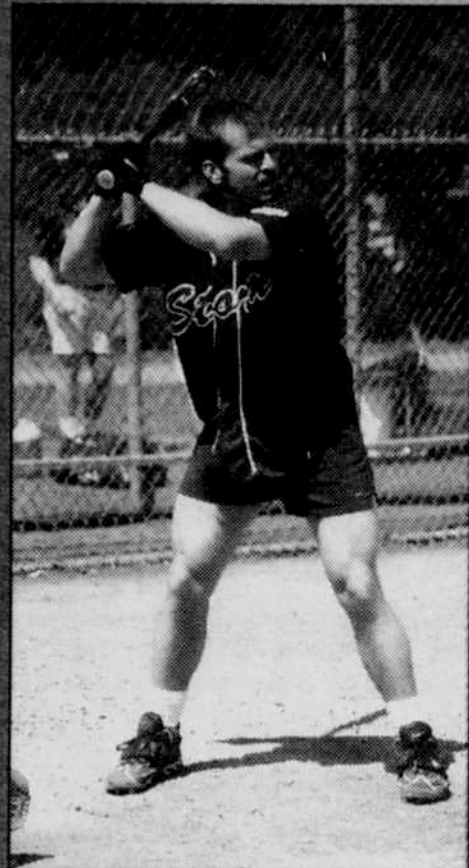




inside
David Lane
wants neighbors
to get along
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Portland, Oregon FREE



play ball!

When the sun comes out, so do the men and women of the Rose City Softball Association.



See the most recent scores and team standings on Page 41.

PHOTOS BY MARY GUITRON AND MARTY DAVIS

She's got her mojo going

Portland musician Lynn Frances Anderson plays well with others

BY LISA BRADSHAW

*There's a lady standing on a lake bank
Singing, "Oh what a Beautiful Morning"
And her voice sings like an Angel singing,
"Oh what a Beautiful Morning"*

On a recent beautiful morning, I met with local singer-songwriter-guitarist Lynn Frances Anderson at Touchstone Coffee House in Northeast Portland. She is about to release her second independent CD, *Beautiful Morning*, and is busy rehearsing for her CD release concert at the Aladdin Theater on June 3.

"I feel like I did a good thing with this last one," she says. "I think it's good."

It ought to be. Anderson has pulled together some of the finest musicians in the country to help create this upbeat, bluesy array of songs, which collectively represent, she explains, "a celebration album."

The emotion is a far cry from the overall feeling of Anderson's 1997 debut, *My Famous Friend*. Although that album's sound is light blues and easy listening, its lyrics portray tough and painful times.

"With the first CD, everything was a fight," claims Anderson. "Everything was a struggle."

I ask her what she was fighting, what was she struggling with, and she repeats "everything."

*I DARE YOU look into my eyes—touch
my skin—turn around, turn around—
Assault Me, Again!*

Anderson grew up in St. Helens, Ore., and came out to her parents at 17.

"I was confused," she recalls. "I was a kid from a small town, and I just wanted someone to listen and help me, because it didn't make sense to me. What I was met with was anger."

That parental rejection has never been resolved. She's now 35 years old; her parents continue to ignore her identity and even her life partner. This struggle is part of *My Famous Friend*. Abuse is another part.

"That was just life in our house. It was tough," Anderson says. "You learn by being in a household where somebody can hit you at any moment, you learn how to watch your back."

Anderson found some solace in music. Every summer she went to her grandparents' house, where her grandpa taught her how to play the guitar. She said goodbye to grandpa's guitar at age 18, when her parents bought her one—"I still have that guitar," she says, "and I still play it."

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PHOTO BY MARTY DAVIS