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NORTHVIEW



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NORTHVIEW
c/o identity
P.O. Box 200070
Anchorage, AK 99520-0070
northview@identityinc.org
www.identityinc.org

Staff Members and Volunteers

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Editor *Nicole Blizzard*
northview@identityinc.org

Layout/design *Tim Weiss*
Proofreading *Stacy Traiger*

Advertising *info@identity.org*

Identity Board
Jon Benorden
Nicole Blizzard
Lawrence Camp
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Contributors
Nicole Blizzard
Laura Carpenter
Emily Craver
Susan M. Halvor
Chuck Hart
Gale Smoke
Leslie K. Ward

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JT and boy at PrideFest. Photographer: Roger

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

Friends and Family

There is an old saying that goes, “You can pick your friends, but you can’t pick your family”. While there is a lot of wisdom in those few words, especially if you had a family like mine, I do not believe it to be quite as applicable to the GLBTA community as I used to think when I first came out. For many of us who have felt the sting of rejection by part or all of our family of birth, we often create our own little family of sorts from the people we meet along the way as we make our journey through life.

Often we tend to divide the people we know into one of two categories, either “Acquaintances” or “Friends”. Acquaintances might be people who you know from work, travels, Myrna’s and such. You might know their names and can say “Hi” when you run into them somewhere, but it’s not like the two of you would hang out together or that they would invite you to some fabulous social soiree.

Friends are something else entirely. They are the ones who you might call to go out to dinner at Sacks. The ones who you would hold back their hair when they are worshipping the porcelain goddess, as well as help them clean up afterwards and tuck them into bed, because they made the New Year’s Jello shots with three-quarters vodka instead of the standard one-quarter. The ones who you would drive through the worst storm in the last fifty years to hold and console them because the love of their life has left them, even though you knew that the bitch was bad news from the beginning, and you would never say “I told you so”. The ones who you might even have been in love with for eons but you never told them because you valued their friendship too much to risk losing it.

I tend to be more cautious in the choice of who I choose to be friends with. I cannot be friends with just anyone. However, the elusive nature of what I look for in a friend is very difficult to define. It can vary from person to person. There can even be a wide variation in ages and backgrounds. I might meet two people who are very similar and find that I could only be friends with one and not the other.

My youngest friend at this time is Victoria, who just turned fourteen and is the daughter of Jen, who is my closest friend here in Alaska, as well as an awesome lesbian hairdresser. Among other things, Victoria and I share a fondness for a Canadian teen show called

“Degrassi-The Next Generation” (a veritable institution in Canada for almost twenty-five years). We can talk about all the characters and plot twists of the show for hours, which her mother finds so cute.



On the opposite end of the political and cultural spectrum from me is my friend

Tracy. She lives in Utah and we have never met in person, and have only ever talked to each other on the phone once. She is a conservative, Mormon housewife and writer who has been a friend of mine for over five years now, even though we only communicate via email. We disagree on a lot of things, constantly, but we respect each other’s differences and share many details of our lives with one another.

One thing that I have learned is that you cannot predict which path your life will take or who you will meet along the way. The friends that you make as you go through life often become your family. Sometimes it’s contentious and sometimes it is filled with love, good times and humor. That’s just like a family, isn’t it. And it’s the one you have chosen for yourself.

While Nicole Blizzard often thinks of herself as a bit of a bitch sometimes, she hopes that her friends know how much she values them. She can be reached at nicole-b92@msn.com or northview@identityinc.org

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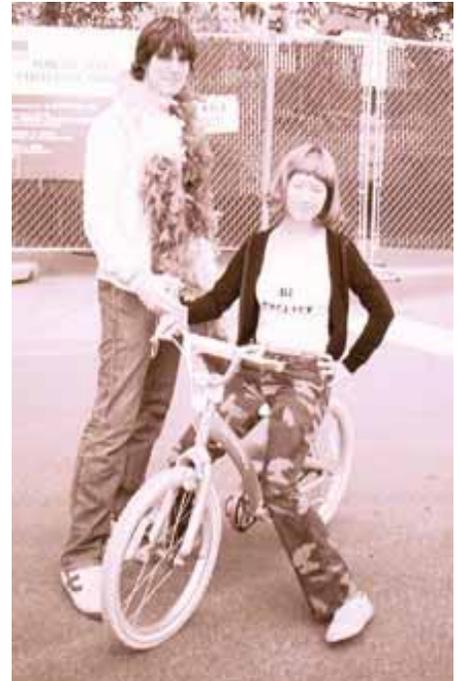
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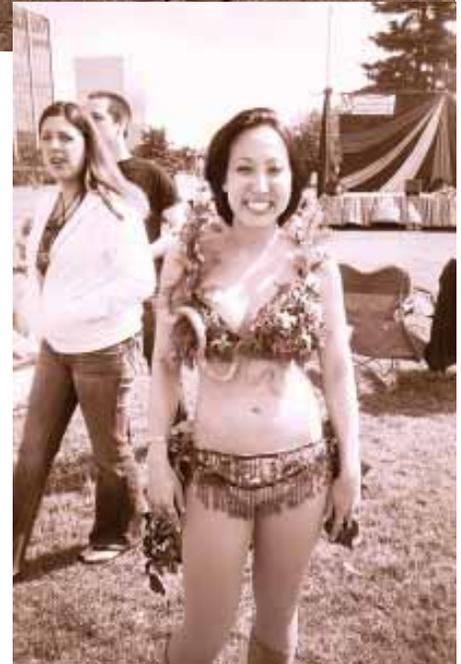


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DAD'S CORNER: CHUCK HART

Friends & Family

I have friends from high school and college that I email regularly, but only one that I see fairly often. Dan lives in Anchorage about twenty minutes away from my door (on foot). The others live in Washington, Oregon, California, Florida, Maine and Japan.

