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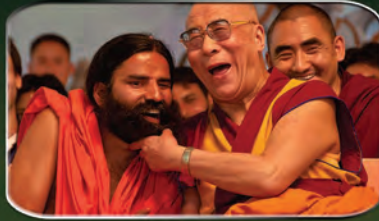
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For **TITS** & GIGGLES

By Wednesday Weiss

Alright. I had a good run. I know we fell in love, but I'm going to reveal something that will probably damage our relationship. Here goes...I DON'T LIKE FESTIVALS. There. I said it. You read it. We're all better for the honesty. I'm not into them! Music festivals, beer festivals, drug festivals (you can tell I'm not a fan, by the way I call them "drug festivals"), dance festivals, I don't like 'em. First and foremost, because I hate fun. I hate fun so much that if it were a telemarketer, I'd ask politely to take me off their call list, because I don't like receiving those calls when my family and I are eating dinner, and thank you, but I already have life insurance. THAT'S HOW FUCKING SERIOUS I AM.

Maybe, it's not so much that I don't like fun, but more that I like to blast music and dance covered in a mud made of playa dirt and molly sweat, in the privacy of my own dumpster. Or maybe, it's that most festivals are in the summer, and when you're white in the summer you're always asking

festivals. You pay a bunch of money, you taste the things you know you already love and figure out a few things you won't ever put in your mouth again. You see what I'm getting at here? You get to pay a bunch of money to experience things you hate. If you didn't go through that experience, you wouldn't learn the value of money or refill the well of hatred that keeps us all going day-to-day. Worth it. Last year at Bridgetown, I got to meet Reggie Watts and here's what happened. I shook his hand, turned around and ran crotch first right into a bike lock pole (fuck you, Portland) and broke my pussy for a good month. You take the good with the bad.

There are also the behind-the-scenes fun facts, which are actually what I like the most. Like, did you know that artists will often do illicit drugs, sometimes even the same day of performing? Well, now you do. Think about THAT, next time you're at the Grateful Dead Mountain Jam

covered bananas. Should that guy wait for festivals to sell frozen, chocolate-covered bananas? No. Should someone sell me a frozen, chocolate-covered banana right now? Yes. We don't need festivals for that. But, people sell all sorts of things at festivals: drugs, beads, sex, drugs, hugs (they say they're free, but they feel your boobs, so what's really the price here?), pretty stones, drugs, t-shirts, CDs, hats, jewelry, drugs. Festivals are like economic orgies. And, also like real orgies, in the sense that everyone is on drugs. I can hear someone out here in Portland saying "HEY! You don't have to do drugs to go to an orgy! I go to orgies all the time and my psyche is clean and clear as an unused crack pipe!" And, that is probably true and totally fine that you have the sexual equivalent of small talk with your grandmother on a Sunday evening.

So, I thought I'd help you guys out by compiling a small list of things that you guys can do instead of going to those horribly fun



FUCK FESTIVALS!

yourself, "Am I drunk or am I sunburned?" Answer: Yes. Also, I don't think that I'd be able to fuck any single person I've ever seen at a festival. I bet if you gave a blowjob to a guy at Burning Man, his jizz would taste like old leather and patchouli. I drank a shitload of patchouli on accident one time, and I swear to Christ, it's the closest I'll ever get to sucking off a burner.

There ARE, however, parts of festivals that are great. Of course, there's Bridgetown Comedy Festival in June—you get to pay a lot of money to specifically see some comics you love, learn about new comics you like, learn about some comics you hate. Same thing with music festivals, for example, the Warped Tour and Project Pabst in August. You get to pay a bunch of money to see a handful of bands you like and see some new bands you hate. Then you have your food festivals and beer

(if you're still even going). Also, performers are fucking freaks. I heard a story about a performer in town for a festival, whose girlfriend liked him to cum on random things and send her pictures of it. So, our Romeo here, jerked it over a greasy pizza box from his hotel room—moaning and gazing open-mouthed at the hard leftover crusts, as he splooged all over it and sent a picture of it to his lady. Presumably, they are still making out sensually and dry humping in a coffee shop somewhere to this day. If it sounds like that story is about one of my friends, then you need to read more, because that is an age-old love story that everyone knows. There's also that age-old love story where my friend was punched in the face by a meth head at a festival. But, enough fairy tales.

Festivals are good for people who want money. Not just venues and artists, but for literally everybody who likes money. I knew a guy (in the biblical sense), who would stand outside jam band festivals and sell high hippies frozen, chocolate-

festivals! Here are some things that I like to do instead: read Animorphs, eat soup, count your toes, go grocery shopping in a small town and play "find the birth defect," write Animorphs fanfiction, practice breathing, staring contests with your cat, jerk off to the Animorphs fanfiction you wrote, think about how things could have been different, weep with your whole body, have a frozen, chocolate-covered banana, bring ME a frozen, chocolate-covered banana! See? There are tons of things you can do, that don't involve spending your hard earned cash on a sunburn and Chlamydia.

Peace out!

xoxoxo Wednesday



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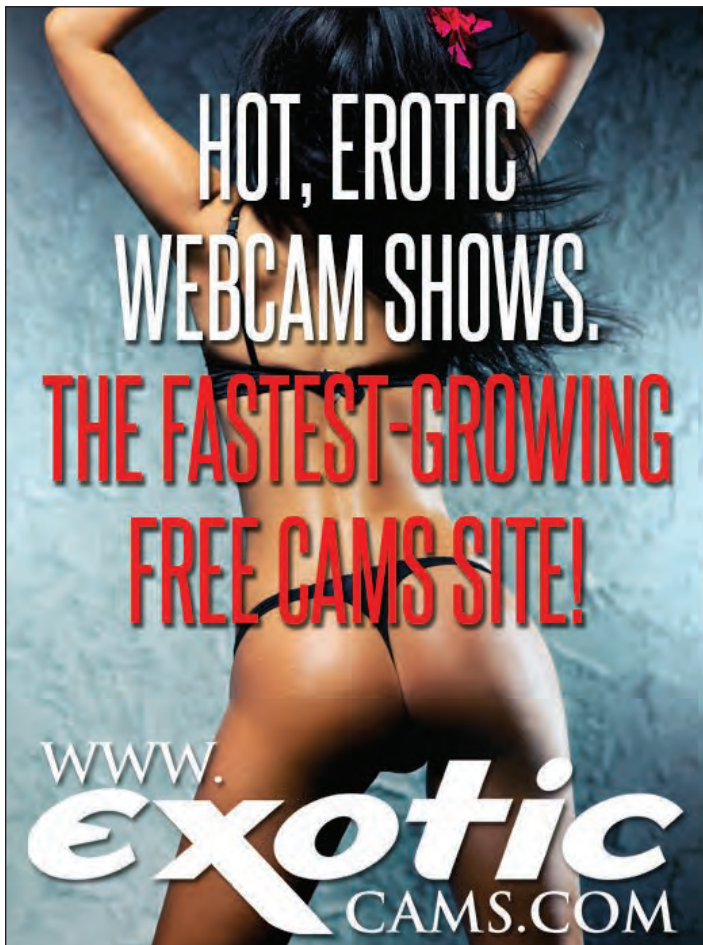
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ALL IS FAIR IN BUD & WAR

GREEN ROOM DIARIES STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

The state fairgrounds in Salem are always a good bet for marijuana-friendly entertainment, so it was with great enthusiasm that I encountered an event on the grounds that was actually open about the fact it was cannabis-infused. The booths at the annual THC Fair were fairly unorganized in terms of genre, meaning that they didn't feature four dispensaries situated right next to each other. This was good for variety, but bad for bookkeeping, as I failed to keep good track of who I spoke with and about what. One guy answered my inquiry regarding his local event by repeating "Hemp saves lives!" Another dude gave me a handful of Chicken & Waffles Blunt Wraps without handing me his business card. Another booth gave me a free pre-roll, which was amazing, but the sticker wore off and all I can tell you about the dispensary is that it's located in "tland, Oreg" or somewhere close. It was an amazing time that I would have remembered, had I not smoked a breakfast-flavored blunt after. However, one booth had caught my ears (and business card holder), because they were local activists who were actually making changes to the system. They weren't selling a product, they didn't have free weed-infused muffins, and therefore, I think it's worthwhile to discuss what I learned from the guys at "The Guild."

This Isn't Warcraft, It's Politics

I met with Pioneer Pete, who heads the Oregon Sungrown Grower's Guild, a nonprofit based out of Southern Oregon. The Guild has grown (no pun intended) throughout the years, to the point where they are not limited to the small, regionally-specific roots that helped the company sprout (puns still unintended). Once a humble network that focused solely on connecting growers with OMMP patients (a practice that The Guild still partakes in), OSGG now meets with lob-



byists at the state capitol, and has affiliates (such as Pete) who work closely with the OLCC, to help keep the greedy hands of big pharma and over-regulation away from the oldest-known medicinal plant in existence. Here are some things I learned while meeting with Pete, during the day, at a coffee shop, while sober.

The Implications Regarding CBD Are As Promising As They Are Terrifying

Cannabis contains two well-known active ingredients; THC, which makes you desire fast food, and CBD, which helps fight the negative health effects of eating fast food, are both present in the weed you smoke. Although these two chemicals interact with each other in a way that produces a varying degree of effects, the latter of which (CBD) is the chemical most commonly associated with the treating of diseases such as cancer—and if you ever hear of a child, or a Fox-era Republican, using medical marijuana—it's most likely CBD-based.

Enter the endless regulation and the greediness of big pharma. There is currently a person/corporation/entity that is attempting to patent and/or dominate the distribution of any product that contains CBD (I don't know if I'm supposed to drop any names here, but it's highly Google-able information). There are virtually no varieties of cannabis that are completely void of CBD, and the whole point of medical marijuana is not to focus on the psychoactive varieties, while leaving the cancer-curing benefits in the hands of pharmaceutical companies and FDA regulations. Imagine if the makers of painkillers, decided that OxyContin was only allowed to contain those chemicals that led to addiction, but any pain-reducing elements were prohibited, due to someone wanting control over the distribution rights. Now, imagine if OxyContin was completely non-addictive, naturally-occurring and didn't lead to opiate dependency. What kind of evil bastards would want to strip it of its only redeeming qualities? The same people who brought you, well, OxyContin.

