

by Marty Davis

# The U-Haul Is Empty

*Just Out* invites you to check out our new digs

**W**ell we did it. We moved our *Just Out* office. Rooms were painted, boxes were hauled, nests were cozied, all while a paper was being written. I recall reading somewhere that the three biggest factors in causing major stress in life are divorce, job loss and moving. Hmm, death of loved ones probably should be on that list somewhere, one would think? And what about being arrested for lewd acts in an airport restroom? Now that's got to be stressful. Of course, such behavior probably does fall into the category of job loss, so it would make the list.

All said, moving was simply more tiring than anything else. The change in scenery and routine is good, and the energy flowing in the newly appointed digs is vital and positive. You are cordially invited to stop by and see us anytime at 6234 N. Greeley Ave. And if you should happen to be a visual artist looking for a place to display your work, then please let me know. My plans include creating a dynamic space for monthly showcases of local talent.

Change at *Just Out* is also reflected in the pages of this issue that you're holding now. If you look to Page 55, you'll notice that the dreaded "men's sex ads" are no longer there. The number of these ads had finally dwindled to the point where it's no longer realistic to set aside a dedicated page. In the 24-year history of this paper, no one topic has been as enduring and as contentious as the ongoing presence of these ads. In the early years, the ads were an advertising mainstay and filled three to four pages of the back of the paper. Lesbian readers hated them then, lesbian readers hate them now. If one were to sit down and page through the archives of all the past issues, over and over again you'd read letters to the editor protesting the presence of the dreaded male sexuality. For those who complained through the years, all I can suggest is that they never, and I mean never, visit the "men seeking men" section

of Craigslist. If you couldn't deal with the increasingly conservative image of a bare-chested male, you are so not ready for what the digital camera era has brought to the electronic "dating" scene for gay men. And when I say gay I include, of course, the foot-tapping, Republican, married, straight family values fellas who, of course, are not gay.

It must be noted that we do still have a handful of phone-line advertisers who continue to cater to our male readers. These are valued advertisers who offer a service still used by many, and as such, they remain welcome in *Just Out*.

While we ponder our next redesign of the paper and the best utilization of the now available back page, we'll be filling the space with our newest section, aptly called, what else, "The Back Page." This page will feature photos of events and activities that *Just Out* attends. I'll also happily accept submissions from anyone out there who attends or hosts an event and would like to see it featured in the paper. If you've got photos, drop me a line at [marty@justout.com](mailto:marty@justout.com).

For this kickoff issue I've showcased a selection of photos from recent weekend events. Softball is a mainstay of summer in Portland,

and with only a couple of weeks remaining in the season for the Rose City Softball Association, you'll want to head out to Hillsboro on Sunday to cheer on your favorite team. To view additional photos, please visit the galleries at [www.justout.com](http://www.justout.com).

**L**abor Day weekend brought two visual highlights: the women's soccer event Festival of the Babes and the stunning La Femme Magnifique International Pageant hosted by Darcelle XV.

I arrived near the end of the soccer tournament and immediately wished I'd shown up earlier, like the entire day before earlier. What a happy bunch of women. What a lot of beer. While wandering about, I had a brief but meaningful encounter with a beautiful border collie that, I'm sure, will think of me often and fondly. This dog was smart. How do I know this? Because when I threw a Frisbee for him, he trotted back with a better disc than what I'd thrown. Yup, smart dog.

These soccer players were happy, so very happy, and it was more than just the beer. They were cavorting and sharing their athleticism and the camaraderie involved in playing a team sport. They weren't necessarily all stellar players, but they were out in the sun, sweating and running and being zestfully uninhibited. Now, agreed, that last part was probably the beer, but the rest was joyous social interaction. (Turn to "The Back Page" to see just how uninhibited the ladies were.)

In my envy I found myself thinking of ways that the, um, mature lesbians in Portland could come together and share a similar experience. How could we play a sport together, exercise (without hurting ourselves), share the camaraderie of team competition and whoop it up in a hearty manner that might also involve beer? What the hell, we can take our tops off, too—well, should that ever be deemed necessary, I suppose we could.

Volleyball. That's our sport. Volleyball.

I believe volleyball could become the sport of the Hot Flash set. It can be played indoors or outdoors—outdoors in the shade, that is. Unlike softball or soccer, volleyball doesn't involve running across large, dusty fields yet still can provide a fine workout. Unlike golf, you need no expensive equipment or cute matching clothes. Volleyball allows more social interaction than tennis and has far less cumbersome rules than basketball. Bones are not likely to be broken, and there's room for varying skill levels. I played years ago and remember it as being easy to organize. You rent a school gym, take your time slot and show up to play. Until the rain starts, we could even play outdoors. We just need a ball, a net and those whatchamacallies that hold up the net. Anyone interested? My e-mail address again is [marty@justout.com](mailto:marty@justout.com).

Finally, congratulations go out to Portland's own talented entertainer, BeBe J, who was crowned the 2007 winner of La Femme Magnifique International. If you've never been to this event, you must set aside Labor Day 2008. **10**

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BeBe J was crowned La Femme Magnifique International on Sept. 2 at the Oregon Convention Center.



VICTORIA KAUFFMAN

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Performance artists descend upon Portland for annual creative orgy

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**16-17 NATIONAL**

Fortune 500 companies favor nondiscrimination; sex scandal brings down Idaho senator; marriages brief for Iowans; N.J. voters ready for marriage; N.Y. congressman backs gay immigration rights; gay adoptive parents in Oklahoma gain rights

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