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# letters

## Commissioner left out of field

To the Editor:

Rose City Softball Association greatly appreciates the support we have received from *Just Out* over the past three years. However, the article on RCSA ["Diamond Heads," *Just Out*, May 2, 1997] unfortunately failed to acknowledge one of our co-founders and key contributors, Open Division Commissioner Scott Franklin.

Scott was one of three people who answered the call to deliver the league from idealistic concept to tangible reality. He presented the fledgling RCSA's petition to the North American Gay Amateur Athletic Association for membership in February 1995, mentored his co-founders in the art of fund raising and development and created our league's first corporate sponsor relationship, with Coors Light.

His experience and vision have been instrumental in our league's growth and strength. The board, the membership of the league and the public deserve to know fully of Scott's commitment to the league and its activities.

Jim Hernandez  
Rose City Softball Association

## R-E-S-P-E-C-T

To the Editor:

I'm another one of those people who have "never written in before, but..." Now I feel the need.

A car dealership, of all places, has shown that "our" community is no better or worse than any other. My partner and I recently decided to get one of those new Toyota Rav4's, and opted for the 3-year lease. Once we signed the paperwork, it was out of Mr. If-you-don't-come-see-me-today's hands and into Ford Motor Credit's.

One thing led to another (like double the insurance), and we needed to return the vehicle. Back at the dealership, we were told that it would really damage my credit, but if we really wanted to... Well, thanks to their workings with Ford, my monthly payment was reduced to a more reasonable amount, and I am happily driving the same Rav4 today. This was above and beyond their need to "make a sale," as the deal was done for them. They also went out of their way to make my partner and I feel comfortable, secure and welcome.

After this was finished, we had to go to the service department for a new battery for the alarm remote. When my partner went there (I was at work), they asked if we were both on the contract. When he told them that it was in my name only, they said, "Well, we'll just put your name on the service contract anyway, in case you ever need to bring it in without your partner being here." That was a real surprise.

I sincerely want to thank the staff of Thomason Toyota on Southeast McLoughlin Boulevard for being understanding, intelligent people, and I would especially like to thank Jeff Dreyer in the sales department for his hard work. I want everyone to know that our community has another "comfortable" place to shop.

James Price  
Lee Main  
Via e-mail

## Stinky feet, sacred ground

To the Editor:

During the hearing on Senate Bill 577 last month in Salem, I got to hear the testimony of Oregon's critics of gay marriage. If you have never had an experience like this, I recommend it to you. It was there that the notion hit me that I would like critics of gay people to understand one of the hallmarks of personal integrity: a respect for things one does not understand.

Take Moses, for instance. While he was hauling himself up the slopes of Mount Sinai, he was startled by a phenomenon that violated all his prior experience with nature: a bush that burned with a fire that did not consume it.

Regardless of the meaning that you draw from the sign, the point is that Moses did not allow his perplexity over this perverse, flickering light to cause him to ignore it or reject it. Instead, his queer encounter shocked him into a realization of his own ignorance before the diverse and ceaseless creativity at the heart of existence, and he respectfully took off his shoes before getting any closer.

Had Moses been a modern-day "Christian," he could have seized the bush and sawed it off, crowing, "What a bundle I'll save on my oil-lamp bills for January!" Instead, he erred on the side of caution, tiptoeing slowly closer to the queer vision, to extract a meaning. Moses stuck around for a long time, waiting for the light to illuminate his mind. Eventually, it began to speak to him about his obligations as a leader of his people.

It spoke volumes to him about justice, ethical dilemmas and love.

I wish I had told the senators that I think gay people shine with the same queer light. I wish I had said that in our "normal" experience of nature, we live in a world where males tend to be ruthless competitors, but gay men tend to be more cooperative and nurturing. In a world where nature-bred females tend to be submissive, lesbians tend to assert themselves and strive for accomplishment. Sometimes I wonder whether perhaps the defining characteristic of gay men is that they do not seek to dominate others, and the distinctive character of lesbians is that they do not consent to submit to others. Beyond the sexphobic complaints of the bigots, ultimately it is these traits that make gay men and lesbians so perverse in the eyes of a world utterly inebriated with dominance-submission games—including handguns, police forces and warheads on the one hand, and barefoot, pregnant chattel on the other.

I like to think that a heart as clear as Moses' would appreciate this queer gift from God, and would try to open a respectful dialogue, instead of rushing up to cut the miracle off at the roots. Aren't we perhaps a strange light that they should approach with their stinky shoes left behind?

Don't we have volumes to teach them about justice, ethical dilemmas and love?

Mitch Gould  
Forest Grove

## Fighting mad

To the Editor:

The news media last month featured a story about the possibility that U.S. Air Force Capt. Craig Button committed suicide by crashing his plane into a Colorado mountain rather than face the consequences of an estranged lover, another pilot, exposing Button as gay.

My first reaction to reading this was a mixture of anger and grief. I wanted to go out and bash a homophobe. Though it's yet to be proven, the story has affected me deeply. I am not ashamed to say I have shed tears over this. It is so unfortunate that a gay man felt he would rather die than face being ostracized by those he held dear.

The A-10 pilot is the elite of the elite. Button was called by his superiors a "model officer and pilot." I plan to send a donation to a local gay organization in his memory and will encourage others to do so, should the story prove true.

I am so angry at the religious right and their kind who have fought us on every front from basic civil rights to gays in the military and marriage. They speak of morality, yet refuse us the right to fair and equal treatment. The fair treatment we want would lead to a more stable, moral and responsible lifestyle. Many of us, even without the legal right to marry, have formed loving and long-lasting relationships. We would respect our relationships more if marriage was an option, yet they