In this issue:

A New Home for the Community Center ▼ Gay Prom ▼ A Class Reunion
How to Hire a Contractor ▼ The Feldenkrais® Method ▼ Coming Out in High School

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.

Editor
Pete Gregson
gregsonpete@hotmail.com

Layout/Graphic Design
Kim Acuna
media@kimacuna.com
243-0558

Kim Acuna, our layout editor, is away this month.
Thanks to the designers who stepped in to finish the layout of this edition.

Advertising
Chris Pearson
christopher.pearson@att.net
276-1992

Staff Columnists
Al Kaneta, Dawn, Dan Carter,
Kristara, Trang Duong,
Teresa McPherson,
Pastor Jan Richardson

Staff Writers
Chuck Hart, Geoffrey Stewart,
Jen Kouhout, Mark Schubauer,
Michael Haase, Ron Swartz

Staff Photographers
Amy Newman, Victoria Shaver

Labels and Mailing
F. Ken Freedman, Erin Evans,
Jen Eisenhower

Identity Board
Brian Ridder, Jim Mohr,
Steve Kendall, Vic Carlson,
Victoria Shaver, Diana Wolfe,
Scott Turner, Chuck Hart,
Kristara
Equality Means Acceptance and Expression without Fear

As a recent transplant, I've heard that summer is a slow time in the local GLBT community. I can't tell! May is chock-full of events: the Imperial Court's Eklutna Picnic; The Men's Club Cinco de Myrna party to raise money for the Community Center and their annual dehiberation Brown Bear Bus Run (those are fun!); GLSEN's Gay Prom for GLBT High School students; Kristara's Identity-sponsored Drag 101 workshop; YGMA's Car Wash to raise money for the Community Center. And there is so much more. Even more incredible, June brings GLBT Pride Week and the parade and festival along with five days of events and parties. And sometime this summer is the opening of the new Community Center. Plus, FrontRunners is back in action all summer, there are over 30 scheduled women hikes and campsouts, the Men's Club cookouts and campsouts, and a slate of summer hikes and activities from YGMA. Finally, the summer concludes with Coronation and the step-down of their most Imperial Majesties, Kent and Eve. Wow. Maybe this used to be a slow town during the summer, but Anchorage is heating up! As our community grows and becomes out-and-proud so do the number of groups and activities and events for GLBT persons.

This issue is about Equality. In Anchorage, we are becoming more active and more visible as a community. This June will mark the return of a GLBT Pride Parade in Anchorage. Organizers expect over 500 people in the parade alone and are lining up high-profile Marshalls and local politicians to march with us. We are also about to open a new Community Center. Celebration of Change and the Pride Conference have been resurrected. The NorthView has become a monthly voice for GLBT Alaskans. There is a quarterly GLBT business directory being displayed in the major bookstores. Gay Straight Alliances are now present in every Anchorage High School and GLSEN is an active Anchorage group.

As we become more active and more visible, it is important for us to remember that acceptance and tolerance occur mostly through understanding and familiarity. It is hard for people to practice intolerance towards their friends, coworkers, and family members. That is why our visibility is important. The more people who know us and who understand that we are people like them, the more acceptance we will have.

Yet with acceptance, we must also demand equality. It is easy for people to tolerate us and to accept us, yet to never consider the real meaning of equality for GLBT persons. We all know the litany of our second-class status. We can't marry, can't serve openly in the military, and don't have federally mandated job and housing protection. Bigotry and intolerance towards GLBT persons is still widely accepted in the name of religious freedom and expression. Our allies and supporters know this laundry list and often fight with us to help us gain equality in these areas.

But true equality? An America where we can be the same as our straight brethren? That is something vastly different, and it is something we can't legislate into being. Straight people never have to think about their sexuality and their manifestations of it. As GLBT persons, we are constantly thinking of our sexuality and how we can safely manifest it. We make hundreds of such small decisions every day, and we have become so used to it that we are as unconscious about our sexuality as straight people are about theirs. We are just at opposite ends of the spectrum.

True equality will exist when we are all free to express ourselves in public without fear. When we can hold our spouses' hands in public, then we will be equal. When we can greet our boyfriends and girlfriends in the airport with a homecoming kiss, then we will be equal. When we do not have to dread introducing ourselves to the parents of our children's friends, then we will be equal. When it is not automatically assumed that someone is straight, then we will be equal. When we don't have to quietly endure homophobic speech, then we will be equal. When we see ourselves portrayed in the media as part of the mainstream, then we will be equal. When we can go to any bar and dance and feel free to be ourselves, then we will be equal.

Equality comes about when others expect us to behave and act just as they do, and when it is acceptable for us to do so. Even our allies can be put off when we...
Community Center Garage Sale
As you think about your spring cleaning, put aside those things you want to get rid of for the Community Center's June 9th Garage Sale. We'll need volunteers to help with pricing and helping customers. Place to be announced later, but it will start at 10:00 am. Please contact Diana at 338-5909 or atdswh@uaa.alaska.edu.

Cinco de Mayo to Benefit Community Center
TLFMC will be hosting a Cinco de Mayo party at Mad Myrna's on Saturday, May 5th at 7pm featuring a $3 all-you-can-eat taco bar and $2 margarita Jell-O shooters. There might also be door prizes and a costume contest, too. All proceeds will be donated to the new Anchorage GLBT Community Center.

Murder Mystery Theater
Enjoy a mystery and murder themed dinner in a 1920's setting at the Pioneer Schoolhouse on May 12. Contact Rick Wright at roonitoon@yahoo.com for more information.

The Last Frontier Men's Club De-Hibernation
Tickets for the annual TLFMC de-hibernation run to the Brown Bear Saloon are on sale now at Stonewall'd. The bus leaves at 1:00 PM from the Raven. Tickets are $15 each and include lunch at the Brown Bear and beer or mimosa on the bus. We are limited to 50 seats, so get your tickets early.

Women's Summer Hikes
There are many hikes and overnight campouts scheduled this summer for the Anchorage women's community. For a list of all hikes and events, please contact Linda at aniki@uaa.alaska.edu.

Memorial Service
There will be a memorial service on Sunday, May 20 at 12:30 PM. Pastor Jan Richardson from MCC will be presiding. It will be held at the Gay Monument at the cemetery at 6th and Fairbanks. This will mark the start of the third year that the monument has stood. The focus on the national level is the stand against hate crimes. The Anchorage memorial service is entitled Love, Compassion, and Tolerance. This Monument was donated to the community by Dan Cook (Empress XVII Cherresse), Peggy Murphy, and Emperor VII Bernie, so people who have lost loved ones who are not in the same location as where their loved ones were put to rest could have a place to go and remember them. Refreshments after at Mad Myrna's.

