In this issue:

Hiking the Chilkoot Trail ▼ PrideFest ▼ Celebration of Change

AIDS Ride ▼ A Summer of Hope ▼ Hostels ▼ Talkeetna

and more...
NORTH VIEW STAFF MEMBERS & VOLUNTEERS

The NorthView continues to seek volunteers to write articles, columns, reviews, and stories, and to help with layout, editing, and distribution. We hope to serve the community by focusing more on community news, increasing circulation and ad revenue, and continue helping to serve as a community-wide resource.

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Cover Photo: Trailhead of the Chilkoot Pass Trail in Skagway, Alaska. Hikers from left to right Lee, Demera, Dawn, Gail, Angie, & Chris. See article page 12

Cover Photography: Lee Bourgeois
“Why You Should Attend the Annual Identity Meeting”

After taking a month off, our staff is back with a vengeance! This is a special issue all about summer in Alaska. It is also an issue where our writers share a part of themselves that doesn’t necessarily relate to their sexuality. It is nice knowing that we are a diverse community and that we are also diverse as individuals. We don’t live in a “gay all of the time” world. In the hot seat of producing a GLBT publication, it is often easy to forget that all of us are focused on so many other parts of our lives rather than just being gay.

Summer is also important for us in Anchorage this year because of Anchorage PrideFest. There will be five full days of activities, and for the first time in many years, we will have a parade in the heart of Anchorage and a huge festival. I’m amazed at how excited so many people are about the parade and the festival and about our GLBT community coming out to greater Anchorage. It will be a fun week. June 23 is the parade and festival. Mark your calendars now. It will be the biggest GLBT event Anchorage has ever seen. You will not want to miss it! Be part of the excitement!

Something else you should not miss is the annual Identity meeting that will take place on April 28, at 7:00 at the Unitarian Church on Turnagain Street. It is the only true member’s meeting for Identity (although all members are welcome to attend the Identity Board meetings that are held on the fourth Tuesday of every month).

To understand the importance of the upcoming Board meeting and the Board elections, it is necessary to understand the exceptionally important role Identity plays in the Anchorage GLBT community. Identity sponsors many vital GLBT services in Anchorage. These include: the NorthView; the Gay and Lesbian Help Line; the Alaska Pride Conference; Anchorage Pride Week and PrideFest; and now the Anchorage GLBT Community Center. For one organization to directly sponsor so many important functions within a GLBT community is unprecedented in most other American cities of our size. However, without the involvement of Identity many of these projects may not be happening today.

In the past year, Identity has done an admirable job of involving the community in the planning and execution of these projects and events. Every major Identity function and project has drawn the involvement of a diverse group of volunteers. With PrideFest and the Community Center project, Identity has even partnered with other GLBT groups. The Imperial Court has given $8,000 to PrideFest, and PrideFest is being sponsored by Identity, the Imperial Court, the Last Frontier Men’s Club, PFLAG, and the Metropolitan Community Church. The envisioned Community Center would have office and meeting space for all GLBT groups.

Yet, what most people do not realize, is that the nine members of the Identity Board help direct, lead, and shape all of its volunteer committees and community projects. When you consider that there is anywhere from 20,000 to 30,000 GLBT persons in Anchorage, it seems that the best and brightest of our community would want to step forward to serve on Identity’s Board. The Board and the vital and meaningful work they do is important for Anchorage.

Even more significant is that the Identity Board meetings are usually not attended by anyone but Board members even though all meetings are open to the public. This means that the Board often finds itself in the unenviable position of trying to make profound and far-reaching community decisions with only the input and advice of nine community members. This is why it is vitally important for all members to attend the annual meeting and to cast a vote, so they will know the Board members and can lend their voices to the process of building and creating community. These are the same reasons why it is important that a diverse representation of GLBT Anchorage run for the Board.

Identity wants and needs to be truly representative of our community. It needs to be inclusive and reach out to all 30,000 GLBT people in Anchorage. But that will not happen unless diverse people step forward. That will not happen unless we all understand how powerful community can be and how an organization that controls so many major community events can shape our community and the direction and dialogue of our future. April 27 is the Identity meeting. Plan to attend. It is our community, and your voice is important.

Fiken Freedman Counseling

566-1708

Individuals and Couples... with special insight into issues for Gays, Lesbians, Bisexuals, Transgender People, HIV/AIDS

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NELSON MANDELA ONCE SAID, "OUR DEEPEST FEAR IS NOT THAT WE ARE INadequate. OUR DEEPEST FEAR IS THAT WE ARE POWERFUL BEYOND MEASURE." SOMETIMES WHEN I REFLECT ON THIS STATEMENT I FEEL AS IF I UNDERSTAND THE MESSAGE HE IS IMPARTING. IN SOME WAYS, IT CAN BE TERRIFYING TO THINK THAT WE AS INDIVIDUALS ARE POWERFUL BEYOND MEASURE. THIS FEAR OF BEING POWERFUL MAY BE SO STRONG BECAUSE IF WE BELIEVE WE ARE TRULY THIS STRONG THEN WE MUST ASK OURSELVES, "WHY DON'T I TAKE ACTION TO CHANGE SOCIETY FOR THE BETTER?"

TO BE HONEST, THERE IS NO SIMPLE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION. WE ALL HAVE OUR DIFFERENT REASONS FOR NOT BEING INVOLVED OR FOR FAILING TO TAKE A STAND WHEN WE KNOW OUR STAND IS RIGHT. I AM NOT GOING TO EXPLORE THE REASONS FOR THE FEAR OR THE LIMITATIONS IT CAUSES, BUT RATHER DISCUSS THE OPPORTUNITIES THAT ARE AVAILABLE FOR ANYONE WITH AN INTEREST TO BECOME "POWERFUL BEYOND MEASURE."

THE IDENTITY BOARD IS CURRENTLY LOOKING FOR PEOPLE TO RUN FOR THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS THIS MONTH. ON APRIL 27 (AT THE FOURTH FRIDAY POTLUCK), WE WILL BE HOLDING OUR ELECTIONS FOR NEW DIRECTORS. THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO EXPERIENCE THE POWER THAT IS WITHIN YOU AND TO MAKE CHANGE HAPPEN.


IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN JOINING THE IDENTITY BOARD AND DOING REAL WORK TO EFFECT REAL CHANGE OR WANT MORE INFORMATION ABOUT BEING A BOARD MEMBER, PLEASE EMAIL US AT IDENTITY@ALASKA.NET OR CALL US AT 258-4777. TO PARAPHRASE GANDHI'S TEACHING, WE MUST BE THE CHANGE WE WANT TO SEE IN THE WORLD.

IDENTITY'S SECOND SATURDAY WINTER WORKSHOP SERIES PRESENTS:

COMING OUT: STAGES, GROWTH, AND YOUR LIFE

PRESENTED BY F. KEN FREEDMAN

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1 - 4 PM

JOHN THOMAS BUILDING, 3RD AND CORDOVA

FIRST FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM

FOR SOME PEOPLE COMING OUT SEEMS PRETTY EASY. OTHERS STRUGGLE WITH IT. SOME COME OUT EARLY, SOME COME OUT LATE, AND SOME DON'T COME OUT AT ALL BUT RATHER REMAIN DEEPLY CLOSETED, MARRY, HAVE CHILDREN, AND YET STILL IDENTIFY AS GAY, LESBIAN, BI-ORIENTED, TRANSGENDER, OR INTER-ORIENTED. AS WE GROW IN OUR LIVES, WE MIGHT FIND OURSELVES IN INTENSE PERIODS OF ACTIVISM, AND AT OTHERS SEPARATED FROM NON-GAYS, AND YET AT OTHERS DEEPLY INVOLVED IN BRIDGE BUILDING. THESE ARE SOME OF THE MANY STAGES ONE MIGHT GO THROUGH IN THE COMING OUT PROCESS.

AND COMING OUT IS A PROCESS: WE FREQUENTLY MOVE THROUGH MANY STAGES, SOME THAT OVERLAP, AND SOME THAT ARE DISTINCT. EVERY STAGE, HOWEVER, CARRIES PARTICULAR ISSUES THAT SHAPE, IMPACT, AND INFLUENCE OUR DAILY LIVES. IF WE REMAIN STUCK IN ANY ONE OF THESE STAGES, IT COULD AFFECT OUR GROWTH, AS WELL AS DULL OUR POTENTIAL TO BECOME FULLY ACTUALIZED PEOPLE.

COME SHARE YOUR STORIES; LISTEN TO OTHERS; MAYBE EVEN IDENTIFY YOUR STAGE OF BEING OUT, AND WHERE YOU MIGHT GO FROM THERE, OR HOW YOU MIGHT HELP OTHERS AND YOURSELF IN YOUR QUEST FOR YOUR OWN PATH AND TRUTH.

F. KEN FREEDMAN IS AN OPENLY GAY THERAPIST IN PRIVATE PRACTICE IN ANCHORAGE; A CANCER SURVIVOR AND DISABLED PERSON; A LONGTIME COMMUNITY ACTVIST; A FORMER CO-EDITOR OF THE NORTHVIEW; A FORMER CO-CHAIR OF IDENTITY; AND A CO-FOUNDER OF THE ALASKA PRIDE CONFERENCES. HE IS 58 YEARS OLD AND JEWISH. HE HoldS A MASTER'S OF FINE ARTS DEGREE FROM YALE UNIVERSITY IN ACTING AND A MASTER OF ARTS IN COUNSELING PSYCHOLOGY FROM PRESCOTT COLLEGE IN ARIZONA WHERE HE WAS RECENTLY A FEATURED PRESENTER IN A WORKSHOP ENTITLED "GAY AND LESBIAN-AFFIRMATIVE THERAPY: PSYCHOLOGICAL WORK WITH GAYS, LESBIANS, BI- AND INTER-ORIENTED, AND TRANSGENDER PEOPLE."

