

## *The Voice*

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# The Voice

FREE

South Western Ontario's ONLY LGBT Magazine

Volume Four

September 2002

Issue Eleven

## REMEMBER

Need Wood? Gay Sex Advice

My Man

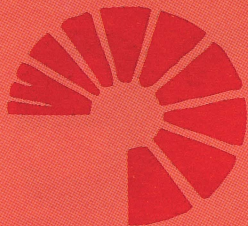
Timothy Findley: A Canadian Icon

What Is a Lesbian?

# 911

September 11, 2001

THE LGBT REALITY OF 911



Waterloo Region's

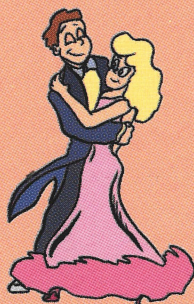
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The Voice Magazine is an independent media source published monthly.

It is an all-inclusive alternative vehicle for all segments of the LGBT community.

Our mandate includes informing, educating, and promoting tolerance, understanding and acceptance of LGBT culture and alternative lifestyles, generally, with a particular emphasis on our own sub-cultural mosaic.

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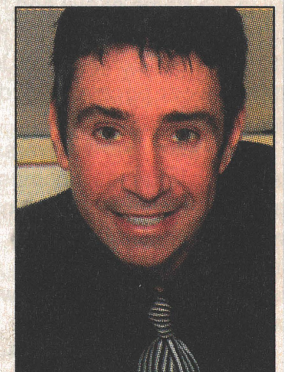
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# FIRST WORDS



## REMEMBER

By A.J. Mahari



Remember 9/11. Remember that hate is alive and well in this world. Remember that each one of us can make a difference in his/her part of the world if he/she really wants to.

It can be all-too-easy, at times, to forget certain things. Some, if they are not directly involved, often question how much events that befall others far away really have to do with them. The answer is -- everything.

There is a universal reality to our lives. We are all adrift in this sea of humanity together, for better or for worse.

In the LGBT community, this is an especially challenging fact. We have such diversity. We continue to strive for equal rights and basic human rights. Let us not forget that amidst the tragedy of 9/11 there was a 'gay' story. A story that emerges still to this very day. It is the story of lesbian and gay partners who live on without their loved ones. It is the story of lesbians and gays who not only suffered the same loss as their straight counterparts that day, but, who also suffered the indignity and injustice of not having their love, commitment and relationships honoured respectfully after their losses. (for more on this see page 20)

One partner of a gay man who was killed at the World Trade Centre last September 11th took his own life. Let's not allow these losses, to be in vain. Remember.

By remembering and caring we honour their pain and suffering and their losses. We acknowledge and validate the reality that they still have to fight to obtain respectful recognition.

Be thankful for what you have as you think back to last September 11th. Terrorizing violence, senseless death and destruction, and all in the name of evil and hatred. The kind of hatred that also fuels the homophobia that senselessly wounds or kills lesbian, gay, and transgender people everyday in one community or another.

As the one year anniversary of this tragic day is upon us, as it comes and as it goes, each one of us must look inside and decide what is really important to us. We need to live active, giving, caring, difference-making lives that honour those who are no longer with us.

9/11 saw approximately 40 gay people die

at the hands of hatred. Many more lost their lives around the world to other individual acts of hatred over this past year. Remember them. Remember why they died.

We, as a community, along with the heterosexual community, continue to lose many to another enemy as well: HIV/AIDS. Drug resistance is growing (see page 22). Many seem to forget and/or deny that AIDS is still very real. Much more money is needed in order to help those already affected and to continue to work to educate others in the hopes of helping them to stay free of AIDS.

Each September, across Canada, AIDS associations encourage our participation in their annual AIDS Walks. (see page 4) Don't take your health for granted. Use it to help someone less fortunate than yourself -- WALK -- help raise funds for the fight against HIV/AIDS. Celebrate life.

Remember those who are now gone. Honour their memory by giving what you can: time, participating in a walk, money, to help AIDS Committees help those who can benefit from more services and better treatment.

This year, September is a month that demands that we remember and that we honour those we remember by taking whatever action we can to help make a positive difference in the lives of others.

Let's make this a time to let our love rise above any and all hate just long enough to contribute in whatever way we can. Remember. Participate. Honour those whose lives have been lost to any form of hatred and whose lives have been lost to HIV/AIDS.

Take some time to sit and remember and to feel the sadness of loss. Loss is a universal reality. It is a teacher. It reminds us of the very humanity, imperfect that it is, within which we have to cope in order to exist.

For many just living every day in the closet, in a family that doesn't understand, feeling alienated from faith communities, needing love, acceptance and/or validation can be the equivalent of living a life of daily loss.

In spite of anything that we may have to contend with in our lives, make no mistake about it, our lives are indeed precious gifts. Don't let losses go un-grieved. Don't return the gift of your life unopened. Remember.

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**In Brantford at:** The PineTree Native Centre, Sweet Dreamzz

**In London at:** The Pride Library at UWO, The AIDS Committee of London, City Lights Bookshop, Club 181, Our Place, Blackfriars Restaurant

**In Stratford at:** AIDS Action Committee of Perth County, Fanfare Books, Poor Yorick

**In Toronto at:** 519 Church Community Centre, Glad Day Books, Club Toronto, Music Authority, Good For Her, Woody's, Zelda's

**In St. Catharines at:** Club Rendezvous, Aids Niagara

**In Sarnia-Lambton at:** AIDS Support Committee of Sarnia-Lambton

and other select locations in Toronto, Chatham-Kent, Sarnia, Port Huron and other areas of South Western Ontario.

## HAVE YOUR SAY

If you have something that you would like to say about what you read in *The Voice*, send a letter to the editor. We'd like to hear from you. You can email us at [haveyoursay@thevoice.on.ca](mailto:haveyoursay@thevoice.on.ca) or go to our web site at [www.thevoice.on.ca](http://www.thevoice.on.ca) and click on **HAVE YOUR SAY** and use our form mail. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity and space.

I'm so tired of 'Pride' politics. I live in London and without going into the specifics want to express my disgust that 'Pride' has become more about greed and egos than anything else. Given all the in-fighting that these type of committees experience in most, if not all, LGBT communities, do we really need this kind of thing anymore? Isn't it doing more harm than good?

What is everyone fighting so hard for? Do they really think there is any glory in it?

Groups competing to put on celebrations, all the while being so self-absorbed that they can't possibly really know what the communities that they continue to claim to represent really want or more to the point, really need. Does 'Pride' really have to be riddled with this political B.S.?

-- Donald "fed up" Kaczmarek, London

I see that you have been hearing from new readers of late. Sorry if this is a repeat but I wanted to add my two cents worth. I discovered *The Voice* in Toronto last month. I've since seen a couple of other issues too. Just great stuff! Keep it coming. It's just what we need. I really enjoy the wide variety of articles that are included. I also think that your focus on content versus the kind of fluff that dominates many other publications is super refreshing.

-- Eric McMan, Toronto

I just don't get it at all. How can people claim to be women when they have male 'parts'? How dare *The Voice* put such a story in a "Lesbian" story. (August 2002, "Lesbian Lives: "A Trans-sexual Lesbian's Story") Why? What are you trying to tell us? What is your agenda?

I get that this magazine fancies itself so darn inclusive and all but this is just going too far. If you aren't born and raised a woman, you have no idea what it's really like to be a woman in this world.

I really think you missed the boat on this one. Frankly, I was disgusted to have to even see that. I was shocked. I don't understand. Who do you think you're kidding anyway?

We can't like just all play nice and blur all the lines between the sexes now can we? What would we end up with then? How the heck would we know who is who when it comes to sex?

-- Nancy Ross, Guelph

I'm writing in response to Lyn McGinnis' article in the last issue of *The Voice* (August 2002, "Naked Hysteria") which championed the nudist cause at Toronto pride, and also defended the inclusion of nude photos in the voice. Personally, I'm disappointed and disgusted at both. *The Voice* was the only 'clean' LGBT magazine that was both free and local. I think it is pathetic how it has caved to the sexualized stereotypes which surround our community.

As for the nudists at pride - being nude has NOTHING to do with being gay! It also doesn't respect or take into consideration the needs of our entire community. By pushing nudity and the sexualization of the gay community out into the world at large, all you end up doing is proving to the heterosexual world that every stereotypical homophobic myth they have ever heard about us being perverse or immoral is uncontestedly true.

-Sam Murphy, Kitchener

I am writing in response to your "One For The Road" piece last month. (August 2002, "Dear John") I was so moved by that. It really made me stop and think. Perhaps I've been far too judgmental in my life. Since reading that letter I am now determined to think long and hard before I just dismiss someone as "less than" because they may be on a different road than the one I am on. Nothing makes my road so special or unique that I have the right to just dismiss someone because it's easier to hide behind the indigent indignation of supposed moral high ground. After all, whether the ground any of us stand on is "high" or not is all in the way we choose to look at the lay of the land.

-- Mildred Jewitt, Sarnia

Bravo to *The Voice* for its courageous "Lesbian Lives" (August 2002, "A Trans-sexual Lesbian's Story") article in which unquestioning, non-judgmental and due respect was given to a very brave and courageous person who shared such a tender and touching story of what life is like for those who find themselves born into a body that doesn't match their gender identity. I have never read such an open-minded, non-apologetic and ground-breaking article in my life. Thank you!

-- J.R. Drouin, Oakville

# AIDS WALK 2002 - Dedication to The Cause

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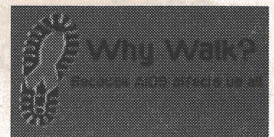
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By Dave Watt



This is a simple time of reflection for the changes that have taken place and those still fighting the battle. It is also a time for some great reflections on today, and for all the great things we hope will come from our **Dedication to the Cause**.

Past Walks for me, have forced me to reflect on those who are not here anymore. They lead me to think about the changes that were made by each and every one of these individuals, in and through the inspirations their lives encompassed. Without their courage, or their **Dedication to the Cause**, and their inspiration in life, we would not be where we are today. I like to think about each and every one of their struggles, and battles, and then to take time to thank them for their journeys through life. I feel and am honoured to have known them, and walked along the street of their lives, for that duration of time.

In light of those struggling and fighting for their peaceful, and painful journeys today, I like to reflect on the good times, and encourage each and every one of them, to keep up the virility of their struggle, so that together, we can pave the way to better the futures for all. Our community partners, staff of the organizations, volunteers, health care providers, and the pharmaceutical companies, all show a courageous effort in their fight with the **Dedication to the Cause**.

Why this **Dedication to the Cause**? I dedicate myself to this cause because it has touched my heart on many different levels. I have fought the battle along side colleagues with this disease, a partner, many friends, and loved ones. And I might add it still has happened very recently. I struggle along side those whom are affected by this illness, and walk the field with those who work diligently in our agencies, the ones who educate us, and advocate for changes, and fight for funding to help us walk that road to a better community. And let me remind you that this is a daily vigil, that cannot be removed from me or by any one of you who walks that journey with a **Dedication to the Cause**.

I think back to the likes of Terry Fox and the Marathon of Hope, Rick Hanson of the Man in Motion Tour, and the millions of dollars they raised for those causes which they dedicated themselves too. The

struggles they endured, and the outstanding courage they crossed on their journeys, are to each and every one of us, a true test of endurance and a **Dedication to the Cause**.

Today, I see many people fighting equally courageous battles, in many different ways, but with the same determination and the same drive. However, they do not seem to gain the momentum or the same attention for this cause -- HIV/AIDS. After all these years it is still not a socially acceptable disease. This mindset needs to change.

The momentum that the Late Princess Diana brought to the AIDS movement may never be duplicated. What and/or who will AIDS take from us next? And I ask who or what will it take to get our community behind us fighting with a **Dedication to the Cause** again.

Maybe, just maybe you can motivate yourself, as I have. Motivate your families, your co-workers, your friends, and your communities. Educate our schools, our communities and our neighbourhoods. Always remember to make it fun along the journey. Never think that you are alone, and that your contribution doesn't help, because you are wrong - it matters and it will help. Remember, your efforts can lend a **Dedication to the Cause** by focusing others, a larger group, and your own being, by inspiring one more individual, or community, or classroom, or neighbourhood, or friend on board. Thus the movement starts to build and then starts to mushroom even further just because of you.

A challenge to you would be to walk with a **Dedication to the Cause**, have fun and generate some excitement by creating teams, challenges, and helping to build a stronger community spirit. You can help raise money for ACCKWA programs and its community. Those who make up the ACCKWA "community" are also a part of your community and your neighbourhood.

*Dave Watt is a resident of Kitchener-Waterloo and the ACCKWA Board Treasurer  
Submitted to The Voice by Dave Watt.*

# Windsor's AIDS Walk Canada Campaign 2002

Coming to our community

September 2002

Visit [www.aidswindsor.com/walk.html](http://www.aidswindsor.com/walk.html)  
for updates and information.

## Red Ribbon Campaign

September 10 - 23

## Appreciation Celebration Gala

Casino Windsor

September 20, 6:30 p.m.

## AIDS Walk 2002

Civic Terrace Plaza

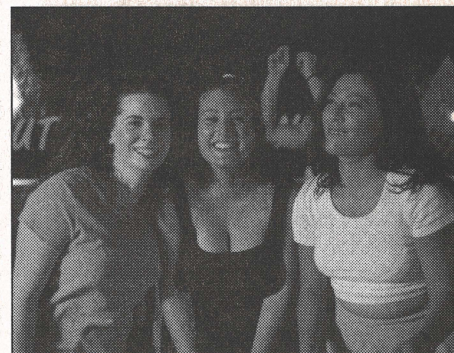
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September 29

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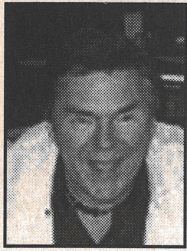
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South Western Ontario's LGBT Magazine



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## Moments To Remember

By Charles W. Westfall

Some moments are not only easy to remember. They are hard to forget. This is one of them. "It rained the day I went to Dachau. I got the feeling that it always rained there. It seemed right that this monument to suffering should be washed by heaven's tears.

What drew me there, I didn't know. It was easy to see, though, what drew my companions on the short train ride from Munich. Eyes filled with tears and trembling hands that clutched small bouquets of flowers betrayed deep mourning for loved ones long gone. The few curiosity seekers on the train found their voices ringing hollow and inappropriately loud in the midst of so many silent pilgrims. Even their voices, though, were stilled as we waited in the rain for the bus that would take us from the train station in Dachau to the concentration camp memorial. One look at the faces in that closely huddled group told the story. Each bore the mark of anxiety, even fear, at the prospect of confronting the spirits of the tortured thousands for whom Dachau had been a living hell for five long years.

A pall of sorrow did indeed envelop this place, still. It was accented now, not by thousands of gaunt figures labouring under harsh masters who killed at will and without mercy. It was marked now by an empty stillness, a vast hollowness with only a few gray and white buildings and four columns of tall Poplars to break the emphatic flatness of the ground.

Walking down the central pathway, counting each foundation, all that remains of the barracks, I realized that this had always been a silent place, a place of mute despair. This place, where hundreds of thousands were stripped of their freedom, their dignity and their very lives, was a chasm of silence reaching to the very depths of human misery.

A line in the guidebook caught my eye: 'The arrested clergymen lived in Block 26, called the Priesterblock.' It was then that I remembered that many of those arrested had either not openly supported the Third Reich or had openly preached against its atrocities.

Thousands were pulled from their pulpits and imprisoned for daring to call evil by name and daring to condemn the wholesale slaughter of human beings that was becoming more and more evident.

It was only when I remembered that members of the religious community in which I had lived and worked for almost half a century had also suffered and died there. My

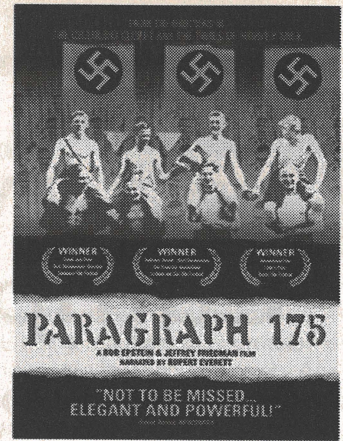


own tears flowed freely, then, and I knew why I had come."

When I wrote those words nearly 20 years ago, I was hardly aware that my visit to Dachau had yet another significance. I had given little thought to the fact that over 15,000 Gays and Lesbians had been sent there and to similar camps. It was out of such prisons that the Pink and Black Triangles emerged as symbols of our identity. What were once worn as signs of degradation and shame have become badges of belonging and pride.

These thoughts came back to me as I was preparing to write this article. I took time to watch a documentary called, simply, *Paragraph 175*. The title is the number of the former German law prohibiting Sodomy and Unnatural Sexual Behaviour. The film focused on 10 of the 12 known living survivors of Hitler's persecution of homosexuals.

In dramatically contrasting images, the



camera first highlighted pictures of the men and women themselves, old and frail but still full of vigor and determination. Then it would present a collage of photos from their youth, all of them young, vibrant and attractive. Occasionally, the flow of the film was punctuated with police mug shots, complete with identifying numbers.

It was heartrending to hear their stories of how liberal and exciting their life had been in Pre-war Berlin, a Mecca for homosexuals from all over the world. To some it was decadent; to others, it was alive. To the Nazis it was a threat to the future existence of the super race they envisioned. Arrests followed, people disappeared or, if they were lucky, escaped the country. One of those interviewed said that he actually joined the army, just so that he could be in the company of men.

Most of the gay men were sent to labour camps, often used for medical experiments and frequently castrated as a further degradation. Lesbian women were made to join the workforce and used as breeders, if they were healthy enough. If not, they were sent to the camps too.

Those interviewed mentioned that very few of the general public actually knew what was going on. When they finally found out, it seemed to be too late to do anything. There was a general hopelessness about the whole situation, leading to a kind of widespread resignation. In the end, millions died simply because those in power could not accept them as fellow human beings.

Negative feelings about LGBT's and the other victims of that horror still exist. In many places, they still give way to open persecution. We, in Canada, are extremely fortunate to live in a climate of tolerance, where diversity is accepted as one of the factors that give our country its special identity and worth. The fight for equal rights, here, has made tremendous strides in recent years. The fight, however, is far from over and none of us can afford to become complacent about it.

# Unity Versus Dissent

That's why I shudder when I hear the Religious Right advocates propounding doctrines that brand us as either "sick" and "evil". I think that people who need to brand people might do well to look at their own well-being and moral rectitude.

That's why I was disturbed to hear our Prime Minister categorize the legalization of same sex marriages as "a social problem." Admittedly, there are social problems in Canada. Maybe he would do better to examine those and how he might help in easing the lot of the poor, the aged, the sick and the homeless.

That's why I was reminded of the time I was stopped by two of those handsome Mormon missionaries who regularly patrol the downtown core. Just as a whim, I told them I was Gay and asked if their church would welcome me. They answered in complete confidence and seriousness, "No problem: as long as you don't spread it around." I guess they thought that my condition was somehow contagious. Whether they thought I was a social problem or had a social disease, I wasn't going to push the point.

There is a chilling scene in the movie, Cabaret. At an outdoor concert, a young boy with a silver throat sings, in a crystal clear treble voice, a melodic folksong about how the future belongs to him because of his love of the Fatherland. As the song goes on, his voice becomes colder, harsher and more commanding. Gradually, the accompaniment of marching feet is heard and eventually the whole scene is dominated by what are clearly the sounds of a vast and highly mechanized army on the move.

Prejudice and bias often parade as well meaning efforts to heal, to correct or to assimilate. Nevertheless, that doesn't diminish the fact that they violate the essence of the cultural mosaic which holds our country together. Moreover, healing, correction and assimilation all too easily become stepping stones to wholesale violations of human rights.

Many of those who have fallen victim to crimes of hate, no doubt said to themselves at one time or another, "It can't happen here. It won't happen to me." But it can and it does. The Pink and Black Triangles are fitting reminders of this fact and apt memorials to those who have suffered and died because of that fact. Ongoing gay bashings, racial atrocities and terrorist attacks are grim signs of need for vigilance and mutual support. Some moments invite remembering. Some demand it.

