

Private parts

All along the crotch tower

As I watched Simon LeBon's package bounce before me from the front row of the Duran Duran reunion concert March 4 in Vancouver, my mind flashed back to a formative gay experience:

It was the seventh grade, and I was in wood shop—no place for a pubescent sissy, let alone one who still hasn't figured out why his naked friends are suddenly turning him on in the locker room—when future fag hag Kelly McGuigan basically outed me.

"Have you seen the video for 'The Wild Boys'?" she demanded. "Did you see Simon's bulge?"

Confused and mortified (while simultaneously intrigued and titillated), I played dumb: "Huh? His bulge? Why would I be looking at that?"

Thank goodness for VCRs. As soon as I got home, I popped in a videotape of *Friday Night Videos* (our family couldn't afford MTV—my middle-class sob story) and proceeded to analyze Simon's angry inches in great detail. So began the deterioration of the freeze-frame button.

Fast-forward to today (pardon the expression), when our music idols have the decency to be indecent. The new DVD *We Are Scissor Sisters...and So Are You* contains a hidden "Easter egg" exposing dreamy singer Jake Shears in his birthday suit. Christ is risen!

It's hard to believe how far we've evolved just in my parents' lifetime. Back in the days before hardcore porn was legal (shudder), photographers had to create clever ways to show skin without getting arrested.

Located within spurning distance of Powell's, gay-owned CounterMedia stocks stacks of vintage "posing strap" magazines as well as "educational" publications with titles like *Circumcision Pros & Cons* and *Masturbation & the Phallus: A Photo Study of the Penis*. Subtle.

Early moviemakers used a similar approach with women in silly shorts like "How to Take a Sun Bath," "What the Blushing Bride Wore" and, most bizarre of all, 1940's "How to



Jim's Closet
by Jim Radosta

THE TOP SHELF

XXX

While we're on the subject of lingerie, Portland's punk drag queens encouraged everyone to dress up in nightwear for *Nocturnal Emissions: Sissyboy Goes to Sleep* March 16. This month's installment brought us into the bedroom of a youngster tossing and turning while enduring a series of boogeymen: Jacko (who recently stepped further off the deep end by showing up for a court date in his pajamas), Trannie Krueger (think long red fingernails instead of long metallic blades) and a hunk in a jock strap.

Meanwhile, LoveTribe and Q-LAND are throwing a *Men's Spirit Pajama Party* from 7 p.m. to midnight April 2 in "a spectacular loft in Northwest overlooking downtown and the river." Sounds like fun—organizers promise pillow fights and silly faces—but it also has a serious purpose: to let men reconnect with their "playful, powerful and loving spirit [that] may have been suppressed, made fun of or squashed, but it still yearns to be set free." For details visit www.qland.org.

Undies seem to be on everyone's mind these days. Webster's New World College Dictionary just added *wedgie* to its latest edition: "a prank in which the victim's undershorts are jerked upward so as to become wedged between the buttocks." What's next—*skidmark*?

"Two men. Two women. What's the problem?"
—Bumper sticker spotted while biking past the downtown office of Basic Rights Oregon.

Imagine my surprise, then, to learn that this "behind the scenes" footage is nothing but a cocktease. With a few fleeting exceptions, the camera shows us every inch of these hypnotic hunks—except for those inches dangling between their legs.

What gives?
Nipplegate was bad enough. I saw those two seconds of Janet jiggle on live television; it was over before I could turn to my friends and shriek: "Omigod! That's her boobie!"

I continue to be amazed at how preoccupied society has become with three regions of the homo sapien: chest, crotch and rear. As a writer, censoring selected body parts, regardless of context, makes about as much sense as censoring only seven words in the English language. For the record, they are "shit," "piss," "fuck," "cunt," "cocksucker," "motherfucker" and "tits." In my mind, the dirtiest words in the English language should be "hate," "ignorance," "deception," "insincerity," "neglect," "pollution" and "war." **JR**

Arts and Culture Editor JIM RADOSTA needs your feedback. Write him at jim@justout.com.



Easter '77: My brother and I search for eggs—the real ones, not the pervy ones.

Undress in Front of Your Husband," starring John Barrymore's fourth wife, Elaine. Clinton Street Theater is screening all of these gems and more in *Ooh La La: A History of Lingerie*, curated by Dumpster-diving film archivist Dennis Nyback, through March 22.

It's reassuring to see society start loosening up about full-frontal nudity. At the movies, the patron saint of pickle shots is Ewan McGregor, who must have some sort of contractual obligation to flash his wiener in every other film.

So when I received a promotional copy of a sexy new DVD depicting French rugby champions posing for a nude calendar, I expected this would make for a rather fetching peep show. The *Dieux du Stade* cover model looked like a Greek god as photographed by Bruce Weber. Hot.

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