Thanks to folks like Pioneer Pete, there are human voices in the State Capitol building, who understand that if a plant shouldn't be made illegal, it definitely can't fall into the hands of someone who wants to control its ability to cure the sick. CBD-free weed would be great for concerts and video games, but wouldn't be useful for kids with leukemia. Evil appears to live within the prescription drug patenting process. If you have a dying spouse or relative, know that their cure is most likely locked up in a file cabinet—waiting to buy another yacht for the rich white dude who owns it.

The Regulations That Do Exist, Are A Spiderweb Of Vague Loopholes

Loopholes that are, as Pete says, "Big enough to drive a truck full of weed through." He would know, because he helped ensure the wording was kept vague enough to keep farmers out of jail. For instance, there is a law that states a grow site must do X, Y and Z within 90 days of going into business. The thing is, the law doesn't state in which direction the 90 days falls. This

means, that, "I plan on going into business in 89 days, Mr. Inspector." is a valid statement that will keep asses out of jail. Another law regarding inspection leaves it up to the grow-site operator to have their crops inspected, but a day after being inspected, it is completely legal to just up and import an entirely new set of plants, as long as said plants are acquired from within the state of Oregon. It's a mix of the Wild West, student government and the type of politics that actually benefit pseudo-Libertarian Constitutionalists like myself, who don't like the idea of creepy Uncle Sam molesting his precious crops.

Extracts Are Becoming A Thing of Science Fiction



Hash, dabs and edibles used to be just for festival goers and hippies with a tolerance. With the advent of a new generation that was raised on science, God, cannabis and technology, the process of extraction has gone from "let's see how high we can get," to "maybe we can, ya know, be like doctors' n' shit." The image of a crystal that you are looking at above, is 100% CBD, completely free of solvents, and entirely transparent. I imagine that if you lived for a decade in the Chernobyl disaster area, while drinking nothing but contaminated blood from wild livestock, that the effects of pure CBD could, at bare minimum, add another five-to-ten years onto your lifespan. To think that some old, white dude in a suit is looking at this as an opportunity to profit, is the kind of sick you get after eating expired pot brownies that you found from last year's Burning Man backpack.

The Future Is Wide Open

I could go on for hours about the shit I learned in two cups of coffee's length of time with Pioneer Pete. The takeaway here, though, is that we are on the forefront of some pretty serious shifting, settling and ironing-out of laws governing hemp and cannabis. The silver lining, however, is that even the most unlikely allies are starting to pop up around the state. For instance, a very strict, Christian conservative that runs a good portion of far NE Oregon, was hesitant about growing any form of hemp in his district. Pete's Guild had a chat with the guy, and after pointing out that the crop uses less water than alfalfa, is illegal in nearby states, and can out-produce dying local agriculture by a landslide (thus, giving small towns on the edge of Oregon a boost in economy), it appears that hemp fields will soon be sprouting up within view of Idaho. That's a reason to take five and roll one up.

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THE SUMMER IN PORTLAND IS A FESTIVAL FESTIVAL

AN UNOFFICIAL FESTIVAL GUIDE *By Arlene Hermes*

With summer upon us, those who live in (or are just visiting) Portland, may find themselves wondering if they should attend one of the many fine festivals that this city has to offer. There are many festivals to choose from: The Portland Music Festival, The Bridgetown Comedy Festival, The Portland Beer Festival... I could go on and I will. I will go on, because if money or time constraints are an issue, then you will be happy to learn that during summer, the entire city of Portland IS a festival—you just need to know where to go.

The following is a list of the main attractions and one-of-a-kind events to be expected at this year's annual (and entirely unofficial) *Summer In Portland Is A Festival Festival*.

Festival Activities



WATCH PEOPLE ON TALL BIKES MAINTAIN THEIR BALANCE, WHILE MAKING EYE CONTACT WITH EVERY PEDESTRIAN

Location: SE 26th & Clinton

You can usually depend on some pretty solid eye contact with a tall bicyclist—they are clearly craving the sweet high of attention, so must look at every stranger's face, to make sure they are gonna pony up. Just to be clear, I am not talking about tall people who ride regular-sized bikes—they are to be ignored.



STAND ON THE HAWTHORNE BRIDGE, LOOKING AT THE RAFT DWELLINGS THAT PERSIST DUE TO A LEGAL GREY AREA

Location: East end of the Hawthorne Bridge

Actually, there are not that many raft dwellings anymore—probably just that one with the Dasani logo and the potted plants. Stare at the raft dwelling. Wonder to yourself what it must be like to live like that. Imagine spending the summer living the river life on weekends and holidays. Looks pretty cool, right? Chill even. You can do whatever, whenever. Drink river water for free. Expose yourself to those dragon boat nerds. Good times! Well, let's do it. Let's all start really living for once in our lives. What I am talking about, is starting a full on raft-neighborhood that will exist only on a seasonal basis, like a ski bum's love triangle. Just plan on meeting me on the east side of the Hawthorne Bridge at 6pm on July 12th and we'll palaver.



LABEL EVERYONE YOU SEE AS A "HIPSTER"

Location: Anywhere in Portland

A must for any tourist or Beavertonian. Construction workers, business executives, police officers, anyone on or near a bike, strung out junkies, the mayor, restaurant servers, children, anyone and everyone, can be derisively called a *hipster* as long as they evoke feelings of jealousy and insecurity upon entering your field of vision. After all, Portland wouldn't be the hub of "culture" and "progressivism" that it breathlessly claims to be, without the natural hypocrisy which derives from socialized egoism. So, any time you see someone whose appearance challenges your doughy day-dream world, snidely label them a hipster under your breath, while opening a well-shaken GT's Kombucha. over the public dog bowl outside New Seasons.

TAKE A FRIENDLY CAT TOUR

Location: Anywhere except downtown, East Bank and Lloyd Center



As one walks in one of this city's many sleepy neighborhoods, it can be expected that there will be, on each and every block, at least one very friendly cat. Long haired, short haired, fat, skinny, meowy—every kind of friendly cat is out there, anxiously waiting to brush themselves up against your leg, before getting distracted by nothing. Don't forget to bring your cat journal with you and record everything that happens, so when you tell friends and family about the experience later, they won't miss a single detail.



...FOLLOW UP WITH THE FREE BOX FRENZY TOUR

Location: Mostly neighborhoods in SE and NE, sometimes in NW, after a landlord's portfolio depreciates

Short man pants, oval sweaters, books about horses, theoretical lampshades, Tal Bachman CDs, copies of *Gone Fishin'* on VHS, and unused art supplies—you can have it all, at the Free Box Frenzy Tour—just act fast! And, with evictions at their highest during the summer months, you can count on there being plenty of valuables hastily left behind by recently-evacuated eco-conscious co-op employees, fleeing to the lower rents of Montavilla. (Free Box Frenzy may be combined with the Friendly Cat Tour.)



GET FOOD POISONING AT LAST THURSDAY

For all summer long, on the eve of the last Thursday of each month, you can walk up and down NE Alberta Street and check out some local artwork, modest jewelry and interesting t-shirts. OR, you can choose to ingest several tamales which are surely seething with bacteria because they've been in a tepid "cooler" for the past 10 hours.



GO ON A BEARD YANKIN' TOUR

Location: Anywhere along the Friendly Cat or Free Box Frenzy Tours

There are two kinds of bearded men in Portland—edgy psychopaths capable of swift, brutal violence and lazy pacifists who are attempting to compensate for a perceived lack of masculinity, weak jawline or both. Make sure you yank safe, though. The best way to spot the difference between a bearded killer and a downy man-child, is to observe their accessories. Are they wearing worn out sneakers and have what appears to be the same backpack they used in high school? Then steer clear. But, are they wearing brand new shoes and a messenger bag? Is their outfit subtly coordinated to offset sharp pastel colors with a subtle plaid? Then it's time they get a good yank. And, pull as hard as you like - don't hold back. They might even manage some passive-aggressive response, like "That was SO super fucked" or "Um hey, how about NOT." If this happens, just snatch their messenger bag and toss it onto the nearest rooftop. At this point, they may actually try to punch you, so if you aren't in the mood to win a fight, just establish steady eye contact and say "Retro gaming is for losers." Now, pull up a free box, sit back and watch the emotional breakdown that everyone in his life has been anticipating.



TALK ABOUT HOW MUCH YOU LOVE FOOD CARTS

Location: On your way to Burgerville

You can start this activity anywhere. Just speak at length for the variety of cuisines offered around the city at agreeable prices and the genius of the food cart business model. When others hear your insights, they will undoubtedly see you as interesting and original. Then, go to Burgerville and try one of their exciting seasonal sides.



CULTIVATE A CRIPPLING ADDICTION TO BLACK TAR HEROIN

Location: Old Town/Chinatown

This part of the festival can last much longer than summer—not that you will be aware of the seasons anymore. Heroin is cheaper and more readily available than prescription opiates, so it's actually quite a bargain. (If you don't know where to buy heroin, just walk two blocks east from any Portland Police station and politely ask the first person you see, who is standing alone, if you can purchase some heroin please.)



LOOK AT EVERY TREE IN THE CITY

This one explains itself. Just start at the northernmost tip of St. John's, then zigzag your way all throughout the Portland metro area. You might want to start in late May if you plan on finishing by mid-September. Keep in mind, that every tree is a special miracle full of ancient wisdom, so take your time.



ABRUPTLY END YOUR RELATIONSHIP OF 2+ YEARS

Location: Mt. Tabor

Yay!



RIVER FLOATING

Location: Anywhere in the Columbia River Watershed

Get anything that floats and put your body on it. You can start in any stream or river, be it Willamette or Clackamas - just as long as the current takes you to the Columbia River. Once in the Columbia, continue to float until you pass Astoria and drift out into the Pacific Ocean—never to return. Portland wasn't crowded 'til YOU got here, so begone - and don't come back!

And, there you have it. Be sure to attend these not-to-miss events at the "Portland In Summer Is A Festival Festival." See you there!

THE ART OF THE DANCE

BY IVIZIA DAKINI

Miss Exotic Oregon 2016

As the summer of 1996 approached, my dreams of escaping the small town I grew up in, built up into one of the most thrilling adventures of my teenage life. For months, I planned what I needed to pack for a long-term road trip, and every time I thought about the wind beating on my face while driving down the road, excitement surged through me. Most kids graduate high school and go right into college or have a job lined up. Nothing about that lifestyle interested me; in fact, the idea of being a poor, homeless hippy/gutter punk was exactly the life I wanted to live. I didn't shave, wear makeup and wore second-hand, self-made punk rock clothing. I imagined myself sleeping under the stars, swimming in lakes and finding my true love in the world. When people asked me where I was going, I would reply, "I'm going to find a circus and become a tight-rope walker."

