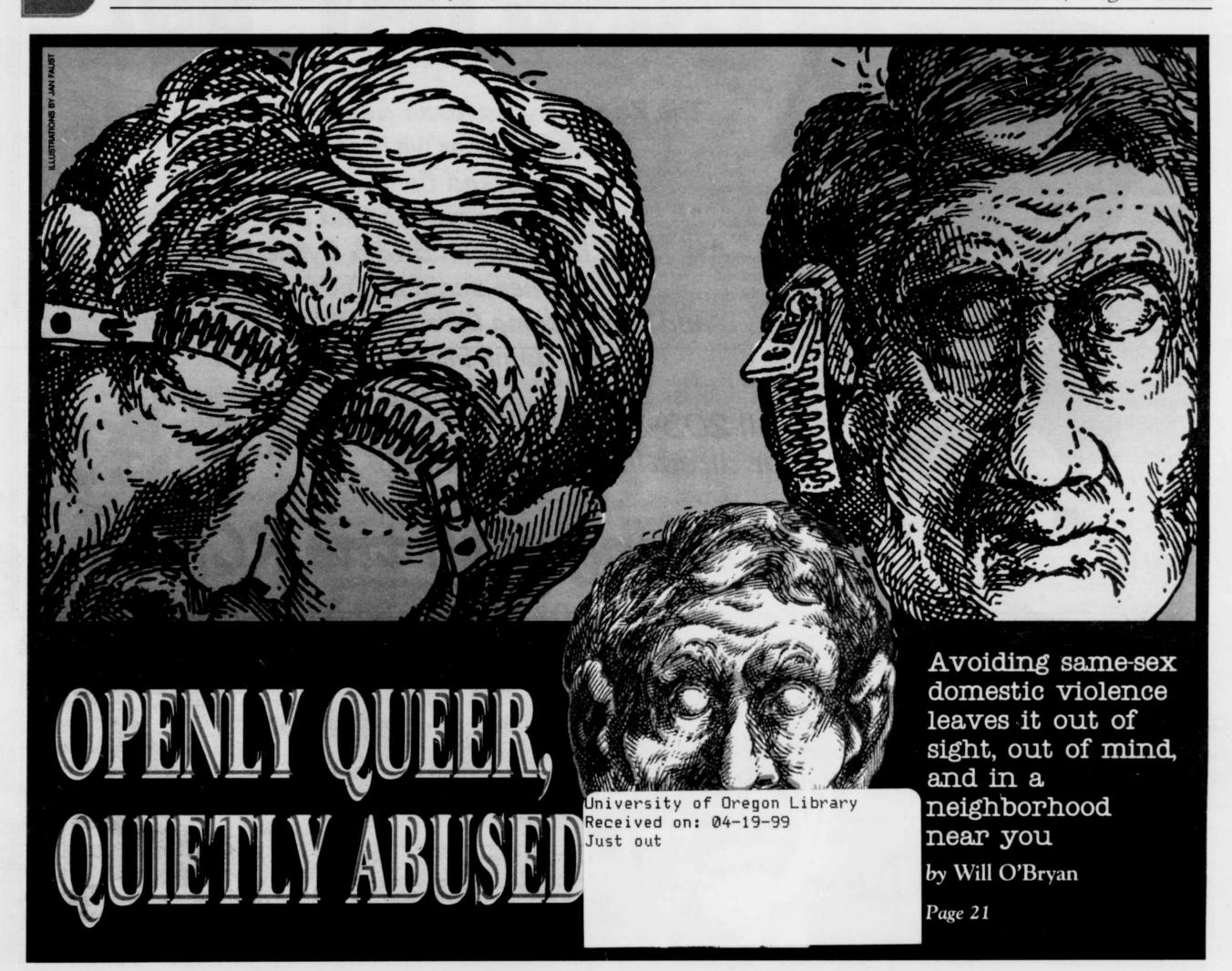
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Judicial Snapshot

Take a tour of the good, the bad and the funky world inhabited by an openly lesbian judge BY INGA SORENSEN

udge Judy, she's not.

"What do you think I should do?" asks Multnomah County Circuit Court Judge Janice Wilson. Draped in the customary dark robe, she peers down from her judicial perch at a man, probably in his late 20s, who's in a fix.

"I don't wanna go to jail," he tells Wilson.

The guy screwed up his probation,

and if the rapacious Judge Judy got her claws in him, she'd slash him down and blast him as a bum, jerk, moron, punk—all, of course, to the cheers of a drooling—and gargantuan—television audience that craves the smell of such steaming heaps of abuse.

The hordes are not here, with Wilson and the man, to bear witness on this day. Instead, words like restitution, community service, jail and assault,



Judge Janice Wilson

bounce off the walls of the nearly empty court room.

"What would you do if you were me?" she repeats. Her tone is calm, her question sincere. Still, your instincts tell you she's already made up her mind about the fellow's impending future.

Nevertheless, the inquiry is important because the man is given the opportunity to ponder his indiscretion as an *intelligent*, *responsible* individual, not as some slimeball predestined for the slammer.

As it turns out, the guy is saddled with a couple of weekends behind bars—but it's less jail time than his probation officer had recommended.

There's not a peep of protest; he may even view his sentence as fair.

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