northVIEW

Alaska's GLBTA News Magazine
published by Identity, Inc.

YOUTH

October 2001
Publication Information

The North View is a monthly publication of Identity, Inc., a non-profit 501(c)3 Alaska corporation concerned with issues of sexual identity. The North View is published as a community service and the views expressed herein do not necessarily represent the views of the directors, officers or members of Identity, Inc.

We welcome articles and letters from individuals and organizations. Whenever possible submit electronic files (via e-mail) in Word (recent versions of Word, please) or text format. All contributions must be signed, but names will be withheld or pseudonyms used upon request. The North View reserves the right to edit as necessary and to decline any article submitted. The North View does not accept editorial copy or advertising that is sexist, racist, discriminatory or sexually explicit.

All articles must be received by the 10th of the month for inclusion in the North View dated the following month. Remember to give us information timely to the following month. (i.e. by March 10, we'll need April information)

The North View
C/o Identity, Inc.
P.O. Box 200070
Anchorage, Alaska
99520-0070
(907) 258-4777
E-mail: identity@alaska.net

North View Staff Members & Volunteers

The North View 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
Brian A. Ridder
thenorthview@hotmail.com

Assistant Editor
Chuck Hart
chuck838792hart@yahoo.com

Graphic Design
Brian A. Ridder
brianaridder@hotmail.com

Labels and Mailing
Jennifer Eisenhower
Erin Evans
tKen Freedman

Staff Photographers
Victoria Shaver

Identity Board
Victor Carlson
Chuck Hart
Steve Kendall
Jim Mohr
Wendy Parsons
Victoria Shaver
Scott Turner
Diana Wolfe

Contributors
Timothy A.A. Aguilar
Kassi Grunder
Chuck Hart
Anna Leah S.
Frankie Mahry
Chris Pearson
Ryan A. Schowen
Mark Schubauer
Victoria Shaver
Ron Swartz
Danny Templeton
Beth Vann
Michael Wilson

north VIEW

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Finally! The northview is back. I would personally like to thank everyone for their patience. Also, a great big thanks to all who have helped, and continue to help make the NV a reality.

This has been a time of change for the NV. We say goodbye to our past editor, Pete Gregson, and our designer, Kim Acuna, and hope that they will continue to contribute in any way they chose. We have also said goodbye to our advertising manager, Chris Pearson, and our thanks go out to him. This departure opens up opportunities for someone (maybe you!) to learn or lend their marketing/advertising experience to the NV.

You will also note some changes in terms of the layout of the NV. These are mostly due to computer incompatibility (you see, I refuse to give up my Macintosh!). The NV will continue to change as we solve some of the above mentioned computer program problems and learn more about the software. A very special thanks to Michael Ardaiz of Mad Dog Graphix who volunteered his time in pursuit of standardizing our graphics.

To ease the transition for this all-volunteer staff, it was decided to combine the September and October issues. The theme for September is youth and the theme for October is GLBT history. You will find little in the way of formal GLBT history among these pages. Instead, I have chosen to concentrate on the theme of youth. And although our Youth is usually referred to as our future, for many of us our youth is most certainly a part of our past. Some in this latter category have shared their fondest memories of that past. The youth who have contributed to this issue have taken a risk in doing so and for that have gained my respect. For their thoughtful and talented submissions, they have gained my pride. I hope they will continue to contribute!

I have taken over the duties of editor and designer and hope this is only the beginning of a productive tenure. I am proud to be a member of our great community and look forward to building relationships with the various groups and individuals who make up that community.

Again, my many thanks to everyone.

Brian A. Ridder, Editor

Submit!

The NorthView is seeking artists to submit drawings and original cover art, as well as submissions of illustrations and comic strips. Writers are asked to submit original fiction, non-fiction, or poetry. Please submit work electronically to:

thenorthview@hotmail.com
Today's Alaskan GLBTA Youth

by Chuck Hart

I look at today's GLBTA youth, happy to see them getting things so right compared to what I did in my youth. I see them out, brave, proud, and working for change in our society. This impression was greatly magnified at the Anchorage School Board hearings in June that resulted in adding both sexual orientation and perceived sexual orientation to the harassment policy. I testified about the experiences at Mears and Dimond (1969-1975) and those of my daughter who has been harassed for having a gay dad. I was a victim with little recourse for most of those years. The high school students and recent graduates who testified that night told tales of courage, action, and hope. My daughter stood up for what she knew was right and fought against injustice.

Some youth testified with confidence, sure of what they wanted. Others spoke with courage through tears and with emotion-choked voices as I did. Youth were there in numbers, and testified with little hesitation. For some of these youth just speaking in public was an ordeal, but their commitment to fighting a terrible problem was greater than their fears. Some straight allies spoke for their GLBT friends. All gave powerful testimony. The stories they told helped make the vote to change the policy unanimous, twice! There were many adults who testified, but I think it was the brave youth who spoke up made the difference.

I have been proud of our community's youth and my pride has more than doubled since the two hearings. No matter what the outcome, we all would have been just as proud of our courageous youth. When the sweet victory came in the second hearing, and the four-minute standing ovation died down, there was a moment of stunned silence and then hugs, handshakes, and many happy tears. Our youth did not go off by themselves. Instead, they celebrated and swapped congratulations with the "former youth" in the room. I think the GLBTA youth of today are heading in the right direction.

My three children have been the topic of all but one of my columns so far. My strongest ally has been my middle daughter, Becca. Becca was raised in fundamentalist churches, but has been attending the Lamb of God Metropolitan Community Church since last January. Becca was out of town and could not testify at the hearings, so I testified for her. She has been harassed for having a gay father. Becca did not sit still for this and was quick to point out the error of others' words and actions. She does not tolerate homophobic talk.

My job as Becca's parent is first to keep her safe, then to show her that we all need to give and receive respect. Youth need to protect and defend those who need our help, and learn how to discern who to help. Youth need to learn to accept many different kinds of people: people who practice no religion, and people who practice other religions, people of our own race, and people of all other races, people their own age and those both younger and older, people of similar and different economic backgrounds, people of differing geographic origins, people of differing sexual orientations, and many other differences which have no impact on the worth of the person before us. Becca can appreciate many of the differences listed above. She was born in Japan, and for a time was an illegal alien with a lapsed visa. English was Becca's second language; she arrived in Alaska at the age of two and a half with blue eyes, blonde hair, speaking only Japanese. Becca is a Fundamentalist Christian who loves her gay dad. She remembers when her family had money to spare. She has also lived in homeless shelters. Her favorite teachers and friends are Buddhist, Shinto, Jewish, from a wide variety of Christian denominations, and Atheist. Becca has and has had good friends from Japan, Egypt, Australia, Germany, Canada, Syria, Turkey, Spain, Peru, Nigeria, Mexico, Panama, Colombia, many U.S. states, and from several villages in Western Alaska. (We get around a lot.)

