

letters

Of suits and Republicans

To the Editor:

Now that every Republican on the House Judiciary Committee voted to essentially kill SB34, perhaps gay Republicans could explain to us, once again, how working within the Republican party is benefiting our community.

I've always thought that the term gay Republican was oxymoronic; now it appears that it's just plain moronic.

Subsequent to Oregon Revised Statute 260.532, anyone who makes false statements of material fact relating to any candidate, political committee or measure can be subject to a civil suit. The suit has to be filed by a political entity, such as a PAC, and must be filed within 30 days of the election that the false statement referred to.

Since crooked campaigns are the Oregon Citizens Alliance's stock and trade, we should have ample opportunities to sue the hell out of 'em. It will be of immense benefit to our defense when we begin proving in courts of law that its campaigns are based on fraud. Additionally, we can strip the OCA of funds which we can then use ourselves.

I hope the various PACs that have sprung up to

counter bigotry will capitalize on ORS 260.532 as part of their overall strategy to bring the OCA to its knees.

Greg LeBlanc
Roselodge

Supporting youth

To the Editor:

I want to thank the Equity Foundation and the Audria Edwards scholarship Fund for their continued support. I also want to thank Lady Elaine Peacock, not only for her support through the Audria Edwards scholarship, but also for all the many other contributions she makes to our community. As a two-year recipient of the Audria Edwards scholarship I can honestly say that without its continued support I would not have gotten this far.

I also want to thank all of the other people in this community who have encouraged and supported me. I couldn't do it without your continued love and support. I encourage all the members of our community to make financial donations to the Audria Edwards Fund, to the Equity Foundation and to the Pride of the Rose Fund. I would also

encourage you to be supportive of the gay, lesbian and bisexual youth that you know. Help them, encourage them, give them all the support you can.

One of the most important things our community can do is to educate and encourage our youth. We need to ensure that we are building new leaders for our movement. Without the youth there is no movement. Our future depends on these new leaders. Please give to the organizations that can help them through school.

Thank you all.

Ridge McCoy
Portland

TRANSITIONS

David Harry Evans takes his final curtain

The director of *Nightscene*, David Harry Evans, died in a Portland hospice of complications due to AIDS. Evans was a native Portlander, born Nov. 23, 1949. In 1979, he and Dave Jones formed a

partnership called the Rose City Music Hall, Inc. The partners refurbished the Roseway Theater and ran vintage films in it. In 1988, they restored the St. Johns Theater to create another classic-film venue.

Evans and Lanny Swerdlow started the cable access show called *Nightscene*. They featured programming on gay and lesbian interests. As its director, Evans won an honorable mention in the 1990 Best of the Northwest Video Festival. He also was the video production coordinator for the Lucille Hart Right to Privacy PAC fundraising dinners.

He is survived by both parents. A David Evans Memorial Scholarship Fund for Gay and Lesbian Youth has been set up by his family. The address is 1004 N. Jantzen, Portland, OR. 97217.



STREET STORY

Has this happened to you?

One woman's frustration with the Portland police prompts her to share her story

by Tanya Pluth

This is an account of an assault I experienced on June 15 of this year. The officers at the scene told me they were unsure if the crime would be labeled a bias crime or not. Following the advice of the Homophobic Violence Reporting Line, I made several phone calls to the Portland police trying to contact the Bias Crime Unit. All calls ended in confusion, with one woman attempting to convince me that there was no such thing as a Bias Crime Unit. A week and a half after the assault, I finally reached a detective from the Bias Crime Unit. He looked up the report and called me the next day, saying the crime could not be classified as a bias crime. This was the explanation he gave me: "Well, this isn't a bias crime in the same sense that if a white guy is approached by two black guys who say 'give us all your money, whitey' that is not a bias crime."

Frustrated and furious, I am turning to the one source left for my story—exposure. I am an avid reader of *Just Out* and I do not remember seeing a recent article covering the lack of police enforcement and support of the rights of gays and lesbians in crimes like the one I experienced. I was informed by members of the Homophobic

Violence Reporting Line that this apathy is common.

Attention must be brought to these injustices and if I must be the one to shout out, then so be it.

On June 15, I walked out of a laundromat and into the last rays of the sun. I was the last one out of the building, except for two workers who had turned the TV up. A man came closer on a red ten-speed as I returned the cart to the building. That familiar woman's self-defense line ran through my mind: "When attacked use anything as a weapon; your shoes, your fingers, your car keys."

