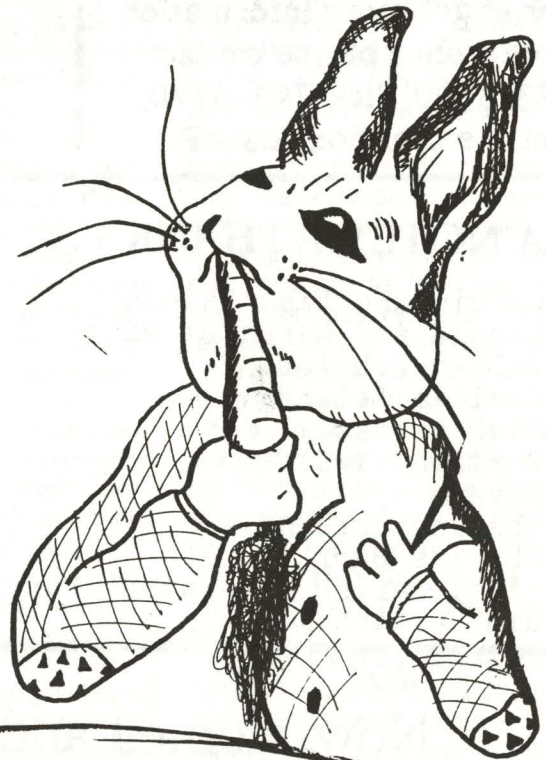
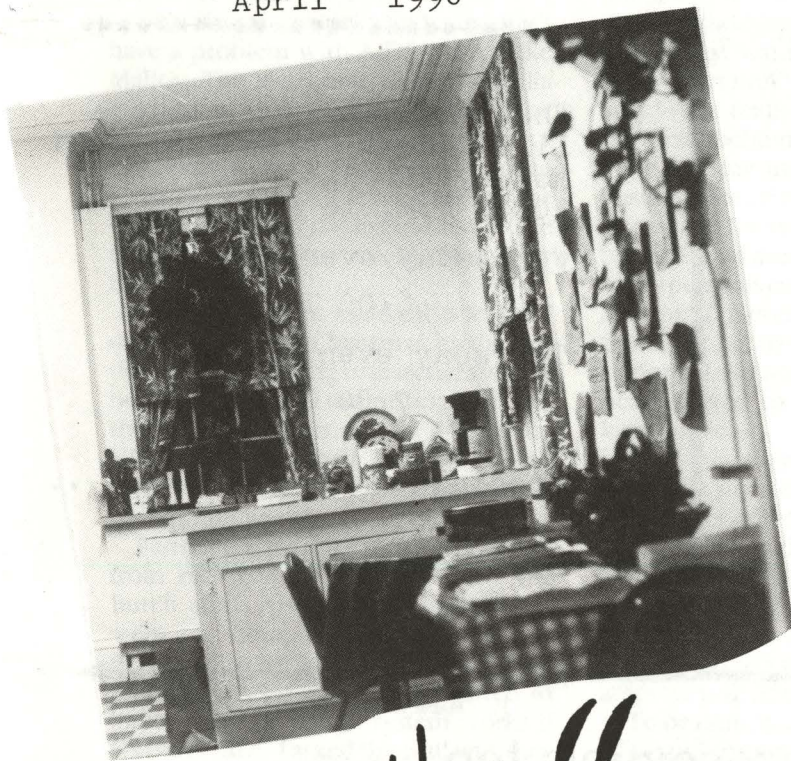


# THE SCOOP

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLE WITH AIDS COALITION OF MAINE

April 1990

Vol. 2 No. 4



YES !!

SPREAD THE WORD . . .

...IT'S TIME TO MODEL YOUR  
**SPRING FASHIONS**

OOOOO...

AT THE . . .  
PWA COALITION OF MAINE'S

YEH !!!

POT LUCK EASTER BONNET SOCIAL



## PROVINCETOWN CONFERENCE

The Provincetown Positive PWA Coalition is hosting the NAPWA Region 8 Conference, on the "off-season" weekend of May 4-6, 1990. If you need housing information, they have lists of guest houses with reduced rates. For more information call : (508) 487-3998.

