 85min.

GO FISH

Dir: Rose Troche. Here is a hip, low budget comedy about contemporary lifestyles within the lesbian community. Go Fish picks up where every other coming-out film leaves off and has already been labeled a “dyke Slacker.” This is a celebration of lesbian cultures on all levels. Winner, Best Feature Award at the Berlin Film Festival. NR, 85min. special engagement.
IDENTITY, INC.
Board of Directors Meeting
June 28, 1994

MEMBERS PRESENT: Shirley, Nora, Jenifer, Sylvia, Kurt and Tom.

MEMBERS ABSENT: Ruth, Michael, and Ken.

GUESTS PRESENT: None.

NEW BOARD MEMBER: At the Board Retreat on June 5, we appointed Nora to fill the unexpired term of David, who resigned effective May 24. Her appointment will expire in April 1995 and she may seek election on her own at that time. Shirley and Nora will jointly share Volunteer Coordination responsibilities.

HELPLINE: Jenifer stated we still need telephone volunteers for the Third Quarter; some of the regular volunteers have not returned her phone call to schedule their day. We will most likely need to have another training session in the fall, as we have volunteers available who haven’t yet been through training. The automatic computer forwarding failed just before Ken left for his well-deserved working “vacation;” Kurt volunteered to manually forward the phone line while Ken was away.

GAY PRIDE WEEK: Kurt estimates approximately 250 people attended the Gay Pride Picnic under sunny skies on June 26. We secured four new members, sold seven T-shirts, and received $71.50 in donations and $101 from vendor booths. TV Channels 2 and 11 made brief stops at the Park Strip and interviewed Kurt for broadcast on the evening news. Several board members saw the videotape and reported he handled the interviews quite well. There are many people to whom we are indebted for the success of the Picnic. Kurt and Shirley will prepare a list of names and addresses; Tom will send letters on our behalf.

ADOPT-A-ROAD PROJECT: Nora reported she drove down Patterson Street recently and there appears to be almost no litter needing to be picked up. She will keep checking it every few weeks to see if we need to schedule another “clean up” on a Saturday morning.

TREASURER’S REPORT: Kurt stated we have $1,503.30 in our account today and have no current outstanding bills. We have an outstanding debt to Sylvia for a temporary loan. Kurt presented financial statements through May 31; the Board had a few questions regarding those statements which need to be addressed by Ken upon his return.

NorthView: We continue to need people who can input articles onto computer disks. There is always a crunch of inputting which must be done seemingly at the last minute. Tom and Nora volunteered to input articles on their personal computers and modem the files to Ken.

PROGRESSIVE DINNER: Kurt has spoken with several people who are willing to host such a dinner at their home; maybe even include an auction at each location. It has been suggested that August 27 might be a good date for this event. Those who have indicated an interest are: Bryan, Sheldon, Doug, Sylvia, Dan/Al and Tom/Al.

OTHER FUND-RAISING IDEAS: Kurt also presented the following ideas for consideration at a future time:
- Prom Night
- Auction Board Members
- Walk-A-Thon
- Line Dancing
- Hot Tubs
- Sponsor NorthView Mailing

NEXT BOARD MEETING: Scheduled for 7:00 P.M. on July 26 at our office.

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Phn: 561-4633
Fax: 562-3219
1207 W. 36th Ave., Anchorage, AK 99503
July 13, Wed:
- Free HIV TEST at Four A's. 2-4pm.
- Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 10:00pm.
  $3 cover.

July 14, 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 15, 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
- Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace
  Saloon in Alaska.

July 16, Sat:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 12:00; call 566-1133
- Anchorage Garden Buddies, Don 561-2452
- Feminist Sing-a-Long potluck at 6:30 sing at
  7:30 call 337-3543
- Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace
  Saloon in Alaska.

July 17, Sun:
- AUUF Services "Creative Recycling for the
  90's" 10:30am.
- Metropolitan Community Church, 10:45am,
  7pm, 258-5266.
- Midnight Sons AA Meeting 1pm (Gay, Lesbian
  only) 1231 W. 27th Ave.
- Gay, Joyous & Free, AA Meeting 1231 W. 27th
  at 7pm

July 18, Mon:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 5:30; call 566-1133.
- Gay, Joyous and Free, 1231 W. 27th at 7pm
- Women's music show on KRUA 88.1 FM, 7-9pm, call 786-4846, make on-air requests.

