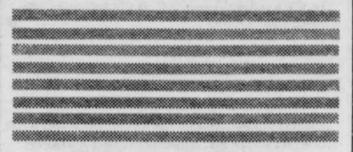
New AIDS ad campaign is a real stinker

They may have spent a jillion bucks and they may have consulted every group in town, but the Turtledove Clemens ad agency did a lousy job on its new advertising series for the Oregon State Health Division.

One particularly ridiculous newspaper ad features cameo portraits of American Indians



. . . Between the Lines . .

JACK

just standing around looking native. The tag line reads: YOU CAN SAVE A NATION FROM AIDS. That ad about sums up the entire campaign in that it targets an individual group instead of individual behavior. And it should be noted that this particular group, native Americans, has contracted only two

RILEY

known cases of AIDS in Oregon at last report. Other ads in the series have about the same punch. One shows a teenage Caucasian girl with a paper bag over her head and the really hard-hitting caption, "IF YOU THINK ZITS ARE THE PITS, IMAGINE GETTING AIDS." And the last one I saw depicted a macho white guy with a football and the confusing line, "YOU AREN'T TOUGH ENOUGH FOR AIDS.

All ads are signed by "People United Against AIDS" and finish up with tiny, tiny reminders such as "don't have sex," "don't shoot," "bleach works between users," and "call for more information." Condoms do not even get a mention, even though health experts all agree they are our best defense against the disease if one continues having

The real blame cannot be laid entirely on the ad shop that put these ineffective ads together. The blame goes to newspaper editors and publishers who seem to have bags over their own heads, most notably, those at the Oregonian. Well, these ads should put their fears to rest.

Church thinks it can "alter" homosexuality

f the seven U.S. Presbyterian churches, the rising star is the highly decentralized Presbyterian Church of America. The 15-year-old denomination's membership, now at 200,000, is growing 5.7 percent a year.

This offshoot group is shunning what it believes to be a growing doctrinal and political liberalization of their denomination including attitudes on sexuality.

The church also has clear notions of what is right and wrong. Seminary students, for example, have been arrested at anti-abortion demonstrations. And homosexuality is not regarded as something members should come to terms with, but as something to be altered through counseling.

Church leaders believe the growing popularity of their offshoot lies in the 'assurances it provides its members assurances that pornography is wrong, that abortion is wrong, that we don't have to live with bookstores, that we can do something about homosexuality."

Scares me.

New gang doesn't deal in crack - just hatred

Vou've read plenty about the Bloods and Crips. Now read about Portland's newest gang, the Blackjacks.

This gang doesn't hang around Northeast Portland running crack houses and taking pot shots at rivals in schoolyards. The Blackjacks (an obvious take-off on street lingo for "jack" rollers) hang around the Stark Street neighborhood taunting gays on the bar strip after dark. They don't stand on the street corner chanting rap songs; they stand in the middle of the sidewalk and shout "faggot!" at single males who cross their paths.

Since the Blackjacks aren't dealing with a full deck, it's advisable to give this group of three to five young men all the sidewalk it needs to vent hatred at fellow minorities.

The prom we never had

emember Aaron Fricke? He was the gay teenager who sued his high school back in 1980 for the right to bring a male date to a prom. Well, nine years later, some gay students at the University of Illinois put on their own spring prom - most admitted being forced to bring "straight" dates to their high school affairs or staying

The Illini gays said there was no place for them at the school to socialize and to openly express their affection, such as dancing or holding hands like everyone else.

But many people at the dance still felt harassed. Local television stations sent camera crews to cover the event, the campus newspaper quoted a Republican student leader as saying the alternative prom was "foolish," and a few apparently heterosexual students showed up outside the dance to heckle.

Some things never change.

This time the name was familiar

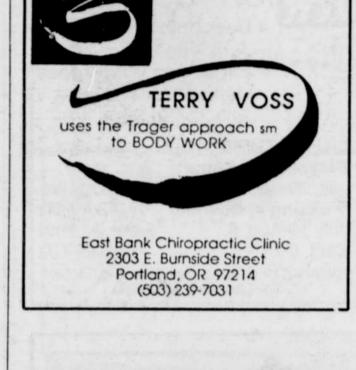
The fellow in the dark jacket moved slowly through the bar, pen in one hand, sympathy card in the other, asking each and every one if the deceased was a friend and if so, "Would you please sign the card?" He was in his forties, a little stoop shouldered and sad looking - a little more so under the circumstances. He had lost a friend.

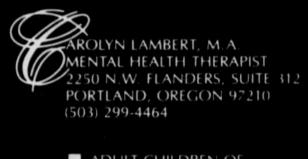
This time, though, the name was a familiar one.

Dude was one of those guys you couldn't help liking. He wasn't handsome or rich. He was just an average Joe who liked his beer and a few good jokes after putting in his eight hours. Those qualities are what endeared him to his partner of eight years. And not surprisingly, Dude and Richard were together when AIDS won a short battle for Dude's life

We'll not forget those warm summer nights down at the Grand Oasis, those crazy evenings with Mama Bernice, and those wild

several weeks ago. Saturdays at Dahl & Penne's.





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