Meditation
on Progress
by Martin Palmer

Sunday, mid-October, 1999. I watch the driving rain sweep in from the Inlet rattling off the few orange-brown leaves clinging to the almost bare trees; I shiver in the chill of late fall; rain runs down my neck and over my hands as I take the dog out then push back inside as quickly as we can to warmth and light again. This day is beautiful.

The day is beautiful for two indubitable reasons: first, it has come in its own way and in its appropriate season, as always—it is October, 1999; and second, that I am here to feel its chill and rain on my own body and to see its somber beauty with my own eyes. I am living it. This morning I learned that a close friend of almost twenty-five years had died. He was only fifty-one. After listing some of the many things that his friends admired and cherished about his way of living his life, his obituary in our local paper continued, "He is survived by his partner, with whom he shared his life for 25 years.

(see Meditation, page 5)

In Death She Still Endures
by Anonymous

I heard yesterday that my mother is dead. While the shock and grief is far from over in my head and heart, I am thankful. Some people experience the death of a dear parent and wish they had told them how much the parent meant to them. My mother knew how special she was to me, and for that I am thankful.

Though we didn’t always see eye to eye when I was a teen, I soon realized that parenting doesn’t come with a guidebook. She and my father did pretty well bringing my brothers and me up in our little east coast farm town. By the time I was old enough to consider having children, I knew how unique and caring my mother was. And I told her and showed her in ways that may not formed words in my mouth, but in ways that she understood and appreciated.

And I am thankful that I had the courage and bravery to come out of my gay closet to her while she was still alive and vibrant—the first member of my family to hear those difficult words. Not knowing how she might respond, I was relieved to hear “I love you and I give you my support. I am proud of all you have accomplished basically by yourself without much help from your parents... I wish you every joy and happiness in your new ‘hometown’...” Instead of expressing concern over my new life as an openly gay man, she apologized for creating an environment in which I didn’t feel I could come-out sooner!

Finally, I am grateful this Thanksgiving season that she was able to fly up to Anchorage to visit me and allow me to see her the wonderful sites Alaska has to offer. I needed her approval for the decisions made to start my life over in the Last Frontier, and she gave it warmly and enthusiastically. Her trip was the first time in a commercial jetliner, first time river rafting, and the first time she had seen and heard a massive glacier calving. I’m truly thankful she and I were able to become best friends. I will miss her every day.

"Not knowing how she might respond, I was relieved to hear, "I love you and give you my support."

The Rainbow Borealis, a publication of Identity, Inc. Vol 1 No 2 Dec 99
The Rainbow Borealis

... is a monthly publication of Identity, Inc., a non-profit 501 c (3) Alaska corporation concerned with issues of sexual identity. The Rainbow Borealis 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.

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"Never look back is the order of the day for gays and lesbians today, and we are gaining at a rate that I never thought possible."

"They were united in marriage on March 26, 1999, in a ceremony for gay and lesbian couples performed by Mayor Willie Brown at San Francisco City Hall."

In November 1993, when another cherished friend died of AIDS, his lover wrote, "He is survived by his lover of twenty years." "Lover," just as he had specified, was printed in our local newspaper. When this friend died the following April, a month after his 43rd birthday, he, too, knew that his love for another man and the bond that they shared and valued most would be stated for any reader of the newspaper to ponder and acknowledge.

Were they the first? No, of course not. But when generalities become specific, as in these obituaries, the effect is liberating, and one sees the power of our individual efforts. And all the small streams begin to converge into a river that no opposition can deflect or dam. We saw it most recently when Kevin Sampson's outspoken courage and tenacity gained for him the Alaska ACLU award even though it came after his death.

When I was a young man decades ago, such recognition wasn't even in our minds or on our horizons. Never look back is the order of the day for gays and lesbians today, and we are gaining at a rate that I never thought possible. We are living it now, after having been severely tried along the way. And that, too, is the strongest motive to keep on, with thanksgiving.

"Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades forever and forever as I move...but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Martin Palmer is a professor at U.A.A.
Why Do Volunteers Burn Out?

by Bill Wilks

Personally I have lost count of the number of organizations, causes or programs that are no longer offered in our community because volunteers became over worked, under appreciated, or both and then eventually gave up and withdrew their support.

