

Another Openin', Another Show

You gotta have art

Stop me if you've heard this one: A naked woman walks into a bar and pulls an American flag out of her ass.

Actually, it's no joke; it really did happen at last month's Time-Based Art Festival. Sponsored by the Portland Institute for Contemporary Art, TBA brought 10 days of avant-garde performances to Portland, including Miss Exotic World 2006 Julie Atlas Muz, who, covered in white glitter paint, performed "I Am the Moon and You Are the Man on Me" with James "Tigger!" Ferguson. For the finale, she lay down on the stage and put her legs behind her head while Tigger, painted black to represent outer space, planted the Stars and Stripes in her sphincter.

God bless America.

The piece was part of *Ten Tiny Dances*, an ongoing series created by local choreographer Mike Barber that challenges artists to reinvent dance moves to fit the confines of a 4x4 foot stage.

TBA was especially queer this year. From the understated same-sex coupling performed by several dance troupes to the in-your-face antics of Sissyboy, gay material informs much of the avant-garde. Sissyboy was the edgiest, portraying burka-clad women rapping rhapsodically about car bombers ("We love the cars, the cars that go boom") followed by Laura Bush mouthing "It's Raining Men" as dolls were thrown from the top of two skyscraper props.

By comparison, Kiki and Herb, the deranged lounge act creation of Justin Bond and Kenny Mellman, seemed positively respectable, having just



Out Going
BY FLOYD SKLAVER

completed a triumphant run on Broadway. The pair performed several encores for the enthusiastic audience, which included Charlie Frasier, taking a night off from raising money for Portland Center Stage's new theater at the Armory (buddy, can you spare a million?), busy Grant Butler covering the festival for *The Oregonian* and Jim McVittie, who was preparing to scuba dive in St. Lucia with Dive for Life.

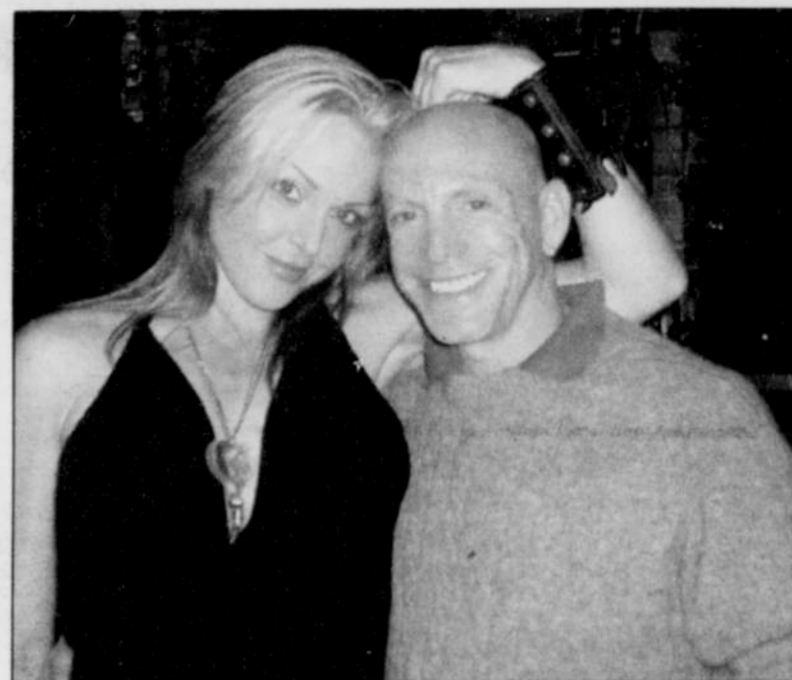
Other gay artists of note in the festival included the haunting vocalist Holcombe Waller, the wry and insightful Taylor Mac and filmmaker Todd Haynes, whose Barbie-doll-cast film, *Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story*, showed as part of an exhibition of *Illegal Art*. Photographing the festivities was sexy Serena Davidson, who recently snapped a beachfront wedding. *Now Is the Hour* author Tom Spanbauer was there with his main squeeze, tattoo

artist Sage Ricci, who inked a client's ass that week. And everywhere I went, I ran into the delightful (and delicious) David Banyan, who diligently worked on festival duties. I also spied Brian Langford sporting a red man bag to match his red boots. Even more fashionable was Peter Anderson, owner of Dress Code, the upscale men's retail store I mistook for the TBA office when I went to pick up my passes.

