

just out

The IN publication for the OUT population

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The submission of written and graphic materials is welcomed. Written material should be typed and double-spaced. *Just Out* reserves the right to edit for grammar, punctuation, style, liability concerns and length. We will reject or edit articles or advertisements that are offensive, demeaning or may result in legal action.

Letters to the editor should be limited to 500 words. Announcements regarding life transitions (births, deaths, unions, etc.) should be limited to 200 words; photos are welcome. **Deadline for submissions** to the editorial department and for the **Calendar** is the Thursday 15 days before the next publication date. Views expressed in letters to the editor, columns and features are not necessarily those of the publisher.

The **display advertising deadline** is the Monday 12 days before the next publication date.

Classified ads must be received at the *Just Out* office by 4 p.m. on the Thursday eight days before the next publication date, along with payment. Ads may be placed by telephone or via the Internet with Visa or MasterCard payment.

Ad policy: *Just Out* reserves the right to reject or edit any advertisement. Compensation for errors in, or cancellation of, advertising will be made with credit toward future advertising. Advertising rates are available upon request.

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COMMENTARY

BY MARTY DAVIS

"Lord, help me be the person my dog thinks I am"

Publisher wrestles with issue of dog-racing ads

So far in my life I have known one great love. It lasted 16 years and ended with the heartwrenching death of my love, my buddy, my pal, my beloved dog John-Paul.

I think the inequity in the life spans of dogs and people is one of life's great cruelties. I suppose one can look to the positive and realize this imbalance provides opportunities for more dogs to spend 15 to 20 years in loving homes. On the other hand, how many times can a person take the death of such a cherished friend and loved one?

It can be difficult to balance the pain of loss with the many pleasures of companionship, but in my case the joys of dog ownership won out, and I am now five years into my second dog relationship.

Although the current pooch is nowhere near the end of her days, it's fairly understood that I'll outlast her and probably begin again with yet another dog. How could you ever not have a dog?

John-Paul was exceptional, as I'm sure all your dogs are. My current dog, Peanut is, well, she's cute. Cute and protective.

This means she barks—a lot. She views all people as ax murderers and ideally would have a five-block people-free security zone established around us.

Pretty much every waking moment of her day is concentrated on achieving this goal. There surely is a reason why this kind of dog is so cute—it is the only thing that saves them from total annihilation.

Given a couple of days with this dog, Mother Theresa would have throttled her with a rosary—but like I said she loves me dearly and is a great companion and pal. Were it not for the barking, our life together would be nearly perfect.

Oh sure, there was that recent incident with the squirrel, but hey, it's not like they're an endangered species or anything. One less squirrel in my back yard—gee, now there's only about 356 left.

The squirrel didn't die, anyway; it was merely deeply annoyed, and for its rabid revenge it vented its frustration in my flower beds. Such little creatures, such deep holes. Digging and cursing. Cursing and digging.

So, what the hell is the point of all this, you ask? The point I'm trying to make is that I am a dog person. I rescue them when they're lost, comfort them when they're scared and sleep with them with they're smelly. This is the compassionate and probably best part of who I am. Unfortunately, this conflicts greatly with that other part of me: the

publisher, the business owner, the person who has to decide whether to run ads for greyhound racing in her paper.

If you read the last issue—and I certainly trust you did—you know the challenge was issued that I should not run ads for the local greyhound racing establishment. The request was made based on the working and living conditions and treatment of the dogs.

Greyhound racing is an industry with a deplorable track record in animal rights. I am not fully educated as to all of this, but I read enough to believe problems indeed do exist.

And although the situation might be improving in some places, it remains far from ideal. Dogs suffer because of this sport and this industry. To me, that is unacceptable.

Based on emotional response and personal beliefs alone and sorely ignoring good business sense, I have made the decision not to run the ads for greyhound racing.

This decision is, by and large, no better than the best of two bad choices. Running the ads doesn't feel right, but neither does the idea of not running them.

I still don't think I should make choices for you. However, I'm sticking with the decision that makes me feel the least bad.

A secondary factor in this decision is that

I do view our advertising relationships as partnerships. Some are better than others; nonetheless, the continued success of this paper depends on advertisers and reader support of advertisers.

My mantra since taking ownership has been "support your advertisers." I cannot, in good conscience, encourage you to support dog racing.

From another perspective, it can be said many advertised products have negative effects on consumers. *Just Out* features advertisements for liquor, dentists, restaurants, dating services and others—all of which could be absurdly aligned with rack and ruin.

To my mind, the difference is that the impact of these choices affects the person making the choices. In greyhound racing, the dogs have no choice. No voice. No chance to say, "Thanks, but I'd really rather not."

So in this case I make the choice. No ads.

To those of you who will say I'm wimping out, well, whatever. My warm wish for you: Have a great summer, and may all of your decisions be easy. This one wasn't. ☐

*I am a dog person.
I rescue them when they're lost,
comfort them when they're scared
and sleep with them
when they're smelly.*



REFLECTIONS

10 years ago in *just out*...

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• In New York, the state's highest court, the Court of Appeals, denied a lesbian nonbiological parent the right to visit a child she had raised for many years with her former lover. The court said "Allison D." was not a parent within the meaning of the law because "she is not the biological mother of the child nor is she a legal parent by virtue of an adoption."

• The Third National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Civil Rights was scheduled for April 1993. More than 650,000 people attended the second march in 1987. The first march was in 1979.

• In a formal reply to U.S. Rep. Gerry Studds, the Pentagon defended its policy of excluding gays from military service as reflecting "societal attitudes" about homosexuality.

• The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force called for the firing of Los Angeles Police Chief Daryl Gates in the wake of the widely

publicized videotaped beating of a black motorist. Citing 24 incidents of alleged police violence against Los Angeles homosexuals last year, NGLTF said, "The problem is systemic and requires a systemic response."

• Phoenix Rising became the fourth gay and lesbian counseling agency in the United States to be certified by any state for third-party insurance reimbursement.

• In what was hailed as the first of its kind in the nation, a North Portland neighborhood declared itself an "AIDS Compassionate Zone." The idea was the brainchild of Michael Vernon, a member of the board of directors for the Portsmouth Neighborhood Association.

• The premier musical event of the month was "Bridges of Song," a joint concert with the Portland Gay Men's Chorus and the Portland Lesbian Choir on June 28 and 29. This was the first time the two choruses had appeared with equal billing rather than one being the guest of the other group. Special guests included Deidre McCalla, a black lesbian feminist songwriter well known in the women's community.

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