That summer, I found myself in the forest surrounded by hippies. What I didn't expect, was to find myself at festivals. I had no idea what festivals meant, what they celebrated or why people even went, until I had my first festival experience at the Oregon Country Fair. Naturally, I dosed some acid and spent the entire weekend dancing, hugging people, sitting around campfires and listening to stories told by bearded men who smoked roll-your-own cigarettes and called coffee "mud." By the end of OCF, I was hooked—I wanted more!

The following year, as summer came back around, I learned about the National Rainbow Gathering, which is a traveling festival made up of the Rainbow Family (a group of people who believed in a life off the grid, absent from government, community conscious—which honored all forms of spiritual practice). That year, the Rainbow Gathering was held in Oregon, which made it easy for me to attend, so I hitched a ride out there in my friends VW bus that was filled with backpacks, camping gear and a couple of dogs. Driving into the site location, which is always in a national forest, you avoid many of the police officers and forest rangers that monitor the surrounding areas as thousands of people

flood in to celebrate the month long gathering. I believe there were about 30,000 people in attendance that year. After a few weeks without a shower, I finally left the Rainbow Family and hitchhiked down to Humboldt County to sneak into Reggae on the River, with a new friend I had made, where we lived inside of a redwood tree.

My love for festivals and surrounding myself with like-minded people, who participated in that culture, became intoxicating. I would spend every summer for the next 20 years of my life returning to these festivals, discovering new ones and watching as the festival world merged its way into a part of American lifestyle. While exploring the natural side of the festivals in the final years of the 20th Century, there was also an emergence of raves hitting the mainstream. Eventually, these two love children found each other and gave birth to a new era of festivals, which are sometimes held in large warehouses or continue to take place in the seclusion of a forest.

In 2001, I discovered Autonomous Mutant Fest, Phoenix Fest and Burning Man, which were my first introductions into electronic music festivals. It was all I ever wanted and more! All I talked about for the rest of the year, annoying my friends with stories that started with, "This one time, at Burning Man..." Yeah, I was that person.

Nowadays, there are simply too many festivals happening around the globe to attend them all, yet I'm still adventurous enough to fly across the world to dance with new people! There are many events that happen in our northwest neighborhood, that range from cheap and family friendly, to balls-to-the-wall crazy. I won't suggest any festivals to you, because I believe in the same serendipity that led me to my first experiences, is the way all of us should find ourselves on a colorful dance floor. So, seek out which one suits your interests and prepare yourself for an adventure! But, if I had to give you any advice on how to survive festivals I would offer these three important tips:

1. Drink water
2. Sleep when you need it
3. Open your heart and mind





eroticcity

BY TYLER BOURBON

NOW THAT WAS A FESTIVAL!

Remember when rock festivals had badass names, like Monsters of Rock at Castle Donnington? That gig sounded so metal to my 18-year-old self. I remember telling myself, “Self, there are two things you must do before you exit this plane of existence to ascend the *Stairway to Heaven* or the *Highway to Hell*—you must at least once in your life, attend Monsters of Rock at Donnington and you must see Led Zeppelin.” Bonus points, if I could cross both off my bucket list simultaneously. Mere weeks after promising myself this solemn vow—John Bonham died, and for the most part, so did Led Zeppelin.

But, Monsters of Rock marched on at Donnington from 1980 until 1996. No coincidence I’m sure, that right around ‘96 was when most of the true Monsters of Rock had overdosed, broke up, sold-out or tried trading in the spandex for flannel. The sacred halls of Castle Donnington are now home to shit-shows like The Download Festival, a pathetic gathering of emo-banjo-strumming hippies piled on top of Hot Topic-sponsored nü-metal garbage—with Rihanna as a headliner.

I grew up on festivals—and living in the Bay Area had its perks when it came to music. The Oakland Coliseum was the home to

Bill Graham Presents – Day on the Green, an all-day and night rock and roll paradise, held in an outdoor stadium. The doors would open at 10am and the first band would hit the stage an hour or so later, with lineups like Santana, Toto, Loverboy, The Scorpions & Iron Maiden—all on the same bill. Diversity in the styles of rock ‘n’ roll, was one of the things that made these festivals worth it. But, you could almost always count on the singer from Loverboy taking a (perhaps well-deserved) beer can to the cranium, courtesy of the dude wearing a denim vest with a big-ass Maiden patch stitched on the back.

I didn’t just learn about rock ‘n’ roll at these gigs—there were other very important things to experience, like sex and drugs. It turns out, that taking your little brother to see Ozzy and giving him mushrooms for the first time, probably isn’t a good idea. I didn’t take him back home to my mother for two days, until his pupils looked somewhat human—that kid hasn’t been right ever since. Did I mention that Ozzy hung a dwarf during that show? Back in the 80s, there wasn’t medical marijuana, vape pens or any means of quick and stealthy paraphernalia for public drug use. And, I was horrible at hiding it. I had a lengthy history of confiscated pipes,

flushed bags of blow and a collection of the Oakland Coliseum’s citations, which I never paid— ‘cause fake cops. Many years later, I would become security staff for Bill Graham Presents and would eventually exact my revenge by seizing more than my fair share of drugs from heartbroken Huey Lewis & The News fans—and sharing them with my Metallica brethren at the end of my shift.

As for the sex...this is where I learned the art of positioning myself right next to my target, reading the wave of the pulsating crowd and positioning myself just right, so the next time the crowd surges, that hot-little redhead in front of me, is going to stumble right into my lap. It didn’t always work; sometimes I got slapped in the face with some fat bastard’s armpit, when the crowds’ trajectory shifted. But, with practice, if you let enough girls stumble into you, your dance card is going to be pretty full after 12 hours of rock ‘n’ roll. Mating rituals were much different back then. We didn’t swipe right on our cell phones because WE DIDN’T HAVE CELLPHONES. You wanted a woman, you had to get off your ass and go get one, or at least wait for one to fall into your lap.

DOTG ran from 1973 until 1992, when Bill Graham died in a helicopter crash—

a fate that had ended the life of Stevie Ray Vaughan, less than two years before Graham's death. Bill Graham's production company would later be consumed by Live Nation, who would later form a merger with Ticketmaster, in its quest for world domination.

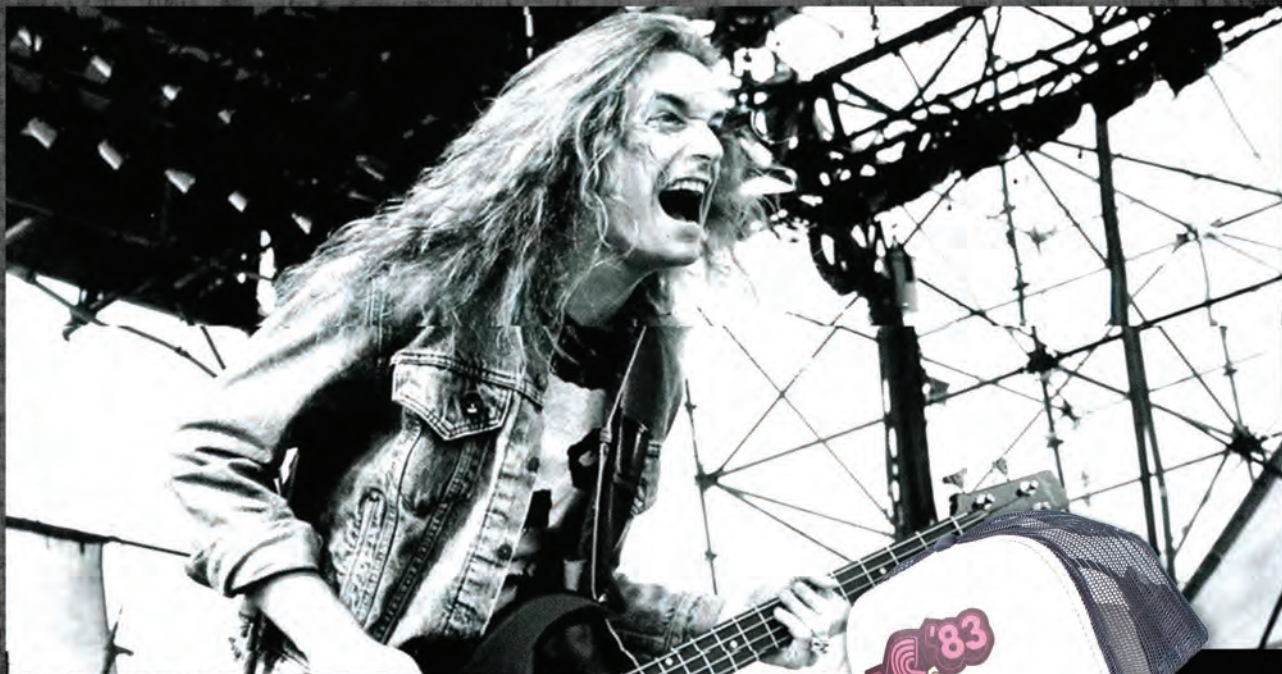
Before his death, Bill Graham was also partially responsible for one of the biggest music festivals this side of Woodstock (the one in the '69, without the mud mosh pit, for all you millennials). I'm talking about The US Festival—the brain-child of personal computer wiz kid, Steve Wozniak and the cash cow that would drain the profits that had been generated by the release of the Apple II personal computer. The first of the two festivals, took place in 1982 as a 3-day festival featuring chart-topping punk, rock and country acts of the decade. Wozniak partnered up with Graham to showcase The US Festival,

in hopes of making the 80s more community-oriented by combining technology with rock music. Wozniak paid for the bulldozing and construction of the stage and amphitheater and spared no expense for this temporary venue in the desert of San Bernardino, Ca. in the Glen Helen Regional Park. With the expenses generated by construction, US Fest '82 took a loss of 12-million dollars.