Becca also reaches out to the disabled by learning to sign to her hearing impaired and deaf friends. She finds new ways to show her love of others every day. She's no saint, but I am so proud of how Becca is turning out. I wish I could say all of this exposure was intentional, but it wasn't. I wish I could say I shaped all of her thoughts and actions, but I didn't. I did get a few chances to guide her before she took action, but mainly I just tried to lead by example. Raising the youth of today is the toughest job I have ever had, but I wouldn't give it up for anything; the rewards are too great.

Chuck Hart is a single full time student at UAA, an Identity board member, and father of two daughters 18 & 13, and a son 9. Please contact Chuck with your comments at: chuck838792hart@yahoo.com
Coming Full Circle

I'm driving down Debarr Avenue. I got the tunes playing, and the morning sun is shining on me and I'm feeling good. I start to reflect on how my life is going and all of a sudden it hits me. I'm queer. Out of nowhere the words just pop into my mind. Then I repeat them verbally. I say it again. Yes, I'm surprised by what I'm feeling. "How can I feel like a straight guy and still feel queer?"

I felt like I just came out to myself. I've done so much coming out, I don't have any more closets in my house. My drive to work was very different that morning. I wanted to get to work and call Teresa and say, guess what? I'm queer. I waited to tell her face to face.

How does one say, "I am a man," transition, and yet still live in the gay community? I have transitioned to the correct gender and identify as a straight man, but I don't "fit" into the straight community. Now they didn't tell me about this in the books I read. This trans stuff can be so confusing at times.

I was born looking female, but not feeling female. Growing up, I always "felt" like a boy. I saw the world through a male's eyes, but I was being socialized as female. So I'm comfortable around women, I respect women, and I don't like the stereotype that men aren't supposed to show emotions. Hey, I love hugs just like anybody else.

When I was in the third grade, I had my first girlfriend. I knew one day I wanted to be someone's hubby. I didn't feel like the little girl next door, I felt like the little boy next door. My father's wife told him that "something" was wrong with me and I needed help. She told my dad that I wasn't like my sisters. During the 60s, they didn't know how to get me "help." Thank goodness, I may have ended up with a lobotomy.

As a child and an adult, I felt that God was punishing me by giving me a female body. I'm not saying anything is wrong with a female body, it just wasn't right for me. I thought that maybe I had done something wrong in a previous life and I had to live this way. It always felt good when I was called sir or son. But when I spoke, there was a female voice and the corrections would follow. I would think to myself, "Oh, bummer."

continued on next page...
At the age of thirteen I started living my life in the lesbian community, but there were many times I had problems with girlfriends; I was "too male". My body was off limits and I always had to be in the driver's seat. I was never completely honest with others or myself. I thought I was the only one that felt this way.

About four years ago I started seeing shows on CNN, Dateline, and 20/20 about the lives and transitioning of transsexuals. I remember the first time I saw one of the documentaries, I sat in front of the TV and cried. I thought to myself, "That is what I feel like, I'm actually transgendered." I envied that they were able to do something about it.

I felt so hopeless that I was stuck with a body that wasn't mine. These people had money and the guts to do something about it. Me? Well, it scared the crap out of me. Could I tell others I am a man and not do something about it? Would my friends believe me? Would I lose the people I loved and cared about? I was sure I would be rejected by the community. Even with all these fears, I went out and got the shortest haircut I could get. I didn't know it then, but that was the first step of my transition.

Actually, I didn't know there were others like me until I saw the documentaries. I knew there were male to female, but I never knew there were female to male. I wanted so desperately to have the body that fit my mind. I wanted what those guys diW had. I wanted the guts, the money, and the freedom that they had. I felt doomed.

I came out to a couple of my lesbian friends and they seemed to take the news rather well. Whew, that went okay. I felt like for the first time in my life that hey, it's okay. My friends still love me and don't think I'm out of my rocker.

Then I met Teresa, who is the best thing that ever happened to me. She saw things in me and started to ask questions. One day she asked me what transgender means. I wondered if I told this woman this, she would freak and run. But I said yes, I am the "T" in GLBT. Was she freaked? Heck, yes. She thought she was coming to care about a lesbian. I'm thinking I screwed this one up. That, I didn't hear from her for three days. What a long three days that was.

Teresa, being the smart woman she is, did call and ask to see me again. We spent a lot of time talking and researching on transgender issues. She helped me feel okay about who I was. I didn't have to pretend anymore. The saying that goes "the truth shall set you free," that's a big amen on my part.

So much has happened over the last 2 years. I'm thankful for the people who have been there for me. And I'm thankful that I can be who I truly am. I'm a transgendered man. I'm not gay and I'm not lesbian, but I'm 100 percent queer just the same. And knowing that is like coming full circle.

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Five
After another twenty minutes, I reach the top. The summit is broad and covered with hard-packed snow. I wander until my stomach begins to growl, then decide to head down.

Initially, I'm relieved to be working with gravity rather than against it. The upper portion of the slope is clear of snow and I walk downhill with little trouble. Then I reach the top of a wide snow field.

In the late afternoon shadows, melted snow crystals have hardened into ice. Stepping tentatively out onto the white, I discover that my leather boots are making no impression. Looking down, it dawns on me that if I fall, I will slide hundreds of feet into a foreboding pile of exposed rock.

I gingerly inch my way to a narrow strip of exposed tundra that appears to run all the way to the lake below. However, when I climb down several hundred feet, I find that it ends at a ledge. The only option is to climb back up and start over. By now the sun has disappeared over the ridge and the possibility that I will be trapped on the steep slope all night flashes through my brain with the subtly of a strobe light. It's impossible to say whether the sweat rolling down my back is from exertion or fear.

If you believe your glossy outdoor magazine ads, there is no reason for anyone to be hurt in the great outdoors. The trick, apparently, is to have the correct gear: a walkie-talkie to stay in touch with members of your group, a cell phone to summon emergency assistance, and of course, a global positioning system or GPS to ensure that you are never lost.

I agree that modern technology has provided us with a myriad of ways to keep out of trouble. The problem is that sometimes I go to the woods to get lost. I don't plan it that way. I've never packed a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, filled my water bottles, and then kissed my girlfriend saying, "Have fun puttering around the house, Sweet Petunia, I'm headed out to fear for my life." But are those painfully clear moments when I find myself hiking down a scary slope wondering where I am and whether I'm going to make it home that I feel most alive.

Back near the top of the ridge, I put on my hat and berate myself for leaving my day-pack in the cabin. It's getting dark. I figure that I've got one more shot to find my way down. If I fall, I'll have to find a sheltered spot and prepare for an uncomfortably cold night rather than risk making a misstep trying to get down in the dark.

