

THEY'RE BAAACK!

Here comes Pride, and our Amateur Photo Contest



page 3
BY MARTY DAVIS

As I start to write this page, head bursting with topics—several of which I shall remain silent on, for now—comes word that beleaguered U.S. Congressman Anthony Weiner (D-N.Y.) has resigned his seat. Some will say that this resignation comes as a result of photos and text messages sent; others will say it's because of how he handled the situation when said photos and texts made their way into the glare of public scrutiny. Did the "crime" merit the punishment? There was no legal crime, after all. Weiner's woes are simply another journey into a gray morass of indecision as Americans ponder if they have the right, the expectation, to elect people who don't panic and lie when caught with their pants down, so to speak. Since members of the House have to run for reelection virtually every 15 minutes it often seems, perhaps the matter might have been left to his constituents to decide?

Now, the main topic at hand. It's June, so it must be Pride time again in the Pacific Northwest. Wait, I want to talk more about Weiner, don't make me talk about Pride. No, no, no. I've been writing this column for a million years now, and every year about this time I search for something meaningful to say about Pride—what it means to me, what it means to the community as a whole. Rainbows, glitter, naked butts, bare breasts—people, do what you will. I got nothing. Pride in Portland has become a clusterfuck of annoyance. That's what Pride means to me. But wait, don't whine and complain, Davis, find something good to say. You can do it.

Here goes.

Pride to me means—oh hell, I need to be honest, I might want to run for office some day. Pride to me means money. This was

hurled in my direction recently, intended as an insult or accusation. Sorry, I'll say it loud and proud. Pride is harvest season for this newspaper, this business. Pride means money. It means reaching out to advertisers who often can afford ads only once a year. Pride means one month of catching up on the bills carried over from the doldrums of the first quarter before the same sets in for the third. Enhanced Pride revenues allow me to sponsor events, buy program ads, order new purple boxes, buy and pay for plastic bags from Bill Dickey. Yup, Pride means money. I take no shame in that.

Now about those bags. If you visit *Just Out* at our Waterfront Festival booth (#9 in the PABA Village), we will offer you a copy of the paper along with a lovely plastic bag within which to carry it. These are fine plastic bags. They are made from recycled plastic and are 100 percent recyclable in and of themselves. They were purchased from a local company, Morel Ink, which in turn contributes much back to our community. These bags will last a long time, are multiple use and would cost you as much as a whopping dime if purchased at Fred Meyer. I mention all of this solely for the benefit of the plastic bag police. You know who you are.

I was saddened this past week to have to attend the closing night of another popular gay-owned business, the Northbank tavern in Vancouver. I was not a "regular" at this establishment, but I'd drop in now and then for specific events. The Northbank was home to many of Vancouver's LGBTQ members and now they've lost it. When the letter came from the owners I had two immediate emotional reactions. The first was, "Oh God, I almost had to write this same letter." The second was, "What could I have done

to help?" There's no helping the Northbank now, but I'd like to plant the suggestion that if you value a business or establishment, you need to spend some money with them—if and when you have it. We often don't realize the value of something, or somebody, until it's lost or gone. Each time we lose another gay business we lose a piece of our uniqueness, our culture, our past, our present and our future. Spending our dollars wisely and well within our own community is one way to keep the pride in Pride. Additional details on the closing and photos from the last call at the Northbank can be found on p. 20.

Moving on to the photo contest—good job, everyone! At one point I had decided that this was going to be the last year for the contest. We've had a great run but all good things must come to an end. It was looking like there was no longer as much interest and it's been nigh on to impossible to find sponsors to help with the cost of the prizes. If you haven't noticed, this is a contest with very nice rewards for the winners. This again is due to the extra monies brought in during Pride season. Advertisers, thank you for trusting *Just Out* with your ad dollars and allowing me to put more money back out into the community. Let's have a group hug and a big Proud moment here. I'm going to hold off on making a decision to continue the contest until the first of the year. Rather than drop the contest entirely, I need to look at ways to change it and refresh it. Stay tuned for more details—and big thanks to everyone who contributed.

In closing, I'd like to share a moment of personal pride. Last week I was delighted to be able to traipse off to Mexico for the wedding of my niece, Erin. My family, for reasons I've never understood, chooses to live in Texas, so I don't get to see them as often as I'd like. This was a lovely and special wedding, and it meant a lot to me to be able to attend. For this opportunity, I owe a big thanks to the highly capable *Just Out* staff who, by the way, have put out two very kick-ass and high-quality issues this month. Thanks for all your good work, *Just Out*. You make me proud. ☺

just out

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ON THE COVER

"Glitter and Grease" by Atom Ion:

"This amazing creature is Domingo, part of my *Artists as Art* series. I observe the world around me from an impassioned perspective of latching onto things that interest me most, sometimes tuning out the other senses near me—capturing people at their most natural, be it nude or candid. I'm on a never-ending search for beautiful creatures."

Find Ion on Facebook or email him at atomseyes@gmail.com.



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