SUGGESTED DONATION: 12.00 (MORE IF YOU CAN, LESS IF YOU CAN'T)

ALL ARE WELCOME, REGARDLESS OF ABILITY TO DONATE. ALL PROCEEDS BENEFIT THE PRIDE CONFERENCE. COFFEE AND TEA WILL BE PROVIDED.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, CALL DIANA AT 338-5909 OR EMAIL ATSW@UAA.ALASKA.EDU
Community Center Update
By Troy Wolcoff—I was very pleased with the NorthView’s editor Pete Gregson writing such an encouraging article in the past month’s issue of the NV, and I want to update the community on the progress of the volunteer committee. This past month the second community center meeting took place. There was much progress made: a dozen people came and volunteered their time and talents to look for office space and contact real estate agents, search for new funds (including individual donors), and design a pamphlet in order to increase awareness. One of the most important functions of the meeting was a discussion on what the group felt were appropriate short-term plans and how to create a strategic five-year plan to ensure success. Members also volunteered to find a liaison with every possible GLBTA association in town to solicit community input during the development stage of this project. If you are interested in finding out more, or possibly volunteering in some way, please write to Identity@alaska.net. Together we are making the center a reality for all Alaskans.

Pride Conference
A committee has formed to start planning the Alaska Pride Conference for 2001. The conference is sponsored by Identity and includes three days of workshops, activities, and keynote speeches. This year the Alaska Pride Conference will be held October 6-8. The 2000 Pride Conference attracted over 150 participants from around the state. Volunteers are needed to help plan and facilitate all parts of the conference. Co-chairs for the 2001 Pride Conference are Brad Yeary and Heather Hoyt. For more information or to volunteer contact Identity@alaska.net or call 258-4777.

Time for FrontRunners & Walkers to “Come Out” Again
Summer is coming fast, and it’s about time to start meeting at Westchester Lagoon again for FrontRunners/Walkers and Bikers. For those of you who joined last year–our first year–you know the routine. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the group, here’s what we do: We meet, starting May 1st, at 6:30pm on Tuesdays and 10am on Saturdays at Westchester Lagoon (the far west parking lot by the little police station). From there we go out and back on the Coastal Trail doing whatever form of exercise we prefer—some people run fast, some walk, some roller-blade or bike, and some walk their dogs! It’s a very casual, non-competitive group and everyone is welcome. It’s just a great way to socialize in the summer and enjoy our beautiful trails and scenery. On Saturdays we meet afterwards at City Market for coffee, and on Tuesdays those who want to go out to eat somewhere afterwards–preferably somewhere with outdoor seating if it’s nice. We use the name FrontRunners because we are a part of the International FrontRunners organization—there are groups like this in most major cities, and it’s a great way to meet people when you are traveling. You can find out more about other groups, meeting places/times by going to www.frontrunners.org. To contact the Anchorage group call Peter at 337-3682. Email: anchorage@frontrunners@hotmail.com Web: www.frontrunners.org/clubs/anchorage. Hope to see you this summer!

An Evening with Friends
Host a dinner to benefit 4As! Are you going to dinner at a friend’s home anytime between now and April 30th? Are you going to have friends over to your home for dinner anytime between now and April 30th? Are you going out to eat with friends anytime between now and April 30th? Probably so, probably so. So, how about turning such an event into a simple-to-accomplish fund raiser for the 4As, the Alaskan AIDS Assistance Association? It doesn’t have to be an elaborate affair at all— but it certainly can be. It doesn’t require you to cook anything at all— you can. Throw a pizza in the oven or order out. Prepare a zillion-course dinner or open a can. Eat at your home, or go to a restaurant. The only thing extra you need to do is ask those in attendance to donate a little something (or a lot, of course!) for 4As. All the costs, all the donations are tax deductible and there are prizes to be won as well! It’s good if you register your affair in advance with 4As, so they can help in the planning if you need it. But you don’t have to do so: you could instead just gather donations at the time of the function, then submit them to 4As. The ONLY restriction is to do so before April 30th. For full details, call 4As at 263-2050—and bon appetit!

University’s GLBT Student Group
The Family is the University of Alaska Anchorage’s student group for gay/lesbian/bi/trans/questioning and straight allies. Although we are a student group, we do NOT limit membership to only students, and therefore we are open to the greater community. We are comprised of about 50% students and 50% non-students. UAA simply provides us a place to meet. We conduct a broad variety of functions including bake sales, movie nights, BBQs, political rallies and speakers, sledding, skiing, biking, hiking, going out for coffee, bowling, discussion groups and just hanging out—whatever piques our interest. We are a fun and supportive group, and our purpose is to foster a safe and non-threatening environment for people to come and meet and be ourselves—free of judgment. Our meeting times vary and we have an email list to keep people updated on what’s happening and when. Our members are diverse in age, race, creed, beliefs, and everything in between. Some of us are ‘out’ and some of us are not, therefore, we have a confidentiality policy, so anyone can attend. Meeting attendance can range anywhere from 5 people to 50. Our web page is located at http://cwolf.uaa.alaska.edu/~abtam/ If you have any questions or comments or if you would like to be on our email list, please feel free to contact us at Uaa_The_Family@yahoo.com or come to a meeting and talk to one of us.

Young Gay Men’s Association
In April, YGMA is hosting several events, including Fags Bowling Balls on April 8, Member’s Monthly Reception on April 21, and a progressive dinner to benefit 4As on April 29. In May, YGMA will be sponsoring a car wash to raise money for the Community Center, and in June YGMA will host the first Pride Week Brunch and Tea Dance. YGMA is a social group for gay and bi men ages 21-39. Contact anchorageynga@yahoo.com or visit their web site at www.geocities.com/anchorageyga.
February 18, as Mad Myrna’s was closing, three young women waited outside for their cab. None of them appeared to be intoxicated. Michael French was getting into his car when the cab pulled in, temporarily blocking his vehicle. One woman got in and asked the driver if he would call another cab for her friends since they were going in another direction. The driver rudely called her a dyke and kicked her out of his Checker Cab (#26). Michael, hearing what was happening, called Checker dispatch, but had trouble getting the dispatcher to take his complaint. Michael began to ask for another cab, but the three women said they would rather call another cab company.

Michael was angry and posted the narrative above on the Anchorage Pride list-serve as soon as he got home and suggested that no one use Checker Cab, if possible. Many in the community wondered why the driver took the time to go to a gay bar if he wouldn’t serve gay passengers. Jim Mohr read the account, suggested a letter writing campaign, and provided us with an address. Several wrote letters to Checker Cab Co. Our community was moving to react to an act of bigotry in a calm, insistent, and non-hysterical manner.

Some took the view that it was not right to punish Checker at all if the driver was an independent contractor. Others countered that if a company condones bigotry by one employee, we should avoid that company. Others said they had to hear from the victim before they could condone any action. There was lively debate. I mailed a letter to Checker with no expectation of a response. As a customer of more than 30 years, I wanted to let them know that I was not happy. I wanted action on their part to deal with this bigoted driver. Ten days later I received a warm letter from the General Manager of Checker Cab, Richard F. Hunt, outlining the sanctions Checker would take, also sanctions that the Department of Transportation could take, and containing two sincere apologies. I posted this letter to both the AnchoragePride and the AlaskaGay-Discussion list-serves. It was then that we first heard from Crystal, the eye of our storm.

The “victim”, Crystal, unaware of Michael’s efforts, and subsequent efforts of others, took a carefully-thought-out action of her own to address the wrong. She called Checker and found a helpful dispatcher who took her complaint and suggested that Crystal call the D.O.T. Investigation Office and gave Crystal that number. In addition, the Checker dispatcher stated that the driver had been a problem, but that the cab’s owner continued to let him lease the vehicle. The D.O.T. fined the driver. The manager of Checker Cab called Crystal to apologize.

If no one had said anything to Checker, how would they have known they had a problem? By direct communication with Checker we were able to resolve this issue without having to resort to a heavy-handed boycott. Checker responded to Crystal in the most sensitive and supportive way possible. Later they responded to the community at large through a letter to me. Our community can pull together to support and defend our own. We demonstrated this beautifully in this two-week period. We are ready.
CELEBRATION OF CHANGE - A HISTORY

By Deb Deprospero

April 14, 2001 marks the seventeenth annual Celebration of Change—Alaskan lesbian/feminist community tradition. The February/March 1996 Klondyke Kontakt editors referred to Celebration as "...our annual dyke-fest-spiritual-experience-and-cruise-o-rama..."Yes, it’s true. It’s our springtime ritual as we come out of hibernation. But that’s not all it is. For the women who have made it happen over the years, it’s an important part of our history in this town. Over one hundred women, most of whom no longer live in Alaska, have memories, photos and stories of Celebrations past. Here is a brief history.

The performers were not always heard above the din of the audience. Carol Annie opened the show with her original song, "Celebrate the Changes."

A year passed and a core group of women organized, dedicated to making Celebration an annual event. They called themselves The 15%. The second Celebration was held on January 19, 1985 at the Tiki Cove Ballroom. Sound check the day of the performance was done in the midst of a noisy, smoke-filled cribbage tournament.

The 15% incorporated in 1986 as a way to manage finances and to support other like events. For the next ten years The 15% produced Celebration newly formed Radical Arts for Women. There was no Celebration in 1997, but Victoria Shaver wanted to keep it going. She persisted by showing up at every community event, gaining support and volunteers.

Carol Annie opened the show with her original song, "Celebrate the Changes."

This year we carry on our rich tradition with a performance and dance held at UAA's Arts Building. When you come, take a moment to share your favorite (or not so favorite) Celebration memories and honor our history.

Carol Annie opened the show with her original song, "Celebrate the Changes."

THE KLONDYKE CHORUS

Celebration started eighteen years ago when Nancy Williams was Athena V of the Imperial Court of All Alaska. Being the only female representative, she wanted to do something for women and put out a call for suggestions. Carol Annie Lovejoy responded with the vision of an event to celebrate the diversity of the community, to share music, poetry, drama, art, dance, humor, spirituality, and production skills in a live performance and art show.