July 19, Tues:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 8pm; call 566-1133
- P-Flag Fairbanks, call Nancy 479-4944

July 20, Wed:
- Free HIV TEST at Four A's. 2-4pm.
- P-Flag Anchorage call Fred 562-7161
- Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 10:00pm.
  $3 cover.

July 21, Thurs:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 5:30; call 566-1133
- "Culture Quest, A Search For..." Conference
  planning meeting 6:30 at Ken's, call 248-7722
- Gay, Joyous & Free AA Meeting 1231 W. 27th
  at 7pm (non-smoking.)

July 22, Fri:
- PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, Four A's, 730 'I' St.
  276-1400.
- AGLA (Fairbanks) Triweekly Meeting call
  Pete at 457-0425

4th Friday Potluck, 6:30pm, see ad
- 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 Alaska.

July 23, Sat:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 12:00; call 566-1133
- Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace
  Saloon in Alaska.

July 24, Sun:
- AUUF Services "An Anthropologist Visits
  Mexico" 10:30am
- Metropolitan Community Church, 10:45am, 7pm, call: 258-5266
- 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
More Calendar

July 25, 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
- Women's music show on KRUA 88.1FM, 7-9pm, 786-4846, make on-air requests.

July 26, Tues:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 8pm; call 566-1133
- Identity Board Meeting at AUUF, 7:00pm. all members welcome!

July 27, Wed:
- Free HIV TEST at Four A's, 2-4pm.
- Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 10:00pm $3 Cover

July 28, 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 29, 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
- Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in Alaskaland.

July 30, Sat:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 12:00; call 566-1133
- Girls will be Boys and Boys will be Girls Show at the Palace Saloon in Alaskaland.
  (Fairbanks). Call Pete at 457-0246

July 31, Sun:
- AUUF Services "This I Believe" 10:30am
- Metropolitan Community Church, 10:45am, 7pm, 258-5266.
- Midnight Sons AA Meeting 1pm (Gay, Lesbian only) 1231 W. 27th Ave.
- Gay, Joyous & Free, AA Meeting 1231 W. 27th at 7pm

Aug. 1, Mon:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 5:30; call 566-1133.
- Gay, Joyous and Free, 1231 W. 27th at 7pm
- Women's music show on KRUA 88.1FM, 7-9pm, 786-4846, make on-air requests.

Aug. 2, Tues:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 8pm; call 566-1133

Aug. 3, Wed:
- Alaska Women's Political Caucus.
- Free HIV TEST at Four A's. 2-4pm.
- First United Methodist Fellowship at 7pm
- Q* KLATCH meeting, call Eric 455-4051
- Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 10:00pm.
  $3 Cover

Aug. 4, Thurs:
- 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.)

Aug. 5, 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)
- NorthView Deadline for Aug. issue.
- Midnight Sons Gay Men's AA Meeting, 1231 W. 27th Ave. 8pm-9:30
- Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon

Aug. 6, Sat:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 12:00; call 566-1133
- Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in Alaskaland

Aug. 7, Sun:
- AUUF Services 10:30am
- Metropolitan Community Church, 10:45am, 7pm, 258-5266.
- Midnight Sons AA Meeting 1pm (Gay, Lesbian only) 1231 W. 27th Ave.
- Gay, Joyous & Free, AA Meeting 1231 W. 27th at 7pm

Aug. 8, Mon:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 5:30; call 566-1133.
- Gay Bar, legal Q and A. 7-8:30, call 279-5001.
- Gay, Joyous & Free, AA Meeting 1231 W. 27th at 7pm
- Women's music show on KRUA 88.1FM, 7-9pm, 786-4846, make on-air requests.

Aug. 9, Tues:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 8pm; call 566-1133
Aug. 10, Wed:
- Free HIV TEST at Four A's, 2-4pm.
- Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 10:00pm.
  $3 Cover

Aug. 11, Thurs:
- Equal's Stories from Stonewall Picnic at Doug's house 211 W. Cook call 277-3862
- 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.)

Aug. 12, Fri:
- PLWA lunch, 12-1pm, Four A's, 730 'I' St. 276-1400.
- AGLA (Fairbanks), Triweekly Meeting; call Pete at 457-0425
- 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 Alaska's land.