One year later, I was about to graduate high school, when the bill for US Festival 1983 broke. This time, it would be a four-day festival spanning two weekends of music, now more aggressively split into genres with a hefty ticket price of \$37.50 (remember, this

is 1983 and cigarettes sold for under seventy-five cents). The first day of the festival was New Wave (the grandfather of alternative music) Day, featuring headliners, The Clash, along with MTV-fodder such as Men At Work and Flock of Seagulls. Rock Day assembled music legends, David Bowie and Stevie Nicks, with support from the likes of The Pretenders and up-and-comers, U2. The final day of the festival, was country western acts, headlined by Willie Nelson. But, it was the second day of the festival that caught my eye—HEAVY METAL DAY! With Van Halen as the headliner, I

entered the picture, the Cutlass was dead on the shoulder and we were looking at the very desperate facts that we only had \$300 between the both of us and we were still close to two hours away from The US Festival. My buddy did what any kid would do—he called his mom. She worked out a tow truck to get the car running, which didn't happen until somewhere around the time Mötley would be taking the stage. But, when his mom hooked up with my mom, the show was over for me. I got a bus ticket home and The Cutlass Kid soldiered on to see his favorite band,



was already sold. But, throw in the Scorpions, Judas Priest, Ozzy Osbourne and his hanging midget, plus two new acts that would change the face of "heavy metal"—Quiet Riot and Mötley-fuckin'-Crüe!

There was only one problem. I was only 17—and we would have to cut school on Friday and come up with some sort of bullshit excuse to give our parents where we would be that weekend. The drive from the Bay Area started off beautifully, and then went straight to hell when we hit the desert. My partner in crime drove a vintage Oldsmobile Cutlass that always turned heads in the high school parking lot. But, once the 112° heat





eroticcity spotlight

Van Halen. Well, actually, no he didn't. By the time he made it to Glen Helen, Van Halen was neck deep in green M&M's and backstage hookers. As for The US Festival's fate? It lost another 12-million in '83, proving bigger isn't always better.

The festivals of today, I can honestly do without. I did my time in the forest at renaissance faires in my day—seeking buxom lasses, in ill-fitting garments of yesteryear. I've done the Hempfest circuit, tattoo-fests, and yes, even worked a couple of years in various art & wine festivals.

The festivals of today have changed greatly over time. Foam festivals, rainbow fest, Jugalo gatherings, mermaid festivals and probably even a Kombucha Fest, coming in 2017! Celebrating what you love is what it's all about, isn't it? So, rest assured, if you've got a fetish for something freaky, the odds are pretty good that there are a shitload of other people looking to spend the weekend with you, somewhere in the deserts and forests of this wonderful world we live in. Celebrate your strange behavior amongst like-minded individuals for the low price of only \$150 per day, plus a \$50 parking fee and be sure to hydrate with \$6 Nestle bottled water (that wasn't drained from Oregon reservoirs).

Be safe this summer.



THU 2 – KIT KAT CLUB
LIVE MUSIC WITH ADRIAN H & THE WOUNDS

FRI 3 – PANIC ROOM – SIGN OF THE BEAST METALESQUE

SUN 5 – ROSE CITY STRIP
LIVE MUSIC WITH MURDER JUNKIES

TUE 7 – SAFARI SHOWCLUB – TRILLIUM'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

THU 9 – KIT KAT CLUB
LIVE MUSIC WITH EROTIC CITY

SUN 12 – DEVILS POINT –
4TH ANNUAL STRIPPARAOKE CONTEST

WED 15 – HAWTHORNE STRIP
BURLESQUE FEATURE ENTERTAINMENT

THU 16 – KIT KAT CLUB
LIVE MUSIC WITH ODELL'S MYSTERY TRIO

THU 16 – DANTE'S – MAC SABBATH

SAT 18 – SPEARMINT RHINO
DJ DICK HENNESSY'S PURPLE RAIN PARTY

THU 23 – THE GOLD CLUB
DJ SICK HENNESSY'S 2ND ANNUAL SUMMER STRIP-OFF

FRI 24 – TOMMY'S TOO – LAST FRIDAY SUMMER BASH

FRI 24 – SKINN – CONTEST NIGHT

SAT 25 – KIT KAT CLUB
DJ VOGUE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

SAT 25 – STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT)
HAWAIIAN LUAU PARTY

THU 30 – MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
LAST THURSDAY PARTY

THU 30 – CHEETAHS
THE LIONS' DEN ALL-MALE REVUE



Mercy
from Cabaret



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EXOTIC WORLD NEWS

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HOAX EXPOSED? THIS DRUNK MAN SWEARS WEEZER HAS ALWAYS SUCKED!



Today, it was announced via a very loud, brash, uproarious source, that the alternative rock band and usually acceptable sign of halfway decent musical taste, "Weezer," not only currently sucks, but, in fact, have always sucked—and will continue to suck until the day they die. A heavily intoxicated man was sighted at the Coachella Music & Arts Festival, screaming his lungs out as to why the band never had any artistic credibility and should have hung it up like a lightning print guitar strap, 20 years ago. We at *Exotic*, stepped in to get the real scoop and find out if what he's saying is true. Is it possible we've all been had like a bunch of fools and saps this entire time...?

"Weezer SUCKS! They are a POP BAND! They haven't had a decent record since 1996, and even that, was intentionally formulaic! Only Matt Sharp's emo-integrity kept them from being one-hit wonders in the 90s, but he was cool enough to quit!", shouted the very inebriated young man from the back of a hospital tent, who, as it turned out, was there receiving treatment for dehydration and had to have both his beers wrestled away from him.

"The Rentals are WAY. FUCKING. BETTER!", he continued to slur, as he tried to brace himself against an inflatable palm tree, to no success. Adamantly defiant, even after his stumble, the gentleman that could only describe himself as "RINEN," still managed to

start a chant of, "RENTALS RULE! WEEZER DROOLS! RENTALS RULE! WEEZER DROOLS!" to the initial delight and eventual chagrin of surrounding festival-goers and volunteers. Completely ignoring a twisted ankle in the process, on-hand EMT staffers had to tend to him immediately, much to "Rinen's" disapproval...

"Get the fuck off of me, you NARCs! Look, all I'm saying is listen to the chord progression and verse/chorus/verse/chorus/bridge/chorus/chorus recipe, and it's easy to hear that Weezer is the musical equivalent of the color beige! Rivers Cuomo is a marketing genius, I'll give him that, but when you really look at it, he is nothing more than a jingle writer!"

The man, with his face half-sunburnt, continued to visibly argue with his would-be healers... "Their work with Spike Jonze was cool, but when you consider that Rivers ousts anyone in the band that could possibly steal a fangirl's attention away from him, it's pretty plain to see that this outfit was started by an intelligent, insecure nerd as a platform to get pussy—there's no real heart or artistic integrity to it AT ALL. He's just a rich prick that manipulated the record industry! Just some math nerd that turned equations into hit records!"

"Think of it this way!..." the man started to slow his pace and pontificate... "The very first track on the blue album, 'My Name Is Jonas' was about someone Rivers knew when he was younger... THERE IS NO WAY YOU CAN TELL ME SOMEONE NAMED RIVERS HUNG OUT WITH SOMEONE NAMED JONAS AND NEITHER OF THEM WAS A TOTAL DOUCHEBAG. IF YOU SAW SOMEONE NAMED RIVERS WITH SOMEONE NAMED JONAS TODAY, YOU WOULD DISMISS THEM ON THE SPOT—JUST FOR HAVING DOUCHEBAG NAMES! WAKE UP,

SHEEPLE! Try to tell me I'm wrong, bro..."

The man had a point. We could not tell him he was wrong on that front. It would appear to the layperson, after these painfully-accurate revelations, that Weezer is, in fact, a terrible band, eager to suckle the sweet teat of any corporation willing to dangle a sponsorship in their face. Our pop culture credibility splayed out before us, we knew that we could not fight the urge to drown our sorrows in cheap beer and churro stands.

"It's okay, I know how you feel," Rinen offered us his condolences and some Lunchables, "They broke my heart too, man, far worse than any lady. All those tears wasted for nothing. I guess I'll have my memories, but once you know the truth...it changes you..."

Other startling revelations about why the band allegedly sucks so hard, include their links to Maya Rudolph, Paul Thomas Anderson, the ICEE Bear and Orangina.

Rinen went on about his more complicated theories surrounding Weezer, including thoughts that both Brian Bell and Pat Wilson are from the planet Ork, as well as rumors that current bassist, Scott Shriner, is probably a former pornstar, but, to be fair, Rinen admitted that could just be his suppressed homoerotic urges at this point. Our newly-found friend was not "one-hundred percent" on that, though he did state he was open to talking about a variety of subjects and mentioned that he had some blow. He clearly specified it was not for sale, especially if we happened to be cops, but, hey, if we were buying, it's not his place to ask questions. His wallet and phone could not be located at time of print.