Eklutna Picnic
The Imperial Court (ICOAA) is once again hosting the Eklutna Picnic at Eklutna Flat. The College of Monarchs will be grilling burgers and more from noon until 6 PM on May 28. Groups are invited to set up information tables for free. This is one of the biggest and best attended GLBT events in Alaska. Don’t miss it!

Olivia Cruises
Olivia's all-women cruise will visit Alaska May 13th to 20th. Stops include Ketchikan and Juneau, with termination in Seward, to then travel to Anchorage for their flights back to the lower 48 or continuation of their Alaska stay. For more information, go to www.olivia.com. Look for a special event at Mad Myras that weekend.

Memorial Service for Loved Ones Passed

**LOVE, COMPASSION & TOLERANCE**

Anchorage Gay Monument
Anchorage Memorial Park Cemetery
Corner of 6th and Fairbanks Street

Sunday May 20, 2001
12:30 P.M.

Officiated by Pastor Jan Richardson of
Lamb of God Metropolitan Community Church (MCC)

*Refreshment after at Mad Myrna's*
The Community Center has a home now. At the Fourth Friday Potluck on March 23, I announced I would like to receive input about the ideas people had for the Community Center. Almost immediately, one of the members of the audience came to me and said she had a great idea, and we arranged to talk after the potluck.

Sylvia Short has been a long-time ally of ours, serving for years on the Identity Board. She has a house that she said might work for a Community Center, and asked if I was interested. Four of us, Jim Mohr, Frank Tano, Wendy Parsons, and I went over to look at the house after the potluck, and then Wendy and I went back Monday afternoon to look at it in the daytime. The house had been used by Sylvia’s late husband for the Alakana Book Store.

The house is located on the corner of Arctic and 47th Street. There is room for an open area that we can use for meetings and for people to come and just hang out. We anticipate having a TV and VCR to watch movies from our resource library. We plan for a video/book/tape/periodicals resource library. We will have a computer that can be hooked up to the Internet for people to browse and look for resources. Also on the property is a small cabin that can be used for larger groups.

I have volunteered to run the office twenty hours a week to get it started. I anticipate seeing the Center become a very viable entity within both our community and the community-at-large. We will need lots of other volunteers to help at different times.

There is work to be done. We will take the bookshelves down in the living room and paint the walls. The cabin is unfinished on the inside so we need carpenters, carpet layers, painters, and other helpers over the next month to help get the place ready for an early opening.

Let’s pull together to make this into a real inclusive Community Center for all of us to use. Call me at 338-5909 or e-mail me at atdsw@uua.alaska.edu. The advisory committee will appreciate any ideas of how to use the Center.
SPIRITUAL OUTINGS
By Reverend Jan Richardson

Spirituality—Who Needs It?

Spirituality as a word has cropped up frequently in recent years, even in the most general of conversations. What exactly is it? How is it the same or different from religion? Can we have one without the other? Or do we need both or neither in our lives?

To answer any of these questions, it is helpful to first understand what it means to be human. I contend that to be fully human means to have balance in body, mind, and spirit. To be “healthy” the physical body needs food, exercise, and shelter. Our minds need to be stimulated with food for thought, experiences that exercise emotional development, and a safe environment for this to happen. Likewise, the human condition also yearns for a sense of connectedness with something transcendent. That is, food for the “essence of our being” that gives meaning and purpose to life, exercises (or rituals) that make the connection to the “Holy Other,” “Higher Power” (that name of something beyond ourselves—out there) and a safe setting for this nurturing to take place. To be balanced and healthy in body, mind, and spirit we have to take responsibility for what and how we feed our whole selves.

Spirituality, or spiritual “life,” is part and parcel of all human experience. It is a component of our personality that integrates all other aspects of our personhood. It’s about authentic relationships—unconditional love towards ourselves and towards others. It’s about a deep sense of identity. Spirituality is about making us who we are.

In contrast, religion—which adheres to a structured system of dogma—may try to make us what we’re not. Religion, historically, has not been good to women, people of color, or GLBT folks. One of the main reasons why so many in our community have a problem with spirituality is because the word has become associated with and inseparable from the word religion, with all of its connotations of an established, organized, controlling hierarchy with a restrictive, punitive, and authoritarian moral code. We each probably have a personal story or know of someone who has been hated, controlled, judged, condemned, and excluded in the name of religion. Is it any wonder so many of us run as fast as we can away from any hint of organized religion? And consequently, by incorrect association, we run from our spiritual selves.

By analogy, if we find that our sophisticated palates have no taste for, say, brussel sprouts, do we stop eating altogether? If we have information fed to us that is inaccurate or with which we disagree, do we stop thinking or asking questions? If we’re been in a hurtful religious experience, should we stop feeding our spirit?

We are more spiritually than any of our religious experiences. “Spirituality,” according to Rabbi Eric Weiss, “is connected to the experience of awe—however you define that, and wherever you find it. Whether it’s in the ocean, in sex, or whatever, awe is the locus of spirituality. When you name your awe Jesus or Buddha, you enter into religion.” Weiss believes that religion provides a structure, a language, and a cyclical nature, or calendar, to help us experience and express that awe, I agree. And this isn’t necessarily all bad.

A person can certainly be spiritual while belonging to an organized religion, and a person can be equally spiritual without subscribing to any systematized doctrine. Obviously, a person could also be religious, adhering to a structured system of dogma, and be completely out of touch with his or her spirituality. Being spiritual can be radically different from being religious. To be spiritual is an intrinsic part of being human and essential to a sense of balance and wholeness. Spirituality can bring grounding in our life. I believe that “to throw the baby out with the bath,” to renounce our spirituality because of nonexistent or negative religious experiences, is not a healthy option. As humans, we will still find ways to feed our spiritual hunger. We try to find meaning and connectedness in the junk food of unhealthy behaviors. As GLBT folks, we need to rediscover, reframe, and reinvent ways to feed and express our spirituality, with foods that are appropriate and healthy for us. Just how do we do that?

Next month: Reclaiming our GLBT Spiritual Heritage.

The Reverend Jan Richardson is the pastor of the Lamb of God Congregation of the Metropolitan Community Church in Anchorage. MCC ministers predominantly to the GLBT community. She can be reached by calling 258-5266 or by emailing her at pastorjan@alaska.net.
HOMOPHOBIA SHOULD BE EQUAL TO RACISM—THEY BOTH HURT

By Chuck Hart

*Names have been changed to protect the innocent, the nearly innocent, and the clumsy, but not the Out&Proud.