Aug. 13, Sat:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 12:00; call 566-1133
- Dancing in Fairbanks! 11pm-3am, Palace Saloon in Alaska's land.

Aug. 14, Sun:
- AUUF Services 10:30am
- Metropolitan Community Church, 10:45am, 7pm, 258-5266.
- Midnight Sons AA Meeting 1pm (Gay, Lesbian only) 1231 W. 27th Ave.
- Gay, Joyous & Free, AA Meeting 1231 W. 27th at 7pm

Aug. 15, Mon:
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 5:30; call 566-1133.
- Gay Bar, legal Q and A. 7-8:30, call 279-5001.
- Gay, Joyous & Free, AA Meeting 1231 W. 27th at 7pm
- Women's music show on KRUA 88.1FM, 7-9pm, 786-4846, make on-air requests.

Aug. 16, Tues:
- P-Flag Fairbanks, call Nancy 479-4944
- SLAA (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous)
  12-Step meeting, 8pm; call 566-1133

Aug. 17, Wed:
- Free HIV TEST at Four A's, 2-4pm.
- P-Flag Anchorage call Fred 562-7161
- Blue Moon Boy-Ree-Alice Review, 10:00pm.
  $3 cover.

Aug. 18, 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.)
The Amazon Trail:  
Camping in Provincetown  
by Lee Lynch

I have noticed that there seem to be two types of camping in the gay world. The kind the guys do is supremely portable and fun, like a tried and true recipe that can be counted on to cook up perfectly and please the guests every time. Women have our own brand of camp.

I never camped until I was twenty-five when I got together with a woman whose mother had been a Girl Scout leader. We were going to Provincetown for the weekend and could not get there until late Friday night so I made reservations. Tried to make reservations. Maybe there are gay-owned campgrounds there now, but in 1970 the first one I called asked who made up the party. "My friend and I." The disembodied, sour voice on the phone announced, "This is a family campground." I knew what that meant, just what it means now: We know all about how you seduce children and steal wives. What could I do? The other campground got our business and we managed to seduce no one but each other all weekend.

Actually there was another time when I camped. Tried to camp. I must have been about thirteen, awkward and silent and at a loss about my place in the world. My older brother spent a lot of time with me then, treating me like a human being and not a gay adolescent, which probably saved my life. One Saturday he took me camping in his tiny red Austin Sprite.

That night he set up his pup tent. We dug a trench around it in case it rained. In case? When we awoke sometime before dawn we were in a pool of water. He did some baling and cursing until we finally put up the Austin's convertible top and slept in the car the best we could, soaked.

Twelve years and no camping experience later, my girlfriend and I arrived at the pitch dark campground in Provincetown. We headed to the outskirts of the property (would they throw us out if they discovered we were gay?) and set up camp by the headlights of my V.W. Well, to tell the truth, the Girl Scout leader's daughter set up. I busied myself digging a trench for the inevitable rain.

It wasn't that I'd never been a Girl Scout. You just won't find any camping badges on my sash. I belonged to a city troop and the closest we got to camping was a day trip to a park. As a matter of fact, other than my brother's soggy pup tent, the first significant use of the word camp in my life referred to the notorious Campy Corner in Greenwich Village, the meeting place for the undergar crowd that thronged the Village Streets at night.

Since the night we set up by headlights I have chanced rain and outdoorsy homophobes dozens of times for the dubious pleasure of sharing a temporary home with pushy insects and messy birds. I am hardly nostalgic for the joys of camping in a Connecticut state park, anesthetizing the itch of mosquito bites with a case of Colt 45. Of tenting in a muddy field reserved for gnat's at the first New England Women's Music Retreat.

The first time I went off to the woods for a weekend with Lover (Camper Extraordinaire and ex-camp counselor) about 75% of what could have gone wrong, did, from rain to a broken cookstove. A couple of years later we thought we'd get smart and buy a teensy antique Chinook which carries its kitchen. Off we went camping on a Memorial Day weekend. Trying to camp. After searching in the dark for our backwoods site and finding no one to ask directions of except an almost invisible cow churning her cud in the middle of a road, we spent the weekend confronting local teens wielding boom boxes, sicking Park Rangers on men illegally driving A.T.V.s in the shallow fragile river, hunting an appliance repair shop when our mini-fridge went out, dropping an exhaust pipe as we left the appliance shop parking lot, and losing both batteries -- count them, two. We got pushed down the mountainside and didn't turn off the engine till we got home.

