

s a m a r a
foundation of vermont

is pleased to announce our 1999 Granting Process

Timeline:

April 1 - letters of intent due
May 10 - final applications due for selected candidates
July 1 - final recipients notified

Guidelines:

Samara Foundation of Vermont awards grants to organizations or projects that primarily serve the needs of Vermont's gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgender communities.

Organizations requesting funds must be non-profit, i.e. have a section 501(c)(3) tax exempt status or have an organization with such status willing to serve as their fiscal agent, as indicated in a letter attesting to that relationship.

Applications for either general operating support, specific project support, or start-up costs will be considered.

Please contact Samara Foundation of Vermont to receive a copy of the complete granting guidelines and application materials.

Our Mission

The Samara Foundation of Vermont is a charitable foundation whose mission is to support and strengthen Vermont's gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgendered communities today and build an endowment for tomorrow.

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T W E N T Y

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S O M E T H I N G

Sandman, Cupid, Somebody... Bring Me A Dream

BY THOMAS HENNING

L'amour, l'amour. Yes, pumpkins, we have entered that month when everyone is just crazy about someone or something (even if that something is hating everything).

Personally, I love this month. I wait in anticipation for February to roll around. I cross off the days leading up to it with the same dedication that a young child does an advent calendar. As the month approaches, I become almost giddy with excitement (I know — it's an image that even I don't want to visualize).

What is the reason for this effervescent, enchantingly euphoric excitement, you ask? I can tell you that I am not waiting with bated breath for the winged, color-blind Jenny Craig flunkies with the poor sense to combine red and pink as a holiday color scheme, fluttering around with less-than-accurate bow and arrows trying to take aim with cataract-impaired vision. Does that sound bitter?

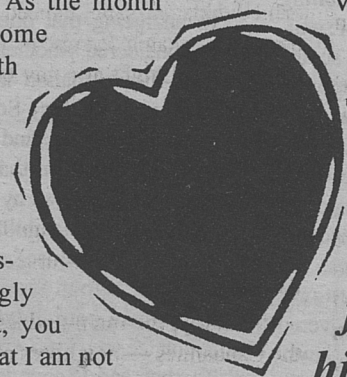
I mean, I am all for love. I secretly wish for a Romeo to court me with white roses and an adorable husky puppy with a large bow. I would love to have a Beefcake Billy take me to some wooded inn and make love to me all weekend long and serve me sliced fruit off his chest. I am not even opposed to the overdone scene of gazing lovingly into some Cyrano's eyes in a crowded restaurant as I play footsie with him under the table. Okay, maybe I would object to that, but only because I would fear that my feet would smell and ruin the sultry *Love Affair* moment I was trying to cultivate.

So what is the source of my excitement? The "Winter is a Drag Ball," baby, that is what gets me all fired up. I love the Drag Ball. I have been to all four. I have gone in drag twice, once in a dress so short that my drag name should have been Moon over Memorial. I have toyed with going in leather chaps and briefs and a cute little western shirt that I stumbled across. I like that cowboy fantasy — I just don't want to be mistaken for the steer.

Every letter in the alphabet is represented at the Drag Ball. The outfits are amazing, the people are pumped, and the night is always unforgettable. Everyone is just movin' and shakin' — sweet peas, you couldn't ask for a better time.

I have yet to decide what I will be wearing this year. I don't even have a clue. Not to worry, though, sweet peas, I am on the case. I can be found at every sale this side of the Mason-Dixon and have people looking on the other side. I am going to be walking into that event looking fierce.

Now I have hope that this event will find me a Romeo. After all, my best friend, who happens to be a lesbian, found her partner at the Drag Ball two years ago. This is the same best friend who, three years ago, had the cruel Machiavellian instinct to trick me into making Chicken and Broccoli Alfredo for her and her then-partner on Valentines Day. I spent the rest of that evening locked in my room



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in sweats, alone, with my Bette Davis movie blasting so that I would not have to be reminded what I was missing.

That was the same year, I feel compelled to mention, that the boy that I fancied was off playing house with some poorly tressed, ill-postured bohemian salesgirl. Yes, salesgirl.

So picture me, pumpkins, sitting alone in my mismatched sweats, nibbling the scraps I was able to smuggle out of the meal I had just prepared for my best friend, trying not to think about the little Andy Warhol throwback who was undoubtedly riding my man like the pony I never got for Christmas (and getting motion sickness in the process, no doubt).

But I am hopeful. Yes, this year I have faith that the goddess will smile and some poor fool will find himself pierced with one of Cupid's arrows with my name delicately engraved on it, and will shower me with white roses, a husky puppy, and a firm chest on which to eat my breakfast. Simple pleasures, really.

On a closing note, Cupie, if you're reading this, if you could shoot your little stinger of surprise at an attractive Greek guy with a summer home in Halkvia, my mother says there is some cash in it for you.

I hope to see you at the Drag Ball, pumpkins, big hair, leather harness, and all the fun you can have in an evening. Kisses and Happy Valentine's a Drag Day. ▼