The PWA Coalition of Portland is planning to be represented at this conference. If you would like to attend, or to get more information on the conference please contact: David 773-8500, Rick 793-8770, or contact the coalition A.S.A.P.

## A NOTE OF THANKS ...

Calvin and Lisa Haines  
Donald and Margaret Wing  
Walter Webster  
Cecilia Leland  
Rick Brooks  
Portland YWCA  
Ravens  
The Underground  
Charles Burr  
First Parish Federated Church  
South Berwick, Maine

## FOR SALE

PWA Coalition T-shirts, sweatshirts and buttons. Available at the office on Cumberland Avenue.



The PWA Coalition newsletter may report on events that are going on within the state of Maine (and elsewhere), but that does not mean that we agree or participate in all of these events.

\*\*\*\*\*

The PWA Coalition space - Living Room North - is open Monday through Friday 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.

Wednesday evening dinner  
6:00 P.M.

Thursday evening movies  
7:00 P.M.

Special events as noted....  
377 Cumberland Avenue  
Portland, Maine 04101  
(207) 773 - 8500

## AIDS

# Now, women and heterosexuals too

While the number of homosexually-transmitted cases of HIV infection declined in Maine during 1989, the rate of heterosexual transmissions increased four-fold, Maine's Office on AIDS reports.

Maine's numbers mirror national figures that show a leveling off of AIDS and HIV infections among homosexuals and a sharp rise among women and heterosexuals.

- The number of heterosexually-transmitted cases of HIV, the principal AIDS virus, jumped from five in 1988 to 21 cases in 1989, state officials report.

- The total number of people testing positive for HIV in Maine actually declined in 1989, dropping from 136 cases in 1988 to 127 in 1989.

"The drop in positive HIV tests mystifies me," said Dawn Rekas, counseling services coordinator for the state's AIDS

office. "I wish I could say the numbers are lower because there is less HIV infection in Maine, but I can't. All these numbers represent are the people who volunteered to be tested."

- The number of homosexuals testing positive for HIV declined slightly from 90 cases in 1988 to 83 cases in 1989.

Homosexually-transmitted cases still make up the majority

of AIDS and HIV infections in Maine, but education has paid off and the number of new infections is tapering off, officials say.

"The gay and lesbian community has worked hard to make that figure decline in spite of our federal policy-makers," said Diane Elze, case manager at The AIDS Project in Portland, referring to the lack of federal funds for AIDS education. "We've worked hard to create our own institutions to educate people."

Elze urged a similar, comprehensive campaign to reverse the sharp rise in heterosexual transmission of HIV, especially among sexually-active teens.

The number of full-blown AIDS cases diagnosed in Maine climbed from 28 in 1988 to 72 new cases in 1989. The number of women with AIDS jumped from one in 1988 to eight in 1989.

Of the 163 AIDS cases diag-

nosed in Maine by the end of 1989, 81 percent involved homosexuals, 3 percent involved IV drug users, and 5 percent of the cases were contracted through heterosexual sex.

It can take up to 10 years for HIV infection to develop into full-blown AIDS.

The test results are reported anonymously and could include repeat tests.

Since the state began collecting data on HIV and AIDS cases, 510 Mainers have tested positive for HIV, 168 people have been diagnosed with full-blown AIDS, and 82 have died of the disease.

State AIDS officials estimate many Mainers are HIV positive and have AIDS but have not been tested. State epidemiologists estimate that between 1,500 and 2,500 people in Maine are infected with the AIDS virus.

MAINE TIMES FEBRUARY 16, 1990



# Prisons & AIDS

by Edward Wimert

This is my story of how I got involved in the fight for prisoners' rights. After leaving the AIDS project in January of 1989 and living with AIDS for over three years myself, I wondered what it would be like to be in prison, the silent people you don't hear much about. I became very interested in finding out. But how do you find out? It was a question that few knew the answers to. I called the case workers for the state in which I ended up calling the Dept. of Corrections, it was confirmed that in fact they did have a few cases of AIDS, and explained further that these people had been segregated, and in their final days they were taken to a hospice.