There appears to be a life cycle for volunteers. The life cycle seems to start with a desire to help others in our community. Once a commitment is made to volunteer, I've seen some of the hardest working folks in our community become overwhelmed by the work expected of them by the organizations that benefit from their resources. It doesn't take the volunteer too long to lose sight of what motivated them to initially help out if they become over worked or under appreciated.

When this happens, the life cycle is all but over for the volunteer. The sad thing is that the road kill left behind when volunteers burn out goes beyond the volunteers themselves. Everyone is affected by volunteer burn out. The volunteer is affected because they really wanted to help but lost their desire to do so and now must deal, potentially, with the guilt of having let an organization down. The organization is affected because it most likely relied upon the volunteer to run critical programs that no one else is ready to take over. If the organization can not respond quickly to staff the program, the program may wither or die. The membership is affected because they count on the organization to provide programs that are of interest to them. If the programs stop, what happens to the membership? What happens to the organization when the membership goes away?

The point of this editorial is not to assign blame for why volunteers burn out. I'm certain that there are more reasons for why volunteers burn out than I have addressed in this article. However, I certainly believe that some of reasons for volunteer burn out are accounted for in this article. In any case, the point of this editorial is to bring attention to how precious our volunteers are and what can happen when they do burn out.

Certainly the Board of Identity has seen its share of volunteer burn out and the road kill left behind when hard working folks withdrew their support for producing the Northview, Identity's only revenue producing product. For the past six months the Board struggled to get a replacement newsletter issued to its membership, and in October Identity issued The Rainbow Borealis. However, during those six months that our newsletter was not generating revenue, and expenses continued because of our need to keep other critical programs such as the Help Line going, I think it would be a stretch to say that Identity was in serious trouble because of what occurred six months ago. On the other hand, I personally want to avoid any future volunteer burn out because everyone involved becomes the road kill.

"The sad thing is that the road kill left behind when volunteers burn out goes beyond the volunteers themselves."
Local Businesses Deserve a Big "Thanks!"

By Ruth Mathes

It's that time of year again, folks. Yep, it's time to winterize, simo-
imize, energize and harmonize, not to mention being grateful for getting
through another tourist season intact. While you are raking leaves (for the
third time in two weeks) you might want to tally up the good things that
have happened to you this year. Maybe even make a list of folks who
deserve a great big "thank you."

I have one for your list. Actually, I have two: Mad Myrna's and
Stonewall'd. These two local gay businesses pulled out all the stops when
the Olivia cruise gals hit town this summer, opening their establishments
for a huge celebration. There was a smorgasbord of delicacies at Mad
Myrna's, T-shirts and favors for them, and the local drag queens even put
on a fashion show, much to the delight of the women. They descended
on Stonewall'd and thoroughly enjoyed themselves there as well.

These businesses were not asked to do this. They received no
compensation from Olivia for hosting this event. They did it because they
wanted to. How refreshing! How novel! How super! I think we should
support these folks (and others like them who give so much) to help our
community grow.

Maybe we could donate some of our gay videos to Stonewall'd for
them to rent and help them build a collection for the community. Maybe
we could supply them with newsletters and event information that would
draw the community in and boost business as well. Nothing has come
along to replace "The Bookstore" since it closed, and all have mourned its
passing. Maybe we have a new gathering place and haven't realized it yet.

Thanks to Mad Myrna's and Stonewall'd for being so very sup-
portive. We are indebted.

"Mad Myrna's,
Stonewall'd...
I think we should sup-
port these folks and
others like them who
give so much to help
our community grow."
Eight trillion dollars—$8,000,000,000,000—is a figure that’s likely to get anyone’s attention. That’s Cornell University economist Robert Avery’s estimate of how much money the “baby boom” generation is expected to inherit from their parents over the next two decades. If this estimate is correct this shift will represent the largest transfer of wealth in our nation’s history.

Inheritances and other family money issues are important considerations in developing a financial plan. Unfortunately in many families, financial matters simply are not discussed between parents and their adult children. The issue can be especially difficult when roles are reversed and adult children attempt to advise parents on financial matters. Yet it is critical that family members cooperate and communicate so that family resources can stay in the family and the family’s long-term financial objectives are met.