Charles W. Westfall is a writer living in Hamilton. This column is a Voice exclusive.



## Windsor Pride By Chris Cecile

Windsor Pride has come and gone for the 10th time. It was a great week filled with activities, parties, special guests and, of course, a parade. Was it a perfect week? Of course not. Some things are bound to go wrong. One day, perhaps we'll be good enough at this kind of thing to be perfect. However, for the most part we were given many great compliments. The parade was fun. The boat cruise was a huge success. Bowling was fun as always. The luau was fun and frustrating (damn the lei game!)

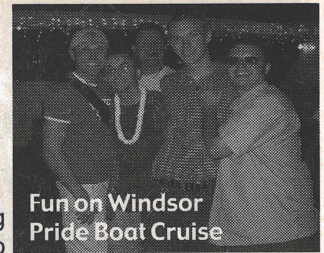
One of the things I love most about Pride is its ability to bring people together and unite us even if it is just for the day.

But since all things must end, so must the feeling of overwhelming satisfaction of a job well done. Personally, I was only allowed to

enjoy that feeling for 12 hours. It was then that I received an e-mail itemizing everything that we as a Pride Committee did wrong. There was no mention of anything we did right. There were even some good suggestions in that e-mail, but the spirit in which it was written was not that of a helpful friend, but more of a know-it-all neighbour.

Please understand that dissent is not what I'm against. I like different ideas. I enjoy debate. What I have a problem with is dissent for the sake of dissent. For instance, I support the unions, human rights and environmental groups and others when they march against globalization. These people are the dissenters because they believe that 10% of the world should not control 70% of the world's wealth and resources. That's something I believe as well. These people put their freedom on the line for something they believe in. They are often beaten, jailed without charges, or doused with pepper spray for staging peaceful demonstrations and all of this in the name of "security" and "democracy" (HA!)

My point is that these people dissent for good reasons - their principles and their morals. When someone flip-flops from supporting Marc Hall to denouncing his fight

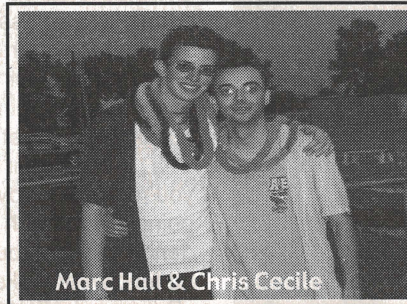


Fun on Windsor Pride Boat Cruise

and writing letters to

newspapers across the province voicing opposition to Hall's courageous battle, this is often done for two reasons - to be heard and to be the centre of attention. It is dissent for the sake of dissenting. Perhaps some even believe that they are always the voice of dissent because everything is wrong and needs to be fixed, and that somehow they are the ones who can fix it all? *My whole problem is perhaps that I believe*

*too much in unity. I really do believe that we can all get along if we all try. I try my ass off to be diplomatic and fair to everyone and yet I still get shit on by those whose need to be the loudest voice completely override their need to be united with their brothers and sis-*



Marc Hall & Chris Cecile

ters. I would also bet that *The Voice* will receive letters of dissent in response to me voicing my frustration. So instead of using this as an opportunity to **calm the fuck down** and join with us to improve our community, this column will no doubt be seen as an attack and an opportunity for anyone so inclined to fire back and have their voice heard - for better or worse.

Maybe we could take a lesson in unity from Unity Toronto. Think about that for a minute. What happens at Unity during Toronto Pride weekend? Thousands of people get together to dance all night long with each other. Sure, they do drugs. I'm not denying that. But in spite of that (or maybe because of that) they are united as one for the night. I've never seen fights at Unity. Everyone is nice to each other or at least not purposely mean. The people there take care of each other. I think we understand and implement the whole "Pride" concept. Now, if we could just nail down the unity thing, we might actually get somewhere.

Chris Cecile, of Windsor, hosts "All things Queer" every Monday at 9pm on CJAM 91.5fm in Windsor or on-line at [www.cjam.ca](http://www.cjam.ca). Photos by Chris Cecile and Ron Renaud.

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## LIVING OUT



### STOLEN IDENTITY

By Sally Sheklow

I stood barefoot on the concrete locker room floor. Dripping wet from the shower, I gawked into the metal cubby where my stuff used to be. While I was out sweatin' to the oldies somebody had helped themselves to my watch, wedding ring and checkbook. That's how I learned why the tiny box where you stash your worldly goods while you exercise is called a "locker."

Sure, it's a hassle to have to rummage around for a quarter when you're trying not to be late for your workout. You have other things on your mind when you're changing out of your street clothes, like do people *really* keep their eyes to themselves when you're bending over. Not to mention how going around with a big honking locker key dangling from your skimpy-yet-expensive athletic wear looks totally dorky.

But an unlocked locker can be opened by anyone willing to brave the effects of poor ventilation on sweaty shoes and steamy underwear. And you don't just get ripped off. You become—according to law enforcement and the three big credit bureaus—a "Victim of Identity Theft."

Gauging from the stolen checks that have come through my account so far, the identity thieves have been really enjoying being me. They're having a lot more fun than, say, stalling a whole line of grocery shoppers while my debit card won't go through because all that remains of the \$450 in my account yesterday is now ZERO.

The new me has been on a spree while the old me has been stuck at my bank for hours signing affidavits and swearing I didn't forge my own checks. The old me has had to talk to police officers and fill out reports and act like a grown up the whole time which is clearly not what the people who are out there spending my money are doing. They've been splurging all over town and buying clothes at a teeny bopper shop where the only things that would come close to fitting me are the hair scrunchies. Even those are too tight.

What the identity thieves don't know is just whose identity they've stolen. Mine! Let's see how they like being a big fat outspoken dyke in a homophobic world. The cost

of bumper stickers alone will burst their bubble. And how will their nerves hold up when TV reporters start calling them for a comment every time some queer issue hits the news? Aren't they going to get just a teensy bit tired of explaining why same-sex couples should be allowed to get married? And wait till they find out how boring they are at parties, ranting on about justice and equality while everyone else is oohing and ahhhing over the barbecue sauce. Ha!

Now that they have my identity they'll have to confront sexist stereotypes and body image issues left and right. Their friends are going to get pretty sick of constantly being reminded to love themselves just the way they are.

Sure, the check theft bites. And I loved my watch with the cool glow light and all the little buttons I finally figured out how to work. But after the rigmarole Sweetie and I went through to create a marriage before that particular civil right is won, losing my wedding band is the toughest part. The empty indentation around my ring finger is still waiting—hope against hope—for my ring to return.

I've learned my lesson. I always carry quarters and lock up my stuff. Now I wear that 'gigundus' locker key like anti-vampire garlic. And when I feel sad about my ring, I'm comforted to know that somewhere out there somebody else is carrying on in my name. Another voice speaking out against bigotry and helping match-make for my friends.

And now that they're me, people will expect them to be funny all the time. Good luck living up to that!

*Sally Sheklow lives and writes in the Pacific Northwest, USA. Her column appears in several newspapers and magazines around the US, in New Zealand, South Africa and Australia. Email comments to: [redacted] This article was submitted to The Voice by Sally Sheklow*

# AIDS Activist Charles M. Roy Dies

by Jan Prout  
365Gay.com Newscenter in  
Toronto



Charles M. Roy

One of Canada's most well known AIDS activists has died after a long battle with the disease.

Charles Michael Roy was executive director of the AIDS Committee of Toronto. For more than a decade he was a leader in the Canadian HIV/AIDS field.

Apart from his role as a leader with the AIDS Committee of Toronto (ACT), the largest AIDS service organization in Canada, Roy worked with community, professional and academic organizations to advocate for the rights of people living with HIV/AIDS.

He served on the Board of Directors of the Canadian AIDS Society where he was the founding chair of the People Living With HIV/AIDS Committee and vice-chair of the board. He also served as vice-chair on the board of the AIDS Committee of Ottawa. In 1985, he worked for the Montreal AIDS Resource Centre, where he organized the city's first support group for people with AIDS. Other AIDS-related work included: the Canadian Hemophilia Society, the Canadian Hospital Association and the Montreal Children's Hospital. In 1986 he served as national president of Dignity, an organization for gay and lesbian Catholics.

Recently Charles served as an alternate community representative on the Global Fund to Fight AIDS, Tuberculosis and Malaria. The GFATM, an initiative of the United Nations and the World Health Organization, is an independent public-private partnership working to increase funding to fight these three diseases in countries with the greatest need.

Born in Moncton, New Brunswick, Roy graduated from the University of Ottawa in 1984 (BA Philosophy) and McGill University in 1985 (BSW) and in 1987 (MSW). He tested HIV positive in 1987, while completing his master's thesis at McGill University in Montreal. □

Two years later, he moved to Manhattan to enroll in the doctor of social welfare program at the Hunter College of Social Work of the City University of New York. On July 25, 1995, less than two months before the completion of his doctoral dissertation, Charles lost his then partner, Alan Cornwall, to AIDS.

Charles was an articulate advocate for the rights and the self-determination of people

living with HIV/AIDS. His interest in promoting the dignity and well-being of people living with HIV/AIDS expanded beyond non-governmental work and was demonstrated throughout his lifetime in his lecturing and writing including his doctoral dissertation, "Living and Serving: Persons with HIV in the Canadian AIDS Movement". He was a mentor to AIDS service organizations across the country and was instrumental in the Community Partners Fund of the AIDS Committee of Toronto that continues to empower numerous community-based organizations.

Roy died at Toronto Hospital on Saturday in the company of his life partner Jay Hood and many close friends.

His life will be remembered and celebrated in a forthcoming service at Bloor Street United Church in Toronto.

[www.365gay.com](http://www.365gay.com)

**We continue to lose too many of our brothers (moreso) and some sisters too, to AIDS. Remember this, and help support your local AIDS Committee to continue the research and the fight against AIDS.**

**There is a growing resistance to some drug treatments and AIDS continues to spread.**

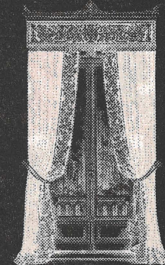
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# Cases Test Willful HIV Exposure Law

By Ann Rostow

www.planetout.com

A South Dakota judge sentenced a young, HIV-positive man to jail on Thursday for intentionally spreading the AIDS-causing virus, just days after a trial date was set for two gay men in the state who are accused of the same offense.

In Huron, S.D., 19-year-old college student Nikko Briteramos, who learned about his HIV infection after a blood donation, was sentenced to 120 days in county jail. He pleaded guilty to the charge of intentionally spreading HIV, which is a felony under South Dakota law, and punishable in other states as well.

In addition to the jail time, Circuit Judge Tim Dallas Tucker sentenced the young man to a five-year suspended prison term and 200 hours of community service.

Although Briteramos is the first person to be convicted under the 2000 law, two gay men from Aberdeen learned last week that they will be tried on Jan. 6 for allegedly violating the same law. The men, William Jenigan and Jay Woods, were arrested in early May and have pleaded innocent to the charges, the Aberdeen American reports.

Lawyers for the two men will argue that their sex partners knew they were HIV-positive at the time, which if true would make them not guilty of the South Dakota felony. So far, none of the 31 people

tested in the Aberdeen case have turned out to be positive, the Washington Blade reported last May, but tests are being repeated due to the incubation period.

According to the Aberdeen paper, 300 individuals were tested for HIV as a result of the Briteramos case. In a BET.com news report on Briteramos last May, the L.A. Times said two of the 10 women named as sex partners by the student turned out to be HIV-positive (although it does not follow that Briteramos was the source of the infection). The 10 women, in turn, had recently slept with 50 men, and the number of 300 presumably represented the next stage down that pyramid.

At the time of Briteramos' arrest, civil libertarians had a word of caution for authorities. Intentionally spreading HIV is "reprehensible," said Jennifer Ring, executive director of the ACLU of the Dakotas. "No one thinks it's a good thing to be HIV-positive, have sex with your partner, and not tell them before it happens," Ring told the Blade. "However, I think a lot of these things need to be dealt with as public health issues and not as legal issues."

Earlier this year, a San Francisco man won a \$5 million civil case against a former lover who allegedly infected him.

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# SPIRITUAL LIFE: THE QUEST FOR FREEDOM

## "Poping It"

By Noel Springwood

He came. He saw. He conquered. Not Julius Caesar, in Gaul, but Pope John Paul II, in Toronto.

In the wake of his gentle invasion, many Catholics, and believers in other traditions as well, are left with what has to be a sense of affirmation mixed with a sense of confusion, even frustration. What it all meant and, perhaps, achieved is what I want to focus on here.

I tried to be cynical when I thought about this column. I tried to be hard-nosed and biased and ready to sling lots of verbal mud in an attempt to lampoon what I thought of as archaic and pretentious posturing.

John Paul undermined that viewpoint considerably, this time. However, as a survivor of his first visit to Downsview, I don't think that he succeeded in totally erasing it.

The entire World Youth Day experience, a gathering of young Roman Catholics from nations around the world, at least as experienced electronically, seemed to be an interminable rock concert, punctuated by endless pauses and tumultuous cheers, where the band never played.

I had to ask myself what it was about this frail, ailing octogenarian that had energized so many young people. I decided that somehow he was providing them with something they hadn't found or couldn't find anywhere else.

From the mouths of the pilgrims themselves, much of what they garnered from the experience could be listed under three headings: a sense of identity, a sense of belonging and a sense of purpose. Those sentiments, however, do not seem consistent with the strongly emotional and often tearful reception given the Pope at each appearance. My positive self attributes this

to what is undoubtedly the charismatic personality of John Paul, himself. He is, by any standards, an outstanding and remarkable man. His assurances of concern and love did not fall on deaf ears.

My cynical self suggests that much of the enthusiasm is the result of conditioning by elders who grew up with what can only be described as a Papal mystique. The extreme forms of this mystique were found in elaborate rituals, a studied remoteness from the multitudes and claims of high speed and cordless connection to the Deity. In that approach, the Deity is a God very high up and very far away. The closer you get to the Pope, the closer you are to God.

I believe that John Paul is a man of God. I believe that he believes every word he utters and is convinced of the effectiveness of every step he takes. He is dedicated to summoning the power for good existing both within and among us. He has a remarkable facility for communicating that transcends mere words. At the same time, I believe that much of the emotional reception he receives is rooted in a kind of superstition that has clouded the papacy nearly from its inception.

On that occasion, at muddy Downsview, his homily was noteworthy for reasons not necessarily noted by the media or the experts. For me, there were a number of encouraging dimensions and tremendously powerful statements. I'm not talking about the obvious here: his admission that members of the Church had disgraced the tradition and the whole institution, filling it with sadness and shame. That was powerful. To those who wanted more, I can only say: "What more could you want?" If an apology is looked for, I can only say that it is not his



responsibility or role to apologize for the actions of those who have chosen to venture and act outside the accepted parameters of human decency and the teachings of the church he leads. That is up to the perpetrators of the offences and those who participated in efforts to conceal or deny those offences.

The history of the Church provides ample material for sadness and shame. A distinguishing mark of John Paul's Papacy has been his openness to acknowledge error and failure and sin as undeniable realities, as part of the human condition. His words in Toronto were just one more example of his desire to find avenues of healing and wholeness.

In terms of the recent Papal visit, christened "Poping It" by a group of pilgrims from Buffalo, the Pope distinguished himself by manifesting a simple but profound understanding of the kind of message his listeners were capable of hearing and accepting.

For once he was not moralistic or judgmental. For once he didn't single out Gays and Lesbians. He didn't focus on sex or abortion. He stuck to the Gospel message. Actually, at times, it seemed that he was mired in it. If I had heard the words, "You are the salt of the earth. You are the light of the world" one more time, I think I might have become ill.

Around the seemingly endless repetition of that theme, however, he managed to make some telling points. He reminded his young audience that they were the hope of the future. He challenged them not to wait for the future but to begin now. In a beautiful reversal of the old doctrine: "Build a city of God in place of the city of Man", he exhorted them to build a city of God within the city of Man.

Those who might have heard this as an impossible task had only to look at the fine example of the citizens of Toronto, itself. Rarely has a major urban centre accepted extensive restrictions and limitations with more grace or enthusiasm, outside of times of disaster. Instead, the people of Toronto exhibited a warm welcome, a patient understanding and a generous sharing and involvement. Many members of the LGBT community were certainly involved, in spite of emotional, intellectual and moral differences with Catholic teachings about homo-



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sexuality.

But, for me, the Pope uttered the most telling and understanding statement I have ever heard from any Church leader, "Humanize the world." I felt especially good about that because we lesbians, gays, bisexuals and transgender have been trying to do just that for some time now, although not necessarily or always in the name of Jesus. It is, however, one of the finest distillations of the Gospel message and gave me, for one, great hope for the future.

As a survivor of several Papal audiences, I had to sympathize with those in the general assembly. They didn't have shelter from the elements or from one another. It was catch as catch can in terms of clawing, fighting, elbowing and pushing one's way closer to the barrier and closer to the Pope while attempting to cope with a sea of mud and debris. I remember my first general audience at St. Peter's. I had a reserved seat but was given an awesome warning anyway, "Watch out for the Nuns with umbrellas. To get in front of you, they'll either impale you, castrate you or pin you to the ground." I thought it was a joke until I felt the jab of an umbrella in a place I'd rather not mention here.

One newscast made a point of focusing on the fact that some young people were actually making out while the Pope was speaking. Well, if you were there, you probably couldn't understand a word he was saying anyway and young people, in a loving, close, emotional environment, are bound to want to build deeper bonds of affection among and between themselves. Those interviewed seemed to be disturbed mainly by the fact that the lovers didn't do much to conceal their intimacy. Ironically, and in their own way, I think those young lovers were simply humanizing the world at Downsview.

Discussing the whole experience and the tremendous determination and courage demonstrated by John Paul, a friend observed, "Something has happened. He certainly has changed. I was more impressed than I thought I would be." My response was, "Well, he has faced death often enough to learn some of the tough questions and he has lived long enough to know that there are no easy answers."

In summary, "Popping It" does have its ups and downs, just like the human life John Paul urged all of us to embrace, nurture, share and enjoy. The importance and significance of every individual to this effort is vital to its execution and ultimate success.

That's why my positive self has ultimately overcome my cynical self. I feel that with that kind of encouragement, John Paul II's coming, vision, and conquest had a lot to offer those of us in the Queer Nation too.

Noel Springwood served most of his life as a Roman Catholic Priest. A Voice exclusive.

## GLAD DAY BOOKSHOP: LEGAL BATTLE

### Lesbian and Gay Bookstore charged by Censor Board for selling one video.

By Toshiya Kuwabara

In March 2000, the Ontario Film Review Board (OFRB) had three undercover inspectors visit Canada's first and longest surviving lesbian and gay bookstore. They purchased one gay adult video. Result: bookstore charged for the sale of an "unclassified video." □ Maximum penalties are \$100,000 fine for the bookstore, \$25,000 and/or up to 1 year in prison for the owner. The video was "unclassified" because it had not been reviewed, nor potentially censored by the OFRB - nor had they collected their \$4.20/min. review fee. Not including annual OFRB licensing fees, this makes the average video cost around \$380. For videos meant for non-blockbuster markets being sold by only one bookstore, it could force such videos to be sold for over \$100, while it may be only \$29.99 U.S. south of the border. Since many of these are produced independently or by small companies, they cannot afford to pay the Censor Board's review fee. As a result, the video is never legally sold in the province because no one can afford to do so. Censored by default. "While the OFRB claims to protect the morals of the province's citizens, their main interest is in collecting their fees, for which they can impose - at their discretion - ridiculous penalties if anyone fails to comply. □

### Bookstore launches constitutional challenge against Censor Board.

The judge treats their challenge as frivolous, and rules against them. Bookstore appeals and struggles to survive as its legal fees run in excess of \$67,000.

