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FEATURES

HUFFINGTON ROAST

virtue signalling and clickbait run wild
page 18
by ray mcMillin

A REVIEW OF NEIL YOUNG’S HARVEST

the classic album revisited, exotic style
page 42
by your estranged older cousin

A MODERN LOVE LETTER

anxiety, text messages and golden showers
page 50
by jaime suicide

THE WHITE-WASHING OF PDX

living under the guise of a post-racial pdx
page 54
by jaime suicide

INSIDE STUFF

A GUIDE TO WEED
BAD ADVICE
IS WEED REALLY THAT BAD?
EROTIC CITY/SPOTLIGHT OF EVENTS
EROTIC PINUP
TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH
KARMA’S A BITCH
SLUTSCAPADES
EASY FOOD IDEAS

PG. 24
PG. 28
PG. 30
PG. 31
PG. 32
PG. 36
PG. 44
PG. 46
PG. 48

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Wikipedia defines “virtue signalling” as “the expression or promotion of viewpoints that are especially valued within a social group, especially when this is done primarily to enhance the social standing of the speaker,” while Urban Dictionary claims it is “saying you love or hate something to show off what a virtuous person you are, instead of actually trying to fix the problem.”

There was a day when two very polarized, but independent, sources of sociopolitical commentary and news were widely recognized as go-to websites by the respective right and left: Drudge Report and Huffington Post. I’m not much of a right-winger, outside of my opinions on guns, meat and taxes. So, I’m not at all disappointed to learn that the Drudge Report has devolved into a virus-laden Craigslist for white nationalists and Trump supporters. I am, however, a bleeding heart progressive, when it comes to social issues. Therefore, I am saddened to have watched Huffington Post become what it has in recent years—a BuzzFeed clone, surviving on a strict diet of clickbait addicts and white feminism. Yet, I rarely get riled up about Huffington anymore, because so much of it is forgettable and rarely gets shared.

Enter the Brock Turner verdict and Huffington’s pathetic, parasitic attempt to cash in on trauma, through shameless virtue signalling and zero regrets about making yet another ad dollar from the rape culture witch hunt.

For those of you still living behind a dumpster, Brock Turner is a rich, white, college athlete (these are the key factors, pay attention) who, after pleading guilty to rape (as in, rape rape—not some post-drunk-hookup verbal consent debacle—we’re talking assault on an unconscious woman), was given a prison sentence that would make a slap on the wrist look like, well, rape. After being let out from his three-month long stint in the clink, approximately 100% of any and all commentary on the issue, whether conducted by neckbeard-covered MRAs or cat-eye-lensed misandrists, concluded that Brock Turner (and the judge who gave him two hours in timeout for sexual assault) are both disposable scum and should be forced to live out their lives as such. Armed revolutionaries with AR-15s (not college kids with cardboard signs) are currently surrounding Turner’s house, while hacker groups and vigilante justice-seekers are threatening Turner with justifiably-deserved revenge. Outrage, in this case, did not require a bumper sticker or hashtag.

What does Huffington Post have to do with any of this? Well, Ruth Starkman (a name that confirms Poe’s Law) ran an opinion piece titled Until Brock Turner Apologizes, He Should Not Be Allowed To Speak On Campuses. Does anyone see the problem with this? Who is the intended audience? Where is the counter point? Find me one person who thinks a rapist should be given a tour bus and access to college girls, besides the Huffington Post Editorial Board (and I’ll get to why they’d support such a tour in a minute).

For one, no, Brock Turner is not doing a campus tour. Speakers like Milo Yiannopoulos and Christina Hoff-Somers generate bomb threats from college students, for fuck’s sake. But, more importantly, the implication that such a thing could happen is a false narrative, created by the same people who rely on it for clicks and ad money. Let me be completely clear: if you’re making money off of rape, you’re making money off of rape—end of story. Huffington Post is making money off of rape—they are rape culture—not Family Guy or rap music. A culture is defined by its mode of currency, and one that relies on juicy rape headlines in order to stay relevant, is by definition, a “rape culture.” Family Guy is off the air and Nas declared hip hop dead. I rest my case.

To summarize the article in question, it’s the equivalent of Hey Hitler, You’re Not Coming To Our Family’s Hanukkah, or Dear People Who Think Killing Babies With a Hammer Is Okay: Guess What? It’s Not! Basically, a straw-man, feel-good argument is created for purposes of self-congratulation within an echo chamber. It works, because any discredit to the author is, by proxy, an endorsement of sexual assault, rapists, Hitler, nu metal, etc. I could easily pen a column titled Why Strippers Are Amazing, submit it to this magazine and ride the pussy train to back-rub town. In fact, I have, and it’s worked—many times.

Huffington Post desperately wants to be some rabid audience of rape supporters, who would gladly click “attending” on the “Monster Energy Drink Presents: Brock Turner, Smash Mouth and Guests” Facebook event page. Worse, the paper/website/blog/app/whatever depends on flashy rape headlines, and thus, actual rape, in order to survive. It’s the same tactic that our own government uses to engage in oil wars that happen conveniently after a brown person of a non-Christian faith blows up a plane. The truth is that men—and, I know this is a radical concept—of all backgrounds, races, sexual orientations and political ideologies, unanimously and thoroughly reject the idea of sexual assault. In fact, and this may come as a shock to anyone reading this from a re-blogged Tumblr post, men find the idea of rape repulsive and disgusting. In fact, most men in prison (many of whom have been convicted of murder) only condone the idea of rape when it’s carried out against another man, from inside a prison shower, as punishment for what said victim did on the outside—specifically, when said outside crime involves sexual assault on a woman or child. Brock Turner was likely subjected to a taste of his own medicine while behind bars (in fact, whatever Bubba did to him in the shower was likely the only justice he faced in prison—cutting mixtapes and updating Instagram seems to be the life of the modern inmate).

Let’s all keep in mind that Until Brock Turner Apologizes, He Should Not Be Allowed To Speak On Campuses concludes by giving readers the number of the sexual assault resource line, which positions the author of the piece as some sort of Mother Theresa figure—helping the heaps of rape survivors who are viewing clickbait nonsense, instead of, ya know, engaging in professional therapy (or numbing themselves with escapism, but definitely not searching for the latest trigger-warning-free rape headlines). In Starkman’s defense, it’s not like she goes to the exact same school as Brock Turner—you know, said outside crime involves sexual assault on the social justice facade and, say, volunteer at a campus sexual assault resource center, reach out to the victim or engage in her own speaking tour. Oh, wait...she does. How weird. You’d almost think (and, I could be way, way off here, so bear with me) she’s diffusing any proximal accountability, by engaging in echo-chamber nonsense as an easy way out. Nah, that can’t be it. She’s probably addressing all the people who think Brock Turner should be able to do a national speaking tour without apologizing first.

All two of them.

Let’s face it—without the myth of a men-need-to-be-trained-to-not-act-like-animal rape culture dialogue, Huffington Post would be just as tin-foil-hatted as Drudge Report. Your homework is to research “horseshoe theory,” then follow it up by calling your local sexual assault resource center, asking where, when and how you can volunteer, donate or otherwise help. I’m not gonna leave the crisis number here, because if you’re a survivor, you’re probably smart enough to find that information on your own, regardless of what Huffington Post thinks.
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Most folks around these parts understand that the celebration of “harvest season” translates, with a wink and a nod, to the seasonal end for cultivation of the cannabis plant—also known as marijuana, weed, chronic, doja, kush, nugs, Horn Of Africa, Carmen Sandiego, stickickyicky and the Pauly Shore Experience.

I, myself, have never really been much of the “420 blaze it” type, owing mostly to a long series of probation-related restrictions. But, now it’s 2016 and the green stuff is legal*. So, ready to do some investigative journalism, get myself some of that “hocus pocus” and live it up. What follows are the lessons I learned in doing so and I hope they’re helpful to the others out there, who are new to cannabis culture.

**STRAIN NAMES**

When it comes to picking your pleasure, I can assure you that the amount of separate varieties available is staggering. A gillion people grow a gillion different kinds of “Mary Jane” and they all have different names. The protip seems to be that the thing which will get you the most high, will have a gross name; “musty basement,” “pineapple dogshit,” “pork-rind milkshake” or “sumo crotch rot.” The more you kinda gag thinking about the name, the better it will be.

