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inside
Gay baritone
Grant Youngblood
performs for
Portland Opera Page 35



Portland, Oregon FREE

## Au naturel

Queer sex worker follows her instincts

BY INGA SORENSEN

f the nuns of St. Mary's could only see her now.

"A queer sex worker!" bursts Morgan LeFey, an utterly fetching 22-year-old who, had she been dedicated to any other cause, would likely be garnering accolades from Portland's government and community leaders for her civic-mindedness.

After all, this saucy girl demolishes the hype about lazy, lackadaisical youths, those supposed slackers who hang back and let life skirt by.

"Mayor [Vera]
Katz is the only one who won't see us," says a slightly frustrated LeFey, who on this Friday afternoon in late January has just closed out a week of fervent political lobbying.

"I've been to City Hall twice. When I was younger I didn't



Morgan LeFey

realize how much power these people have. Now I do," she says, lighting one of the many cigarettes she will smoke this day.

Though Morgan LeFey is not her legal name, she goes by that moniker most of the time

We're at LeFey's studio apartment, not far from the Rose City's center. It's a small space dotted with three or four pieces of elegant wooden furniture and a purple loungey thing. The walls, a funky wine color, are clearly a work in progress. A busted computer is plopped on the floor, poised for its sad exit.

"I spilled something on it," LeFey

explains.

Luckily, though, her granddad came to the rescue with a groovy new Mac, which is a good thing because, in addition to tussling with her elected officials, LeFey is committed to *Danzine*, a quarterly publication "created by and for ladies in the biz." The 'zine is a nonprofit collaboration of sex workers whose goal is to "share the information we need to increase our options and make informed personal and professional choices."

LeFey hands me a copy of the Summer 1999 issue, which features, among other goodies, a piece dubbed "Moo-La" by Your Mama, which offers some tips that would likely spawn tizzies among more convention-

al financial advisors.

For example, counsels Your Mama, the "Tax Man can handle it if you call yourself an 'entertainer,' 'performer,' 'consultant,' or whatever. Just tell them something and find someone in the know to do the paper work."

Continued on Page 8

