

We Are All Winners

Pleasant surprise at the Oregon Book Awards

They say, "It doesn't matter if you win or lose, it's how you play the game."

Right. And size doesn't matter, either.

Winning was first and foremost on my mind during the Oregon Book Awards because my boyfriend, former *Just Out* columnist **Marc Acito**, was nominated.

The ceremony commenced after a brief social hour where the anxious author lubricated himself with vodka crans. Two actors in easy chairs sat on stage, reading a passage from each winning book before the lucky winner was announced. After two or three categories, Marc leaned over and whispered, "I don't see my book. I guess I lost."

"Let's get out of here," I hissed (much louder than his polite whisper). "I'm pissed."

When Marc's name was announced as the winner, he kicked over the remains of his last drink as he stumbled dazedly to the stage. Tripping up the stairs he announced, "This just proves what can happen when you sleep with the judge." And what can happen when you drink too much.

He also commented on the lusciousness of Literary Arts executive director **Elizabeth Burnett**. Among the audience sat her lovely partner, **Stacy Govi**; Portland City Commissioner **Sam Adams**; novelist **Tom Spanbauer**; and poet **Judith Barrington** with her partner, **Ruth Gundle**. Unfortunately, the third time wasn't the charm for poor Judith, who I now call the Susan Lucci of the poetry world.

Speaking of beautiful lesbians, **Hala Gores** threw a party for songwriter **Karen Kantor** last month. Karen is writing a musical revue with Margaret Dorn (one of Bette Midler's backup Harlettes) called *Women of a Certain Age*. A winning combination of brains and talent, Karen moved to Portland 13 years ago after spending her early career in New York theater. She hopes to raise enough money to finish recording demo tracks that she'll send around the country to entice producers. With Karen's springy score in the background, I mixed and mingled with



Out Going
BY FLOYD SKLAVER

Aladdin Marashly, Margo Taylor and DeNice Paschal.

While I'm on the topic of Harlettes, flirting abounded the other night at Bluehour, where I spotted **David Barashi** sitting on **Brian Johnson's** lap while an amused **James Jacobson** waited his turn. Restaurant owner **Bruce Carey** was on hand, looking winning as usual.

Lots of winners cheered at C.C. Slaughters during Portland's one and only official Madonna CD release party. DJ **Alex Hollywood** tossed copies of *Confessions on a Dance Floor* as well as Madonna merchandise to an enthusiastic crowd that included **Marilyn Gaines, Robert Burke and Robb Lawrence**. To celebrate the vintage Madonna, **Jonathan McGinley** and **Trevor Gullickson** dressed in vintage Izod shirts with their collars properly turned up, just the way I wore mine in college.

On the dance floor, **Jodi Lindberg** confessed that she had the Ambitious Blonde sign her lower back. She immediately went to a tattoo parlor, and Madonna's signature is now a permanent feature on her anatomy. Jodi was there with girlfriend **Valerie Cano**, who didn't mind that Jodi lifted her shirt to show me.

But **Jim Aguirre** captured the biggest trophy of the night. Successfully answering six out of seven questions, he aced the trivia contest and won a prize bag containing Madonna's entire CD catalog.

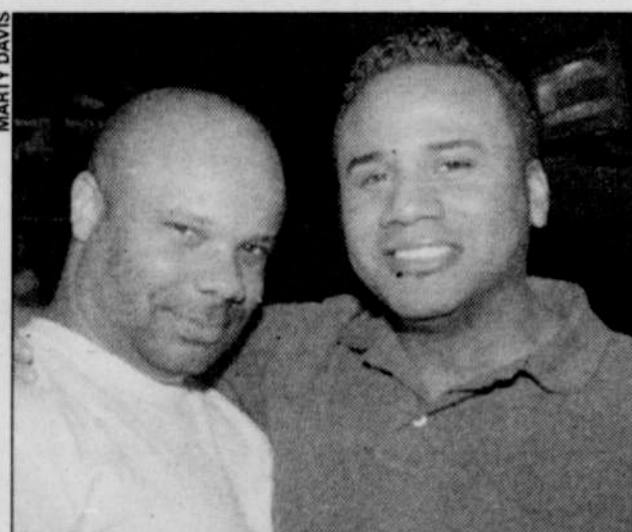
Just Out Publisher **Marty Davis** shot close to a hundred photographs of the evening, including just about every hot shirtless guy in the packed bar. Many now reside on the beautifully redesigned Web site www.justout.com, so be sure to check them out. **Edd Samuelson** summed up the spirit of the evening best when he said, "If I could be anyone, I'd be Madonna."