You would be wise to avoid things that sound like they’re a 12-year-old’s Call Of Duty player name, such as “death creeper,” “pimp chocolate,” “dank widow” or “ninja assassin 6969 XXX.” These only have names like that to make you think they’re gonna be good (when, in fact, they generally aren’t).

**PARAPHERNALIA**

Along with the wide variety of “ganja” strains, there’s an equally wide variety of methods to consume the stuff. Some of the methods I’ve seen or heard described include joints, blunts, pipes, bongs, hookahs, knife hits, vaporizers, mutilated fruit and the mysterious “Peruvian armpit.”

Personolly, the method I found most reliable was putting the “bud” into a non-metal container, microwaving it for several minutes (until the oven fills with smoke), then cracking the door and inhaling the smoke using a crazy straw. Some people think that the smell of “reefer” is a joy in itself, but I found it smells like melting plastic, burnt popcorn and three-week-old, crusted-on Spaghetti-Os. Not my favorite aroma, but to each their own.

**PLACES TO PURCHASE**

Since legalization, the “wacky tobacky” has become available in a number of rather professional-looking storefronts all over the place. However, these places are fool’s gold. They’re too high-pressure, with sales staff always trying to get you to buy the extended warranty and such.

The actual best place to get a super deal on some “hootie mack” is—and apparently has always been—at the Greyhound bus depot. My friends told me to go there and look for the guy wearing a faded army jacket, covered in stains, or anyone constantly looking over their shoulder. What you should do is state to this person that you want to get high and they will conduct a very brief transaction with you in the restroom, wherein a small pouch of goods will be handed to you in exchange for good ol’ cash (with none of that hard-sell business).

**HOW TO TELL IF IT’S QUALITY**

You can usually tell if you got “the good shit” by inspecting it. If it’s fluffy and green, it may be hit-or-miss. Features like red hairs and purple streaks are what set the “dank” apart from the “schwag.” Be certain to look closely to verify that the red hairs aren’t clippings from a ginger wig or that the purple isn’t just magic marker. Legal or not, there are tricksters out there.

If your purchase happens to look like a wad of very dark brown ear wax, you might have what’s known as “dabs.” This one gentleman, who I bought mine from, assured me the strain was a highly sought-after type called “black tar.” I smoked it in some tinfoil as instructed and found myself quite high. So high, in fact, that I ended up nodding off into my short stack at Denny’s, which I was subsequently evicted from. Be careful with those black tar dabs! I’d have to say though, that the best variety I had was kind of a yellowish-white color and was called “Jimmy crack corn,” or something like that. It looked and felt like a small pebble, as opposed to a piece of plant, so I was a little concerned I had been ripped-off. I smoked it out of a small glass tube that the bus stop salesman recommended and my doubts about the product were immediately dismissed. I got so “stoned” after my smoking session, that I ended up having a loud conversation with myself in the parking lot of a 7-11 at 2:00am. It was wild! This variety of dabs didn’t even give me the famous “munchies” you hear so much about. In fact, I didn’t eat for like two days after “toking up.” This must have been a kind of “diet weed” or something. This seems to be the best kind and I would recommend it to anyone.

So, that was my experience. Having found my preferred strain, I think I’ll continue to smoke up. In fact, I feel almost compelled to. This stuff is amazing! I hope my guide is useful to any of you out there who are also just diving in to this very deep pool. Happy smoking, fellow marijuana enthusiasts!

-WSTM
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DEAD GODS
Dear Wendy,

How do I turn my hemorrhoids into something sexy, instead of painfully uncomfortable and embarrassing?

-Angel

Dear Angel,

Assuming that just knowing how to spell “hemorrhoids” doesn’t make them disappear (I thought that was the cure), your treatment lies in tender-loving butthole care. I don’t have hemorrhoids, but I do have fissures from past butt mistakes and it has made my anal sex life more difficult (which is a shame, because anal is my fave). Definitely make sure you are not doing butt things while you are having a flare-up. Aside from that (and, I cannot stress this next part enough), take it slower than slow when you are having anal play. If it hurts at all, cease and desist. Use copious amounts of silicone-based lube, start smaller than you even think you need to, don’t stick anything in until you are already good and turned on and build slowly. Also, make sure that you can communicate to your partner that your asshole is a delicate fabergé egg, that will fucking break and must be treated with care. Not having to hide your ass ‘sitch goes a long way in relaxing your mind and body, so that you can move on to more important things—instead of worrying. When in doubt, stay away from your ass. I am serious—it is just not fucking worth it. Also, keep in mind that your o-ring is compromised, which places you at a potentially higher risk for STD contraction in that area, so wrap it up (P.S., EVERYONE REMEMBER THAT GON- NORHEA IS MORE OR LESS INCURABLE NOW, SO WRAP IT UP ANYWAY). Outside of sex, eat fiber (psyllium husk capsules are wonderful for quick, easy fiber), drink water and a warm, wet washcloth compress on your asshole is a dream. I personally like to rub vitamin E oil on my b-zone, because it relieves irritation and softens any calluses.

xo Wendy

Dear Wendy,

The holidays are coming up and I’m vegan, but I want to bring something that is delicious and fattening that we can all eat. Will you share a vegan holiday recipe?

-Angel

Dear Angel,

I have always been a huge fan of vegan gravy—both the food and the result of sucking off an environmentalist. If you’re willing to start from scratch and literally punch anyone in the face who tries to tell you that vegan gravy is gay (yeah, fine, it’s kind of gay, which makes it more delicious), then you will LOVE my recipe:

2 carrots
3 celery stalks
1 onion
4 cloves of garlic
1/2 qt. mushroom broth
1/4 cup chopped parsley
1-3 sprigs of fresh rosemary
1 bay leaf
1/4 cup corn starch
1/2-1 cup unsweetened, unflavored almond milk
water of some amount

Chop them vegetables up and throw them in a pot. Now, you can either put them in a Crock-Pot® and let them stew on low for four hours or so, or you can simmer them in a pot on the stove, for half an hour. I prefer the Crock-Pot®, but you want to cover the vegetables and herbs with the mushroom broth—maybe about an inch or so over the tip of the tallest veggie. If you need more liquid, use water. Let them stew, take sips and stand by the stove with your stirrin’ spoon in your hand (and suck your own dick about what a domestic badass you are). When that shit’s done stewing (taste it—you’ll know), strain the solids out and keep the liquid in the pot on medium heat. Throw the vegetables in some asshole’s face—you don’t need them. Take that almond milk and, with a fork or actual whisk (what are you, a Rockefeller?), whisk small spoonfuls of cornstarch into the almond milk in a separate dish. Did you ever make Oobleck in school? It’s not a liquid, but it’s not a solid—you’re basically making that. Use your fork/whisk to stir out all the corn starch chunks and, once it’s smooth, stir it into the broth liquid. Keep stirring, until the liquid thickens. You may need to add more of the corn starch/almmond milk mixture, until the mixture thickens. If it’s too thick, just add water or mushroom broth. When the liquid thickens, you got yourself some gravy. You can bring it to your family Thanksgiving event, but it’s also great for drinking alone in your room by yourself. Bon appetit!

xo Wendy
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I grew up in a state where pot was FAR from legal. So, to come to a state where they have billboards advertising dispensaries and strains of pot, is completely mind-blowing to me. As a stoner, the Pacific Northwest is like a dream come true.

My experience back home was vastly different from here. Instead of “dispensaries,” we had “trap houses.” Those were just random houses or motels, where you met some guy or girl to get said pot-slash-whatever-the-hell-else you wanted. Unlike a dispensary, there was ZERO walking in unannounced to these places—that is a sure-fire way to get shot. Also, there were no menus; no budtenders coaching you along to help you find the perfect strain to match your situation.

“I just found out that my girlfriend is pregnant.”

“Well, we have an Indica-based hybrid called ‘God’s Breath OG Kush.’ We also have…(inserts countless other names).”

Ask a drug dealer what’s on their menu and they may respond with, “You want mids or lows?” Now, I know that most of you have no clue what mids are. It is a nickname for crappy, poorly-made brick weed.