My thirteen-year-old daughter, Bearcat, is an inpatient at North Star Residential Treatment Center. She is my little "Rainbow Warrior." Our community has no more vocally loyal ally than my daughter.

In early March, Bearcat was on an outing from the center to a local mall. Bearcat and her friend, Hope, were in a brightly lit national chain clothing store with a staff member, Lana, looking at sunglasses. Hope handed Lana a pair to try on. Lana turned the sunglasses down with, "Oh, I wouldn’t wear those, they’re too GAY."

Bearcat piped up, "I don’t like what you just said."

Irritated, Lana replied, "Oh, Bearcat. How do you think people like it when you tease them?"

"Come on. That’s not the same," said Bearcat.

Bearcat and Hope ran out into the mall searching for the other staff member on the outing. They returned to the store, and turned themselves in five minutes later.

Back at the center they were each given 20 pages of explanations, apologies, and other "therapeutic assignments" to write. I arrived shortly after the writing project was assigned. I told Bearcat not to run away, as it solves nothing. While I was talking to Bearcat another staff member, Claudine, came to explain the situation to Bearcat and me.

"Bearcat, you know words sometimes have many meanings. The word ‘gay’ used to mean cheerful and bright, then ‘gay’ came to mean homosexual, now ‘gay’ can mean dumb, or ugly. That’s what Lana meant.”

I told Claudine, “I am gay, and I do take offence at that definition.”

Bearcat told Claudine through her tears, "My dad is gay, and he isn’t ugly. Fred is gay, and he isn’t ugly. Pastor Jan is gay and she isn’t ugly. I know a lot of gay people and they are NOT ugly!” Then Bearcat choked up, sobbing.

If it had been a racial slur, would it have been so easily tolerated? I hope not. I wrote the director of the center outlining my concerns and an offer from GLSEN to give sensitivity training to the staff for free. The day after my letter arrived an administrator assured me she was looking into my concerns.

Nine days later Bearcat called me in tears. Her roommate called her a dyke. "Dad, they didn’t do anything when I reported it. Twenty minutes later I called her a b**** and I am in trouble. She made a racist comment and didn’t get punished. It’s not fair."

I explained the difference between racism and homophobia. I told Bearcat that "b****" and "dyke" were both words that were derogatory towards women and girls when used the way she and her roommate used them. The next day Bearcat told me a staff member had listened in on our conversation and had punished the roommate immediately after our call.

Ten days had passed with no further response from the Center to GLSEN or to me. I was concerned that I was being put off until after my daughter’s scheduled June discharge. I wrote another firmer letter reminding them to look into correcting their problem. I also let slip that I was writing this article.

I received a letter in the mail three days later stating that the North Star Residential Treatment Center would consider contacting GLSEN "for future staff training."

On several visits to have dinner with Bearcat, I have heard homophobic remarks fly from the mouths of the adolescents, and not once have I seen the staff even pause to notice. With the number of adolescents in treatment, the odds are high that at least one is aware of being gay.

A month after the 'gay sunglasses' incident, GLSEN was contacted and arrangements for a presentation were confirmed for a date shortly before the publication of this article. I hope this training will educate the staff about the harm such comments can cause. I doubt that it will change anyone’s biases. I also believe that the clumsy remarks of Lana and Claudine were just innocent ignorance. Bearcat said it best when she told me, "Homophobia should be equal to Racism. They both hurt."

Chuck Hart is single, a full time student at UAA, and father of two daughters 17 & 13, and a son 9. Contact Chuck with your comments at: chuck838792hart@yahoo.com.
IDENTITY PRESENTS
PRIDEFEST 2001

Under the Midnight Sun

June 20 - 24

Celebrating Diversity Parade
June 23, 11:00 AM
Marchers, 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 Metropolitan Community Church
Spicy Macaroni and Cheese

1 1/2 CUPS FINELY CHOPPED ONION
2 LARGE GARLIC CLOVES, MINCED
1 1/2 TABLESPOONS MINCED JALAPENO CHILES
1 TEASPOON GROUND CORIANDER
1 1/2 TEASPOONS GROUND CUMIN
1/2 STICK (1/4 CUP) UNSALTED BUTTER
1/4 CUP ALL PURPOSE FLOUR
4 CUPS MILK
1 (28-OUNCE) CAN PLUM TOMATOES, THE JUICE DISCARDED AND THE TOMATOES CHOPPED AND DRAINED WELL
CEYENNE, TO TASTE, IF DESIRED
1 POUND ELBOW MACARONI
1 1/2 CUPS COARSELY GRATED MONTEREY JACK CHEESE
1 1/2 CUPS COARSELY GRATED EXTRA-SHARP CHEDDAR CHEESE
1 1/2 CUPS FRESH BREAD CRUMBS
1 1/3 CUPS FRESHLY PARMESAN CHEESE


STIR IN THE FLOUR AND COOK THE MIXTURE, STIRRING FOR 3 MINUTES. ADD THE MILK IN A STREAM, WHISKING. BRING THE LIQUID TO A BOIL, WHISKING, AND WHISK IN THE TOMATOES. SIMMER THE MIXTURE FOR 2 MINUTES AND ADD THE CAYENNE AND SALT AND PEPPER TO TASTE.

IN A POT OF BOILING, SALTED WATER COOK THE MACARONI FOR 6 TO 7 MINUTES, OR UNTIL IT IS BARELY AL DENTE. DRAIN IT WELL AND COMBINE IT WITH THE TOMATO MIXTURE IN A LARGE BOWL. STIR IN THE MONTEREY JACK AND THE CHEDDAR CHEESES AND TRANSFER THE MIXTURE TO A BUTTERED 13"X9" SHALLOW BAKING DISH.

IN A BOWL STIR TOGETHER THE BREAD CRUMBS AND THE PARMESAN CHEESE. SPRINKLE THE MIXTURE EVENLY OVER THE MACARONI MIXTURE.