In the fading light, I see a strip of brown dirt and rock that look promising. It's slow going, but I'm able to work my way around the few icy patches. Eventually I reach the lake where Karen and Mary meet me with a thermos of hot chocolate.

"Are you okay? We were watching you hike up and down for the past hour."

"Glad to be spending the night in the cabin," I answer with heartfelt relief, humbled by my own fragility.

If I carried a GPS every time I went out the door, the world would feel safe. Assuming the batteries had juice and there were at least two satellites to be found in the heavens above, a computer the size of a bottle of hand lotion would reveal my longitude and latitude with the accuracy of a Swiss watch. And I would never wonder if I was where I thought I was. And I would never know how it felt to think that I might not find my way home.
Living Out
LOUD

by Victoria Shaver

Friday, August 10, 7 p.m.: The sun is shining through the trees, the laughter of youth is filling this grand old house, and the yummy smells of Sherry BBQing is calling all of us for dinner. The scene is the weekend of August 10-12 and I am at the second annual Living Out Loud GLBTA Youth Retreat.

I predict that it will be much the same as last years; filled with pride, empowerment, and long-lasting friendships. It feels good to be a part of this process, empowering future leaders today and investing in our youth. As an adult advisor, you may give your time and wisdom and as Rachel, another adult advisor said to me, “What ever I give to them, they give back to me ten-fold.”

Friday, August 10, 11 p.m.: What an amazing group! The evening has gone really well. How lucky we are to have Beth (a board member for the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force) here on vacation. Beth’s workshop, Internalized Homophobia, was awesome! We broke into small groups and then paired off to share our stories. One of the youth said it best when he said, “I already know two things I did not know before coming here: I am not alone and I am in good company (referring to the t-shirt that was one of the most coveted door prizes – thanks to Stonewall’).”

My heart is alive with the thirty or so people that are here this weekend – sharing, growing, and leading together.

Saturday, August 11, Noon: One of the first workshops of the morning was facilitated by Jackson. The workshop was about empowerment and how to avoid falling into the victim role/trap. I am always amazed at how many dynamic and talented people we have here in Alaska, and Jackson is one of them.

Sunday, August 12, 6 a.m.: I am tired but energized by the student’s excitement and mobilized by their experiences. Right here at this moment it does not matter that it took three months of Thursday meetings, plus most of my lunch hours to organize this, or that I owe all of my friends big time for helping me do this retreat. (Note to reader: big time as in: “Hey Vic, can you baby-sit, do my shopping, clean my house and wash my car every week for the next lifetime.”)

What does matter is that deep gashes in self-worth and self-esteem are being healed, friendships are being made, and community is being built. As one participant said in a thank you that was slipped to me on Saturday, right before the very yummy lunch sponsored by MCC, “I feel connected here at this weekend retreat. I feel good about who we are as a community and who I am as a person. I feel whole and fabulously gay!” All this at seventeen. I have so much more to write, but first an hour or so more of sleep sounds too good to pass up...

Thursday, August 16, 5:30 p.m.: The retreat ended with hugs, promises to keep in touch, and a group photo. I had no spare moments to write in my journal, until now. I am sitting at the Snow City Café, another of our many sponsors who donated a door prize, I am waiting for other committee members to meet here and have a final debriefing – so that next years retreat can be even better.

I did not get a chance to write because the weekend flew by with games that had concrete lessons, more late night talks, and of course a scrumptious Italian dinner prepared by The Last Frontier Men’s Club, more prideful workshops (thanks to F ken, Lisa J., Jan R., and Pete G.), a “coming out” sharing circle, a “scroll” for each participant with personal comments from each person at

Gratitude

n: 1 the state of being grateful: 2 a feeling of thankfulness and appreciation

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Seven
the retreat, and LOL 2001 ended with a fabulous lunch compliments of PFLAG followed by the Closing Ceremony.

Here at Snow City, they are hosting a Tori Amos fundraiser/birthday party. The first of the committee is here for our meeting. I look up and around - there are so many GLBTA youth here for the Tori Amos party. And most are kids that I have never seen. Ah, more outreach is needed. And a spring youth leadership retreat is being talked about. Hey, I wonder if we can do a library display for Living Out Loud? Hmm...

Last but certainly not least - BIG thank you’s go OUT to everyone who made this retreat was made possible by the many donations and gifts of time: Art North Services, Darryl & Russell, Victor C., Tess, Phyllis, Sharon, Tom R., Al K., Al L., PFLAG, TLFMC, Eldon, Steve G., Mim C., GLSEN, MCC, The Ultimate Girls, The Body Shop, Sacks Café, Snow City Café, Barnes and Nobles, Lisa J., Fran, Barry, Jen, fKen, Jan R., Jackson, Rachel, Barb, Mike W., Jeff & The Crew @ Myrna’s, Deb D., Tim B., Trang, Beth from TGLTF, Nancy B., Stonewall’d, Jack & Chris, Frank T., 4A’s, Pete G., J Baxter’s, and all of the people who worked so hard on the committee: Kippy, Cori, Lori, Mike, Jed, Sunya, Heather, Tiffany, Cory, Drew, Dawn, Laura, and Kristi. And of course, thanks to the youth who attended and their parents & guardians. If I have forgotten anyone, please forgive me.

A special thanks to the board of Identity and fellow co-chair Jim Mohr - all of whom make organizing for change a fulfilling adventure.

SAME
by Anna Leah S.

Female vs. female
man vs. man
love is not earned
love is not planned
mind vs. body
body vs. mind
2 of the same
2 of a kind
female loves female
male loves male
they are in love with each other
by mind and by soul
a gender is not marked
a mark is not made
they’re not to be labeled
they’re not to be named
they are no different
in fact we are all the
SAME

All Things I Feel
by Timothy A.A. Aguilar

Peace even as the music plays in my ear it’s like a twinkle in his eye a.a.a. something that draws me to him that something comes out in his music he sings and plays I can see that special thing in his eyes even when I am not looking at him.

How come he is so beautiful how come I just want to kiss him to feel him all over what do I do with these feelings I could act on them on him he would push me away never talk to me again.

"In the middle stands a boy tall and still now just like he’s a toy" I feel that music I feel him telling me something in my ear is he singing about me am I the boy in the middle? What do I do what do I say “bring me to the model with the smoothest face” is that me I have a smooth face has he felt my face? ”Take me to the rebel with the fiercest tongue” am I that rebel can I have a fierce tongue does he want to kiss me as much as I want to kiss him "Fly me to the angel with the warmest heart" I am warmed hearted does he want my heart, my face, my tongue?

Is it me that he sings about it fits it could be me he looks at me is it me is it it is it could be anything is possible.