This is one in a long series of court battles Glad Day Bookshop has fought since 1970. As a small, independent lesbian and gay bookstore, its mission is to provide the widest possible selection of lesbian and gay titles available. It provides a space for the community. It provides a place where we can see ourselves represented in all forms of media: books, videos, magazines, etc. It proves to anyone that we do have a past, a present, and thus a future. This validation of who we are is what helps us

to form a positive identity, making the bookstore a resource for the community.

Some people may think that this battle has been won for the most part. Those of us who are new to all of this may not even be aware of how far we have come. Only 10 years ago, a judge ruled against Glad Day Bookshop in their fight with Canada Customs. The judge referred to depictions of gay male sex as "completely degrading." In the same year, the police raided the bookstore for selling *Bad Attitude*, a lesbian sex magazine made by women for women. Whether or not we agree with any adult publication, there is nothing more powerful and riveting than to see one's own sexuality represented. This is especially true if you've been forced to hear sex-negative and homophobic comments all of your adolescent life.

In a 1987 Canada Customs case, Glad Day Bookshop appealed the seizure of *The Joy of Gay Sex*. It was on Customs' list of "prohibited importations". The judge ruled for the bookstore. As a result, the ruling became part of the reason why Canada Customs no longer bans depictions of anal sex - erotic or not.

There is no present without a past. Glad Day Bookshop, past and present, is an important part of our community. But it can only exist with the support of that community. Now as before, it is fighting for our rights. It is fighting for the right of queer video to be uncensored. It is fighting for OUR right to be uncensored.

The bookstore is accepting donations for its legal defense fund. Donations can be made out to "Frank Addario in Trust", and mailed to the bookstore. The address is:

Glad Day Bookshop  
598A Yonge Street  
Toronto, Ontario M4Y 1Z3  
Attn.: legal defense fund.

*Toshiya Kuwabara is the manager of Glad Day Book Shop.*



## FREEDOM AND REMEMBRANCE

### Frida Kahlo By Mary Ann Moore

When I was in Taos, New Mexico about a year ago, I went window shopping one evening after the shops had closed and spotted some fabric in a store that I just had to go back to when it opened the next day. The fabric I was so excited about was inspired by the paintings and journal of Frida Kahlo. She's the Mexican artist who has fascinated me and many others evidenced by the amount of poems, books, films, plays and works of art about her.

Frida Kahlo's inspiration came from the folklore and ancient peoples of Mexico, the Aztecs, and her comfort from collections of dolls, religious artifacts, shells, mermaids and pottery that became symbols of her personal mythology. She would paint self-portraits in bed, looking in a mirror, when she was ill and in pain, recovering from many operations.

The pain was as a result of childhood polio as well as a bus and streetcar accident in Mexico City in 1925. The two collided with Frida a passenger on the bus along with her boyfriend, Alejandro Gomez Arias. The resulting scene appears surreal as do many of her paintings and if you haven't read anything about her, you would think this is fiction. A hand rail in the bus impaled Frida fracturing her pelvis. She ended up, on the street, nude and covered with gold dust. Another passenger must have been carrying the powdered gold which decorated Frida's severely injured body. She miraculously survived the accident and went through over 30 operations, including having her right leg partially amputated, before she died in 1954.

Rosemary Sullivan who writes of women and their romantic obsessions in *Labyrinth of Desire*, mentions Madonna as having spent millions on buying Frida's paintings. Madonna is described as having multiple sexual personae, "from the cross-dressing dominatrix to the slave of male desire".

Frida too had multiple sexual personae. From a young age, she would cut her hair short and wear men's suits. Especially in the late forties, she accentuated her mustache in her paintings. While in New York at the Alfred Steiglitz Gallery, Frida teased and flirted with his wife, artist Georgia O'Keeffe. Both Frida and Rivera had female lovers when they were married. Perhaps they had affairs with the same women; Frida made a point of becoming friends with her husband's lovers.

On many occasions, Frida would make theatrical entrances wearing a traditional Tehuana costume the most prominent feature of which is the lacy headdress or huipil grande with its ribbons and flowers. As such she was the femme fatale who married muralist

Diego Rivera with whom she was obsessed. He features in many of her paintings as well as the journal she kept for the last ten years of her life.

Both Frida and Diego were attracted to features of their own gender in their mate. Diego liked Frida's boyishness. Frida liked Diego's breasts. She wrote that "if he had disembarked on the island governed by Sappho, he would not have been executed by the female warriors".

Sometimes Frida painted herself as cross-gendered. In others, there are two Fridas such as in the painting called "The Two Fridas", the hearts exposed and joined.

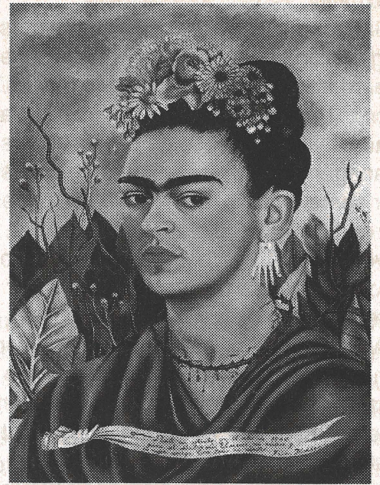
Her biographer, Hayden Herrera, describes her as having a "powerful sexual appetite - both homo - and heterosexual". Friends noted that Frida's most passionate love affair was with herself.

Clarissa Pinkola Estes, a cantadora in the Latina tradition, has written about artfulness not being simple entertainment. "Especially during upheaval, unleashing creative life is sacred duty . . . I have come to not believe but know that the health of the soul depends on a functioning creative life." Frida Kahlo is a fine example of someone who surrendered to her physical pain and the sorrow of loss, transforming that pain into works of creative self-expression.

Last summer, Frida's paintings were included in "Places of Their Own", at the McMichael Gallery in Kleinburg along with those of Emily Carr and Georgia O'Keeffe. The curator, Sharyn Udall of New Mexico, wrote a fascinating book by the same name exploring the artists' landscapes, private spaces, themes, mythology, spirituality and sexuality. Frida Kahlo's work is not often seen outside Mexico so it was a rare treat to see it. The exhibition is presently in Vancouver.

I bought some of the fabric I mentioned and had bags made with it trimmed in lace each containing a journal and a pen. They're available at the Flying Mermaids Studio in Guelph. I was inspired as so many have been by what I have described in a poem I wrote about Frida Kahlo, "the flame in the pain".

Mary Ann Moore is a Guelph writer and founder of Flying Mermaids Writing Circles and Retreats.



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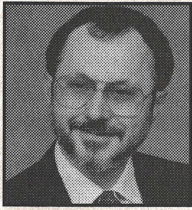
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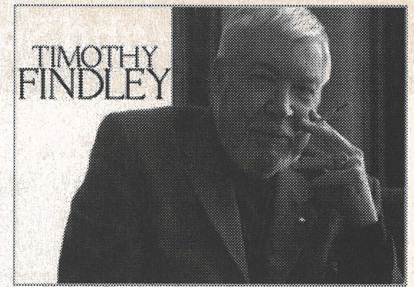
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# TIMOTHY FINDLEY -- A CANADIAN ICON



by Ron Welker



The interview by Linda Richards • photos by David Middleton

The Gage Canadian Dictionary defines "icon" as: "1. a sacred picture or image of Christ, an angel, a saint etc. 2. any picture or image."

In popular culture, the word can imply a larger-than-life individual as we might expect to see on huge movie billboards, with large outdoor murals of political leaders such as Fidel Castro, or in reference to the late Lady Di.

In a country that often looks elsewhere for its heroes, Canadian icons are a rarity. Doubtless the Arts Community has lost such a literary giant with the death of Timothy Findley on June 20th, 2002.

It was a thrill and a privilege for this writer to attend the Findley memorial service at the Festival Theatre in Stratford, Ontario, on July 14th. Never having taken the chance to meet the man at one of his readings, I was still able to attend without the need for a ticket as a member of the general public and as a fellow Canadian gay male. A who's who of well-known Canadians were in attendance that day -- including

Governor General Adrienne Clarkson, John Raulston Saul, novelist Jane Urquhart, artist Tony Urquhart, and a wealth of actors, writers, and directors.

The depth of Findley's work was very much in evidence as Martha Henry read from *THE WARS*, and Brent Carver accompanied Diane D'Aquila in a scene from *ELIZABETH REX*.

**TIMOTHY IRVING FREDERICK FINDLEY** -- "TIFF" to almost all who knew him -- was born in Toronto on October 30th, 1930.

As we celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the Stratford Festival, we can recall that in 1953, the man was a member of the Stratford Festival's inaugural acting company, playing Catesby in *ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL*. A graduate of the Central School of Speech and Drama in London, England in 1954, he went on to plays in the West End, on Broadway, and in Moscow.

Like a turbulent storm that mirrors the emo-

tions of a couple during a frenzied, orgiastic love affair, the transition from actor to writer was not an easy one. There was a dark period of bitterness and pessimism. No doubt there is more alcoholism in the GLBT community than there is in the general population and --true to tradition-- alcohol played a large part in Findley's life. Fortunately, he was able to say that after he met his partner, William Whitehead, there were reasons to make sobriety worth striving for.

"Tiff" was briefly married to Janet Reid, a Winnipeg actor, in 1958. Despite his acknowledged homosexuality, they were the best of friends and they thought the marriage could somehow work. It didn't. He and Janet remained friends but he was devastated by a courtroom judge who was able to tell him in public and without impunity that as a homosexual, Findley was "not a man."

During this period, "Tiff" would wake up in hotel rooms without knowing how he got there. His dark visions, doubts, and insecurities were only somewhat alleviated by his desperate calls to friends in the middle of the night. But the world is richer because he continued the "therapy" of writing novels and scripts for plays as he cast out his 'demons'.

He finally met then actor and producer Bill Whitehead in 1962. The story is now famous that when Bill first invited "Tiff" over to his small apartment the following year, there was only enough money left to buy beer or food, but not both. Bill chose the former because he had heard stories of "Tiff's" enjoyment of drinking. Findley arrived and told him that his medication prevented any alcohol consumption and he was hungry for food! To make matters worse, Findley was starring in a televised play that was airing that night and there was no television in the apartment.

Despite all these obstacles to the continuing of the relationship, Findley stayed for the night and they never looked back. As Bill gently reminded the visitors at the memo-

rial service, "For just over 40 years, I would tease him. Tiffy, isn't it time you go home?"

William Hutt affirmed that Findley and Whitehead had a special relationship. "Most heterosexual marriages should be so lucky." For Jane Urquhart they had "the longest marriage that I know of with the exception of my parents."

On July 14th, Timothy Findley was supposed to have presented a "Table Talk" at the Stratford Theatre as part of the Celebrated Writers Series. It would have been a highlight of their 50th Anniversary Reunion weekend. Who could have known when plans were being made for this historic 50th Anniversary Season that so many of his old colleagues, peers, and friends would indeed be in Stratford for Reunion Weekend celebrating the erection of the tent theatre but also bidding Findley a final adieu.

*Another memorial service will be held on Sunday 29th September at 7:30 p.m. in the University of Toronto's Convocation Hall.*

## TIMOTHY FINDLEY'S NOVELS:

The Last of the Crazy People, 1967  
The Butterfly Plague, 1969  
The Wars, 1977  
Famous Last Words, 1981  
Not Wanted on the Voyage, 1986  
The Telling of Lies, 1986  
Headhunter, 1993  
The Piano Man's Daughter, 1995

Pilgrim, 1999

Spadework, 2001

## SHORT STORIES:

Dinner Along the Amazon;  
Introduction, 1984  
Stones, 1988

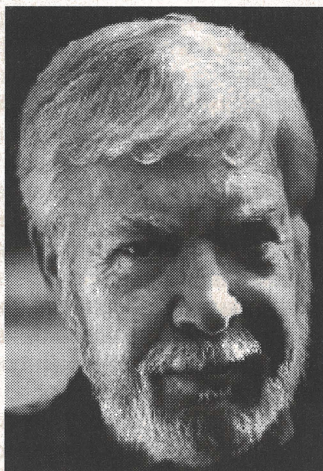
## PLAYS:

Can you See me Yet?, 1977  
The Stillborn Lover, 1993  
Elizabeth Rex, 2000  
The Trials of Ezra Pound, 2001  
Shadows, 2002

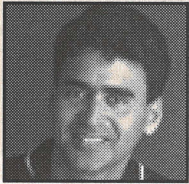
## NON-FICTION:

Inside Memory: Pages from a Writer's Workbook, 1990

*Ron Welker is a resident of Kitchener-Waterloo, former Director on the local Pride Committee and a very active community member. A Voice Exclusive.*



# Open Wide and Say "AAHH"



By Michael Alvear

If you haven't suffered through the most embarrassing medical condition on earth, odds are you will. Up to 75% of us will get it, according to the Mayo Clinic.

The first rule of real estate location explains the eye-widening, mouth-puckering shame associated with hemorrhoids. Everyone has them. Three to be exact. When they act up, they become a mass of swollen veins in the lining of the anus and rectum. There are internal and external hemorrhoids. You don't want to know much more than that.

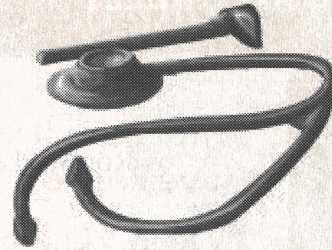
Men are especially prone to late-stage surgery for hemorrhoids because a) We're stupid and b) We believe that hemorrhoids are a sign of rampant anal sex and we don't want to out ourselves to straight doctors.

I'm right on point A; wrong on point B. "Hemorrhoids aren't caused by bottoming," my doctor scoffed. "They're caused by pushing too hard when you're on the toilet trying to have a bowel movement."

He pointed to the special "head down, buttocks table" and asked me to assume the position. When I heard the urethane glove snap on his hands I thought to myself, "Why couldn't I have Attention Deficit Disorder like everyone else?"

He wheels out an anoscope and sticks in what looks like a dildo with lights. "Third degree hemorrhoids," he announced. "You need a specialist, probably surgery."

When I arrived at the specialist, I blanched at the sign on the door "Colon and Rectal Surgery." There are no grand entrances through



a door like that. One doesn't walk in as much as slink in. There were 8 or 9 people waiting, carefully avoiding eye contact and shifting painfully in their seats.

When I was finally ushered into the exam room I almost fainted when I saw what looked to be a two-foot dildo with a gun-like trigger and an open vial of KY jelly.

It was a sigmoidoscope. It's inserted into your anus all the way up to your colon. Air is introduced into the scope to aid in viewing. This is the only field of work where pumping air up your ass isn't considered a public relations ploy.

Mercifully, the doctor didn't use the contraption, saving it presumably, for the patients who complained too much about the long wait in the lobby. As I bent over the "bottoms up" table, the doctor spread my cheeks apart as far as he could, giving his lovely blonde assistant an unobstructed view of what I used to think of as a private part. I longed for a shot of dignity the way a diabetic longs for a shot of insulin.

I scheduled the surgery within a few days. It didn't require an overnight stay but it did require anesthesia. Thank God. Who in their right mind wants to stay awake for that?

Three days after my surgery, I sneezed. I thought my sphincter had flown out of my ass. The good thing about a hemorrhoidectomy is that you don't really need pain killers after the surgery: the mortification masks most of it.

My straight surgeon laughed at the idea that gay men are more prone to hemorrhoids. He doesn't blame anal sex for hemorrhoids; he blames magazines. "The bathroom isn't a library," he said. "Go in, if nothing comes out, get out."

Words to live by.

My surgery could have been avoided if I had been properly schooled in the toilet arts. Never hold your breath when you're on the bowl. It means you're trying too hard. Breathe. Don't effort. Don't strain. Be at one with the bowl. There is no place for struggle in the art of the Zen dump.

My surgeon has seen it all. Removed it all, too. Hemorrhoids aren't the only things he's taken out of anal canals. Eggplants, candles, shampoo bottles, even a perfume decanter. "We have a little museum of artifacts," he said of the things he's pulled out of people's asses.

The record goes to a man who got a dildo stuck in his rectum. He said you could tell by the way the man walked it was still vibrating inside him. They had to shut it off before they could pull it out of him in surgery. I didn't ask how they did it. I didn't want to know.

There's a 1 in 200 chance that my hemorrhoids will come back after surgery. I've taken the magazine rack out of bathroom, I'm drinking a gallon of water a day and I'm eating enough fiber to cement the government's food pyramid to the floor. Nothing motivates better than mortification. Except maybe the threat of a generously lubricated, air-shooting, gun-triggered colon-crushing rectal projectile.

Michael Alvear lives with Zoey & Zack, his lesbian Labrador and girlie-boy Vizsla. He can be reached at: [redacted]@attbi.com. This article was submitted to The Voice by Michael Alvear.

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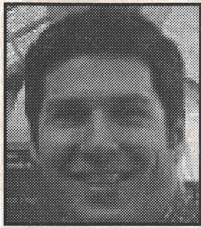
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## What does it take to have Peace of Mind?

By Jeffrey Chernin, Ph.D.

It's never been easy to achieve peace of mind. Now, with threats of terrorism, war, and global warming, peace of mind may seem more elusive than ever. But it doesn't have to be that way. The first place to start is the serenity prayer. After the serenity prayer, I next offer several other ways to help you gain peace of mind.

"Grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change." It is important to accept what is. Some parents abuse their children. Some people get addicted to drugs. As much as we'd like to think we can change others, there is a sense of peace that comes with accepting our limitations. That's not to say that we shouldn't try to have a positive impact on others, which leads to the second part of the serenity prayer.

"The courage to change the things I can." The things that are most easy to change are within ourselves, and even those can be hard. Think about all the people who wish to lose weight, be more assertive, or quit smoking. It takes courage to recognize that you have a problem and to do something about it.

As far as changing others, that's more difficult. That isn't to say that we shouldn't try. For example, a few courageous people started the gay rights movement, and that has changed society. If you want to stop global warming or want to put an end to domestic violence, there are things you can do. You can make a difference, but it also takes courage to live with the slow pace of change.

"And the wisdom to know the difference." To help others, the best frame of mind to do it in is when you have some equanimity. I have counseled people who have tried to rescue people, but their own lives were in turmoil. They tried to fix other people but ended up not helping the other person and being harmed themselves. If you are a rescuer, channel that urge from helping "wounded birds" to people who are coming to you for help by volunteering your time at an existing organization.

Another aspect of achieving peace of mind is to try to find balance in your life. Moderation can work wonders, and recognize that too much of anything can be harmful. You can even be too rich and too thin. Studies have shown that executives who made more than \$80,000 per year (this was ten years ago, so let's say \$100,000 with inflation) had a shortened life expectancy due to heart attacks, strokes, and suicide. In another study, when elderly people were asked what the most important form of comfort was in old age, they

overwhelmingly agreed that a group of friends is far more important than money.

Speaking of friends, part of attaining peace of mind is having people to go to for your troubles and to celebrate your triumphs. A good group of friends is helpful, but one or two close friends to confide in is sufficient. It is important, however, to not let support go one way. If you have friends that take but don't give, you'll end up feeling drained. On the other hand, if you take more than you give, supporting others can help you attain peace of mind.

Not only does it help your friendships to keep going, it can take your mind off of your own problems. So, give of yourself to your friends.

You can't always be engaged in relationships, however. Part of achieving peace of mind is solitude. And that means learning to enjoy, or at least be OK with, being alone. Everyone needs time to recharge. More importantly, learning to accept being alone means becoming comfortable in your own skin.

So, let's say you're happy with the balance between being with people and being alone. Is there a third state? Yes -- to take breaks from reality. There are many ways to escape; reading a book, taking a walk, doing yoga, or seeing a movie, to name a few. Unfortunately, some people in the LGBT community opt for drinking and drugging to escape. But it's an expensive way in terms of self-harm and possible addiction.

But people can not only become addicted to substances. There's another type of "addiction" that blocks people from attaining peace of mind, which is being addicted to wanting more and more. If you need something else to be happy, you will never have enough. Attaining peace of mind is, as the author Miller put it so well, to learn to want what you have.

