

## Celebrating lesbians and gays together

The Ten Percent Revue was quite an experience. Never before in my gay life have I sensed such rapport between performers and audiences. I got goose bumps at every performance. Tom Wilson Weinberg, Jenifer Firestone, Jon Arterton, Helena Snow, Elliot Pilshaw and Laura Green are an extraordinary group of people.

The audiences were wonderful as well. In what must have been the first time in the history of Portland's gay/lesbian community, audiences maintained consistent gender parity. And that's for all eight performances, too.

Many people came to see the Ten Percent Revue more than once, bringing friends and/or family on their return trips. A man I know came to a performance on a Saturday with his boyfriend, and the following evening brought his daughter and her boyfriend along.

Several people brought their children; one woman arrived with her five and seven year old sons in tow. "I want them to experience this, too," she said. And some people brought their parents.

It was wonderful.

I want to publicly thank Renee LaChance for bringing Ten Percent Revue to Portland. Renee saw one of their performances in San Francisco about a year ago, and recognizing Tom Wilson Weinberg's revolutionary message, gave herself the task to get them here.

Always the Doubting Thomas, I was skeptical, not of Renee's ability to get the act together, but of the lack of what I perceived as an integrated audience of gays and lesbians in Portland. Entertainment events I have attended here have almost always been aimed at one part of the community, not the community as a whole.

Renee *knew* the audience was there.

Thanks, Renee.

All of us want to express our gratitude to *Oregonian* Theater Critic Bob Hicks for a glowing review. The headline alone (Ten Percent Revue celebrates gayness) made my week.

## Flaunting it in Salem

Monday, February 23, 1987, was definitely Gay/Lesbian Day in Salem. Four hearing rooms were filled with lesbian, gays and non-gays eager to give support to HB 2325. More than a hundred people testified at the hearing; most of the witnesses gave evidence in favor of the bill's passage.

Secretary of State Barbara Roberts, House Speaker Vera Katz, Representative Ron Eachus, Cory Steisinger, (Gov. Neil Goldschmidt's representative) Senator Jane Cease, Senator Nancy Ryles, Multnomah County Commissioner Gretchen Kafoury, Ellen Rosenblum (Oregon State Bar), Bill Fitzgerald (AFL-CIO), Portland City Commissioner Mike Lindberg, William Shepherd (President of P/FLAG Oregon), Estill Dietz, M.D. (Oregon AIDS Task Force), Alice Dale and Sandra Nemeth (Oregon Public Employees Union), Peggy Hanley-Hackenbruck (American Psychiatric Association), Ben Merrill (Portland attorney), Rev. Christopher Johnson (University of Portland), Sue Guthrie (Oregon Women's Political Caucus), Representative Shirley Gold,

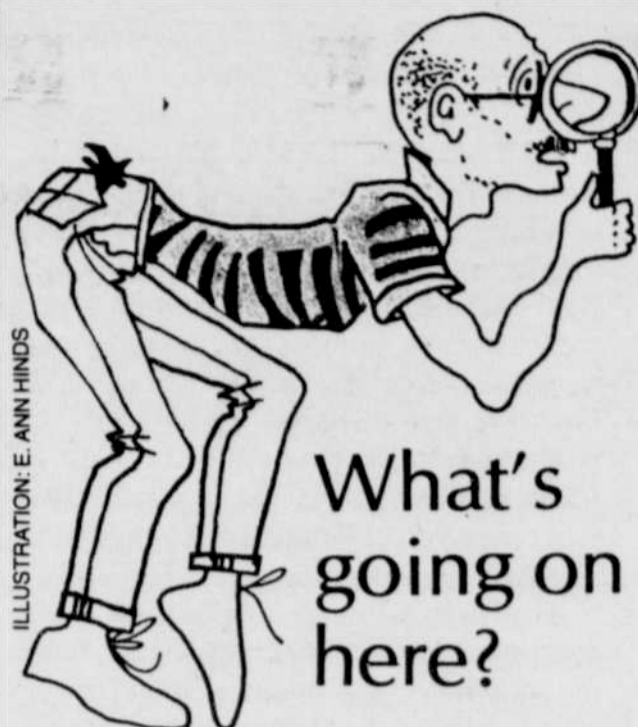


ILLUSTRATION: E. ANN HINDS

What's going on here?

B Y J A Y B R O W N

Mary Kay Russell, William Youngren, Eeve Smith, Patti Pate, Patricia McHugh, Bill McFadden, and others urged the subcommittee members to recommend a favorable reading to the full Judiciary Committee, which will pass on the bill in the near future. (Witnesses testified into the night, we left at 6 pm after observing for 4½ hours.)

