

## The Mostly Unfabulous Social Life of Ethan Green

by eric orner



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Eeth in color by PLANETOUT.COM

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hand that he did not subscribe to the better ideals of equality and fairness, which we all want from our elected leaders. If he had run as an independent, he would likely have won re-election without rancor. He chose to not risk losing the support of the people who trusted him. Less than six months later he flew his true colors. Under the law of the sea, that defines a

pirate. In government, that defines something else, equally unsavory. I choose to be honest and forthright because it allows me to lay my head on my pillow at night and sleep the untroubled sleep of an honest person.

I am not a shill of the Republican Party and Jeffords certainly was not either. If anything, the party was a shill for

Jeffords because they nominated him, raised money for him, campaigned for him and worked tirelessly to support his campaign. He did not stand up for anything other than what he perceived to be his own political advantage by changing the Senate control without benefit of the ballot. If that had been an honest achievement, very few Republicans would have

been upset. But it wasn't. If Mr. Stowell chooses to think I refuse to understand, I invite him to present facts that contradict anything I have presented. Truth has always been the first victim of socialism and totalitarianism, because the harsh glare of truth shows such systems for what they are, before it is too late. I hope Mr. Stowell will remove the shroud

from the light of truth, lest he follow some pied piper into the darkness of liberty lost. We live in a great country, unworthy of many of the criticisms leveled against it. The U.S. may not be perfect, but it is far ahead of whatever is in second place.

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that has a right to fool you. How would you have ever known his skill level? Where does he get off being so open and engaging? Must be one of those weirdos who 'crash' private gatherings. Well, no damage done. From now on, you can restrict your attendance to 'invitation only' affairs. That gnawing feeling of having misjudged someone can be so annoying.

What would a perpetuated pathology of mistrust be without the targeted person 'not behaving as expected' by self-

appointed judges? How many of us have discovered that we have 'fallen into disfavor' with another because we did not act in line with 'our categories'? Exclusiveness is one of our earliest social lessons. It is a tricky one. There is a fine line between openly judging and reacting with self-righteous indignation. What is unacceptable to some is ok for others. There is a basic level where labels begin to be very useful. And the worst offense of all often occurs when someone dares to veer from their

'assigned label' criteria. Public school comes to mind for me. There were so many cliques, instances of ostracizing should a clique member stray from the acceptable set of behaviors. Cheerleaders could not socialize with the nerds. The nerds were not supposed to respect the athletes.

"I wouldn't go through that again" is a popular response when adults think back on some of the more embarrassing moments in school. If you recall one of those times, did it have to do with being labelled

or failing to 'fit in'? My bet is that for the majority of us reflecting back, most of the situations provide a lasting memory of embarrassment because someone decided a label had been breached.

Trying not to tie in these words with the most recent national tragedy is not working for me. It will have been a few weeks when this publication reaches you. However, for many of us, those days will not have decreased the anxiety and deep feelings of anguish. May we all strive to feel more con-

nected from our losses. The safety enjoyed by our nation has been fractured and we have been shaken. It is our ability to feel united in grief which can strengthen us individually and collectively. This is not a time for cliques or label criteria. Being an American is a responsibility not merely a right. Being a member of the GLBT community within America is an opportunity to remember how connected we are, how much more all of us are than any label.

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**YOU ARE NOTORIOUS FOR GETTING NAKED IN YOUR SHOWS. WHAT ROLE DOES NUDITY PLAY IN PERFORMANCE?**

In my own work I am more interested in exploring the most vulnerable and fucked up parts of myself in a naked performance section. In GLORY BOX I get naked in a sweet section about how I used to take off all my clothes when I was a little kid, climb in my mom's wooden hope chest and snuggle into the fake chinchilla jacket to

breathe in that cedar-drenched world. My adult naked body in the performance becomes sweetly redolent of childhood longing and memories and invites all the metaphors that we can cram in that hope chest with me naked! Now, I've written this naked-in-the-hope chest stuff as a short story for the page, but there is something about my naked body in real time in the theater crammed into that hope chest on the stage that totally changes, deepens the text. It gets the words sweaty! As long as I don't get splinters in my butt, that's what I

want to do! Get those words to become FLESH!"

**WHAT WILL YOU AND ALISTAIR DO TO STAY TOGETHER?**

Right now, couples like Alistair and I are offered three scenarios: your partner is deported, you break up, or you both leave the country and make a life in a more civilized nation than America. Not very pleasant options. Fortunately Alistair has passports from two countries (Australia and the UK) that

give gay people and their partners immigration rights. I have this completely romantic thought that art can change the world and that something is going to change. The unfairness of this situation is so outrageous, even President Clinton had come out last year in favor of immigration rights for lesbian and gay couples. Meanwhile, I'm going to work my little performance art booty off to raise awareness, money and trouble with GLORY BOX. I want the piece to conjure for the audience a new glory box, a new kind of hope chest, that

can be an alternative site for the placing of memories, hopes and dreams of gay people's extraordinary potential for love.

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