To sum it up, you can achieve a greater sense of peace of mind by accepting what is, changing what you can in order to better yourself and others, and understand the difference between the two. Also, it helps to find a sense of balance, have good friends, give and receive, be OK with being alone, and appreciate what you have.

Jeffrey Chernin, Ph.D. is an author and psychotherapist in Los Angeles. He can be reached at [redacted]@AOL.com. This article was submitted to The Voice by Jeffrey Chernin.



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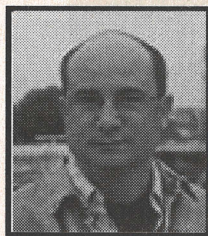
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# MY MAN



## A Short Story

By Richard D'Ambrosia



There is a loud, slow scream coming from within me. It starts out low and grows louder and louder until I can no longer ignore the desperation of the sound. Moans. Pitiful sobbing moans that build into hysteria. It's there when I pull the comforter up over my head knowing I will lay motionless on that lonely mattress for what will seem like hours until I finally fall into a less than dreamless sleep. It's there when I pull myself out of bed and move across the room with a hazy head. And as always, in these moments and all the moments in between, he comes into my mind and stirs up images of symbiotic memories.

Once the snow was crisp and crushed as my shoes laid tracks through the deserted sidewalk on my way to the R train. It seemed like the whole city had called in dead that morning and I was the only one to brave the elements. I crisscrossed from the street to the stripped down facades of the row of bleak tenements lining 49th Street, weaving a frivolous pattern in the snow. I was drunk without touching as much as a strong cup of coffee with skim milk and two rounded spoonfuls of white sugar. But still, I was drunk or at least felt that way. Not sloppy or dizzy drunk but intoxicated to the point of being giddy. Even a taxi, sloshing through a mass of icy water that soaked my pant legs had little more than a slight effect over my schoolboy lightheadedness. The station platform was surprisingly packed with long, drawn-out faces. Eyes without emotion stared into the New York Times and the Post. A young man in a tight black leather jacket, which was unzipped, leaned against the tile wall. Both his thumbs hooked through his belt loops. His pelvis pushed out. He eyed me with that look. I turned away and walked further down the platform and sat, sipping coffee, on a wooden waiting until the train came. Perhaps on any other day I would have flirted with him. Not the way one flirts in the after hours clubs or even in the park on Saturday afternoons, but in an early morning, this couldn't possibly go anywhere, anyway. Nonetheless, I was on my own, isolated, though thoroughly silver-lined, cloud.

As soon as the train shrieked to a stop on 8th Street I ran up the stairs taking two, even

three, at a time. I bounded through snow that was ankle deep and on down Broadway and over to Aster Place where, standing alone under the huge black square that I suppose passed for some sort of modern art what-cha-ma-call-it, was the reason for my unfamiliar mirth. His hands were tucked deeply into his pockets and I saw the outline of his knuckles through the wool fabric. He shivered a bit and his whole body shook but, as our eyes suddenly met, his demeanor suddenly changed and that sexy smile appeared on his face. We stood there for a second that seemed like minutes and he grabbed me by my shoulder and led me toward the West Village. We stopped for a bite to eat and went back to his place where we made love the whole afternoon.

Such was a day so perfect, so white with contentment that it became the foundation for the eight years that followed. In those years we fought and loved and celebrated birthdays and anniversaries. I lost my hair and his began to turn gray. We bought a new living room set. He wanted red, so we bought red. I sat in the study for hours and wrote while he listened to operas and symphonies so loud that the neighbors knocked on the walls. Once when someone asked me how I could stand it I told him, "At least I knew where my man was".

How funny. Up until this point exactly 666 words have gone down onto this piece of paper. I did not plan for it to be that way. I always heard 666 was an unlucky number and it is here that luck has run out.

I would have never remembered that particular morning from any of the others before it. He came back into the bedroom and whacked my behind with his hand. He asked me if I was going to stay in bed all day and I grunted. He kissed me good-bye, as he always did. He never entered or left the apartment without kissing me hello and good-bye. I looked up and saw his tie was crooked. I straightened it out and crawled out of bed and walked him to the door. I watched him walk down the hallway and then went into the kitchen and poured a cup of coffee. He always made coffee in the morning. I switched the television on and went back to the kitchen and started wash-

ing last night's supper dishes. He had made flank steak for dinner. Both of us ate our meat medium-rare, on the rare side. He knew I loved whipped potatoes, not mashed, so he had whipped them and placed hunks of butter in the center. I ate most of the broccoli, he finished his off. Silly, the things one remembers.

I just finished stacking the dishes in the rack and was about to go make the bed when a special bulletin flashed across the television screen.

I immediately thought that he might have been late for work that day. The subways often run late. They break down and stall all the time. I thought he might have still been in the elevator or had decided to come home and surprise me. And then a second news report came on and said the second tower had been hit and I thought as I watched all those images that he was in the crowd rushing out of there. I stared at the television set and every man with slightly graying hair might have been, could have been, should have been him. And then the phone started ringing and people asked me if I'd heard from him and I said no, I hadn't. The doorbell rang and it was a friend who had heard and rushed right over. We sat there and watched and watched that television screen go from the unfathomable to the incomprehensible and still I said, I said aloud, I said that he'll be walking through the door any second covered with dust and debris. He'll be walking through the door any second now, you'll see. And when the sun went down I saw the dark skyline looming outside my window. I felt hollow. The only lights came from dark green choppers against a black sky and the only sounds were from eardrum piercing sirens and I sat on that red sofa with the matching loveseat and waited.

*"From the heart of Hell's Kitchen in the heart of his beloved New York City, Richard D'Ambrosia tells stories about memorable characters, times and events that help define the vitality and resilience of that remarkable community."*

# 9/11 Embrace uncertainty and kindness



## Angst and the search for meaning

By Lyn McGinnis

The tragic events of September 11, 2001, have inspired a great deal of philosophical discussion. How, in a universe where we can find love and beauty can such extreme hatred and malice exist? For those believing we are watched over by a beneficent force, and that our destiny is in part shaped by our good actions, this has been an especially troubling time.

No doubt many held such beliefs as they began their typical weekday morning in New York's World Trade Centre September 11. Fresh back from vacations and filled with agendas for upcoming meetings and reports due, it is likely very few even saw the plane's rapid approach.

It is remotely possible in the seconds before it hit, a handful might have seen the hijackers' faces in the cockpit looking in. Both would have been screaming - in the office saying "OH MY GOD," in the plane cockpit "GOD IS GREAT."

Existential philosophers in the last century took the word "angst," which originally just meant feeling guilty or remorseful, and gave it a larger meaning - the realization that life is absurd and meaningless. The above image is one of the most compelling contemporary illustrations of this absurdity. Most seeing the images of what happened that day experienced at least a moment of such existential angst and many still do.

As with the Nazi holocaust in the last century, no guardian angels fluttered to the rescue. There were no astrological warnings or mystical signs. In Central Park the birds kept singing and late summer flowers blooming. As most recall it was a beautiful, cloudless September morning. It didn't matter what idea system those office workers and plane passengers held. No doubt these casualties represented a wide cross section of humanity, all equally "startled by death." Throughout history, humanity has struggled to find meaning and purpose to existence. We have always asked who we are, why we are here and what is our place in the universe. The endless variety of answers to



these questions gives us an appreciation of the insight and imagination of early peoples. It also suggests the questions are never truly answered.

Some of these ancient ideas have stood the test of time and provide useful models for ethical living. Others are hopelessly out of date, given current understandings of psychology and other disciplines. We are a few tiny steps further along to understanding our own mental complexity. In our lifetimes we are learning more and more about how brain chemistry and genetic legacy forms so much of our reality.

Unlike established belief systems grounded in ancient contexts, our current understandings of the vastness of existence beyond ourselves, both at the unimaginably small and the unimaginably vast levels, are constantly revised and modified. In our expanding comprehension of ourselves, and the universe we are a tiny part of, there is no certainty, only ongoing exploration.

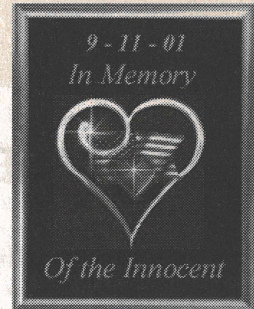
How does all of this assist us in daily living and dealing with change and loss? It doesn't. While there are more names to apply and causes to understand how some bad things happen, we are no closer to knowing why. None of this helps when confronted by extraordinary tragedy, on an individual or collective scale. In the case of 9/11, the absurdity of being trapped, either on one of those planes or office towers that fateful morning, tears away our fabric of comfortable security. At any moment we too could be "startled by death" or many other lesser calamities.

Perhaps the single most frightening aspect of that event was the certainty of the hijackers. While it didn't matter what belief system the victims held, including many Muslims, the particular beliefs of the hijackers determined the day's events. The problem is they "knew" the answers to their questions and had no doubts. Stripping away the political and historical context, as important as that is, the truth is the casualties of 9/11 and what has followed are victims of what could be called "toxic certainty." Such cer-

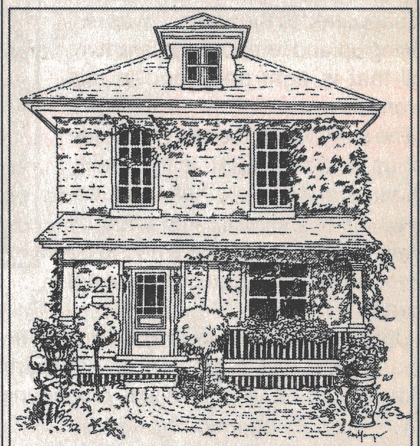
tainty, being the opposite of existential angst, gives those who possess it a clarity and comfort unknown to the rest of us. While there may be harmless varieties, history is full of examples of how certainty breeds intolerance and ultimately violence.

If there is one thing we can bring away from this terrible event it is to remain open to new ideas that challenge our comfortable assumptions. We can also remember in the face of the daily angst of life, to be kind to each other.

Lyn McGinnis, of Waterloo, is a writer, web and graphic designer of BlueStarWeb Design, Voice Assistant Editor and ad graphics designer. A Voice Exclusive.



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# REMEMBER 911



## THE LGBT REALITY OF 911

By A.J. Mahari



(RE PHOTO)

Remembering 9/11 and writing about it in the media are not necessarily the same thing. It is, no doubt, a day that most will give some thought to. Many wonder though how to tell the difference between media reflecting the remembering of the masses and media exploiting the survivors and the memory of all who died that day.

In defense of media, the argument must be made that how journalists reflect speaks often to what is on their reader's minds. There can be nothing sensational in attempting to respectfully remember 9/11. It is through the words that we share that we seek to honour as well as inform.

Only those who were directly affected by 9/11 can truly understand the heartache that shadows each and every memory they have. The events of September 11th, 2001, didn't just happen to the people who were killed and to those they left behind, in some measured way, that tragedy happened to all of us. It happened to the world. It was evil rising up and temporarily defeating all that is right and good in this world.

The story within the story for those of us who are LGBT is the reality of what our gay brothers and lesbian sisters, directly impacted by the tragedy of 9/11, have had to go through that other families have not had to endure.

Unquestionably, loss is loss. However, for those who lost a lesbian or gay partner (loved one) on 9/11, loss was compounded by prejudice and inequity.

Many funds have been established for the surviving loved ones of those who lost their lives in the 9/11 terrorist attack. However, in most, if not all cases (with the exception of the LGBT funds that are, in many instances, still being organized) lesbian and gay partners have been left out.

Some who have tried to make their loss known to these funds have received letters back, in response to their inquiries, stating that while people are very sorry they do not give benefits to "friends." Imagine the insult to injury that such a response would entail.

It should also be acknowledged that there are other glaring inequities in the entire system of funds that have been set up to help the victim's families. Those surviving partners of high-income earners are, in most cases, collecting a tremendous amount more than those who were lower income earners. To a degree this makes sense. However, clearly, many believe that it is the lower income earner's families who are in the most financial need and have been since the tragedy.

Even with this inequity, generally, there is



a greater disservice being done to those who are lesbian and gay.

The reality of 9/11 for those who are lesbian and gay is that they are absolutely not seen as and/or have not been treated as equal.

What the United States Federal Government has done is thrown the onus to make the decision as to who is awarded money or not to the individual State Governments. They felt it was too hard to figure out what the criteria would be to assess who is and who isn't to be considered a couple. Seemingly more concerned with their own fear of lawsuits, than their responsibility to represent their country's citizens in a fair and equal way, the U.S. Government, in effect

said that "any state that considers you a partner, you're covered, and any state that doesn't, you aren't covered." explained John Aravosis, a political consultant and freelance journalist in Washington, D.C.

He went on to say, "Pretty much what the problem is, is that no state, in terms of what they are saying, covers us [lesbians and gays]."

"What's troubling is that the administration in its office took a very cute route for solving this problem. They said, 'we're going to treat everybody equally by looking at state law.' The cute part of throwing it to the state level is that, in state law, we all know, we don't exist."

Aravosis then added, "It's a total cop out. But it's a very cute legal cop out. On the face of it they can accurately, more or less, say they are treating everyone equally. It's the old, we'll treat everyone *equally* but, because they are not equal, there is really no equal treatment. It reminds of me of the Christian Right when they say, [to a lesbian for example] 'you can get married, just marry a guy. Of course you can get married under the law, we all have the same rights, we all have the right to get married, just marry the opposite gender.'"

There hasn't been very much over-all press coverage of the issues that have befallen lesbians and gay men whose partners were killed. Moreover, if anything, it seems that the media has tried to downplay the role of gays in the day itself, as it unfolded. Mark Bingham comes to mind, the young gay man credited with leading the charge to take back the plane on flight 93. There have been rumours on web sites and printed in U.S. press that claim that plane was shot down by the U.S. military. Claims that were never made initially. It's as if people would rather believe their government shot down a passenger jet then credit a gay man for his heroism.

The LGBT reality of 9/11 is one of insult added to injury and one of injustice. It is an altogether not well-told story of the pain of

isolation and oppression.

Michelangelo Signorile, columnist and author of a few books, namely one called, "Outing Yourself", lives just five miles from the World Trade Centre site. Initially he was home on that fateful day. "My partner had gone to vote and he called me to tell me that there was a lot of talk about a plane hitting the World Trade Centre. At first, I didn't think it was anything but a small plane hitting the building, an accident. But, as I stood there looking at the buildings from my apartment, I saw the second plane hit, and saw it was a jet. It really was a wake up call on so many different levels."

According to Signorile there isn't too much concern in New York about further violence on the anniversary of this tragedy. He said that New Yorker's pretty much live on the edge as it is and so they

tend to take this stuff in stride. He also expressed that a lot of his friends have mentioned that they'd like to get out of the city for the anniversary of 9/11, but, not out of any safety concerns, just because of all the tourists, and memorials and other public recognition of that day. "It gets to the point where you just don't want it on your mind or to talk about it all the time," he said.

When discussing the recent CNN al-Qaeda tapes, even though he's a staunch, living-on-the-edge New Yorker, Signorile said, "It is scary. I think we have to think of all the geo-political factors that go into it and I do think that too many Americans are not educated on the issues and don't really care, and aren't aware of how we [Americans] are thought of around the world and why we are thought of the way we are."

He pointed out that he gets a lot of email from Canadians who read his column and who are on his email list and they often comment about how they feel the rest of the media is not seeing things the way the rest of the world tends to. "This makes me realize that they are obviously seeing something from the outside that is difficult for us to see from the inside."

Ironic isn't it? The U.S. Government can't seem to understand lesbians and gays any better than the average American citizen understands the reality that the world indeed has a much different view of the United States and a view that is not often reported in American Media.

It basically boils down to this, whether one agrees or disagrees with U.S foreign policy, whether one agrees or disagrees that gays deserve equal rights, 9/11 was a tragedy of far-reaching proportion. The fact that the

powers that be couldn't step up to the plate and deliver fair, equitable relief and compensation to all its citizens is another form of 'evil' albeit a much more insidious type of hate than that of 9/11.

No matter how many wrongs get stacked up in response to 9/11, they will never amount to a right -- not one single right.

One would think that the government of the 'most powerful nation on earth' having failed to keep its citizens safe in their everyday lives would at the very least offer equal compensation or remedy to everyone and not just those that the Christian Right (big funders or the Republican Party) agree deserve the status of "partners" or "family".

The LGBT reality of 9/11 is one that will live on. It is one that merely mirrors the state of over-all lesbian and gay life in the United States. For those

who think that the times have totally changed, think again. To those who were told, in some cases after fifteen, eighteen, twenty or more years with their partners that their relationships were, at best, the equivalent of friendships what can one say? That is a heart-wrenching injustice. It simply should not ever happen to anyone about anything for any reason.

The LGBT reality of 9/11 is one of oppression. Politicians in the United States, as in Canada, are still (many of them) afraid to do the right thing for lesbians and gays out of fear of what there "religious" constituents will think. Where's the equality in that?

9/11 was for our gay brothers and sisters another case of being tossed aside. There are legal challenges under way. However, it appears that while those who are being represented in those legal challenges stand to gain what they should have been offered in the first place, the same cannot be said for all lesbians and gays who lost someone on 9/11. Another injus-



tice.

Things like this remind us that truly, what good is it if one or two get what all should get to the exclusion of the others? This is another example of inequity.

It is times like 9/11 and its aftermath that we as lesbians and gays can see just where it is that we do stand in the grand scheme of things. Sure, things likely are better for us here in Canada, but, that doesn't mean that we have by any means yet achieved equality. There is, as always, a long road to travel still and we must never lose sight of that reality. A reality that is a lesson for all of us that stems from this tragedy.

Looking back it's hard to believe that all of that senseless, hate-filled and calculated destruction took place a year ago. In some ways it seems still like yesterday. In other ways it's still hard to remember at times it wasn't just a horrible movie.

The LGBT reality of 9/11 is loss compounded by the inequity of prejudiced oppression and the reality that no matter how green the grass might seem to be in the LGBT yard, when it comes to the legalities of the politics of society the grass is still greener on the straight side of the fence.

A.J. Mahari, of Kitchener, is editor of *The Voice* and a freelance writer. A *Voice Exclusive*.

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### Drug Resistance Growing

By Paul Schindler

#### *Studies show clear rise in HIV out-smarting therapies among the newly infected*

Two studies published in leading medical journals in July and August indicate that between 12.4 and 27 percent of mostly gay and bisexual men in major North American cities newly infected with HIV have a strain of the virus that is resistant to at least one of the antiretroviral drugs used for treatment.

The higher figure in that range came from a study of new infections documented in San Francisco, and even in the broader study there was clear evidence that resistance is becoming more common.

The issue of drug resistance has been a part of the AIDS landscape since the late '80s when AZT became the first major drug used to address the immune suppression brought on by HIV. As with other viruses, HIV has proved itself adept at responding to therapies by mutating in ways to evade their effects. Though many people living with AIDS have experienced remarkable therapeutic benefits, particularly since combination therapies became widely available about 1996, others, especially those who began taken treatments in the earliest years of their availability, have struggled as their illness became saddled with increased drug resistance.

In recent years, a growing concern among AIDS clinicians has been the transmission of drug-resistant HIV in new infections. People infected with drug-resistant strains of HIV theoretically have fewer treatment options, and scientists now agree that this it is best for new patients to be tested upfront to determine what resistance they might have before beginning treatment.

A group of researchers at the University of California at San Diego studied a group of 377 newly infected people, most of them non-Latino white men living in ten U.S. and Canadian cities, between 1995 and 2000. The major risk factor for most of the men was sex with other men. The results of the UCSD study were reported in the August 8 issue of the New England Journal of Medicine.