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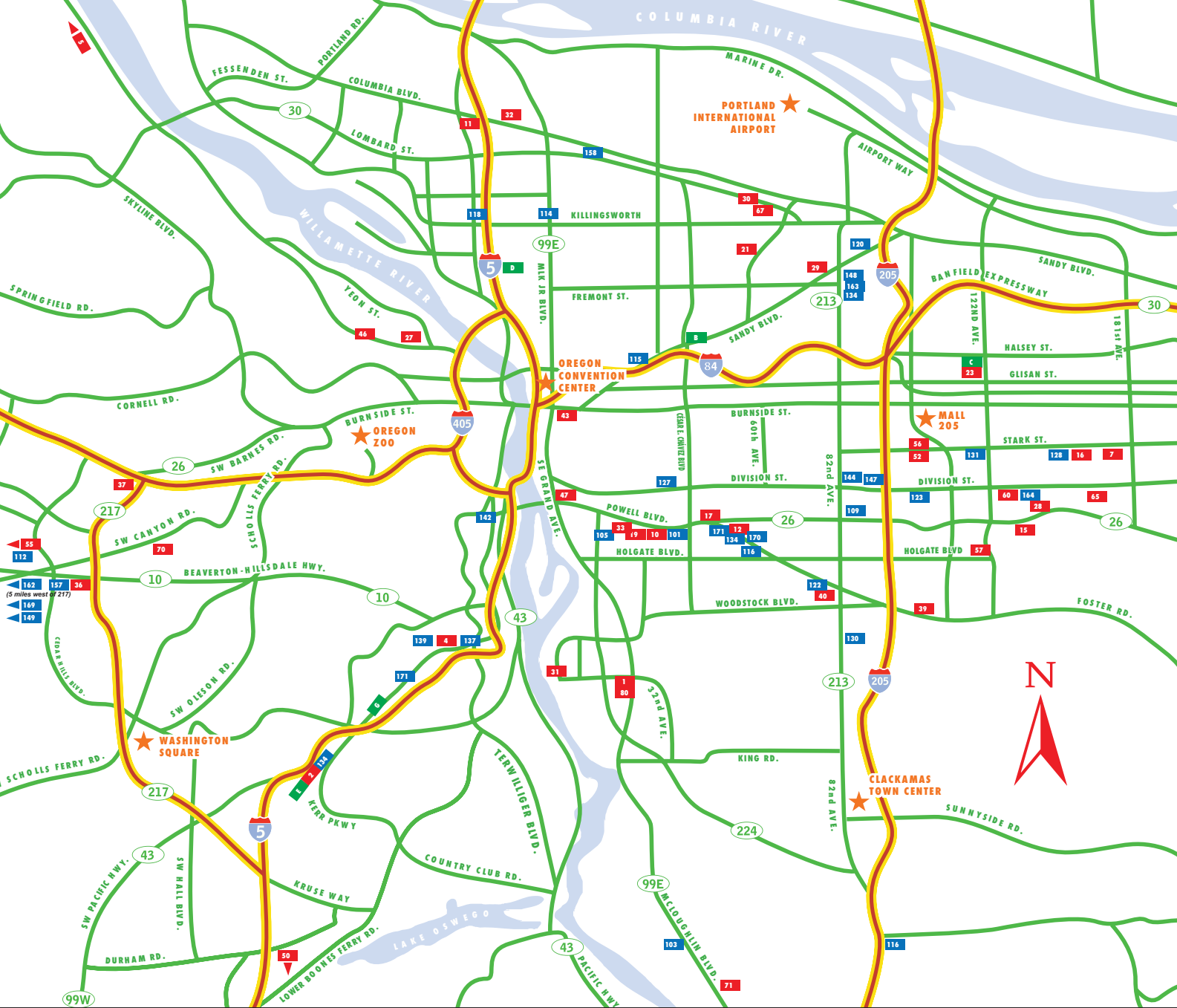
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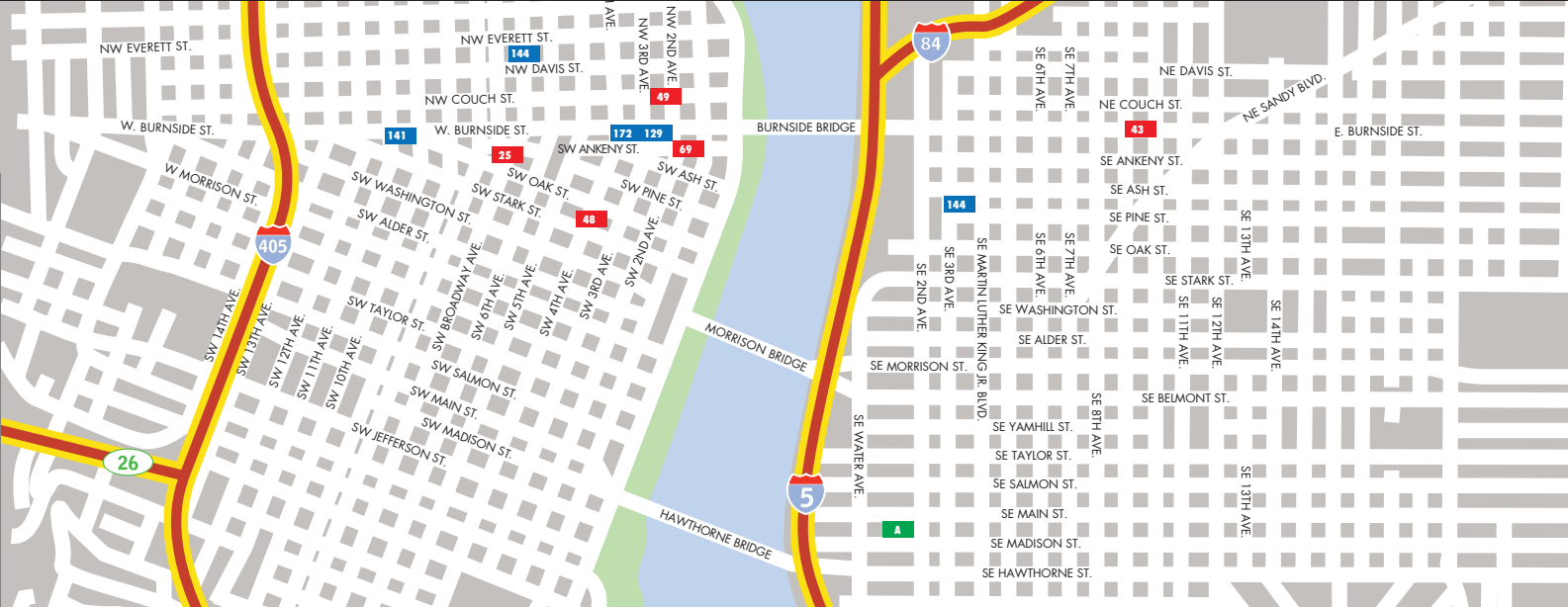
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TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY RAY MCMILLIN

INTERVIEW: Monoxide

My favorite genres of music are hip hop, punk rock and industrial. Ideally, the act incorporates stage shows and personas, while sitting just a little outside of the mainstream's reach, but still possessing a significant amount of legitimate talent (Kool Keith, GWAR, Skinny Puppy, Ween, etc.). This is why I have been into Detroit-based hip-hop duo Twiztid for the better part of two decades. With the Gathering of the Juggalos coming up and more and more outsiders infiltrating the last organic youth subculture for purposes of smug commentary and mockery, I've decided to interview one half (Monoxide) of what is one of the biggest names in the genre (Twiztid), without mentioning face paint, Tila Tequilla or former labelmates, ICP. Taking some time between shows promoting the duo's new record label, Majik Ninja Entertainment, and the new artists on the roster (ROC, Lex the Hex Master, and Blaze Ya Dead Homie), Monoxide gave *Exotic* an exclusive interview that clocked in at about twenty minutes. Enjoy.

You're talking to a guy from *Exotic Magazine*, which is a titty bar magazine out here in Portland. You guys familiar with the area?

Yes, yes indeed. I've frequented that area many times and I've spent a lot of money on... um, ladies of the evening, so I feel like I'm a part of that Portland scene.

So, you understand that we don't just have two clubs—there's like a thousand of 'em here. They're like Starbucks.

Yes, I've probably been thrown out of 741 of them.

I got one question, but it's a two-parter. What's your favorite part about Oregon?

The second part is that you can't mention weed.

You know what I love about it? That there's a weirdness there and it's embraced. It's not like they're getting this bad rap. They're like "We love our weirdness, we love that we're a little bit different than the rest of the country." And, I can really relate to that. So when I go there, I feel like I'm at home.

Hell yeah! If you guys are walking down the street in contacts and makeup and no one knows anything about your scene, they're just like "oh, that cat's got blue hair" and they keep walking.

Right, it's just like, "Holy shit, I like that guy's shoes."

I've been listening to your music for years and you guys got the dark stuff, but it seems like every album you got one or two straight up XXX tracks. You guys seem like you know there's a DJ out there that's playing your music in the strip club—is that intentional?

It's something that we enjoy doing, just to give you a break from the monotony of constantly slaughtering. But yeah, we're a couple of...I'm a sex addict, self-proclaimed.

Have you thought about getting a professional diagnosis?

I did, he told me I was out of my mind and just really horny—he gave me a bunch of condoms. But, I don't believe him...who is he? He's a goddamn doctor—what does he know?

Right? We get new diseases every day.

There's actually a pool at my doctor's office, that I'm gonna come in with something that they've never seen before and they hope they can name it after me.

So, you'd have a Lou Gehrig's disease, but it would be like a Monoxide STD or some shit?

Right, right. Fingers crossed.

What can you tell a regular hip-hop artist about incorporating a live band?

A good thing is that you're not controlled. When you're just doing the rap stuff, you go off that instant replay and whatever that replay puts out, that's what you have to stick to. Where, with a band, you have a little more leeway, you can pretty much do anything you want. The bad thing is getting used to the tempo now. 'Cause it's not a machine back there, you know what I mean? And they're human bodies, so you're a little more attentive to that, with a live band. So we're still getting that, just that tempo...it's the biggest difference I know.

So when you're live, it's more organic.

Yes, more organic and like I said, if you have a machine, it's keeping that tempo, so a machine never falls off. There's no human error there. You know what I mean? You're putting the trust into three other people that have never done this before like that, so it's a little nerve-racking, but it's an organic step for Twiztid.

What's the fan reaction to the live band been like?

They love it. They understand, like I said, if



of Twiztid

we would have come out with like a country thing, they'd be surprised. It's part of a rock and roll vibe and we've had mosh pits for twenty years without a band, so it just adds to the atmosphere in our eyes.

You give your fans a whole new version of some shit they've never heard, but they know the lyrics to all of it.

Yes. It changes the dynamic a hundred percent.

So, your album, *Mutant (Remaster)*, I remember hearing that a while ago and I'm not gonna say I didn't like it, but I didn't know what I was listening to—like, okay this is a new idea, but with the remaster, it seems like 2016 finally caught up with where you were trying to go. It just sounds a lot more cohesive, if that makes sense.

Yes, and that's exactly what we did—we turned it into the record that we wanted it to be. That's what it was meant to be. But, there was nobody that could put that into music. Nobody could match what we were looking for, so I guess you could say it was a little ahead of its time. We had to wait for technology to catch up to that. When people heard it, they were blown away by it. They were like "so that's what you were talking about." It wasn't just the *Mutant* record—it was a brand new record.

I'm a fan of industrial, stuff like Skinny Puppy and KMFDM, and a lot of your stuff has a vibe of some industrial shit. Do you guys have a direct influence from any of that Nine Inch Nails crowd or is that something you just fell into liking?

That was just a part of our sound, it just so

happens. It's funny that you say that. Nine Inch Nails we're fans of, but it wasn't until later on in our career, that we found out about all this stuff. It was like "Whoa, oh my God," but I do love that industrial sound, that grimy, "something unjust is happening and we don't know what it is" sound...I love that. That is Twiztid!

I can spin your guys' shit at the goth night. They like you guys, and that "Natural Born Killaz" shit from Ice Cube, but they won't put up with anything else hip hop.

That's awesome.