I've laughed till I cried at Suzanne Westenhoffer's tricked-into-camping-again schtick, and let me tell you, it's all true. Except for the part about the butches being the enthusiasts.

This summer the Chinook sits in the driveway forlorn-looking. We'd thought we'd repaired just about everything repairable on her, but darned if on a camping trip to see the Sand Hill Cranes last winter her pop-top didn't develop an unplanned window right over the bed. I mean, it's no wonder
so many lesbians come back from Michigan and gripe in "Lesbian Connection" about the Festival for the next twelve months: they've been camping!

Of course, the Sand Hill Cranes and the weekends with Lover were worth it. Hey, that inaugural New England Women's Music Retreat was the first place I got to see real wild life -- dykes howling in abandon with Alix Dobkin under the moon. It's just that this city Girl Scout had a whole different idea of what camping entailed when I dreamed, at Campy Corner, of camping in Provincetown.

Lee Lynch's newest book of lesbian stories, Cactus Love will be released from Naiad Press this fall.

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.

**Soaring**

The trees are dusky green
White snow, red blood spray
A sad wail, like a baby's cry
Rabbits, bounding crazy away

An old man and soft snow
Both blue in the twilight
Look at the shadowy trees
Gray green in rising night

When the sun sets I feel
The cold in my hands creases
The smell of smoke lingers
My Years have wrinkled faces

The cry lingers, child for another
A desire for connection immediate
Collapsing-fear and terror
Waiting-on-the-edge-of-sunset

Finally, a signal—front door silhouette
The smell of rabbit cooking
Feeling frozen with cold feeling
Knowing where my heart is looking

Kariaq

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![Captain Leslie with her dad & his first Alaskan halibut](image-url)

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MEDICAL INSURANCE FOR INDIVIDUALS
by Chris Olson

You may be covered by your employer's health plan but chances are your lover is not. There are less than a dozen group medical plans in this country that offer spousal or family coverage to their gay employees. None of these exist in Alaska. What does the "single," self employed or unemployed do for health coverage?

The gay and lesbian population is uninsured or underinsured when it comes to health coverage. Many of us are self-employed and cannot afford the premiums of an individual policy. Some have catastrophic coverage with high deductibles and outrageous co-insurance percentages. Some gay clients who have come to me for help securing better medical coverage would have to pay thousands of dollars before their insurance kicks in. It is like paying $100 a month (your premium) for the privilege of paying $10,000 (your deductible and co-insurance obligation) if you really get sick or injured. This doesn't seem right. A lot of people just self-insure and hope that those horrible medical incidents won't happen. The fact is that too many gays and lesbians are not insured at all. They have not found a way to afford it and/or they can't rationalize the cost in terms of the payoff that comes back to them.

One of the national health reform resolutions being debated currently is that of a medical savings account (MSA). You would open a tax-deductible/tax-deferred savings account in your own name. You would own all the assets. Concurrently you would pay the mandatory premium for your 'choice' of health plans. You would only dip into your MSA if you have a catastrophic medical need. If you don't have such a need then this investment is yours to access at retirement. Even before retirement you can use a percentage of that money as you wish.

Medical insurance premiums can be expensive today, but the MSA, if adopted, will bring down the premiums for individual medical coverage (and you help offset the financial loss of a major accident or illness with your MSA).

This is one small aspect of national reform that is geared to the self-employed. Most of the other areas under review apply to employer-provided coverage. The mandates that are recommended are for groups of over 25 people. In Alaska, as well as many parts of the country, there are many groups of between 1-25 that don't fit the mandates.

Why not implement your own MSA now? You have complete control over this account. You spread the risk for some illness/injury to an insurance company and you assume part of the risk yourself. If you don't need the MSA then you have a tidy little stash of money to use any way you wish.

Here are some sample (monthly) costs of individual health insurance that is available today:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Age</th>
<th>$500 deductible</th>
<th>$1,000 deductible</th>
<th>$2,500 deductible</th>
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<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>$103</td>
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<td>35</td>
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<td>$182</td>
<td>$114</td>
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<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>$225</td>
<td>$141</td>
<td>$108</td>
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</tbody>
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This coverage includes prescription drugs, office visits, inpatient and outpatient surgery, diagnostics, emergency room, hospitalization, chiropractic, ambulance, and home health care.