Researchers found a steady rise in the frequency of newly infected men showing resistance to HIV drugs. For the period from '95 to '98, 3.4 percent of the newly infected showed a high level of resistance to at least

one HIV drug, while 1.1 percent showed such resistance to more than one drug. By years, '99 to 2000, the percentage of those strongly resistant to at least one drug nearly quadrupled, to 12.4 percent. Half of those, or 6.2 percent of the total, showed strong resistance to more than one therapy.

The cities studied by the UCSD team included New York, Los Angeles, Dallas, Montreal, and Seattle, among others, but not San Francisco. A different study, conducted out of the University of California at San Francisco and reported in the July 10 issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association, painted a more serious situation. Among those newly infected in San Francisco, 27 percent showed strong resistance to a least one AIDS drug.

Scientists, doctors, and advocates working on AIDS have long viewed the issue of drug resistance with dread, and news of increasing transmission of drug-resistant HIV is particularly unwelcome, especially in light of clear evidence that unsafe sex practices are becoming more widespread among gay and bi men. In light of those concerns, the New England Journal of Medicine took pains to put the new data in context.

An editorial accompanying the UCSD study, written by Massachusetts General's Dr. Martin Hirsch, who has done research on HIV drug resistance for years, termed the findings "cause for concern but not alarm." Hirsch noted that viral suppression was achieved in all but one of the patients under study within 24 months. In other words, even those with multi-drug resistance were finding some effective treatment.

For Hirsch, this fact emphasizes the need to expand the pipeline of new antiretroviral drugs, both agents within the existing classes of reverse-transcriptase inhibitors and protease inhibitors and others that attack HIV at different stages in the replication cycle.

Hirsch also noted that in looking at drug resistance studies worldwide, it is clear that resistance is growing faster where therapeutic access is more limited and individual patients face greater obstacles to treatment adherence.

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# DYKE RANT: What Is a Lesbian?

By Hilary Albertson

I don't fancy myself much of a writer, really. I just had to respond to the "Lesbian Lives" article in the August issue of The Voice.

I am fuming mad.

The person in that story, if I read it right, claims to be a lesbian. A lesbian with a penis. What next?

I am a single, 54 year old lesbian, you know, a real dyke. A feminist, a dyke, a born and raised woman with the right plumbing. Don't talk to me about what a lesbian is. A lesbian is a woman attracted sexually to women.

Being politically correct is making fools out of all of us. I have had two up close and personal experiences with this kind of thing. It really is getting so that a woman can't be sure the woman that she thinks she may like to get to know is really a woman. I know, whatever the hell that really is, right? Wrong! A woman is a woman. Women have certain plumbing. Don't we all find this out when we are 3 years old or so and we go out the back of the sandlot and compare. Right then and there things should be clear.

What is all this "gender is fluid" stuff. (Something else I read in an issue of this magazine.) There are two genders: male, they have the penis, and female, we have the pussy -- meow!

What's complicated about that? Shouldn't be anything. Least that's the impression I lived with for some 50 years or so until I got hood-winked that is.

I dated a 'woman'. Turns out the woman was a 'man'. I say 'she' was a 'he'. I hear to this day, 'he' maintains 'he' is a 'she'. Got a headache yet? When we were just about to explore what I thought would be the wonderful world of lesbian love my libido took a very sharp left hand turn. YIKES! CHRIST! I almost puked. I had no warning. I had no idea. I just rolled over to this thing right there in my face. Nice eh? That's not a lesbian in my book. Not at all!

Would it have been different if I had some kind of warning? Hell yes! I would have gotten lost way before the clothes came off. I can tell you that. Talk about nerve. There's really no confusion here. No big controversy. In my humble opinion, if someone has a dick, then 'they' ain't a lesbian.

I don't even want to speculate or read about the speculation of others as to what this scenario may unfold for some. For me, it's just so simple. It is black and white. Sorry, it is about plumbing.

Speaking about plumbing, an easy and obvious example of my point -- if you need

a sink you don't buy a toilet bowl now do you?

I wonder to this day how an old dyke like myself could have ended up hood-winked twice.

Twice, not once. Or dare I start to wonder if I've been hood-winked other times, say, while sharing a dance with someone I believed to be a woman who just may have had a wiggling worm under there? I shudder to think. I don't even want to go there.

Do I have politically correct sucker stamped to my old wrinkling forehead? I don't think so.

I long for the days when a lesbian was a lesbian. In my neck of the woods we knew what that meant. In my generation we damn sure knew what that meant. So, what's the problem now then? Why, now, is it that all these lines are being pushed? Why is it that we are supposed to be okay with this?

I am NOT okay with this. I am surprised I am able to express this here but delighted just the same. Someone has to come out and say what I know other lesbians must be feeling. I can't be the only one who just wants to go back to the simple times. The times when all we had to worry about was the reactions of friends and families and the row-

dies in the local hick-country bar kinda deal.

I want a real woman, plain and simple. Do I have to get a pin that says this and explains it so that if I go out to a gay bar only real honest-to-God women, no dicks please, will offer the opportunity to light my fire?

I just had to say this. I am now afraid to date. Unlike Superman I don't have x-ray vision. I can't know what's in the pants of a 'woman' til I get there. Is there not some code of conduct that would at least make it so that these 'women' with dicks would be up front about that? I for one need to be spared the walk of the cock. I don't want to have to practically bump into a penis to find out that I am once again being cheated.

Are there any real women left out there? Not that I can't understand the desire to be a woman. I can. There I sympathize. After all, women are where it's at. We got it goin' on. Hail the pussy. If you've got it flaunt it. If you don't please don't try to pass yourself off as a woman.

What is a lesbian? Many, many things. But a lesbian is not someone - anyone, with a penis. No way - no how!

*Hilary Albertson is a tough old dyke living in Windsor and proud to be what she considers a real woman and a real lesbian. A Voice Exclusive.*

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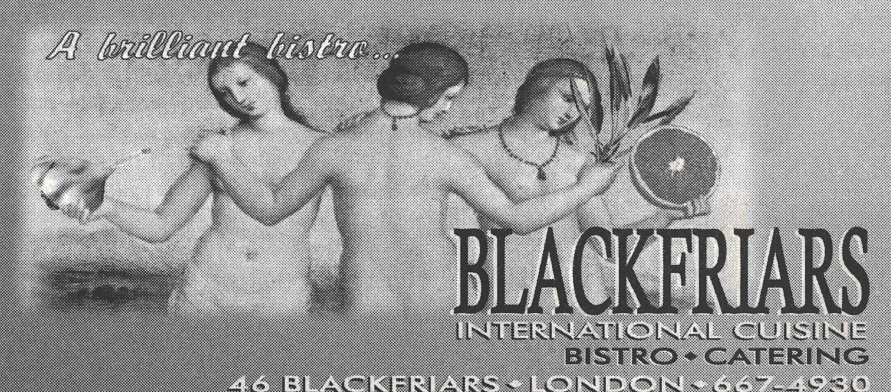
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# Need Wood? Woody's Gay Sex Advice

## Introducing Woody Miller

### Medically Accurate & Politically Incorrect

Need Wood is a new monthly column being featured in The Voice marrying medical facts with politically incorrect opinion and son-of-a-bitch humor. It angers, educates and entertains, all at the same time. This isn't a warm, compassionate, we're-all-in-this-thing-together kind of sex advice column. "It ain't Chicken Soup for The Cock."

#### Peep-hole Advice

One reason for Wood's success is that the questions are real and they reveal, in a compelling way, the worries and anxieties that gay men experience about sex. In fact, the questions are often more fascinating than the answers. There is a voyeuristic quality to Wood that makes it a must-read.

#### A Scientifically Factual S.O.B.

Few people are used to reading medical facts encased in sarcasm, insult and humor. If it's medically accurate it can't be funny, right? If it's sarcastic, it can't be factually correct, right?

Wrong. Wood relies on a medical advisory panel consisting of board-certified MDs, urologists and psychologists with large gay practices.

On matters of common sense, the author keeps his own counsel.

Yes, you'll get all your burning and why-is-it-burning questions answered, but it's going to come from a son-of-a-bitch with a breathtaking gift for the gratuitous insult.

In the column you'll find medical answers to everything from how you can ejaculate further to how you can take, ahem, more cargo on your loading dock. Woody, who answers

questions with the compassion of a caffeine-addict out of coffee, lines up a panel of doctors and psychologists against the wall and beats the truth out of them. The result is a marriage of impeccably accurate information, politically incorrect opinion and withering sarcasm.

#### Hey Woody!

Why are gay men so obsessed with penis size? I'm tired of going out on dates and having friends ask "how big was his bird?" I can just see my dates telling their friends how disappointed they were that they only got 6 inches when they reached into my pants. I don't know, maybe I'm just bitter that I'm not bigger. I think I'm pretty normal-sized, but then, I don't know what normal is. Do you?

-- The Normal Hard

#### Dear Hard:

You know, the whole size obsession reminds me of a joke. Four Catholic ladies are having coffee together. The first one tells her friends, "My son is a Priest. When he walks into a room, everyone says 'Father'." The second one chirps up, "My son is a Bishop. Whenever he walks into a room, everyone says 'Your Grace'." The third Catholic lady says smugly, "My son is a Car-

dinal. When he walks into a room, everyone says 'Your Eminence'." The fourth Catholic lady sips her coffee in silence.

The first three ladies all ask, "Well?"

She replies, "My son is a 6' 2", hard-bodied stripper, and hung like a rhino. When he walks into a room, everyone says, "Oh, my God."

The point is, wait, I'm looking for it, oh, here it is, right where I left it. The point is that our obsession with size is a joke and we're the butt of it.

Here's the set-up: We act like the totality of sexual pleasure can be reduced to a hash mark on a ruler. Here's the punch line: It's not true.

Here's the proof: Ask yourself if the hottest sex you ever had involved a big dick. If you're honest, the answer is no. The answer is much more likely to have involved an electrifying chemistry with the other guy, because he kissed so well, because you were flat-out in love with him, because his smell had a pheromonish effect on you, because Fill In The Blank But It Probably Had Nothing To Do With The Size of His Dick.

Don't get me wrong, size matters. Visually, but not sexually. When I think of the worst



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sex I've ever had, many of the sessions involved men with baseball bats between their legs. Mutual desire, energy, love, lust, smell, sight and a million other things in combination are more important than size.

Alas, I know you're going to obsess about size no matter what I say. But if you're going to obsess do it with facts, not fear. And these are the facts: The largest study to date of "erect penile dimensions" -- the Kinsey study showed that the average erect dick size was 6.1 inches.

But the Kinsey study has a deal-breaking flaw: Kinsey's subjects measured themselves. What was Kinsey thinking? Asking men to measure their penis size in private and then report it truthfully? That kind of optimism should be bottled.

The most reliable study of penis size to date appears to be out of the University of California, San Francisco (where else?). In 1996, researchers let 80 men measure themselves with an observer present (don't ask, I'm just reporting it). And guess what? The average erect penis size dropped a whole inch from Kinsey's study, to 5.1 inches.

In other words, left to their own devices, men lie. Shocking isn't it? The study proved that lying about your dick-size is the most common male deception, second only to lying about your trick's dick size.

Here are some other stats from the groundbreaking study: Average erect girth, 4.8 inches. Average flaccid length, 3.5 inches, average flaccid girth, 3.8 inches.

There have only been three penis size studies that urologists consider reliable. The interesting thing is that each time a reliable study is done, it shows shorter and shorter erect penis sizes. Why? Because we're men. We lie, therefore we are.

Each successive study has had tighter and tighter controls to eliminate the, ahem, more creative mathematical interpretations of the ruler. Sadly, urologists are faced with the dilemma of men with normal-sized dicks wanting penile augmentation surgery because their sense of inadequacy is as big as the lies we tell ourselves.

Instead of fretting over how big we are, we should be concentrating on the real reasons that make sex with a man so great the way he moves, the way he smells, the way he looks, the way he shtuups. And don't forget the greatest thing of all: The physical and emotional energy he brings out in you.

*Need Wood? Ask Woody how to spice up your sex life. Email him at:*

██████████@attbi.com

Submitted to *The Voice* by Woody Miller.

## Need Wood? Tips For Getting Timber By Woody Miller

Hey, woody!

Why are lesbians such big fans of gay porn? Why not straight porn? Why would they watch dicks go into male holes but not female holes? If you're going to rent straight porn why not just be straight? I'm confused.

-- Curiosity killed the cock

Dear Curious:

I agree, this one's a head scratcher. I talked to several psychologists, including a lesbo counselor and they've confirmed that a significant number of lesbians do indeed rent and buy gay porn.

Why? Because the music is better and there aren't any frilly skirts.

Well, that's my take, anyway. The fancy-schmancy Ph.D.'s I talked to went a little deeper than I did, though. Imagine that. First, there's the feminist angle. Most lesbians have a heightened awareness of how men have oppressed women and watching straight porn is often Exhibit A in that exploitation.

In gay porn, the bottoms are just as powerful as the tops. So while it's still male-on-male, there's a power dynamic at work that's closer to the lesbian political and personal ethos.

Then there's the impatience angle. Lesbian porn takes FOREVER to get to the sex. All that bullshit about love, intimacy and emotional connections takes up half the tape. As one lesbian fan of gay porn told me, "I like gay porn because the actors having sex are unencumbered by a U-Haul. It all boils down to different philosophies. Men: Fuck it or kill it. Lesbians: Take it to the vet or adopt it."

Third, a lot of women fantasize about being a man, so they get off on hot male bodies, not because they want to fuck them but because they want to have bodies like them. And finally, there's my strap-on dildo theory. Lots of lesbians use them. They have to learn how and if straight porn is too exploitative and lesbian porn is too boring, then what's left?

But I'm with you. I hear all these explanations and they still don't make sense to me. When it comes to porn I only want to see what I want to fuck.  
Period, end of stroke.

Hey woody!

My boyfriend loves for me to play with his ass and I want to stick all kinds of things in it, not just my you-know-what. Other than a dildo what are my options?

-- Anal Retentive

Well, let's see. There are inflatable butt-plugs. You insert and then inflate them gently to stretch the sphincter. Unless he's been bad about helping with chores around the house, be careful about inflating it too much.

A vibrating egg is another option. It's a little egg-shaped plastic container that holds a vibrator. It's attached to a control unit by a wire.

Always encase the egg in a condom so you can pull it out if the wire breaks. You don't want to find yourself in the E.R. explaining to intake how you put breakfast down the wrong hole.

Try anal beads, too. They're inserted and gently pulled out. Forget the plastic ones, they can break. Stick to the brass or rubber-jelly kind.

Lastly, you might want to try a Speculum (does that word make you slightly nauseous or is it just me?). Gynecologists use it to spread the walls of the vagina so they can see into the cervix.

Well, at least that explains the nausea.

You squeeze the handles together and the "duck bills" open. The plastic ones are easier to operate and it's not cold like the metal ones doctors use (they keep them on a heating pad or rinse it in hot water. Can you imagine how often they'd be bitch-slapped by their patients if they didn't?).

Because a speculum will separate the anal walls you'll see clear into his rectum, even the part that turns left. And, uhm...make sure he douches first or you're going to be in for an ugly, smelly surprise.

*Need Wood? Ask Woody how to spice up your sex life. Email him at:*

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Submitted to *The Voice* by Woody Miller.

# Monogamy



## Ways to Get Over It When you Have Been Cheated On!

By Mark Weiser



I have been cheated on in the past. I have also cheated on boyfriends in the past - on several occasions. Why does this happen and why does it seem to happen more often in the homosexual world than in it does in the heterosexual world? Or does it happen more? I think that when people are young and they enter their first gay bar experience, they are in the "Kid in a Candy Store" phase: they are just so happy to be around a bunch of beautiful men that are actually gay! They are also coined as "New Meat," and therefore will get a lot of attention. Getting swept up in the moment, drinking and being flattered by compliments can help induce cheating.

People generally think that monogamy is more common in the heterosexual community than in the homosexual community. This may be true, especially for men because men are always horny. Take a queer bar and fill it with a bunch of hunks and their gallons of testosterone, and you have the perfect recipe for some serious sex. It's all a big game to conquer the hottie, the new boy, the virgin, the guy who's been taken for 2 years.□

However, after maturity develops and these evil little games seem childish and boring, monogamy will often come into the picture. The idea of settling down with someone and who you have truly fallen in love with can be exasperating. When you have found that special someone, there are certain boundaries that are laid. For those that expect monogamy, it can be devastating to find out that they have been cheated on. Murderers□ go to jail, rapists go to jail, but those who break your trust never really pay the price for their deeds.

Here's the scenario: You are in love with a wonderful man. He's intelligent, he's sexy, he adores you, and he's also dicking the little blond whore who□screws everything at the bar What do you do? Do you forgive him or try to work through it or kick his lying ass out? Forgiveness is never an option for me as my stubborn pride is through the clouds, but no matter what you decide to do in this situation, you have to get over it one way or another. So, to

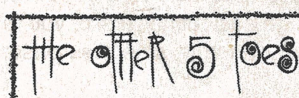
help all my fellow brothers out, here are the 10 best ways to cope after your man has cheated on you.

1) Play the Victim: Make sure that everyone and anyone who will listen feels sorry for you what you've been through. This makes everyone realize what an asshole your man is and how sweet and innocent you are. This also provides an opportunity for you to hear their stories, which might make you feel better knowing that you are not the only one who has been there. Plus, they may have some good advice on how to deal. And if by chance you were living together, playing the victim to a judge could land you the house and car.

2) Hit the Town: Take your favourite buddies out to the bar with you and get drunk and flirt your sexy ass off. You are totally in a time of need! Your friends love you and they will be supportive and buy all your drinks. The attention is good: you are feeling a little bit lonely, and every hot guy has already heard that you are single. So go out, you deserve it!

3) Listen to Alanis Morissette: Okay, she's a bitch, but that's what makes her strong. After you have gone through the thesaurus to dissect what she has said, you will realize that this is one angry chick and that she can inspire you to be mad and to unleash the resentment that you harbour. He "Oughta Know" what a piece of shit he is for hurting you the way he did.

4) Become Beautiful: Direct your negative energy into something positive. You may be hurt, but don't turn to the chips, girl! Letting yourself go will only add to your misery. Get yourself into the gym and buff yourself up, go for a facial, slip in for tan, maybe get some highlights in your hair. When you look in the mirror and can actually say "I'm beautiful, Damn it!" and mean it, you have gotten your□confidence back to where it should be. Plus, don't think for a second every hottie out there won't notice, because he will. More importantly, your ex will be regretting ever letting a sexy bitch like yourself get away.



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5) Fuck all his Friends: Okay, a bit childish and whorish, but let's face it - you are in some need for attention from men. If his friends are hot, pick them. Not only do you get to romp with a stud, you get to piss him off in the process. Even if he never finds out, it's a nice trump card to have. Just make sure that you are really in a sexual moment or don't bother - you have to ensure that if his friends do tell him, all they can do is praise your sexual performance and brag about how many times you made them cum.

6) Get a Rebound: To regain confidence, we need someone to fill that void that the loser ex once filled. To be appreciated is a wonderful feeling, and it also helps us remember all the needs we had that the ex didn't meet. So, get a new fling right away and be sure that he is cute. You can flaunt your little romance around the club, driving your ex nuts in the process. You will hurt him more than he has ever hurt you if you show that you have moved on so quickly - it will cause him to ponder whether or not you really loved him to begin with. Most men are territorial, and to see a fresh ex make out with someone else is a bloody nightmare for anyone.

7) Shop: I don't do this or I'd have more shoes than Evita did, but it works! Take yourself to the mall and buy yourself some goods. Shopping always cheers a fag up. Not only are you newly single, you have a new wardrobe to boot. Maybe you'll even be fortunate enough to still have one of his credit cards kicking around. And if you really feel the need buy a little doll, name it after your ex and stick pins in its head when you get home.

8) Drown your sorrows: It's a little extreme, but alcohol can tap into your emotional side. For me, it makes me laugh and party and forget my troubles. Others sometimes get angry or sad. Whatever the booze does for you, it's good to get those emotions out of your mind and heart. Just make sure that you are with a

friend who understands what you are going through and isn't sick of listening to you in case you go off on a tangent.