But TBA wasn't the only show in town. Theater openings abounded, including Artists Rep's *Metamorphoses*, infused with a gay camp sensibility and sensible enough to put Noah Jordan in a thong. Also scantily clad were Jordan's partner, Wade McCollum, and Andy Alcalá.

There's also plenty of eye candy in Portland Center Stage's sublime *West Side Story*, but the show is much more. Artistic director Chris Coleman has outdone himself with his best production yet. At the preview I attended, I chatted with "the Joes," Joe Durr and Joe Hooker, who've been together for 32 years. They met in a production of *Godspell* where one played Jesus and the other Judas. I'm sure that's not what the Bible had in mind when Judas kisses Jesus.

I also took in the delightful *Too Much Coffee*



Floyd weathers the Storm at Dante's.

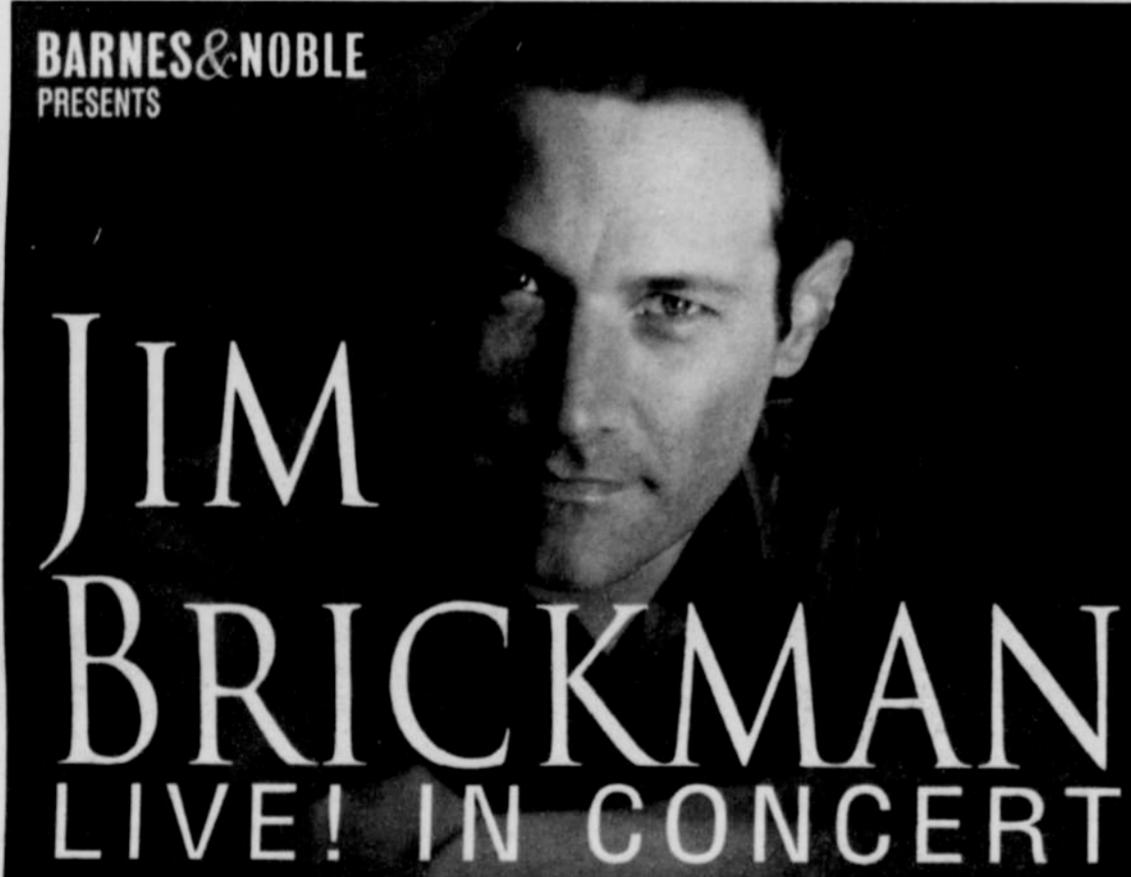
Man Opera, based on the comic book and featuring Jasmine Presson as a surly barista. Jasmine recently moved out here to Portland with her girlfriend.

As exciting as all these performances were, nothing rocked me as much as meeting Portland rocker Storm Large, who's in bold because she told me she's actually a gay man. "Dave Navarro says I have a bigger dick than he does," she boasted during her homecoming party at Dante's. Then she pulled an American flag out of her ass.

OK, she didn't, but she did flash her boobs and feel my chest, which is the kind of thing you can expect when you live in Portland and you're Out Going. 10

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