Although crises such as death, illness or divorce may prompt financial concerns, it’s best to avoid making decisions during periods of high stress. Financial decisions made during troubled times may be based more on emotion than logic. You can avoid making decisions in stressful situations by starting conversations with your family today.

Initially, you might consider calling a family meeting, where all family members are present to avoid any misunderstandings. You could establish some ground rules at the outset and encourage everyone’s participation in the discussions.

As a guideline for a family discussion, you may want to review these questions:

1. Do you have a comprehensive list of your assets and liabilities?
2. Is your estate plan up to date?
3. Do you have adequate medical insurance?
4. Do parents have preferences for future care?
5. Have you reviewed your financial plan?

Developing financial plans, or updating existing ones, can help ensure each family member’s financial affairs are in order. Once the family has outlined the big picture, a trusted financial advisor can help bring that picture into focus with strategies that meet your family’s needs.
Flying Home
by Jen Kohout

I can hear them long before I jog around the bend. Hoards of Canada Geese packed into a lake the size of a soccer field. Craning their long necks, they emit deep, guttural sounds magnified by the embankment that borders the Campbell Lake. An aviary Woodstock of sorts. Even though it interrupts the rhythm of my morning run, I stop to watch the field of bobbing heads. The honking begins to crescendo, and then suddenly a group of two dozen begin flapping their wings. Their departure sets off wave after wave of movement as the remaining geese take to the air. I watch them fly off towards the mountains in a lazy V formation. Based on their uninspired flight pattern, I guess that they’ll be back by evening. Postponing the long flight south for at least one more day.

On the one hand, I appreciate their reluctance. The expansive Alaskan landscape leaves a powerful imprint. But even I, the urban dweller, have noticed the portents of winter. Ice shelves forming around the edge of the lake, the sun’s low arch on the horizon. Within weeks, days perhaps, snow will fall. Blanketing in white, the grassy shoots that sustain the noisy birds. This eventuality coupled with the Canadas’ procrastination perplexes me. If I were on the verge of having all my favorite food groups buried beneath a layer of snow and ice, I wouldn’t linger. Resuming my jog, I run through a list of perfectly sound biologic reasons for their delayed departure. Relying on my intuitive understanding of waterfowl psyche, I attribute the mystery to the fact that these Anchorage geese probably have family down south. The prospect of reconnecting with their feathered relatives is obviously causing the agitated geese significant anticipatory anxiety. It also explains why they make that jarring racket. I can empathize. Less than a month ago I was discussing ovo-lacto vegetarian meals and emergency exit aisle seats with Julie at United. Hanging up the phone, I realized that rather than feel relieved that the logistics were in order, I was mildly terrified at the prospect of accompanying Karen on her annual family visit to the mid-west. The prospect of extra leg room and a cold salad plate didn’t seem to help my nerves.

By the time I boarded the plane, however, the churning in my stomach had subsided thanks to my overbooked dental hygienist. Waiting in her lobby, I’d picked up a wilderness travel brochure promoting exotic trips to scores of unappealing places. The text describing each trip, however, made every outing sound like a fascinating experience. I visualized how the Wilderness Travel Company would have described my impending trip to Wisconsin. “Don’t miss this rare opportunity to travel to the native homeland of Karen Kay for a unique anthropologic experience. Observe her in the habitat of her youth. Witness first-hand the familial forces that helped make her who she is today.” Suddenly the trip was sounding much more intriguing. All I would need to ensure my own constant entertainment during the visit would be a clipboard to record my observations. Objectivity being the key to any qualitative survey, I realized that I was in trouble the moment I walked off the plane. Karen and I were met by Karen’s five-year-old niece, Megan, who gave me a shy hug prompted by her mom. Her tentativeness, however, evaporated before we reached baggage claim. She grabbed my hand and skipped along telling us about the fort her Dad had built with lawn chair pillows, the location of the best Burger King in the Chicago metropolitan area, and the proper names of her stuffed animals. So much for my plan to maintain observer status. I was starting to feel like part of the family and I’d only been there twenty minutes. Over the course of the visit, I experienced that connected feeling on regular intervals. Like when her parents and siblings welcomed us into their homes and assigned us to bedrooms with one bed; when her nephews challenged me to a rousing game of Don’t Spill the Beans and let me win; when I spent time washing dishes or folding laundry for a house full of children and adults; and when I negotiated the rules during a tense game of Pictionary. The highs and lows of family dynamics.