The witnesses were not all testifying for our side, of course. The opposition came from one quarter only — the arch-conservative religious fundamentalists represented by such Harpies as Betty Freauf and Priscilla Martin.

Freauf's testimony so angered me, that when I saw her later in the hall outside the hearing room, I confronted her with the following exchange: Me: Why do you tell all those lies? Freauf: For the same reason you do. (Thus admitting to lying.) Me: But, I'm not lying and you are.

It made me feel so good to call her a liar, and when I later heard that Freauf was observed in what was described as an "hysterical state," I felt even better.

## Tell the Pope to stay home

What misguided logic could induce John Paul II, patriarch of the Roman Catholic Church, to plan a visit to San Francisco?

Cynicism, perhaps?

Last October, with his letter on the Doctrine of the Faith, the Pope placed his imprimatur on the most virulent attack against gays and lesbians in recent memory. The Letter not only condemns same-sex love, it also condones physical and verbal abuse of lesbians and gays for demanding an end to persecution.

And now the Pope feels the need to add insult to injury by bringing his traveling circus to the universally recognized capital of the gay and lesbian community. His pontificating and traipsing about San Francisco will only compound the pain and suffering which already afflicts many of us.

John Paul II could better serve his god and humankind by spending the time in the Vatican's Sistine Chapel contemplating the work of Michelangelo, a man who loved men. While in awe of Michelangelo's magnificent frescoes, the Pope could atone for flaunting the Christian ethic.

In San Francisco, gays and lesbians are mobilizing in protest of the September visit with planned demonstrations at every stop

on the Pope's itinerary. So far, a papal mass at St. Mary's Cathedral has been cancelled, reportedly because local Catholic officials take the San Francisco lesbian/gay community very seriously.

So what can the rest of us do? In a letter to *The Washington Blade*, Warren A. Potas suggests, "Pick a postcard appropriate for the occasion, invest 33¢ for airmail postcard postage, and tell him to stay home (address: The Pope John Paul II/Vatican City/Italy).

Besides, it will make you feel good!"

## "Quarantine!"

When I was a child growing up on the high desert plateau of Northern Arizona, hardly a winter went by without at least one house in the small town having a dreaded yellow sign tacked to the front door. "Quarantine!" the signs read, in great big old-fashioned letters.

This was more than forty years ago; the signs were posted for such childhood diseases as whooping cough, scarlet fever and meningitis. Our house escaped every year, although we did have a scare once when a cousin was suspected of having meningitis while visiting us.

Quarantine was a fact of life for our family especially — my father was president of the local school board for about ten years — we always knew which family was coping with what disease.

Many years later, in August, 1976, images of those acid colored squares of cardboard with the quaint lettering flashed vividly into my consciousness. I was living in Southern Oregon at the time and had become infected with a new strain of gonococci. At one point during the three months it took to cure the infection, the county health officials seriously considered putting me in quarantine.

Because my sexual network was rather widespread (the public health people found it astonishing) and because the physician treating me thought I was being reinfected, health officials began studying the options.

Someone suggested holding me in the mental ward of the local hospital.

I had been straightforward with them and was genuinely concerned myself, so by promising to modify my behavior, I narrowly escaped incarceration. And fortunately, only one other person I'd had sex with — the man I got it from — had the disease.

Currently, attempts are being made to change Oregon's quarantine statutes by adding special provisions relating to the disease AIDS. Such measures are unnecessary (and probably motivated by homophobia).

Believe me, I know that Oregon's statutes relating to quarantine for public health reasons are adequate for any occasion.

## Quick, what do KBOO and The Brig have in common?

Since last October KBOO 90.7 FM and the Brig have been offering the talented record spinning of DJ Michael Jay. On KBOO for five years, Michael calls his slot (Mondays 3:30 am-6:00 am) East Coast Connection.

DJ MJ plays an eclectic variety of progressive music, "Pamela Stanley, Jack Charles' Mien Streets, Sylvester," he says. "And on KBOO I play local 'rap and scratch,' like John Carmony from the Brig."

At present, MJ is at the Brig on Mondays, also and plays what he calls danceable rock, "Such as Def Leppard and Billy Idol. It's danceable Top 40."

Michael Jay has worked as a disc jockey in several clubs in Portland since 1974 but until last year had not worked in a gay establishment. He says he likes working at The Brig because he can play better music.

"Gay audiences are better than straight audiences," Michael Jay said. Michael and The Brig also have something in common; while working as a disc jockey at The Brig is his first job in a gay establishment, he is also the first black disc jockey to hold such a position in Portland.

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