You guys came through fifteen years ago probably, and you were absent because some, uh, interactions made it so Blaze (the rapper) had to go up on stage for you. Everyone was rumoring about what happened in Portland with you, ranging from weed, to weed, to something involving weed. I can't really expect you to recall, but do you remember having to take any detours in Portland, that would have caused Blaze to have to take your spot?

Yeah (*laughs*), we tried to buy weed from the wrong person and I ended up in a holding cell for about 24 hours. At the end of the day, it was all just a "misunderstanding."

And now you can go to Oregon and buy like an ounce at the store.

Right, and that's all it is—just learning. You have a certain amount of freedom out here that you can get caught up in, if you're not careful. And you start to believe that you can do whatever the fuck you want to do, and you can't (*laughs*).

I saw the tour bus for the Kottonmouth Kings come through with a weed leaf on one of them, and three days later, they're bitching about getting pulled over.

Right. That's why we don't ride around with our buses wrapped, because we know that not everyone likes us—especially the authorities—and the last thing you wanna do is have your face plastered on a bus and let the world know, "Here they are, in here!"

Yeah, a bus with "Twiztid's Brand New 420 Tour" spray painted on it, that ain't gonna work, especially if you go to Canada.

Right! No fuckin' way.

So, regarding the strip clubs here, Detroit and pretty much anywhere east of Denver has a totally different vibe. What have you noticed, aside from the weirdness you mentioned earlier, about titty bars in Portland?

You see more chicks at the Portland ones. It seems like strippers really like me. I always feel that way and then I wake up with no money, there's no one to contact and I'm missing my watch (*laughs*).

Welcome to the game, son.

Goddamn it. Angel Reign, I am looking for you! Yes, it was actually "REIGN" like she was the queen...angel's rain. Bring down hellfire on her and her loved ones. If she still has my fossil watch, I will lose it—I will be ecstatic!

So, with the record label you've started, you guys have been under good influences for years, but what is something you learned that you had to learn on your own?

That nobody...NOBODY, knows you, like you. Nobody knows your thing like you know your thing. For somebody that maybe signs to a record label, may be looking for direction and they go against what their gut feeling is telling them, but the record label is telling them something else, and they feel that (since) they've been in the game, they follow them, but (their) gut is always right. Your first instinct, whatever that tells you, is usually right.

Basically, your advice is "Don't take my fuckin' advice."

Right. Trust yourself. It ain't rocket science, it's a lot of common sense. It really is. But that gets lost in egos, pride and all this bullshit. And, we seem to stray away from that, you know what I mean? Common sense is first. Common respect, common decency...these things go a long way. It's not about coming into a venue and taking a shit in the dressing room. You can do that, but what's gonna happen is that the promoter is gonna get on the phone and tell all these other promoters, "Hey this guy's been taking shits in the dressing room," and you're not gonna get booked anywhere. So, don't be a fucking idiot. If you really wanna do this, act like you got some common sense, or else I promise you, it will catch up with you.

As a DJ, my job is to introduce people to new music. So, if I'm playing some shit

everyone knows, I may decide to throw some Twiztid in there—it works with some crowds, not so much with others. What type of fans do you see growing into your fanbase?

Fuckin' suburban white girls.

Appletinis in the house?

Yes. Dude, holy shit. Like, in the last five years, it's fucking crazy. If you wanna try and go to get laid at a fuckin' show, come to a Twiztid show. There's mad ladies.

So, you might have to buy some lemon drops, but you're gonna get laid, right?

Right, man, it is fucking insane. It's like a boy band over here anymore...I don't know what to tell you.

Synchronized dance moves coming any time soon?

No! That's what people don't understand. We look like the goddamned demons of hell, but we look out into the crowd and we're like, "Oh my god, I'd bang her, her, her...where the fuck are we?" It's just crazy now.

That's the thing, the guys girls gotta worry about, are the hipster emo dudes—they're the ones you al-

ways hear about when some chick gets groped at a party. So, maybe girls are starting to learn that you guys are safer than Mumford's Kids or whatever the fuck.

Right, we understand our music isn't for everybody. We do get that. But, we still act like we got some goddamn sense when it comes to stuff like that. You don't put your hands on a fuckin' woman, you know what I mean? That's some shit we don't play. We've gotten into many, many altercations over shit like that, 'cause we just don't fuck around with that. Women feel safe at our shows—and that's crazy—they feel like they have a safety to them. They know nothing's gonna happen to them there.

So, Twiztid's a safe space—we can put that in print?

Twiztid is a safe space for females.

A lot of my favorite rappers, which I won't name, I see them switching their shit up, making a dubstep remix, AutoTuned, they've got Lil' Wayne on a track...that's cool, but I've seen you guys fuck with mainstream cats and stay Twiztid.

Because we're talking about killing people! That's the process—we don't compromise our integrity for anybody or anything. We've turned down some humongous features, be-



cause we just can't fit them into our world right now, at this point. It could happen down the line, but at this point in time, we can't. If Lil' Wayne came to me and he was like, "Hey man, I wanna do a fuckin' song about killing people and just losing my shit and wilin' out," we'd be interested. If it was just about fucking bitches and doin' lean, we're gonna pass on it. That's the integrity that we never deviate from. So, even the features on our record, they're relevant to our genre and to what makes Twiztid—Twiztid. There's nothing phony.

So if we see *Independent's Day* part two, you're not gonna have a Miley Cyrus remix on there with Macklemore? You guys are still gonna be talking about killing people, even if you got J Cole on there?

One hundred percent. And everyone keeps saying this to me, I swear to God, the J Cole feature is gonna happen one day, because that's the name that just keeps subconsciously coming up and that's like my favorite rapper at the time.

That's weird, that just fell out of my mouth. First name that I could think of.

Crazy dude, crazy. It's all about presenting things in the right way. We don't use features to try to do anything more than show people we can rock with everybody. This is not the black hole that it once was for them. There is God-given talent here, there's a movement here and I believe it still gets the rap that it got from 15 years ago. Like, come on. Times have changed, people change—everything's different now.

You guys have been around for like 20 years now. At some point, your expiration date doesn't matter anymore and you've proven your stay. I think Twiztid's gotten to that point.

You're right, exactly. That's what is scary to mainstream America, is that they can't go to the radio and take our songs off, or take our shows off of TV, or videos, 'cause we've never

had that.

I don't think your number one priority is to cut a new hit single or get T-Pain on the track—you guys are doing you. That's the vibe I get.

That's been the thinking, but we just never thought it would go this far. Once we figured out that this is bigger than me and Jamie (Madrox, the other half of Twiztid), there's no way for it to end. This is it. If it's accepted, it's



accepted. And, it will be accepted because of us being us, not us being who they want us to be.

Awesome, well I got one more question. In Portland, we have all these artistic, hipster-scene kids, and they're doing this shit, where they're moving to Detroit to supposedly set up art studios, because the rent is so cheap. Could you give any advice to any well-off, super-white kids moving to Detroit, to rent a two-hundred-dollar apartment, strictly for their art? How well do you see this working out for Portland exports?

Uh, good luck? That shit is not gonna work. One hundred percent. Number one, it's not a

livable place. You don't go into the city of Detroit to live—you go there to survive. That's it. And, if you're not a survivalist in the upmost form, then you will be gone within ninety days. Either your life is over or they will have made it so that you will just fuckin' move. It doesn't work like that. You're not gonna dictate anything to that city. You will not. They will let you know what the fuck time it is, immediately.

You guys moved the fuck out of there, right?

Man, I was born and raised (in Detroit), I was there for 27 years and Detroit has a way of letting folks know when it's time to go.

Thanks for talking to me, so that stripper's name was Angel Reign?

Yes! That fucking whore (laughs).

I'll put this in print. She stole a watch?

She stole my money and my fossil watch.

We'll get a campaign going to find your watch—the winner gets free tickets to your show or some shit?

Absolutely.

I saw your April Fool's prank on *Faygoluvers.net*—fuck you for doing that.

(laughs)

Yeah, so I know you guys like to keep a lid on some things. Is there anything you wanna shout out to the fans reading this?

I'll just tell you this. Expect nothing—it will be alright.

Cool, thanks a bunch for doing this interview man.

Thank you so much brother, anytime.

Hear the audio interview with Monoxide from Twiztid at TalesFromTheDJBooth.com



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It's festival season. If you're Facebook friends with more than a handful of musicians or comedians, then you've already been seeing the posts. "Fingers crossed, just submitted my tape to Jokefest and/or Metalpalooza." Three weeks later, "Has anyone heard back from the festival people?" Two months later, "Hey guys, I will be volunteering at the festival this year. Hopefully, it's a good chance to meet some folks." Or, alternately, "Finally my dreams have come true! I was accepted to the festival and I will be performing behind a display case at Oh Bee Gee Why Not Bookstore for Sunday's two o'clock showcase!" It's like watching a friend discover drugs, then dubstep music, then Ableton live, and not saying a goddamn thing to stop them, before they end up doing DJ nights at Bill's Brew 'n' Lotto in Tigard. Here is why you should speak up the next time you see a friend take the blue pill of the festival submission matrix.

Submission Fees Are Usually A Pyramid Scheme

If you've ever applied to perform at a comedy or music festival, you've likely shelled out a small-to-significant amount of change in order to submit your tape or demo. In theory, events that feature a potential cash payout, like *Miss Exotic Oregon*, request submission fees that are pooled back into the entertainers' pockets, using a fair and equal-opportunity playing field. The same can be said for events in which legitimate

networking opportunities, workshops or other types of exclusive frills are presented for purposes of advancing the career path of those who submit.

However, with most entertainment festivals, the submission fees are simply used to pay headliners, promoters and other non-performing event staff (this, of course, excludes the heap of "volunteers" who, upon rejection, offer to clean toilets and wipe down tables in exchange for entry). The fifty bucks you toss down to perform at Desert Peak Comedy Festival in the middle of Buttfuck, Nowhere, goes up in smoke, as the only people who get paid to perform at such festivals are also the same folks who aren't required to pay submission fees. This is Wall Street capitalism on a micro level, with the struggling artists shelling out their limited amount of income, in order to pay Smash Mouth or Gallagher to headline a festival that no one besides locals will attend. And, in the rare case that your organic indie band gets an opportunity to play Coachella, it will be on a side stage, at noon, while six people accidentally watch you, anticipating a bigger band (that took to a different stage fifteen minutes prior).

