

Just out

Co-Publishers

Renee LaChance and Jay Brown

Editor Jay Brown

Calendar Editor Meg Grace

Staff Reporters

Harold Moore

Kamila Al-Najjar

Advertising Representatives

Jewel Murphy, Meg Grace, Jeff Fritz

Production Director Renee LaChance

Creative Director E. Ann Hinds

Typesetting Em Space

Proofreading Marvin Moore

Graphic Inspiration Rupert Kinnard

Distribution Diana Cohen

Contributors

Lee Lynch Bradley J. Woodworth

Eric Rofes Gay Monteverde

Dr. Tantalus Lisa M. Mayfield

Bill Strubbe Suzanne Stauss

Joel Redon Eleanor Malin

Anndee Hochman

Billy Russo

Michael S. Reed

Kelly Masek

Marion Miller

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Written and graphic materials are welcomed for submission. All written material should be typed and double-spaced. All graphic material should be black ink on white paper. Material will be edited for spelling and grammar, with the exception of letters to the editor.

Deadline for submissions is the 15th of each month.

Out About Town is a courtesy to our readers. Performers, clubs, individuals, or groups wanting to list events in the calendar should mail notices to *Just Out* by the 15th of the month preceding publication. Listings will not be taken over the telephone.

Display Advertising will be accepted up to the 17th of each month.

Classified ads must be received at the office of *Just Out* by the 17th of each month, along with payment. Ads will not be taken over the telephone.

Editorial policies allow the rejection or the editing of an article or advertisement that is offensive, demeaning or may result in legal action. *Just Out* consults the Associated Press Stylebook and Label Manual on editorial decisions.

Views expressed in letters to the editor, columns, and features may not be those of the editorial staff of *Just Out*.

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P.O. Box 15117
Portland, OR 97215
(503) 236-1252

SAFE SEX

HIV, the virus which causes AIDS is transmitted through direct contact with infected body fluids; i.e., blood, semen, urine, feces and possibly vaginal secretions. To insure that sexual activity is safe avoid contact with body fluids.

UNSAFE SEX

- Vaginal or anal intercourse without a latex condom
- Fellatio without a latex condom
- Semen, blood or urine in the mouth
- Blood contact of any kind
- Oral-anal contact
- Fist fucking
- Sharing sex toys

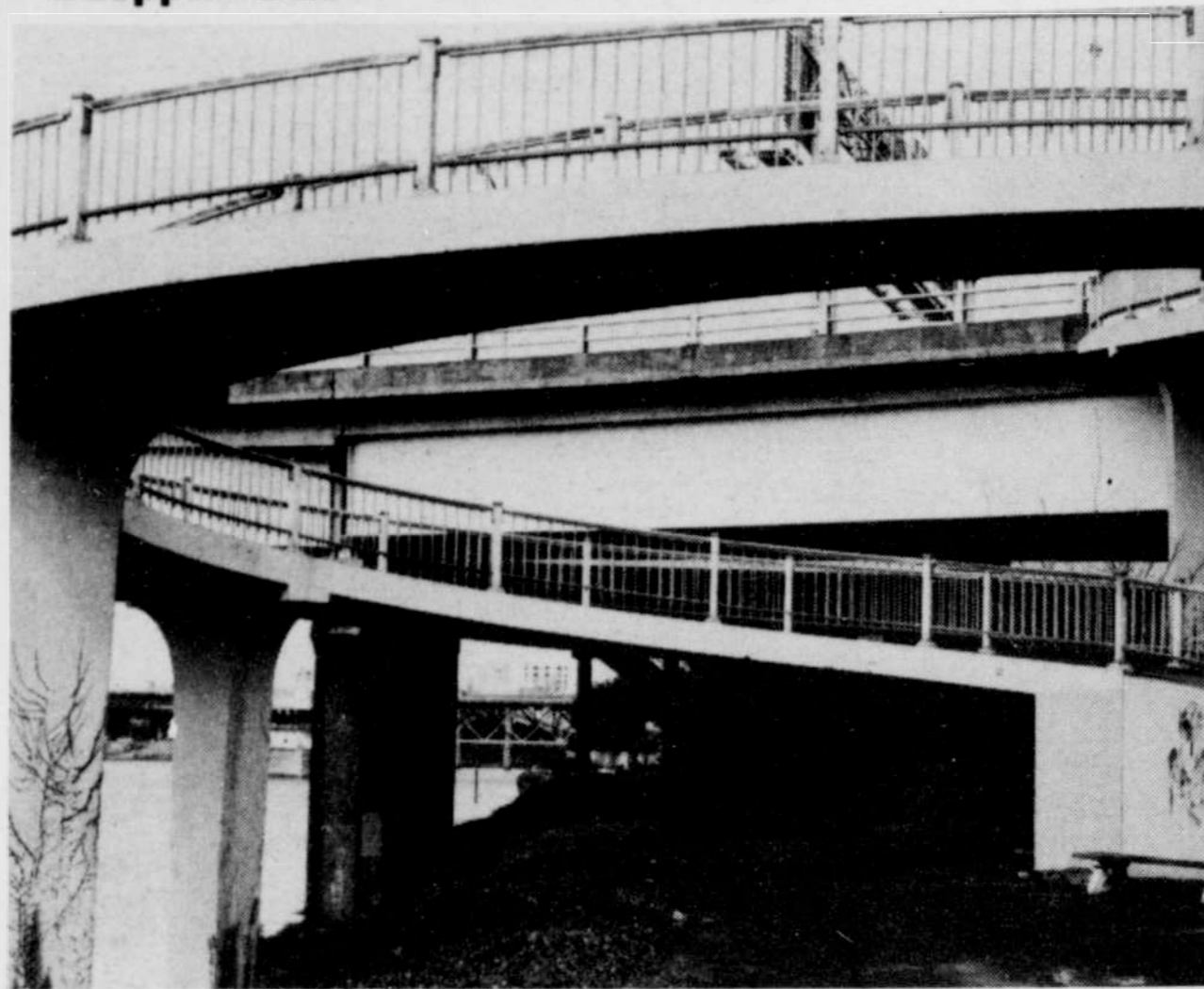
SAFE SEX

- Massage
- Hugging
- Body-to-body rubbing
- Voyeurism, exhibitionism, fantasy
- Masturbation