The fact that I have made several references to “mids” in conversation, or on stage in a joke, where I am met with blank stares most of the time, proves to me that you all are just plain spoiled. Spoiled, I say!!! I really don’t think you understand how good you really have it.

YOU. CAN’T. GO. TO. JAIL. FOR. POT. If I go pick some up from down south, I’m scared shitless the ENTIRE way home while driving back. I had a friend go to jail for six months over a seed. One frigging seed sent a law abiding citizen to jail (and also landed him with a one-year probation-upon-release deal)—all for possessing one of the key things used to make a plant!

Okay. Let me put it a bit differently, adding some perspective to this. Imagine getting a sunburn. What’s a plant that helps…aloe? Sure, let’s go with that. You go to whatever store nearest to you that sells the aloe vera plant. You have a medical reason to purchase/possess this plant. Now, imagine that, on the way home with said plant, a cop happens to pull you over. For arguments sake, lets just say that your taillight is out. Now, this cop comes over to your car and notices that you have a bit of aloe sitting next to you in the passenger seat.

“SIR, GET OUT OF THE VEHICLE WITH YOUR HANDS UP!”

“But, what for…?”

“SHUT UP, YOU DAMN ALOEHEAD! YOU’RE UNDER ARREST FOR POSSESSION OF A CONTROLLED SUBSTANCE!!!”

“But, officer…it’s for my health. I’m not hurting anybody by using aloe.”

“YOU FILTHY DIRTBAG! YOU’RE THE WORST KINDA CRIMINAL!!!”

See how dumb that sounds? This was my fear, as a pothead in the south. That, or possibly getting shot, because of some sketchy dude that your buddy said was a “pretty cool guy.” Yeah, I personally don’t miss that crap one bit.

Now, lets talk about the difference in quality. Yes, I have come across some really good weed down south, but nothing like the weed from the PNW. Wow. I grew up knowing about THC and that was pretty much the extent of my knowledge—I had zero clue as to the culture and dedication that people have applied to the art of pot. Yes, I said art. Look at dabs. Look at some of the flower—beautiful. The colors, the smells, the different effects...nothing short of amazing.

And, you can’t forget about edibles. I have been almost too high off them before. The deliciousness of them makes me forget how many I’ve actually eaten. Which, we all know can lead to terrifying times and horrid realizations about oneself. We’ve all been there; eat a 100mg brownie because you thought that it said 10mg, then your brain fires crazy stuff off like “Hey, Keith. Remember that time you cheated on your test in the 5th grade off Amy Tran and still failed? Yeah, well, maybe that’s why you’re 31 and have absolutely zero prospects and you are super lucky to have the woman that you DO have...but, wait. Holy shit. What if she finds out about the test? Oh, she will leave you for sure...wait. I forgot to feed the baby! I don’t have a baby...or do I? Okay, just me? Sure. I believe it.

Long of the story is, I don’t have the slightest clue why weed is not legal across the board. I don’t want to rehash an argument that’s been had 100,000,000 times, but here we go: I can have a few drinks and my actual vision and judgment are impaired. Cocaine, heroin, meth—all those are intense enough to ruin families, friendships, jobs, children and just about everything else you can think of. But, weed? Come on man, get real. Only thing I will tear apart with my drug use is a calzone. Man I love those things. Oh, and a milkshake. Great, I got high to write this and now I want to go get a calzone and a milkshake. Thanks a lot weed, you’re ruining my life.
Welcome to Exotic’s Harvest Issue, a theme clearly inspired by the lovely changing of the colors, pumpkin spiced coffee and...oh, who am I kidding? We love our weed here in Oregon. So much so, that every single publication with a Harvest Issue thinks they’re the first ones to do weed strain reviews or an interview with the guy who borrowed a billion dollars from a New York bank to move here, open a dispensary and pronounce our river “willa–met.” We’re not the first Harvest Issue and we’re not the last (yeah, I stole the idea from Savage Henry, but they still owe me a few bucks for a comedy show, so this makes us even), but if I told our writers that they could cover anything related to fall, everyone would just make jokes about the white girls who look like Han Solo and take Instagram pictures of leaves. That, or fifteen articles about Halloween. Next year, we’ll return to the typical spooky October theme, but for now, we’re not gonna be the girl dressed as Harley Quinn, trying to enter the costume contest, while her Joker boyfriend hits on That Character Will Smith Played.

I was supposed to do a review of the Oregon Hemp Expo which happened last month in Salem, but I got high. Ironically, Afroman played in Salem last month and I missed that as well.

Even more ironic, since there is enough weed-related material in this issue to justify a legal search and seizure in Idaho, Green Room Diaries is taking the month off. Further, I’d like to personally welcome Portland-infamous Belinda Carroll to The Usual Gang Of Perverts. Big ups to her first contribution having nothing to do with weed, but rather, she tackles the issue of gentrification in Portland. As they say, beat someone’s ass the first day in prison. Also, huge ups to the rest of our new writers, none of whom have appeared to have jumped ship after I took over the wheel like a drunken sailor. We value our contributors so much that I’ve trimmed this here column just to avoid having to skimp on other stuff (we got a few new advertisers, so let’s welcome them, too).

With that being said, this column is the only trimming I will be doing this year. Fuck trimming. If you want to make money off of weed, sell it. Seriously, listen to me here. It may be a fun job, but it’s still a laborious, back-breaking, monotonous series of repetitions that no one should endure. In fact, I will prove it to you—hire me as a trimmer for one season and, at the end, I will bitch and moan to you about how much it sucks, while staring at all the cash I made from convincing our entire reader base that trimming isn’t worth it, simply so I could take the position first.

So, anyone got any trimming gigs for a brother? My burner phone is (707) 456–7887 and I bring my own Fiskars.

–Ray McMillin
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Music Fest Northwest (MFNW) is a historically over-hyped and perpetually-forgotten Portland music festival that usually features headliners who require a one-paragraph explanation as to why you should care about them. This year, the event got sponsored by Pabst, a drink that is usually consumed at MFNW, but only because it’s cheap and tastes like irony. Although the multi-venue roster of shows was typical for all non-waterfront listings, the main stages in Tom McCall Park were given the “artists you’d pay to see” treatment. Here’s the Ray-port from the shows I attended. Apologies to any local acts I missed, but you aren’t Ween.

Day 1: Andrew W.K., Ice Cube (w/ Most Of N.W.A.), Duran Duran, Other Artists I Forgot To Watch

I don’t know what’s in the Cube family jeans, but Ice Cube looked about five years older than his son, as did DJ Yella. MC Ren, on the other hand, appears to have aged just a few handicapped parking spaces closer to the morgue than Bill Clinton. Fans remember MC Ren as the most intimidating, in-your-face, hardcore lyricist in the game. Well, now he’s the old war vet, yelling at that lyricist for being on his lawn. Even though it was a wet dream of mine to witness the best cuts from “Straight Outta Compton” live, I was anticipating Ren’s Alzheimer’s to kick in at any moment. “R-E-N spells... Uhhhh... or something of that variety. Thankfully, Ren just gave the audience the Carrie Fisher treatment and delivered his classic lines with a voice that sounded as if it was going to offer us some hard candy and tell stories about all the people who didn’t make it to bingo this week. Ice Cube, on the other hand, is 100% hip hop emcee. Between Auto-Tune, swag, that retarded-sounding stuff that Rich called put on, etc., it’s not surprising that Ice Cube holds the best of time, when compared to recent rap offerings. Still, there weren’t any backing vocals coming from the DJ booth, there weren’t fifty people on stage and, in a live rap concert first, no one was walking around with a towel and a bottle of water, while doing absolutely nothing. The only thing more entertaining than watching Ice Cube C-walk while spitting his verse from “Bow Down,” was turning around toward the crowd and noticing which white audience members were, and weren’t, willing to sing along with certain lines.