"But the Maine prisons really don't have a problem with AIDS," says Mike Malloy. The state case worker Cecilia Leland sent me a couple of copies of the G.C.N. newspaper out of Boston. It has a classified section, "Prisoners Seeking Friends." I received these papers on a cold, grey, winter day in February. Little did I know this day would change my life forever.

I was never what you'd call a writer. I never even sent Christmas cards, but decided that writing to prisoners would be a challenge and interesting. Some of the inmates advertised they have the HIV virus, some had AIDS and some were just lonely and wanted to write to the outside world.

I answered many of the classified ads from the feminine "girls" to the big Butch studs. I wanted to know what went on "behind those walls." In my first letter to all these men, I mentioned that I had AIDS, and really wanted to know how the prison system works if you have AIDS. I asked them all why they were behind bars, and if sex was going on, just curious, maybe then I could better understand what it would be like to have AIDS and be in prison.

That first week I wrote to about thirty prisoners, and was hoping that soon I'd get a response.

It was a long week before I started to receive letters from these guys. The first letter I got was so exciting. It was a homemade card, expertly drawn, he certainly was an artist. The front of the card had roses drawn in colored pencils and read "For Someone Very Special." The inside read as follows:

*"A flower always makes me Smile. Hopefully it will put a smile upon your face also!*

*Please write to me every time you get that feeling of being all alone!*

*We have beds to sleep in as well as roofs to shelter us from the rain. But until receiving your letter, all I had were a few distant memories to help ease my loneliness and pain."*

Also there was a long letter with it. I finally started getting replies from all the people I started to write to. These people are so creative, some of them are such artists and draw some of the neat-est pictures.

I stayed up night after night keeping up with my correspondence. I still write to new people every week. I've often wondered what the postman must think when he delivers 30 letters from prisoners all over the country. Some of the inmates thought, "This guy must be a little kinky, wanting to know all about sex." I certainly got some kinky letters back, they really got into detail about the facts "behind those walls."

At first my intentions were kind of business-like, after all they were just prisoners and I was only writing to them because I wanted the facts. Little did I know pen-pals can crawl into your heart and mind. Never in my life did I ever think that I could ever be involved with a criminal. No way! But little by little, my heart started to open, and the letters kept coming.

I had this crazy idea that because I had AIDS that my romance days were over. As a matter of fact, I really thought they were over myself. I hadn't been really loved since 1981. Now all of a sudden, I had about sixty men in my life that seemed to care. I was the only one that seemed to care about them, so relationships via mail started becoming a reality.

To be honest, a few of the replies kind of scared me and I politely wrote back and told them I was not interested in writing to them. This was true when a man from Indiana wrote and told me he was in prison because he used to kill people for money, and wanted to get to know me!

But all in all, most of the people I write to are "in" for other reasons, such as drugs. I received a letter from a David Berryman, an HIV prisoner from Georgia State Prison, asking for help, he wanted to see if I could make things better. He wrote that having the HIV virus, he was segregated, let out of his cell one hour a day, was put in a small outdoor pen with bars over the top of the pen. He could only shower after everyone else, could not go to church with everyone else, had marked food trays, had to put his laundry in special

bags, had a sign over his door about blood precautions. He was ill, alone, and scared. Prison guards as well as others were throwing human waste into his cell and saying, "Die, you AIDS carrying S.O.B." This is a reality. I was so infuriated I wrote a letter to the warden. He did reply and this is the letter I got back from Georgia's State Prison:

GEORGIA STATE PRISON

April 11, 1989

Dear Mr. Wimert:

Your letter to Warden Thomas was referred to me for a response. Initially when the AIDS inmates were transferred to this institution, their food trays were marked. This was due to ignorance on the part of the inmates in population that were running scared. Therefore, to prevent a possible riot by these inmates, other measures were taken, such as laundry was done using water soluble bags and as I said earlier, their trays were marked for the same reason. These inmates are housed separately in a general population cellblock and are afforded the same general privileges as other general population inmates. However, they do not recreate on the recreation yard with other general population inmates, neither do they go to the gym or library with others. Those that are physically able are assigned to a groundskeeping detail for 1/2 a day a week. Due to the aggressiveness of some of the inmates, they are escorted by a correctional officer in all of their out of cellblock moves, i.e. work, gym, library, and commissary call.