Further, any rhetoric regarding submission fees being used to cover the "cost of viewing several tapes" is shot to shit, when considering that most demos or videos are required to be five

to ten minutes in length. With a twenty-five dollar fee (falling on the cheaper end of typical festival fees), and a ten-minute demo or tape submission (which falls on the long end of things), that equals out to be a hundred and fifty bucks per hour of submissions screened. For that kind of money, I will sit around all day and watch literally anything that doesn't involve children or right-wing talk-show hosts. To think that the promoters of Stumptown Gigglefest are taking in over a grand per eight-hour shift, watching comedians tell jokes, begs the question as to whether or not Portland comedy is really *that* bad. It may be hacky, but it's not a hundred and fifty bucks per hour viewing compensation hacky. Oh, and the same comedy fest I'm taking thinly-veiled shots at, states on their website's submission page that *not all entries are guaranteed to be watched all the way through*. You know it's 2016, when a seven-minute attention span is met with reservations by the people who make twenty times the minimum wage to watch struggling, starving performers present their best work—in an attempt to get ten minutes of stage time, at noon, in a bar that no one frequents—while established acts like Janeane Garofalo or Dave Chappelle play across the street.

People Die In The Woods From Exposure

If festivals don't pay non-headlining performers, why, then, would anyone spend money to join the bill? The answer, as roughly one hundred percent of aspiring musicians, comedians, mimes, acrobats and clowns will tell you, is "networking and exposure." Starting with the latter, dealing with half-empty venues full of drunk attend-



Don't Submit

ees, many of whom are waiting for headlining acts (or are friends with the local performers), is not the kind of exposure that up-and-coming entertainers will find useful. I've met hundreds of different people who have been on amazing bills, with amazing headliners, and not one of them has ever been "discovered" by anyone other than a few random fans, who will undoubtedly lose interest after three or four Facebook updates regarding shows happening six states away. Putting "Rocky Mountain Oyster Festival" on your band's bio may be a good look for sending out press releases, but if a promoter or booking agent takes the ten seconds to conduct a Google image search for the festival's flyer, you're not gonna matter unless your name is at the top (in which case, you didn't have to spend money on a submission fee).

Regarding "networking," you will be meeting some touring celebrities no doubt, and every one of them will have just finished up being talked at by some other, equally-hungry opener, who has no grasp on what it's like to be semi-famous, because they, like you, had to pay a submission fee. The guy from the movie has zero-to-no interest in hearing about the time you discovered his old stuff, answering any questions regarding what it's like in LA, or any of that shit. If they happen to, it usually means they're washed-up, unsuccessful, and on the way down from whatever career bush they burned, while they spent five years in L.A. on daddy's dime, trying to work for failed talk shows that only air after the 3 am infomercials are done. Anyone with the time to give you free advice, isn't worth your time. I wouldn't be typing this out, if I didn't make money for doing so, which brings up one potential exception to the rule of networking.

If a festival features workshops or meet-and-greets in which established professionals dole out advice to amateur performers, it may be worth your time. Chances are, however, that any Q & A session will boil down to learning things that are of minimal use to someone at your level. "What was it like working on *Kids in the Hall*?" is a question with an answer that won't generate the email of the lady who books legit venues in Hollywood. Bonus points, if you can get this question answered for free by watching Dave Foley get tossed out of the strip club you work at and then waiting with him on the curb until the cops show up (I know from firsthand experience).

Name Dropping Only Works With Beckys And Amateurs

Okay, so you opened up for the guy whose wife starred in the sixth episode of *Airwolf: Miami*. So fucking what? Being on a stage before someone else steps up to the mic, is just an exercise in selfishness, if not simply a testament to your low cost and high utility. Name the best concert you ever saw. Now, name the local (non-touring) openers. Go ahead, I'll wait.

Still waiting.

Again echoing the concepts of working class versus the people on the top of the flyer, listing the people you've only rubbed elbows with on your bio is the same as being proud of working for a huge corporation—one that's in enough of a decline, to let your ass buy shares on the cheap. If the stage is big enough for you to brag about, you won't have to mention who you opened for. "The Apollo" doesn't need a tagline about the drummer from *Goldfinger* being on the

same bill. But again, even if it's a huge festival like Bigsquatch or Woodstock 2.0, your name needs to be on top of the pile to generate future gigs from the lead. Yes, it is extremely useful to list who you've worked with in your bio and press kit, but that's best reserved for non-festival shows—ones in which, you were given a captive audience and required to maintain it. I was on the same festival bill as Alanis Morissette once and I've never once bragged about it, until now. Isn't that ironic?

In conclusion, think of festivals like buffets. There are many options and flavors for guests to choose from, but not all of them are hot, most of them taste the same after you've been drinking and you can get kicked out of one for purposely sneezing on the attractions. If you're signing up to perform at (or even paying for a ticket to attend) a festival, think of them as a summer camp for musicians/comedians/whatevers, and look to have fun—and only fun. But, at no point, should you ever convince yourself that they are legitimate opportunities for exposure or networking. Any festival promoter who tells you otherwise, is trying to cover up the six-figure income they make off of starving guitarists and open-mic comics. The dude who runs the Savage Henry Comedy Festival (no submission fee required) told me, right out the gate, "We're gonna pay you in weed brownies and pizza, but you'll have a blast," and it was the only festival, to date, that I've made any contacts from. Sure, the contacts are for discount marijuana and hot pepperoni pies, but they're still better contacts than any festival that charges a submission fee.



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by Matt Rose

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PORTLAND

Get Outdoors While You Still Can

By Ray McMillin

So, you want to get outdoors and enjoy the three weeks of yearly sunshine that Northwest Oregon gets, but you don't feel like spending six hours trying to navigate Division St. or spend time waiting in line at the zoo. If you're the rare five or six percent of Portlanders who have access to an automobile, you may be excited to learn that we have great outdoor destinations that are less than an hour's drive from the Rose City. If spending another day at Sauvie's Island trying to keep your lunch down, while old guys dig for clams, isn't your idea of quality recreation, please consider one of the following hour-or-so drives from Portland:



Astoria, OR

Astoria is a small town, famous for all the right reasons. Typically, coastal cities are reserved for headlines involving serial killers, suicides and beached whales.

Astoria, on the other hand, has been the setting for many family-friendly movies (The Goonies, Kindergarten Cop, Short Circuit, etc.), is a generally G-rated town and is close enough to more touristy Seaside, should the kids get the urge to build a sandcastle or buy expensive taffy. Not quite a "beach town" per se, but more of a near-the-water dot on the map similar to Tillamook or Coos Bay, Astoria is not only a family-friendly vacation spot, but it's also a Tom Waits song in the making. Complete with a strip club tavern, Annie's that echoes the vibes of Mary's, right down to the single-female-name business sign and dancers who select their own music. In addition to housing the only coastal titty bar besides Coos Bay, Astoria also features a slew of semi-scummy (but well worth the drive) attractions, all of which smell like cold fish and cigarettes. If the dive bars and dusty shops don't provide enough "glad I still live in a town near a freeway" entertainment, a short drive over the bridge into Washington, will lead the weird-wanting traveler into Long Beach—home of Jake the Alligator man, which is proudly displayed in the world's creepiest museum/gift shop.

Timothy Lake (Mt. Hood National Forest)

For outdoor enthusiasts that enjoy maintained campgrounds, as well as guns and liquor, Timothy Lake, located just east of Mt Hood's Government Camp area contains the best of both worlds. With



reservation-friendly family camping on one side of the lake and unincorporated lawlessness on the other, this is easily the best spot for a July 4th weekend. Pack up the minivan, call up the campground and reserve a site for the wife and kids, or load up on guns and bring your friends to a "camp wherever the fuck we feel like it" nirvana on the south side of the developed campground area. The best part about Timothy Lake being split by the body of water, after which it's named, is

that the suburbanites and gun-toting rednecks are able to share the same pathways and boat docks. This means that you will get to see one of those stick-figure-minivan families explaining to their children why the drunk guy in the boat isn't sporting the flag they're used to seeing on the Fourth of July. The lake has two entrances, both of which pay homage to their destinations; the developed campground is approached from Hwy 26, about fifteen miles east of Government Camp, with a ten-mile entrance drive, while the unregulated campground can be reached by driving from Estacada, toward Mt. Hood and up the world's scariest one-lane gravel road (or, you can just take a short bridge from the developed entrance). Organic turkey bacon, meet homemade jerky.

Silver Creek Falls

If you are able to disregard the warnings of popular 1990s R&B group TLC, the act of chasing waterfalls can be a highly-rewarding, relaxing and safe activity. Un-

less, of course, the paths to said waterfalls happen to double as a battlefield between bicyclists and horseback riders. Silverton, OR is a hella creepy small town, home to a bunch of random Norman Rockwell murals and a cross-dressing former mayor (not transgender, just a dude in a dress, who is also really awesome). Nearby Silver Creek Falls, a park that basically makes Multnomah Falls look like the mediocre tourist trap that it is, contains miles of paths that showcase the dozen-or-so waterfalls in the park. Recently, a pathway that was intended for equestrian trails (people on horses), was re-delegated to hikers and bicyclists.

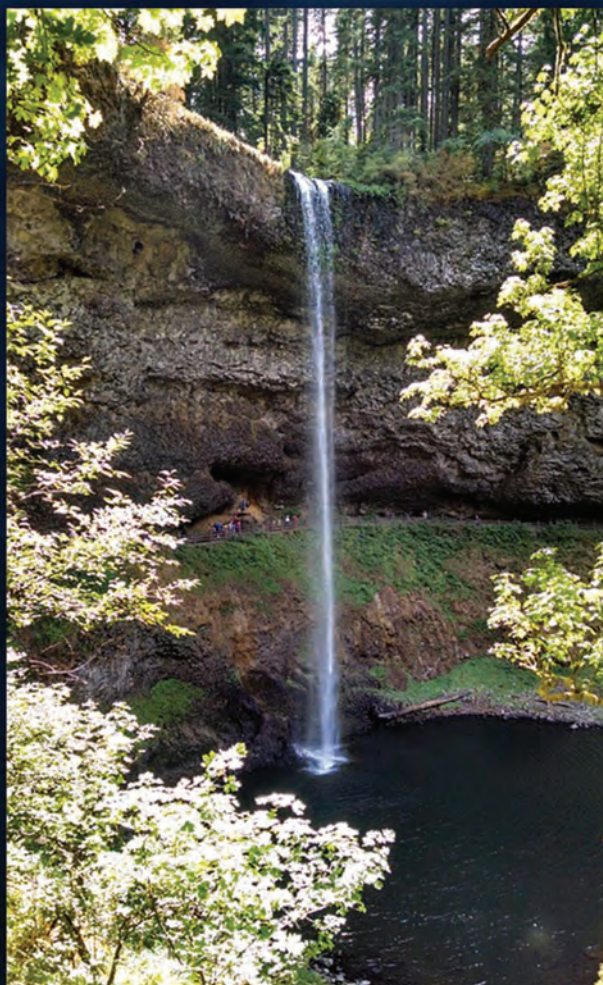
Apparently, this pissed off a bunch of horse-riding yuppies, who then trashed the trail and made it inaccessible to most bikers or joggers. Worse, local news has reported clashes between the two groups, some of which have resulted in physical altercations. Have you ever wanted to enjoy Sunday afternoon stroll, while taking photographs of waterfalls and watching a group of people on horses take swings at cyclists? It's the next best thing to watching angry cops clash with the Portland Naked Bike Ride, and the air is much nicer than it is in downtown.