Sponsored by the Imperial Court, the first Celebration of Change was held at the Red Ram Motor Lodge on September 19, 1983 and was intended as an annual springtime event, and the productions grew each year. Celebration was held at East High Auditorium, 4th Avenue Theater, Elks Club, and the Performing Arts Center. The performance directors and art show directors were recruited each year, as this became no small volunteer opportunity. Rehearsals happened every other Sunday at the John Thomas building, 3rd and Cordova, with a finale (and sometimes an opening) planned that included all performers.

1995 marked the last year of The 15%. The enormous production of Celebration had become unmanageable for volunteers. However, on March 23, 1996 Celebration Unplugged debuted at UAA’s Art’s Building. It was a downscaled Celebration produced by the

THE LIP SISTERS

NorthView
A NEW TWIST ON SEASONAL EFFECTIVE DISORDER
by Jen Kohout

In a place of extremes like Alaska, it's no surprise that residents participate in strange forms of recreation. I remember hearing about an odd Alaskan sport my first summer in Anchorage. I'm not sure of the name but the rules are simple—slap one hand anywhere on your body and count the number of dead mosquitoes. Highest number wins. I'd call it "(fill in the number) reasons I miss winter." The problem, I discovered with this mosquito carcass game is that when one is besieged with mosquitoes, playing games is not a high priority. A more appropriate pursuit might be a "retrieve the bud dope race." Last one to find their bottle of "Off" loses.

There's obviously a Zen to sharing the planet with biting insects that I have yet to master. But I'm in good company. After all, these are the buzzing devils that drive hundreds of caribou north from their forage-filled calving grounds to the shores of the Beaufort Sea where they stand praying for wind. You'd think that if any creature had learned to coexist peacefully with mosquitoes, caribou would have. Instead, like me, they hate their microscopic guts.

Upon my arrival in Alaska for the first time, I was standing in baggage claim waiting for the half-dozen oversized bags that contained my life's possessions to appear on the conveyor belt when a leather-skinned homesteader from the Valley wandered over. We'd chatted briefly in Minneapolis, so he knew that I was a Chechako. Stroking his frizzy beard, he warned me to be careful out there. At first, I thought he was talking about the taxi stand. Then with a far-away look in his bloodshot eyes, he told me about the vicious Alaskan carnivores that would attack without provocation leaving behind a trail of blood. I thought he was referring to bears. I later learned the truth—he had really been speaking of the fearsome mosquito.

The longer I spent in the Alaskan outdoors, however, the more I became convinced that mosquitoes and bears had more in common than their genus might suggest. Like bears, there are two species of mosquitoes—the large, slow variety that wobble around Anchorage, mildly disturbing backyard barbecues, and the tenacious, compact bush variety that hone their survival skills in the barren parts of the State where every bite counts. The first variety has cute angular black noses and warm round eyes. They are troublesome but hard to take seriously. It's the bush variety, the real Alaskan mosquitoes, that fill my heart with fear. One moment, I'm merrily canoeing down a glacial creek when suddenly the breeze dies and a humming gray cloud of proboscis appears on the horizon.

This is exactly the time when the difference between bears and mosquitoes are most painfully apparent. If it were a bear, there would be some hope. I could wave my arms above my head and speak in a firm, deep voice. Most bears, at least those that had not developed an affinity for peanut butter and jelly on whole wheat, would head for the hills. The mosquitoes, on the other hand, would think that I was calling them. As far as they're concerned, the more CO2 in the air, the more limbs flapping around, the better. So, I resort to smearing my exposed skin with questionable chemicals and hoping that the wind picks up again soon—or better yet, that the temperature drops below zero, so their wings ice up and they drop to the ground leaving mosquito-shaped divots in the frozen tundra.

Did I mention how much I like winter? ▼

IDENTITY'S ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING

Identity will be hosting its annual membership meeting on Friday, April 27 at 6:30 p.m. It will be held at the Unitarian Universalist Church on Turnagain during the Fourth Friday Potluck.

At this meeting, we will present a year-end report to our members about our activities and growth during the past year and the ideas we have for the future.

Most importantly, we will have elections for our director positions. As a member of Identity, you are entitled to a vote. If you are interested in running for office or want more information about being a board member, please email us at Identity@alaska.net or call us at 258-4777. See you there and remember to bring a dish if you can.
ANCHORAGE PRIDEFEST 2001

The Anchorage PrideFest is quickly shaping up to become the biggest GLBT event ever staged in Anchorage. Recently the Imperial Court announced that they would become the first major corporate sponsor of PrideFest. ICOOA Board President, Bobby Como, and reigning monarchs Kent and Eve, announced an $8,000 sponsorship of PrideFest. ICOOA joins Identity Inc, Gay.com, Planet Out, and ID Lube as major sponsors of PrideFest 2001.

PrideFest will occur June 20 through June 24. The major date will be June 23 with a parade scheduled at 11AM and a huge six-hour festival scheduled at the Delaney parkstrip from noon until 6PM. The parade will feature floats and marching contingents from all over the state. The theme of the parade is “Celebrating Diversity,” and many allied minority groups will be marching alongside GLBT groups in the parade. The Parade Chair is Dan Carter, Alaska State Director of the Human Rights Campaign. Dan is actively encouraging all groups to march in the parade. Dan is also seeking volunteers to serve as parade marshals and to contact local, state, and national elected officials to get them to march in the parade to show their support of diversity in Alaska. There will be cash prizes for the best parade entries. Parade float and group applications can be downloaded at the anchoragepride.com web site.

The festival will include a huge vendor’s court. The Vendor’s Chair is Michael French, Vice President of The Last Frontier Men’s Club. Vendor’s will include local and national GLBT and other service organizations, traditional craft and art vendors, and food vendors. Booth fees are $20 for nonprofit groups and $40 for profit groups. You may download vendor applications at the anchoragepride.com website. The festival will also include a Children’s Court (chaired by ICOOA Board Member Cass Miller), a beverage pavilion with all sorts of frosty beverages available, carnival games, and more.

Also, during the festival there will be non-stop entertainment on a large main stage. The Entertainment Chairs are: Frank Mabry, current Mr. Alaska Leather and owner of FamJ Talent; Victoria Shaver, member of the Identity Board and past Director of Celebration of Change and Unity in our Community; and Kristara, host of Friday Night Divas at Mad Myrmas and Producer and Director of Kristara in the Raw and Divas Extroardinare, and Empress XIV and XIV of all Alaska. Entertainers are also being provided in conjunction with Break-even Productions. It will be an incredible six-hours of performances, speeches, and more. Entertainment applications can also be downloaded at anchoragepride.com.

During Pride Week many important activities will take place all over Anchorage. Groups are encouraged to contact PrideFest Chairman Jim Mohr (Identity Board Treasurer and YGMA Board member) at info@anchoragepride.com if your group wants to host or will be hosting an event during Pride Week. Planned activities include a Human Rights Banquet sponsored by the Human Rights Campaign and Metropolitan Community Church, Mr. And Mrs. Gay Alaska contests sponsored by the Imperial Court, a citywide Potluck Dinner sponsored by Identity, a special concert on Saturday night sponsored by the PrideFest committee and Break-even Productions, a Sunday brunch and Tea dance sponsored by Anchorage Young Gay Men’s Association (YGMA), a Pride display at the Loussac Library, and much more.

Volunteers are sorely needed for all planning, setup, and breakdown of all Pride Week activities. To volunteer email info@anchoragepride.com. Also, look for special Pride T-shirts and Pride Programs on sale starting June 1. Visit the Anchorage Pride web site (which is sponsored by TLFMC) at anchoragepride.com.
CONNECTING THE DOTS
by Trang Duong

Enraged to Action

To boycott or not to boycott, that was the question.

The past few weeks, the AK Gay Discussion List has seen a flurry of commentary, reactions, and proposed actions regarding a homophobic incident between a Checker Cab driver and three women trying to get a ride home from Mad Myrna's. Boycott Checker Cab, said one irate community member. Another cautioned that it is the driver of the cab that must be held accountable for his individual behavior, not the company itself or the innocent employee. As the words and emotions flew across computer screens, what became apparent is that people cared about what happened to each other. We weren't going to sit back and accept homophobic behavior from Checker Cab, and we wanted to take action, however that may be. Each person's view on the most appropriate step to take was different, yet all agreed that we were outraged.

Yippee! My heart cried in joy because I was so happy to see people enraged, prompted to voice their concerns, and race to some action. People wanted to do something about homophobia and to help someone else who experiences it too. This was definitely not the first time, nor the last, that people addressed homophobia.

But too often we are lulled into complacency. It's too much to deal with our jobs, our families, partners, and lives. Sometimes it's easy to just bury our heads in the everyday sand of our lives. It's easier. I know because I do that too.

Yet people were motivated to question what had happened. One person wrote to Checker Cab about the incident. Another person called the company wanting an explanation. We were all relieved and happy when the writer of the letter got a reply from the cab company apologizing for the driver's appalling behavior, condemning that action as unacceptable.

No one boycotted the company. They didn't need to. At least one letter and many voices expressed their concern and their intolerance for homophobia. One business received more than one message that we as GLBTQ folks will not accept bad treatment, verbally or physically.

There are times when a boycott is necessary. It's good to raise our voice as individuals and as a collective whole against homophobic acts. Let us also consider our choice, even our responsibility, to see that we must act in favor of justice, not just for the civil rights of GLBTQ people, but for all people.

Let us remember that GLBTQ people are not the only ones who are the victims of ignorance, of hate, of injustice. I believe that we must raise our voices for others who are also oppressed. We are not alone. We cannot fight injustice alone either. In order to fight more effectively as a whole, we must act as a unit working together for social change.

For example, the incident when the young men went around searching, with their paintball guns, for Native Alaskan people to shoot, demonstrated how racism acts out in our community. Just like homophobia, racism is insidious and harmful to us all.