AIDS inmates that are housed in disciplinary isolation or segregation are dealt with based on their behavior. Nonetheless, all of our isolation and segregation inmates recreate in exercise pens. Some of the pens do have covers on them, these are used for those that have attempted to climb the fence and enter another pen and become engaged in a fight. These covered pens are not just for AIDS inmates. Initially we were putting blood and body fluid precaution signs over the cell doors, this practice has been discontinued.

In regards to confidentiality, I have found it very difficult to keep anything like that confidential. My experience has been that other inmates know about it the same time staff does.

In my opinion, HIV inmates at Georgia State Prison are not treated inhumanely. Hopefully, the above infor-



mation will enable you to see the picture more clearly.

Sincerely,  
A—Unit Manager  
Georgia State Prison  
Star Route      Reidsville GA 30453

David Berryman wrote back and told me that after they got that letter from me, things changed for the better. I felt that I had helped in some small way and it made me feel good. However, that is not always the case. Alabama is still one of the roughest states to be in prison in and have AIDS. Health care is almost non-existent in these places. If you have any pains, you're lucky to get an aspirin. I still write to more and more prisoners, and the more I find out and learn, the madder I get. These are people we're talking about, sure they are not in prison for missing a Sunday School class, but they are someone's child. Most of the prisoners are very honest with me, a few have not been. Just a general warning to those who may want to write to prisoners, there are game players out there and will play with your feelings for profit. With experience I can kind of tell who is and who isn't trying to use my kindness.

Meanwhile, as with anything else, I'm building true and unusual friendships with a couple of my prisoners that goes deeper than just pen pals. I never thought about what might be on the other side of these words we were writing.

The first of June, I decided to fly to Florida to meet two of my closest pen pals, a journey that I'll never forget. I landed at Daytona Beach on June 2, after renting a car I drove by Tomoka Correctional Institution to find out where it was. The next day I had a visiting permit to visit. It was kind of scary the first time I ever went into prison, being searched, and hearing those cold bars clang behind me. The day was warm and finally I got to meet my first pen pal.

I liked him, and he was so glad to get a visit. He was tall, 28, good looking, cornflower blue eyes. I felt he would be a friend, but that's all. On Sunday night, the 4th of June, I drove to Lake City about a four hour drive to visit David at Baker Correctional Institution.

On Monday I had a 2½ hour special pass to see him. I had been writing to him for two months at least three times a week. I knew this guy was going to be "special" because his letters were so "special."

Monday morning came, for some reason I was so "bubbly" and excited, I was going to meet David for the first time. I

was at the prison at 8:45 a.m. and the correction officer brought me in. There he was. God, I said, What a Man. Our eyes meet and I just looked, and then there were the hugs. Wow, could he hug!

I was looking at this beautiful man that I had been writing to and knew that it was love at first sight. The 2½ hours went by too quickly, but something was different in me when I left him, different than the day before when I left the other guy. I felt loved, and I missed him instantly as the steel bars closed behind me. I missed his huge muscular arms giving me a hug. This definitely was the weekend that changed my life.

I continued to write to all my pen pals, but especially David. He was my special man. Hell, I wasn't even looking, it just happened.

Eventually, all my pen pals knew that I had met David, and he would now be mentioned in my letters to all the inmates I wrote so they would know I was "taken," so to speak, so the other inmates wouldn't get the impression I was looking for more than friends.

I attended the New England Governors Conference at the request of our governor. I made several recommendations about our prison system, asked for them to please consider condoms, better education for inmates, as well as correctional officers, for confidentiality, better conditions, and several others.

In Maine, it is really hard to get the Commissioner of Corrections to acknowledge that even though it is against policy to have sex in prison, it is happening, and we know how to stop the spread of AIDS. But they will not listen, they will wait until our overcrowded prisons have an epidemic before anything will be done. We know of the overcrowding and we know that sex is going on. They don't practice what the government preaches to its citizens.