But at last he likes me I know I now know what he thinks of me but at last he says he would appreciate me more as a friend that’s it? That’s all? What do I do I still fell for him what could I do?
Something Desired as Essential
(or Thoughts From the Mind of a Pissed Off Youth)

by Ryan A. Schowen

It's about 1:30 a.m. on a Saturday in early September, and I sit, my boyfriend asleep in the bedroom, watching some form of cheap (inexpensive, both in cost and quality) straight cable porn from pay-per-view. Not the most exciting evening I've ever had, but hey, what can you expect when you're in Anchorage and you're not 21? That is why I come to you tonight, an activist for a community in Anchorage, my community, the GLBTQ youth.

My name is Ryan Schowen. I am 18 years old, I grew up in Anchorage, and I am gay. No longer am I afraid to hide who I am nor am I ashamed of it. When a close friend of mine came out to his parents they said to him, "There are no closets in this house in which to hide." No better philosophy could aid a teen in coming out.

When I was seventeen I sang in the Anchorage Concert Chorus and met a teacher who would change my life. I had always wanted to start a Gay-Straight Alliance at my high school, but I never felt the support, either from students or staff, to make it happen. She showed me what power we each have in ourselves and the power of community sticking together. This is where I begin, partly in explanation of my plight, partly in a plea for help.

Here I act as a voice for the GLBTQ youth in Anchorage who feel they have no voice. Although many adults in our community feel that there is adequate support for teens and GLBTQ youth, the sad fact remains that there is not. If there were, I would not be writing you tonight. While more and more continues to be done for the community as a whole, less and less attention is being paid to some of the people that matter the most, the kids. As a teen that was born and raised in Anchorage, I learned a certain way of life that meant not only lending a smile to everyone once in a while, but also offering a hand to help raise them up, too. I am saddened by the lack of support and "helping hands" that are extended to the GLBTQ youth in Anchorage.

While youth groups do exist, they are poorly attended. Not because there are not enough teens that are out in this city, but simply because of the fact that they feel no one is listening. No better example exists then the disappointment we all (the youth) felt when we read the PrideFest 2001 schedule of events. It seemed as if every event outside of the parade and picnic took place at a locale that required you to be 21 to even set foot in the door. It is not difficult to imagine the feelings that come with being ignored, whether on purpose or not. After issues such as this were discussed with the PrideFest committee we found out that it wasn't on purpose that they left us out, it was because they had no voice from the youth of our community.

On the opposite side of the coin, individuals such as Jim Mohr and Victoria Shaver have gone to extended lengths to help the youth in our community by organizing the "Living Out Loud" Youth Conference, as well as opening up seats on the PrideFest board to all high school and youth groups. For this, no amount of gratitude is sufficient.

Still, the fact remains: we are part of a community that promotes the ideals of "mutual respect" and "human dignity", but as soon as someone brings up the youth of the community we automatically think "kid", "child", "teenager". No greater harm can be done to the psyche and morale of GLBTQ youth, and even stronger are the adverse effects on questioning youth.

There are no bigger proponents for opening a GLBTQ community center in Anchorage than are the youth when it seems that, for the time being, all we have as community centers are the bars. It's a sad thought indeed to believe that the community at large perpetuates the very stereotypes that we combat and strive to destroy.

As I said, this is part explanation, part cry for help. More must be done to support the GLBTQ youth in our community, or in the future there will be no community. Don't be afraid to lend that smile to a "kid" or talk to someone who's not, god forbid, twenty-one. Support the youth, they are the future, your future. Open wide the doors for a welcoming of youth into the global community of gay, lesbian, and transgender men and women, only you can. We are here, a part of the Anchorage community just as the adults are. Please, for us, open a community center plan more events that are, if not family oriented, than at least young-adult/adult oriented, lend a helping hand, or just a smile. You never know when that might be just the thing a kid needs to find the value in him or herself.
- 4th Friday Potluck -

Gathering at the Table: GLBT Community leaders talk, tell stories, and share memories.

AUUF, 3201 Turnagain Street
6:30 PM

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For the 593rd time, Untitled
by Kassi Grunder

The light from the window trickles in over my hands
they are tense
she doesn't call
but when she does
my heart leaps
the sound of her voice like
the water talking to the wind
"stop looking at me," she says
"but you're so beautiful"
she smiles and looks away
there is a silent urgency to her
trying to escape her life before
the pain sets in
before she can't take anymore
I see more to her than I had ever expected to
I can't take my eyes away
she shakes when she is nervous
or anxious
or happy
or thoughtful
I want to hold her
but she resists
but only sometimes
I want to heal her pain
but you can't heal a scar
I kiss her hand
she smiles through sullenness
attempting to appease me
I lay my head on her shoulder
seeking an audience with her eyes
she looks at me, then closes them
their beauty stealing my breath
When I told her, she laughed
she thought I was kidding
she thought it was silly
she smiled the smile that only happens when you wish you
could pretend that you hadn't heard something
but you can't
that uncomfortable awkward smile that was still
warm and wonderful
the smile that said that she couldn't have felt the same
way
I didn't smile back
only stared,
disbelieving of what I had just said
hoping that this was just a dream
or, if not a dream,
a terrible alternate reality that I could be taken away from
she scarred my soul
I try to pull the shattered pieces of my
sickening sweet
candy apple heart
from the speckled tile floor,
but the sweet red goo bonds to the smooth surface
and I can't retrieve my heart from the suffocating pits
however hard I try
it was scalded to the core when it first touched the
addictive, oozing, red, she called love
time after time it solidified,
and time after time, she let it shatter on the speckled
tile floor
each time mending it with scalding goo,
and each time, she let it fall to the floor
and shatter into another thousand pieces

---

Photo: LOL volunteers Fran, Rachel (courtesy of Micael Wilson)

Photo: Taking a break, Barb, Suzy, Jen, Lea (courtesy of Michael Wilson)
Growing up my first ten years, my parents and I lived next door to my maternal grandparents. For my first four years, I was an only child—so I had "Gram" all to myself for attention and loving! It helped us create a bond that is still one of the most important relationships in my life, more than thirty years later.

Grandfather would go off and do his own thing, like wood working or tinkering in the big open-front garage in our little farming community in upstate New York. Once in while he would want to get away from Gram's nagging, so he'd fetch me for a ride to the Gid's General Store a whole one and half miles away. The filling station had petrol pumps out front, of course, and one bay for vehicle repairs. That's where he and I would go first, and I'd watch impatiently as Grampy swapped stories and rumors with the mechanic. What I wanted out of the trip into town was what was waiting under the sliding glass door of the ice cream display! Inevitably, when he realized I just couldn't stand it any more, he'd buy a newspaper or something trivial, and would ask me if I wanted an ice cream sandwich. Did he think I would ever say, "No thank you, Grampy, not today?"