Which isn’t to suggest that I always felt like a family member. In fact, on occasion, I could have sworn I’d landed on an alien planet. Like one evening, when the Konopacki family piled on its motorized pontoon boat for pre-dinner cruise around an adjacent man-made lake. I was lounging on the starboard side, scanning the ranch homes that lined the lake when Karen’s Mom passed me the tray of appetizers. I immediately recognized a stack of serrated Ritz crackers but was perplexed by the bowl of curdled milk globules abutting them. Noticing my inquisitive stare, Karen’s Mom offered that she had purchased the gourmet pellets at the local grocery. “Garlic-flavored cheese what?” I mumbled, wrinkling my nose with culinary snobishness. Karen caught my eye with a look that told me to drop the melodramatics. I smiled politely at Karen’s Mom and grabbed a curd.

In retrospect, I probably shouldn’t have been so surprised that I actually liked the curdled dairy snacks. Just as I shouldn’t have been surprised that being in the company of Karen’s family felt so comfortable. Because of that sense of comfort (and newfound appreciation of cheese curds), next autumn when it’s time for another visit to Wisconsin, part of me will be pleased. The other part, however, will worry about potential familial conflicts and tensions. And as I jog by Campbell Lake, I’ll probably stop at least once to project all my pre-trip anxiety on a flock of unsuspecting waterfowl who are simply acting out their biologically-ingrained seasonal behaviors.
As the month of November approached, I knew that few days remained of my youthful thirties. Yep, you guessed it. I turned forty years young this November. What surprised me as I approached forty was how my age gauge, that gauge we all have that tells us throughout life who's old and who's not, seems to have gotten more forgiving over the years. For instance, when I was as teenager I thought my parents were over the hill when they turned forty, and anyone who was fifty must certainly remember when dinosaurs roamed the earth! Well, today my age gauge tells me that forty is pretty darn young and fifty is still years away from middle age. Experts have told me that it takes a few years for one's age gauge to function properly. Whether mine is functioning properly or not, I love what it's telling me right now. That's all that counts.

In all seriousness, I've spent a bit of time over the past few months seeking advice from my friends who have reached forty years of age and beyond. Generally, I asked my friends a simple question: "When you turned forty were you bummed out?" As you might have guessed, replies vary from "life begins at forty," or "you're as young as you feel," or some other similar cliche. Then I approached my dear friend Brenda and asked her the same question. Now before I tell you Brenda's reply, it is helpful to know a little bit about her. First, Brenda meets the MQ's (minimum qualifications) for being able to answer this question. By that I mean that Brenda is over forty. Second, Brenda doesn't beat around the bush, nor does she sugar coat anything she tells you. Therefore, what you hear is what she's feeling, and more importantly, what she means. Finally, Brenda expresses herself through a lot of body language. Another way to put this is that Brenda is a large woman who loves to smother you her with huge breasts as she gives you a bear hug.

Now that you know more about Brenda, this is how she answered my question: "If you are happy with who you are by the time you reach forty, then you will have no problem when that day comes." The profoundness of that simple sentence didn't hit me right away, but as I think about what she said, it made complete sense to me. Let's face it. Birthdays are more than just placeholders to remind us of how old we are. Birthdays are the benchmarks we use to evaluate our successes and failures in life. I believe, as Brenda pointed out, that if you are happy with who you are and what you've done with your life when you reach forty, then you should have no reason to be bummed out on your birthday.

"Let's face it. Birthdays are more than just placeholders to remind us of how old we are."

As I got ready to turn forty this November I asked myself if I were going to be happy when my birthday arrived. And I knew that the answer would be a resounding "yes," because I have so many things to be thankful for.

I am thankful that I am a gay man and that I have a wonderful partner to share my life with. I am thankful that both of our families love each of us without regard to our sexual orientation. I am thankful that we are both physically and mentally healthy. I am also thankful for the wonderful friends we have who have unconditionally stayed by our sides during the darkest of times. Most importantly, I am thankful that Brenda was there to share with me her perspective of what it should be like to turn forty. Her perspective on aging was more profound than I could have ever imagined.
National Coming Out Day!