Dan and I talk on the phone several times a week. I go visit him and his wife, Tearie. Dan is a bartender and always has a few new jokes to tell. We play cribbage, and watch movies, the news and documentaries. Sometimes we walk to public events in downtown Anchorage for a change of pace. Dan and I both like Korean food, especially spicy Kim Chee. Once a year Dan and I go to my parent's cabin and go fishing.

I have friends from the Metropolitan Community Church of Anchorage, some I've known for six years now, some for less than a year. We've marched together in Pride Parades, shared potluck dinners, and seen the church grow from a dozen members to nearly fifty today.

I have been fortunate to have a family that has always gone out of their way to welcome my friends, when I would have the courage to introduce them. Since I have come out to my family it has become much easier to mix family with friends.

My parents live near Seldovia on McDonald Spit in the summer, and in Homer the rest of the year. We never discuss me being gay, but then we don't have to, as I don't have a partner to bring home. When I do, we will. It isn't the invisible elephant in the living room either.

My brother is moving from Spenard to Peter's Creek. I don't get together with him too often, but when I do there is always a casual friendliness and ease of communication. It always seems as if we have just seen each other a few minutes ago.

My sister, Sue, lives in Spenard where we grew up. Sue and I are close. She was the first in my family who I came out to when I was just admitting it to myself. She laughed on the phone for nearly five solid minutes when I told her. Two months before that, while I was still in the closet; we debated James Dale's US Supreme Court case. I took the Boy Scouts' side and she argued the GLBT side. She helped my parents deal with the news that I was gay when my ex-wife took it upon herself to tell them. She answered dozens of Mom's questions and put her mind at ease. She helped Mom bring Dad around.

My ex-wife, younger daughter, and son live across the street from me. It was pure accident that we both found apartments the same day in our price range and so close to each other without consulting the other.

My younger daughter lived with me for four years. We marched in a Pride Parade together and went to a few of Identity's Fourth Friday Potlucks together. She used to paint rainbows for me. She graduated from Dimond High in May this year. I graduated from Dimond in May 1975. We get along well.

My youngest child, my son, will begin high school this fall. He was a complete surprise since my wife and I had quit having babies after the second. Three years before he came along, I had a medical procedure that was supposed to render me sterile, but it reversed itself. I came home from work and my wife said, "I'm late."

I replied, "OK, I'll cook dinner."

"No, I'm *LATE*..."

"Alright, we'll eat out."

"No, I'm six weeks late."

I went into shock, but quickly adapted. It was the worst pregnancy of the three, and we nearly lost him twice. He was a sickly child until he was five. We were very close, and are regaining that closeness now that his mother has moved back to Alaska. Of all my kids, he has the greatest difficulty accepting that I am gay, yet we are very close.

My oldest graduated from the Jane Adams School of Social Work at the University of Illinois in Chicago with a Master's Degree at the age of 22 in May this year. She is a determined young woman who makes her way against most obstacles she might find. She thinks she may be getting married next year. Her litmus test for her young man was telling him that I am gay and interpreting his reaction.

I am happy with my family and friends.



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GALE SMOKE: QUEER BOOKS

If you enjoy a writer with a complex identity (or identities), a deep-seated anger, and a creative, imaginative writing style, then *Word to Our Own: Imagination and Dissent* (University of Minnesota Press, 2005) by Thomas Glave may be for you. The writer is a gay Jamaican American who is currently an assistant professor of English at SUNY Binghamton. His book contains a series of essays – some very poetic – which were written, with one exception, from 2000 to 2004.

But I must give you a word of warning: if you're a super-patriotic, flag waving, right-wing American, you will likely find many of Glave's views quite offensive, as he takes on the American 'Empire' and details many of the injustices it has visited on other countries – especially in the Third World. Of course, this was no problem for me, given my left-leaning worldview. I agreed with most of his positions and I fell in love with his use of language.

Most interesting for queer people, I think, is the way the author picks his way through the maze of identities he holds and their counterpoints – immigrant vs. native born, Jamaican born vs. American born with Jamaican roots, African American vs. white, gay vs. straight – and all of the hostility that results. Glave rarely seems at peace. He feels the prejudices of whites toward blacks, but also of African Americans towards Jamaicans, and of course, the anti-gay prejudice can be even more brutal, to him, when a racial minority voices it. He has a couple of essays relating to coming out which illustrate all of the treachery of the complex tapestry of where he might belong and find acceptance.

His recollections of people who are no longer with us are quite poignant – from black gay writer Essex Hemphill (who he appears to worship) to Brian Williamson, a Jamaican gay activist who was murdered in Kingston. Also, he recounts the death of a young, gay Jamaican American – Steen Fenrich – who was murdered and dismembered by his father at the age of nineteen, and compares his death to that of Matthew Shepard, wondering aloud how one brutal death can become a noted, public event and another be pretty much forgotten.