Combined with a private MSA you can insure yourself against disaster and start a systematic investment plan to help defray the costs of your smaller medical needs.

Chris Olson 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.)

Linda Kellen is taking a break in July. The “Business Spotlight” will return in August.

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Obituaries

‘Bewitched’ Star Dies of Cancer
LOS ANGELES--Dick Sargent, who played the beleaguered husband on the television series “Bewitched” and later declared his homosexuality with pride, died Friday. He was 64. Sargent died of prostate cancer at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, where he was admitted Wednesday, said hospital spokesman Ron Wise. The actor was diagnosed with prostate cancer 4½ years ago, and doctors were initially optimistic he could be treated successfully because it was found early. But in a television interview in March, a frail-looking Sargent said the disease had spread. In 1991, on National Coming Out Day, Sargent announced he was gay. Sargent recognized that his ill health may have led people to assume he had AIDS. “I don’t have AIDS,” he said. “I am HIV-negative. But if I did I would wear that badge as proudly as everybody else who has it.”
Thanks to the Anchorage Daily News, Saturday, July 9, 1994

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ACTing UP on a Husband Hunt

It was another National Coming Out Day, and its fifth anniversary silently slipped by the Names Project AIDS quilt display in Washington, D.C. So much else was happening that weekend: the quilt display to end all quilt displays (so the organizers claimed), the 500th anniversary of the now-notorious landing of Christopher Columbus, and the AIDS and Queer activists’ schedule of protests.

My day started at noon, when I arose, smoke-permeated from three nights and mornings of “boogie-woogieing” (the telltale sign that I was being a good little clone). Not even shampooing three times could get the stale smoke stench out of my bangs. I took the Metro to the Smithsonian and raced to the Capitol, where the ACT UP march had already started. The plan was to advance from there to the White House, carrying the ashes -- the real ashes -- of our loved ones dead from AIDS, and dumping them in protest on the White House lawn. I did not hesitate to join the procession (my first ACT UP disobedience). The time had come for me to rebel against my frustrated community of AIDS good guys who tried to work within existing channels. I was now a bona fide jaded AIDS vigilante trying to keep the spirit of my dead friends alive by fighting alongside those of us who still breathed.

Two years -- to the day -- had passed since I met Greg, my client from the Buddy Program at AIDS Project Los Angeles. He had died a few months earlier and all the cooking and cleaning and hand holding and listening I did for him was now in a pretty little patch of cloth a mile away in the quilt display. Now that he was dead, I decided to take on the responsibility of keeping him alive. That meant the time had arrived for me to fight -- to turn in my Florence Nightingale paper hat for an Atilla the “Hon” helmet.

I looked around. I was in the middle of all the chanting and whistling and shouting and clapping. I spun around, taking in the corps’ enormity ... and keeping a lookout for husband material. There was one. One! (Perhaps I’m too picky.) Of course, I had to dismiss him from my affections because he appeared to be with a boyfriend. Had to be ... they dressed the same ... like a couple high schoolers in twins mode so neither feels like a freak. I thought, stop over-analyzing! All I was really doing was convincing myself I could never approach him. It was easier to say that he was taken than to risk finding out. I did that with the rest of the possible bachelors in the group ... I dismissed them all as not interesting enough when actually I was using that to cloak the fact I really felt they were unapproachable. Anyway, I found a cuter one than the twin. He was the cutest thing I had seen in ... minutes, even if he did look like a typical urban queer clone (there I go!), in his sleeveless flannel, his ripped S01s and the politically incorrect but stud-making leather jacket draped faggily over his shoulder like a poncho. We made a little eye contact but, again, I talked myself into thinking he was not interested. I decided to write him off as a tired West Hollywood gayboy.

Marching a bit ahead of him, I continued to chant and clap and remember my dead friends whose own ashes were represented in the couple dozen urns that were being processed to the White House. Cute boy #1 (the twin) kept looking over at me but clearly did not have the foggiest idea how to flirt ... he would stare blankly until my eyes met his, at which point he would divert his gaze.