By Kathryn Leavey

It was with some trepidation that I agreed to attend this year’s Identity Fundraiser. I had attended only the post-dinner part of last year’s event and was not impressed. The awards were far too numerous and the comedienne left me with a sour memory of laughos obtained through vulgarity and a game show that relied on members of the audience for humor. A quick survey of my social circle revealed that I was not alone in my disappointment. However, one of my more politically and socially correct friends interrupted my whining to point out, very politely, that identity only stages one fundraising event per year and that, if the organization is to continue, community support is essential. Appropriately shamed, I volunteered to organize a dinner table, to compensate for my initial antipathy.

The event was held at the Fourth Avenue Theater and was a GREAT SUCCESS. Greg Kramer, organizing this event for the second time, adjusted the program to allow more time for socializing and dancing. The door prizes were plentiful and impressive and the process of purchasing tickets (sold in strips that measured from your nose to your chest or hose) provided light entertainment during the dinner. I thought that the game show format for giving out the prizes was creative. Lucky ticket winners competed to guess the vital statistics of the Empress XXVII Silva Stone, Titania and Geena Naughtee. Darl Schaaff kept the program on a tight schedule, which seemed to be much appreciated by the guests.

The comedian, Bob Smith, was a hoot. He achieved a wonderful balance of social commentary, personal anecdotes and hilarious humor. I learned that any doubts over the sexual orientation of Michaelangelo can finally be put to rest because, as Bob observed, “Only a gay man would spend four years painting one room.”

"... any doubts over the sexual orientation of Michaelangelo can finally be put to rest ...;"

The distribution of free dental dams and condoms in the women’s restroom was the topic of some debate. “Don’t they realize this is a dyke bathroom?” one lesbian was heard to say as she examined the selection of flavored condoms. I assume the idea was to promote tolerance and acceptance for people of all sexual orientations and identities. That, after all, is what socialize in a relaxed and safe environment. It is an opportunity to meet new people and have fun with old friends while raising money for a good cause. How many non-profit fundraising events sell tickets for less than $100? How many organizations make it possible for people to participate in the social program without having to pay for the dinner? This year one hundred and ninety people attended the dinner and an additional one hundred and fifty attended the show. The feedback I have obtained has been overwhelmingly positive.

Only by standing up for our rights and becoming a more visible and organized community can we hope to gain equal rights. Gathering together generates a feeling of community and support which fortifies us as we strive to create a better and more tolerant society. I would like to thank everyone at Identity who helped to stage this event, with special thanks.

*The Rainbow Borealis*, a publication of Identity, Inc. Vol 1 No 2 Dec 99
by Michael "The Music Minor"

Not too long ago, the Identity organization received a compact disk in the mail. It is the latest CD that Brad Mehldau has out on the market. The music is contemporary piano with some bass and drum accompaniment. It has a tint of old flare mixed in with a newer jazz style. It would appeal to someone whom has a taste for a more modern style of jazz.

Brad Mehldau began his career with heavy classical training. It wasn't until he was older that he was exposed to jazz. As an adolescent he favored rock. Mehldau received his education from the prestigious New School for Social Research in Manhattan as part of the Jazz and Contemporary Music Program. This school exposed him to such people as Junior Mance, Kenny Werner, and Fred Hersch. All of these men are highly credited and left Mehldau with a love for jazz. He has used his classical background to form a style of jazz that is distinctive to only him.

Brad Mehldau has other CD's out on the market as well as this one. So, if you are interested in his music you may want to find out more information. To learn more about Mehldau, check out his web site at www.wbjazz.com.

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The Holiday Season

By Jim Henry

The holiday season is upon us. For some of us, it is a time of great joy, family and love. For too many of us, it’s a time of sorrow, being away from those we love or remembering those who are no longer with us. For me, the holidays stir up so many memories.

Growing up in the suburbs of Los Angeles, I remember my holidays all too vividly — from the good times to the times I would just wish that I didn’t have to be there. Memories of these times remain etched in my mind like ancient carvings in stone. Some of them, I’d love to remember forever, some, I’d just as soon forget ever happened.

My family is just about as middle class as you can get. From the VW van in the driveway, to the three-bedroom, one-bath ranch home on the 60’ by 120’ lot, we might as well have been the Nelsons. At least from the outside.