Somewhere, in a room full of foreign concert promoters who clearly think ABBA is still relevant and consider hip hop to be a style of walking, a dude (or a woman, or a child, or a dog with a rope strapped to his paw, or a self-aware George Foreman Grill) looked at the festival lineup and said, “You know what would make a great follow-up to “The Nigga Ya Love To Hate,” and hear me out? Really, really gay music from the 80’s. I’m talking streamers, divas in leather, the whole enchilada!” And, with that, Duran Duran was given the slot immediately after a sizable portion Compton’s most notorious gang.

Now, if anyone has ever read more than a sentence of this column, you will know that I don’t use “gay” as an insult, any more than I use women for love—it’s quite the contrary. Duran Duran is sandwiched between Echo and Depeche Mode in my list of bands I’d actually fuck a dude to get backstage passes to. And, to call them an 80s band is actually insulting, as the group maintained relevance throughout most of the 90s. Not only did Duran Duran perform their cover of “White Lines” (which helped answer the question I had asked myself earlier, about promoters planned on retaining the Ice Cube crowd), but they also played damn near every song anyone remembers them liking, as well as “Ordinary World.” The best part of the performance included an explosion of streamers, glitter and other shit that would equate to what GWAR, ICP and Gallagher would deliver, if GWAR, ICP and Gallagher were allowed to perform at Pride. Also, shout out to the disgusted-looking basic bitch with the Tame Impala shirt (you were a day early, sweetheart) that stared at the gyrating lead singer (Gene Duran or Dean Duran, I forget) with utter disgust, as her “boyfriend” bit his lower lip and smiled; your visual disgust with gay dudes is admirable, considering the fact you appear to be sleeping with one, without knowing it.

Day 2: ASAP Ferg, Ween, Tame Impala, More Shitty Openers

Ween is the musical equivalent of those YouTube videos where, say, a geeky-looking white kid gets a standing ovation at The Apollo for busting sick-ass dance moves (while playing a trombone), or if a fat kid takes on three bullies with one swift Street Fighter move. Writing Ween off as a “joke band” is easy, from a critic’s point of view—the band falls somewhere between Tencious D and They Might Be Giants, in terms of self-aware whimsy. However, unlike The D or TMBG, Ween’s live performances are tied with, if not superior to, the legendary bands from which Ween draws obvious influence (search YouTube and find Ween’s live cover of “All Of My Love” for proof). Further, the studio versions of Ween songs are simply stencils of what the band does with them live. Ween fans are basically post-sobriety Deadheads with degrees, families and jobs, minus the hippie stench, plus a few tabs of 1996-era LSD running through the bloodstream. Unlike Deadheads, however, Ween fans are as rabid as Juggalos, in terms of dedication to their/or favorite artist(s).

I made my way up front during Ween’s opening song, a somber fuck-off to non-fans titled “She Wanted To Leave,” which I swear was sub-tly dedicated to every Tame Impala fan who stood by the wrong stage, an hour early. Ween’s drunk fans are super, super easy, if you haven’t been drinking as well—simply “fall” into people, in a forward direction, with a B-line toward the front of the stage, and whenever anyone gives you a dirty glance for bumping into them, just look behind you and cuss out the second-closest person you can see (without making eye contact). This makes it look like some imaginary brute is forcing you to trample mousey girls and their beta dates, while you try to get close enough to enjoy Ween. Once I made it...
guys staring at pre-programmed loops while Impala. Like, I gave it the genuine ol’ college try. The face of Boognish took a bow and left the stage. Then, with very little to-do, the newly-reunited ship that was probably the best/fifteen minutes a generally un-fuckwithable level of showman-

shit, going full-on Woodstock with guitar solos, managed to summon Pink Floyd from a pile of stream festival I’ve ever seen; somehow, Ween into what was the greatest “fuck you” to a main-

the three-minute album version then morphed in terms of being top-tier songwriting, however, way and walks. It is not “Buenos Tardes Amigo,” on a porch, other dogs on the porch, the walk-

songs—“Fluffy”—about a dog, a porch, a dog of their shortest, most laid-back and obscure set, Ween began to play what is arguably one/fifteen minutes left in their set. Ween began to play what is arguably one of their shortest, most laid-back and obscure songs—“Fluffy”—about a dog, a porch, a dog on a porch, other dogs on the porch, the walkway and walks. It is not “Buenos Tardes Amigo,” in terms of being top-tier songwriting, however, the three-minute album version then morphed into what was the greatest “fuck you” to a mainstream festival I’ve ever seen; somehow, Ween managed to summon Pink Floyd from a pile of shit, going full-on Woodstock with guitar solos, extended drum breaks, keyboard trickery and a generally un-fuckwithable level of showmanship that was probably the best fifteen minutes of live music to occur all weekend, if not year. Then, with very little to-do, the newly-reunited face of Boognish took a bow and left the stage.

After Ween was done, I tried watching Tame Impala. Like, I gave it the genuine of college try. It was boring. And, not like Cure boring, but five guys staring at pre-programmed loops while nodding their head boring. Every song sounded exactly the same—forced vocals accompanied by feigned emotion from a living portrait of a manchild Millenial, vaguely familiar electronic loops, bored-looking guitarists that don’t need half of their strings and a handful of teenage girls that explained why the band got to headline the festival. I wasn’t the only one who felt this way, because after the first “song” ended, a sea of folks flocked to the concession stands, where Ben and Jerry’s was giving away the last of their ice cream for free. I stuck around and stared at the teenage girls, because they were trying so very hard to look like a band made up of men and I didn’t want to join the ice cream exodus. I finished watching Tame Impala with the same amount of enthusiasm I would have watching only the plot portions of a softcore porn video.

After I left the festival gates, I noticed an Impala, with the license plate “IMPALA,” slowly cruising down the street. It was just as exciting, if not more, than Tame Impala’s performance. In fact, it was doing a better job at being a tame Impala than Tame Impala. Fuck Tame Impala. Following Ween will be the highlight of their career and, hopefully, the beginning of their descent into obscurity.

Considering the availability of Ween, Ice Cube, Andrew WK, ASAP Ferg and Duran Duran, it was insulting to find out that the MFNW: Project Pabst money shot, Tame Impala, was just another retrofit hipster outfit. But, then I realized something: Pabst is simply punning the hell out of the MFNW legacy. Not only did all the “local, up-and-coming” MFNW acts get stuffed into other venues (places that will close next year, to make way for lofts) while 75% of N.W.A. performed “Fuck The Police” for the first time in years, but since past MFNW events have proven to be resistant to talent (offering bills littered with backpack rappers and shitty folk rock alt- whatever), partnering up with MFNW to bring mainstream talent to the Portland waterfront was a sleazy, genius move on Project Pabst’s behalf. Pabst knew that, in order to subject scenesters to such mainstream artists as Duran Duran and Ice Cube, they’d have to showcase a band that hipsters can’t help but purchase tickets to—meanwhile, Floater is “playing up the block, but I don’t know if I’d rather just go home and smoke weed” according to 99% of the people who would normally be stoked about a Floater show. MFNW got gentrified by the mainstream, co-opted by shitty beer and was, strangely enough, the best festival I’ve been to in a long, long time—and, I didn’t drink a single drop during the time I spent watching asshats chug pisswater from makeshift brown bags.

What does this teach us about NW-area fest-

ivals, musical or otherwise? The ticket-holding masses don’t want to watch anymore shitty, acoustic, one-off solo performances from former Decembrists. Portland’s music scene is dead, which means that Portland might just have a music scene again. That last sentence will only make sense if you’ve been in town for more than a decade or two. Viva La Luna, fuck the Doug Fir and, for the love of god, let’s have Project Pabst Presents: MFNW was easily the most ironic thing to happen to Portland hipsters since the last time someone got shot outside of Salt ‘N Straw—which was a long fucking timeago.

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A REVIEW OF
Harvest
by Neil Young

BY YOUR 
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Hey.

What’s up?

This is your cousin, Brad. You know, Richard’s son. I was from his first marriage, so you probably don’t know much about me. I think the last time I saw you, it was at a pool party. You were like seven, or 13, or something. Or, you were a baby. I don’t remember, those were hazy times for me, haha.

I don’t know what you’ve been up to in your life. No one in the family talks to me. I can tell you all the details sometime, if you want. It’s dark.

