

DIVERSIONS

**Out
With
It!**

by Lisa Bradshaw



Hits and misses

Like the holidays, Pride is over really quickly considering all that preparation. Well, I squeezed every possible last drop of fun I could out of it before collapsing with sore-as-hell feet Sunday night.

Speaking of my feet, that parade is too long. If it were shorter, there wouldn't be so many blocks with no people. During a parade people=good. And another thing: Pride's keynote speaker should be on Saturday or earlier in the day Sunday before the parade starts. That way scores of people who want to hear the wonderful people Pride Northwest always recruit wouldn't miss out.

The festival this year, though, was way cooler. The change in setup allowed for more space, and it didn't feel so crammed in the vendor area. The main stage was closer to the audience than in previous years, which made it much more intimate. Intimate=good.

The downer of the entertainment was, by far, Sophie B. Hawkins. The B must stand for Boring because not once did the woman rev my engine beyond leaning a little left in my chair to see her better. And what were those comments about how we should all go back to using the word "gay" for everyone in the community? This from a woman who refers to herself as "omnisexual." Make up your mind, Ms. Boring. Perhaps she got better when she did her signature "Damn, I Wish I Was Your (Omnisexual) Lover." I wouldn't know 'cause I had already left.

However, big kiss to Maria, who had to fill in for a 30-minutes-late (and then boring) Sophie Hawkins. The poor woman just winged it in front of hundreds of people. She was—is there another word?—fabulous.

Another bit of a downer was the Dyke March. Now, I love the Dyke March. I go every year, and I did notice this year there were more women over 30, which is marvy because then I don't feel like so much of a grandma. But the Dyke March has lost a bit of its luster.

Where were the Radical Cheerleaders? And the women on the sidelines who flash their tits at you when you least expect it? I needed some direction and a reason to yell. What happened to the wild Dyke Marches of yesteryear?

The Lesbian Avengers tried valiantly to get more people involved before the event, to no avail, and there were really only two of them organizing the whole thing. They couldn't even get enough marshals, which is crazy because everyone knows dykes like: a) bullhorns and b) bossing everyone around.

So do me a favor. Call 503-309-5777 and say: "I want to join the Lesbian Avengers. What do I do?" Lots of Lesbian Avengers=good.

One of the highlights of the weekend was Land of Oz—the Saturday night combo of Skervy queer night with club Level. Skervy took over Level's patio/sandbox area—the result being a big outdoor party with super-good fire dancers and an indoor techno go-go treat complete with video screens doing *The Wizard of Oz*. It was the best of both worlds, and this is what Portland's hipster urban queer crowd has been waiting for.

One little thing, though. After *The Wizard of Oz*, Level chose to screen *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, which, come on, is so tired. Actual conversation with a friend at Level:

Me: *Rocky Horror*, god, how original. At least they could have shown *The Wiz* or something.

Friend: Yeah, that would have been good. Maybe they're racist or something!

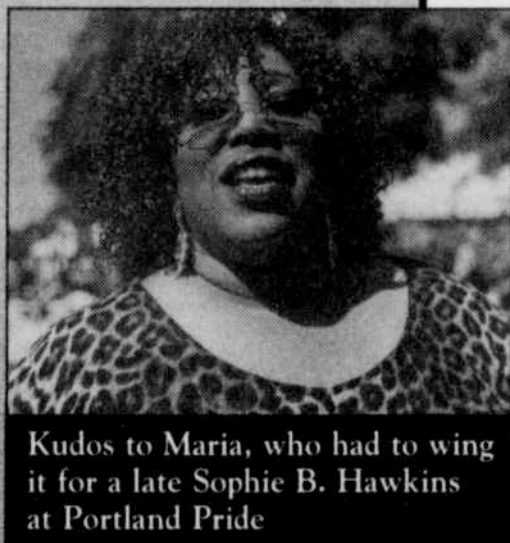
Me: Yes, Level is racist!

Friend: Or maybe they just don't want to show anything with Michael Jackson in it because, no matter when it's from, you always think of how he is now.

Me: Oh, yeah, they're probably just trying to spare us.

So, thanks Level! Still, retire *Rocky Horror*.

Well, another year, another Pride. Pride=good. ☐



Kudos to Maria, who had to wing it for a late Sophie B. Hawkins at Portland Pride

Congrats new Gay Prides!

At a snazzy gala event June 8, three remarkable young people were judged on formal wear, creative club attire and swimwear to win the titles of Mr., Ms. and Miss Gay Pride 2003.

