

Typical Yuck

"We've gone from being a gay movement now to being a gay market, apparently. Amazing. We've even got our own little brand now—that little 'equal' sign thing. Y'know, it's cool, but just for a couple of years, I wish we had done the 'better than' sign. Don't you think?"

"The little plane to Provincetown...it's like an eight-seater, right? And so when you get on, they ask your weight...like it matters for the safety of everybody on the plane. It's going to Provincetown! I'm getting on a plane with seven gay guys who you KNOW are lying!"

"I couldn't believe it. I'm sitting there on *The View*, trying to get people to turn on the Sci-Fi Channel for the Halloween parade, and Barbara's throwing down with me. I'm like, 'Bring it, bitch!'"

"I swear to God, gays invented every sport there is.... Boxing? Two topless men...in silk shorts...fighting over a belt and a purse. Baseball? Nine men running around diamonds trying to get in some batter's box. Football? Look at the names of the teams: Oilers...Rams...Packers!"

"Gays who want to be in the military—here's how I feel about it: Anyone DUMB ENOUGH to want to be in the military should be allowed in it. End of fucking story.... Where did the fucking military get all [this moralizing]? 'I don't want any gay people hangin' around me while I'm killin' kids.'"

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"I did meet an incredible [airport security] woman in a pat-down in San Francisco. I never knew I would enjoy random wandering that much—they only let you go through one time, and that's sad. But I now know the meaning of 'a heightened state of alert!'"

"Have you had the cat urine smell? That's the worst smell in the universe. That's unbelievable. It's like, if you're in a room with it too long, you can lose all your memory of fifth grade."

"There are parts of Kabul that are, like, quasi-liberated, but it's great for the women: still in the burkas...still can't leave their homes without a man or else the cleric with the big stick beats them until they go back in. Isn't that great? ...They go back in...they clean the bucket of clits..."

"I can sleep with a girl—no problem. It's not the sex. It's the talking afterwards. 'What are you thinking about right now? C'mon, open up and share!' ...How do lesbians get any sleep?"

"Nonsmokers...obnoxious, self-righteous slugs. I'd quit smoking if I didn't think I'd become one of them.... Shut the fuck up right now. God damn it, if I don't smoke, there's gonna be secondary bullets coming your way. Do you understand this? I'm fucking tense!"

The Diagnosis

Clinton's still on fire after all these years, especially now that she's got so many deserving targets: the vice president's wife ("Lon Cheney"), a bestiality-obsessed senator ("Rick Sancti-moron") and the pope ("an old man with a Melitta filter on his head"). Sharp and wise.

She can't live up to her overhyped introduction as "the funniest lesbian comedian in the world." (But then again, who the hell bestowed that title?) The jokes are often dated and obvious (9/11, *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*, "pop" vs. "soda"), and Westenhoefer wastes too much time on petty spats with her closeted girlfriend of 11 years (including a disturbing riff about the time she masked over rainbow bumper stickers with duct tape—"apparently, it was easier to be thought of as white trash than homosexual").

Girlfriend's got it goin' on! We expected the trash-talking potty mouth, but who knew she had a heart of gold? Her stories about a USO tour are politically astute and surprisingly touching. She even bonded with one shrieking soldier who set off her gaydar: "I knew the minute I heard the gay inhale...I was like, 'I found my gay, even in Kandahar, Afghanistan!'"

Shows promise, especially considering he's one of the only openly gay men doing standup. Ant has the audience in stitches while sharing silly stories about his days as a flight attendant, but he occasionally kills the vibe with bitchy, misogynist comments.