So let us speak up against that racist act. How can we address and confront homophobia, racism, sexism and other forms of oppression in our daily lives? It is necessary, if we are to live with integrity, we must do whatever we can to bring the dark colors of injustice to light. We can write a letter. We can boycott a homophobic business. We can call on legislators and administrators to include sexual orientation in our workplace, school, and community's anti-harassment policies. We can attend an upcoming town meeting on racism within our city. We can gently ask our co-workers or family members not to make racist or homophobic comments and jokes.

We are all powerful. We all make a difference. And we can all be heard. Just ask Checker Cab.

The NorthView Needs You

The NorthView is seeking artists to submit drawings and origial cover art as well as submissions of illustrations and comic strips. Writers are asked to submit original fiction or poetry or to write for the May issue's theme of "Equality".

Submit!
(by the 10th of each month for the next month's issue)
Please submit work electronically to:
gregsonpete@hotmail.com
or
Identity@alaska.net

Identity Presents

PrideFest 2001
Under the Midnight Sun
June 20 - 24

Diversity Pride Parade
June 23, 11:00 AM
March, Floats, Entertainers, and More

PrideFest Festival on the Parkstrip
Saturday, June 23 12:00 - 6:00 PM
Local Entertainers, Vendors, Food, Games, and More

Look for more exciting events throughout the week.

Visit our website at anchoragepride.com for more information
Don't Miss the Excitement!

Co-Sponsored by: Parents-Friends of Lesbians and Gays, The Imperial Court of All Alaska, The Last Frontier Men's Club, and MCC

Major Funding by: Identity and The Imperial Court of All Alaska
Classic Cooking
with Al Kaneta

"Al Kaneta is a misplaced Hawaiian who loves Alaska, retirement, travel and cooking...not necessarily in that order.

Apricot And Cherry Bread Pudding

1 POUND SWEET CHERRIES, PITTED
1/2 POUND DRIED APRICOTS, SLICED
1/2 CUP SUGAR
1 CUP WATER
1 TABLESPOON LEMON JUICE
8 SLICES CRUSTY COUNTRY BREAD, ABOUT 2/3-INCH THICK
2 TABLESPOONS MELTED BUTTER
1/4 CUP Drained Plain Yogurt SWEETENED WITH
1 TABLESPOON POWDERED SUGAR

In a heavy bottomed saucepan, place the cherries, apricots, and sugar, and set aside for 30 minutes. Then add 1 cup water and bring to a boil. Reduce the heat and cook for 15 minutes. Remove from the heat and add the lemon juice and set aside to cool slightly.

Preheat the broiler to high. Brush the bread slices, on one side with the melted butter. Place buttered side up in the serving dish, slightly overlapping, in one layer.

Set under the broiler to lightly toast the bread. Ladle the cooled cherry juices over the bread. Scatter the cherries and apricots on top and bring to a boil on top of the stove. Cover with foil and cook on medium for 5 minutes. Serve with a dollop of the sweetened yogurt.

Yield: 4 to 6 servings
Serves 3-4 (6 pieces of chicken).

IDENTITY, INC.'S
FOURTH FRIDAY POTLUCK

All community members and allies are invited to Identity's Fourth Friday Potluck, held on the fourth Friday of every month, at the Anchorage Unitarian Fellowship. We are a diverse bunch of friendly people, who welcome newcomers. It's an opportunity to meet new people and eat things you otherwise might not. Please come!

April 27th Feature:
Board Elections, with a community center update
6:30 p.m.
Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship
3201 Turnagain St.

We do a periodicals swap at each meeting, bring your old Advocates, Ours. Curves, and other magazines (please- no porno). After you read them, bring them back for more recycling. As usual, Food Fairies can bring canned food and non perishable items to be donated to the 4A's.

If you have questions, suggestions, or requests for a presenter or program for subsequent potlucks, please send it to Lisa at info@ak.net or call the Identity Helpline at 258-4777

Change of Seasons
By Mark Schubauer

July is after all a bad month for snuggling what with the humidity and all so I blithely attributed the void to the heat choosing to look away from our swamp cooled passion which was about as apparent as fireworks under the midnight sun and in my soul- in the truth between me and myself, I laid in our dampening bed craving the depth of cold and dark winter to close us in force us to endure familiar comforts such as snuggling is.
12:30pm Monday 31 July 2000

This is it! I am sitting at the trailhead of the Chilkoot Trail. Klondike Gold Rush National Historical Park the sign says. There are six of us in our group. Four of us are waiting for two others to join us after parking the car. I am nervous, anxious and excited. The weather is drizzly and cloudy, and the mosquitoes are horrible. I am sitting on a fallen log at the bank of the Yaiya River. Two other people who are sharing this log also writing in their journals. It is so peaceful here. I can hear the ripples in the water. I meet two other people, a guy and girl from Switzerland who are on the same schedule as we are.

Yesterday, as we were getting closer to Skagway, we were passing lots of mountains that I thought would be near the trail. I kept asking Chris, “Is that it? Is that one it? Do you think those could be the Scales?” We never did figure out which mountain had The Scales. They all looked like they could be the Scales. But in about three days we will know soon enough. Well, here they come...time to start our journey.

5:45pm 6 miles in

I saw my first frog since I came to Alaska 2 years ago. It was just sitting on the ground under a huge green leaf. I would have walked right by it if Angie and Chris hadn’t pointed it out. From now on I am making it a point to stop and check the area around me. I don’t want to miss a thing. Two other people in my group almost passed up a huge glacier, but something on the ground caught their eye, and then they looked up to the glacier.

The vegetation is just wonderful! Blueberries (but they aren’t ripe! Yuck!), Monkshood, ferns, big huge green leaves, watermelon berries, sandy bottom streams. I wish I had a book to tell me the names of all the different plants.

A little while ago the sun came out, and we came up to these wooden planks that stretched across a body of water (not a true body but a flooded area where the water never soaks in the ground). Anyway, the water was maybe a foot and a half deep, crystal-clear and calm. You could see the fallen leaves that had settled to the bottom. There were trees all over and plants growing out of the water.

7:36pm Canyon City Campground

Canyon City is where we are staying for the first night. There are probably thirty or so people here. There is a couple of people pulling their food and trash up the bear pole. The area here is awesome, everything I see here is just so awesome; There are huge boulders covered in moss. The moss just blankets some areas. Walking along the river listening to the river rushing is peaceful. Saw my first bear scat today. It was pretty gross.

1:45pm Tuesday 1 Aug 00

We left Canyon City at 10:30 am. We have stopped for lunch here at Pleasant Camp. The weather is so perfect. Not hot, not cold, not windy, only a little breeze, hardly any clouds in the sky. Absolutely perfect! I am sitting in the sun, on the sand, the river rushing by, mountains surrounding us. There are rocks of all different colors, some speckled, some that were glittery. We ate ripe blueberries and watermelon berries on the trail. The vegetation is so lush and a magnificent green. I just cannot get over it. I am awed every time I stop to take it all in. It is almost what I would imagine a rainforest to be. Well I forgot the bread in the back of the truck in Skagway. But hey, there is nothing like dipping banana chips in peanut butter and sucking on a jelly packet. It will sure enough teach me not to forget the bread next time.

Conversation on the trail has definitely been amusing. I am expanding my knowledge in many areas. I have learned what butt charades are, and the personal stories are something else. But I also feel like I am getting to know everyone better than I knew them before.

Last night after everyone went to their tents, Lee and I stayed awake talking about the hike and what it must have been like 100 years ago. When people hiked it then, it was about the money and gold. We talked about how we are here for ourselves. We are here to learn a little more about ourselves and to learn about those who came here before us.

We both got up to go to the outhouse. We were both a little spooked because it was so dark. We got out of the tent laughing, and I hit my head on a stick that was in the tree. There were sticks stuck all over this tree, just like the movie. I said, “You know, this reminds me of the Blair Witch Project.” She said, “Don’t talk like that,” and was upset because she was now scared about bears, noises, and whatever might be out there. We made it over to Angie’s tent to get her flashlight. Lee was hanging all over my arm and was freaked out, but so was I. On the way to the outhouse I saw some things running across the dirt. At first I thought they were frogs. A few minutes later I found out they were field mice. So we freaked out again. Waiting outside of the bathroom was scary.

THE SCALES

You only have your imagination and the noises to keep you company.

6:20pm Sheep Camp

Tonight we stay here. Tomorrow is The Scales. We have a meeting with the Forest Ranger about The Scales and what to expect on the pass tomorrow, what the weather will be like, and what wildlife is in the area.

Well, the meeting is over and the ranger said that this past week has had the best weather she has seen all season long. And it is supposed to stay nice. She
said that there is still some snow on The Scales and on the way to Happy Camp. We have to get up tomorrow at 4:30 am. Tomorrow is a 12-hour hike. We had spaghetti tonight. It was super good.

**Wednesday 2 Aug 00**

Here I am at the foot of The Scales. We left Sheep Camp at 7pm. The weather is superb! The Scales look pretty steep, I couldn't imagine making 40-50 trips like they did during the Gold Rush. Lots of boulder hopping, very steep inclines and lots of water running off the mountainsides from the snow melting. Gail, Angie, Dermer, and Chris are so way ahead of us they look like little specs. It is just Lee and I.

2:45 The summit was conquered! I feel great about it and very proud of everyone and myself in my group. The scales were easy physically (thanks to hiking Bird Ridge 3 times a week). We are eating lunch at the base of the Golden Stairs. I went and climbed over to the edge of The Scales, and I could see all the valleys we had hiked through. The view was something else.

**7pm Happy Camp**

We are finally at Happy Camp. That had to be the longest 4 miles I have ever experienced. After the Summit we hiked into Canada. The scenery was beautiful. The ground had lots of spongy growth with flowers. Lots of snow covered hills that sloped down to the water. As we crossed these I was totally using my poles. Very scared of slipping and tumbling to the water. Part of the trail was right on the edge of cliffs.

We hiked for 11 hours today. We left at 7am and got here around 7pm and stopped for lunch for an hour. I am so stiff and sore I can hardly move, and my feet burn. First they were aching, then the toes started to hurt, then the pain spread to the balls of my feet. Not just from hiking but from the scrambling over boulders and uneven terrain. No blisters though, good thing too, since we still have 2 more days of hiking.