I have personally written thousands of letters by now and it has cost thousands of dollars on my part. Also, I supply stamps to the prisoners who are allowed to receive them. Some prisons do not allow the prisoners to receive stamps. I have some help from my church, and a few dear friends that believe in my cause have sent Christmas packages to most of the HIV inmates and some of the others. Having a friend on the outside is so meaningful to most prisoners. It gives them hope, and sometimes more.

After meeting David, I felt like "tip-toeing through the tulips," and have until now spent 6 wonderful weekends with him. In January of this year, I was

invited to come to Georgia State Prison by the Chaplain. We scheduled the visit for January 25th. It was a chance to actually go inside the confines of the "walls." I had never been allowed beyond the visiting park. I desperately wanted to see for myself how the HIV inmates lived on a day to day basis, I wanted to know bad enough to drive a couple of thousand miles to find out. I asked Mom if she wanted to take a trip. With some help from some friends, we left to go prison hopping on January 21. We arrived in Georgia, the chaplain asked me if I would also be interested in speaking to the students at Georgia Southern University. They were reading the book, "And The Band Played On," so I spent Thursday morning playing professor for a day!

But then it was time to go to Georgia State Prison. I was overwhelmed at the huge institution. The "reality" that I was about to enter. The chaplain had arranged my visit well. We started off going through different sections of the prison. I kept hearing the clang, the steel cold doors, opening in front of me and closing behind me. The Chaplain was pointing out different units, we passed a cold grey unit near the chapel, where I could hear men yelling, the Chaplain told me that was "the hole" where the only communication they got was to hear someone yell from another isolation cell. Needless to say it wasn't a pretty place. We went to the chapel and this was the place I was to meet for the first time two of my HIV inmates I had written to for almost a year. At 2:00 p.m. the HIV inmates filed in the chapel. There was around twenty of them. They had all gotten together and made me a card and they had all signed it. Inside it read "Thank you for caring!" The Chaplain started off and then it was my turn. I told them I did indeed care for all of them. The inmates had a surprise for me also. They got up and sang a gospel song. The Chaplain had bought cookies, and soda, chips, etc. We all had a party, lots of hugs and the time went so quickly. It was my first time in that atmosphere. Then came the reality it was almost time to say goodbye. They filed out one by one getting a hug from me as they left. The Chaplain then gave me a tour. He brought me to their housing unit. I casually made my way down the tier, one by one, seeing more people that did not attend the service. The Chaplain introduced me and I was getting a little overwhelmed at what I was seeing. The dismal look in the faces, the grey floors and walls, the tiny little spaces where men were forced to live. All the correc-



tional officers, Captains and officers in charge were extremely courteous to me and answered so many questions. I still don't agree to segregation, but who am I, only one person. Can I make a difference?

Georgia State Prison  
February 5, 1990

Ed,

Dr. Kanter and I daily exchange information about the impact of your visit on our respective groups. She speaks often and in glowing terms about the genuine human concern that most of the students in her classes demonstrated when they came face-to-face with a person living with AIDS.

Of course, the feelings ran even more deeply down here at the prison. You related to these men very well in the formal session, but when you showed up in their living space I felt that they were truly stirred. I would recommend your visit and sharing with any inmate population of any facility.

When we were walking back to the car I felt that you were probably a few inches off the ground yourself, right? I was very pleased that you were able to talk with some of the other professionals who work with these men. I am sure that you came away with a more informed opinion of the way things are. Thank you for the effort you are making on behalf of inmates living with AIDS.

Sincerely,  
Joe Shryock, Clinical Chaplain

\* \* \*

Georgia Southern College  
Statesboro, Georgia

Dear Ed,

I trust this letter finds you safely back in

the snowfields of Maine, adhering to your vitamin regimen and feeling well. I delayed writing because Joe told me you were going South from here (!) visiting more of your penpals and just generally vacationing. I wouldn't want you to think I've forgotten you. Quite the contrary.

I can't thank you enough for sharing your experience with my classes. I can't tell you how profoundly affected my students were. Those you didn't speak to in the brief moments you had while being ushered hither and yon told me how important and illuminating our talk was. Many saw for the first time that AIDS represent a human tragedy not a statistical problem. They could equate your losses with ones of their own and/or the impact of such a loss on them and felt keenly the meaning of this epidemic. Many now voice outrage at what they've learned from the Shilts book — which is precisely what I had hoped for. Additionally, they now follow the news of the epidemic on TV and the newspapers with a deeper and troubled understanding of the escalating crisis. I could never have made any of this as clear (nor could Shilts) as you did. We all owe you a great deal. Several students have asked for your address and I hope they will contact you. Many have good hearts and mean to but will falter when it comes to committing pencil to paper.