One of my favorite essays in the book is entitled: “Regarding a Black Male Monica Lewinsky, Anal Penetration, and Bill Clinton’s Sacred White Anus.” Huh? You’re saying. The essay deals with symbolism and power and how it relates to race, gender, sexual orientation and the type of sex. Think about it: how would the ‘scandal’ have changed if Monica had been a gay man rather than a straight woman, black rather than white, and the sex had been anal rather than oral?



The final essay – “Again, the Sea” – is poetic and melodic and worth the price of the book. And you’ll have to buy it to learn more.

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Life in Community

For about a decade, I shared my life with roommates. Not the euphemistic, “this is my *roommate* (wink, wink)” lifestyle, but in various levels of community, from my first year in seminary sharing an apartment with Robyn to living in a house with 18 other women for three months in Mexico.

My first real taste of “intentional community” happened when I joined Lutheran Volunteer Corps in 1993, and moved into a house in Washington, D.C. with six other women who I had never met. We had committed to a year spent living simply, working for social justice and living together in intentional community. We shared a budget – a remarkably small budget — and during our year together we argued about whether it was ok or not to buy individual yogurts or how much orange juice one should drink during the day (I voted no on the yogurts, since bulk was so much cheaper - but don’t look in my shopping cart today - and, well, I love orange juice...). We finally tried lentils, but had a bad first experience with tofu. We met together as a community 3-4 times a month, which was a challenge with some of us working days, some nights and some weekends. We fought and had great parties, ended and began relationships, shared tears and laughter and pots of soup. Some of us began journeys of coming out. Kari was one of my roommates that year, and remains one of my dearest friends.

About the same time, I read a book that I still treasure for the ways it opened up worlds of possibility to me about family, relationships and ways of living. In her book *Everyday Acts & Small Subversions: Women Reinventing Family, Community and Home* (Eighth Mountain Press: Portland, OR, 1994), Anndee Hochman interviews many women across the country (but particularly in Portland, D.C. and the Bay Area, all places that I’ve called home for a while) who create their own patterns of living that don’t necessarily fit the white picket fence model that we learned was the norm. She tells of her own years living with two friends as a committed household, about learning, as an adult, to make *challah* on Friday nights, about coming out to her parents as a lesbian. Her writings sustained me through my own journeys of coming out and establishing community.

Now, more than a decade later, my “community” consists of my partner, myself, three cats and a dog. We are hopeful that one day it will include a child. I could live with less animal hair all over the furniture and my clothing, but overall we’re pretty content. We have different ideas about how community should look, she and I. While I can’t imagine another grown person sharing the house we’re in now, I still fantasize at times about living in intentional community

again, with a commitment to a shared journey, shared meals, shared laughter and support. A deep desire to strengthen communities is one of the many reasons I became a pastor. When Jesus said we are to love our neighbors as ourselves, I take that seriously, believing we are all deeply interconnected, we all matter.



It’s not so surprising that in the GLBT community we often refer to one another as “family.” Community matters, and we need each other. We’ve watched community come together around death or birth or illness. After our car accident, friends from the various communities we call home fed us and gently remodeled parts of our house so that it would be wheelchair accessible — moving furniture, building ramps, stringing up privacy curtains.

Probably the best way I’ve found to build community is to take the time to share our stories. It’s how friendships deepen, how we learn that we are not alone. It’s what I love about the NorthVIEW, it’s what I love about being a chaplain. The stories we tell deepen our relationships and strengthen our community.

I met Anndee Hochman at an author event at In Other Words, a fabulous women’s bookstore in Portland, five years after falling in love with her book. I told her how it had opened up my world, and she told me that she still is still inspired to go back and read those stories of women reinventing ritual and relationship. Those stories gave her hope. May our stories also be pathways to hope.

The real reason Susan Halvor loved living in community was because other people cleaned the bathroom and did the dishes. You can reach her at shalvor@juno.com.



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EMILY CRAVEN

Here I am, perched upon my rooftop hideaway, drinking iced water and soaking up the sun. Decked out in a jog bra and boxers, I am enjoying the crappy view and traffic noises of the 'hood. If my little dog, Wi Chan, barks at one more wisp of nothing blowing in the breeze, I might seriously commit canicide (my word for dog murder). Since getting a laptop this year, I have been enjoying the wi-fi life here at the Bat Cave. I love the fun that is technology! It blows my mind that I can sit out on the deck and surf the internet, where I have learned about Myspace (www.myspace.com/akbarstars), women who pee standing up and figured out how to listen to *radio* on the *computer*. Brilliant!

Returning from the kitchen, having now upgraded to lemonade and Teddy Grahams, I readjust my chair relative to the sun's position. *Too bad we don't have a hammock up here*, I think to myself. Sitting down to write, I hear a mower in the distance and look forlornly at my own back yard. Okay, here's what happened... I didn't get a jump on the lawn early in the season and then the first three times I went to mow, it rained. Then there was a scuba weekend...and now the grass is too tall and since I'm not sure what to do, I have done nothing. It just keeps growing. Compounding the situation is that from where I sit, I can see my retired neighbors' lawn. It looks as if manicured by nail clippers. This guy seriously has nothing else to do. Before, I was feeling like a loser because of the quasi writer's block. Now I'm on the verge of tears because I am once again reminded of my incompetence to keep up around the house. Out of desperate frustration and unable to face my domestic shortcomings, I had to take action. Rising to the occasion as only a woman overwhelmed by circumstance can, I swiftly rotate the table and chair so that I can't see anybody's lawn. Perfect.