9) Watch a chick flick with your girls: Have all your pals over and watch some chick flicks - especially the ones about powerful women that don't need men and have destroyed men for hurting them. Or even something sad just so that you have an excuse to have a good cry. Try to refrain from inviting friends who are taken. It will simply fuel your fire and strike that envy note within you.

10) Live Well: The best revenge in the world is to live well. This is probably the only serious point that I have, and that's why it's the best. Just do everything you can to be happy. Work towards your goals, get a job doing something you love and achieve everything that you have ever dreamed. This proves not only to yourself, but to your ex as well, that you are strong and that your perseverance is admirable. And once you have reached the plateau of happiness, you will probably forget what your dream man has done to you. At that point you will be more likely to offer forgiveness to him. Don't forget that even though you had a failed romance, you were also best friends at one point and you can still enjoy a friendship. Or, you can neglect to tell him that you have secretly forgiven him and let him suffer. It's up to you. I prefer the latter suggestion.

Always remember that Karma is your aunt. So whatever you give to this world you will in turn receive. It may not happen for a while, but you will eventually experience reciprocity for whatever energy you send to others. Anyway boys, now that you are on the path to recovery, my work here is done. I should be a fucking shrink!

Mark Weiser is a Mortgage Underwriter and Activist. He resides in Kitchener. A Voice Exclusive.

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# LIVIN' LARGE

BY APRIL BURROWS



I will never be a single digit size. I could be abducted by aliens and dropped off at the North Pole for a solid year with only a few rice cakes, and it would make no difference. As a child, I never gave my body much thought. We are not born with negative body images. When I was twelve, my stepfather told me I was destined to be fat. He took considerable pains to point out perceived pockets of fat on my young body.

Oh, the power of words!

Since that day, I have never put a fork to my lips without counting calories and fat content. I would occasionally draw a line in the butter and determine not to eat, but the headaches and light-headedness thwarted the best of intentions. I've spent most of my adult life shopping in Plus Size clothing stores. While I thank God for these wonderful shops, I have learned to shop alone. People are cruel and society has a twisted perception of what true beauty is.

The human body is made to move. Food is the fuel required to facilitate movement, yet for over twenty-five years I repeatedly denied myself this fuel in a desperate at-

tempt to be thin. Ironically the more obsessed I became with losing weight, the larger I became. It became a bizarre contest to see which could grow larger, my figure or my negative self-image. I would initially lose some weight, only to gain it all back, with a little extra for good measure. During that time I was never able to enjoy my food because worry over what I ate was consuming me.

There is a tendency for pre-pubescent women to gain a little weight as their bodies go through hormonal changes. It's perfectly natural, but I cannot tell you the number of times I was compared to my beautiful, slender mother during my adolescence. It was nice to have a mother people admired, but it did nothing for my self-esteem. Comments from various "friends" and family members inspired a lifelong roller coaster ride of dieting, bingeing, and purging that has lasted throughout my adult life.

Sadly and to a large extent this flawed thinking is as prevalent in the lesbian community as it is the straight community. We are okay to be everyone's friend, but no one

considers us "relationship material." Many of my friends in the lesbian community have those cute little fat goddess figurines in a place of prominence in their abodes, but would never date a larger lady.

Any woman whose clothing size is in the two-digit range is treated with pity or revulsion. I saw a former supermodel on television getting a hard time from the press because she had eaten her way up to a scandalous size 12! She had done it for the good of her health, but her former peers spoke about her in the hushed tones usually reserved for talking about the dearly departed. How many of us grew up longing to be down to a size 12?

Larger women rarely get common decency and respect. And yet it wasn't so long ago that we of the substantial variety were openly worshipped and sought after. I love Reuben. No, not the sandwich. I'm talking about the painter who painted larger ladies in all their voluptuous glory. He thought ladies like me were the cat's pajamas. I have found myself growing angry that I have gone through the - pardon the pun - bulk of my life being made to feel like I am less of a woman because there is more of me than society deems acceptable. How dare anyone point their fingers and say that women of size are worth less.

According to recent statistics, approximately 50 percent of women are over a size 14 and 62 percent wear a size 12 and up. So why is it that, although most of the female population of North America is above a size 14, they cannot find clothing in a mainline boutique? Why is it that average-sized women are forced to seek out clothing in a specialty shop?

Prejudice has pointed its pencil thin finger in our direction. Why is it that substantial women have to endure uncensored public condemnation based on nothing more than our size? Women come in all kinds of wonderful shapes and sizes, yet we are pressured to eat far too little so that we can wear a size far too ridiculous. This is far too unnatural. The fashion industry has it in for larger women.

Can we talk about the infamous "one size fits all" fallacy? All what, pygmies? Chil-

Continued on page 33

## Adelphi Antiques

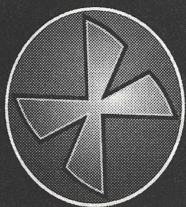
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# Sculptor Bruce Flowers



## Art Show *Intimacies* Reveals His Passion

By Brad Lister

In talking to Bruce Flowers, London based sculptor, during his show *Intimacies*, one thing became perfectly clear: this man is passionate about his art. This most recent show very ably demonstrated that passion.

The sculpture fragments of the male image in various forms of an embrace signals an attempt to create something positive regarding the gay man in art. "There is such a marginalization of the gay man in art. So much negativity," says

Flowers. "The reason I began to get involved with the themes", he says, "is the need for positive life affirming images of male intimacy."

In *Intimacies*, Flowers attempts a correction of that kind of negativity in modern society and art. He sums up the sculpture's inspirations by saying, "once I held someone I loved in my arms, my horizons were stretched - so much more became possible." Flowers' work really represents all of those ideals. Men embracing men, arms embracing,

What makes the sculpture the preferred medium to convey these positive messages of male intimacy? "There is a monumentality, a concreteness far exceeding any other

work," says Flowers. He also adds that most two-dimensional images tend to be ephemeral. "They exist on paper as in photographs or in film as illusions of light and shadow. Consequently, such images are highly disposable,

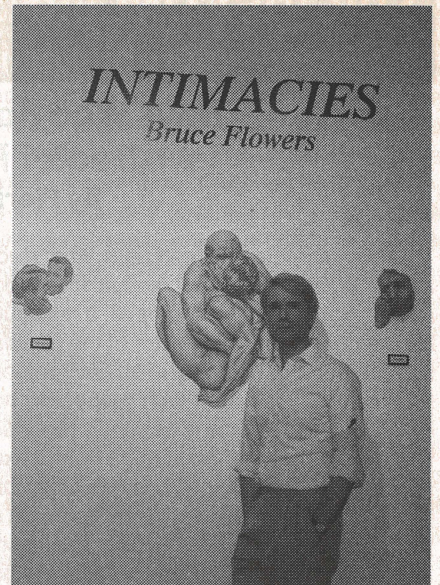
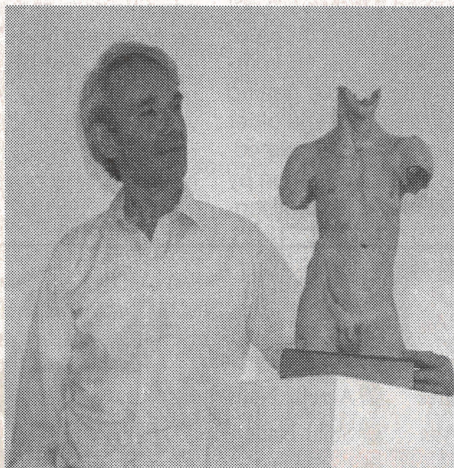
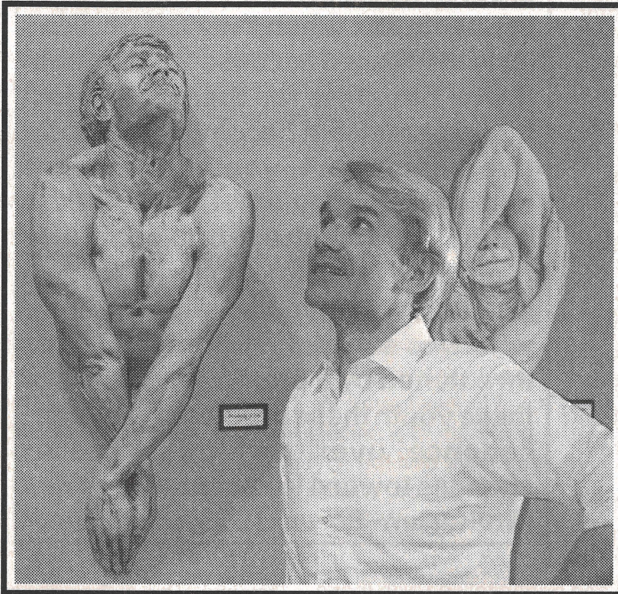
both physically as well as mentally."

Flowers also says that his art allows for a validation of the gay man "...by its positive depictions and that our culture is currently saturated with sexual images that are relentlessly heterosexual."

This is his attempt to address that marginalization.

Flowers' work also emphasizes and celebrates age. Not all of his men who are in intimate embraces are purely younger men with younger men. The desirability of the older male is something that is celebrated in his work, with their age emphasized through their bald heads and through their loose skin folds. Flowers sees the use of the older male as a refutation of ageism and of the gay worlds pre-occupation with youth.

Flowers says that while there is a considerable amount of pornography out there isn't the bonding and tenderness that is conveyed by the permanent nature and sheer



physicality of sculpture. By its very nature, sculpture expresses the eternal and unchanging. "There is an avoidance of the overly sexual," as Flowers says, "that would be too superficial and too blatant. I look for the expression of the inner mental state as revealed through faces and body language."

As an educator (he took early retirement this year), he has been involved for a number of years with the ideas of gay intimacy and has worked on many homophobia and heterosexism workshops. The idea of positive images surrounding male intimacy may not be any sort of hot button topic. However, Flowers feels there is "just as much ignorance out there about male sexuality and interaction as there is about LGBT youth drop-out rates, social isolation, and suicide."

Sculpture has always been his passion. He cites an early moment in his career when late one night, working on a piece, he literally dug in and hugged the clay. It was to him an epiphany that sculpture would be an important component of his life: thus followed many exhibitions and time spent at the prestigious Pratt Institute in New York City. "For with sculpture," says Flowers, "there is universality and he believes that sculpture has a universal application." A connection can be made without the need to have to take time to interpret the work.

Simply put, Flowers says, "My art is humans responding positively to humans."

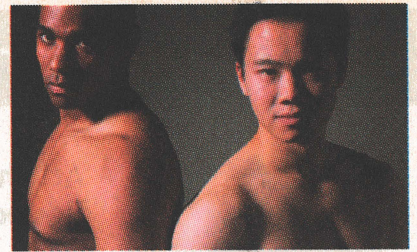
Brad Lister is a St Thomas/London based writer who can be reached at [redacted]@sympatico.ca. Photos by Brad Lister.



# SUICIDE CONCERNS: Young Boys increase risk of suicide and contracting HIV/AIDS

## Boys Who Have Sex With Men At Greater Risk For Suicide

By Pierre Tremblay



I have expected researchers who study and write about gay and bisexual male adolescent/youth problems to have "a minimum knowledge" about this sector of the population. Personally, I grew up in an environment that was very different with respect to homosexuality than what is generally reported: that adolescent and adult male homosexuality is a rarity, and that homosexually oriented males only make up 2 to 3 percent of the male population. This issue is addressed in *The Social Construction of Male Homosexuality, Related Suicide Problems and Research Proposals for the Twenty First Century*. The paper was presented at The 11th Annual Sociological Symposium: "Deconstructing Youth Suicide" (San Diego State University - March 17, 2000) within the context of reporting that I had grown up in a world where adolescent male homosexuality was the rule as opposed to being "the exception" that has become the modern view of male homosexuality in the western world.

The "San Diego" paper is available online at <http://www.sws.soton.ac.uk/gay-youth-suicide/gay-youth-suicide-san-diego.htm> and <http://www.virtualcity.com/youthsuicide/gay-youth-suicide-san-diego.htm>.

By "knowledgeable about males who self-identify as gay or bisexual," and especially about the youngest ones who identify as such, I mean knowing at least what I recognized long ago to be common in gay and bisexual male reports of their childhood and adolescence. This knowledge was, in fact, being acquired soon after I ventured into 'gay communities' in

the late 1970's and began talking with these males, some of them still in adolescence, and down to the age of 14 years for males who had either contacted a gay youth organization and/or had somehow managed to venture into gay clubs even if they were not of legal age to do this. As illustrated in *Queer as Folk* (The British version), the 15-year-old hero, Nathan, had little trouble getting into gay clubs once the twice-his-age older male (with whom he had sexually related, including penis/tongue anal penetration by the older male, Stuart, followed by anal penetration by the latter) made this club accessible via methods that I have seen replicated in

Calgary and elsewhere. For 'political reasons' related to not wanting the American people to think about the possibility that many gay-identified males would relate

sexually with boys in mid adolescence, or even younger, the American version of *Queer as Folk* upped the age of the young hero to 17 years who would also have few problems locating older males who would relate sexually with him. Concerning such censorship, Diesel Ballaam wrote the following in the *Gay and Lesbian Humanist*

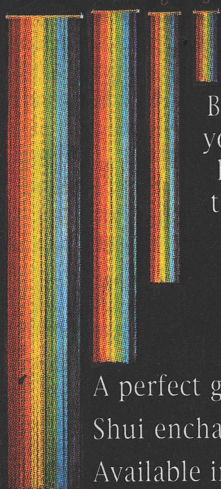
**...[Y]outh who received the intervention [a lengthy safer sex education program] said that they would engage in unsafe sex when they felt particularly distressed because they thought it was hopeless for them to protect themselves from becoming HIV positive. In addition, youths who were overwhelmed by emotional distress would bring to the group problems regarding their latest crisis, for example, being involved with a partner who was suicidal or who was being threatened by a previous partner; for these youth these problems took precedence over making behavior changes toward less unprotected sex (Rotheram-Borus, 1995, p. 593).**

Review: "This is the series which has allegedly caused outrage over scenes depicting rimming, under age sex, toilet sex, insemination babies, drug taking, and all the other things we all know go on, but which we patronisingly assume the 'hetties' have to be protected from."

The fact that many boys who identify as gay or bisexual at an early age do have sex with men, and that there is a significant number of gay/bisexual identified males who will have sex with boys is not a fact of life that 'politically correct' gay/lesbian community

leaders have wanted to be known and some of them (maybe many) have worked to make sure

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such knowledge remains generally unknown (often by denials), or that it is not talked about (via censorship). Some of their tactics to maintain this silence has also been quite vicious, even toward researchers who have dared to speak on this subject as it was witnessed in Calgary's highly tribal gay and lesbian 'community' in 1996. Aids Calgary also did not want to have this issue addressed - spoken about - in spite of the fact that such a concern is simply an issue related to epidemiological mathematics. Given the fact that young gay / bisexual identified males do not always practice "safer sex" when relating sexually with other males, including much older gay/bisexual identified males, and if "the obvious" was to be considered when it comes to HIV "at risk" gay/ bisexual male adolescents, it would be concluded that the adolescents most "at risk" for contracting HIV at the earliest age are those relating sexually with the sector of the gay/bisexual men known to be most likely infected with HIV: males aged 25 to 45 year. (Unfortunately, even with lesser taboo realities, North American GLB communities have had a history of generally being silent about related problems.)

It is therefore with great amazement - and with the suspicion that great unethical conduct has been the rule on the part of almost all (often gay or bisexual) researcher involved with research of HIV risk in gay/bisexual youth - that "a general silence" has continued to be maintained about boys who have sex with men. At this web site, however, where integrity rules, such a silence has always been broken, and to the point that some concerned gay individuals did tell me that speaking about this fact of life was not good "politically" for the so-called 'gay community' where, as reported in the "San Diego" conference paper, lying has been endemic, even between males who are apparently relating sexually - intimately - with each other; this was a major finding of an ethnomethodological study of gay and bisexual identified males carried out in France (de Luze, 1990). Yet, anyone with average intelligence and a minimum of knowledge about 'gay communities' would not have been able to avoid "seeing" that boys who were sexually relating with men were not only "at risk" with respect to contracting HIV, but that they may also be "at risk" with respect to experiencing suicide problems. This fact was "hinted" at in the McDaniel, J.S., Purcell, D.W., & D'Augelli, A.R. (2001) paper in the following way:

"In one study of gay and bisexual male youths who attempted suicide, gender non-conformity and precocious psychosexual development were predictors of self-harm (Remafedi et al., 1991). The association of early self-identification as GLB and same-sex sexual behavior with suicide attempts has been confirmed in other studies (Hershberger, Pilkington, & D'Augelli, 1997). Similarly, youths who self-labeled or self-disclosed, or who disclosed to others their homosexual orientation at an early age or those who were presumed to be gay because of gender nonconformity were more vulnerable to victimization (D'Augelli, Hershberger, & Pilkington, 1998; Pilkington & D'Augelli, 1995)" (p. 98).

Although the issue of "gender nonconformity" was mixed with early gay/bisexual identification by the authors, reading "on the line" still produces the fact that boys who report being homosexually active at the youngest ages (being precocious) are at high risk for suicidality. Left unspoken, however, is the nature of the sexual experiences of the boys reporting to be homosexually active at the youngest ages. Concerning this, Tremblay and Ramsay (2000) reported: "Many gay and bisexual identified adolescent males with a history of being runaways or throwaways, and especially the ones venturing into prostitution, form a sector of the more visible "gay communities" given that they are relating sexually with homosexually oriented men;

Bell and Weinberg (1978) reported that 27 percent of predominantly homosexual males studied had paid for sex, and 25 percent had been paid for sex (p. 311). Not all gay and bisexual male adolescents making contact with gay communities, however, are in these categories, and little had been studied or written about their experiences and problems, including their ongoing risks for suicide problems and suicide. Real life story segment are nonetheless occasionally encountered within the context of researchers reporting on significant problems for which gay and bisexual male adoles-

A significant number of homosexually oriented male adolescents are attracted (commonly enough "only attracted") to older males and they will seek to have sexual relationships with them, often with the hope that love will be a major part of the relationship. This aspiration for love is an integral part of the adolescent male prostitution world.

As a young man relates: "But when I came out, the closeness I was looking for wasn't what I found. Instead, I fell into the gay community's 'if you're gay, young and cute, you have to be one of those guys who sleeps around' stigma... And I learned from all the wonderful people I met that sex was just sex and that the whole closeness thing was merely a pipe dream - certainly unattainable [if not via sex]... My problem arises when people just coming out see our community as only sexual. That affects me. They learn, like young people in every culture, from their peers and elders. What they see, hear and experience is what they are going to assume the gay community is. With this type of base, they are going to have a very difficult time making their love lives flourish... There are some people who want more than sex and don't feel "sex is just sex"

The Rind (2001) study, however, does illustrate that the "sexual abuse" model that has been used to describe all relationships between men and boys is incorrect, at least in part, but there is another highly negative result of this widely held belief by most professionals. The boys involved with men will soon learn about their beliefs and when abusive events occur, as they also occur in adult-adult relationships, they will not feel that they can talk to anyone about this, and especially not with so-called 'mental health' professionals, school counselors, etc.. These boys will intuitively conclude that, because all their sexual experiences with one or more older male will be labelled "sexual abuse," these professionals will therefore totally fail to understand what their problem "actually" happens to be. Basically, these boys will have been 'set up' - by society and its professionals - to solve their problems on their own when it is known that many adults in similar situations often do need help when abuse occurs in their intimate relationships. How do these boys fare out? Maybe someday, their realities will be recognized and related research will be carried out.

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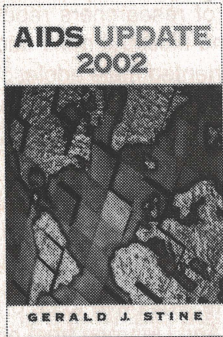
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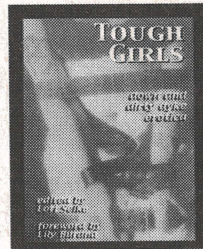
## AIDS Update 2002 by Gerald J. Stine, Ph.D.