Our brigade passed the Quilt display at the Washington Monument, and we began chanting, “Join us! Join Us!” to the hundreds of onlookers on the curb. Here were all these people, wearing their red ribbons, and their collective look was as blank as that of cute boy #1. Their anesthetized expressions only served to augment the passion of our plea, “How many more have to die before you join the fight?!” The next thing I knew, cute boy #2 was abreast, saying, “They stand there with their AIDS ribbons, but what do they do to help?”

I said, in a butch voice, “I know. It’s outrageous.” I thought of my mother who was like the Church Lady with an au courant wardrobe. Even if she did wear a red ribbon to church or work (which she has not), how does she fight AIDS? I vacillated: she helps other people with other difficulties ... but AIDS is more urgent -- it sneaked up from behind (so to speak) ... she prays for people with AIDS (I hope) ... yet I get no support when I tell her another friend is dead -- not even a patronizing sigh. She just can not understand. She just will not. Not until
I tell her I am HIV positive. That I am one of those AIDS victims. That I am so close to the other side, I am no longer afraid.

“Red ribbons don’t mean anything. Not anything like action,” the cute guy next to me said. His words jarred me back into my healthy, HIV negative body. That happy reality returned as quickly as the one that shrieked, “You live, but your friends are dead!”

I looked over at the young man. He had beautiful light blue eyes ... the color of the morning sky. He was short by western American standards. His mop of dark brown hair was foofily sculpted into a flawless mane that framed his hard, handsome face. Important, of course, was his bum, which I stole an unnoticed glance at. It made a subtle, inviting rise from his Levis. He motioned toward the sidewalk. “Look at all of ’em.”

It was lamentable. All these mourners ... what had their loss compelled them to do? I wanted to scream, why are you just standing there? Wondering if I would have done the same had Greg not moved me to action, I decided, us ... them ... it's all the same fight. It's a virus we're fighting. Can't we all fight it together? All any of us can see is a rise in death - an augment in tragedy. So where is the action? Nowadays, when I see nothing backing someone's red ribbon, I extend myself even more to compensate for the inaction it has come to represent.

But first, a word from my hormones.

I extended my hand and introduced myself. His name was Bill ... from Connecticut. I wiggled my fingers with glee and explained to him my passion for New England boys (even though he looked more like a New York clone than an uptight Yankee prep needing a liberating poke). He bored his perfect pearls in a flirtatious grin. Yep, I wanted to touch him real bad. So I reached over to squeeze his biceps and suddenly felt warm in the cool, rain-threatening breeze. We kept up an excited stare for some seconds before we were changed back into our marching world, “How many more have to die before you join the fight?!” A sister and her companion were shouting, “How many more have to die before we kill George Bush?!”

The march stalled on the ellipse, right at the White House. It was like the placid seafoam on the shore right before it gets sucked down into a rising wave. Bill and I cut to the side of the procession where we found ourselves only a dozen yards from the White House fence. Between us and it were the Washington, D.C. police. Neither of us had ashes to dump, so we just watched in awe as waves of protesters flocked to the guard-studded fence and defiantly hurled the remains of their friends, family, and mates over the guards’ heads and onto the White House lawn.

This was the most exhilarating event I have witnessed in seasons. My heart and mind and body pulsed with the energy of the corps. We were truly united and, fascinatingly, our rage, sorrow, bitterness, hatred, and loss seemed to fly with our dead over the enemy police (who had grown fat on taxpayer’s salaries). “Three more weeks! Three more weeks!” rang around the White House, alluding to President Bush’s expected demise.

I turned to Bill, who was still chanting. I loved how his creamy, stubble-dotted face drained into those crispy blue windows above his nose. I saw in them the anger, the loss, and the love. I saw him growing more passionate with each box of ashes tossed at the house we were letting the Bush family stay in. I saw him as my brother, a soldier and comrade next to me in this foxhole behind the White House. I wanted so much to take him in my arms as if I were embracing all the AIDS family. I wanted to kiss that soft face with its hard countenance to show my love for all of us who have been stung by this syndrome. And I wanted to envelop his lips with mine, just because I wanted to. He was my family -- everyone there was. All of us who have fought tirelessly for our loved ones -- sometimes to the death -- have miraculously grown in strength despite each loss of a family member. At that point, it was perfectly clear to me why I had spent last Christmas at the hospice instead of with the relatives. It’s the people who show me they are my family versus the people who tell me they are my family that I embrace.