I was just getting into the writing groove when I realized that the lawn mower had gotten much closer. It almost sounded like it was in my yard. Craning my head to investigate, I see that in fact, there is a riding mower in my yard and my smiling neighbor Al is the pilot. Quickly grabbing a shirt, I go down the stairs to see what's up.

Al is my favorite neighbor. He is a hard working guy with a wife and three kids, although you would think he has closer to ten children if you ever look at his yard. There are bikes, balls, dogs, kids and a trampoline. Any afternoon, you can see skipping little kids out front, "Hey Mister Albert...." He will pay them a few bucks to do small chores, springs for ice cream, fixes broken toys and shoots hoops with the neighborhood kids. In addition to his regular two jobs, Al is a mechanic. This means that at all hours (like when I am asleep in the morning!) you can hear banging, revving, tinkering, air tools, the entire spectrum of fix-it gear. This also means that he is never inside the house - he's always available for chatting, advice, help, or just to bat clean-up on a plate of cookies. Back when my girlfriend and I moved into this house, he was the first to say *hi* and would always run over to assist, if it looked like we needed a hand with anything. Over time we have

gotten to be pals. He's often around when I come and go, so I'll walk over to check out his latest project, which could be an engine overhaul, some bodywork, a new hoop for one of his boys or some old lady's brakes. I watch and learn, see how tools work and just shoot the breeze. On the occasions when I am outside working on a project, Al will wander over to check out my progress. Usually he stands quietly with a toothpick sticking out of his mouth, watching. He doesn't generally offer advice until I ask for it or screw up, whichever comes first. The size of his smile and laugh is directly proportionate to the size of my mistake! He gently ribs me, but doesn't poke too much fun. I appreciate that.

Now, I am fairly certain that Al knows which way my door swings. We have never discussed it, but I know that he's not blind! Matter of fact, he is the one who showed me how to change my locks, after an ex moved out. I think of Al as a good friend. Though we have never gone out, don't do birthday presents and I couldn't tell you his favorite color, we are close. If I have an emergency in the proverbial "middle of the night", he'd be the first person on the scene. We enjoy each other's company and our friendship is low maintenance and low stress. I don't dig into his personal life and I have no clue how he feels about gay marriage. I never asked. It doesn't matter. He treats me and anybody who has ever lived here with kindness and respect.

I feel fortunate that I live in a place and time where a "single" white female can be friends with an older Mexican guy and it's all good. Since I am not a hard line feminist, I don't have issues asking for help moving something that is heavy and I don't feel like Al is part of the patriarchy trying to repress me. We're just two working stiffs, trying to be good people and get by. I like that. We don't get bogged down in politics. When we are hanging out, I'm not defined by my sexual orientation and he is not defined by his ethnicity. I don't quiz him on his views regarding immigration or tequila. He is not the annoying straight guy trying to make conversation by talking about Melissa Etheridge, Will & Grace or the size of my girlfriend's tits. I get to just be who I am and he is who he is. It's great. Why can't the rest of the world work that way?

Sometimes when I hear about the bad things happening around the world, I feel like all I can do is watch over my own home and keep things good here. And things *are* good here - especially with a friend next door.

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LESLIE K. WARD

Leslie K would like to be added as one of your friends.

Myspace. The apple of myeye or the bane of myexistence? Before I begin, I feel I should tell you that I resisted the pull of this virtual time suck, gallantly, for a respectable amount of time, justifying my decision with the mitigating factors of my age, and, well, my age, plus the fact that I didn't own a cell phone for eons after that necessary evil was introduced, I still buy VHS, and while it's true I do possess an iPod, it hasn't been configured, or even plugged in since I received it as a Christmas present over two years ago. In case you haven't guessed, I sometimes fancy myself as the lone pedestrian wandering the gravel shoulder of the information superhighway, digging in my heels whenever a stranger stops to offer me a ride.

Eventually, on occasion, I get in.

Such was the case with Myspace. It began innocently enough. I needed a friend's email, I knew she was a Myspace user, I signed up, logged in, and BAM! I inadvertently punched the fast forward button on my virtual social interaction control. Less than one month later as I write this, I have closed the door on Myspace, while actively resisting the urge to open another window, and after finding myself standing, clueless, in the eye of a virtual gossip hurricane. I leave this experience feeling much like a wet cat following a harrowing ride in the washing machine.

Which brings me to this month's topic. Friendship. What makes a friendship? On Myspace I was able to amass a grand total of eleven friends. Five of whom I knew by first name only. I believe this virtual social standing puts me somewhere on par with the foreign exchange students and lunchroom monitors from back in high school. But then again, perhaps I didn't try hard enough, trolling the web in search of social sparks, gussying up my Myspace page with fancy backgrounds and catchy icons, offering heartfelt confessions of identity through enticing profile descriptions or blogging my very own reality series. Marketing was never my strong suit, and I believe myfriendshipstatus suffered considerably because of it.