You see, I’m the youngest of three. My older brother, Bill, is sixteen months older than me, my sister is fifteen months months older than he is. As we were growing up, I was always as big (tall) as my brother, or sometimes even taller. That doesn’t go well when your little brother is taller than you, and we had our share of fights, like most brothers do.

But somehow, we kind of bonded around the holiday seasons. My family was somewhat dysfunctional. Yeah, I know. Every family is. I agree with that, but mine… Anyway, I remember that on holidays, Bill and I would find anything we could to not be around the house. It was bad enough to hear the bickering of our parents during the normal times, but to be locked down with them when you knew your friends were having a grand time with the holidays just freaked me out.

One of our fun things was to go bowling. The alley was well within walking distance, and even though we probably didn’t bowl more than twice a year, we’d do it on Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year’s Day, any time we just needed to escape.

Isn’t it weird how you remember such things? I’m 38, Bill just turned forty; my sister is forty-two. Bill is now 6’4” and goes 265 pounds. I live 2,500 miles away from my Dad. Mom passed away almost six years ago.

I miss the bickering. I miss the bowling.

Jim is employed by Alaska Communications Systems. He and his lover, Gary Dearth, have been together for sixteen years.

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eighteen
It's 11pm, do you know where your children are? by Martha Giffin Four A's

This past December 1st, organizations and faith communities all over the state of Alaska celebrated World AIDS Day. This year, the theme focused on young people. Using the slogan "Listen, Learn, Live" the World AIDS Day events encouraged young people in our communities to pay attention to the choices and risks they take.

Some quick facts about the epidemic:

- Close to 6 million people became infected with HIV in 1998, that's 11 every minute
- More than 3 million children and youth under age 25 were infected in 1998 - 8,500 per day
- 6.2 million children have been orphaned by AIDS as of 1997

What can be done? It is easy to get discouraged in the presence of such statistics. However, a good first step in dealing with this epidemic is to talk about it. HIV/AIDS is spread by one person's infected blood, semen, vaginal fluid or breast milk getting inside another person. It is actually one of the hardest diseases to get, yet it is also one of the most deadly. Most people know how HIV is passed, yet the virus is still allowed to spread. It isn't a matter of just knowing what is risky, but having the communication skills and self-esteem necessary to address the issue with sexual and drug use partners.

How can you give these skills to your children? Can you really help them to listen, learn and live? Yes. Abstinence from sex and drugs is absolutely the best method for young people to avoid HIV risk. However, parents should also recognize that sexuality is about more than just a sex act. It is physical and emotional. Children learn about the roles, values and behaviors surrounding sexuality from a very early age. Supported by the American Sexual Health Association is the idea that children need: a clear set of values, accurate information, a strong sense of self-worth as well as decision making and communication skills. These traits should come from the home and need constant tending if they are to withstand the enormous amount of bad information and influences in a child/young person's life. Holiday time is a great opportunity to talk with your kids and spend some time on these issues. For more information on how to be an "askable" parent, feel free to contact us at 263-2048. Good Luck!

Upcoming Events:

- AIDS 101 Training: call for days and times @ 263-2050
- Free HIV Testing Wednesdays 2:00 - 4:00pm @ 4A's
- Every Friday "Friday Lunch" for clients, friends and volunteers Noon @ 4 A's
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Sylvia L. Short
Attorney and Counsellor at Law

Don't forget your friends!
Remember, there are lots of us.
Let's work together for the good of all of us!

705 West 47th Avenue
Anchorage, Alaska 99503
Telephone (907) 562-4992
Please send calendar activities, club notes, and directory updates to identity@alaska.net

1999

November
Friday, 26
(A) Identity Potluck, 6:30pm Anchorage Unitarian Universal Fellowship.

(A) The Family, campus center closed, possible road trip to Chena hot springs, possibly board games, call 275-8763 to find out.

December
Wednesday, 1
(A) 1st World AIDS Day Public event at Sidney Lawrence Theater, 6:45pm

Friday, 3
(A) First Day of Hanakah Celebration Lunch - Four A's, 12:00 noon
(A) The Family, study tips and “how to survive finals” information at campus center room 105, then Nik's house for Karoke

Sunday, 5
(A) The Last Frontier Men's Club decorate Mad Myrna's for the holidays. AWAIC shelter toy drive and charity raffle, bring goodies (cookies, fudge, eggnog), starts at 3:00pm.