So we are starting to have some food issues. I already feel like I am always hungry. Now I find out that we are running short on food. I don't understand how it happened. Lee and I packed our packs together at the same time. We divided the food as to who would carry what, and I thought we had figured out everything correctly, the meals we would each carry, which days we would eat them, and how much we would eat.

**2pm Thursday 3 Aug 00**

We are at Deep Creek Campground for lunch, and as luck would have it, Lee and I no longer have our cups and spoons. When we were packing to leave Happy Camp this morning, Angie noticed they were sitting out to dry, and to make sure we didn't forget them she put them on a rock we would walk by. And that is exactly what we did. We walked right by them. But that is okay, with no food who needs cups and spoons?

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**SUMMIT OF THE CHILKOOT TRAIL. IT IS THE BORDER BETWEEN THE U.S. & CANADA**

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5pm Camp Lindemem

It is wonderful here. I am lying on a floating dock surrounded by the most beautiful scenery. The scenery on this trip has been stunning. It is so peaceful. All I can hear is the craking of the dock, ripples in the water breaking on the shore, shallow water running over rocks in the distance, and the wind blowing through the trees. I can't hear any noises from camp.

I hiked with Chris today and that was fun. She hikes at the same speed I do. We talked about the trail, the Scales, her work and my work. We talked about plants and flowers and sang Kenny Chesney songs. We saw Purple Monkshood, yellow, white, and pinkish purple daisies. Red Columbine were everywhere.

Camp Lindemem has the most historical information I have seen on this trail yet. There is an entire tent full of books and old newspapers dating back to the 1900's. A few of us went to the cemetery up on top of the hill. It was spooky. There were eleven graves and a huge cross about 10-12 feet high with I.N.R.E. carved in it. All the graves are mounds of dirt the length of bodies and have wooden fences around them that are falling down because they are so old. Some of the mounds have trees and flowers growing from them. All the graves have wooden tombstones. What is weird is the carvings aren't carved into the wood, they are actually raised above the wood. Like they weathered that way.

See CHILKOOT TRAIL, page 15
Taking care of #1

Recently a friend who reads this column asked me why I don’t write about myself as the partner of a female-to-male transsexual. So I gave this some thought. I suppose I had found a measure of safety by focusing on the challenges my partner faced, while keeping my own feelings private.

True transsexuals are rare, but transsexuals with partners are even more rare. That scares me sometimes. So it’s safer to tell you how he feels when someone gets a pronoun wrong or about his joy at beginning testosterone therapy. It’s a little spookier to talk about myself, the times I feel frustrated and wish I knew someone like me, just as my partner felt when he began his transition.

He has since met “someone like him,” several someones actually. I’m still waiting. So I talk to friends who try to understand. But the truth is, I’m not in a lesbian relationship. And I’m not in a straight relationship. Lesbians think I’m straight. Straights think I’m lesbian. Bisexuals think I’m in denial. I simply think I’m me.

I live in a gray area, on the fringe of lesbian life, but not quite in the middle. Yet, we don’t fit the straight mold, nor do we wish to. I’m not uncomfortable in the gray area. I lived for decades in the black-and-white zone, and I don’t wish to go back. Life is richer, more complex, more challenging and rewarding in the gray area. And sometimes spooky.

When my partner decided to pursue transition, we looked for a local therapist who had treated female-to-male transsexuals. We couldn’t find one. And that meant I wouldn’t find a therapist who had worked with clients like myself either. So I went online. I joined several chat lists for partners of transsexuals, with very mixed results.

I even found a chat list for feminine identified partners. This seemed like my best chance of meeting others in relationships like mine. And some of our conversations were helpful, but many were not. So I mostly lurked, rarely posting, because life in Alaska is very different from most urban areas where transgendered people and their partners congregate.

I remember one post from a list member in California announcing a sewing circle. I opened the message. Her group was meeting to learn whip making. I have nothing against leather, but I wanted to learn how other partners think and feel, not how to braid cowhide.

Eventually I unplugged from the chat lists, but one of the things I learned is that many partners struggle with feelings of invisibility during their lover’s transition. Transgenderism is a hard act to follow. I once felt I could discover a cure for AIDS, and no one would notice. So writing about our experience gave me a voice in our community.

Partners often forget to take care of ourselves during this unusual time. I had to learn to ask for what I needed. Sometimes this meant my partner and I would agree to have a “transition-free” evening or weekend, to put the issues and decisions on hold, and just have fun as a couple. And sometimes I needed to talk about my feelings, instead of his, and I needed him to listen. And he did. That’s one of the many reasons we’re still together.

Today I think we’re an ordinary couple, and that feels good. We celebrate our anniversaries, we plan vacations, we talk and laugh, and we plan our future together. I still have anxieties. I know that life with a transsexual person will pose challenges. Sometimes when I can’t sleep, I worry about what might happen if he’s in an accident and the EMTs discover he’s transsexual. I worry about the effects of long-term hormone therapy on his liver. I worry that one day we may be denied the right to make decisions about each other’s care, since genetically we’re still a same-sex couple.

But then fatigue takes over, and I snuggle up next to my partner’s warm body and fall asleep, content that this is the person I want to spend my life with.
CHILKOOT TRAIL, from page 13

Now I am back at the history tent. There are so many photographs of what it was like back then. There are a lot of books about the Chilkoot Trail, wildlife, wild flowers, stories of women during the Klondike. There is a log that hikers can write in and there are many entries about the weather a month ago at the beginning of July. 12 inches of snow on the summit, wind, rain, hail and sideways sleet. We are truly blessed with great weather.

**Friday 4 Aug 00.**

It is 11:00 am, and we are getting ready to leave camp. My camera broke this morning. So now I have to draw pictures of what I see. Good thing we are going to do a photo exchange after we get back. Looks like my pen is going too. Now I am using Chris' pen. Angie and Lee were picking on me about writing all the time.

Lee says that when everyone drops their packs I grab my journal and am gone for an hour, and when I get back I sigh, and Angie says, “She’s all talked out.”

**1:30pm Bennett Lake**

Chris, Demera and I just took a dip in Bennett Lake. They were inching their way into the lake, and I decided to just run in screaming and dive in. It was shocking cold. It seemed to suck the breath right out of me, but it felt so good on my body. I came up yelling “WOHOO!”

Every muscle in my body is relaxed right now. All six of us are lying in the warm sun. The breeze has got a chill to it. We got the camp spot with the greatest view right up in the hillside overlooking all the mountains and water.

This whole trip has been like walking through a biosphere. All the different terrain and climates. Today we walked through a desert.

There are bones all over the place here. Big bones like horses and small bones like dogs. There is an old church here that they used as a social gathering place 100 years ago.

Lee and I walked down to the train station where we are going to catch our train tomorrow. Everything was quiet except for the windmill spinning and the water ripples. Looking in the windows of the station reminded me of the movie “The Goonies” when those kids went up to the restaurant that was closed for the winter. It was eerie like a ghost town.

We met a lady who lives here all year round with her husband. She is Tlingit. Her grandfather lived in the area before the gold rush and used the trail back then.

Tomorrow we catch the train to Skagway. I can’t wait to go back, but in a way I don’t ever want to go back.

**17 August 00 Back in Anchorage.**

Yesterday I went to Lee’s BBQ. A couple of us already had our pictures developed. Everyone was looking at them and passing them around. I think about the trip as I look at the photos, and it feels as distant as a dream. I find myself wondering if the trip really happened. Did I really see all that spectacular scenery? Did I really experience that peacefulness I felt out there, all alone with myself at times? The first night we were driving back from Skagway, and the sky was not quite dark, like the sun had already gone down but light still lingered. There was a silhouette of the mountains, clouds, and water ahead of us. To the right of us, it was dark; the stars were out and Northern Lights were playing in the sky. Everyone else in the vehicle seemed to fade away as I was absorbing the view. Was that just an illusion, too?
Homeward bound at last! Art, my kids, and I unload our gear onto the dock. While we wait for Capt'n Grandpa, we watch people try to get their boats down the loading ramp and into the water. Some are old pros and some provide terrific entertainment.

Nine, my nine-year-old son, spots the C-Joy across the harbor. Nine is jumping up and down, pointing and screaming, “Grandpa! Grandpa!” Bearcat, my thirteen-year-old daughter, is happy too, but way too cool to show it. Her eyes give her away. I introduce my dad, Capt'n Grandpa, to Art. They hit it off right away when Art asks about the navigational devices on the C-Joy.

We get everything loaded into dad's boat and shove off. Nine waves at every boat that comes by. He is asking at least a dozen questions a minute. As we leave the harbor, Capt'n Grandpa moves those throttles forward and asks everyone to get to the front of the boat to help getting “on step.” By Land's End we are “on step” and practically flying on the flat water. The breeze is a lot cooler on Kachemak Bay, but it is a hot day, so we are not cold.

Soon we approach Cohen Island. I spot a raft of otters. Nine and Bearcat rush to the side, and Capt'n Grandpa slows down. The C-Joy takes off again and Bearcat and Nine point out Elephant Rock to Art as we pass Yukon Island. Art says it is a remarkable likeness of an elephant in the water with its trunk down. In a minute the stone trunk “raises” out of the water, and Art is truly impressed. Nine giggles. Just then Bearcat spots a big black whale about fifty feet off the other side of the boat. Capt'n Grandpa slows the C-Joy to a crawl. After three more surfacings, we leave our leviathan friend.

In the open water, at the mouth of Tutka Bay between Hesketh Island and McDonald Spit, we see several more otters and a few seals. We are all getting excited because the cabin is coming into view.

