

Rude awakening

Bitter hipsters confuse "cool" with "cold"

It's becoming increasingly difficult to order a drink in this town.

When a club is swarming with nasty jerks who cut in front of strangers to capture the bartender's attention, I just step back and patiently observe their inhuman nature. I'm a lover, not a fighter.

Having lived here for 10 years, I can't help noticing that something is different about the latest Portland population spurt. On one hand, I feel like a proud parent: Our little city has reached puberty!

At the same time, I worry that this hormonal teen-ager could start hanging out with the wrong crowd. I don't want the Rose City to take a turn for the worse and embrace a culture that somehow equates "hip" with "rude." Apparently, homos no longer have the corner on queeny behavior.

I have nothing against hipsters. Hell, I'm probably a hipster, assuming the prerequisites involve funky taste in music and shoes.

No, my beef is with hipsters who judge others. You know the type: indier-than-thou, too-cool-for-school, misanthropes-with-masters who come to concerts only to talk through the entire show and then grumble when the band cuts its set short in frustration. (If you saw The Futureheads perform last November at the Doug Fir, you'd know what I'm talking about.)

I've come up with a few nicknames for this strange subset of progressive, intelligent people who constantly feel the need to flaunt their arbitrary sense of superiority. Tap into your inner anthropologist and let me know which one you like the best:

- **Scharfesel.** A German term I coined that literally translates to "smart ass."

- **Snarksters.** A contraction of "snarky hipsters."

- **The Blue Meanies.** People who live in blue states but still haven't figured out that we all need to get along in order to turn this country around.

This tribe can often be identified by their white belts and horn-rimmed glasses. Their habitat covers a narrow swath of central Portland, with a large concentration dwelling behind the counters at record stores that make money off of pop music but that don't welcome customers who listen to it. They can also be found brewing overpriced java at coffeehouses that offer "service with a scowl."

What these people don't seem to realize is that when they vent dissatisfaction with their life on others, they're being the jerk. When they expect others to live up to some random standard for what's considered "cool," they're being the poseur. In short, when they make others feel bad for expressing themselves, they're acting like red staters.

I'm not writing this to condemn their attitude. I'm trying to understand what causes it. Did someone hurt them? Have they given up on engaging with society? Or are they just closet conservatives hiding behind an ironic exterior?

If you see a Scharfesel/Snarkster/Blue Meanie in your midst, approach with caution—



Jim's Closet
by Jim Radosta

THE TOP SHELF

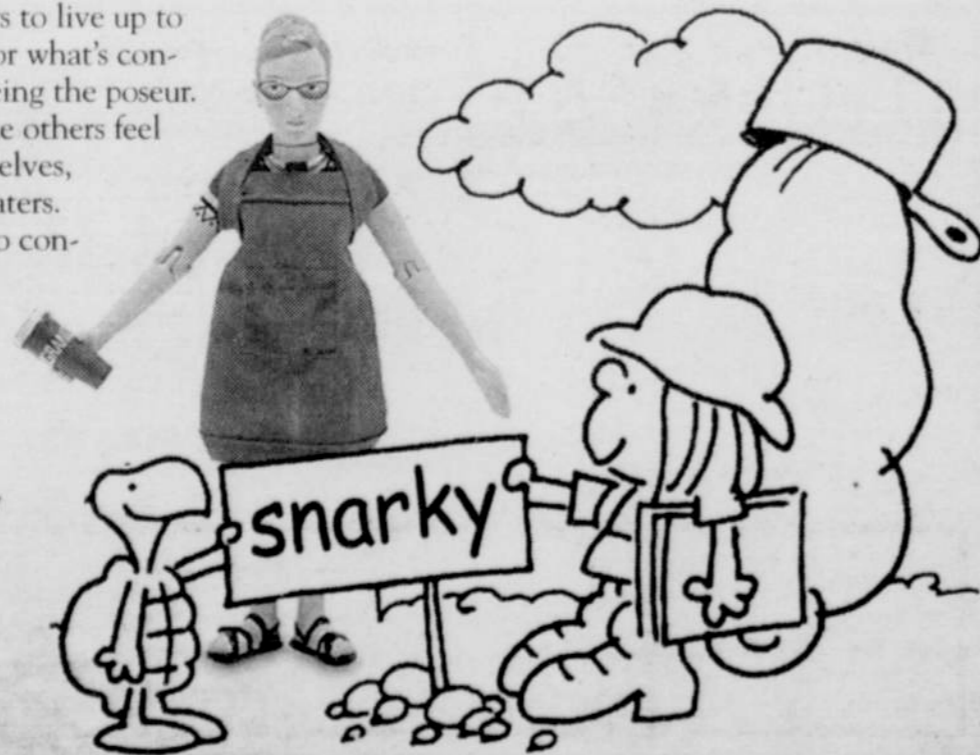
\$ Right next door to "POD"—a hunk of metal that represents "the infrastructure, energy and vitality of Portland" but that looks more like a dangling testicle—you'll find Aura, the new hot spot where A-Gays converge on the second Tuesday of every month for the Human Rights Campaign's **Salon Queue**. Making the rounds at the Jan. 11 schmoozefest were Portland Center Stage's **Chris Coleman**, Wells Fargo's **Ted Fetting** and Portland's own Will & Grace: HRC co-founder **Terry Bean** and former Oregon Gov. **Barbara Roberts**.