One of my students in the early morning class has learned she has cervical cancer and spoke to me about how your talk and your sense of optimism has affected her. You have made it easier for her to cope with the uncertainty and treatment regimen of her illness. I don't know how many people can say they have really made a difference in

other people's lives, but you certainly have. She told me she would write to you herself and I certainly hope she does, but I wanted you to know that your hour with the class changed her and gave her new hope.

On a lighter note — how was your trip? Joe told me about your adventure in maximum security. I'm sure it was eye-opening. I want to visit myself but feel a certain trepidation at facing that reality. How did you find the visit? How did your other penpals react to your visit? I will share your news with the class. I think they'd like a periodic update on how you are doing, I know I would.

I hope you will add me to your PENPAL list despite the fact that I'm a dreadful procrastinator and answers may arrive late. I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours,  
Leona

I also visited three other prisons but seeing Georgia State Prison, was really awesome. I had the chance to visit David again two more weekends. We stayed in Jacksonville, and David was only an hour away. Every time I see him it's that same feeling and every time I leave him, I feel so alone. Soon David will have served his time and is planning to come to Maine. He is not infected with the AIDS virus, but he deeply cares about the one who touched his heart with words. I truly believe that my penpals are giving me the will to live and David is giving me something that money can't buy, and that is love.

By the way, I have failed to mention, I also got a tour while at GSP of the general population inmates. I've never seen so many good looking men in all my life! I'm sure some of these people would like to hear from you!

---

Nothing which is worth doing  
is ever done without great sacrifice.

Every dream in its unfolding  
has difficult times, times when those  
Who work with it are discouraged,  
When it seems as though those  
Who were committed to it have lost the vision.

Unknown



Let me tell you a story.  
(I just had a butterfly on my finger!)

Something was moving above me,  
a shadow in the sun.

I looked and saw a small, beautiful butterfly  
high on my window pane, fluttering its wings.

It went as high as it could, while keeping the view of the world outside.

I looked, seeing and knowing.

What could I do?

There was a pane of glass behind and two storm windows in front  
and a screen window below.

I moved + shuttered + shook all the windows to get them to open  
at the top,  
which is where the butterfly wanted to be.

Ahh, ops, jam, waffle, wont, crank, K, K, K

I couldn't budge one of the storm windows.

Yet I couldn't see the butterfly either.

Had it gotten out... somehow?

Then I saw  
at the bottom of the window  
the flutter begin anew.

Do I dare?

CAN I be trusted, no... it will never land on my finger.

Yet it was the only hope

So slowly, I put out my finger + raise it to meet the body of the  
butterfly.

Oh my... it's moving on... ohhh... will it stay on long enough

Ohh, I have to take it down to get it out the bottom window.

Will it trust me.

With wings tight together it stayed on my finger.

I had just put up a window box the other day + filled it with red  
geraniums.

I put the butterfly down on the soil.

He stayed. Wings still tight together in the sun.

Was it hurt?... was it scared.. oh I hope I hadn't done anything wrong.

Then I began writing this story.

I just looked out, peered out into the soil.

Gone





# DATES

Maine Health Foundation is having a "Texas Two-Step" Dance every other Friday at Ravens, starting March 23rd. Other dates are April 6, April 20, and May 4th. Donations at the door.

The NAMES Project sewing sessions for April are April 1 and 15. **\*\*NAMES Project Benefit Dance\*\*** Friday, April 27, Ravens, Portland Dance and Donate. (Those who can not come, but wish to make a donation, please call our phone at 774 - 2198.

90 Minute AIDS in Africa with Peter Jennings. April 3. ABC.Ch.8.

April 11 Easter Pot Luck Social. Prize for the best Easter bonnet. Join us for our monthly pot luck supper at the Coalition space on Cumberland Avenue. Dinner from 6:00 P.M. - 8:00 P.M.