He knew why I wanted to tag along to the store! Once in a while he'd even let me go to the toy display, and he would buy me a balsa wood airplane to assemble with a thick rubber band that, when twisted sufficiently, would make the plastic blue or red propeller turn. I think those simple kits even had wire struts holding wheels in place, and patriotic "U.S." emblems printed on the wings. Now I wonder about his thoughts on the way home, watching me all excited about my dripping vanilla ice cream with the messy chocolate outsides, or wanting to have my airplane all assembled before we got home so I could show Gram! He probably wondered what it was that gave HIM cheap thrills in the summer days before kindergarten began.

If my parents had let me visit my grandparents through dinner time, I recall my grandmother would always wash the dishes and Grampy would stand next to her drying them and putting them away as the boring TV news played in the other room. They never said two words to each other during the immediately-after-dinner ritual, but still had a comfort and respect for each other that seemed to fill the room.

On special nights, usually Saturdays, when I was allowed to stay overnight Gram would sometimes come up with some sort of arts & crafts idea. It might be decorating an old jug from a collection of old buttons to be glued onto the outside. Or maybe it was making a cow out of marshmallows and toothpicks, with cloves for eyes. She always had something in mind, and never the same thing twice. Simply an amazing and loving woman. To her, having a squirming four-year-old on her lap giving her "smooches" once in a while was enough entertainment to top off a long day. On nights when I wasn't sleeping over, I remember being allowed to walk all the way next door to my house IN THE DARK! After I got home, the phone would ring and Gram would be asking if I made it home safely, telling me what a brave boy I was. I felt like I was getting all grown up, and she made sure I knew how proud she was.
Memories of Our Youth, continued...

Frankie Mabry

My fondest memory of my childhood may be the day after my very outlandish father had been spending lots of time to teach me how to build a kite from newspaper, string and sticks and doing one of his many boastful cries of how much credit he deserved.

On the day of the Kite Flying contest, all the proud father and son teams were gathered at the airfield for the big Scouting event. When the judge pulled my daddy aside to tell him maybe I should use another kite, I could see the some of the other teams holding back their laughter. The gun went off and the boys took off running with their kites shooting up a little.

Some of the competitors could have won sprint records, but most saw their kites just flub after a few hundred yards. When they reached the end of the airstrip, the other kids started walking back to run again with their family and friends cheering them on. At the starting line was me with my newspaper kite, wondering where everyone had run off too.

The best part about this whole ordeal was when they called out the winners of all the categories I was not called for best kite, highest flyer or even the most original, even though I agree with my most, we should have taken that. My father was over arguing with my mom and the other scout leaders about a protest when the judges handed me the ribbon for the best kite flyer of the day.

The steam cooled in my father's vicinity and he proudly gave my first and only compliment, "You did just as I showed you". Those were his words, but I felt good because it was I who flew that kite when the wind gust killed about seven other kites in a row. It was my ribbon. An award, not for what it was made of, or the work my father and I did together, but for how I controlled the kite. I felt good!

Brian A. Ridder

When I was six my sister and I went with my father to visit a colleague of his. This man was older, thin, with white hair and pale skin. His apartment smelled of pipe tobacco. I remember his place being near Ship Creek, but since that is an industrial section, it was probably across the valley in Government Hill.

I remember nothing of the visit, except that this man would not let us children leave without giving him a kiss first. I thought this was strange since I hardly knew him and he certainly did not qualify as an "uncle". Despite this, I did as requested.

He bent down and I kissed his cheek. He was in need of a shave and the stubble brushed my smooth skin. This touch electrified something in me, something deep and special. It is a sensory memory, the thought of which instantly recalls the feeling of his unshaven face.

As I grew I realized more and more the significance of this moment. I would see a man in need of a shave and long to touch his face. The first time I made love to a man was in early morning, and although he was in need of a shave, I held his head while caressing his face with mine.

I was in no way physically attracted to this man, but at the same time I knew it was him who awoke such a powerful, and profound, sexual preference. When visiting my father I would ask about him. But since, "he was older, you worked together, and he lived near ship creek," was all I had to go on, my father could never give me a definite answer. I spent twenty-five years nursing that mystery.

When my father was sick we began to go through his collection of photographs. He was the type of man who only talked of the past if you asked him to. There were pictures, whole photo albums even, that I had never seen. I wanted to know more about his side of the family before I lost him. He struggled to remember.

Eventually I came across an old Polaroid taken while we lived on Hillside. In the picture was my father's mother with a man on each side of her. On the left was the man whose face I remembered so well, and on the right was a native fellow wearing a black stevedore hat. The man on the left looked just as he did the day I discovered my need for the touch of another male.

I could not hide my excitement as I showed my father. Finally, I asked, "Who is the guy on the left, he's the guy I've been asking about all these..." continued on next page...
Memories of Our Youth, continued...

... Brian A. Ridder continued from previous page
years?"

“Oh, that’s Ed Church. He was a superintendent in Magrath when I was with State Operated Schools.”

“And who’s the guy on the right,” I wondered aloud.

“I think his name was Leonard. He was Ed’s lover.”

My eyes filled with water, and I looked away. Dad noticed, but didn’t say anything. We sat in silence. I spent twenty-five years searching for that answer and it was, suddenly, well worth the wait.

Chuck Hart

My dad provided for my family to the very best of his abilities. He loved us enough to work extra jobs helping people with remodels, and building houses in his time off from his six-day a week job at the lumberyard. When he did have time to spare he fished and hunted to provide good food for us and for his own spiritual renewal. My dad loves us. My dad did not have a lot of time left over to play with my brother, sister, and me. When he did, he liked to play catch with a football or baseball. I had little interest in catch, and even less ability. Dad did not know what to do with a boy who did not like to play ball. At times this was more than a little uncomfortable.

My mom’s little brother, Uncle Donne, moved to Anchorage in 1965. (My family lived in the nearby smaller town of Spenard). Uncle Donne played catch with my cousins Mike and Patty, and my brother, Jeff, and my sister, Sue. My cousin Donne and I found other things to do. Uncle Donne found things for us to do as well. He would take us sledding on Saturdays when my father was busy. We sled on hills and in culverts under roads. He took courage to follow Uncle Donne at times, but we always knew we would have fun.

Uncle Donne would throw out jokes when you least expected them. They usually didn’t have a punch line; he just made funny observations of what was happening around him. He also had one of the goofiest faces with big ears that stood out perpendicular to his face, and big expressive blue eyes that turned down at the corners. He made fun of himself more often than not, but we were all fair game. He laughed at my jokes.