Only in Portland.
The swanky lounge was quite a change of pace from the deserted Stark Street around the corner. Vaseline Alley really needs a makeover—perhaps the sidewalks could be repaved as the Yellow Brick Road? As I pedaled home across the Wicked Witch (she's painted on the bike lane near Embers), I kicked myself for not suggesting this to **Sam Adams** when I had the chance. As Portland's first openly gay city commissioner, can't he just click his heels three times and make it happen?

“One man. One woman.
Two assholes.”
—Bumper sticker spotted on Alberta as I biked from **Spank** (fabu gay-owned salon) to **Frock** (fabu vintage clothing store).

they could snub you at even the kindest gesture. But just remember: They're more afraid of you than you are of them. **JR**

Arts and Culture Editor **JIM RADOSTA** needs your feedback. Write to jim@justout.com.



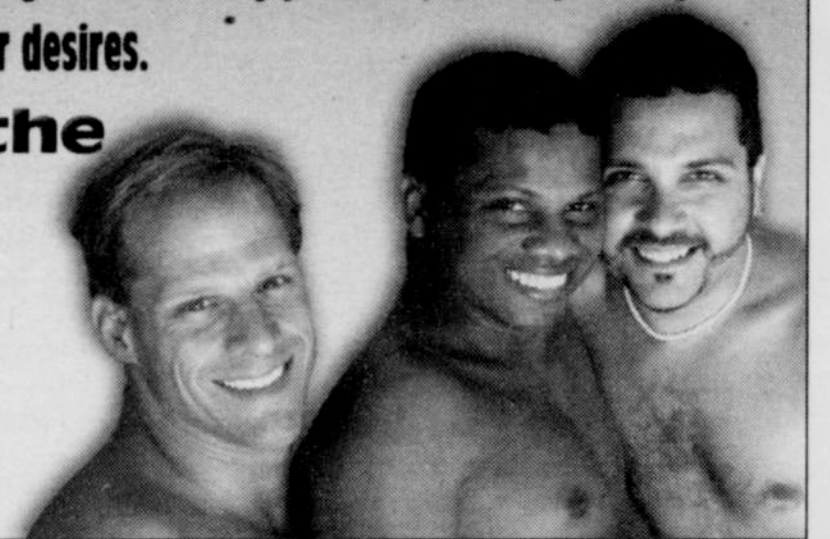
Real MEN DO

...take responsibility for their own erotic education. Learn about waking up and sustaining erotic energy, giving and receiving pleasure, and expressing your desires.

Celebrating the Body Erotic

Portland
March 19-20, 2005
Call Al, 503-493-9421

be Body
Electric
School
www.bodyelectric.org



Piercing + Tattooing + Gallery

Optic Nerve Arts

Tracy Faraca
Nate Hudson
Pedro Dorsey

12-8 everyday
walkins and appointments available

1829 NE Alberta Suite 11
Portland Oregon 97211
503-287-0339

www.ziphoid-process.com

gallery contact
A. Von Rautmann
503.998.4779

Know Where You Stand:

Everyone has an HIV status. Knowing yours means that you can take control of your health and lifestyle.



Brother to Brother is a support and advocacy organization for black gay and bi males living in the Portland metro area. Brother to Brother is committed to reducing the rates of HIV/AIDS within the African American gay/bi male community. For more information or if you would like to volunteer please contact us:

BROTHER TO BROTHER
PORTLAND

503-417-7991 www.brotobropepx.org