

HUMOR

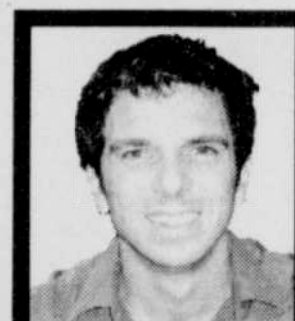
To err is human

Mistakes I have made

Recently I commended a letter written by Bette Midler telling the president to kiss her brass. A divine thought, except for one thing: The Divine Miss M didn't write it.

Apparently the letter came from a blogger named Stephanie Finnegan (aka "sleepysaj") who posted it on her site. The next day, for reasons known only to him, some crazy queen on Long Island copied and pasted it to a Bette Midler discussion board without attribution, and an urban legend was born.

I understand how these things can happen.



The Gospel According to Marc
by Marc Acito

For instance, my friend Hot Toddy blogged about me recently (pizeek.blogspot.com), relating the tale of what we've come to call The Great Tuna Meltdown of '04. He details, quite accurately, my failed attempt to get the tuna I wanted from a sushi server.

He relates my pissy hissy fit as I cried in frustration, "I am trying to figure out why

this tuna looks different and NO ONE AT THIS TABLE WILL HELP ME!" And he writes about how it all came to an end when he said, "Marco, I love you, but if you don't shut up about the tuna, I'm going to kick your ass."

Not one of my finer moments, I know, but true nonetheless.

However, where Toddy errs is in reporting that I ordered red tuna and wanted something whiter. In actuality, I ordered regular tuna and wanted something redder. He also doesn't men-

tion that I tried in vain to confirm my order with the waitress, who had only a rudimentary command of English, thank you very much. (The nerve—in a Japanese restaurant!) I even pointed to the photo of the red-colored tuna on the little card.

But I don't blame Toddy. As he says himself: "I'm a vegetarian. I only know slightly more about tuna than Jessica Simpson does."

However, the damage is done. Toddy did not check his facts, and now it's out in cyberspace forever that I like tuna the color of uncooked chicken when in reality I prefer a hearty, steaklike red tuna. As my celebrity grows, so will this misinformation about my alleged preference, and I'll forever have to explain myself to Web-surfing sushi waiters intent on serving Mr. Acito "his favorite." In just a few keystrokes, my friend has potentially ruined tuna for me forever.

Thanks a lot, Todd.

I learned the importance of fact-checking the hard way. Back in the days when I used to write reviews (you'll understand in a moment why I no longer do), I was assigned to cover a local production of the Fats Waller musical *Ain't Misbehavin'*. I adored the show and gave it a rave, going so far as to compare each cast member to a famed Harlem Renaissance performer, like Ethel Waters or Lena Horne.

As a performer myself, I know how exciting

it is to get a rave. I giddily imagined the cast pinning my review up on a bulletin board backstage next to the sign-in sheet.

It didn't work out that way.

Shortly after the paper hit the stands, I got a call from my editor.

"Uh, Marc, there's a problem with your review."

"Oh, no. What happened?"

"You got the director's name wrong."

"I'm sorry," I said. "What's his name?"

"William...Earl...Ray."

I felt my heart leap into my throat. "I didn't..."

That's right. I wrote that a musical with an all-black cast was directed by the murderer of Martin Luther King Jr.

Naturally, I was mortified and wrote a personal note of apology that I'm told didn't help. The strange thing is that when I saw the director's name in the credits, I even thought to myself: "Do not write James Earl Ray. Do not write James Earl Ray. Do not write James Earl Ray."

The simple but effective costuming, lighting and set all conspire to delight under the expert pacing of director James Earl Ray.

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As bad as I felt, I've got to wonder what William Earl Ray was thinking when he joined Actor's Equity. It seems to me that if you're named, say, Bill Harvey Oswald or Frank Wilkes Booth, you might want to reconsider your decision to use your middle name professionally.

Still, the fault lies entirely with me, and I take full responsibility for my mistakes. I may be a gay columnist, but I should still try to get my facts straight.

And that, my friends, is The Gospel According to Marc.

Meet MARC ACITO at the Just Out booth from 2 to 4 p.m. June 20 during Portland Pride 2004. Or just write him at marc@marcacito.com.

Who will emerge victorious this week?

Can a JOQ pin a BELLA BOY?

Can the MAD DOGS bite the WONDERBROADS?

Can the CHORUS sing above the rest?



Who wins in the war of words?

THE BIKE GALLERY HAZE

takes on PORTLAND GAY YELLOW PAGES

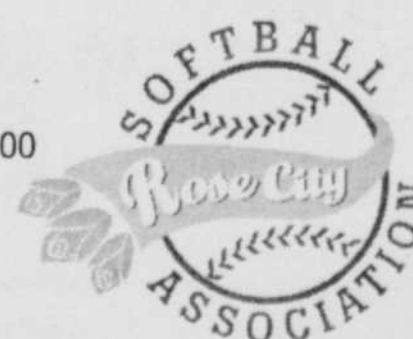
RCSA Events

June 13th

Games from 12:00 - 5:00
Post-game social at Silverado

July 4th Weekend

Cascade Cup
Tournament in Hillsboro



Pride Events

June 19th

RCSA All-Stars challenge the PORTLAND POLICE!

June 20th

Watch for the RCSA Pride Parade Float!

for more information, you can find us at
www.rosecitysoftball.org



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