Friday, 10

(A) Final Day of Hanakah Celebration Lunch - Four A's, 12:00 noon
(A) The Family, movie night at campus center room 105, 7:00pm.

SUNDAYS

(A) Metropolitan Community Church Services, 2pm Sunday at Immanuel Presbyterian Church, 2311 Pembroke
(F) PFLAG, third Sunday, 4-5:30pm, Unitarian Universalist Fellowship Hall, 4448 Pike's Landing Road

(A) Northern Exposure bowling league, Park Lanes, 4:00pm 561-8744 for more information
(A) GLSEN, first Sunday, 1pm, AUUF


MONDAYS

(A) Gay Bar, Anchorage, noon, Second Monday, 845 K St., 279-5001
(A) Gay, Joyous & Free, 7pm, AA Meeting, AUUF, 3201 Turnagain Street

(A) Over 50's Social Group, 2nd and 4th from 7-9pm. Inquire 337-6779

(A) Lesbian Social Group, reviews films & books. 1st, 3rd & 5th. Inquire 337-6779.
TUESDAYS
(A) Righteous Babes Radio Show, 7pm, KRUA-FM 88.1
(A) SLAA (Sex & Love Addicts Anonymous) 8pm, 566-1133
(A) PFLAG, 3rd Tuesday, 7-9pm, AUUF
(A) The Family, 2:30pm, first Tuesday, UAA Campus Center room 105
(F) GLSEN, 5pm, FEA on S.Cushman, every 3rd Tuesday

WEDNESDAYS
(A) Free HIV test at 4 A's, 2-4pm, 1057 W.Fireweed Ln. Ste.102 Lori 263-2050
(A) IMRU2 5:30-7:30pm, 1st & 3rd at Q Cafe, 566-4678 (566-IMRU)
(J) Social at Summit Lounge, after work.
(J) "Women's Prerogative," KTOO-FM, Wednesday, 9pm-10pm.
(F) Dames on the Dial, KSUA-FM 91.5, 10pm- midnight.

THURSDAYS
(A) SLAA (Sex & Love Addicts Anonymous), 5:30pm, Unitarian Church, 566-1133.
(A) Friends and Family Support Group, 6:30pm, call 4As, 263-2050.
(A) Gay, Joyous & Free, 7pm, AA Meeting, AUUF, 3201 Turnagain.

FRIDAYS (A) Lunch, 4As, noon-1pm, 1057 W. Fireweed Ln. Ste. 102, Lori 263-2050. Everyone invited – HIV, volunteers and friends.
(A) Midnight Suns Gay AA Meeting, 7:30pm-9pm, 3020 Minnesota (Z-Plaza) & Benson.
(A) THE FAMILY, 6pm, Campus Center Room 105.
(A) Identity Fourth Potluck Friday, 6:30pm, AUUF.
(F) Free anonymous HIV testing, 3:30-5:30pm, IAA offices. 710 3rd Avenue.

(F) Outlooks, KSUA-FM 91.5, 5:30pm – 7pm.
(F) Socializing and Dancing at Club G, mixed crowd, 9pm – 3:30am, 150 Farmer’s Loop.
(F) Arctic Bears meet first Friday, call 479-8680 for information.
(J) Juneau Pride Chorus, 5:30-7:30pm, Resurrection Lutheran Church, Marsha at 789-6167 for info.

SATURDAYS
(A) SLAA (Sex & Love Addicts Anonymous), 12 noon, Unitarian Church, 566-1133.
(A) G/L Two-Step, first Saturday, 7:30-11pm, Pioneer School. Donations accepted.
(J) PFLAG First Saturday of each month, 10:30am to 12:30pm in the Mendenhall Library conference room.
(A) Womens Coffeehouse, 2nd Saturday, 751-7234 for information.
(F) Socializing and Dancing at Club G, mixed crowd, 9pm – 3:30am, 150 Farmer’s Loop.

LEGEND
(A) = ANCHORAGE, (F) = FAIRBANKS, (J) = JUNEAU

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