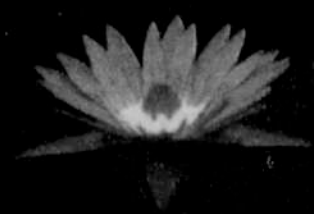


CHOOSE FROM 130 FRAGRANCES

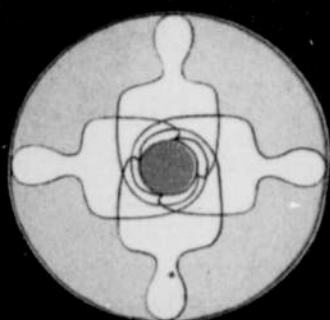
CUSTOM
SCENTING

Any of our perfume oils
or essential oils can be used
for our custom scenting.



ESSENTIAL
lotions & oils

3638 SE HAWTHORNE BLVD.
503-236-7976
WWW.ESSENTIALONLINE.COM



CORE ESSENCE
A Pilates and Pole Dancing Studio
for Everybody



1028 SE Water Ave. Suite 250
Portland, OR 97214

Offering Group & Private Instruction

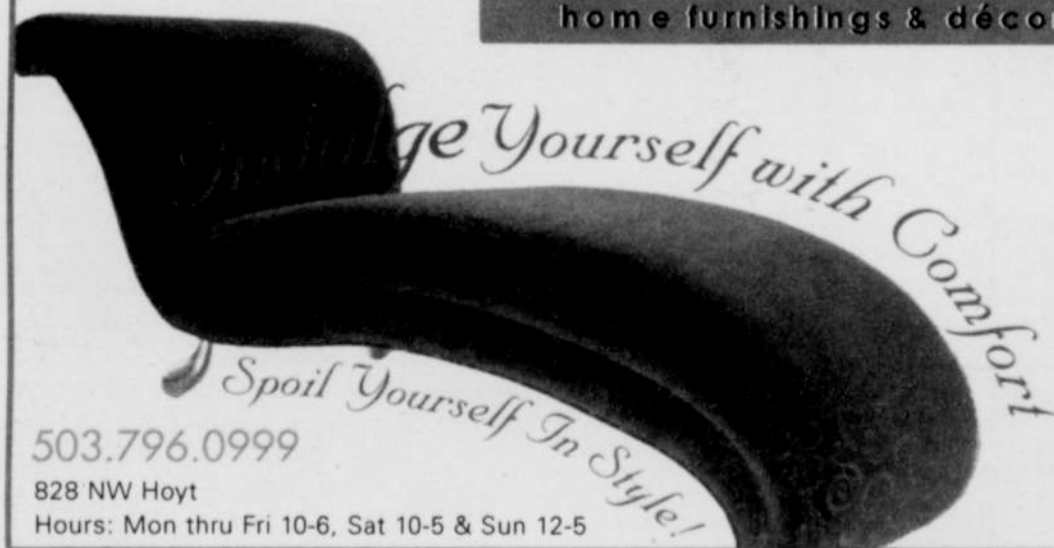
Offering Intro Class **June 29th**
Next 8 Week Session Begins **July 3rd**