BAKE THE MACARONI AND CHEESE IN THE MIDDLE OF A PREHEATED 375 F DEGREE OVEN FOR 20 TO 25 MINUTES OR UNTIL IT IS GOLDEN AND BUBBLING.
THE REUNION, PART I
By Jen Kohout

It was the colorful brochure that hooked me, all those vibrant young female athletes dressed in royal blue uniforms, their eyes affixed upon a ball, a defender, a finish line. They looked confident and self-assured. Distracted by their youthful exuberance and swayed by the pamphlet text that promised a festive weekend of reuniting with old friends and reliving wonderful memories of my alma mater, I called up Northwest airlines. Three weeks later, as I squeeze myself into a non-reclining window seat and prepare for the all night flight to Durham, North Carolina, it dawns on me that I really didn't enjoy college all that much. Rather than feel excitement at the prospect of seeing former field hockey teammates, my stomach begins to churn. My relationships in college were tenuous and as a result, I felt like an interloper the entire four years, never quite fitting in but desperately wanting to. My decision to expend 35,000 valuable frequent flyer miles on a threeday jaunt across the continent and back suddenly seems like a very bad idea, but it's too late—the door is secure and we're pulling away from the gate.

The next morning, groggy from lack of sleep, I stagger outside Raleigh-Durham International. Waiting in the brilliant blue sunshine for the Budget shuttle, I survey the rolling green landscape, a horizon of hardwood trees. A warm breeze that smells of Dogwood blossoms offered new resolve. "Okay, Kohout," I tell myself, "even if your reunion is as festive as a root canal, at least you can enjoy the Spring weather."

Driving towards campus, I discover that since graduating 15 years ago, Durham has experienced a construction boom while I have experienced a memory bust. I exit and re-enter several freeways and side streets with vaguely familiar names as I try to find the sprawling campus. "Broad Street? That sounds familiar." It leads me to downtown Durham where I became trapped in a one-way business loop. Eventually, a familiar gothic building appears out of the proverbial mist, and I pull into the first parking space I can find.

My alma mater, named after James B. Duke, tobacco tycoon from the early 1900's, is best known for its men's basketball team and world class medical facilities, in that order. It is an exclusive (read expensive) institution of 6300 undergraduates with another 3000 graduate students.

I first arrived on campus in the fall of 1982, a reserved, Air Force kid with a field hockey scholarship in one hand and not much else in the other. In retrospect, I know that wasn't true. I had plenty going for me; I just didn't appreciate it at the time. I was far too overwhelmed by teenage angst and insecurity and the sneaking suspicion that I might not be... well... heterosexual. At Duke, a bastion of beer-induced bravado and rampant (hetero)sexuality, this nagging doubt solidified my sense of separation. It's tough to participate in meaningful relationships from the back of a closet.

As I wander across campus, surrounded by rough, gray-hued gothic walls, I reflect on those angst-filled years, while several stories above me, concrete gargoyles sport pained expressions. Not surprisingly, none of these twisted-faced stone gremlins appeared in the glossy brochure I'd received in the mail. Eventually I grow bored of wallowing in nostalgic self-pity and head to the gardens, which are awash in early spring colors of white Dogwood and purple Forsythia. The change of scenery works wonders on my attitude. I even stop cursing the Sports Information representative responsible for publications.

Later that night, after I've showered and changed, I return to campus. I park the car and follow a stream of impeccably dressed couples heading for the Gala event. Since this initial gathering is a fundraiser for the women's athletics program, in addition to former athletes, they're invited the kinds of people who can—and do—bid $3600 on an autographed basketball. Later that evening during the auction, I sit...
at a back table stifling a sneeze because I'm afraid to make sudden arm movements when the bidding for a blue-tiled barbecue pit soars several figures above what I paid for my car. I imagine the phone call home to Karen, “Uh, Honey, guess what I bought for the backyard...we can forgo a couple mortgage payments, can’t we?”

Entering the building, I’m relieved to find a familiar face—a basketball player who graduated the same year as I. She’s lived in Kentucky since school, and I can’t understand a word she’s saying, but once we enter Cameron Indoor Stadium, it doesn’t matter. A jazz band is jamming away mid-court, and the music reverberates on the hardwood floors and bleachers. Looking at the stands that rise up in all directions around me, I briefly fantasize about walking out on the court with a stadium full of fans chanting my name. Then reality sets in. Connie has found some basketball teammates, and I’m left to wander around the room by myself, watching the well-heeled sip Merlot and eat bruschetta as they discuss investments. Despite the jet lag, I decide that a little alcohol couldn’t hurt, so I make my way to the bar.

Standing in line, I study the banners hanging from the rafters. The women’s basketball program has won the Atlantic Coast Conference three of the past four years, but their banners are no where to be found. The University offers more scholarships to women than when I was in college, but the students remain a sexist lot. Students will camp for a week to get into the men’s games, but their attendance at women’s games is dismal. I later discover this fact enraging University professor Bob Keohane, an avid supporter of women’s athletics, who also happens to be the husband of the University’s President, Nan Keohane. Bob’s frustration confirms my perceptions of Duke and leads me to the conclusion that fundamentally little has changed. The thirty-something athletic department representative jogging with Bob and I overhears our conversation and interjects his opinion that fan support will increase when

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**MY ALMA MATER, NAMED AFTER JAMES B. DUKE, TOBACCO TYCOON FROM THE EARLY 1900’S, IS BEST KNOWN FOR ITS MEN’S BASKETBALL TEAM AND WORLD CLASS MEDICAL FACILITIES, IN THAT ORDER. IT IS AN EXCLUSIVE (READ EXPENSIVE) INSTITUTION OF 6300 UNDERGRADUATES WITH ANOTHER 3000 GRADUATE STUDENTS.**

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the women’s game goes “above the rim.” I’m skeptical—not of the ability of women to block shots and dunk—but of the likelihood that our society will relax its grip on gender stereotypes. Last time I checked, the fashion-conscious woman looked more anorexic than buff.

A student toting an appetizer plate of meatballs approaches. I smile and grab a toothpick. “Mmm... thanks,” I mumble between bites. Just then one of my teammates walks through the door. Barbie Botch, who after a career and two kids now goes by Barb Bailey. She looks taller and thinner than I remember, but her face is relaxed, and she greets me enthusiastically. We both do a thirty-second recap of the past 15 years. And in a pattern that repeats itself as I great other teammates, I am reminded of yet another reason why “marriage” matters. I find that there is no short-hand way to announce that I am happily involved with a wonderful woman with whom I hope to share the rest of my life.

Barb has left her husband and kids at the hotel, but most of my other teammates appear with husbands in tow. By the end of the evening...well, maybe by the middle, I grow tired of child-rearing tales of potty training, Jimmib感叹, and tap dancing lessons. But I have to admit that despite their painfully traditional lifestyles, I like my teammates and their husbands. They are decent people who appear to love their kids and each other and isn’t that, I remind myself, what really matters?