SHARING NEEDLES IS UNSAFE IN ANY SITUATION

Steppin' Out

Photo by Jay Brown



The language of sexual oppression

To employ the words "deviate sexual intercourse" is to perpetuate a divisive norm/other attitude. Deviate from what? It's insulting, it's oppressive, it's damaging.

BY LISA M. MAYFIELD

I attended a group recently to work on my copulationism. A friend mentioned it one day at lunch; he thought I might find it "stimulating." I was intrigued. What might this be? Visions of the possibilities flashed through my head. I didn't know. But not wishing to sound ignorant, I said, "Oh, no, I don't think so—I'm not . . . oversexed. Or whatever."

"What does that mean?" he asked, baffling me.

"What does that mean?"

"Oversexed."

"What does it mean?"

"I asked you first."

"OK, what time?"

Across one wall of the meeting room I entered the next evening was a blackboard emblazoned with this message:

LOVEMAKING vs. DEVIATE
SEXUAL INTERCOURSE
MARITAL RELATIONS vs. SODOMY
NORM vs. OTHER
GOOD vs. BAD

I had arrived several minutes late and the meeting was already under way. The group of ten or so, including my friend, and someone whom I gathered to be a facilitator, sat in a circle, some in chairs, some on the floor. It was a motley crew, to all appearances.

One handsome fellow, probably in his 30s, sat forward in his chair, his face in his hands, sobbing. A stern, sharp-browed woman orated. "I've just come from a meeting with a 'sympathetic' state legislator and I'm furious. The language of these sex-offense statutes is patently copulationist and oppressive to the sexually other-oriented. I'm talking about the use of the term 'deviate sexual intercourse.'"

My friend, noticing my entrance, came over to greet me. "Catching the drift?"

I was, but I was magnificently underwhelmed. My consciousness had been raised so many times it was now seated on Cloud Nine, just

inside the pearly gates. Also, rabid hypercritical fanatics nitpicking over minutiae irritated me. But not to seem impolite, I inquired, "Why is that man crying?"

"Oh, Bill has been working on his sexual relationship with his wife, and he is grieving the loss he has suffered from his inability to play and experiment because of his own copulationism. He's having a tough time right now. Institutionalized copulationism leaves casualties in all walks of life."

Like the penis of a fourteen-year-old boy, in response to nuances of another's movements undetectable to the naked eye, my eyebrow arched in response to the presence of B.S.

I said, "Institutionalized copulationism?"

"The hegemonic attitude in our culture that says that genital copulation is the norm and all other sexual behavior is 'other,' unacceptable, bad, forbidden, naughty and wrong. Look at our sodomy statutes and sexual-misconduct statutes. They use the term 'deviate sexual intercourse.' Do you know what *deviate sexual intercourse* is?" He delivered his lines with a face as blank as a postal clerk's, but his voice steadily rose so that by the end, the group was watching and listening.

My face reddening, I shot a pained smile toward them and fairly whispered my response. "Yeah, it means contact between the sex organs of one person and the mouth or anus of another. And it isn't illegal. It's criminal, basically, only when it's non-consensual or with persons 16 or younger. Oregon hasn't criminalized the 'loathsome crime against nature' for almost 20 years."

He forged ahead. "That's beside the point. To employ the words 'deviate sexual intercourse' is to perpetuate a divisive norm/other attitude. Deviate from what? It's insulting, it's oppressive, it's damaging. Have you read *Hardwick*?"

I felt myself becoming an object lesson, a living, breathing piece of physical graffiti in bas-relief on the wall of the counterculture. I rose to the occasion. "Yes," I spat, "and what's wrong with the Supreme Court acknowledging the power of the states to pass reasonable laws articulating the opinion of the majority of

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Illustration by E. Ann Hinds

its citizens?" Was I really saying these things? I quickly checked my calendar watch; perhaps there was still time to register Republican before the primary.

I thought I detected a note of pity as he continued. "What's reasonable about labelling criminal a private, consensual activity that among married heterosexuals is acceptable? My point is that when the highest court in the land says 'homosexuals have no right to engage in sodomy,' it is evidence of oppression so deep, so institutionalized, that millions learn to think themselves bad. And it starts so early and is so constant that we don't even know it ourselves. We are all sexual cripples. *You* are a cripple."

I heard the group's astonished, collective inhalation. There was what seemed a long, gravid pause within which I imagined, in slow motion, myself—a black belt—delivering a swift kick to my friend's solar plexus. It was the moment of truth, was it not?

Clapping my friend on the shoulder, I said, "And you're Dale Carnegie, right? I *knew* we could create a win/win situation if we tried. We can *both* have something we want! I, for example, want out of here. Although I'm not certain exactly what you want, I know this will help."

I pulled a wad of bills out of my pocket and tucked them into my friend's shirt pocket. "Here's \$200. I was going to split that between the NRA and the Pit Bull Protective Society, but hey—they can wait until next month."

My friend patted his bulging pocket and said, "Money talks."

"I know," I said, as I opened the door to let myself out. "Save me a place, I may be back."