What did I learn? That my true friends, of whom I have considerably less than eleven, are the ones I call when the virtual shit hits the fan. They are the ones I

confide in, the ones I love no matter what their screen name says, the ones whose faces I can recall without scrolling through recent pics, or describe off book from their scripted profiles, the ones who won't forget me if I decide not to log on for the next three weeks. The ones I trust to keep my own best interests at heart. The ones I invite into my real space. A heartfelt thank you goes out to those people, especially for your support these past few weeks. For the rest, who knows, perhaps our friendship has potential. What was your screen name again?



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Friends and Family

A short story

Sharon and I live in a lovely duplex on the east side of town. It has a small yard with a wire fence and is close to the Chester Creek trail and bus route #45. If we get desperate, we can walk to Northway Mall. The owner, Belinda, smells of incense and brings us flaky bran muffins, usually after her dog Sparky has snuck into our house and peed on the floor. Sharon does not admit it, but she lets Sparky in on chilly days when Belinda drives off in an absent-minded flurry. I am immune to Scruffy's (as I like to call him) big eyes and pathetic whimper, but Sharon has a soft spot for mutts (thank goodness or she never would have hooked up with me).

Sharon's parents own and rent out a pretty little condo downtown. And I mean little. Sharon has wanted to live in it since even before she met, but the rent is too much, and it has only one bedroom that is too small for roommates.

A week after Scruff-bottom made his mark on Sharon's "MacWorld" magazine and I finally tossed Belinda's muffin bombs in the trash, Sharon's mom called to say the condo would be available at the end of the month.

"What do you think?" Sharon asked when I got home from work.

After wolfing down some mac'n'cheese, I thought about the buds sprouting in the new, raised flower beds. I thought about how many times I had moved since college, the three months left on our lease and how on earth we would squeeze all our shit into that tiny place. I thought about how much Sharon missed the hustle and bustle of Portland, Ore., and wanted to live within walking distance of New Sagaya. Sharon and I had been living in the duplex for three months, and it was just beginning to feel like home.

Belinda went out of town, and work sprung a new project on me last minute. I couldn't think about moving or our lease. Sharon told her parents we needed a couple more days to decide.

Instead of making love Monday night, we made a pro and con list of moving and staying. I wanted the garden and the room for guests and studying. She wanted the Coastal Trail and Snow City.

Tuesday, we decided to move. The rent was cheaper, and it would be a new adventure. The condo has a view of the inlet and a large bedroom. I could plant tomatoes on the balcony and partition a place to work. We felt urban and hip and talked about walking to the museum and paying only \$5 in cab fare from any bar. PrideFest would be outside our window, and dogs weren't allowed.

Wednesday, Sharon called me as I was about to make a hairy left turn onto Old Seward. I was sweaty and gross from a hard workout and late for work. Lunch rumbled uneasily in my stomach.

"They rented the condo," she said.

"What?" The truck behind me honked. I couldn't focus on the cars whizzing past.

"I just talked with Mom. As I was calling to tell her we wanted it, she was calling to say they rented it."

"I'm driving. I have to go." I flipped the phone closed and peeled out.

They knew we were thinking about it. They even had agreed to wait until our lease was up before we moved in, and now they had rented it without so much as a warning. I was furious. I knew that if I was a boy with prospects of marrying their daughter, they never would have treated us this way. Their own daughter, and they treated her no better than a stranger on Craigslist.

I called Sharon back from the parking lot at work. I could tell from her stuffy nose and pauses that she was crying. And there was nothing I could do about it. I was already 15 minutes late and still needed to shower. I told her about my workout and lunch and my work schedule. The duplex was a fine, decent place to be. I just wish I had remembered not all families are the same.

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- 21 Mike Travis for Dave Cronlund's birthday
- 21 Happy Birthday to Barb Haas from Phyllis
- 22 Out in Alaska & Tim Stallard "Happy Solistice!"
- 23 Mikel Haase for his sister's birthday
- 23 Marilyn & Arthur Carpenter for Kenna Bates birthday
- 24 Nancy Sydnam
- 24 Susie Burton
- 25 Happy birthday to grandson, Michael, from Gran
- 26 Barb Haas for Marcy's birthday
- 28 Jackie Buckley & Dawn Ridge

Adopt-A-Day!
Adopt-A-Day!
Adopt-A-Day!



Alaska GLBT News

Alaska GLBT News is a weekly e-mail broadcasting system providing information about Gay & Lesbian activities throughout Alaska.

We distribute messages concerning upcoming events, news, your business, rental opportunities, personal items for sale or sought, special announcements, etc.

For more information about receiving notices and/or sending your message, please contact

AlaskaGLBTNews@yahoo.com

THOMAS M. GORMLEY, ANP

*ADVANCED NURSE PRACTITIONER, PSYCH/MH
THERAPIST CERTIFIED IN EMDR*

PSYCHOTHERAPY AND MEDICATION MANAGEMENT

Mailing Address:

P.O. Box 243775
Anchorage, AK 99524-3775
FAX: 907-563-6546

Physical Address:

4241 "B" St., Ste. 301
Anchorage, AK 99508
PHONE: 907-332-8744

Email: chchko@alaska.net



ANCHORAGE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST FELLOWSHIP
3201 TURNAGAIN STREET, ANCHORAGE, ALASKA 99517-1848

A Welcoming Congregation

Sunday Services: 9:00 a.m. and 10:45 a.m.