One day my uncle got the idea that he could water ski in Kasitsna Bay using his wet suit with 1960’s technology. Kasitsna Bay in April averages about 37 degrees. My uncle did great for the first couple of miles but then wiped out. It took my dad about five minutes to get the tow rope back to my uncle. Then in the brisk 51-degree air my dad took my wet uncle on another loop around the bay. My uncle had a different plan but couldn’t tell my dad. As he neared the cabin Uncle Donne suddenly veered sharply to the shore and hit the beach at 25 miles per hour. Uncle Donne needed to get warm, taking fifteen-foot strides up the beach, losing his skis along the way. He did not slow down or look back, he just ran one hundred feet up the sandy incline to the cabin, through the door, and began stripping in front of the old Franklin stove. His teeth were chattering so badly I worried that he would break all his teeth. When his jaw settled down, he laughed like crazy. We all did then, once the worry was gone. He went water skiing again later in the summer.

Sometimes, after sledding, or if the weather was too nasty, we would watch ABC’s Wide World of Sports when they were showing winter sports. I was sitting next to Uncle Donne the day “The Agony of Defeat” shot was filmed.

We had many discussions of books we had read. When we discussed our first book, “Robinson Crusoe”, my Uncle Donne asked me to imagine the book from Friday’s perspective. None of my elementary teachers did that. Uncle Donne listened to what I had to say without judgment. He gently challenged my thinking and opened my eyes to new ways to look at situations. He gave me books that he had finished, and sometimes bought me newbooks. I connected with him on a very deep level. He and I had much in common, and I will always treasure the time he spent with me.

When I was 21 cancer killed Uncle Donne just two days before his fortieth birthday. (He had quit smoking a week before his diagnosis.) I was devastated for many years. Now I celebrate his life without tears.

Twenty-four years have passed since we discussed our last book, “House of Bondage”, a book about South Africa’s policy of Apartheid. I can still hear his voice, and see the fire in his eyes as he spoke against discrimination. In the years since he has passed two of his three children, my cousins, come out to the rest of our family as gay and lesbian. I appreciate even more now, how lucky they were to have such an understanding and involved father.

Spending time with Uncle Donne is one of my happiest memories because he accepted me as I was, listened to what I had to say, and he was funny.

Chuck Hart is a single full time student at UAA, an Identity board member, and father of two daughters 18 & 13, and a son 9. Please contact Chuck with your comments at: chuck838792hart@yahoo.com

Thirteen
Memory Survey
collected by Chris Pearson

Editors note: Chris came up with the idea to ask people what the fondest memory of their youth was. The following are the results of his survey.

Chris Pearson
My fondest memory as a youth was jumping on my bike and taking off. It gave me a real sense of freedom and independence.

Willie Worley
Family camping trips at Summit Lake in Washington State with the whole family, cousins and grandparents.

Todd Kissner
Lunch at my grandmother's house.

Bear Garrison
I'd love to tell you but you can't publish it.

Brian Cutshaw
Climbing mango trees when stationed in the Philippines, sitting on the branches and eating fresh mangos.

Dennis
Climbing Flattop mountain.

Rodd
At nine years old my grandfather gave me a 10hp Bushhog riding lawn mower.

James Burgess
I lived in North Carolina and I loved to walk through the Historic District and look at all the architectural wonders.

Jedwin Reyter
Going on family outings and the holidays.

Cass Miller
At the end of each day my brother would come home and give me a dollar if I was good and I'd run to the local store and buy a big dill pickle and eat it on the front porch.

Rusty Shinn
Horseback riding all by myself on my parents farm.

Jack Darnell
I used to love to build dams in the creek behind my grandparents house and then set them on fire and watch them collapse.

Michael French
My first trip to Alaska.

Eldon Kirby
My first trip to Hawaii.

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Michael Pacillo
Manager
This time of year always makes me wonder if, as holidays go, Labor Day couldn’t use some zip. Cross marketing with the pain experienced routinely in childbirth might be a boost. Picture the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers constructing elaborations of birthing that compare to the stunning 1901 Pan American exhibit displays all powered by the hydroelectrified Niagara Falls.

Spending much of my summer observing a mother and an 18 year old son disembark from each other has likely colored my thoughts. I can report the most gentle and brutal of encounters between these two families. Above all was their strength of attachment and shared history. The teen’s expulsion into the world was splendid and self selected. It exemplified the theory that labor is the perfect preparation for the pain of parenting and the ability to ride through hard times is a theme central in the lives of contracting mothers no less than in the lives of card carrying Teamsters.

Now granted, Mother’s Day must be maintained in May. What I am proposing is a spinoff that brings the cachet of greeting cards and brunch to the seriousness of Labor Day. Within a few years everyone would more joyously celebrate the first Monday in September as Mother’s Day Redux.

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**Alaska Pride Conference 2001**

The theme for this year’s Alaska Pride Conference is GLBT Equality: The Last Frontier of Civil Rights. The conference, held every year during Gay and Lesbian History Month will be held **October 5-7** at the UAA Campus Center. The cost is $35. Registration forms are available at Stonewall’d and in your mailbox. There will also be a special price of $15 educator’s rate (available from GLSEN Alaska) for educators attending on Saturday, only.

The conference begins with a community-wide Potluck on **Friday** night, with a special community awards ceremony at the Lucy Cuddy Ctr. on the UAA Campus (begins at 6:00 PM) There will be two full days of workshops and keynote speeches. Lunch will be provided on Saturday and Brunch will be provided on **Sunday**.

The keynote speakers are Kevin Jennings and Barbara Gittings. Kevin is the National Director of GLSEN (Gay Lesbian Straight Education Network) and is a very motivational speaker who speaks on the pressures of GLBT students and the need for education on GLBT issues in schools. Barbara is a pioneer in GLBT Civil Rights, having been involved in the early struggle for GLBT equality in the fifties and sixties. She is a popular national speaker, and she will be doing a workshop on the History of GLBT Civil Rights as well as delivering Sunday’s keynote address.

Workshops will include Male and Female Sexuality, Transgendered Issues, Fetish Issues, GLBT Minority Issues, GLBT Youth, Safer Schools, GLBT Families, GLBT Literature, GLBT Persons in History, Art and GLBT Subjects, Emotional Health, Relationships, GLBT Persons and Dependency Issues, Mass Media and Queers, GLBT Activism, Organizing Community Events, Legal Issues, Dance, Poet, Art Expression, and many more.

Volunteers are still needed and monetary donations for scholarships are always accepted. To volunteer or for more information contact co-chair Pete Gregson at gregsonpete@hotmail.com or 248-5036 or co-chair Jen Eisenhower at jheisenh@hotmail.com or 222-0608. You may also contact the Identity HelpLine at 258-4777.
May 26, 2001. A song was playing, "Smile when you feel like cryin'..." I was reading the new e-mail:

Sad news, during our conversation, somehow Kay's name came up. She died last December - I don't really know any details, except it was liver failure and end-stage substance abuse.... I can't remember now exactly how I found out, except I'm thinking it must have been in the paper.... I know that will be mixed emotion news for you, so wish I could be there to give you a hug. I'm sure she is more peaceful now, what a tortured life she led - and shared that pain with so many others. Big hugs to you...