After unloading the boat, we haul our gear to the cabin and get hugs all around. I introduce Art to my family. They are going out of their way to make him feel welcome. It is the first time I have brought home anyone they knew to be gay. Dad's lesbian cousins visit every few years. My lesbian cousin and several of her partners have visited. My gay cousin and his partner were there last year. But since Zenda outed me to my parents two years ago, this is the first time I have visited with a gay friend. When dad first heard that I am gay, for almost a year his reaction was pretty negative. If I weren't so happily single. I'd bring a partner. They have heard of Art for over twenty-five years, and now they get to meet him. I introduce my sister, my mom, my niece, my oldest daughter, Seventeen, and her twin cousin Seventeen II.

Dinnertime is approaching, and our cabin is hosting tonight. Bearcat and my niece row out to the live pot and bring back the dozen live crabs Grandpa has requested. Nine is on the front beach with Art and me as we try to catch some salmon for dinner. Nine lands a nice Dolly Varden and immediately runs to Grandpa’s fish cleaning table on the back beach. Grandma has Nine pose with his fish for a quick picture, and then Grandpa shows Nine how to clean his fish.

Art gets a good hit on a cast and spends the next fifteen minutes bringing a fourteen-pound silver salmon to shore. Nine cheers all through Art’s battle. I don’t know who was happier to see the fish, Art or Nine. Nine casts half a dozen times with no luck, then gets a silver. After a few minutes, Nine is too nervous and with panic in his voice insists I take his pole. I enjoy a good ten-minute fight with Nine’s fish. After beating the water to a froth, it was nice to land something, even if it wasn’t “my” fish. In all we land 4 silvers, 6 Dollies, and 7 Irish Lords.

Grandpa fillets two of our silvers for the barbecue. Mom has halibut in the oven stuffed with Dungeness crab meat, green onions, breadcrumbs, and thin lemon slices. There are butter clams in the steamer and a huge tossed green salad with crab meat. Out back, crabs are boiling on the back deck, and Nine’s salmon is cooking on the barbecue.

Long time friends from several cabins arrive with their contributions to dinner. Food is arranged buffet style on the front deck. Conversation, food, and drink flow freely among the 25-30 adults and children gathered in the front yard looking out on the bottom of Cook Inlet and the beginning of Kachemak Bay.

After dinner the kids all help build a bonfire on the beach (below the tide line). As clean up is finished, everyone gathers near the fire to watch the sun set between Mt. Illiamna and Mt. Redoubt. A Frisbee materializes out of nowhere, and several of us play catch on soft sand and loose gravel.

Some of us go for a mile long beach walk to Nubble Point to look for seals, otters, whales, eagles, and whatever else we might happen to see. Our leisurely stroll is more relaxing than it is strenuous exercise. From Nubble Point we can see Mt. St. Augustine, the active volcano hidden from the rest of the spit by Barbara Point. There is a small cloud tinted metallic orange by the August sunset stuck on the peak. We see half a dozen otters off of Nubble Point. On our walk back, a curious seal follows us. Art and Nine are discussing the seal, Bearcat and my niece are talking about boys, Seventeen I & II are discussing post-high school life. My sister and I are enjoying our children, our friends, and each other. All is right in my world.

We are excited about tomorrow’s adventures: hunting octopus in Jackalof Bay, climbing the mountain at the base of McDonald Spit, and exploring the tide pools on McDonald Spit and in the old village of Seldovia.

The sounds of the small waves pull the stress right out of me. I am relaxed enough to sleep on the sand right here and now, but I head for the campfire and the inevitable roasted marshmallows.

Chuck Hart is single and is a full-time student at UAA. His two daughters are 17 & 13, and his son is 9. Chuck came out in March 1998. Contact Chuck with your comments at chuck838792hart@yahoo.com.
SECOND SATURDAY WINTER WORKSHOPS
By Diana Wolfe, Identity Board member

After the Pride Conference last fall, it came to the attention of the Identity Board that people wished some of the workshops at the conference had been longer and in more detail. Lisa Jamieson took on the responsibility to coordinate the workshops beginning in January and when I volunteered to do something, she asked me to help her out. We have had three wonderful workshops.

The first one, in January, was “Fruit Bowl 2: Second Helping” which was a follow-up on the one that was the favorite workshop at the conference. The workshop featured representatives from a cross-section of the GLBT community who spoke and answered questions about themselves and their lives. The discussion was very open and challenging as each participant learned new ways of thinking about our community as a whole. It was a great opportunity to challenge assumptions about gender and sexuality in parts of the community and the GLBT scene with which one was not as familiar. Talking to one another in a respectful and supportive atmosphere helped each attendant to learn how to build tolerance and acceptance of differences within our community.

The February workshop dealt, appropriately for the Valentine’s month, with relationships. Dr. Elizabeth McNeill presented a discussion on how GLBT relationships differ from straight ones, how to know if someone is the right one, how to maintain a relationship, and how to maintain relationships already established. There was a lot of interaction between those present.

We just had the March workshop, and it focused on Internalized Homophobia and was facilitated by Trang Duong. She presented two definitions: “Homophobia - the fear of lesbians, gay males, and bisexuals, and trans people, and the hatred, intolerance, disgust and prejudice that this fear brings. Internalized Homophobia is when oppressed people believe the negative things that are said about them and even act them out. No other form of liberation can get far unless the participants in the struggle are also freeing themselves from these negative beliefs.” She presented the cycle of prejudice and oppression. It was an excellent workshop with role-playing to help solidify what she presented.

On April 14, Saturday, from 1-4:00, Ken Freedman will present the stages of coming out. We meet at the John Thomas Building at Third and Cordova.

HOSTELS-ALASKA’S BEST PLACES TO STAY
By Pete Gregson

When I tell most people that I live and work in a hostel, I have to explain to them what a hostel is or reassure them about what a hostel is not.

Hostels are simply budget hotels with a twist. They are mostly frequented by backpackers and budget travelers from all over the world. Hostels charge anywhere from $10 to $20 per night for a bed in a dorm room with four-to-six other people (although some have basic private rooms). Usually, the beds are bunk beds, and all hostels provide sheets, pillows, and blankets.

Hostels have large community kitchens, community bathrooms, common areas for reading and talking, and many also have television rooms, internet access, small libraries, bike rental, and more. The Spenard Hostel where I live is located close to the airport, has three kitchens, comfy couches spread throughout three common areas, a huge yard with a gas grill, and more. My friends are always amazed at the homeyness of the place when they come over for dinner or hostel potlucks.

Hostels are not only inexpensive, but also are great fun. On most summer nights, our 44 beds are full of people from six continents and many different countries. Most hostellers love to share stories about their countries and cultures. Hostels are also excellent choices for single travelers since they can meet other people. Every day at our hostel, strangers who just met go off together to explore the city, to eat, to go to movies, to go to the clubs, or even to travel together to another town or on an outdoor adventure.

In Anchorage there are three hostels including Spenard, Downtown HI Hostel, and the Mountain View Hostel. There are also hostels in many other Alaskan towns: Homer, Seward, Fairbanks, Tanacross, Stony River, Girdwood, Denali National Park, Juneau, Wrangell, Ketchikan, Sitka, and many others. Once you stay at one, it is very likely that you will meet people at other hostels you remember from the first hostel where you stayed.

For GLBT travelers, hostels are wonderful. Most hostel guests and staff are very liberal, wordy, open-minded, and have met many GLBT persons. Being GLBT just adds to the already eclectic mix of folks in the hostel that night. In my hostel this winter, the entire staff of three identified as being GLBT. I have met GLBT people at many Alaska hostels.

Hostels are also safe, and most are very clean. Many hostellers in the summer do not expect local residents, so all the guests are travelers. Most are part of the middle and upper classes in their countries. There are also all ages of travelers. Many people love staying in hostels because they can meet other travelers from all over the world, cook their own meals in the hostel kitchens, or just to meet others they can team up with on their vacations or travels. Also, hostels exist in almost every country in the world.

So, it doesn’t take a fortune for you to explore Alaska or to house your out-of-state guests. Like most people, once you stay in a hostel, you may never consider staying anywhere else.

You can contact Pete or Lacy at Spenard Hostel International at 258-5036 to find out about hostels in Alaska and around the world.
behind THE FACE
by Kristara

Had in my most dramatic all black travelling suit, I flew down to San Francisco on March 9th for the well-attended San Francisco Coronation. Naturally all the flights were two hours delayed due to the rumble in gay Seattle. By the time I arrived in The gay town, I looked like I had just won the coveted Miss Mukluk Alaska Contest. Only this time, I did not have to wear my fur hooded parka, my coarse over-dyed hair did just that - it was all over the place. I survived luckily due to my innovations in outdoor and wilderness survival. I plugged in my curling iron and curled away. After applying a bit of lip-gloss, I stepped out of the bathroom looking like a runway model.

San Francisco was cold, windy, and rainy almost the entire week I was there, but shopping was definitely an experience. I shopped and shopped till Macy's ran out of my thong size. Coronation is normally well attended both by in-town and out-of-town guests. This year it was a different story. The Gift Center Pavilion on Brannan Street was practically empty. Oh well - all that mattered is that I looked good with my bamboo gown and wooden high heels.

This past week, after my exciting plane ride back to Anchorage with the Tacoma Sabercats, I hibernated. I hibernated because my roommate kidnapped me and told me that I needed to relax. It was tough. I almost went out of my mind without "real" male company. Oh, trust me, I wasn't tied to a radiator somewhere, my roommate just wanted me to take a little "me" time. I finally calmed down. To tell you the truth, it was wonderful.

Summer time is almost here, and yes kids, more bulging biceps, razor shaved legs, and fabulous tanned guys will be parading all over town. You are probably wondering what the fabulous Kristara will be wearing this summer. Half-garments are trendy. Maybe it's because the cost of fabric has risen dramatically, but my fave designer explains: "it's always sexier to be half undressed." Don't I agree? Since I will be wearing my culottes, I stacked up on razors to help me navigate my knees and ankles. Pink is in, and good girls use moisturizer. Only if I could afford that convertible jaguar, then my summer would be complete.