A Man Needs A Maid

There was this one I had in Salt Lake City, Karen I think it was, who knew how to treat a man. She was a great cook. Always made the bed in the morning, stuff like that. Ran out on me after her landlord said I couldn’t stay there anymore. Just kept saying the word “volume” to me. Speaking of volume, gotta know how to use it right. Rock music? CRANK IT UP!

Are You Ready For The Country?

Yeah. I mean, it depends. Pretty good song. Might be the best one on the album.

The Needle And The Damage Done

I never really like this track. I usually skip it or leave the room when it’s on.

Margaritaville

Total classic. Seriously. Good song. Maybe the best one on the album. Margaritas are expensive though. Unless you get one of those ones that Budweiser makes—they’re pretty good and they get you faded real quick.

Old Man

“Old man take a look at my life, I’m a lot like you.” Hell yeah!

I remember the first time I heard this song, I was like 19, or 26 or something and it was in the Rockies. I was with a tasty broad just riding around in her Volkswagen. We parked at a switchback and made out for a while—then she blew me. “Old Man” had played earlier that day on the radio.

Evenflow

Now, this is what I’m talking about—rock and roll. Just feelin’ it out, letting loose and getting to know yourself.

“Even flow / Got a road like butterflies.” Hell yes.

Maybe the best song on the album.

And there you have it...god-damn Neil Young’s Harvest. Also, check out Sugarcult, if you get a chance.

Words (Between The Lines Of Age)

Actually, I do remember this one guy from Alabama, who was dumb, but really nice. He would do Whip-Its every night—carried a medicine bag around with him full, of nitrus cartridges. One day, he disappeared. Kind of a fucked up way to go out, if you think about it. You know, disappearing.

To be honest though, I like to take a peek at your Facebook now and then. You seem to be doing pretty well for yourself...nice, well-paying job. I remember that picture of your graduation—that’s killer. I did a semester once, but it wasn’t for me. Too much bullshit.

And now you got a nice job, too. That’s cool. And, you got a girlfriend, who also has a nice job—I checked. She’s not so bad looking, either. I had a hot one in Ventura one time—that was nice.

Anyways, while I was looking at your Facebook, I saw that you like music. Then, I was like, “Hey, what’s an estranged cousin got to offer besides hooking it up with crunchy music recommendations?”

If you haven’t already, you should def check out Neil Young’s Harvest. Each track is solid. The whole album was like a sleek, rare animal—like a horse that wants you to ride it. Or, like, a bird.

Heart Of Gold

This is what it’s all about, right here. Fuckin’ “Heart of Gold.” I mean, immediately, when the song starts, its like da da da da da duh duh duh, buh reow reow, duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh, da duh duh, buh buh du reow...and I’m goin’, “Fuck yeah, ‘Heart of Gold’ is on!” Trust me, this song rules. And, it’s true, you know? What he says in it...keeps you searchin’ for a heart of gold. Bein’ a miner for it. So true. Some people are just dicks out there, like Will. And then, there was Connor, who pretty much stole my car. It sucks when your friends turn on you, trust me.

Harvest

Can’t go wrong with the title track on an album. It always kicks ass. “Thriller” from Michael Jackson’s Thriller, “Sail Away” on Sail Away by Styx, The Kinks Greatest Hits, track four on Led Zeppelin’s IV. Fuckin’ title tracks—remember that!

“Well I see you give more than I can take? Will I only harvest some?” That line is perfect and really speaks to me, especially since I used to have this grow-op goin’ with fuckin’ Will. Will and I were friends for a bit. I totally trusted him and thought he was cool, but you know, sometimes in life, shit happens and Will turned out to be a dick. I was doin’ a bunch of trim for him—and his old lady was there with me—and I guess he got all suspicious, ’cause he only paid me HALF of what he promised. Thought I was messing around with his honey dip (Michele?) and I was, but Will couldn’t have found out about it, ’cause he rode a wheelchair. Plus, it only happened three times, so he was just being paranoid I think.

P.S.

Anyways, do you think you could float me $350? Shit’s been dire here and I don’t have much work on the horizon. It’s the Indiana economy, I heard it crashed recently. I figured it would be cool to ask, considering I helped you discover some new tunes and some new inspiration.

I would ask someone else in the family, but no one’s returning my messages, which I understand, since they are probably pissed about stuff—I would be too. And, I got into an actual fight with one of the people who live in this house, ’cause of dishes or some shit. I didn’t do anything. Sometimes, people just don’t know that they don’t know...you know? Ha ha.

Zeke was living there too, but he didn’t get my back. Instead, Zeke decided to act all paranoid. Some people are so hung up on material possessions, you know? So, now, I am staying with this single mom, Megan. Her son is 14 and we hate each other.

Also, no checks—cash or money order only, por favor. I can’t have a bank account for reasons I won’t go into and those check-cashing places are always trying to fuck you in your asshole, trust me.
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The guy who stole and sold the Pamela Anderson/Tommy Lee sex tape is now a former pornstar, turned electrician.

When former Baywatch star (and, usually-naked PETA activist) Pamela Anderson married Motley Crue drummer Tommy Lee, she probably had no idea that their sex tape would lead to another title—Most Downloadable Woman On The Internet (according to Guinness Book Of World Records). The illegal media (illegal, because neither Tommy Lee nor Pamela Anderson signed their copyrights over for it) would eventually go on to make millions of dollars, turn Anderson into an even bigger name and confirm Lee’s bravado of having one of the biggest dicks in the music world. But, what isn’t widely known, is where (and how) the tape originated from or the bad karma that ensued, once the VHS tape was stolen from the then-couple’s Malibu home.

Enter Rand Gauthier, a former pornstar turned electrician, who made XXX films under the name of Austin Moore. Gauthier had been hired to complete work on the Lee’s Malibu home, along with another employee, but the business relationship went bad—when Tommy Lee allegedly threatened Gauthier with a gun in his face, Gauthier decided to retaliate. Along with one other alleged accomplice, Gauthier devised a plan to steal a safe in the Lee’s garage. Gauthier went so far as to allegedly disguise himself as a furry dog, to get a hold of the safe. Once Gauthier and friend transported and opened the safe, they discovered, in addition to other valuables, the couple’s honeymoon sex tape—considered one of the first celebrity sex tapes.

Gauthier, unsure of how to sell the tape, ended up getting a loan from a crime family to make copies of the tape to peddle—a deal that left him working for that family to pay off the loan. The tape made little money for Gauthier, and once the Lees realized that the safe and its contents were stolen, probably by Gauthier; everyone, from Hell’s Angels to lawyers, came looking for the tape (and Gauthier). Eventually, an Internet porn pioneer, Seth Warshavsky, was able to claim rights to the tape and streamed it online, via his porn site ClubLove.com, beginning the age of celebrity sex tapes.

Warshavsky went on to make millions off the tape and although the Lees did sue Warshavsky for $90 million (for copyright infringement), a judge dismissed the Lee’s suit. The blonde bombshell and drummer settled for less than $2,000,000. The tape did some damage to Anderson’s career—the former Playboy centerfold smokes a joint in the video, after having publicly claimed to never have smoked marijuana—but, Lee’s reputation as a cocksman was cemented. Anderson later changed her mind about weed, however, when she wrote an open letter to Obama on her official blog, urging the legalization of marijuana.

“I think we should legalize marijuana, tax and monitor (it)—farm hemp, etc,” wrote Anderson on her blog. “This would make our borders less corrupt...we should be able to farm hemp in America—it’s just silly. It would create jobs and be good for the environment.”

And, last year on an episode of Bravo Channel’s Watch What Happens Live, Anderson stated she personally never made any money from the sex tape. Anderson said she grew tired of dealing with the legal fallout when she was pregnant (with the younger of two sons she has with Lee).

“I was seven months pregnant with Dylan and thinking it was affecting the pregnancy with the stress and said, ‘I’m not going to court anymore. I’m not being deposed anymore by these horny, weird lawyer men. (I) don’t want to talk about my vagina anymore or my public sex.”

