

DIVERSIONS



Cary Leibowitz is the new millennium's Andy Warhol

Get faggy with Cary Leibowitz

Sick of highbrow art? Then run, don't walk, to New York gay artist Cary Leibowitz's exhibit through Jan. 11 at Soundvision, 625 N.W. Everett St. #108.

The show is titled *faggy faggy boom boom*, which, says gay gallery owner TJ Norris, "sounds like a carnival ride. And in some ways it is."

Leibowitz has been doing solo shows in New York and around the world for 13 years, but this is the first time his work has been seen in Portland. "I was never invited," the 39-year-old laments in a recent e-mail to *Just Out*.

It's in keeping with his character. Leibowitz has a wonderfully well-earned reputation for being pathetic and maudlin—the gay, Jewish, victimized slacker artist of a new generation. The work is undeniably Warholesque, which isn't surprising. Norris visited the artist at home, noting he has "the biggest collection of original Andy Warhols I've ever seen outside of a museum."

The exhibit consists of a series of paintings that all carry the same text in a similar style but different colors. They hang around the front room at Soundvision, slightly tilted with industrial-size silver nails.

"I made a decision to make just *faggy faggy boom boom boom* paintings for TJ at Soundvision,"



Soundvision displays *faggy faggy boom boom* through Jan. 11

Leibowitz, who "did a *faggy faggy* painting as a gift for a friend and liked it.... It was filled with good karma and positive thoughts—haven't been beating myself up lately."

It is somehow comforting being surrounded by faggy faggies and boom booms, especially when the colors are having so much fun together. The title is reminiscent of what, shall we say, rather sensitive boys used to be teased with back in junior high. No one knows this better than Leibowitz, who dubbed himself Candyass back in 1988 (a nickname that stuck with patrons and critics alike for years) when he learned that was the moniker one of his friends was assigned in his more formative years.

"He later gave me a rubber stamp," remembers Leibowitz, "and I started using it as a signature 'cause my work just needed that pretty little red in the lower-right corner. Then I started to show and it all took off. Weird, huh? I told people it was late 20th century gay dada." Along with the faggy show, Leibowitz sent along some of his "multiples"—manufactured copies of his work you can buy and take home with you. There are white shopping bags with "Sad Aint Bad" in all caps and raincoats with "Liza Minnelli for President" emblazoned across the back (in a variety of colors and, might we add, perfect for the rainy winter season).

"When I was 10," Leibowitz admits, "before I knew what 'gay' was, I wrote to Liberace and Liza Minnelli because I didn't have any friends and wanted to get mail."

Taking up one whole corner of the back of the gallery are a stack of bright pink garbage can/umbrella stands (you decide) with the bold, yellow words "Gain! Wait! Now!" on one side and a big, blown-up photo of a chubby, 13-year-old Leibowitz in a white suit (looking a lot like he's enduring his bar mitzvah). The stand-out piece, though, is the white car dashboard shade with big pink letters that read, "Please don't steal my radio, I'm Queer."

Norris couldn't be happier with the response he's seen so far. "Everyone who's come in here has either laughed or smiled or said this makes them feel good...his work is inherently academic [but] the lighter side of academic art."

Soundvision is open from 2 to 6 p.m. Fridays and Saturdays or by appointment.

It's hip to be square (dancing)

Gay and lesbian square dance club Rosetown Ramblers will celebrate its 20th anniversary with a special night of dancing and festivities Jan. 4 at the Portland Metro Club, 618 S.E. Alder St.

According to president Karin Kelley, "the club hopes to reconnect with the many dancers who joined the Rosetown Ramblers at one time or another over the past two decades but whose participation has lapsed." The evening will include a Rusty Squares hour early on for the out-of-practice. "Maybe it's been years since you square danced," says Kelley, "but it's like riding a bike; you never really forget how to do it."

The celebration will continue with a full-fledged square dance under the direction of world-famous Canadian caller Anne Uebelacker. Afterward the Ramblers' monthly country western dance will commence with DJ Crystal.

The Ramblers meet every Wednesday for club nights and dance lessons and on the first Saturday of the month for square and country western dances. They also sponsor a monthly gay and lesbian roller-skating party at Oaks Park.

The 20th anniversary "do-sa-do" goes from 6 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Tickets are \$5 to \$8. For more information, call 503-622-1525 or visit www.rosetownramblers.com.

Give the gift of radiance

Your holiday purchase becomes a gift to Camp Starlight as well as your special someone when you mention former Empress Poison Waters' name at gay-owned gift shop Radiance through Dec. 24.

Just make your selection from the store's array of merchandise, including glassware, cards, soaps, ornaments, scented and unscented candles (you can dip your own!) and wall sconces, step up to the counter and tell owners Mark Tynan and Wally Schmidt that Poison sent ya, and they'll donate 10 percent of your purchase to the camp dedicated to children affected by HIV/AIDS.

Tynan says he "hopes that the endeavor will raise a lot of money for a worthwhile cause." Radiance is located at 1902 N.E. Broadway.

The Hours is coming

It doesn't open in Portland until mid-January, but the buzz is already out on the new film *The Hours*, an adaptation of gay writer Michael Cunningham's Pulitzer-winning novel about three lesbian (or lesbian-leaning) women of different eras connected by Virginia Woolf's beautiful 1925 novel *Mrs. Dalloway*.

All three of the lead women in the star-studded ensemble cast are being whispered about for Oscar nominations, as is director Stephen Daldry (*Billy Elliot*). Meryl Streep plays a modern bisexual



Rosetown Ramblers celebrate 20 years of "do-sa-do" Jan. 4

in a long-term lesbian relationship; Julianne Moore—already winning awards for her portrayal of a smothered 1950s housewife in Todd Haynes' *Far from Heaven*—plays another smothered 1950s housewife (though a far different type); and Nicole Kidman plays the 1920s Virginia Woolf.

Already named Best Film of 2002 by the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, *The Hours* has been nominated for seven Golden Globes, including Best Motion Picture Drama, Best Actress in a Drama (both Streep and Kidman), Best Supporting Actor (Ed Harris), Best Director, Best Screenplay and Best Original Score.

The Golden Globes, in fact, proved to be as queer-friendly as the dishy Julianne Moore this year with four nominations for *Far from Heaven*, including Moore for Best Actress in a Drama.

Gay gladiators

Hollywood Theatre, 4122 N.E. Sandy Blvd., does gay Portland a service in showing the 1991 re-release of Stanley Kubrick's *Spartacus* on the big screen from Dec. 20 to 26.

Yes, it's brawny gladiators dressed in skirts fighting against oppression, but also adding to the homo hook is the "bath scene" that was censored and snipped out of the original 1960 release. In it Laurence Olivier tries to seduce his slave boy, played by Tony Curtis—try not to notice that he's middle-aged. Do try to pay attention to the sound



Scantly clad gladiators and a restored homo scene in *Spartacus*

in the bath scene, which was lost and had to be dubbed for the new release 30 years later.

You'll hear an even older Tony Curtis and one Anthony Hopkins, whose voice replaces the deceased Olivier's.

You don't find this kind of overt homoeroticism much between the 1920s and the 1970s, kids, so hightail it to the Hollywood. **JW**

Compiled by LISA BRADSHAW and MARIE FLEISCHMANN



Yet another great queer movie hauling in awards: *The Hours* packs an emotional wallop