

It's Anything But A Slow News Day

If only the news were better...



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BY MARTY DAVIS

I'm late, I'm behind, I am procrastinating—again. I'm writing this column on the morning of production—writing and thinking, as an unsettling cloud of dreary news-overload weighs heavily on my mind. I am uncertain of my ability to organize my thoughts into a semblance of a coherent column.

The news has been sad and puzzling—and tragic the last few days. While I normally have a pissy and rude attitude to those people who too often proudly announce that they don't read or watch the news, yesterday made me almost envy them. From trying to understand and grasp

the complexity of the politics of the Occupy Movement, the expected-yet-untimely death of Steve Jobs to the freedom of Amanda Knox—combined with the deep sadness over the local murder of Cody Myers—yesterday seemed like a better day for *Seinfeld* reruns than news updates.

I was surprised at the attention Steve Jobs received as news of his death spread. The attention on Facebook was daylong—and for the most part thoughtful and respectful. It was good to see a business leader admired for his innovation and success. Like everyone else I know, I never met Steve Jobs. But his life, his work, his success impacted virtually everyone. In a day and age where icons and leaders are most often rock stars or Kardashians, it is heartening to see a person of solid foundation receive accolades for his life's achievements. I think everyone needs leaders and role models to admire and emulate—and Steve Jobs seems to have been this person. I know that I, as a manager and a business owner, would certainly like to be thought of as more like Steve Jobs and less like Steve Carell.

Just as I never knew Steve Jobs, I also have no more knowledge than anyone else about the reality of the Amanda Knox story.

Since the young woman is now on the cusp of making a gazillion bajillion dollars for her her experiences, I sincerely hope that the story told is proven to be truthful. That said, in the far back of my mind there's this tiny little nagging vision of Amanda Knox and Casey Anthony touring America as Roxy and Velma in the newest revival of *Chicago*. Please, no.



This issue of *Just Out* comes out on October 7, the same day as Basic Rights Oregon's annual fundraising gala, this year titled "Ignite!" Usually my thoughts toward this, and

similar events, are focused on taking pictures and comfortable shoes. This year I'm kinda wondering if BRO will time the two-tier event with an announcement of their plans to pursue, or not pursue, a marriage equality ballot measure in 2012. As LGBTQ activists, friends and supporters gather in the Portland Art Museum, somewhere on the city streets there might still be a gathering of the Occupy Portland crowds, scheduled to take to the streets on October 6. Will Occupy Portland be a one-day happening, or could the energy carry over into a longer occupation like the original happening in New York City, now several weeks old and growing in size and momentum daily? Does Occupy Portland, and the overall national movement built on distrust and frustration, signal weeks and months of contentious and turbulent unrest both locally and nationally—unrest and reaction that could last deep into the 2012 election cycle? Could the energy, the organization and the moxie truly be there for a new American revolution—and would there be a place at the table of this new movement for gays rights activism? I trust that Basic Rights Oregon is keeping a close watch on the mood of the country and the state. With a nation poised on the brink of social and

financial turmoil, attention must be paid. We must be prudent in asking people to join in fighting our battle, as allies and friends, for we all shoulder many burdens of our own.

On a different note, I've taken a new route in increasing distribution for *Just Out*, while staving off the high costs of fighting—and losing—the constant problems of vandalism and theft that come with a network of outdoor boxes. Effective with this issue, I've set up a pilot program of availability in a select group of Fred Meyer locations. The stores that will carry *Just Out*, in the racks usually found in the grocery entrance, except Stadium (where it's at the bottom of the escalators), are:

- Beaverton-Hillsdale:
 - (1) 11425 SW Beaverton-Hillsdale
 - (2) 700 SW Beaverton-Hillsdale
- Stadium: 100 NW 20th Place
- Glisan: 6615 NE Glisan
- Interstate: Interstate and Lombard
- N. Portland: 6850 N. Lombard
- Hollywood: 3030 NE Weidler
- Hawthorne: 3805 SE Hawthorne

If these locations prove successful, I have the option of adding more stores.

As often happens, let's close with a word about the next Gay Skate, as this is one of my favorite monthly events. Our next event is on Monday, October 17 and it's our annual Halloween Kick-off Costume Party night. This is your chance to debut your work of art and work out all the kinks before the main events later in the month. Plus we have prizes. And celebrity judges. Good prizes, famous judges—judges so famous that you might not have even heard of them yet. As always, we ask that you bring donations of food and personal use items for those folks who rely on the services provided by Esther's Pantry, a food bank serving those affected by HIV/AIDS. Hope to see you there. ☪

ON THE COVER

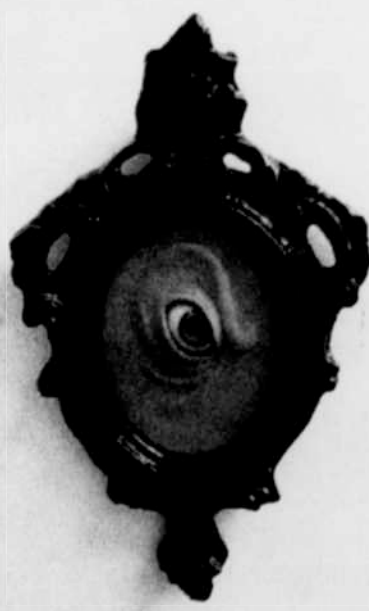
"Cycloptic (Robin's Egg Blue)," 2011
by Jimmy Pickering

Jimmy Pickering was raised in a trailer park and never really fit into his surroundings. His imagination and ability to draw helped him escape a world of shag carpets, faux-wood paneling, and the hell of school bullies, and set him on a path of creativity. Pickering studied film, character animation and production design/art direction at Cal Arts and is an award-winning artist, author and illustrator. His work has appeared in books, galleries and theme parks around the

world. He lives on the Oregon coast with his partner and their three dogs.

"Cycloptic" is from Pickering's newest exhibition, *180° Delirium*. His artist's statement is as follows:

"As children we are in a constant state of imagination—Santa, ghosts, fairy tales, anything our minds can create, we see. Yet something happens as we grow, these visions are replaced with popularity, self-image, careers; it's a world of limits. The strange thing is the imaginative state of our childhood is all but



JIMMY PICKERING

forgotten, only a handful of us remain in this world or return to it altogether and this state, our original state of being is negativity, viewed as delusional by the 'normal.' This world of imagination is often perceived as delusional and those who remain in it are in a state of permanent delirium. *180° Delirium* celebrates those viewed as refusing to grow up, those who have Peter Pan dreams. For me, what this show contains is my constant state

of delirium, the place I find comfort in, the imagined friends in my head."



AWAN JONES PHOTOGRAPHY

180° Delirium runs through Oct. 29 at Benjamin Benjamin Gallery, 1720 NW Lovejoy.

For more information on the artist, visit jimmypickering.com. For more information on the exhibition, visit benjaminbenjamin.com.

just out

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