According to Rolling Stone, Gauthier, who shared his full story with the rock and roll magazine, continues to practice the skill that brought him to Tommy Lee and Pamela Anderson’s home almost 20 years ago—he is an electrician, living somewhere in California, growing weed in his garage. And, if you try to find the man responsible for uncovering (and stealing) the sex tape that would crown Pamela Anderson as the Most Downloaded Person On The Internet (2005), you will find only a lonely WordPress page with these words:

“The owner of Q Electrical Services, Rand Gauthier, and his business are based in Santa Rosa, California. His company specializes in wiring motor controllers and equipment used to control the speed of machinery.”
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obviously, I completely generalize genders. tical impossibility. You like what you like and, you’ll find a DTF female sexpot, that it is a statistically greater than the likelihood that whack to be realistic. The energy output is so looking to casually fuck, is just too far out of women, compared to the number of women looking to casually fuck, with people who aren’t women (trans or cis).

3) Open your mind to the idea of having sex while staying anonymous!

Every time I’ve put an ad on Craigslist looking for casual sex, I’ve been met with 200-300 eager responses, within a day, at which point somebody ends up flagging my post. Was it an undersexed mother policing the net who flagged me, upset about my awesome boobs? Or, just somebody who is sad I rejected them? I’m only seeking exactly what’s supposed to be advertised in the Casual Encounters section—nothing flag-worthy here.

In my ads, I state specifically how people can engage with me, by providing a list of potential conversation starters. Still, many men write responses, within a day, at which point the other end of that message could be me!

5) Stay on the lookout for weirdos.

Some people get off on kicking other people in the balls or spitting half-eaten food into another person’s mouth. Some may invite you over to drink wine and play chess, but then, after you’ve been rolling around half-naked in bed for 20 minutes, they suddenly kick you out. And, those are just three examples of the myriad things I’ve done with men I’ve met on Craigslist. So, be careful, because the person on the other end of that message could be me!

Dr. Helen Shepard is a Clinical Sexologist with a private practice in Eugene. She is available for professional consultation, but really, really doesn’t want to be propositioned for casual sex.

From BDSM Usenet message boards, to webcams, to Tinder, technological advancements of the Internet have always been used to facilitate casual sex with strangers. As a baby of the 80s, coming to sexual awareness during the era of dial-up AOL, I’ve been around the block of casual sex technology. Let me share with you some tips on how to get the maximum casual sex harvest from your energy crop.

1) Stick to situations where you’re both anonymous. Never proposition sex column writers or Facebook acquaintances. It’s easier on everybody involved.

2) Craigslist ‘casual encounters’ will forever score at the top for me, in terms of ease of use and yield of the crops. Dating sites you pay for are filled with people looking for commitment. OKCupid is a step up, in terms of likelihood that somebody will casually bone you, then gracially disappear for a few months until you stumble upon their phone number, but OKC seems to take a lot of energy to find compatible people; displaying our personalities gives us more opportunity to judge each other. Why even bother getting to know somebody, when you can just play with their genitals and part ways—without ever needing a conversation?

Sure, Tinder is easy to use and I hear Grindr has a much higher success rate. These apps are onto something, but I’ll never get over my love for Craigslist, because when I post an ad, I get hundreds of responses that I can deal with on my own terms. It is both an affirmation that my body is desirable, as well as an opportunity to judge the people who respond to me—all while staying anonymous!

3) Open your mind to the idea of having sex with people who aren’t women (trans or cis). The ratio of people looking to casually fuck women, compared to the number of women looking to casually fuck, is just too far out of whack to be realistic. The energy output is so exponentially greater than the likelihood that you’ll find a DTF female sexpot, that it is a statistical impossibility. You like what you like and, obviously, I completely generalize genders.

Personally, I find the most quality yield comes from gender non-binary folks, who I find to be creative and open-minded. But, if you’re trying to optimize the quantity of response to your crop of a casual encounters ad, post an ad looking for cis men.

4) When responding to a CL ad, be charming (or at least make conversation), make sure to read the ad ahead of time and don’t take rejection too personally. If you’re making the ad, suggest ways people can win in their response to you.

And, I know, I know...what’s “impressive” is subjective, but you would be downright shocked at the number of short, skinny dicks (with huge circumcision scars) that flood my inbox.

I still wouldn’t hesitate to play with a sad-looking penis, if it were attached to a person I care about—or, a person I just met at the bar while I was the right amount of drunk. I’m just saying, an average-looking penis isn’t enough to grab my attention. A couple dozen pics of what could very well be the same white guy, with the same unimpressive penis, aren’t enough to draw me in.

The message you send in response to people’s ads is your sexual cover letter. Folks, if you’re going to copy/paste your sexual propositions, at least add something new each time—to show you’re paying some attention. Once your cover letter has been read and approved, a dick pic can be the résumé (if they request it).

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Slut (noun) — a person who likes sex for its own sake and doesn’t give a fuck what you think about it.

Slut it up (verb) — to share the pleasure of your body with whomever you please.

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Whether you have a fully-stocked kitchen, or have to dig through your cupboards to find last year’s uneaten cranberry sauce or literally have nothing to eat, here is a list of some food ideas you can put together when you are so high that you can’t find your shoes.

1. Chicken pot pie. Chicken pot pie is tricky. While it sounds like a good thing to eat when you are stoned, it takes fucking FOREVER to cook—like 45 minutes. Then, when it’s done, you still need to wait another two-and-a-half minutes for it to cool off. So, while you’re waiting for your real dinner to cook and cool, you will need to have another dinner to tide you over. A good first dinner to have, before your second dinner, is nachos. Nachos only require the use of a microwave oven, while a chicken pot pie requires you to use that pan storage unit under the microwave, called the oven.

2. Ranch Dressing. Sometimes you start with your condiment of choice, then you work around it. Ranch dressing should be in every hungry stoner’s toolkit. You can eat ranch on yesterday’s pizza, a pickle, those 17 pretzels from last year’s picnic you found in the trunk of your car or the three french fries you discovered in your couch (the ones you can’t even remember where they came from).

3. There’s always toast—toast is always good.

4. If cooking isn’t your thing, you can opt to go over to your neighbor’s house and ask to borrow something very pathetic, like a bowl of cereal. Tell them that you lost your shoes and are starving. They should, at the very least, throw a few chips under your face and offer you a beer.

5. A whole box of mozzarella sticks. Just kidding, no one ever has a whole box of mozzarella sticks.

6. Tic-Tacs are good. Stick with the brightly-flavored ones. Stay away from white and green, as they will shred your mouth up. Orange is my Tic-Tac of choice. I always keep a couple of boxes in my car, for the nights I don’t feel like cooking.

7. Your last resort is to hit up a drive thru (please use ride share).

In most cases, I recommend avoiding the drive thru, because of their high-pressure sales tactics and their judgmental attitudes about single women/men ordering more than four number sixes. However, there are a few things you can do to make sure they don’t think you are single, alone and crying again. Here are my strategies:

A. When ordering a foot-long sub sandwich, ask them to cut it into thirds. This will make them believe that you aren’t going to eat the whole thing in bed, while watching Three’s Company re-runs.

B. When ordering at the drive thru, say “Ummm hmmmm, what did he want?” and pause a lot. Be sure to ask for two identical things; for example, “I’ll have two quarter-pounders with cheese, hold the pickles on one because he can’t have pickles—he’s allergic to pickles and I know this because he is my boyfriend.”

C. When you are ordering drinks, order your own drink first, then order for your made-up boyfriend. I like to order “him” a Dr. Pepper—this plants the seed that “he” might just be a doctor.

D. If you are really hungry, you can order even more food by claiming that your boyfriend’s niece and nephew are visiting from the UK—you don’t even have to pick a specific place. Let the drive thru person wonder exactly where in the UK they are from. Say something like, “Pippa and Harry from the UK will be needing food as well, what do you recommend for a six and eight-year-old?” Six and eight years old are good ages to say, because kids at those ages are rotten and nobody is going to think you’re lying about having kids who are six and eight.

E. Once you have the previous items handled, now comes the tricky part. You have to be careful not to panic. And, whatever you do, don’t roll up to the window while starting to cry, before admitting that you don’t have a boyfriend, that you lied and that all the food is really for you (before speeding off). You see, if that happens, you don’t get your food and you have to go back the next day to get the credit card you left with the drive thru shift leader. The good thing about fast food, is that every few months, everyone working the 11pm shift is different. It took me a couple swings to get this right, so don’t be hard on yourself if you blow it the first, second or third time.

