



Queen Mother of the lesbian and gay community, Ann Shepherd, wrote to Alpenrose, telling the company that for years she had nurtured her children—three of whom are gay—on Alpenrose Dairy products. (Maybe it was the milk.)

Though the vice president of Alpenrose apologized publicly in a letter to *Just Out*, I still have a hard time buying Alpenrose products.

It is said that those who own the press control the press. Jay and I thought that was the case—that is, until we were dropped by our first printer.

The press that prints the pages you hold in your hands is 100 feet long and costs hundreds of thousands of dollars. *Just Out* contracts with publications that supplement their income by printing smaller papers.

At one point in the mid-'80s, *Just Out* switched printers to what was then the publisher of the *Nickel Ads*. After three issues, someone noticed we were a queer publication and they dropped us, too.

Tail between

our legs, we went to the *Gresham Outlook*, which printed us for more than a year before an employee refused to work with our particular product for religious reasons.

We didn't take that one lying down. We rallied the community, and members of Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays went to Steve Clark, who was then the publisher of the *Gresham Outlook*, and discussed the situation with him. We reached a compromise: The press operator was simply relieved of duties when it was time to print *Just Out*. We left the *Gresham Outlook* long ago, and for years have been printing with the Tualatin Yamhill Press, which also publishes the *Hillsboro Argus*.

I was always thankful that Jay died before Lon Mabon and the Oregon Citizens Alliance terrorized our community with ballot measures 9 and 13. It surely would have broken his heart. Everyone who was here at the time remembers the death threats, the break-ins, the escalation of hate that many feel contributed to the murders of Brian Mock, a disabled gay man, and Hattie Mae Cohen, an African American lesbian—who were killed in 1992 when their Salem home was fire-bombed by people linked with the skinhead movement—and the later murders of Medford residents Roxanne Ellis and her longtime partner, Michelle Abdill.

The threats against *Just Out* were trivial compared to those crimes. Still, it was a frightening and horrific time when no one on the *Just Out* staff felt safe. Death threats were phoned to the office and our homes. Hate messages were taped to the office door.

Bungling burglars broke

into the offices below ours before figuring out their error and giving up.

In the last few years the community has felt safer. New AIDS medications have given us hope, the Oregon Citizens Alliance has dropped back to regroup, there is such a plethora of news about the lesbian and gay community in mainstream media that one may question the need for lesbian and gay publications—until something happens like the torture and murder of Matthew Shepard in Laramie, Wyo.

Newsweek sported a cover photo of the fence where Shepard was tied, beaten and left for dead. "Horrific," one may think before



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opening the magazine. Inside, graphs and charts detail how our community is better off now than decades before, implying to the cynical reader, "What's one dead gay man?"

As long as there is oppression in our community, it is *Just Out's* job to whittle at complacency. We must question what authorities in the mainstream tell us, and refuse to settle for the crumbs of basic human rights that they give us.

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nessed this community's fight for civil liberties. We have been out on the streets visible, viable and vulnerable, never forgetting our role to get the word out.

Today, the windows of the *Just Out* office gaze at Waterfront Park from an eastside vantage point. It is a gray, misty day brightened by the changing color of the leaves of autumn.

As I wrap up this article for deadline, I look out the window and see the area where Jay and I sprawled on the grass with *Roget's Thesaurus*.

Though Jay's been gone for more than eight years, he has never left me. His glasses, mounted in a wooden display box, peer over my shoulder. At the hospital, when Jay died, longtime *Just Out* staffer Ann Hinds handed me his aviator-style glasses and said I should keep them so *Just Out* would always have Jay's vision.

Jay would have loved the pun.

■ Celebrate JUST OUT'S 15TH ANNIVERSARY with a night of outrageous comedy featuring Dos Fallopia and Scott Capurro, 8 p.m. Saturday, Nov. 7, at the Hollywood Theater, 4122 N.E. Sandy Blvd. Tickets are \$14 in advance (available at Jelly Bean, Gai-Pied, It's My Pleasure and all Fastixx outlets) and \$16 at the door. Proceeds will benefit the Jay Brown Scholarship Fund.

The Jan. 1, 1993, issue of *Just Out* used a board game format to playfully review 1992—one of the most stressful years for queer Oregonians