I manage to slip in references to my partner whenever I can and even participate in a brief but revealing conversation about the end of our coach’s long-term but never overtly acknowledged relationship with a woman. For years after college, I’d resented Coach’s failure to be out. I desperately needed a role model. And knowing Coach was gay, I implied shame from her omissions.

Fifteen years later, I’m more inclined to believe that there are few absolute answers or actions. And yes, maybe I’m more sympathetic to Coach having missed plenty of my own opportunities to share “the good news,” when I was unsure of its reception. Coach is now assistant athletic director. The weekend reunion to celebrate 30 years of Duke Women’s varsity athletics is her brainchild. I’m grateful that she kept her job. 

(to be continued)
Different but Equal: What Equality Means to a Lesbian/Trans Couple

I like our May theme of equality. It makes us think, which makes us talk, hopefully to each other. And where there’s dialogue, there’s a good chance people are bridging distances and finding those common denominators that give birth to equality.

All of us want to be treated equally in our jobs, to have an equal shot at promotions, special projects, or perks. But we also want the right to mention our anniversaries or special events that involve our partners without getting “that look” from co-workers.

I’m out at work as a lesbian, but as yet have chosen to share with only a select few that my partner Danny is pursuing gender transition. Which means either way, I’m perceived as engaging in an “alternative lifestyle.” Never mind that I look and act about as alternative as June Cleaver.

So like many of you, I sometimes receive that look when I casually mention that my partner and I went to a concert over the weekend or attended a play. Imagine the look if I also shared that I gave my partner his testosterone injection before we dressed for our date.

Outside our community, equality means being accepted as a couple, a couple who may not mirror mainstream society’s definition, but a committed couple nonetheless. We all want our families to respect our relationships, to come to our commitment ceremonies, to celebrate our anniversaries the same as married siblings, and to honor our choice of partners. Danny and I also need our families to accept his identity as a male and mine as a lesbian woman committed to this very special man.

Equality to my partner sometimes means something as simple as knowing co-workers respect his right to use the men’s room. Or as complex as asking for a change of pronouns from long-time friends or co-workers. To me, it’s as simple as co-workers asking what I did over the weekend or how my partner and I plan to celebrate our anniversary. Or as complex as asking my friends to accept that I identify as a person who does not.

For Danny and me, equality means that others continue to accept us as a part of this diverse community. I am lesbian and Danny is trans and while we look more and more like a straight couple, we are not. Our hearts are queer, our politics are queer, and our votes support the candidates most compassionate to queer causes.

Equality within our community means my partner and I are valued and accepted for what we bring to the group, whether the gathering is a Saturday workshop or a night of drag divas and dancing at Mad Myrna’s. Equality means being included, being understood, and being accepted for who we are.

Ultimately, equality for Danny and me as a couple means knowing what we have in common with others is greater than what sets us apart. We are each different but equal. The common denominator we all share is the desire to choose the partner or the life that feels right for each of us, and for others to respect that choice. That’s equality.

“Nobody can make you feel inferior without your consent.”
— Eleanor Roosevelt

The Quotable Woman, by Running Press
EQUALITY IS NOT THE SAME THING

By Brian A. Ridder

I once told a co-worker that I favor socialism. She looked surprised and said, "What, you want everything to be the same?" "You mean, like all those housing developments, fast-food restaurants, and strip-malls you find beside the highway" I wondered aloud. "I don't want anything to be like that, and no, I don't want everything to be the same. I just want some social justice. There is a difference."

I walked away as she lectured me on the spirit-breaking policies of the Chinese government. Doesn't she know that Kentucky Fried Chicken in Beijing tastes just like it does in Kentucky? Do you know what is the third most spoken word on Earth? Coca-Cola. (No and O.K. are the first two.) Capitalism seems to me to be, pardon the expression, the great homogenizer. The Golden Arches look the same in Paris, Texas, as they do in Paris, France. Winner-takes-all, and I rue the day when a single company owns everything, and some rusty old corporate magnate signs all of our paychecks.

The attitude of my fellow worker (or should I say comrade?) is a popular one. In the United States, capitalism has become synonymous with democracy, and a free-market the same thing as freedom. The rest of the world knows the difference between social-communism and social-democracy. For Americans, however, if it's not like us, it's all the same. While democracy seeks equality for all, capitalism fuels our sense of individuality. We live in a system based on competition, and then wonder why we don't know how to cooperate.

Socialism concerns itself, not with equal rights, but with the right to equal access. It is the belief that a nation has the responsibility to provide such things as health care, job opportunities, financial assistance, and legal representation to all of its citizens regardless of their circumstance or ability. Capitalism assumes that the playing field is level and that accordingly, each team will play fairly. Socialism has a more realistic view of human behavior and simply levels the playing field, insuring that each team has an equal chance of winning. Nature knows nothing about justice. Equality does not exist by itself. We have to create it.

There is another popular belief that, "we can't legislate morality". The fact is that is exactly what we are supposed to do. Murder, after all, is a moral issue as well as a health issue, and its illegality affirms both positions. Democracy settles its arguments in a courtroom instead of a bar. It puts a judge and jury on the throne and replaces dueling pistols with legal precedence. Laws alone don't insure that people won't break them, anymore than conception by a man and woman guarantees heterosexual offspring, but they do set the record straight for every one of us.

The question then becomes whose morality should our laws represent? A majority-rule would seem to suggest that our laws attempt to guarantee the most freedom to the largest number of people possible. It is this mob-mentality that is responsible for the opposition to so-called special rights. In other words, majority, not minority rule.

Even though most people are self-identified as heterosexual, marriage defined as a legal union between one man and one woman begins to sound a lot like special rights. Rule-by-majority is not the same thing as minorities-not-allowed. Again, we must all start on even ground. Perhaps the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgender slogan should read, "Equal rights, not special discrimination."

Instead, we argue that, "we are just normal folk, like everybody else." We are bent on proving ourselves worthy of, and compatible with, the American Dream. But the problem is systemic. Not all men are created equal, and neither are all women. We are not like everybody else, we are special, and it is our difference that defines us. It is not our right to marry that is at risk, but rather, our right to not be excluded from it. This is a fine line in a country that believes social responsibility is mutually exclusive to individual freedom. The point is that individual freedom is a social responsibility. Queer community take note. Do we want acceptance or equality? They are not, after all, the same thing. I don't care if people think it blasphemous that I, as a man, want to marry my boyfriend, but I'll be damned if we're refused simply because he wants to wear a wedding dress. Equal rights do not mean let me play, too, please. They mean we are all in this together, like it or not.

