

**Match
Maker**and
American Family
Agent

Setting up
both your auto
and home
insurance with
American Family
can save you
up to 20%
off your
premiums.
Call Today



Matt Forman
12480 SW Walker Road
Beaverton OR 97005
503.526.2999

**AMERICAN FAMILY
INSURANCE**
AUTO HOME BUSINESS HEALTH LIFE

All Your Protection Under One Roof
© 1997 American Family Mutual Insurance Company and its Subsidiaries
Home Office - Madison, WI 53783
<http://www.aflam.com>

**WHEEL ALIGNMENTS**

Ferguson
AUTOBODY

(503) 232-3600

2454 E. BURNSIDE
PORTLAND, OR 97214

Family Owned
& Operated
Since 1952

AND
T
I
R
E
S

Coventry
Cycle Works



*The Best Little
Bicycle Shop
in the Whole Wide World*
(COME SEE WHY!)

Open Tuesday-Sunday
230-7723
2025 SE Hawthorne

"HILARIOUS!"

**It's a gay
'American Pie!'"**

-Brandon Judell, BAY AREA REPORTER



"HYSTERICAL!"

Tori Spelling is fall-down funny!"

-Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

CHRISTIAN
CAMPBELL

J.P.
PITOC

TORI
SPELLING

trick

A Film By Jim Fall

**now
playing**

CINEMA21
616 NW 21st • 223-4515

Call Theatre For Showtimes
Exclusive Engagement
No Passes

www.trickmovie.com

Where the story ends

A *Just Out* columnist closes one chapter
in order to start another

June marked my 30th birthday. January will mark the new millennium. Astrologers report great changes are afoot. With change being the only constant, none of this is out of the ordinary. But change is prodding sedentary me more than usual.

Circumstance, fate, destiny, what have you, has put a bug up my ass to move along. Thus, this is the last installment of *Stonewall Baby* I'll be writing from Portland—for at least a number of years. I'm shipping out Aug. 21 for Washington, D.C., to work for *The Washington Blade* as a reporter. Unfortunately, this might lead Chief Moose to think I'm stalking him. (I am not.) It also means the Mike Garvey controversy will likely gain new life on the East Coast. (Hey, just doin' my job!)

Being as sentimental as I am, though, that's all the space I want to dedicate to the future. Especially now, as I live out the epilogue of my Portland story, I prefer wallowing in the past. This column is for reminiscing and saying good-bye.

Revisiting my Portland experience, which began about four and a half years ago, one of the first things that comes to mind is Peacock in the Park. Two friends and I unwittingly stumbled across it our first summer here. Imagine our surprise upon turning a corner in Washington Park and discovering a rainbow-festooned drag show. "What a charming city," I thought. "Full of surprises." So, good-bye to Peacock in the Park. I'll miss you, with your big wigs, port-a-potties and noble intentions.

Then there are the bars, too, that I'll miss—anchors all of my Portland social life. My pool game still sucks, but at least I learned how to break respectfully at Scandals. The whole Southwest Stark Street and 10th Avenue intersection, actually, has been carved into memory. When I'm thousands of miles away and I dream of Portland, I'll see that intersection, in every season, at every time of day, from every angle. Good-bye Stark Street.

Despite its non-Stark location and non-queer clientele, special mention goes to the bar at Hung Far Low, which I'm certain is the most depressing in the United States. I'm not sure I'll miss it, but it will certainly haunt me.

Mostly, of course, I'll miss the people. The friends, lovers, acquaintances and co-workers. It would probably be in poor taste to mention some without mentioning all. I can't resist ambiguously mentioning a few of the most gripping memories, though.

Pushing one friend down 12th Avenue in a shopping cart at 3 a.m. was great fun. Becoming a homeowner with one boyfriend and taking the truly domestic life for a spin was very educational. An autumnal trip to Victoria,

B.C., with another is a bittersweet memory, as is being under the stars with another on the Oregon coast. Working the *Just Out* booth at pride with my professional peers was always fun, even when the weather was typically Oregonian. Then there's the voice taunting "Race ya!" that immediately preceded my tripping on a speed bump and knocking out a front tooth a few weeks ago. That voice will echo forever.

That last experience, at least, left me with a permanent souvenir of Portland. Barring great decay or another accident, wherever I go in my life, from now till the day I die, I'll be able to look in the mirror at my perfectly stained-to-match cap and remember that I once lived in Portland and had a very good time.

That's what makes leaving increasingly difficult as the

SW STARK ST.



date creeps closer. As the inevitability of the departure becomes more obvious, the temptation to come in off the ledge gets stronger. Knowing the wheels of change are in motion and too far gone to stop, I can afford the luxury of second thoughts.

Nevertheless, we all have to do what we have to do, and that includes seizing as much life as possible, whether quietly or aggressively. For me, that means leaving. It means accepting more daily pressure, horrific humidity, and having to take notes whenever Jesse Helms passes a stone. It's all for the best, but I'll miss Portland and I'll miss you. Live well. Be brave. And if I'm back here in a decade or two, please don't pretend you don't know me.

STONEMAN BABY
BY
WILL
O'BRYAN