

just out

The IN publication for the OUT population

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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.

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COMMENTARY

BY MARTY DAVIS

Sex and the city

Amorous behavior belongs on the stage, not in the bushes

Ah, glorious summer. Frolicking, foolishness and fun. Yeah, right. For me, the summer of 2001 shall be remembered as one of fiscal and physical responsibility. Fiscal in that I finally am getting a new roof on my house, 15 years after I was told I needed one, and physical in that my HMO begrudgingly agreed that I'd suffered enough and granted permission for much-needed neck surgery. Combine the costs of these two events with the cumbersome restraint of wearing a neck collar all summer, and I'm left with an entertainment and energy budget that is running at about the same level as the Willamette River.

With said dollar constraints in mind, my chief amusement so far this summer has been the decision to let my hair grow. I don't recall exactly when and why I chose to do this, but I'm way too far into it to stop now.

It's not unlike when you leave a head of lettuce in the refrigerator. You know you should throw it away, yet you're so curious as to how long it takes before it finally turns into that intriguing puddle of black water.

Each day my hair gets a little odder and more unmanageable. I will tell you, though, that the minute it starts growing on the back of my hands, this experiment is over!

Coincidentally, a few days ago I was speaking with Keri Salim of *Chez What?*, and it turns out she is growing her hair into dreadlocks this summer. Guess she must be broke, too.

Sadly, though, this hirsute diversion surprisingly has not enhanced my success in the dating game. "Yo, babe, wanna hang out and watch my hair grow?" has not yet been a real winner for me. Come to think of it, "Wanna come over and watch my lettuce rot" didn't have 'em lining up at my door, either. Perhaps I need to rethink something here.

But on a brighter note I now can make my bangs touch my nose, and I longingly dream of the day when I first will purchase those lovely plastic flowered barrettes.

My dog and I will be able to wear little matching hair bows. Peanut whimpers and runs into the other room when I share these plans with her. She's at that impressionable age where peer pressure is very compelling, and she's afraid I'm going to embarrass her in front of the other dogs at Kelley Point Park. This park, in case you're not familiar with it, is lesbian and doggie Disneyland, especially on Saturday and Sunday mornings.

Be careful around the south parking lot, though, as this area now primarily is used for activities of a different sort, none of which involve lesbians or dogs. A jaunt down the wrong path can become more of a

nature adventure than one ever intended. There are some things you just don't want to have to explain to Xena, your curious yellow lab. Be careful where you throw that Frisbee, and for god's sake don't play fetch the stick.

Speaking of sex—and trust me, I was—I now am inviting nearly all of my lesbian readers to join me in an evening of conversation and sexual activity. The conversation will come from you, and the sexual activity is courtesy of triangle productions! and *The Dyke and the Porn Star*. I attended opening night with a group of friends including Cathryn Cushing, whose review appears on Page 37.

I feel strongly that this play is a must-see event for the entire lesbian community—well, nearly all the lesbian community. Frankly, there are a few of you who should not attend. I think you know who you are, and really it's just best for you to sit this one out. But the rest of you, please, call your friends, get a group together, and plan an evening out.

I'm not saying this is a truly great play; I'm not even saying you all are going to like it. I am saying, however, you'll react, respond and no doubt end up enjoying the liveliest conversations you've had in


some time.

This is a play, albeit exaggerated, about lesbians, our feelings, our sexuality, our fears and our desires. This is not a marketing-manipulated moment such as Rachel kissing so-and-so on *Friends*.

There are true raw nerves exposed here. There's also a lot of language that perhaps you don't use or hear on a daily basis. This is the spice, the boldness, the enhancement of flavor that grabs your attention and keeps it focused throughout the performance. This play is for us, and if we don't get out there and support triangle productions! I'm guessing there won't be many more opportunities like this.