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## Tough Girls: Down and Dirty Dyke Erotica by Lori Selke (Editor), Laura Antoniou (Contributor)



TOUGH GIRLS are not your typical girls next door — they're bad girls, brats, sluts and bitches, dykes from the wrong part of town, the other side of the tracks. The girls you weren't supposed to hang out with in school. Girls in prison, girls with knives, daddies and girls, strippers, punks, and truckers — Tough Girls like it rough. This collection of erotic tales, featuring authors such as Laura Antoniou, Marilyn Jaye Lewis, and FetishDiva Midori, edited by Lori Selke, takes a walk on the wild side of lesbian sex.

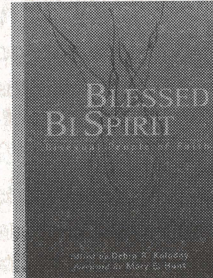
## The Woman I was Not Born To Be: A Transsexual Journey by Aleshia Brevard



Alfred "Buddy" Crenshaw hailed from rural Tennessee and eventually worked in San Francisco's famous nightclub Finocchio's as drag diva Lee Shaw. As a boy, he knew he was somehow different, and he reveled in fantasy and daydreams. As a young man, he fled his repressed life in the South and started working as a female impersonator in San Francisco more than a decade before the birth of gay liberation in the 1969 Stonewall incident. He was a smash but found life schizoid because the

"real" world demanded that he dress and act as a man. Wanting to be accepted as a woman at all times, he resorted to self-castration in the early days of transgender surgery. Finally, after hormone therapy, he underwent the surgical sexual re-assignment that allowed him to become Aleshia Brevard, the buxom B-movie actress he had presumably always felt he was.

## Blessed Bi Spirit: Bisexual People of Faith by Debra R. Kolodny



"Blessed Bi Spirit" (an unforgivable title, but still a worthwhile book) is a kaleidoscopic anthology of the works of bisexual men and women of all faiths who are eager to explore the impact of their sexuality on their spiritual lives. The results are uneven, but most of the essays are engaging and more modestly expressed than "Gay Spirituality." Readers who can't abide Johnson will enjoy reading "The Holy Leper and the Bisexual Christian," in which Amanda Udis-Kessler explores the implications of a God who "won't let mere human boundaries stop love." And Debra Kolodny herself makes a fine contribution to the volume with a piece entitled "Hear, I Pray You, This Dream Which I Have Dreamed," an intriguing meditation on Jewish identity and bisexuality. The contributors to "Blessed Bi Spirit" have fruitfully discussed what Kolodny says are the "three things we are not supposed to talk about in 'polite' company: sex, religion, and politics." Many of the authors—like Raven Kaldera, who offers an invented three-way marriage ceremony—probably find Toby Johnson's way of doing theology congenial. Other

contributors are more interested in making their own inherited religious traditions, be they Judaism, Christianity, Hinduism, or Buddhism, work.

## Cocksure by Bob Vickery



Bob Vickery has given us some of the best, most intense gay erotic stories. Whether his protagonists are genetically designed sex-gods or vampires with something other than blood on their minds, Vickery's stories give a rise to your mind as well as your private parts.

## Trans-Sister Radio: A Novel by Chris A. Bohjalian



This sympathetic novel about the effect of a sex change on a romantic relationship, a family, and a community could almost be sold as a textbook—a kind of transgender Guide to the Perplexed. With its calming tone and scrupulous sensitivity to the feelings of all involved, it sometimes reads like a textbook, too. But while nobody is likely to launch a protest campaign over the cautious revelations of Trans-sister Radio, that's precisely the subject of Chris Bohjalian's seventh novel, in which a male college professor in a small Vermont town transforms himself into a woman. Even Dana Stevens's initial step in this direction--donning women's clothing--elicits a powerful reaction from the community.

## LIVIN' LARGE

Continued from page 28

dren? It certainly can't mean all women. Have you ever made the mistake of purchasing a "one size fits all" nightgown, thinking you would really be able to wear it? I did. I may as well have tried to wear a Barbie outfit. □

A child of the 1970s, I sang along with Helen Reddy's I Am Woman, thinking that it was a grand time to have been born a girl. Women were starting to compete in previously male-dominated job markets, and had fought long and hard to earn equal pay for equal work. I grew up thinking that we could do anything. We could be anything. We'd come a long way baby. Have we?

We heap praise on a woman when she manages to starve herself down to the lowest possible clothing size, never mind the consequences to her health. We elevate anorexic-looking women to superstar status, rewarding them with fame and seven-figure salaries. These women can buy anything their little hearts desire, they can have it all except FOOD. If they put on even a few pounds, they put their careers in jeopardy. And another generation of girls grows up thinking that's what they're supposed to look like: scarecrows with fabulous clothes.

The fact that there are women's clothes available in a size zero bears frightening testament to where our collective head is. Who wears a zero? The women who manage to squeeze themselves into this size are put up on a pedestal and treated to mass worship. Is it not difficult to stand on a pedestal when one is faint from hunger? The message is that those of us in the two-digit size range are freaks of nature, and therefore should not go out in public. There is (ahem) ample talk of how much freedom women have in comparison to previous generations. There are women's sporting teams, women doctors and politicians. Women do everything! Even so, no matter what a woman may accomplish in her life, she is still measured not by her accomplishments but by her waistline.

Eating disorders of every kind have spread across the country faster than the most insidious computer virus. Wherever we turn, we hear about anorexia nervosa, bulimia, and a cornucopia of food addictions. News about these types of food disorders exploded into the public arena around 1983, with the death of singer Karen Carpenter at age 32 from an anorexia-induced heart attack. There is a lot of rhetoric about acceptance of all body types and mass public education about the importance of self-acceptance, yet these diseases seem to be on

the increase.

Most of my conversations with other women centre on food. We talk about what we ate, why we shouldn't have eaten it, how much exercise we will have to do to compensate for what we ate, and what we hope to eat today. We are afraid to admit that not only did we eat that chocolate cheesecake with real whipped cream on it, we had the audacity to eat it in public and to enjoy it. Most thin women would ridicule us for that and try to brand a big buttery "F" for "fat" on our foreheads for committing such a heinous crime.

Let's talk about Delta Burke, my hero. Designing Women was a successful television series in the 1980's, starring four talented actresses. Among them was a raven-haired beauty named Delta Burke, playing the colourful character of Suzanne Sugarbaker. Delta was always stunning. A former beauty queen, she is still a knockout. A season or two into the series, she put on a little weight and the tabloids began printing nasty stories about how huge she was - and they were not referring to her star status. She was featured less and less on the show, until she was no longer on it at all. After she "left" the show, Delta had parts in television series that never quite took off. Delta was still the same witty, wonderful person inside and out! Still, the tabloids never let up on her weight. Delta had never gained that much weight, though the press acted as though she had shot up to circus freak proportions.

But wait, the last laugh is Delta's. She came out with a line of clothing for plus size women, one bearing her own name. Women of substance around the country do a little happy dance as they find gorgeous, affordable clothing in their size! Her timing was perfect. A recent article published in the Hamilton Spectator declares that "the plus-size segment of the modeling industry is exploding." You may have noticed those Cover Girl commercials that feature a full-size Queen Latifah

right alongside Faith Hill. According to Brandon Lewisii, agency director for Click modeling agency's Atlanta office, plus size "is the fastest-growing area of the modeling business." While currently making up roughly 5 percent of the industry, Lewis estimates that this could grow to as much as 25 percent within a few years.

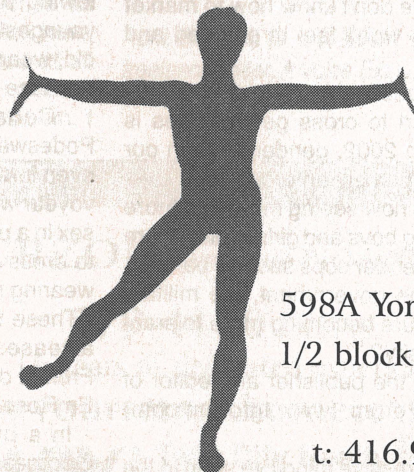
Chuck St. John is a fashion photographer based in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and he stated in the same newspaper article, It's a shame that the mainstream media thinks the only beautiful woman is 5-feet-11 and weighs 100 pounds. That just makes me cringe." With her signature clothing line, Burke has truly hit upon something, if you'll pardon the expression, big. In the process of realizing her dream, she has done something wonderful for women of size. She's a successful businesswoman, admired and appreciated by every woman over a size 16. And there are millions of us.

While stores like Lane Bryant, Pennington's and Addition-Elle have successfully catered to the larger woman, some mainstream stores have developed their own lines specifically devoted to the full-figured gal. Zellers has the Delta Burke line and there's a Cotton Ginny Plus store in most shopping malls now. Big-named de-

Continued on page 35

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# Being a Kid is a Drag-On-Screen

By Steve Stewart

Why would an eight-year-old boy want to wear a dress?

"Scotsmen wear dresses, they're called kilts. King Tut wore a skirt, the Dali Lama wears dresses, great charioteers wore short skirts. The Siamese Emperor wore a robe much like the Kimono, Muslim men wear dresses. Hungarian cowboys wear dresses. Men in Africa wear dresses. Angels wear dresses. Even the Pope wears a dress," exclaims eight-year-old Bruno (Alex D. Linz) in *The Dress Code* (2000).

Bruno is explaining to the Mother Superior (Kathy Bates) of his Catholic school why he wants to wear a dress to school. His best friend (Miami Davael), a tomgirl, prefers to dress as a boy, but no one's that concerned about her.

It's no longer politically correct to make fun of a "sissy" in public. But American audiences are more than willing, eager and encouraged to watch movies that make fun of and laugh at "sissies."

But if you want to make Americans very uncomfortable, and want to bring the full wrath of the gender police upon you, just try to make a serious movie about a "sissy."

Shirley MacLaine learned this lesson the hard way. For her directorial debut, MacLaine chose to bring to the screen the story of a boy who prefers to dress as a girl. She told *TV Guide* in January 2001, "There was this terrible humiliation of not being able to get a distributor. I went to every studio, and they adored the movie but said, 'We don't know how to market it.'..."

Translation: We don't know how to market it so audiences won't feel threatened and uncomfortable.

Seriously suggesting that it might be okay for a boy or girl to cross gender lines is strictly taboo. In 2002, gender roles in our society are still fiercely enforced.

So why are we now seeing more and more movies depicting boys and girls in drag? Are the traditional gender cops such as parents, The Church, the government, the military and peer pressure becoming more tolerant of sexual diversity?

Cindy Martin, the publisher and editor of *Transgender Forum* ([www.tgforum.com](http://www.tgforum.com)) believes they are.

"The most impressive thing I've seen in the last year has been the adoption of anti-bias laws for transgenders in cities and counties far outside the elite liberal cities on the coasts," she says.

"As we've become less exotic, parents may now be a little less queasy about seeing kids their own children's ages depicted on screen as less than traditional. They still may not like the idea that their kid is 'different.' But, at least they know that the 'unusual' kid will probably not face the kind of ferocious bias they would have faced a generation ago."

In the past, with a few notable exceptions such as *The Member of the Wedding* (1953) and *West Side Story* (1961), drag was primarily used as a sight gag and almost always featured an adult.

Serious dramas about boys and girls who freely choose to dress in "gender-inappropriate" attire and for the most part don't care what anyone else thinks, began about 10 years ago.

When it comes to frankly exploring sexual issues, European cinema is always a decade or so ahead of American film. So it makes sense that Agnes Varda's French drama *Jacquot* (1991) would be the first film to cross adolescent gender lines. In this biopic about filmmaker Jacques Demy, the budding teenage filmmaker enlists the support of all the boys in the neighborhood for his movie. When one of the boys objects to dressing in drag as a girl, another boy gladly takes the role.

A few years later, British director and screenwriter Andrew Birkin's *Cement Garden* (1993) took it a step further. This story of incest and survival revolves around four siblings who decide to survive on their own (rather than be placed in a foster home) following the deaths of their parents. The youngest boy (Ned Birkin), about 9-years-old, wears a dress through much of the film because he thinks he would rather be a girl.

Canadian writer/director Jeremy Podeswa's *The Five Senses* (2000) went even further. Brendan Fletcher plays a teen voyeur who likes to spy on gay men having sex in a park. He also discovers that he likes to dress up in women's sexy lingerie while wearing makeup and a wig.

These three films, however, were merely a tease. Director Alain Berliner's 1998 French drama *My Life In Pink* (aka *Ma Vie En Rose*) went all the way.

In a brave and powerful performance, Georges Du Fresne plays a seven-year-old boy who becomes an outcast in his neighborhood, his school and in his own family because he wants to live and dress as a girl. When his family is forced to move to

another town, the boy meets a girl who wants to live and dress like a boy. In the end, his family decides to accept him and let him be who he is.

But the cinematic home run was hit in 2000. British director Stephen Daldry's *Billy Elliott* made this difficult topic palatable to American audiences and even received an Oscar nomination.

*Billy Elliott* features Jamie Bell in the title role as an 11-year-old boy who prefers learning to dance to learning to box. While Bell pushes the gender envelope, his father and brother are homophobic miners who forcefully push back.

Bell doesn't want to dress in drag, but instead discovers his best friend (Stuart Wells) wearing a dress and makeup. He's accepting of his friend when he comes on to him sexually, but says that just because he likes ballet doesn't mean he's a "poof". But it doesn't mean he's not, either. And the film is brave enough to leave the question unanswered.

Even though the British-made *Billy Elliott* was a critical and financial success, *The Dress Code*, produced the same year, was still a little too close to home for American studios to embrace.

So what, if anything, do these handful of films have to say about gender in America? Are these films simply a reflection of a society that now sexualizes children at a much younger age?

Cindy Martin believes that "All media is a reflection of social change. Kids are exposed to a lot of sexual imagery, but are kids really having sex at an earlier age than say 20 or 30 years ago? I don't think they are, other than in the most distressed communities."

It may still be an uphill battle to honestly depict gender diversity on film, but Martin remains positive. "Even if these films are part of a fad, and I know they are, the very fact that they are produced at all speaks volumes about how far all of us have come on issues involving gender and sex."

*Steve Stewart is the author of OUT ON THE SCREEN: The Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual & Transgender Guidebook to more than 2,000 movies and videos from around the world. For more information about this book, or to receive his FREE monthly "Full-Frontal Newsletter," a guide to nudity in the movies, visit <http://www.companionpress.com>. OUT ON THE*



# LIVIN' LARGE

Continued from page 33

signers such as Liz Claiborne, Tommy Hilfiger, and Ralph Lauren have started manufacturing plus-sized lines. This is a positive sign, but there's a long way to go.

Think for a moment about Tyne Daly. She was amazing in Cagney & Lacey in the late 1980's-early 1990's, playing police detective Mary Beth Lacey. Tyne Daly has now re-surfaced in the new series Judging Amy as Maxine Gray. Ms. Daly's performance is riveting and hailed as a triumphant comeback. Still, people often comment on her weight gain as if Ms. Daly had contracted a terminal illness. She is a vivacious woman in her mid-fifties with three grown children and a remarkable body of work, but that isn't the body the press focuses on.

Oprah Winfrey and Rosie O'Donnell are talk show titans who have faced their own share of tabloid attacks over "weighty" issues. These remarkable women each donate tremendous amounts of air-time, personal time, and financial aid to various charities. Their namesake magazines feature informative and motivational articles that many relate to. Yet what makes the news is rarely the topical issues they strive to bring to our attention, but rather every fluctuation in their weight. When Oprah or Rosie's weight garners more media attention than their honest efforts to draw attention to the plight of orphaned children or women living under Taliban oppression, it gives one pause to wonder!

Do we hold our hands up to our mouths in horror as we learn that a male celebrity has put on a pound or two? When Robert DeNiro put on weight for Raging Bull some years ago, the critics raved about how dedicated he was to his craft. When John Travolta packed on the proverbial beef for his role of the impish archangel in Michael, he was the talk of the town. What an actor! However, when Renee Zelweger put on 20 pounds to play the lead role in The Diary of Bridget Jones, all the critics talked about

was how much weight she had gained. Would she be able to lose it again? I watched this movie with a good friend, and we kept waiting for Bridget to get fat. The movie was actually over before we realized that what we saw as attractive, the media saw as really fat.

The strongest push to be thinner comes not from men, but from other women. Men do not publish most of the fashion magazines we see each month. These magazines are largely put out by women. Women are the first to point out that another woman has gained weight. God help the woman who gains a LOT of weight, because the gossip will centre on them. When a woman gains weight, others view her as having a gaping flaw in her moral character. Larger women are no different from other women. We are not lazier or less clean than other women. In a day and age when we as a society fight so hard for the rights of individuals of all kinds, we seem to think that discriminating against a big woman is acceptable.

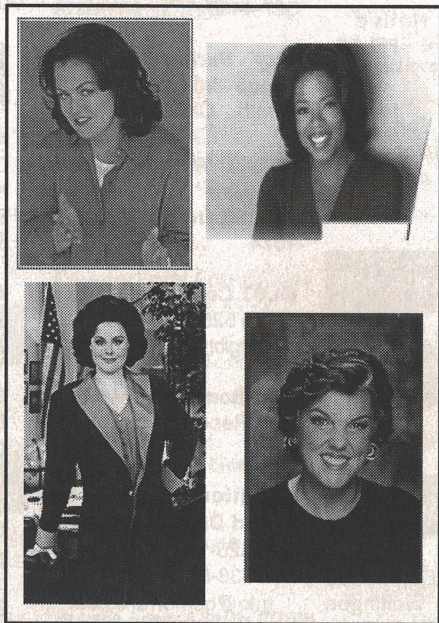
Plus size women are just as active as smaller women. That people of size have the courage to go out and exercise at all should be commended, and says a lot about determination and a healthy self-esteem. I

have watched women at least twice my size soldiering through their daily walk. I admire them. Not so long ago, I worked with a gorgeous full-figured woman for whom I had the deepest respect. She went for a walk just about every lunch hour because she loved to move.

The truth is large women don't stand around at the crack of dawn waiting for bakeries to open. I know it's shocking, but we live active, vibrant lives. If there is any truth to the rumour about fat women being jolly, it's because anyone who isn't starving herself to death is bound to feel pretty good. Not many people can stay grumpy over a good hot meal or warm brownies right out of the oven. It is, however, common knowledge that low blood sugar can turn the sweetest gal into a real she-bear. There's more to life than studying diet books and checking our body fat percentage. I'd rather go for a walk in the woods or check out the latest movie releases with someone I love. I ask you, what sounds like more fun?

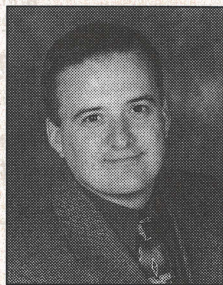
Life is too short to spend it starving yourself into some fashion-industry-generated notion of "acceptable." While I may never be considered beautiful or acceptable by today's "women's magazines," does that really matter? True beauty isn't found through the cosmetics counter or in a diminutive waist measurement. It isn't found in denying ourselves the simple pleasure of eating what we like. I'm happy with who I am and I surround myself with dear friends who love and accept me as I am. I think Reuben would be proud.

*April Burrows is a resident of Hamilton and freelance writer. A Voice Exclusive.*



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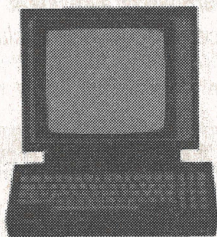
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# VOICE GRLL



**Ashley Blake-Couture**  
 Residence London Ontario  
 Favourite Sport: Swimming  
 ( Why do you think.....)  
 Best all time Movie Moulon Rouge  
 (Nichole is feirce in that movie)  
 Music: Dance, R&B, Country  
 Goals: to have as much as a helping  
 hand in raiseing money for the less  
 fortunate  
 Hobbies: Makeup ( it would be scary  
 if this was done by a bingo damber)  
 Favorite Quote: I am sorry you think  
 you are who???????