Legal Workshop: Wills, Power of Attorney and Living Wills. Saturday, April 28, 1990, 11 A.M. - 3 P.M., The AIDS Project, Portland. Attorneys from the AIDS Legal Referral Project will be at The AIDS Project to help anyone with HIV infection who wishes to do a will, power of attorney or a living will. The workshop and all legal services are free. Please contact The AIDS Project at 774-6877 and let them know if you plan to attend.. The AIDS Legal Project is a network of attorneys in Maine who are available to provide free legal services to people with HIV infection. If you need legal advice or assistance, please contact a case manager at the AIDS service organization in your area for referral.

Visualization Workshop with Regina Kelley. Wednesday, April 25, 1990, following the Wednesday evening dinner. PWA Coalition space. Regina Kelley is an Associate Professor of Sculpture at the Portland School of Art, a Hospice of Maine volunteer on the AIDS team and is currently organizing an Arts Team for Hospice. She has worked with visualization as a healing tool for ten years.

In many native traditions, one can become a healer only after surviving a life threatening illness. The encounter with death provides the shamen with the courage, strength and skills to work on behalf of others. The healing journey for the shamen is a rich source of inner wisdom and the impetus for personal transformation. Illness is life altering for everyone. Like the shamens, we can develop visions that are a resource, a healing tool. In doing so we become active participants in our own healing process transforming how we respond to illness.

Visualization is an active response that is both personal and unlimited in its range and uses. It is simply creating a clear picture in your mind. It can be an image of wellness so that everytime fearful thoughts arise they are replaced with visions of a strong, healthy body. Visualization can also be a picture of your body getting well. For some this might be an anatomically detailed picture of the disease and its antidote. For others it might be a light or a higher power washing the disease out of your body. It can even be a full scale martial arts movie with victorious cells or fantasy characters. Every person is capable of envisioning what healing looks like to them.

Another use of visualization is to work with medical treatments. As medicine or pills are taken one can imagine in detail how they are effecting the body. When receiving radiation or chemotherapy, one can imagine how the healthy cells are protected and allow only the diseased cells to receive the treatment. Our imagination has no limits - each breath we take can nourish us, each exhalation releases stress, discomfort and disease.





February 13, 1990

In response to your letter of January 16, I answer your question concerning "hyper-oxygenation" as a treatment for AIDS.

I have been aware for several years that a German physician has been promoting what he calls "hyper-oxygenation" on the basis of some pseudo-scientific theories of his, and that others in this country are now doing the same. To the best of my knowledge there has never been any controlled clinical trial conducted and published that has demonstrated in an objective way that such treatment works. Such a demonstration would be essential to convince the scientific and medical communities because the theoretical basis on which the approach rests is flimsy, to say the least, although it is couched in scientific jargon, which may make an impression on laymen.

I assure you that any believable evidence of therapeutic efficacy against AIDS would not be ignored or neglected. The problem with evaluating "treatments" for AIDS in a non-controlled manner and without adequate "follow up" time, is that there is a long drawn-out period of ups and downs during which one can derive the impression that a time of relative well-being is the result of a treatment, when in fact it is not. Sometimes, psychological factors -- such as the mere relief resulting from being treated with something that one believes to be promising -- produces in itself a sufficient boost to cause a temporary feeling of improved health. We have seen this happen with countless "therapies" that have come and gone for having, when seriously evaluated, been proven worthless. I am afraid that "hyper-oxygenation" will be one more such case.

Sincerely yours,

Mathilde Krim, Ph.D.  
Founding Co-Chair



NBC Today

Arthur Ulene, M.D. 3000 W. Alameda Ave. Burbank, CA 91523

February 14, 1990

Thank you for your letter of January 16th and for the material you enclosed with it. Frankly, I think you answered your own question in your letter when you ask, "if the treatment is valid, why is it not being widely used?"

Hyper-Oxygenation has been proposed as a cure for cancer for years, and there are numerous studies to document its lack of efficacy. That does not keep charlatans and quacks from trying to sell the therapy to desperate people with diseases for which there are not effective treatments. Frankly, when something looks too good to be true, it usually is, and I believe this is the case for Hyper-Oxygenation.