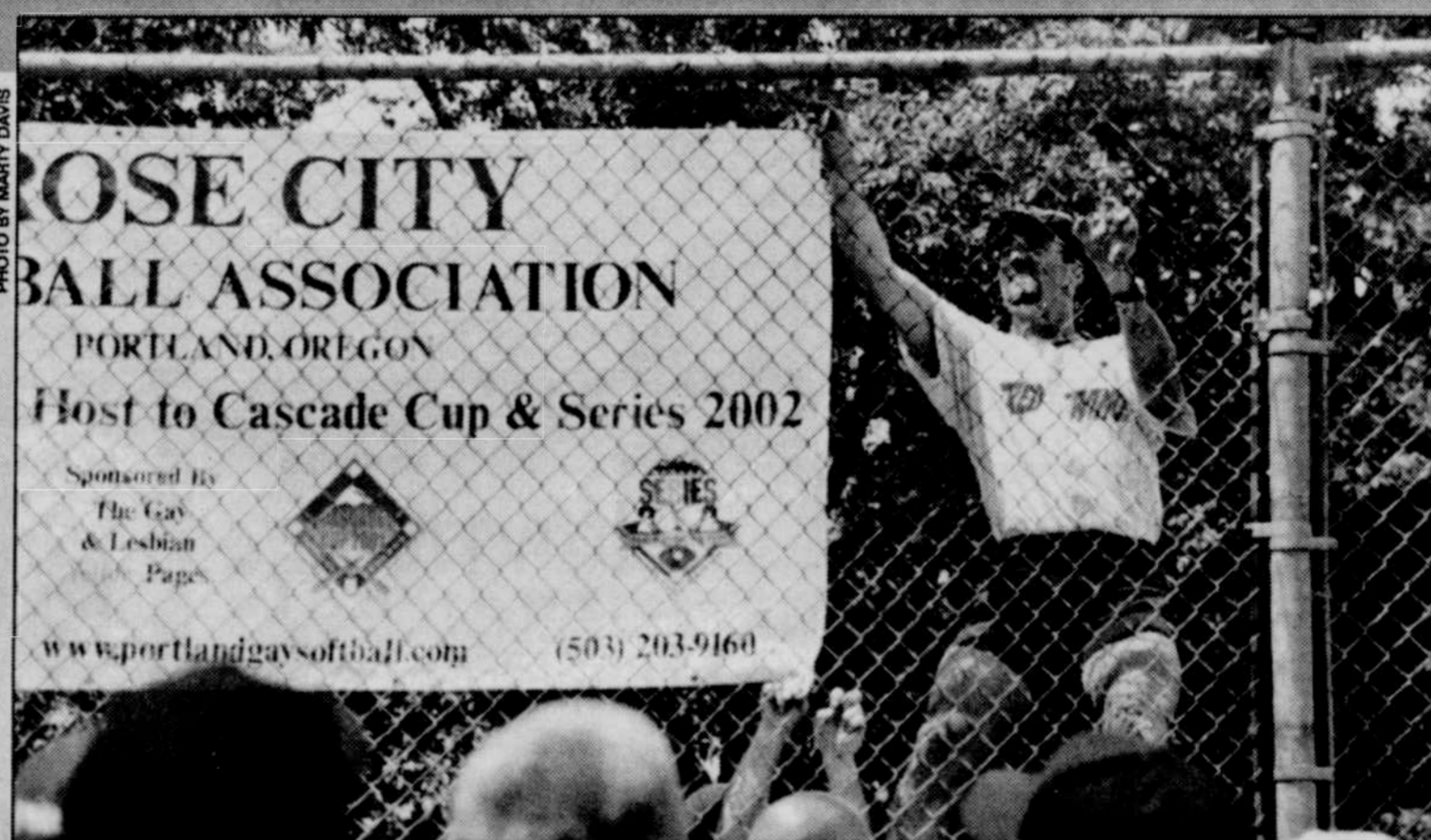
To motivate your attendance I've arranged a pricing arrangement for you. Mention *Just Out* at the box office, and you'll get a two-for-one ticket special. This makes *The Dyke and the Porn Star* virtually equal to the price of a movie, but I'm telling you no film out there will anger you, touch you or move you like this play will.

It's multilayered; find the part that speaks to you. For me, this moment came near the end, when one character expressed a frightening level of emotional vulnerability. Rejection is a very scary thing. It rates right up there with the thought of sometimes having to let someone else drive. Just too scary to think about!

You have two weekends left to catch this performance. Please attend, then let me know what you think. 

My dog and I will be able to wear little matching hair bows

REFLECTIONS



Rose City Softball Association Assistant Commissioner Tim Bias struggles to escape from hordes of his exuberant fans

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