Equality is an honorable, worthy, and necessary goal. It is not an ultimate truth. Laws simply define justice as we know it; however, they do not determine our self-worth. If we all live in the same housing developments, eat at the same fast-food restaurants, and shop in the same strip-malls, what have we gained besides anonymity? Let us strive for equality, but honor our diversity, so that even when we lose, we're still winners.
THE FACE
by Kristara

This month I have such an important announcement to make. The date is May 12 from 1 PM to 4 PM, the title is Drag 101, and the instructor is...Kristara!

DRAG 101—Unleash the Beauty Within You. At a very young age, Kristara decided that it was time she did her part to make the world a more beautiful place. Well, after years of make-up, buying gowns, hair torture, chiseling, sculpture, accessorizing, and finishing schools (not to mention reconstructive surgery and liposuction), Kristara now offers her beauty secrets. Come to Drag 101. Bring makeup, make up brush, towels, wigs, heels and dresses and other items for you to use. This is all for fun—learn the secrets Behind the Face.

And now, about me (my favorite subject), and why I’m instructing this important workshop. The mysterious and somewhat mythical persona of Kristara came about surprisingly from the X-files, a diverse and complex genre of the adult entertainment industry - a revealing self-portrait that allows a unique insight into an astute world. Kristara was crowned the 17th and 26th Empress of All of Alaska in the years that were right. She has won prestigious awards all over the International Court System and is widely sought after for her remarkable command performances. She spear-headed the first ever “Biking For AIDS” which raised huge amounts of money. The “Ultimate Ecstasy” was also instrumental in the development of the “Breast Cancer Awareness Program” which was her platform as Empress XXVI. She has been recognized for her efforts organizing fund raising events such as “Fund for Prescription Drugs,” “Pennies from Heaven,” “Honolulu Marathon for Leukemia,” and the million dollar “Together for Tomorrow” event for one of the local hospitals. Kristara has appeared in every form of media known to mankind and currently pens a column entitled “Behind the Face” for the NorthView. She headlined at the famed “LaCage Aux Wave” and Juneau’s “Femme Fatale.” She founded “Kristara In The Raw... Legends Extraordinaire” and currently hosts the cabaret “Friday Night Divas” at Mad Myrna’s. Kristara has earned numerous titles all over the country. For years, the Imperial Court of All of Alaska has granted her the title of “Advisor to their Majesties in the Field of Fashion and Glamour.” She is a DIVA, who sets the standards, for all that follow. One name says it all...KRISTARA!

There. Now you know why you must come to my workshop and “drag” your friends with you. It is in the John Thomas Building on the corner of Third and Cordova. The cost is $12, and the money goes to the Pride Conference. Until next month, when the fabulous Kristara will let you know which floats she will be riding in the Celebrating Diversity Parade and at what time she performs on the Main Stage during the PrideFest Festival. Be well, use sunscreen, wear clean underwear, and think of me.

GAY PROM TO OCCUR IN ANCHORAGE

The Pride Prom is scheduled for May 25th, Friday evening from 8-11. We have the Russian Jack Chalet from 7-12, but that allows for time for set-up and clean-up. We have some refreshments, music, and possibly some security lined up for the evening. That means that we are still looking for donations of party favors, decorations, and persons to assist in many ways including chaperoning and helping to spread the word.

We have room for about 100 persons. Wouldn't it be lovely if we get as many students as possible. I have begun to spread the word in the Valley through a couple of my students, so if all of you in the Anchorage district could begin to spread the word, please do so. Please help out in any way that you can. We would really like this to be a great success and hope that next year the student themselves can participate even more in the planning.

Also, GLSEN, Alaska has an email of its own now—you can contact them at glsenalaska@gci.net. This would be a good address for people to let us know if they are hoping to attend prom, so we can start to keep a count and can respond to any questions.
“Build your own clubhouse.” Those were the words of advice that my father gave me when, at the age of ten, I got into a fistfight with my neighbor. Michael Barnette, my arch nemesis, started his own Barnettes only club and none of us non-Barnette riff-raff were able to join them in their clubhouse. The appeal of the clubhouse was the exclusivity. I wanted to be a part of it, mainly because that’s where they kept their endless supply of Coke, but I wanted in just the same. After bribing my way in with the use of my new bicycle, I had my Coca Cola and very soon lost interest. My brother and I built our own tree house, and soon we were the hit of the neighborhood, even with the Barnettes.

I remember my dad’s lesson very well. Probably because it was carved in my butt with a switch, but nevertheless, it rings true today. Recently, there have been a few semi-serious "jabs," for lack of a better word, against the Young Gay Men’s Association (YGMA). It seems that the idea of a young men’s group is offensive or threatening to some folks in the LGBT community.

The Anchorage gay community has multiple groups that exist to serve a niche market. OPAL is a terrific organization that serves the Older Professional Anchorage Lesbians. TLFMC is more of a leather, bear and cub group. Garden Buddies, though open to all, tends to attract a more mature group of men. Even the youth have their own groups with IMRU2 and the FAMILY. Over a glass of wine one evening, a group of young men, who didn’t really fit into any of these groups, decided to do something about it. That was the birth of the YGMA. Our mission was to have fun, connect with men of our own age, and explore common interests. We wanted a club to call our own, rather than waiting to grow into one.

We have had phenomenal success reaching out to this segment of our community. We now have over 80 members. We have received some tremendous support from Myrna’s, TLFMC (our unofficial big brother group), and 4As. Our thanks go out to them, and to all who have helped us along.

Targeted clubs serve an important role in our community that will continue to be vital to our development as a community. YGMA is simply another example of one of these groups. To those who take issue with a group solely devoted to the needs and interests of young gay men, please keep in mind that we simply took my father’s advice and built our own clubhouse. If you feel excluded, stop whining and start building. There is room in the neighborhood for a few more.

Brad Yeary
YGMA Board Member and Co Founder

Editors Note:
I received this unsolicited, but should point out that I am the YGMA President. Brad has been an Identity Member for some time (and is the CoChair for the 2000 and the 2001 Alaska Pride Conference), and he felt that the NorthView was the best forum for him to express his opinion.

EQUALITY, from page 3
publicly display our affection, or we speak of child rearing. They can accept a need for legislative changes, but allowing GLBT persons the same easy expressions and manifestations of sexuality that they take for granted? That is a harder issue. And for us, expressing our sexuality in public is something that we have accepted as unacceptable. It will take time for us to unlearn our natural responses.