There are literally dozens of hyperbaric chambers located at ethical institutions around the United States (hyperbaric therapy does have some legitimate applications). I ask you the following question: if hyperbaric therapy were effective, don't you think that these institutions that already have the machine would take advantage of this extraordinary opportunity to cure people while at the same time making lots of money. Like your question, this one has its own simple, obvious answer.

I thank you for taking the time to write and raising such an interesting question.

Sincerely,

Arthur Ulene, M.D.  
AU:hs

The letters reprinted on the left are the final two replies on our letters of inquiry regarding the hyper-oxygenation therapy.

The Coalition was quite pleased that several highly qualified health professionals took the time and interest to respond to our questions regarding this process.

In the future we hope to write to and receive responses back from other experts in the health field regarding experimental drugs and/or treatments.

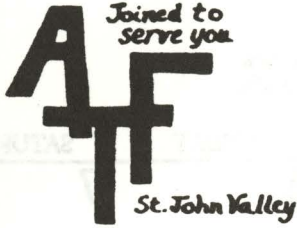
We would welcome hearing from PWAs as to their experiences with drugs/treatments/etc.

### LET'S HUG

THERE'S A HUG TO SAY  
I LOVE YOU  
AND A HUG TO SAY GOODBYE  
THERE'S A HUG TO SAY  
HOW ARE YOU  
AND A HUG TO SAY, WE TRIED  
THERE'S A HUG TO BOND  
A FRIENDSHIP  
AND A HUG WHEN THE DAY  
IS THROUGH  
BUT THE HUG I LOVE  
IN ALL THE WORLD IS  
THE HUG I GET FROM  
YOU!







## ST. JOHN VALLEY AIDS TASK FORCE

"Joined to Serve You" that is our motto. We are the St. John Valley AIDS Task Force. We are a community based, non-profit organization which was formed in August of 1987. We joined forces with a mutual goal to meet the local need for AIDS education.

The Task Force is one of fourteen community based organizations that makes up the Maine AIDS Alliance. In the past two and one half years, the organization has grown to a twenty-eight member volunteer steering committee. The territory we cover is primarily within the St. John Valley although we have provided services in other Aroostook County towns and plan to continue to do so as the need arises. The variety of each member's background provides the Task Force with a strong base.

The Task Force's primary goal has been to provide AIDS education at all levels. A trained Speaker's Bureau was developed in 1988 to create stability and continuity in AIDS education. The Bureau is a member of the Physician's Association for AIDS Care which provides the latest in biomedical information.

Another major goal of the Task Force at this time is to serve as a resource in providing direction for services required to PWA's. The Task Force is a link to services available for the people of the Community. In the future, we expect to re-evaluate our goals based on the needs of the communities we serve.

For more information about this organization or about AIDS, we strongly urge you to call Northern Maine Medical Center at 834-3155, extension 194.



# April 1990

## PWA COALITION CALENDAR

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 _QUILT WORKSHOP PORTLAND NAMES PROJECT	2	3 _ART FROM THE HEART 2:00-4:00 P.M.	4 6:00 PM DINNER	5 7:00 PM MOVIE NIGHT	6	7
8	9	10 _ART FROM THE HEART 2:00-4:00 P.M.	11 6:00 PM EASTER POT LUCK DINNER	12 7:00 PM MOVIE NIGHT	13	14
15 _QUILT WORKSHOP PORTLAND NAMES PROJECT	16	17 _ART FROM THE HEART 2:00-4:00 P.M.	18 6:00 PM DINNER 7:00 PM BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING	19 7:00 PM MOVIE NIGHT	20	21
22	23	24 _ART FROM THE HEART 2:00-4:00 P.M.	25 6:00 PM DINNER	26 7:00 PM MOVIE NIGHT	27	28
29	30	<p>PWA Coalition open hours are 10:00 A.M.-4:00 P.M. MONDAY - FRIDAY (SOMETIMES OPEN ON EVENINGS)</p> <p>LUNCH AT THE SPACE: MON, TUE, WED, AND FRI 11:00 A.M. - 1:00 P.M.</p>				