

CULTURE

It's a scream

Haunted house welcomes fairies to an all-homo's-eve

BY TIMOTHY KRAUSE

Girlfriend, hold your mister-man's hand tight because Jantzen Beach will be scarier than your first pair of heels when *Scream* at the Beach throws a homo haunt Oct. 19—a ghoulish gay night specifically for Fagensteins, Dykulas and Wicked Bitches from all dimensions.

The award-winning Halloween attraction—renamed “Queens at the Beach” for this special night—reincarnates five spooky sites into campy sendups. Gay owner Henry Miller says it will be a bouffant extravaganza with thrills and chills that will make your wig stand higher than Grandma's beehive. On the lisp of gay upgrades are monsters in feather boas, prancing aliens and enough cemetery show tunes to make Judy roll over in her grave.

Although he says this may be the first such gay night at a major Halloween attraction, Miller has been raising hell on earth for three seasons. The key, he says, is emphasis on a spooky scare rather than guts and gore.

This year, Miller's been working since July with dozens of volunteers from the American Red Cross (which receives a portion of the proceeds) and two other companies to create an indoor netherworld featuring all new, custom-made tours that celebrate two things with which queers can identify: facing our fears and playing dress-up.

Here's but just a frightening glimpse at what lies beyond the gypsy wagon.

If you love Indiana Jones and his big, long whip, start at the Forbidden Temple. But be careful, honey, because before long you're going to be facing a wall of dildos comin' right for you. Not scared? Look again—they're really razor-sharp spikes, and you'd better get out of there fast because these pricks may just pierce you where you don't need another hole.

As you look for a way out, ladies, be careful what you fiddle with—you may find that the furry little patch you felt in the dark has eight legs. And when the volcano begins spewing its load, boys, try to keep your mouth shut and leave the moaning to the molten mummies. (Don't listen to those voices in the dark, either. Groping is the only way. Just don't be surprised if you find things a little wet and slimy.)

Which brings to mind those Planet Out aliens that penetrate Anus—I mean, Alpha Station 13. With cool 3-D effects, lots of smoke and mirrors, and more startling things jumping out of dark corners than Laurelhurst Park, you'll be glad you have a laser gun to protect yourself. The key to beating off those aliens is simply to channel lesbolicious Sigourney Weaver. Watch out for that airlock: It's a full-body blow job.

OK, you say, despite being gay, this is just theme-park fey all the way.

Then step inside Baron Von Goolo's Museum of Horrors for a seriously disturbing visit to what must be the origins of the word “queer.” Secret panels reveal more bones than a bathhouse while a queer cadaver deadpans her best cabaret. (Yes, Geri Halliwell can apparently raise the dead.) Like Stark Street, this attrac-



Help Henry Miller get through Queens at the Beach on Oct. 19

tion has one of everything, including many I could never describe and am still trying to forget. Can you say “altered taxidermy”? Still, my daring dykes, don't leave until you've asked about the chicken mustache.

One mysterious area that Miller didn't let me see—which, of course, intrigues me all the more—was the Theater Macabre. Two small stages present different 20-minute shows that involve ghost stories, dark magic and other unexplainable phenomena, whispers Miller, as he ushers me out without saying another word about it. How curious.

If, for some insane reason, you bring young children, drop them off at Nigel's Haunted Playhouse, where two, um, rats await the tykes too young to know how scary 50 straights dressed up like queens can be. A cartoon-style haunted house with hands-on exhibits provide playful Halloween activities and take-home crafts of the young and feeble (OK, those 3 to 7).

Finally, while waiting for friends who've disappeared, be sure to visit the fortuneteller, wandering monsters, magician and unique backdrops for memorable photos that create a lobby sideshow. Yes, snacks and souvenirs, too.

So, let's recap: passages darker than the back room of the Eagle; more strobe lights than Embers; bigger surprises than Club XES; and another tomb to raid besides the Egyptian Room. **IN**

SCREAM AT THE BEACH, 1802 Jantzen Beach Center, opens at 7 p.m. Tuesday to Saturday through Oct. 31, plus Oct. 26 and 27. **Queens at the Beach** gay night is 7 to 10 p.m. Oct. 19. Admission is \$7 per haunt or \$3 for the children's exhibit, which includes a ride on the mall's carousel (closed during the party, so you'll have to return another day for this dizzying experience). For details visit www.screamatthebeach.com/queens.htm.

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