The only way we can fight for equality on that front is to act like straight people. I met two of my best friends in Anchorage because they were sitting at Humpys holding hands, two women oblivious to the world around them, lost in each other as lovers around the world are every day in cafes and restaurants. One of them told me later that the only way the two of them know to affect change is to manifest the change they want to see. If all of us felt free enough and safe enough to hold our lover’s hand in public places, then after a time, the sight would be commonplace and accepted in society. Blazing that trail is tough to do, and it takes courage. Yet for equality to happen, maybe we have to be as aware to the social changes as much as the legislative changes. Maybe, we all have to be a bit more brave.▼
Before you know it spring will be here. The flowers will be blooming. Kids will be playing outside until midnight. Someone on your street will be getting that bay window they have been saving for all winter. A family member or a friend could be thinking about remodeling their kitchen or bathroom. Or maybe this summer you will be adding on a garage.

Most of us know that on big jobs like that we need to find a contractor to do the work. But how many of us really know what specific questions to ask the contractor? What kind of research do you need to do on the contractors business? How do you find out if the contractor you are thinking of hiring has had their license revoked? Does Alaska even require a contractor to be licensed? The last may sound like a rhetorical question, but 14 states don’t require licenses. How do you compare the bids for the job? If it doesn’t look like a contract, if you sign it does that making it binding? What are the signs of a con-artist?

These are all very good questions to which not everyone knows the answer. Here are some tips for hiring a contractor.

- Ask friends, neighbors, and co-workers for contractor referrals. Contact local trade organizations, such as the local Builder Association for the names of members in your area. The Anchorage Home Builders Association web address is www.ahba.net. They have a good size directory.
- When talking to the contractor always ask for references, preferably previous customers who have had similar work done or the last three most recent jobs with names and phone numbers of the owners. When you call the references ask these questions:
  1. Was the job done to their satisfaction?
  2. Was the job completed in a timely manner? If no, ask why. It could have been something as uncontrollable as the weather.
  3. Was the final price what was quoted? If they say no ask them if the contractor talked to them about the price difference before they received a final bill.
  4. Did the contractor have to return to do repair or finish any of their work? Were they "happy" to do it?
  5. Would they refer this contractor to a friend or family member?
     - Ask for a copy of the contractor’s license. According to the Anchorage contractor licensing office the Municipality requires all general contractors, specialty contractors, electrical contractors, and residential contractors to have a state license and be bonded. A Residential Contractor must have a Residential Endorsement that is issued by the state after passing a test. An electrical contractor must have an Administrator License that is issued by the state. An unlicensed contractor gives you no protection against a mechanic’s lien. Which means that if the contractor you hired to do the work doesn’t pay his suppliers they can put a lien on your house.
- Ask the contractor for a copy of their insurance certificate with their policy number. Call their insurance carrier to be sure the contractor is covered. Contractors should carry personal liability, property damage and workers compensation. If they don’t, you could become liable for any work-related injuries that happen on your property. An uninsured contractor cannot apply for permits for your property, and without permits the work is considered illegal. Most homeowner’s insurance companies will not cover the job or structure. The city can require the entire removal of the non-permitted structure. You could also have problems when trying to sell your home.

So now you have a list of contractors whose references you have checked out and their license numbers. What do you do with them?

Check their license with the States Contractors licensing board or registry. To get general information such as business owner’s name(s), license expiration date, type of license and city/state in which they are licensed, go to the Alaska Division of Occupational Licensing. You’ll find them on the web at www.dced.state.ak.us/occ/pcon.htm. To find out if they have a revoked license or complaints, you can call 343-8308. If their license is revoked, lapsed, or if they have had any disciplinary action taken against them, consider finding a different contractor.

You can also contact the Better Business Bureau to see if there have been any complaints against the contractor. The phone number for the Better Business Bureau serving Alaska is 907-562-0704, or you can check out their web address at www.alaska.bbb.org.

It is advisable to get at least three bids for the work you want done. To accurately compare the bids, you need to make sure that they are all based on the same work with the same specifications and set of plans. Be sure that it includes everything that you want. Do not automatically accept the lowest bid. The
difference in cost could be the difference in material quality. Discuss the bids in detail with each contractor to find out and understand why there is a variation in price.

Be cautious of any bid that is substantially lower than the others. It probably means that there has been a miscommunication somewhere in the details. Maybe all of the other bids include custom woodwork, and this bid includes pre-fabricated woodwork. Or the contractor may have forgotten to figure in something like the stairs to your new second floor. Those are pretty important to have included. Some bids may include some unwanted or non-required items keep these in mind when it comes to negotiating. Remember a bid is only the starting point for negotiations.

Some tips on spotting potential Con Artists.

- They arrive unannounced and proceed to find one or more supposed defects such as shoddy roofing or dangerous electrical wiring or plumbing.
- A "contractor" who offers a discount price because they have just finished a job nearby and have materials left over.
- A post office address with no street address (and even a street address should be checked), or a phone number that is just an answering service.
- They use high-pressure sales tactics. For example, they may want you to sign something in writing right away. A legally binding contract doesn't always have to look like a contract.
- They refuse to give you a written estimate, contract, their contractor's license number, or local references.
- You are asked to give a deposit at the first meeting or without signing a contract.

This summer before you get knee deep into remodeling, building additions or any other kind of home improvement, do your homework. Get the referrals, check into their licenses and insurance. Have someone who is knowledgeable about contracts to review them before you sign.

Dawn has lived in Anchorage for 2 years. She is an outdoors enthusiast, especially hiking, biking, and rock climbing. Dawn is also the owner of D&K Home Improvements: 351-6979, and she can be hired to do the kind of work she writes about, and more...

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PUT POWER IN YOUR STRIDE
By Shari Lee, M.S.

Hopefully, you're planning to get out and make the most of our short, but beautiful, Alaskan summer by hiking, running, walking, or backpacking. Maybe you intend to train for your recreational pursuits, get in shape, or work out. That's great because fitness is important to your health and overall stamina.

But what if, besides being fit, you could successfully direct each and every ounce of effort you expend directly into propelling yourself forward?

How much farther, faster or more easily do you think you could go, for a given level of fitness, if you were truly able to optimize your movement?

What if you could make the most of your body's power center and harmoniously use your limbs to counterbalance the effective movement of your torso, shoulders and hips?

Most of us do not get maximum performance for maximum effort. Not for lack of trying or inadequate training, but because we don't really know how to use our selves in such a way as to take full biomechanical advantage of our own structure and the way our body is designed to function. We perform most of our daily movement routinely, without even realizing how we are using our bodies.