He stopped behind me, straddled the red bike and asked, "You one of them butches?"

I didn't answer.

"You one of those butches?"

I saw that he really wanted an answer, really wanted me to say the words, really wanted the one thing he wouldn't get.

"You're butch, huh? Know what I mean?"

I passed by him with some sort of confident stride that I had conjured up for this occasion and walked towards my car.

He followed me and changed his tune. "Do you suck pussy?"

I turned. "That's nothing I need to talk to you

about. It's none of your business."

"It may be my business! Tell me, do you suck pussy?"

I really wanted to go home. I watched the cars go by on Fremont and almost burst when none of them turned into the parking lot.

"What do you want from me?" I asked.

"Do you suck pussy?"

"What do you want from me?"

"Do you suck pussy?"

"What do you want from me?"

He stopped the momentum of his attack and looked around for an answer and I could see his mouth was in thought. I wondered how long I would wait for a response.

"Well, do you got any money?"

I laughed out loud. "I was doing my laundry. I didn't bring a wallet."

"I know you must have some kind of purse in the back of your car. Why don't you go look?"

Go look? Was he serious?

"I'm sure you've got something in your car. Why don't you go in there and get it?"

He stared at my chest and I started to understand.

"I'm sure you've got something in the back seat of your car. Now get in there!"

I made a move toward the laundromat. He cut me off with his bike.

"You're not going anywhere, bitch! Your mama must've been raped and that's how you were born, you damn pussy-eater! Get in the back of the car!"

I turned sideways and took a good look at the sky. I dug into my pockets and felt with my right hand the cool steel of the four-inch pocket knife I bought for future camping trips. I took the knife from its safe place, opened it to the night, and faced the man once more, blade in hand.

"Look, I don't have anything but I've got this knife and I'm not afraid to use it, so you better let

me go call the police."

He stiffened up. I wondered if my own knife would be the death of me.

"Why you trippin'?" he asked.

"I'm not the one who's trippin'. I'm going to call the police."

I walked backwards toward the laundromat.

He yelled in my direction, "If I see you around, I'm gonna kick your ass, I'm gonna make you bleed, I'm gonna kill you with this bike."

I walked inside and told the young worker what had just happened.

I followed her order to call the police.

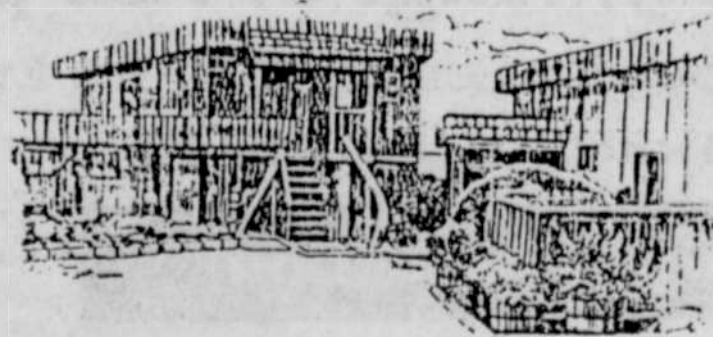
"911 emergency response."

I began to tell my story, leaning against a five-foot high counter with my back to the door. The young woman looked curious as she watched the parking lot behind me. I watched as that same look turned into terror. She screamed and I ducked to the left as I heard footsteps behind me. I saw a chain, two feet long with links at least 3/4 of an inch thick. He used it like a whip in the direction of my head and the noise filled me, took me somewhere, the sound of those links hitting the counter where I had stood calling the police. He smiled at me, turned around and walked out the door.

The police came. They never found him, his bike or the chain. The police say this is not a bias crime, it is an attempted robbery. A detective in the bias crime unit told me, "The best thing you can do is find out where this guy works or lives so we can go get him and ask if the crime was hate-motivated."

I don't remember that night as a robbery. All I hear in my memories are, "What are you, butch? You a pussy-eater? Bitch, I know you suck pussy." It's obviously easier for the Portland police to treat this as another petty theft attempt than a complete degradation of a human being.

Lodging - where mountain meets sea



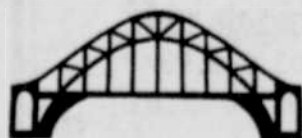
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