Children's Program at 10:30

EVENTVIEW

Identity Programs

- Winter & Spring Living Out Loud Youth Program
- June PrideFest (6/17-25/06)
- October Pride Conference (10/22/05)
- Daily Gay and Lesbian Community Center of Anchorage (GLCCA). Ste. 103, 2110 East Northern Lights Boulevard, Anchorage. 907-929-4528
- Nightly Helpline for GLBT information and referrals (6 PM to 11 PM). 907-258-4777 or 888-901-9876
- Monthly *NORTHVIEW* newsmagazine

Fairbanks Events

- Tue PFLAG, 5:30 PM, third Tuesday, 604 Barnette Street, Room101, 907-45P-FLAG.
- Fri Free anonymous HIV testing, 3:30 - 5:30 PM, Interior AIDS Association, 710 Third Ave.
"Outlooks," 5:30 - 7 PM, KSUA-FM 91.5
Socializing and dancing, 9 PM - 3:30 AM, Club G (mix crowd), 150 Farmer's Loop
Arctic Bears, first Friday, 907-479-8680
- Sat Socializing and dancing, 9 PM - 3:30 AM, Club G (mix crowd), 150 Farmer's Loop
- Sun Homophonic Radio, 3-5 PM, KSUA-FM 91.5

Juneau Events

- Wed Social gathering after work, Summit Lounge
"Women's Prerogative," 9 - 10 PM, KTOO-FM
- Fri Juneau Pride Chorus, 5:30 - 7:30 PM, Resurrection Lutheran Church, 907-789-6167 (Marsha)
- Sat PFLAG, 10:30 AM - 12:30 PM, first Saturday, Mendenhall Library Conference Room

Anchorage Events

- Tues PFLAG, 7 PM, third Thursday (except November & December), Immanuel Presbyterian Church, 2311 Pembroke St., 566-1813
SLAA (Sex & Love Addicts Anonymous), 8 PM, 566-1133
Line dance lessons/dancing, 7-9 PM, Mad Myrna's
- Wed IMRU2, 5:30 - 7 PM, first and third Wednesdays, GLCCA, 566-IMRU, leave message for more information (currently on summer break until September)
Karaoke Night" hosted by "K" Entertainment, 8:30 PM, Mad Myrna's
Veronica Page performing at Mad Myrna's throughout August and September on selected Wednesday nights.
- Thu SLAA (Sex & Love Addicts Anonymous), 5:30 PM, Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, 566-1133
Friends and Family Support Group, 6:30 PM, 263-2050
"Karaoke Night" hosted by "K" Entertainment, 10 PM; Mad Myrna's
- Fri Lunch, everyone invited (HIV+, volunteers, and friends), Noon - 1 PM, Alaskan AIDS Assistance Association (4A's), Ste. 102, 1057 W. Fireweed Ln., 263-2050.
"Friday Night Divas Show," 9 PM, Mad Myrna's
- Sat SLAA (Sex & Love Addicts Anonymous), Noon, Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, 566-1133
- Sun Buddhist Morning Service, 11 AM, White Lotus Center for Shin Buddhism, 4105 Turnagain Blvd., Suite G2, 334-9984
Center for Spiritual Practices & Education Worship Service, 11 AM, 8050 Old Seward Highway, 522-0940 (Rev. Guy Johnson)
Metropolitan Community Church Service, 2 PM, Immanuel Presbyterian Church, 2311 Pembroke St.
Northern Exposure Bowling League, 4 PM, Park Lanes, 4350 Ames Ave., 561-8744
Sunday Dinner, 5 - 8 PM, Mad Myrna's, 276-9762 (Jim)
Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, 3201 Turnagain Street, 9 a.m. and 10:45 a.m.

**PLEASE HELP KEEP THIS SECTION CURRENT!
SEND NEW AND UPDATED LISTINGS TO
NORTHVIEW@IDENTITYINC.ORG**

OVERVIEW: RESOURCES

**PLEASE HELP KEEP
THIS SECTION CURRENT!**

**SEND NEW/UPDATED LISTINGS TO
NORTHVIEW@IDENTITYINC.ORG**

ORGANIZATIONS

Adam and Steve, a social group for young gay, bi, and questioning men. Weekly activities and fun community events. Also offers the monthly M-group, a fun workshop on sex and dating. Run by a Core Group (meets every first and third Tuesday at Four A's at 7 PM) who plan all activities. Come meet new young queer men in a safe and supportive environment. 907-263-2050. www.anchoragecore.org

Alaska AIDS Assistance Association (Four A's), provides support to individuals living with HIV/AIDS and their families in 91% of the state (all areas except for Fairbanks), and works to eliminate HIV transmission and stigma through prevention and awareness efforts. 1057 W Fireweed, Suite 102, Anchorage, AK (907) 263-2050, statewide helpline: 1-800-478-AIDS, www.alaskan aids.org

Alaska Civil Liberties Union, a membership-based non-profit, non-partisan organization dedicated to preserving and defending the guarantees of individual liberty found in the Alaska Constitution and the U.S. Bill of Rights through litigation, education and legislative advocacy. We are the Alaska state affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU). P.O. Box 201844, Anchorage, AK 99520-1844. Phone: (907) 276-2258, Fax: (907) 258-0288, Email: akclu@akclu.org.