Bon appetit!

Tiffany Greysen is a stand-up comedian and writer from Portland-ish, Oregon. She is a freelance writer for several humor publications. Her comedy is part advice columnist and part parenting guide...neither of which should be followed. You can find her on Twitter as @TiffanyGreysen or on Facebook by name.
Impotency. Obsession. Resentment. I associate this Bermuda Triangle with relationship anxiety. It differs from other types of anxiety, because it relies almost exclusively on the behaviors of another individual, at least for me. I tend to reflect the emotions I receive. So, if someone is aloof, I tone down my innate enthusiasm and hopefully run the other way, because my therapist told me to avoid the emotionally-unavailable. Most of my discomfort and fear in the beginning of a new romance likely stems from an experience I had with a previous partner. I check myself again and again, but I can't always talk myself out of the fear factory or off the past-pain train. And, if the tracks are too littered with red flags, I wave a white one and haul my ass back to lonely island, at least these days. Because the power plays obliterates trust, distrust leads to intimacy issues and unfulfilled desire devolves into disdain. Frankly, I'd rather masturbate.

My struggles with relationship anxieties often involve communication breakdowns and sexual dysfunction—and, somehow, they're connected. The worst is when I fret over what (and when) to text my partner. Like in the following story I call...

The Text Message Masochist

The screen of my cell phone illuminates my face. No other lights are on in my 150-square-foot apartment. The walls threaten to cave in with each breath. Thoughts hammer through my mind at the speed of light. I try to clear my head with that absurd yoga trick, whereby you say “thought” to yourself. But, the thoughts fail to cease. Instead, they rapid fire like an AK through my brain. Blat Blat. Blood-spattered fears.

The darkness of the room suffocates me, but accentuates the downward spiral of repetitive banter in my skull. Stale air soars the space—a decades-old musky stench. I prop open the tiny, street-level window and tug the rusted chain that's fastened to the ancient wood to block intruders. Then, I turn on the strand of white Christmas lights that hang over my bookcase with half its bulbs burnt out.

I cradle my cell phone. I type a message, “Are we hanging out tonight?” The floodgates of worry spew over my consciousness. He's going to laugh at me and think I'm pathetic. I'm just a needy loser, sitting in this shithole on a Friday night—all alone. I press the backspace button, until each letter in the sentence that seemed perfectly reasonable a moment ago—but now somehow reads as embarrassing and inappropriate—is gone.

I can't let my anxiety win completely—I wrestle it to the ground, put it in a choke hold to silence its screams. I grab my phone, out of breath, a little bruised—but, not too disheveled—and type a cooler, less desperate invite. “Whatcha up 2nite?” I press send.

Minutes go by. No reply. An hour, two hours. Silence. The night moves on, but I don't—per usual. I could've played that Sopranos pinball machine at the bar down the street, or danced to 80s music at the Jack London Bar. Instead, I waited for his text—a text that never came. I meditated the night away in the death posture, on the commercial carpet in my room, to the entire Joy Division box set (because I know how to party).

This strange, digital power struggle would continue throughout our entire relationship. It took us breaking up for me to see it was a way for one of the two of us to establish dominance. After a few months, I caught myself doing something similar—after he ignored me too many times, I'd avoid answering his texts. I'd wait for his frantic follow-up, “Is everything alright?” Then, spitefully wait a little longer, before I'd respond with a simple, “Yeah. I was just busy. Sup?” It was our game. Silence. Power. Absence. Control. All fueled by fear and anxiety. At least I was closer to understanding what it was like to be a power bottom.

This S&M text game interfered with our trust—at least it did for me. I envy the women whose trust issues aren't wired directly to their vagina. For me, no matter how much I intellectualize it, sex and emotion are forever entwined. I can't orgasm if I can't trust. And, I can't trust if I'm ignored.

Sexual dysfunction doesn't only happen to dudes. My friend asked me to imagine a female's equivalent to a flaccid dick, which he said would be a pussy without elasticity. But, I argued, no—it's the inability to have an orgasm. Both put all the pressure on the one not delivering. It's the silent relationship killer.

It took two months for me to have an orgasm with one of my exes. The process is almost always the same—I tell them what to do and what not to do, but it often doesn't seem to register with either of their heads. Usually, the same guys who keep playing on my phone, don't know how to get me in the zone.

Which brings us to...

The Lust-Trust Battle

My stomach muscles tighten. My body stiffens like a sheet of glass in his bed. I watch him between my legs, if he doesn't stop, I'll climax. I gave him the instruction manual, so now it's up to him to follow it.
My breath becomes shallow. I try not to think of reminding him of our conversation. I don't want to come across pushy.

It seems like I've stopped breathing. I can tell it scares him. But, I already told him it was normal for me and to just trust that I'll be alright.

I manage to squeeze out, "Almost...there." That's part of the ritual, so he knows not to stop anytime soon. I try to push the please-don't-stop mantra out of my mind. I take a deep breath. Our fluids cover my thighs. My glass body is about to shatter all over his face. But, the please-don't-stop mantra won't shut up. I hold my breath. He lifts his head, "Don't forget to breathe." The window to my soul slams shut. I can't figure out why he'd do the exact opposite of what we already talked about. My anxiety turns to frustration. I let him keep trying for another 10 minutes—just for the hell of it. Then, I rub his back and tell him to stop—it's just not going to happen this time. I try not to make a big deal about it, but he sulks.

"It's not you, it's me," I tell him. He tells me again that I need to relax and breathe. My heart races. Is it me? Am I just a total freak? I'm sure starting to feel like one. I take a shower and try to forget about it. But I don't. Instead, it ruminates. I even almost cheat on him. And, the resentment remained, even after he started listening, because it was part of a bigger pattern. I couldn't handle being ignored and he couldn't handle being told what to do.

Sex was almost always missionary, which was something I was not used to and it stressed me out. It got to the point where I'd have to literally ask to change positions and he usually wouldn't. But, then one day, he surprised me.

He mentioned it after we had sex. We were sprawled across the flannel sheets on his bed. I turned my face toward the window, so he couldn't see my pursed lips and furled brow. We talked about it a couple of times after that first conversation, but it never happened and he never brought it up again. Even though I initially winced, I eventually found myself looking forward to it. I obsessed on it, until it became a metaphor for our draining relationship.

He asked me to pee on him—specifically, on his chest and in his mouth. I agreed to do it. At first, it made me nervous. It seemed to be as clean as possible, at least for me. I would have to be prepared, so no coffee before seeing him and no asparagus. I'd have to drink plenty of water. Maybe this was the answer to his occasional erectile dysfunction, which I always silently blamed on myself and never discussed unless he brought it up, which he only did twice.

Urine play was new territory for me, that I was willing to explore for the sake of more boners. I suggested the bathtub. The shower was dirty anyway. A pink ring encircled the drain and mildew stained the inside of the tub.

For days and weeks, I anticipated it. I wasn't sure if I should initiate it, so I hinted at it in
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Dear Charlie Hales, Ted Wheeler and the City of Portland,

Good morning! And, it is a good morning, isn't it? Portland's misty rain covers the sun and makes everything look like a Disney movie...like Narnia, or Labyrinth, if you're more of a Bowie fan. It's one of my favorite kinds of mornings in Portland; a hard choice, since we have so many distinctive beautiful day breaks—many of them rain-based. Which is what everyone who ends up in Portland secretly believes; that, if they work hard enough, they can exist in Fantasia with Mickey's robe and a magic wand—making a living off of their Etsy shop. Which hasn't been too far from the truth in Portland, up until the last 5 years or so, right?

Fantasia, for the uninitiated, was the third full-feature animated color film by Disney. The film was made in 1940 and re-released in 1968 because of a very racist scene—a centaur-girl named Sunflower was drawn in a mammy style character, embodying all of the stereotypes that existed about black folks. The scene is a minute or so long, horribly offensive and cut out of every re-release since 1968.