The new Mr. Gay Pride 2003 is Ben (no last name, kinda like Cher), who, according to Miss Gay Pride 2002 Annie Rockefeller Moore Foxx, won the crowd over with his smile and personality. "He really went into it with a good attitude," she says. "Which will take you a long way in life."

Miss Gay Pride 2003 is Viridia, who has "drive and determination," says Annie, in spades. Ms. Gay Pride 2003 is Savannah Jackson, who, much like Ben, won with "a positive attitude from the get-go," claims Annie.

Previously there were only a Mr. and Miss Gay Pride, but this year the Miss title was awarded to a drag performer, and the Ms. title then went to a woman. The change was to "be more inclusive," explains Annie. "Drag is a very big part of our community...we weren't getting as good of representation of all the facets of the community as we could have."

Saying goodbye to the title along with Annie is Mr. Gay Pride 2002 David Krause. Being a Gay Pride, says Annie, "was the best thing I've ever done in my life. It was the most worthwhile thing because of the people I met along the way and the difference it made in my life."

Bad dicks at the Clinton

Clinton Street Theatre, always sniffing the wind, has come up with a double bill irresistibly titled *Bad Dicks* for one night only July 3.

The opener is the *Starsky & Hutch* Halloween episode from the second season, starring noted wife-beater David Soul and thighmistress Suzanne Somers. But the real treasure is the obscure 1974 buddy-cop movie *Busting*.

Two vice cops—played by Elliot Gould and possible wife-killer Robert Blake—spend their time entrapping hookers, queens, tearoom fags and, in a fit of hubris, the local crime kingpin. In a scene that seems to echo the Stonewall riots, the two impersonate a pair of homos at "that fruit bar," the Cavern, where they awkwardly try to dance and dish under the heavily mascara-ed eyes of all the queens.

When the two reveal they're vice, the queens go berserk, pinching Blake's big muscles, pulling the boys' hair and, in the most memorable moment, biting a piece out of Gould's leg.

There's unquestionable camp interest in this sequence, with Antonio Fargas, star of many a blaxploitation film, enthralled as the queen with the strong incisors.

The Forest Group has got your number

The Forest Group (Feminists of Oregon Really Excited about Seeing Trees) has decided to slow down that rabid hiking pace a little bit this summer to coax new members with more leisurely hikes in the Columbia River Gorge.

Their Gorge-ous Summer Saturday Loops include a June 28 hike to Triple Falls, a July 26 hike to Multnomah and Wahkeena Falls and an Aug. 23 hike up Larch Mountain. If you're the type who wants to slow down and figure out the name of that bird or flower, this is for you. Call Tami at 503-659-2782 for more info.



From left: Miss Gay Pride Viridia, Ms. Gay Pride Savannah Jackson and Mr. Gay Pride Ben celebrate their victories June 8

Harry Hay on PBS

PBS will air *Hope Along the Wind: The Life of Harry Hay* by gay Portland filmmaker Eric Slade at 11 p.m. June 23.

The film premiered in March 2002 at a Hollywood Theatre benefit. Its festival circuit run has gone well, garnering the biopic about the founding father of the modern gay movement and the Radical Faeries the Golden Gate Award at the San Francisco International Film Festival and jury awards for Best Documentary at the Seattle and Philadelphia queer film fests.

Hay died last year in San Francisco at age 90. In an e-mail to *Just Out*, Slade said: "Shortly before he died, Harry and friends spent the evening watching a tape of Harry's 90th birthday party.... After watching the tape, Harry [said] he finally had some idea of the impact he's had on the world and on the people around him. I hope we all get to say that at the end of our lives."



The production team of *Hope Along the Wind: The Life of Harry Hay*, which airs June 23 on OPB. Sitting from left: Hay's partner, John Burnside; director Eric Slade; and Hay

Are you going to Michigan?

It isn't often that a state name carries the meaning of not just a whole cultural event but a mission and a movement. But we all know what the dykes mean when they say "Michigan."

So, listen up. This year's Michigan Womyn's Music Festival is Aug. 12 to 17. Performer highlights include Sweet Honey in the Rock, Catie Curtis, Cheryl Wheeler, Betty (off-Broadway rock opera trio), Holly Near and Cris Williamson (of course!), Toshi Reagon and Bitch & Animal. There's tons more; find them all at www.michfest.com.

The week, now in its 27th year, also includes 200 different workshops, a film festival, a crafts fair and 650 secluded acres for camping (and, off the record, a whole lotta lesbian lovin').

The cost for all six days if you register before July 19 is \$310-\$360 sliding scale, which includes three veggie meals a day, plus camping space. The price goes down the fewer days you're there. ☐

Compiled by LISA BRADSHAW and GARY MORRIS