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. AKCR@yahoo.com

The **Alaska Native Aurora Society** is a social group for Alaska Native/American Indian gay, bisexual, transgender and questioning men, and those who love them. We have weekly gatherings, activities, Alaska Native cultural events and social events every month. We strive to create a healthy gay, bisexual, transgender and questioning Native community in

Anchorage. Membership is not limited to those who reside in Alaska's urban centers, but we welcome those who live in remote rural communities and those who live outside of the state. Our events and activities are drug free, safe and supportive so everyone feels welcomed. You can subscribe to our Yahoo group at ANMensgroup-subscribe@yahoo.com

Alcoholics Anonymous: Gay, Joyous, & Free. AA group for gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgendered individuals, and their allies. Open non-smoking meeting Mondays 7 PM to 8 PM at the Gay and Lesbian Community Center of Anchorage (GLCCA).

Anchorage Unitarian Universalist Fellowship. GLBT-friendly liberal religious church, where people of all beliefs are welcome. 3201 Turnagain St., Anchorage. 907-248-0715.

Anchorage Women's Political Caucus. Open to all women. 7pm, first Wednesday. Elmer's Restaurant: New Seward and Fireweed.

Arctic Bears. First Friday. Fairbanks. 907-479-8680.

Aquarian Foundation services. 8 PM Wednesdays, 11 AM Sundays. 8500 LaViento Drive, Anchorage. 907-349-9955.

Breast and Cervical Health Check, a cancer screening service offered by the Alaska Department of Health & Social Services, Breast and Cervical Cancer Early Detection Program. 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. Call the YWCA of Anchorage for eligibility guidelines, enrollment, and group presentation opportunities: 907-644-9620 (Anchorage), 1-800-410-6266 (statewide).

Celebration of Change, a performance of women artists for women. celebrationofchange@email.com

Committee for Equality. Box 34202, Juneau, AK 99803. bsara@gci.net

Fairbanks Gay Youth Group. 907-457-3524 (leave message for more information).

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

students. www.uaa.alaska.edu/clubcouncil/thefamily

Gay & Lesbian Community Center of Anchorage (GLCCA). The Home of Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgendered Individuals and Our Allies. The GLCCA is a safe space to meet, hang out, hold or attend a meeting, or use the resource library or computers. Staffed by trained volunteers 7 days a week. 3 - 9 PM Mondays through Fridays, 12 - 6 PM Saturdays and Sundays. 2110 E. Northern Lights Blvd., Ste 103 (between the Burger Cache & Don Jose's). 907-929-GLBT. glcca@identityinc.org

Gay & Lesbian HelpLine, an information and referral line sponsored by Identity, Inc. The HelpLine is staffed by volunteers and provides information and referrals to businesses, professionals, and service providers supportive of the goals and objectives of Identity, Inc. 6 - 11 PM daily. If you need information or would like to be a part of this service, please call 907-258-4777 (Anchorage), 888-901-9876 (statewide).

The Gay Club (a UAF student organization). c/o Student Activities Box 4, Wood Center, University of Alaska, Fairbanks 99775. 907-474-6507. fbagla@uaf.edu, www.uaf.edu/agla

GLSEN (Gay, Lesbian, Straight Education Network). Membership is confidential. We welcome educators and non-educator allies who are interested in the problems of GLBT youth in our public schools. Anchorage 907-562-7161 (Fred) fhillman@alaska.net; Fairbanks Lisa Slayton or Jeff Walters c/o GLSEN, PO Box 85315, Fairbanks, AK 99708. 907-457-2787.

Identity, Inc., a nonprofit Alaska corporation concerned with issues of sexual and gender identity. Identity envisions a world where all are free to express and be proud of their sexual and gender identities. The mission is to build the infrastructure for a strong GLBTA community in Alaska. Programs include the Gay and Lesbian HelpLine, NorthVIEW, PrideFest, Living Out Loud Youth Conference/Seminars, and the Gay & Lesbian Community Center of Anchorage. P.O. Box 200070, Anchorage, AK 99520-0070. 907-929-GLBT. www.identityinc.org

Imperial Court of All Alaska (ICOAA), sponsors the Memorial Day weekend Eklutna picnic, the Fur Rondy parade float for the GLBT community, PrideFest Festival on the Parkstrip, Labor Day weekend Coronation, and numerous other events. PO Box 104032, Anchorage, AK 99510-4032. www.icoaa.com

OVERVIEW: RESOURCES

IMRU2, the social group for GLBT youth, ages 13 to 18. We eat, chat, watch videos, plan events, and do lots of laughing. Join us and tell your friends. 5:30 PM, 1st and 3rd Wednesdays at GLCCA. 907-566-IMRU(4678) to leave message.

Interior AIDS Association (IAA) Fairbanks offers medical and dental program assistance, "buddies" (volunteers who help HIV & People Living With AIDS), meal delivery & food supplement program, lending library, and counseling support. 907-452-4222 (for assistance or volunteering information).