If a makeover is a crime, put me in chains. My hair cries out for attention. And who am I to say no? Especially when my wallet's feelin' fat, and my hair is anything but. Great hair isn't hard when you're a multi-tasker like me. I listened to my hairdresser while I decided how many floats I could be on at once in Anchorage's Gay Pride Parade this summer. My hair-obsessed hairdresser recommended the TOUCHABLE hair. So watch out for a different do on delectable Kristara.

Well guys and gals - SUMMER in ALASKA will give us a chance to once again frolic through the forest and commune with nature, but please don't test your make-up on animals (just other queens). See you all around, and remember, always wear fresh panties. And if you can't find anyone else to love you this summer, just relax. You always have me, the fabulous Kristara.

Kristara is the current host of the Friday Diva Show at Mad Myrna's and is Empress XVII and XXVI of the Imperial Court of All Alaska. She is currently single and never leaves the house without wearing clean underwear.
A SUMMER OF HOPE
By Brian Ridder

For many, the Seventies were about disco music, the energy crisis, and hostages held in Teheran. For me, the Seventies were about disco music, oil money, and summers spent in Hope, Alaska, that is.

One drunken sunny day, my father came home with the mining rights to the Old Downing Mine, between Palmer and Alder mountains, nine miles up Palmer Creek Road. Dad brought us to Alaska in search of adventure. A long way from his New Jersey boyhood, he was eager to have a true northern experience, and what better way than to strike gold? The seasons intensified his manic-depression, however, and he waved the lease in triumph, obviously over his winter blues. The following day we were standing in front of a miner's cabin, eyes wide, staring at our next "adventure."

In 1890, Alexander King arrived at Captain Swanson's Trading Post in Kenai to repay a grudge he had borrowed two years before. He used part of his four pokes of gold to settle the debt and word spread quickly that the gold came from Resurrection Creek, which runs through present-day Hope, but which was then just another run-off in an isolated Turnagain Arm. Four years later, three thousand people lived in the area. A group of locals decided to name the growing settlement after the youngest passenger on the next boat to arrive. The town was officially christened when seventeen-year-old Percy Hope landed, and the place has carried his name ever since. The ship that carried him there was known as the Utopia.

This was Alaska's first great gold rush. It was eclipsed in 1897 by the beginning of another great rush, the Klondike. By 1906, a million dollars worth of precious metal had been extracted from the area, and Hope was hardly more than a ghost town. By the time we arrived, the experts my father hired said it would take another million dollars to get even four pokes out of Old Downing. At that time, the New Seward was barely a road, let alone a highway, and we had the valley through which Palmer Creek ran-all to ourselves.

Dad taught school which meant he was free for the summer. And freedom was what he found in Hope. His temper tantrums he left in Anchorage, and once on the turnoff, my sister and I would take turns on his lap, steering the sixteen miles into town. Good thing, I remember thinking, as my feet came to rest on the rack of beer tucked under the driver's seat, which, except for those sixteen miles, was in easy reach.

We would go straight to town and stop at the general store where you might find a perfect green head of lettuce sitting next to a ruby-red rhinestone bracelet, and where I started my collection of horror comics and amassed an entire army of miniature army men. We slowly made our way back through town, turned at Palmer Creek Road, and started up the hill to the cabin. In those days the highways and backyards were marked with rocky driveways and muddy trails which hinted at the wilderness beyond. These were fantastic mysteries to me and filled me with an exquisite sensual wonder. My father promised that we would one day take our time and explore some of those trails, but we never did.

During the winter dad was just someone who came to our house to fall asleep in front of the television. In the summer he came alive, and while at the cabin he could be quiet, reflective, and child-like. He would make up games, sending us to find in nature as many shades of green as we could. Or tell us stories about "Jumper," the squirrel that shared our cabin at night, and acted as an alarm clock in the mornings. We spent our days sipping root beer made ice cold by the creek, and lounging while the white-crowned sparrows whistled, "poor... old... Joe."

The summer came when Jumper couldn't be found and that winter an avalanche swept away the cabin forever. My father would build his own somewhere else and eventually we all moved Outside except for him. There was another marriage and divorce. His property became a junkyard. His condition worsened, winters grew harder, and he, quite literally, lived for summer. In a way I'm glad we never followed those paths that I was so sure led to my manly destiny. I would have been disappointed to find the sexless sourdough with moss growing on his teeth, or the right-wing gun collector, or the some-time artist suggesting I try crystal therapy.

Today, I smile as I pass one of those turns on my way to Hope. Mostly because the place hasn't lost its sense of mystery and wonder. The town still hints at the past, so rare in the mostly-it-just-has-to-be-functional Alaska you find along the highway. Palmer Creek Road is still the magical ascent of my childhood. Now, I stop at the Coeur d'Alene campground and pitch a tent, then bike to the end of the road where the buildings of the Swettman Mine used to stand, ghost-like. From there I hike Twin Lakes Trail where glaciers still feed the pools and waterfalls. On the way back gravity carries me the four miles to camp.

My father was a man of contradictions. Much like Alaska, I think. This state has paid for much of its beauty with big business, and my dad lost much of his family while gaining his freedom. He never did lose his sense of wonder, though. It was as if he lived to leave me that valley. My feelings for him are bittersweet, not unlike his life, a winter of hardship, a summer of hope.
A NEW REALITY IN WASHINGTON
An Op-Ed by Elizabeth Birch

Editor's Note-The op-ed piece below is from Elizabeth Birch, Executive Director of the Human Rights Campaign, America's largest GLBT organization. While not an Alaskan, her perspective on Washington D.C. and the local political climate is very important to all of us.

WASHINGTON— As we begin a new political reality with George W. Bush as our nation's 43rd president and Republicans in charge of Congress and the White House for the first time in four decades, supporters of gay equality have expressed apprehension about what this political moment portends for gay issues. While the question remains largely unanswered, we can gain some comfort in noting that we are also living in a reality of growing public distaste for anti-gay behavior, whether by self-righteous radio hosts or misguided office seekers. In the marketplace of ideas, anti-gay positions are finding fewer and fewer takers - a point not lost on our new president.

President Bush has largely tried to sidestep gay issues throughout his public career. When he has been pinned down on issues, he mostly tries to balance his positions by trying not to appear intolerant, yet not alienating his socially conservative base. He has commendably stated he will not discriminate based on sexual orientation. However, his statements have consistently been tempered with implications that homosexuality is a private matter underscoring the inequity contrasted by heterosexuality being an obvious public matter. Despite his strategy of avoidance, President Bush has taken a few positions as governor and during his campaign that are not gay-supportive, most notably his support in the spring of 1999 for a law that would ban gay people from adopting children.

The public has come along way over the course of the last eight years toward support of gay issues. When asked in 1992, by the Gallup organization whether gays should have equal job opportunities, 71 percent of those polled said "yes." By 1999, 83 percent said "yes." When asked by Gallup whether homosexuality should be an acceptable lifestyle, in 1992, 38 percent said "yes." By 1999, 52 percent had said "yes." In 1995, a poll conducted by Lake Snell Perry showed Independents, a key Bush constituency, when asked whether they thought gay rights were equal rights or special rights, 41 percent said "equal." By 1998, that number jumped to 55 percent.

This data underscores an increasingly supportive electorate that will provide a firm foundation on which we can build relationships with the new administration. The lessons we have learned since 1994 when Republicans took over the Senate and the House of Representatives, is that public opinion has provided us with vital leverage. Working with allies inside and outside of Congress we have been able to stop every anti-gay legislative attack, and there were many, except one, the Defense of Marriage Act.

During this period, the Employment Non-Discrimination Act came within one of vote of passing the Senate and though it has yet to become law, the Hate Crimes Prevention Act passed the Senate by a wide margin and the House passed a non-binding resolution supporting the measure.

Our progress does not rest with any one individual, political party or component of government. It comes from making our case to the American people, who at the end of day, will be the final arbiters of judgment regarding our nation's leaders.

When the new President Bush nominated former Missouri Sen. John Ashcroft to be attorney general the conventional wisdom among most gay advocates was that the President would have had a tough time picking someone antigay. The fact that the attorney general can have a direct, dramatic impact on the lives of gay people only exacerbated the apprehension surrounding the nomination. What transpired during the confirmation process was unexpected.

Sen. Ashcroft felt the political need to state unequivocally under oath that he would not discriminate on the basis of sexual orientation, a position he never took (or had to take) until coming before the full body of public opinion represented by the entire Senate. Of course, we will judge him by his actions, not his words.

After eight years of the Clinton Administration, our community, its organizations and leaders are looking at what lies ahead in this new, more ambiguous environment. Not all will come to the same conclusions and not all will be driven by the same priorities, but most are motivated by the goal of equality for Lesbians, Gays, Bisexuals, and Transgendered Americans. At the Human Rights Campaign, we campaigned vigorously for Al Gore for president. We thought he represented the best hope for our community and would offer the best environment to move our issues forward.

That did not come to pass. The campaign is over. It is time to govern. The new president has completed his transition from campaign to governing. So too does HRC move from campaigning to making sure the new administration governs fairly and inclusively. We will accomplish this by using political acumen, relationships with Congress, the moral imperative and the growing support of public opinion.

If you would like to comment on this opinion, please send an e-mail to field@hr.org. Get involved in HRC's online efforts. Visit http://www.hrc.org and take action!
TRY TALKEETNA!
By Ron Swartz

One of my favorite summer destinations on the Alaska road system is the charismatic town of Talkeetna. With only about 350 residents, and being just a couple hours north of Anchorage, it's a charming get-away for those who appreciate quiet and simplicity. I'm told it was the town Hollywood had in mind when it created fictional Cicely, Alaska for their popular "Northern Exposure" series.

Talkeetna is about fifteen miles off the Parks Highway, at the end of a clearly marked spur road. It has one paved street, Main Street, which comes to an end at the Susitna River. There is only one gas station, but they have 9 restaurants, 5 hotels & several B&Bs, and quite a few little gift shops. Just off Main Street is a small museum, created from a 1936 one-room schoolhouse.