Finally, my workout partner, **Mike Long**, has a new boyfriend. Steve lives in San Francisco, and the two rack up frequent flyer miles by alternating weekends in each city. The last time Steve was here,

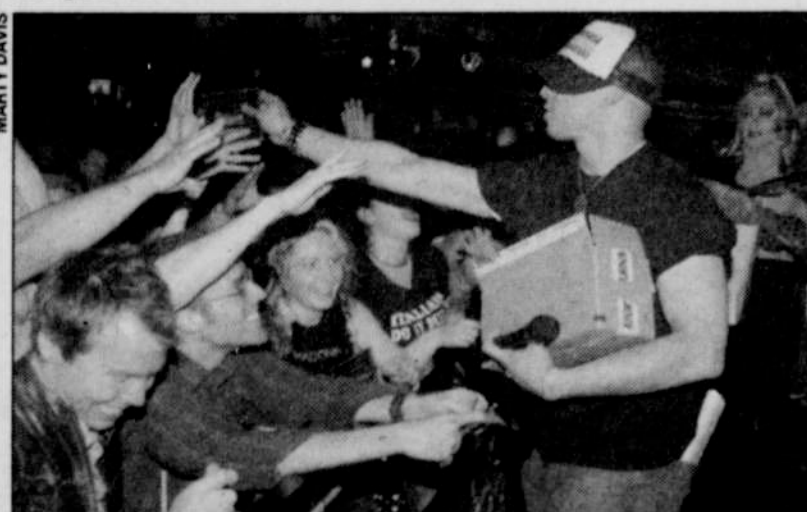
Mike threw a party to introduce him, and **Mark Delay, James Rae and Ricardo Flores** were among those welcoming Steve to the rainy city.

Steve's a winner, and I hope it lasts. For Mike's sake, I also hope Alaska Airlines maintains its low fares. But, selfishly, I want Steve to move to Puddletown because I'd hate for my best gym buddy to be Out Going. 

FLOYD SKLAVER wants to know about your event. E-mail him at floydslaver@comcast.net.



Robb Lawrence (left) and Robert Burke get into the groove.



DJ Alex Hollywood hands out Madonna merch Nov. 18 at C.C. Slaughters.

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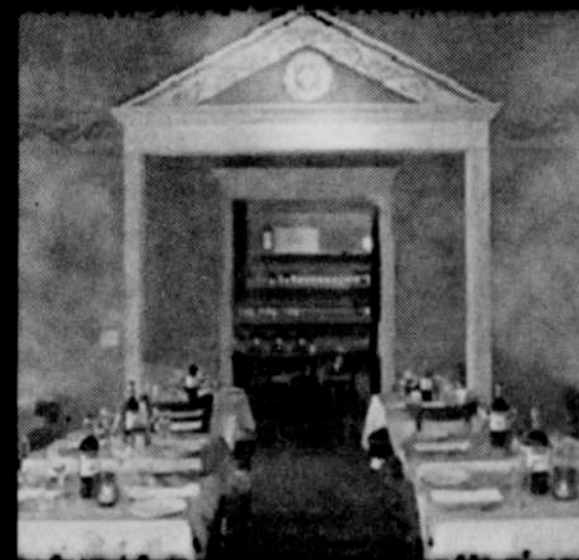
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