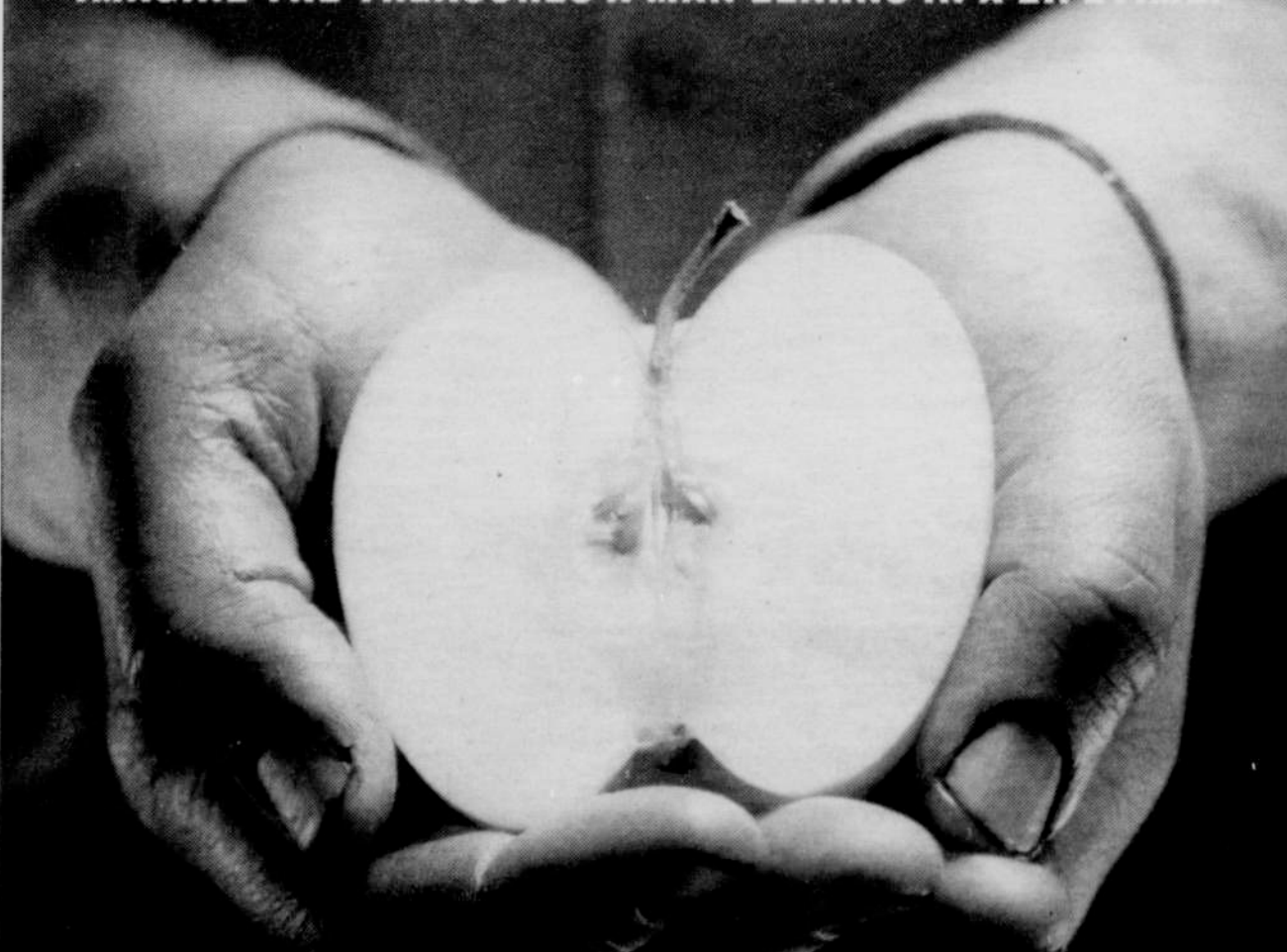
Frighteningly ahead of his time, Hicks must've been sent here to teach a lesson that the country just wasn't ready to learn. (Until now, thanks to his first official DVD release.) Network censors axed his routine—even though it was twice approved by the powers that be—from what would've been his 11th and final Letterman appearance in October 1993.

THINGS OF DRY HOURS

by NAOMI WALLACE

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