Bush Park (Salem, OR)

Why, in god's name, would anyone want to go to Salem? No one lives there, there are no bike lanes and all the indie rock venues have been shut down. That's why. Aside from traffic court and prison, Salem also boasts



one semi-dangerous attraction that isn't an institution (or Enchanted Forest). Bush Park, located just south of downtown Salem, features a headline-newsworthy resident that has been known to send joggers to the hospital. Known by locals as "Owl Capone," this murderous bird still haunts Bush Park and often swoops down from hiding spots in the branches, landing on unsuspecting heads and burying its beak into their skulls. About a week before the first attack, I noticed a group of schoolchildren and their teacher, watching the owl from a close distance and acting like cute, vulnerable food. Where else in Oregon can you take 2-to-1 odds that a bird will kill a child?



TalesFromTheDJBooth.com



A TERRIBLE ROCK STAR

By Josh The Terrible

Rock'n'roll may be dead but...GOOD NEWS! Sex and drugs are still going strong! Although, I hear those were both better back in the 60s too.

Shit man, what's becoming of our music these days? I mean, they have artificial intelligence that writes music for us now, based on a handful of variables that you throw into an algorithm (or would that be "algo-rhythm"?). Do we even need musicians anymore??? Let's be honest, 20 years from now, robots will be playing instruments with far superior dexterity, precision and stamina than even the most proficient virtuoso. Don't get me wrong, I'll be the very first mu'fucker to have a robot drummer in my band (Fact: drummers are responsible for 100% of band breakups).

Anyway, it's Terrible Story Time—pull up a yoga mat.

Once upon a time, before I found the glorious light of atheism, I was in this Christian rapcore band. Go ahead, get it out of your system. Ready? Okay. Anyway, we were tearing up the Salem (Oregon) Christian hardcore scene, screaming about church corruption, hypocrisy, and fake Sunday-morning smiles, converting the masses by way of our anti-church-establishment gospel message. It was during this time that I learned a thing or two about stage presence and basically, couldn't go more than 5 seconds without jumping, running or slamming myself all over the stage. We were *obviously* destined for fame and fortune (i.e. – the Lord's blessings) but as it turned out, our drummer was a piece-of-shit asshole poo-poo head and so instead of fulfilling our rock-icon destiny, we broke up. Because dumbers, err...I mean, drummers.

Just as well I suppose—it inspired me to write entire albums worth of angsty, Jesus-y lyrics. And, that my friends, is a gift

to humanity. Check it: *Oh God!!! Why me!?! It feels like I'm cursed, but I know you're inside me.*

Yeah. You're welcome for that. If you ever get me drunk, ask me to rap the verses. You might die. You'll have to beat box for me though, jus' sayin'. Unfortunately, my lyric-writing skills didn't improve much in my next band, as evidenced by these emo-tastic song titles:

A Languid Lover In Search Of Nirvana, Inspid Sinner, Cuddle Up To Eugenics

I really, **really** should have given up after that. ...but, then I wouldn't be able to share these brilliant, life changing, lyrical axiom-bombs with you...

*All the words, sound the same.
They're so dumb, they're so lame.
This is getting really, really old.
I need a word that rhymes with "old".*

My homie took it upon himself to give me "honest feedback" on my newfound crazy-sick lyrical composition skillz. "Don't quit your day job," he said. "I work graveyards, jerkface," I reminded him, although he clearly knew that—making the insult twice as palpable. Fucker.

So, disheartened by the one (and only) thing in the world that I apparently suck at, songwriting, I gave up my dream of being a rockstar and decided to get into recording. Lyrics would never haunt me again! No more drummer B.S.! No more loading heavy-ass gear into barely-paying gigs in random, bumblefuck towns around the Northwest. I could just focus on producing records (or, so I thought...). So, I saved up some money, built a recording studio and began recording a few of my friends' bands.

Many months passed and I was entirely happy with my decision to create music in the studio, rather than indulge in live performance. I had no intention of ever setting foot on another stage, but then one day, my buddy calls me up, seemingly having a panic attack. "Our guitar player just got thrown in jail and we have a big gig at Berbat's Pan tomorrow night!!!" I'm like, "Craaaaaap, maaaaang! Do you know anyone that could fill in for..." as I suddenly realize he is calling to ask me to fill in. Hmm...we had been recording an EP over the course of a month, so I had come to know their songs inside and out. "Okay, just for you," I assured him. So, we rushed through one rehearsal and I filled in on guitar the next night. And, it ROCKED NUTS! As if that weren't cool-as-hell enough, my new aspiring-photographer girlfriend (at the time) captured this EPIC photo of me, proving that for at least one moment in time, I was a total fuckin' rockstar. I could, then, finally hang up my guitar and move on to my next life adventure (no, not porn—that came later).

Of course, I had no idea that venue would someday become home to so many of my favorite Portland dancers—ye ol' Kit Kat Club. So, ladies (kitties), if you ever feel the ghost of Terrible flying past you as you perform your death defying pole antics, now you'll know why.



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IS THE BIGGEST PIECE OF SHIT VIDEO GAME EVER!

by Elektra Luxx



It was during one of the lowest points of my life that I came across this multi-million (or billion) dollar MMORPG/app/ pay-to-play piece of shit game and I will regret it for eternity. You might think the following sob story sounds whiny, and I really don't care. My only goal in writing it out, is to make sure no one else in the world plays this awful, evil game and that all of its developers rot in somewhere worse than hell, because I actually have respect for Satan, whereas I have none for the types of monsters that make these bullshit games.

Here's a brief overview of the game. It was originally a part strategy-type war game, where you build a stronghold and join an alliance (think of a Clash of Clans ripoff) and fight against other players. It later turned into a dick-flinging contest, where the one who spent the most money on the game wins (and when I say most, I'm talking about 100s of thousands of dollars—probably millions too). When you first log in to your account, you are immediately prompted to buy a \$100 pack. When you are drunk and sucked into the allure of the social side of this game, it's impossible not to click on the suck-your-life-savings button that takes up half the screen. The game is psychologically geared to make you spend money and to never stop spending money. You really can't do anything in the game if you don't spend money. And, it is as addicting as methamphetamine.

My kid's dad died, I got laid off from my job that I thought I would have for the rest of my life, and forced out of my home because of all this, when I started playing this game (can you hear the country song in the background?). At first, it was a stress reliever to be able to delve into a video game persona and play a game with people all over the world. My writer adrenaline kicked in as the format made it easy to create characters ingame that interact with others because of its old-school chatroom setup (they should have paid me for this, as I made the game way more entertaining for other people than anyone working at MZ did). I actually now have a huge amount of personal guilt and regret for making so many other people spend money on this game.

Then, I made the mistake of "falling in love" with a video game persona and it got real after a bit (come on, don't pretend like you've never done this—please don't). The thing is, it turned into the biggest slut-shaming, sexual harassment shitfest I've ever experienced in a video game (gamergate is real, you guys). Not only were my nudes spread all over an app called Line without my approval, but I was actually doxxed (that's when men with small penises give out your personal information, like email, home address and phone number, so other men with small penises can harass you too). It was a total mindfuck and emotionally destructive. My feminist rage kicked in, and I immediately wanted to fight back, called lawyers and that sort of thing. But, like

many women who have experienced this sort of harassment know, it is nearly impossible to fight against it and get any sort of justice...and it's fucking exhausting. So, I gave up. Now, you might be thinking, what does that have to do with the actual game? The truth is, it has everything to do with the game, because it would have never happened had this wretched game not existed. I will give MZ some credit for actually making a few in-game changes, after I emailed them about the harassment. They started censoring some words, like cunt (little did they know, you can spell it with a k).

This game feeds on addicts—not just adults, but teenagers too. It is predatory and is the most vile thing to ever enter the gaming industry. If you play this game, stop, or I will chop off your fingers and Satan will come up out of hell and eat your entire family. I don't understand how any respectable person would work for this company, and anyone who does, should be ashamed of themselves.

Now that my life is a little more stable and I've slowly pulled myself out of the well I fell into, I am now able to reflect on how awful and bad this game is with a little more clarity—it's awful and bad. I even tested it, after I started feeling better about my life, logged in to see how it would make me feel with a sober, clear, happy brain—the result was immediate depression.

Device vs. person—how much of this experience with this game my fault? All of it. How much of my experience with this game was MZs fault? All of it too. I am owning my mistake. I can only hope MZ owns their mistakes too and maybe one of their frazzled employees blows up their stupid headquarters (disclaimer: I was imagining the building blowing up without any living being in it at the time of writing this, if that ever happens [fingers crossed]).

There are no FDA regulations on these types of pay-to-play games. They skirt around gambling laws (I mean, at least with gambling there's the idea of winning money back). They are destroying people and they are destroying families. These are bad things.

I don't even want to mentally calculate, let alone look up my bank account records, for the number, the dollar amount I actually spent on this game—I know it's a lot, but knowing is that much more damaging to my psyche. How embarrassing. And, I promise you, my story is a light one compared to the hundreds of other tales of countless lives being ruined that I have heard from other players (there's one where a kid racked up \$25,000 on his parent's credit cards behind their back).

The fact of the matter is, the pay-to-play video game industry needs to be regulated and it should start with the destruction of the stupid, horrible, evil, scum-of-the-earth, that is *Game of War*.

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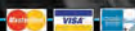
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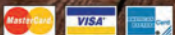
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