The awesome Talkeetna Alaskan Lodge, opened in 1999, is built from Alaskan timber and river stone and sits on a hillside overlooking McKinley and the Alaska Range (www.talkeetnalodge.com). They don't seem to mind folks walking through their huge "great room" to photograph Denali from their north deck, even if they're not guests. My partner-at-the-time and I stayed overnight for Valentine's Day last year and were welcomed heartily by the receptionist, who even suggested we try the "couples special" in the dining room. After dark, he and I shared the spacious outdoor hot tub with other couples visiting from Anchorage.

During warmer weather, the town has businesses that offer river rafting (I even got Mom into a dry suit and onto the river, with a cute host answering questions and doing all the rowing for us!). Having a burger at the log cabin Latitude 62 Restaurant, I've overheard McKinley climbers from Europe discussing strategy and enjoying excellent food. Talkeetna has several river boat businesses, as well as flightseeing and air taxi services, which often take expedition groups to the Kahiltna Glacier for climbs up the Great One.

Want more unique small-town stuff to write home about? Well there is the annual winter Talkeetna Bachelor Festival with their Wilderness Woman contest and Bachelor Ball. And don't miss this summer's Moose Dropping Festival! Hop in the jalopy, and give Talkeetna a try.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

This letter is prompted by the "First Word" column in the March 2001 "NorthView." I agree a community center is needed in Anchorage to serve the needs of the entire community no matter her or his sexual orientation.

However, my vision of a community center is to empower individuals and organizations in their pursuit of self and group objectives. I do not envision the community center as having an independent political agenda. To introduce an organization with an agenda of its own might well create conflict with existing groups and alienate those who otherwise would be comfortable in seeking services and contributing support.

It is exciting to have the energy of so many in support of the proposed community center, and I encourage everyone to participate.

Very truly yours,

Vic Carlson
Identity Board Member

Mad Myrna's

Wednesdays-Sundays
DJ Music
Sundays
70's/80's Music
Myrn's "Green Plate" Special
Pool Tournament
Wednesdays
Karaoke
Thursdays
Country Dance Lessons
Country Dancing
Karaoke
Fridays
Mad Myrna's Drag Divas

NorthView 21
n 1992 my mother and I converted our house in Fairbanks, where seven of us were raised, into a hostel. Most hostellers are students or persons of limited means who don’t want to spend top dollars for a place to lay their head. Before we knew it, budget travelers from the four corners of the globe were arriving at our door. While many had come to see Fairbanks, for most, it was a place to stay while planning travels to the rest of Alaska, especially Denali Park. Most had come with a single purpose—the wilderness experience. Arriving in Fairbanks, nice as it is, was necessary only to the ultimate goal of getting away. Unfortunately for most visitors, there were few choices for getting around the state. For many years visitors arriving in Anchorage could reach Denali by shuttle, but Fairbanks had no such connection. For those arriving in Fairbanks, this was frustrating and difficult to believe since Fairbanks is much closer to Denali Park.

I knew how they felt. Growing up in Fairbanks I was very aware how isolated we were and that unless you had a car there were very few alternatives for getting out of town. Believe it or not Fairbanks was a great place to grow up, but its not like you could take a quick trip to another city for a weekend getaway. Anchorage was a good seven hours drive, and if you didn’t have a car, well, it didn’t matter how close it was. The railroad was an option of course, but a twelve hour, one-way trip is okay— the first time. Anchorage had several shuttle companies operating to and from the park, to Fairbanks.

It soon became apparent that with tourism on the rise, and more visitors beginning their trip in Fairbanks, another option for traveling to and from Alaska’s second largest city was long overdue. I began to discuss the idea with a friend of mine. After a couple of years of planning and many years of working in tourism and transportation for some of the larger companies in the state— at the time I was still working for Alaska Sightseeing as Division Manager— we decided the time had come to quit our jobs and go into business for ourselves. So, in 1996 we purchased two 15 passenger vans, and we loaded our first passengers up in May of 1997. Parks Highway Express was actually born in 1996 by friends of ours. They discovered our plans to go into competition with them, and in 1997 offered to let us purchase the company. Thus, we inherited the name when we bought the business.

We decided to market primarily to the budget minded traveler. For $20 we would take them from Fairbanks to Denali and for an additional $20 we would take them all the way to Anchorage. A roundtrip fare was even less expensive. We would also stop at any campground, trailhead or milepost along the way. It was an excellent deal and caught on very quickly with visitors and locals alike.

In its first year of operation before we took over, my friends operated a single old school bus that would make the roundtrip from Fairbanks to Anchorage and back in a single day, usually arriving back in Fairbanks around midnight.

Throughout the summer the response proved to be very good. Before the season was out, we realized that a mere 14 seats each way would not do. Over the next winter we purchased two used 25 passenger busses in Seattle and drove them up the highway. By the start of May of 1998, we were on the road again! This time, however, we added a Richardson route connecting Fairbanks and Valdez. Though not as popular a route as the Parks Highway, it is catching on with visitors who want to explore Wrangell-St. Elias National Park. Last summer we added a route between Fairbanks and Dawson City, Yukon using beautifully rugged Top of the World Highway. Ok, so we have been a bit Fairbanks focused, but for those wanting a retreat from Anchorage, beginning in summer of 2001, Parks Highway Express will be operating between Anchorage and Valdez & Dawson City. Today we also travel year round to any point between Anchorage and Fairbanks. Though the route between Anchorage and Denali continue to be the most popular, more and more visitors are discovering that there are other parts of the state worth exploring.

There have been many challenges, rewards and lots of hard work since that first year. One of the highlights last year was transporting many of the members of the AIDS ride to Fairbanks for the start of their trip. We are now members of twelve regional Visitors Associations and the International Gay & Lesbian Travel Association. We are thankful for all the support we have received from the Gay community in Alaska, and we are always eager to return the favor.

Parks Highway Express has an informative website www.AlaskaShuttle.com that has information about each community and route they serve. All of the pages have links to local businesses, or activities and events and they are always eager to exchange links with gay owned friendly businesses.
RIDING IN SEARCH OF A CURE
By Douglas Swartz

August 20 through August 25, 2001, a very powerful and unique event will take place in Alaska: The Alaska AIDS Vaccine Ride organized by Pallotta Teamworks. 2000 people from all over the country will converge on Fairbanks to participate in a 500-mile bicycle ride from Fairbanks to Anchorage via Glennallen. Participants will be riding in recognition of each person or business that assisted them with raising a minimum of $3,400 in donations. Donations will be used to fund the on-going work of three maverick research teams that are taking aim and working towards the eradication of AIDS by vaccine:

- Dr. David Ho’s team at the Aaron Diamond AIDS Research Center in New York
- Dr. Rafi Ahmad’s team at the Emory Vaccine Center at Emory University
- Dr. Irvin Chen’s team at the UCLA AIDS Institute

They are all doing cutting-edge, outside-of-the-box science that traditional funding sources are slow to finance.

Over 430,400 persons have died of AIDS in the United States in the last nineteen years. Worldwide the number jumps to 18.8 million. This year, it’s estimated that over 34 million people are infected with HIV. In light of that, participants in this year’s ride including Dave Kelley and Douglas Schwarz of South Anchorage, felt it was time to do something big - something seemingly impossible. Each and every person reading this article is invited to become a partner in this event. Those wanting information about volunteer opportunities, or making a contribution to fund the on-going battle against the vicious, indiscriminate killer known as AIDS may contact Dave Kelley and Douglas Schwarz at (907) 868-5086 or (907) 223-3619 or via email at david5@ci.net.

We are not trying to make the world a better place;
WE WILL MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE.

Concepts In Wellness
Bill Seemann
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PO Box 97122
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(907) 227-7728
(907) 248-8889

NorthView

Untitled
By Anon
(Reprinted from the Girlz List)

Because women’s work is never done and is underpaid or unpaid or boring or repetitious and we’re the first to get the sack and what we look like is more important than what we do and if we get raped it’s our fault and if we get bashed we must have provoked it and if we raise our voices we’re nagging bitches and if we enjoy sex we’re nymphos and if we don’t we’re frigid and if we love women it’s because we couldn’t get a “real” man and if we ask our doctor too many questions we’re neurotic and/or pushy and if we expect community care for children we’re selfish and if we stand up for our rights we’re aggressive and “unfeminine” and if we don’t we’re typical weak females and if we want to get married we’re out to trap a man and if we don’t we’re unnatural and because we still can’t get an adequate safe contraceptive but men can walk on the moon and if we can’t cope or don’t want a pregnancy we’re made to feel guilty about abortion and…..

for lots and lots of other reasons we are part of the women’s liberation movement.
GLSEN

2nd ANNUAL ALL ALASKA
CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST

“A GAY OR LESBIAN ROLE MODEL FOR TODAY’S YOUTH”
or
“A COMING OUT STORY”
(Essay, short story, or poem.)

First prize: $200
Second prize: $100
Third prize: $50

Sponsored by: GLSEN Alaska, Inc.

• Select one topic above. Essays, stories or poems must be 300-400 words long, typed, double-spaced.
  Submissions will be judged on how well they communicate information on the either of the themes above.
• The contest is open to any high school student, regardless of sexual orientation.
• Be sure to include your name, grade, school, and mailing address along with your essay. Please include
  the teacher’s name if you use your school as your mailing address. Include a phone number if you would like
  to be notified by phone. If you must maintain confidentiality, notify GLSEN Alaska at the email address below.
• Winners will be notified during Gay Pride Week activities on June 20, 2001. A panel of teachers and writers
  will do the judging. Awards will be paid by check. In the case of a tie, prize money will be split.
• A single student may submit no more than two entries. Students retain copyright ownership of their entry,
  but by entering the contest grant GLSEN Alaska, Inc. the right to publish the entry.
• Entries must be postmarked by May 15, 2001.

Mail to: GLSEN Alaska, Inc.
PO Box 24-3555
Anchorage, Alaska 99524-3555

For More Information
Email GLSEN Alaska Inc.
glesanaska@gci.net

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