The Feldenkrais® Method improves how you move by teaching you to become aware of how your whole body works. Through a process of learning to notice what you are actually doing, your system will create more effective, efficient and pleasurable ways of moving. You will accomplish this as your body lets go of unproductive muscular tension and becomes better supported by your skeletal structure. You then become free to apply all of your muscular effort directly to action. This results in lighter, faster, smoother, easier, and more dynamic movement in any activity. A welcome additional benefit is the reduction of pain and stiffness and improved flexibility.

While this may seem like a daunting endeavor, the process is easily followed, enjoyable, satisfying and rewarding. In a Feldenkrais Awareness Through Movement® lesson, your teacher will verbally guide you to explore your movements in unique, but specific ways. By trying gentle movements and bringing your attention to your own sensations and the relationships between different parts of your body, you will tap into the fantastic learning capacity of your own sensory-motor system, making learning a breeze.

A Feldenkrais Practitioner can also facilitate this powerful neuromuscular learning by using an individualized hands-on technique called Functional Integration®. Both methods use gentle direction with an emphasis on comfort to increase your ability to learn, change and improve. Participants wear loose, comfortable clothing that allows freedom of movement.

As you prepare to make your summer a memorable one, consider the possibilities of your yet untapped potential. Dr. Feldenkrais' goal was to "make the impossible, possible; the possible, easy; and the easy, elegant." Whatever your level of activity, fitness or capability, make the most of it and put power in your stride!

Shari Lee, M.S., is a Certified Feldenkrais® Practitioner, Physical Educator, Coach & Rehabilitation Counselor. Her next lesson series "Power In Your Stride" begins May 23th. For more info contact Shari at 274-3539 or feldenlee@aol.com.
RAMBLINGS ON THE FIRST STEPS OF COMING OUT...
By a High School Student

go to West, and it's my senior year. I was supposed to go to Dimond my freshman year, but due to the boundary changes, I couldn't. I really wanted to go there cause I heard they had the gay/lesbian alliance there. So far, I've only come out to four of my friends, and my mom, who's not too happy about it. Anyways, one of my friends is lesbian, and she's nice. She offered to lend me some books about lesbians and a few video tapes she had. For the movies she had, she had the Ellen comedy special that was on HBO and the movie also with Ellen and Sharon Stone, "If These Walls Could Talk 2". It was interesting, to say the least. She also had the movie "Bound", but I had already seen it.

Before I came out to her, we didn't really talk much about her being a lesbian, so I didn't expect her to have movies like those or books like the ones she lent me. My friend said they had some at the library too. I've been to Barnes and Nobles, and I've noticed that they have a gay/lesbian section, but I haven't really looked around there much, just kinda walked around it, little glimpses.

I just recently came out. It all started when I got this computer around late August. I really started getting into chat rooms, gay/lesbian chat rooms. Before, I didn't have anyone to talk to about being lesbian. Online it was safe cause no one knew who I was. I was able to open up more about it, and I met someone who I'm very close friends with. So I didn't feel so much alone anymore.

I was able to come out for real to one of my friends. That was a few months ago, and I've told a few more people since then. It's been a little easier now that I've told people. Wish I could just come out totally to everyone, but that thought still scares me a little. Cause I just hear stuff in the hallway sometimes. Like this one girl who was having a fight with another girl, and she was like, "You calling me a lesbian?" and she was all mad and pissed off about it. She was saying a lot of other things too, but I won't go into that. I was passing by when she was yelling that, among other things, and I just really started to feel bad. I don't think I can handle all the judgement yet, the way other people would look at me, or seeing in their eyes what they were thinking, or in the back of my mind knowing that they were talking about me.

I'm not that strong yet, maybe later when I find someone, but that's kinda hard right now to do since I don't know that many gay people, so as you can imagine dating is really hard for me. I guess it just seems easier talking to a complete stranger. Anyways, I'm going to be attending UAA next year, so I'm wondering about The Family and the IMRU2 thing cause I have no idea what that is.

Editor's Note:
I sincerely believe that one of our weaknesses in the local and national GLBT community is our nurturing and support of our GLBT teens. With the success of our movement comes an increasing awareness among teens about their sexuality. Yet adolescence being what it is, being GAY is still a big deal and something painful with which to come to terms. Families and friends often do not understand, and bigotry towards GLBT persons is still openly tolerated in many High Schools. Presently there are Gay-Straight Alliances in all area High Schools, but they are often not allowed to advertise. IMRU2, a PFLAG-sponsored group for GLBT teens only attracts an average of three people per meeting. The Family, the UAA GLBT group, has an open door policy, but most teens who do not go to UAA don't know about it. Most teenagers do not know how to find the support they need or are scared to publicly identify as GLBT and won't seek community support. Hopefully, our new Community Center will be a resource for them. However, until we as a community demand anti-discrimination policies in our schools and until we insist on being able to outreach to GLBT teens, then out teens will continue to be the silent victims of our movement. GLSEN (the Gay, Lesbian, Straight Education Network), a group for educators and students, is trying improve our schools and our outreach for and to GLBT teens. The Anchorage chapter is becoming stronger. To find out how you can help them in their very important work call 562-7161 or email glsenalaska@gci.net.

Gabriel
272-9045
Hairstylst
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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.
(Gay, Lesbian, and Straight Education Network of 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, high school, and mailing address along with your essay. Please include a 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.
glsenalaska@gci.net

Identity's SECOND SATURDAY WINTER WORKSHOP SERIES PRESENTS:

DRAG 101—UNLEASH THE BEAUTY WITHIN YOU
Presented by Kristara—the Girl behind the Glam

Saturday, May 12, 1—4 pm
John Thomas Building, 3rd and Cordova
First floor conference room

At a very young age, Kristara decided that it was time she did her part to make the world a more beautiful place. After years of make-up, buying gowns, hair torture, chiseling, sculpture, accessorizing, and finishing schools (not to mention reconstructive surgery and liposuction), Kristara now offers her beauty secrets. Come to Drag 101. Bring make-up, make-up brush, towels, wigs, heels and dresses and other items for you to use if you want to be transformed. This is all for fun, so even if you never want to do drag come and learn the secrets "Behind the Face".

Kristara is Empress XVII and XXVI of All Alaska and currently hosts Friday Night Divas at Mad Myrmas and writes a monthly fashion and glamour column for the NorthView entitled "Behind the Face". She is a widely sought after performer on the Imperial Court circuit and is responsible for many community service projects including "Biking for Aids", "Pennies from Heaven", and "Together for Tomorrow" among others.

Suggested Donation: $2.00 (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, contact Diana at 538-5909 or e-mail mtsw@uaa.alaska.edu