The Last Frontier Men's Club, a social club for the Levi/leather/bear community. Brief business meeting & potluck social at 6 PM second Sundays at Mad Myrna's, 530 E. 5th Avenue. "Dinner Night Out" and several campouts are open to all throughout the summer. Check the website for information and list of community events. TLFMC, P.O. Box 202054, Anchorage, AK 99502-2054. 907-338-3862. info@tlfmc.com www.tlfmc.com

Metropolitan Community Church of Anchorage (MCC), a predominately gay/lesbian/bi/transgendered Christian church where ALL are welcome to worship a loving and compassionate God. 2 PM Sundays. Immanuel Presbyterian Church, 2311 Pembroke St. (East of 24th Ave. & Boniface Pkwy.). See website for location map and calendar of current events. 907-258-5266. mccanchorage@yahoo.com www.geocities.com/mccanchorage

OLOC (Old Lesbians Organizing for Change) & Travel 50
Two groups for women over 50. 907-868-2662. rosebethlevno@hotmail.com

Out North. Cutting edge art, theatre, film, educational programs, and more. See online calendar. 3800 DeBarr Rd., Anchorage, AK 99508. 907-279-3800. volunteer@outnorth.org www.outnorth.org

PFLAG of Anchorage (Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians & Gays). Meetings: 7 PM third Thursdays except November & December. Immanuel Presbyterian Church: 2311 Pembroke St. 907-566-1813 (voicemail). **Straight spouses** seeking support call 907-566-1813 (voicemail).

PFLAG of Fairbanks, promotes the health and well-being of gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgendered persons and their families and friends through support, education and advocacy. 907-45-PFLAG (for meetings and events).

PFLAG of Sitka (Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians & Gays) Meetings: 7 PM second and fourth Sundays. Unitarian Universalist Fellowship Hall: 408 Marine, Sitka. P.O. Box 6515, Sitka, AK. 907-747-3674. sitkapflag@yahoo.com

PrideFest Steering Committee of Identity plans and presents the annual Anchorage Gay Pride Week events in June. Meetings start in Sept. The committee invites and welcomes corporate and individual sponsors, parade entries, entertainers, volunteers, and more. 907-929-GLBTprideonthepark@yahoo.com

Sex & Love Addicts Anonymous (SLAA): a 12-Step program. Meetings on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. 907-566-1133 (for meeting times and places).

Shanti of Juneau, offers support services to persons with HIV/AIDS and their loved ones, as well as offering comprehensive AIDS prevention and educational information. 222 Seward, Ste 200. P.O. Box 22655, Juneau, AK 99802-2655. 907-463-5665, 800-478-AIDS (2437).

Southeast Alaska Gay & Lesbian Alliance (SEAGLA), a non-profit volunteer organization that provides a support network for lesbian and gay people in Southeast Alaska. Publishes monthly newsletter *Perspective*. P.O. Box 21542, Juneau, AK 99802. 907-586-GAYS.

S.T.O.P. AIDS PROJECT. Center for Drug Problems provides education and outreach specific to injection drug users and their sexual partners regarding HIV/AIDS prevention. Free anonymous HIV testing is provided on a walk-in basis. 1 - 4 PM Mondays and Wednesdays. 907-278-5019 (Anchorage).

Support Group (Soldotna), a group of people with HIV, AIDS, families and friends. 907-262-2589 (Jan).

Women's Ultimate Frisbee. 10:30 AM Sundays. West end of Delaney Parkstrip. 907-278-5179 (Jen or Karen). Jenkout@gci.net

E-MAIL LISTS

Alaska Gay Discussion, providing an opportunity to discuss gay issues relevant to Alaska and a calendar of events. Participation available via website and/or e-mail. For more info contact Michael Haase at michaelh2001@gci.net or michaelh2001@palm.net. <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/alaskagaydiscussion>

Alaska GLBT News, a weekly state-wide e-mail notification service distributing news and information about upcoming events of interest to the Alaska GLBT community. To receive these notices or to submit an item for distribution: alaskaglbnews@yahoo.com

AnchoragePride, a mailing list for information concerning Anchorage & Southcentral Alaska's GLBT community. <http://groups.yahoo.com/subscribe/anchoragepride>

FairbanksPride, a mailing list for information concerning Fairbanks & Interior Alaska's GLBT community. <http://groups.yahoo.com/subscribe/fairbankspride>

Grrlz List, a mailing list for the Women's Community. Event announcements, inquiries, issue discussion, and relevant topics of concern for women. Delivered every Thursday. GrrlzList@gci.net

National and Political GLBT News. Landmark case decisions and other newsworthy announcements from national organizations. To join, send an e-mail to: bsara@gci.net

PUBLICATIONS

Alaska Women Speak, a publication by/for Alaskan women. 907-689-7922.

The Anchorage Press, an alternative weekly paper that is not focused on the GLBT community but is friendly. There is a large personals section. 907-561-7737.

The Perspective, a newsletter published for the Southeast Alaskan. SEAGLA, P.O. Box 21542, Juneau, AK 99802-1452. 907-586-GAYS.

The Pink Ink, a newsletter published in Fairbanks for the Fairbanks GLBT community. Interior Newsletter, c/o PFLAG Fairbanks, P.O. Box 82290, Fairbanks, AK 99708. 907-45P-FLAG.