(503) 233-0777

lorimidrano@coreessencestudio.com

Located on the corner of NW 9th & Hoyt

Simply Divine
home furnishings & décor



503.796.0999

828 NW Hoyt

Hours: Mon thru Fri 10-6, Sat 10-5 & Sun 12-5

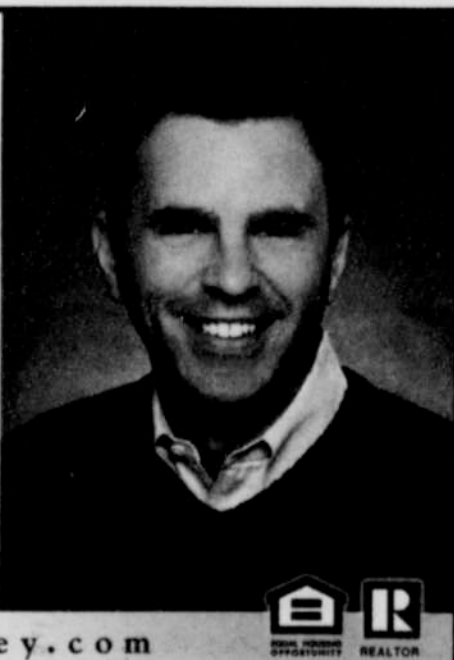
Always a Happy Ending

JOEL HAMLEY, Broker
The Real in Realtor



Office: 503-238-1700, ext. 630
Mobile: 971-506-9499
joelhamley@meadowsgroup.com

www.JoelHamley.com



An American in Paris

Being gay in Páree

Art nourishes my soul. It lifts my spirits and makes my day brighter. That's why I volunteer as a docent at the Portland Art Museum. So, when the docents announced an art tour of Paris, Marc and I jumped at the opportunity to visit 20 museums in 10 days and view works spanning two millennia. Still, I couldn't help but look at it all with a queer eye.

That was easy at the Pompidou Center, where photographer Nan Goldin's images of a male couple coupling to music by Björk were pretty hot. And any boy who played with dolls would love "Valstar Barbie," Claude Lévêque's room-sized installation bathed in hot pink with an 8-foot plastic shoe, 4-foot rhinestone bracelets and dreamy waltz music playing in the background.

But the gayest pieces we saw were not among the contemporary works at the Pompidou, but with the 19th century ones at the d'Orsay.

Indeed, the first thing you see upon entering the d'Orsay is a marble sculpture of Sappho, the original lesbian singer/songwriter. Queerer still is Jean Delville's symbolist masterpiece "The School of Plato," an enormous canvas (more than 9 feet tall by almost 20 feet wide) showing a bearded and draped Christ-like Plato sitting among a group of 12 male students, each lithesome, effete and stark naked. Whether intentionally homoerotic or not (and the critics are divided), it's like soft porn.

My gaydar also went off big-time at the ornate 19th century mansion of antiques collector Edouard André and his painter wife, Nélie Jacquemart. A "bachelor" until the age of 48, Edouard kept a separate bedroom from his wife, left no heirs and simply loved decorating. The audio guide even referred to their relationship as "a marriage of reason." Nudge-nudge, wink-wink.

The homo highlight of our trip, however,



Out Going
BY FLOYD SKLAVER

ingly less expensive than some of the overpriced Diet Cokes), I set off to explore—all in the name of journalism, of course.

Passing a guy licking another man's motor-cycle boots, I leaned myself against a low partition where I could watch the action in a nearby sling. Suddenly, Marc came up behind me and, pretending we were strangers, started grinding against me.

Exhibitionist (and bottom) that I am, I played along. As he pulled my shirt over my head, I noticed that a crowd had gathered and that a very beautiful (and very young) man was staring at me. I beckoned him to join and was pleasantly surprised to be French kissed by an actual Frenchman. (In fact, I jumped to attention, if you know what I mean.)

Was it fun? *Bien sûr*, as the French say. But, truth be told, dining in Paris was even more orgasmic. I followed a three-pastry-a-day diet and couldn't pass a patisserie without stopping for an éclair or croissant. It was all so scrumptious, I wish I could have sneaked some past customs in a Tupperware container. *C'est la vie*.

Speaking of Tupperware, Dixie Longate, the No. 1 seller of the plastic food containers in the

United States and Canada, came to town at the invitation of Tim Healea and Doug Mendenhall, who met the outrageous drag queen on an Atlantis cruise. She gave two performances of her raunchy Tupperware party cum performance art (headed to New York and off-Broadway this fall) to raise money for Q Center because, she says, "I'm a giver...some would say a carrier."

Among the "hookers" (Dixie's term) roaring with delight at the VIP

performance were Jerome Guillen, who described himself as "the most eligible guy in Portland" (he likes hiking, skiing and all outdoor sports), and Ben Davis, who got skewered by Dixie's saber wit when he went for another glass of wine. Harry Jarvis, Jeff Disney and Brian Wilson all learned the Tupperware "rimming" technique, which might come in handy the next time they're Out Going. 19

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



Floyd appreciates homoerotic art overseas.

occurred the night we spent wandering the Marais (Paris' queer section) and stumbled into a sex club.

Strolling the narrow 16th century streets in the insouciant manner of Edmund White, we noticed an apparent person of gayness discretely exiting an unmarked door. Moving closer to investigate, we spied a sign: "Leather, rubber, uniforms, fetishes." Of course, we pressed the buzzer.

Inside, we descended a narrow flight of stairs to a dark bar with a labyrinth-like back room. Duly fortified with overpriced alcohol (although surpris-