Do you have a group or community organization that you would like listed here?

Email us at:  
[clistings@thevoice.on.ca](mailto:clistings@thevoice.on.ca)

# ONTARIO COMMUNITY LISTINGS

## BRANTFORD(519)

**A Rainbow of Hope** .  
 Brant County HIV/AIDS  
 753-4937 ext.261

**GBLTAadultsocial/sup-**  
**port group of Brantford**  
 and area. Call 752-5132  
 ext.34

**GBLT youth support**  
**group of Brantford and**  
**area. 753-4937 EXT 261**

**Narcotics Anonymous**  
**- 759-2558**

**Pine tree Native**  
**Centre Of Brant - PFLAG**  
**752-5132 ext.34.**

**The Coalition for GLBT**  
**youth of Brantford 753-**  
**4937 ext.261 and leave**  
**message.**

## CAMBRIDGE(519)

**PFlag - Sue 650- [REDACTED]**

**Sexual Assault Center:**  
 Cambridge..... 658-0551

## GUELPH(519)

**ACGWC (Aids Committee**  
**of Guelph and Wellington**  
**County) 2 Quebec St, Suite**  
**206, Guelph Ont., 763-2255**

**GUELPH QUEER EQ-**  
**UALITY** University of  
 Guelph - [gqe@uoguelph.ca](mailto:gqe@uoguelph.ca)

**HOWL:** Hanging Out With  
 Lesbians - social group for  
 women (lbt) 25+ Women  
 may contact HOWL through  
 Outline (519) 836-4550 or  
[howlgroup@hotmail.com](mailto:howlgroup@hotmail.com)

**OUTline: the University of**  
**Guelph. Call 836-**  
**4550.outline@uoguelph.ca**

**Rainbow Chorus:** Choir  
 and hosts LGBT dances.  
 Bob [REDACTED] at 584-[REDACTED] or  
 Colleen at 836-[REDACTED]

**Women For Sobriety -**  
 drug & alcohol addiction  
 support group Marilyn at  
 823-[REDACTED]

## HAMILTON(905)

**Alcoholics Anonymous--**  
 (905) 522-8399.

**Alice's Dinner Club - Joan/**  
**Barb at 905-318-[REDACTED] or**  
**Michael at 905-528-0156.**

**Alternatives for Youth- 126**  
**James St. South, Hamilton -**  
**527-[REDACTED]**

**Gay Fathers Support**  
**Group--3rd Tuesday of each**  
**month. Call 522-[REDACTED]**

**Greater Hamilton Gay &**  
**Lesbian Business**  
**Association (905) 526-**  
**[REDACTED]**

**GLBT Centre at McMaster**  
**-(905) 525-9140, Ext. 27397**  
**e-mail: [gblt@msu.mcmaster.ca](mailto:gblt@msu.mcmaster.ca)**

**Hamilton Aids Network**  
 135 Rebecca Street 528-  
 0854

**Hamilton Coming Out**  
**Proud Discussion Group**  
 905-526-1074, toll-free 1-  
 888-338-8278  
[info@gomorrah.com](mailto:info@gomorrah.com)

**Hamilton Transsexual**  
**Peer Support Group (FTM**  
**- MTF) - 528-0207 ext.43, or**  
**e-mail: [htpspg@gto.net](mailto:htpspg@gto.net)**

**Hamilton - Wentworth**  
**Regional Police--General**  
**Assistance: 546-4925 Jane**  
**Mulkewich, GLBT Task**  
**Force 546-4910**

**Kindred Spirits - lesbians**  
 and bi-sexual women 541-  
 [REDACTED]

**LGBT Youth Social Group**  
 905-528-0207 ext. 66

**Narcotics Anonymous**  
 (905) 522-0332

**PFLAG -- 662-[REDACTED]**

**Sexual Assault Center:**  
 Hamilton.....525-4162

**Sexual Health Infor-**  
**mation - 905-528-5894**

**Street Health Centre**  
 Wesley Centre 777-7852

**The Golden Horseshoe**  
**Leather Association -**  
 Men interested in the  
 Leather/ Denim lifestyle.  
 549-[REDACTED]

**Women's Centre of**  
**Hamilton -75 MacNab**  
**Street South, Hamilton 522-**  
**0127**

## KITCHENER(519)

**ACKWA (The Aids**  
**Committee of Cambridge,**  
**K-W and Area) 85 Frederick**  
**St. E., Kitchener, Ont., 570-**  
**3687**

**Anselma House:** A crisis  
 shelter for 24 hour crisis line:  
 742-5894

**BMC (Brethren Mennonite**  
**Council for Lesbian & Gay**  
**Concerns): Colleen at 836-**  
**[REDACTED]**

**GayMen'sGroup:** social  
 group for men of all ages and  
 orientations. Gordon 747-  
 [REDACTED]

**K-W Distress Line -**  
 745-1166

**KWFriends of Dorothy,**  
**10 Pin Cosmic Bowling**  
 call Paul at 579-[REDACTED]

**PFlag - Evie at 742-[REDACTED]**

**Sexual Assault Center:**  
 KW.....741-8633

**The Rainbow Par-**  
**enting Network - A**  
 forum for GLBT parents,  
 parents-to-be, 743-[REDACTED]

**Tri-Youth Pride - Gail -**  
 743-[REDACTED]

**YouthDiscussion Group:**  
 ages 16-25, 570-3687

# ONTARIO COMMUNITY LISTINGS

## LONDON(519)

**AIDS Committee of London**  
- 379 Dundas St. Suite 120  
434-1601

**Gay and Lesbian Alumni of  
The University of Western  
Ont** - 432-████

**GLB Student Affairs - U of  
Western Ontario**  
661-████

**HIV Care Program :**  
646-6207

**Homophile Association of  
London (HALO)**  
379 Dundas St. 433-████

**London Pride Committee -**  
379 Dundas St. Suite 210  
433-3551 ext 3

**MCC- 645-████**

**PFlag - 451-████**

## NIAGARA(905)

**LGB Youth Line**  
1-888 679-6884

## ST. CATHARINES(905)

**AIDS Niagara** - 111 Church  
St. 984-8684

**Friends of Dorothy Dance  
Committee** - 988-████

**Gay & Lesbian Alliance**  
984-████

**Narcotics Anonymous**  
(905) 685-0075

## STRATFORD(519)

**AIDS Action Committe of  
Perth County** - 86 John St.  
S. 272-2437

**Down The Street** - 30 On-  
tario St. 273-████



## TORONTO(416)

**Affirm United** - 466-████

**Aids Committee Toronto  
Hotline** - 340-8844

**Amnesty International  
Members for LGBT Con-  
cerns** - 469-2100 ext. 264

**Equality For Gays and  
Lesbians Everywhere  
(EGALE)** - Laurie Aaron,  
532-████

**Canadian Gay and Lesbian  
Archives** - 777-2755

**Central Toronto Youth  
Services** - 924-2100

**Coalition of the Support of  
Lesbian and Gay Rights in  
Ontario** - Box 822, Stn. A.  
Toronto, Ont., M5W 1G3,  
405-8253

**CounterPoint Community  
Orchestra** - 658-████

**Gay Fathers of Toronto** -  
410-████

**Gay Lesbian and  
Bisexual Youth Line**  
1-800-268-9688

**Gay Partner Abuse Project**  
876-████

**Hassle Free Health Clinic**  
922-0603

**Metropolitan Commu-  
nity Church** - 406-6228

**Ontario Gay and Lesbian  
Chamber of Commerce**  
410-1174

**Out! Spoken Advocacy**  
927-████

**Pride Information**  
927-7433

**Rainbow Ballroom Dance  
Club** - 363-████ or 534-  
████

**Rainbow Voices of To-  
ronto** - 944-████

**The 519 Church St.  
Community Centre** -392-  
6874. Community informa-  
tion, support groups, anti-  
violence programme, the  
AIDS Memorial.

www.the519.org

## WATERLOO(519)

**First Unitarian Congrega-  
tion of Waterloo**  
96 Dunbar Road South  
742-0432

**Gays & Lesbians of Water-  
loo** - (GLOW) University of  
Waterloo - Peer support &  
info line & Coming Out  
Discussion groups 884-4569

**Global:** Wilfrid Laurier  
University LGBT support.  
Laurier Peer Help Line 884-  
PEER.  
00global@mach1.wlu.ca

**Westminster United  
Church**(an affirming congre-  
gation): 543 Beachwood Dr.

## WINDSOR(519)

**ACW Youthline** - 973-7671

**Aids Committee of Wind-  
sor** - 973-0222

**GLBT Book Club**  
973-████

**Lesbian and Gay Council** -  
973-████

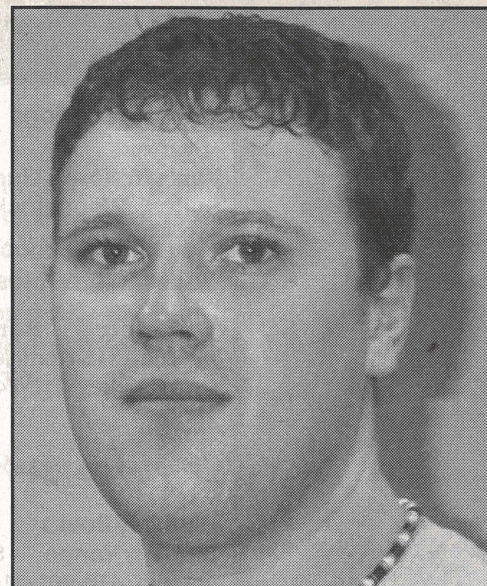
**MCC** - 977-████

**Organization of LG Stu-  
dents University of Wind-  
sor** - 253-████

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# VOICE BOY



Residence London Ontario

Goals: To graduate The Police  
Foundation and work in Law en-  
forcement

Future Plans : To find that someone  
special.

Sign Taurus

Words to Live By Take life to the  
fullest. The impossible is always  
Possible

Hobbies: Workingout,cycling, Hiking

# The Voice Magazine

South Western Ontario's *ONLY* LGBT  
Magazine speaking equally to all members of  
our community. We welcome volunteers to  
help us serve your community better!

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# Business

# THE VOICE

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## Real Estate

**Paul D. Curzon**, Associate Broker/RRS/CRS Re/max Twin City Realty Inc. 842 Victoria St. N., Kitchener. 519-579-████ (Off/Pgr)

**Alan Goetz**, Sales Rep., Re/max Twin City Realty Inc. 519-885-████, toll free - 1-877-450-████ kwhomes4sale.com

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(519)826-████ Guelph  
susanelizabeth@sympatico.ca

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The Voice at

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# Directory

# CLASSIFIED

# THE VOICE

## SUBMISSIONS

The Voice welcomes your submissions. We want to hear from you. Why not write to us? Raise your voice and be heard. If you want to submit an article please write to the editor with your proposal and ask for submission guidelines.

editor@thevoice.on.ca  
haveyoursay@thevoice.on.ca



## HELP WANTED

Advertising Sales Representatives part-time, to work on a commission basis. Send your resume to The Voice, P.O. Box 24015, RPO Evergreen, Kitchener, Ont., N2M 5P1

## VOLUNTEER

The Voice is looking for volunteers to join our growing crew. Do you like socializing, partying, organizing parties? Do you take pictures? Get in touch with us? Want to find out more? Email us at: volunteers@thevoice.on.ca

## PERSONALS

22 year old bi woman looking for other bi women to party with. New to the area. Love to dine, drink and dance!

Reply to ad BW-1

54 year old lesbian needs out-going group of women to enjoy movies, dining and theatre with. I'm just looking for social company.

Reply to ad L-1

## PERSONALS

Fun guy, 24, looking for, well, fun! New around here so I sure could use a tour. If you'd like to meet to talk or whatever please write.

Reply to Ad G-1

45 year old single white lesbian looking for a soul-mate 35-55 years of age with substance, physically, spiritually and intellectually. I like movies, dining, reading, the simple things, quiet times, animals and fun. Hoping to find that someone special to have a long-term relationship with.

Reply to Ad L-2

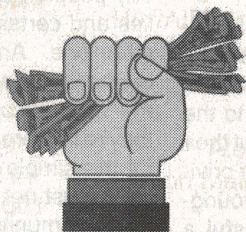


Anyone want to start up a lesbian card-game type group? If you are interested email me at:

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# CLASSIFIED

## ONE FOR THE ROAD



**"People take different roads seeking fulfillment and happiness. Just because they're not on your road doesn't mean they've gotten lost."**

**-- H. Jackson Browne**

*(Charles W. Westfall and Richard D'Ambrosia regularly clog the net with emails. This is one of those that can be published without fear of censorship and one they wanted to share with you, for the road.)*

Dear Charles,

You got it!

The magazines arrived, Dawl, and I was impressed. It is a very respectable publication and I'm glad that you're associated with it.

One thing I noticed, though, was that those people up there really squabble a lot. It seems to me that they're acting more like a family than a community. Now before you start bouncing off the wall, let me explain what I mean.

These days it seems to me that gay and lesbian people have taken to referring to themselves as a "family." In the past we were a community, which is closer to the truth. There is flexibility in communities. You can decide to join a community and you can decide to leave a community but neither of those are options when it comes to a family. You are born and you will die, and like it or not, your parents and siblings will always remain your relatives. Family may very well be the most restricting relationship on the face of the planet. It cannot be undone!

Communities, on the other hand, work together for mutual benefits whereas families are not as productive because of traditions that started as far back as childhood.

Here's an example. When I was a kid about 5 or 6 I dropped a clothespin into the swimming pool in our yard and my mother kept asking the four of us kids who threw the clothespin into the pool. We all said "not me" and, as mothers will never give up until

the truth comes out, she kept asking and threatening us until it was almost bedtime when I finally said "I didn't throw it in, I dropped it in." From that time on, no matter what my accomplishments, no matter how much money I've made and no matter how much respect I've earned, to my family I will always be the "scam artist" for an event that happened 40 years ago and at best should be considered cute or better yet, just forgotten. Certainly if it were an event that happened in the schoolyard or at a public pool no one would have ever remembered it.

Thus the thought of still being judged 40 years later would never have evolved as it has.

Another example is when my mother met my best friend, Renner a few years ago, she was shocked that such a quiet man, such as myself, would befriend such a loud mouth. When she revealed her surprise to Renner, he was equally shocked to think anyone would think that I was quiet or reserved. Within the community I was able to be myself. Within my family I was quite another person, altogether.

Families have ties with each other different from the ones community members have. As a member of a family, our roles are dictated by how we behaved and what we did in our youth and where we stood in line.

The youngest child went to bed much earlier than the eldest child. The youngest children are not as mature as the older children. It all reflects upon the responsibility to the family each member carries throughout their lives. Obviously the eldest has more privileges and responsibilities than the youngest. Often, no matter how successful a

younger child is and how unsuccessful the elder, the eldest will more than likely be the executor of the will. The eldest is in charge; he is in theory the leader of the clan. It's more like a monarchy than a democracy.

In a community you are treated as an adult. One studies and works to achieve success. One is judged by what is visible, or closer to reality, what a person wants others to see. College, jobs, achievements, leadership and resources: they're the things that count. They're the things that make up what, for all practical purposes, are Community Resumes.

I shudder to think what kind of resume my family would write for me. Bed wetter until 6, puked on father's shoes at eight and cried at age 11 when Judy Garland died.

Family = Baggage: Community = Resume

I have a few friends who are included in the gay community that I consider part of my family, but it would be wrong for me to think that every gay and lesbian person is a part of my family. At least when black people call each other brothers, they come from the same continent. Gay people come from every corner of the world! We're not ethnically, regionally or religiously linked. We're components of everyone and everything from everywhere.

Many gay people leave their families because they're unwanted or banished. Other gay people have perfectly wonderful families and certainly do not need or want another one. And as natural as it is for two brothers to play doctor while in their teens, the thought of families copulating when they're in their thirties is just a little too kinky for this simple city boy to buy.

We must not reduce our size. We began as a community and mustn't shrink to a family. Until we, as a people, can obtain the equality that straight people enjoy, we have to band together as best we can. But, after these goals and ideals are achieved and we no longer have to bang the tom-toms, even the word "community" will become outmoded. We'll simply be just one more unchained people in the crowd.

Now 'dar-link', don't get all hot under the collar and bothered even further down. That's what I think and that's all there is to it, for now.

Richard D'Ambrosia, New York City  
Love ya,

guelph cambridge kitchener-waterloo hamilton & area

**Dave Vervoort** M.Sc.

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# AIDSWalk London 2002



Please join us for our  
**13<sup>th</sup> annual walk for AIDS**

## AIDSWalk London 2002

Sunday, September 22, 2002.  
Walk begins at 1:00 p.m.  
Registrations opens at noon.  
Coven Garden Market

To Register,  
please call

**433-3935**

~or~

**319-AIDS (2437)**

~or~

register online  
[www.aidswalkcanada.org](http://www.aidswalkcanada.org)

~or~

e-mail  
[johngordon@wwdc.com](mailto:johngordon@wwdc.com)

~benefiting~

**AIDS Committee of London**  
Suite #120

388 Dundas Street  
London, ON, N6B 1V7  
Agency - 519-434-1601  
Fax - 519-434-1843  
[aidslondon@wwdc.com](mailto:aidslondon@wwdc.com)

**London Regional AIDS  
Hospice Inc.**

~operating~

**John Gordon Home**  
596 Pall Mall Street  
London, ON, N5Y 2Z9  
Agency - 519-433-3951  
Fax - 519-433-1314  
[johngordon@wwdc.com](mailto:johngordon@wwdc.com)

July 22, 2002

Dear Walker,

On behalf of the volunteer AIDSWalk London 2002 Committee, I thank you for supporting AIDSWalk London 2001. The event was a huge success due to your participation. We hope you will join us in making this year's event just as successful.

Because you participated last year, we are sending you your Pledge Form as a registered walker for AIDSWalk London 2002.

AIDSWalk London 2002 is on Sunday, September 22, 2002.

Again this year, AIDSWalk London will start and finish at Covent Garden Market. Registration begins at noon and the opening ceremonies are scheduled to begin at 1:00 p.m.

We are to thrilled to have the new PL as a sponsor and again delighted that Suzy Burge from the New PL will be our Honourary Chair for this, her fourth consecutive year with us.

The first 400 registered walkers (who have collected their pledge dollars and submitted them with their Walker Pledge Forms) will receive an AIDSWalk London 2002 T-shirt. Thank you to Pharma Plus for sponsoring AIDSWalk 2002 and donating the T-shirts.

After the 5km walk, walkers will be treated to a barbeque and live entertainment. Food has been generously donated by Loblaws and entertainment is provided by The Covergirls, a local band, has donated their wonderful talent.

If you have friends or family who would also like to register for AIDSWalk London 2002, please have them call 519-433-3935.

We encourage you to organize a group and walk as a team this year. Team challenges are a blast and can raise substantially more money for London's HIV/AIDS community. Be sure to have one member of the team to act as captain. The captain can provide the names of each team member upon registering your group.

Also, please read the back of your pledge form for some important information on Matching Funds and National Fundraising Awards.

Good luck, and see you on Sunday, September 22,

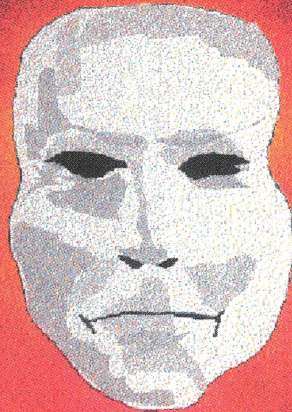
David Fleming, Chair  
AIDSWalk London 2002 Volunteer Committee



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TICKETS ARE \$60EA. AND INCLUDES DINNER. LIMITED TO 100 ONLY.

LONDON DELTA ARMOURIES HOTEL, NOVEMBER 2ND 2002

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