("Smile, though your heart is breaking...") I sighed.

Kay was my qualifier. Ed used to call them that. We'd laugh. Our small gang of newbies didn't like the reference to my 'alcoholic' in those meetings. Sounded like my cat, my carny house, my kids, my alcoholic, my lunch, my job. I resisted, but I still went to a meeting nearly every day. It took time for some things to get in. First I had to overcome the fifty reasons why this didn't really apply to me, or to my situation.

I remember the first time she was crazy. Something to do with her fixing tuna salad for lunch and me being ten minutes late.

I knew that a) it was a misunderstanding, and b) that I surely must have done something wrong. I actually lived out of the trunk of my car for a few weeks at that time, sleeping in borrowed apartments. I remember the tall Budweisers, the rolling of joints at the table. Me waiting for hours at the window because she promised to come home early. The night I drove her to a house in the really bad part of the city so she could shoot drugs in the other room while I waited with a motley crew of terrifying strangers in the parlor. Her magnetism, drawing me in, and drawing in the very people I was most frightened of. Infidelity in drunken stupors. Anger. So much anger and violence. My friends witnessing her behavior and my insanity. Me saying I'M SORRY about a thousand times a day. Losing forty pounds in three months. The night she was arrested for DWI, wrecking my car. My behavior that night and the next day, still trying to believe her and protect her. And that was just our first 6 months together.

I knew that she was lost. I believed that somewhere inside she was wonderful. She offered little glimpses of that wonder from time to time. A carrot, dangling. If I could do the right things, I could reach it and everything would be okay.

Four Chuckie years later, it took every ounce of my courage to say, "I don't feel safe here. I'm moving out today." Four years. The equivalent of a college education. Experiential, not didactic - the kind of learning that you really learn, if learning experts are to be believed. I don't remember anything I said during those four years, before that day, except for the words I'M SORRY. But I learned how to be crazy, and I guess words don't matter when you're nuts.

I still remember all the words I said that day. And how on earth did those words get there in my mouth? Apparently, in spite of my resistance, the program, those steps, those meetings, those people had taught me that I was important, that I did not have to be crazy, that there was another path for me.

So I took it. And I ran for my life.

I was not surprised to read the news of her death. Friends had gotten a message from her on their machine in December. She was in the hospital with liver failure, doctors didn't expect her to be discharged. Ever. She'd called these same friends a few months before to report that her liver was failing, she couldn't get a transplant because she wouldn't stay clean for six months to qualify for the waiting list.

She was living on welfare and V.A. benefits, still using. We discussed it through e-mail, concluding that most likely it was true but that there was also some kind of manipulation.

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For Joannie Kay Gilley

by Beth Vann

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Aultman Cook — Owner

Sixteen
being attempted - so it's best to stay away. Keep your distance and keep your well earned sanity. But we silently acknowledged the magnetism that we still felt. It was seedy and grimy but it was there. I had a long moment of gratitude that she didn't know where I was, couldn't get to me. I knew I wouldn't fall in again - but I just didn't want to get any more of her life on me. I'd done my time already, had already been scarred enough.

So in December, my friends made the painful and correct decision to not call her to see if it was true, to see if they could offer support and companionship. They didn't call, didn't try to visit her at the hospital. And that was the last anyone heard.

Every few months over these last ten years, someone brought up the question of Kay. We all gradually came to believe that she could not be happy and clean and sober in this life. But we hoped that maybe she would. Each of us had been burned in various degrees over the years. We came to know that Kay was fire, the heat was not good for us, and the only way to avoid the fire was to not even get close to matches. Perhaps sad for her, but very good for us. Very necessary. That fire was crazy-making. And we all prefer to not be crazy.

I don't know of anyone who experienced Kay and came out of it unscathed. She was so powerful.

A few weeks ago, I decided I wanted to know. I searched the internet for news of her death. Wanting to know if she died in December, if it was true. I found nothing. I thought of calling the office of vital statistics, maybe writing a letter. I'd get around to it.

And now this. Confirmation. Joannie Kay Gilley is dead. Liver failure due to a lifetime of substance abuse. Most likely, she died alone. Hopefully, she was out of her head with unfiltered toxins and didn't know she was alone in those final moments. Perhaps there was no obituary, no service, no one to grieve, no one to care except those who tended to her those last days in the hospital and the people at the V.A. who authorized payments. I don't know if her mother is still alive. She had no siblings. Her father died years ago. Who marked the passing of Joannie Kay Gilley in December 2000 at age forty-nine? Did anyone?

For four torturous years, Kay and I shared the same living space and acted out our lives in reaction to each other. For some years after that, we had an on and off thing as we slowly broke the emotional chains binding us together. During all those years, she told me many things about her past. All lies? Who knows, maybe there was some truth. So what does one put in an obituary? A synopsis of a life lost?

Joannie Kay Gilley was born to a coal mining family in West Virginia on July 30, 1951. When she was a toddler, her mother left her father and the backward hillbilly family to seek a better life somewhere. There was a string of boyfriends and neighbors. Somewhere along the line, Kay was molested by a neighbor or a boyfriend. Mom married a Navy man and everyone was happy and secure for a short while before he was killed in a freak accident on board an aircraft carrier. Later Mom married again and stayed married.

Kay was more of a tomboy than a girl's girl, and this always bothered her mother. The adolescent power struggles between mom and daughter usually involved feminine clothing and behavior. Kay's escape from her mother came in the form of enlistment to the Air Force during the Vietnam war. Her story is that she was under-age and lied. She was stationed in Southern California for maybe a year until she was discharged under mysterious circumstances. The discharge says "under honorable conditions", and Kay always insisted that she pushed for her own discharge on the grounds of homosexuality. She said the war was wrong, and being queer was her ticket out of that madness.

Not long after the military discharge, Kay was in a serious car accident along Highway 101 in California. Broken pelvis, in the hospital for several months. When she got out, she started to get serious about drinking and drugs. A new kind of madness.

Eventually, she made her way back to Georgia, home of her mother and stepfather. There was an arrest on drug charges, but mama paid the lawyers to make it all go away. For a while, she had a girlfriend in Atlanta who was born and bred in Georgia's high powered wealthy elite society. From a coal mine Appalachia to the Governor's mansion. Like I said, she was powerful and she had magnetism.

In 1981, Kay was raped in a drunken blackout, had a painful second trimester abortion, and slowed down on the drugs for a few months. That's when we met. I didn't know about the drugs for the first few months, and I was too naive to see problem drinking for what it was. We moved to Alaska in 1982 to solve everything. Kay spent the next 10 years in and out of...
sobriety.

Her drug of choice was intravenous cocaine, in plentiful supply in Alaska. She also discovered crack, and then freebasing. When no drugs were available, Budweiser or Jack Daniels would suffice temporarily.