This struck me as a hauntingly fitting analogy to our problems in New Portland; Disney did the right thing and removed the racist imagery of the movie—once everyone admitted (i.e. after racial justice groups protested), that Sunflower was a mammy-style character and not a fun-time servant or nostalgic; only then did she get the snip snip, removing her from the movie and in no way addressing the actual problem of extremely racist imagery.

This feels exactly like what the powers that be do—try to pretend that PoC (Persons of Color) and poor people aren’t getting pushed out of neighborhoods, or that they’ve “decided” to move—pretending that “hobo tents” are occupied wholly by adult criminals and addicts who have “made choices,” instead of homeless kids and families with deep problems rooted in exclusion.

Meanwhile, we housed folks have brunch at Gravy, patronize “hip” businesses (and, I’m not without guilt here; I’m a grown-up punk-hipster, who’s been on the TV show Portlandia) and roll over, accepting that a three bedroom, two bath, 3,100 square-foot house on Mississippi costs $689,000 today (but was worth a third of that in 1998).

Yet, we blame the victim.

According to the shining (and mostly) white liberals of New Portland, Portland has never been racist or cruel to marginalized folks—they just take them out of frame and call it “better,” “progress” or a “good livability rating.” A couple of days ago, near Powell’s Books, I heard a mom say to her kid, “Well, I feel bad for these people (the homeless), but what can I do? (calling to kid)

Jaden! Don’t touch him, honey, he’s dirty.” As if the simple act of showing compassion to a person isn’t the very thing you can do to begin to help.

But, I digress.

Back to my point of (q)racism. In Fantasia, the new release didn’t include Sunflower...she didn’t exist. They didn’t put new, positive black characters in or change the movie at all—just made the movie white. Does this sound at all familiar? Portland, instead of creating better solutions to egregious problems (whether it be racial equality, homelessness, living wage or no-cause evictions), would rather (or, so it appears to the naked eye) eradicate the people they find distasteful altogether or kowtow to investor whims, as opposed to taking real steps to protect Portlanders during this “growth period.” In our Fantasia, black people aren’t mammys! They are a diverse community on their own, working hard to maintain a handle on the parts of the pie they have fought so hard to hold onto—fighting erasure daily, by folks who claim, they “simply don’t exist”.

That is the attitude of New Portland in a nutshell and, when all’s said and done, reflects the priorities set by Charlie Hales and his allies. I hear good things about you, Ted. Forgive my skepticism that you truly will do what you promised—I’ve had a lot of white guys make promises they couldn’t keep.

I’m sure you know your Oregon history—you are the Mayor(s)—so, I won’t retread our origins as a state that wouldn’t allow black folks in (to avoid the “slavery debate”), the de facto segregated city of Vanport, the eradication of black businesses in North/Northeast Portland or the fact that black folks make 55% less than white counterparts in a state with a low standard wage—making it much harder to live here as a PoC (especially in this current winner-takes-all economic environment).

Reminding you, this is happening in a city that claims heartily, loudly and often, liberal equality, sustainability and equitable living. Our city is mired in hypocrisy. But, I’m sure you guys know all of that.

In case you need more education, however, the book Breaking Chains: Slavery In The Oregon Territories will really fill you in. Charlie could read it and give it to Ted, I guess (since you’re leaving). Maybe you guys could do a book club! That’d be fun! I’d buy it for you and send it to you, but my rent is probably going up again, so I need to conserve. You get it.

By the way, some background on me; I’m white. I’m female. I’m queer. I have lived in this city for 32 (ish) years. I was born at Emmanuel, I started on SE Hawthorne and 36th, was raised by a single mom who worked as a line cook in various restaurants—we moved every year. Growing up, my mayor was Bud Clark. My governor was Barbara Roberts. My main man was Tom Peterson. My surrogate dad was Ramblin’ Rod.

Sometimes, to get by, we waited in cheese lines (they used to give out government cheese on Saturdays), ate free park lunches in the Summer or my mom risked her jobs to smuggle food out of the kitchen to feed us until I was nine. She wouldn’t take food stamps beyond a couple of months; “rich” people (people who bought food) made her feel bad and she implied—often aloud and in front of us—they shamed her for not being able to do more, being a single mom with four kids and a deadbeat husband, born in 1936 with an 8th-grade-West-Virginia farm edu.
90-day no-cause eviction with no money in the bank. She was—and I have been—what we call now, “generationally poor.”

Mom later went on disability, because the work killed her back. She made something out of nothing and $4.45 an hour. She barely could afford an apartment on minimum wage, but she managed. I have lived in every segment of this town, including as a homeless LGBTQ teen when I was 18. I left PDX in 2003 and went to Austin and Dallas, only to find my feet too webbed to settle in the South. Although I loved Austin, I missed the uniqueness, beauty and locals of Portland. I returned in 2009—our mayor was Sam Adams and the TV show Portlandia had just debuted.

I was asked to go to brunch on North Mississippi and was shocked at the change. It wasn’t the shiny new businesses I was impressed with—I had an instant burning question: what happened to all of the black-owned businesses in North Portland? What happened to the African-American, Latino/a and low-income communities?

I found out quickly. They had mostly been pushed above 92nd, into The Numbers; the city had sat by idly, while folks lost their homes, while people danced at First Thursday, while bike lanes went in and artisan coffee shops overtook barbershops, Baptist churches and Stacey Adams shoes.

In the words of Portland-born writer Renee Watson, “Of course I like the (store) where you can make your own stationary or the restaurant that has only grilled cheese sandwiches on the menu, (but) I can’t help but wonder why the changes we’ve always wanted in this community had to come from other people and not us.”

On the bright side, thanks to gentrification, every shithole ghetto house we lived in as kids now looks like an Ikea showcase. It’s as if someone has taken an Instagram filter to my childhood and created a Portland where everything is layered in that soft pink you know is not quite real. Who wants to assure access to housing, food and a sustainable living wage, when you can buy a family’s home, kick ‘em out, slap on rent caps/stabilization, a required percentage of income-based housing to be delivered—and in use—at the time of development completion or a 15% tax on foreign buyers (as was implemented in Vancouver, BC). We can look to the Salt Lake homelessness initiative, or a historical house registry that actually stops historical houses from being destroyed without reason, like they did in Connecticut. The African American community did half the work for you with their resource, Cornerstones Of Community, except, per usual, the city failed to protect many of these spaces. Or, we can pioneer some of our own solutions! I have a modicum of faith in the next Great White Guy of New Portland, Ted Wheeler.

Portland’s growth is good news overall. I love showing my city to new people—we have new opportunities, better jobs, Pok-Pok is a godsend and who doesn’t love legal weed? (Confidential to Mr. Wheeler—if you enjoy legal weed and also funny queers who have too many opinions, you have an open invitation to hang with me anytime. We don’t even have to talk about what magazine you read this in.)

I know that it’s complicated—all gray areas and one grand solution doesn’t exist. The reasons are myriad on why we are here, but here we are. The current lack of planning, the radical and sudden shifts in homeless policies (regarding the one population that could benefit from less instability) and lack of protections on Portland homes, isn’t just affecting Portland people—it’s also killing the history, charm and livability of our city and, worst of all, leaving people on the streets with nowhere to go. The question is, why hasn’t Charlie been addressing these (or similar) ideas? It’s distressing to think that someone would put making a buck over Portland’s future, but I guess that’s my plucky, Portland-native idealism in local politics showing.

So, Wheels (may I call you that, Ted? What? NO! Okay, then...) can you do me a big favor while you’re running this ship and worry more about passing some reform that helps Portland live, create and thrive and less time worrying about what developer A, B or C will say, if you make a decision to create low-income housing, add green space or dream about when Voodoo Donut will have a mayor doughnut? Although, now that I’m thinking about it, if you play your cards right, you could rectify the problems of Portland, still grow the city ethically and we’ll unveil a Voodoo called The Wheels. (Wait. What? Still no? OK!)

Love,
Belinda

Addendum: A good friend of mine and a bright, shining star of the Portland LGBTQ and social justice communities, Bryony Nesbitt, died due to complications of diabetes on 9/11/16. Bryony was 33 years old, the strength for many people and they will be missed greatly. In honor of Bryony, dance some hip-hop, protest an injustice or sing a song with your loves tonight.

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