Then there was Bill. I did not embrace him. In fact, I broke my gaze and returned to the chanting until I was late for my 2:30 meeting at the Quilt. I told him I had to leave, and he volunteered the information that he did not know the phone number of where he was staying. I thought, what a line! Boy am I glad I didn’t kiss him after all, if he thinks I’m gonna buy that. Well, I got over it and gave him my host’s telephone number ... got nothin’ to lose.

We parted and I scampered to the Monument. The display’s enormity left me more dazed than it had the previous day. The loss. My God, the insurmountable loss! All my friends ... all our friends. No, just all my friends. At that moment it was my tragedy. I deserved that recognition. Fuck everyone else who may have sweat blood as much as
or more than me. It was my love forever lost in this heartbreaking piece of folk art and nobody else's!

Looking around, I had to admit there were others. So this is the world's biggest work of art. No other folk art can compare. This is not a good thing that the Quilt is so vast. It represents our inability to stop this disease. It means that we cannot get our elected officials to help us. It is a sign that we are on our own forever, until many of us die like our Quilt heroes have died.

It also means that this art is the greatest outpouring of love ever. After all, we gave it a heart. That moment, I saw it happening ... each of us became a part of that Quilt. The loss is insurmountable because the love is just as infinite -- and there is boundless love stitched into it. All that love poured out of the display, through everyone there, each taking that love from the capital and along the paths to home.

Still, love on its own is not enough, I said. All the feeling trickling out of Washington is like the red ribbon; useless to the cause unless it inspires action. Although our lives continue in the demonic face of AIDS, they change immoderately. I realized after Scott, my first friend who died from HIV complications, that love alone did nothing. It had to compel me to action in order for it to be truly expressed. AIDS grows astronomically and exponentially. It mutates and hides and attacks and changes again. If I cannot be this crisis, I said to myself, I have to promise to always at least keep up with it.

I sauntered over with my friends to the signature panel. In the upper corner I wrote, "Greg, today would have been two years of our friendship. I miss you as much as I love you." Suddenly, a downpour materialized, and the Quilt monitors (aka Tissue Fairies) and friends had the entire display folded up in under one minute. Upon completion, an enormous cheer bellowed from the crowd, soon to be echoed by thunderclaps. We all stood still, almost as if we thought that by standing our ground, nature would pass over us and permit us our display. It did not, and we all soon ran for cover.

As it turned out, Bill left me his number on my friend's answering machine, and I went to his place that night to join him and his comrades in screaming at the television during the first presidential debate of 1992. Amazing is the circus our tax dollars sustain. Too bad our blood money can't buy us sanity. After the debate, the friends left to dance and, six hours after that, Bill and I finally slept.

In those hours, we talked and kissed and reflected and begat some wondrous romancing. In our conversations we looked back over our life together -- all ten hours of it. I told him that because at first glance I didn't think he was interested in me, I wrote him off as a dumb WeHo queen. I don't think he took kindly to that, even though I did explain it was just a stupid self-defense mechanism. We talked about queerdom and how few people -- even gay -- really seem to understand the breadth of gay culture. He admitted to cruising the demonstration (something I would not admit, even though I did more cruising than the Love Boat). He said, "Your ass looks terrific in your jeans." His looked terrific out of them. Between our talking, we ate greasy frozen pizza and chocolate. I walked around the empty apartment wearing nothing but my 501s and leather jacket. Bill showed me how much he liked the ensemble. We kept the blinds open. He's a bit of an exhibitionist and I wanted to look into those eyes until another morning sky dawned.

He was a saint and put off his return trip to New England so we could have breakfast together. He was an archangel and woke me up to where AIDS had put me to sleep.

Something else had happened that day that no tax dollar could buy. Within an hour of the ashes being scattered, the 3 o'clock downpour swept across Washington, forever ingraining the remains of our loved ones on our property, the White House. Each fat drop of rain gently shoved our dead friends deeper into the grass and ground. People we laughed with, ate with, slept with, and loved are forever entrenched in that silent monument of the White House lawn. May the grass grow greener where our friends lie.

Christopher Fabbro is a lifeguard outreach specialist in Pasadena, Calif. Copyright 1992 C. P. Fabbro

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