Once, she had a good job, owned a house, was kind to her dog, and had friends. She visited her father in West Virginia before he died of black lung disease. She visited her mother in Georgia and described watching a woman zombied out from too much alcohol, too much heartache, too many years.

By the early 90’s, Kay’s flirtation with sobriety was apparently over. She was back out. This time, never to return for long enough to save her life. She lost everything and things got very bad. Larceny. Theft. Drug possession. Prostitution. In and out of jail. Neurological and other health problems creeping into her thin, ravaged body. Fairbanks for a while, then Anchorage. Forever finding new enablers and rescuers. The charm and magnetism were still there. Amazing. But she died anyway.

She called me every now and then when I was still in Alaska. Always wanting something. Always picking a fight. Resenting me for seeing through her and knowing her. Blaming me for her own self-hatred and wanting to be GOOD the way she thought I was GOOD. The last time I saw Kay was about six years ago - squealing tires as she sped away in a cloud of angry exhaust after I said no, I won’t give you any money but I’ll buy you some groceries. I felt the tears on my face in the cold October air. I knew she would die.

I’m sorry that Kay’s life was so horrible. I’m sorry if she died alone. I understand that I can be sorry and not be responsible. So, I’m sorry about Kay. I don’t know what kind of life I would have had if I’d never experienced Kay and the program that saved my life. I have a wonderful life, and I’m grateful to everyone and everything that brought me here. And I’m especially grateful that I am here now, not there then.

I’m sorry that Kay didn’t survive, but I’m glad she is no longer suffering in this life. When I think of Kay, mostly I think of me. I know how fortunate I am - I survived.

Perhaps an obituary should just say the simple truth:

Joannie Kay Gilley, age 49, died in December 2000 at a hospital in Anchorage, Alaska. She was scathed to death by addiction and alcoholism. Ms. Gilley is survived by a world of people who didn’t want this to happen to her. She will be remembered from time to time.

Beth Vann is living and working Outside, but her heart and sense of home remain in Alaska.

**Classic Cooking with Al Kaneta**

**Chinese Pot Roast**

1 clove garlic minced
2 tablespoons oil
1 1/2 teaspoons minced ginger
1 1/2 cup water
1/4 teaspoon Chinese Five Spice
3 carrots pared
1 teaspoon salt
3 potatoes peeled
4 pounds chuck roast
1 onion peeled
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 stalk celery
1 tablespoon sherry
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1/4 cup soy sauce
2 green onions chopped

Combine garlic, ginger, Five Spice, salt; rub over roast. Mix sugar, sherry, and soy sauce; pour over roast and let stand 30 minutes, turn once. Heat a large skillet; add oil and brown roast. Pour marinade over roast; add 1 1/4 cups water. Cover and simmer 2 hours. Cut veggies into serving pieces and add to roast; simmer 30 minutes, longer or until tender. Remove roast and veggies. To make gravy: mix cornstarch with remaining 1/4 cup water; stir into sauce left in skillet. Add green onions; cook until mixture thickens.

**Identity**

**Eighteen**
Alaskans for Civil Rights (ACR)
A locally organized and operated statewide political organization dedicated to obtaining full civil rights for lesbians, gay, bisexual, transgender, polyamorous, and intersexual people in all aspects of personal and public life. (907)566-ACRI
AlaskansforCivilRights@yahoo.com.

Alaskan Aids Assistance Association (Four A's)
Mission is to be a key collaborator within the state of Alaska in the provision of supportive services to persons living with HIV/AIDS and their families and in the elimination of HIV infection and its stigma. They have many services that cater specifically to women. 1057 W. Fireweed Ln, Ste 102 263-2050. Statewide: 1-800-478-AIDS.

Alaska Gay/Lesbian Association (UAF student organization)
- c/o Student Activities Box 4/ Wood Center/University of Alaska, Fairbanks 99775. (907) 474-1136 fbagla@uaf.edu, Web site http://www.uaf.edu/agla.

Alcoholics Anonymous: Gay, Joyous, & Free
Open AA meeting Mondays and Thursdays 7pm - 8pm @ Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, 3201 Turnagain St.

Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship
3201 Turnagain St. GLBT-friendly liberal religious church, where people of all beliefs are welcome. Information line: 248-0715. See Anchorage Daily News Saturday religion page for Sunday forum and service speakers and topics.

Anchorage Young Gay Men's Association (YGMA)
A social group for men in their twenties and thirties, activities will include monthly receptions, chat groups, social events, outdoor activities, and community events that spur conversation and awareness on issues relating to the GLBT community. www.geocities.com/anchorageyma. To be put on their email list, email anchorageyma@yahoo.com or call 275-5900.

Arctic Bears - First Friday of every month. Fairbanks 479-8680

Anchorage Women's Political Caucus
Open to all women, meets 7pm at Elmer's Restaurant, New Seward and Fireweed, on the first Wednesday of each month.

Aquarian Foundation
Services Wednesday 8pm and Sunday 11am, 8500 LaViento Drive, Anchorage. 349-995

Breakeven Productions:
Has been bringing up lesbian performers from around the country since 1987. For more information about upcoming events or Breakeven productions, call 277-5630 or akpups@alaska.net.

Breast and Cervical Health Check - is a cancer screening service offered by the Alaska Department of Health & Social Services, Breast and Cervical Cancer Early Detection Program. Funding for this program is provided by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. Free breast and cervical cancer screening is available to women ages 18 - 64, who have no insurance or whose insurance does not cover these services. Anchorage 269-8069, statewide toll-free number is 1-800-410-6266.

Celebration of Change
A performance of women artists for women. If you would like to perform or volunteer, please call 566-3783 or celebrationofchange@email.com for more information.

Committee for Equality
Box 34202, Juneau, AK 99803 or e-mail bsara@gci.net.

Fairbanks Gay Youth Group
Leave message on voice mail for more info: 457-3524.

The Family (UAA Student Club)
The Family hosts discussion groups, potlucks, and various other social, political, and awareness activities. You DO NOT have to be a UAA student to attend and many that do attend UAA are non-traditional students. 360-0340 or 830-4497.

Frontrunners/Walkers
Meets May thru Oct. at Westchester Lagoon. All levels of runners/walkers/bladers and dogs welcome! Tues. at 6:30pm and Sat. at 10am. Call Peter: 337-3682, Email: anchoragefrontrunners@hotmail.com or http://www.frontrunners.org/clubs/anchorage.

Gay & Lesbian Community Center of Anchorage
An Advisory Board is working diligently to open a GLBTA Community Center here in Anchorage. There are spots on this board for 1 representative from every GLBTA group or organization in the Anchorage area. If you would like to represent a group you are a member of, if you would like to volunteer at the GLCCA, host a fundraiser, or donate money and/or item for the GLCCA, please contact Diana at 338-5909 or email glcanch@yahoo.com.