

I Wanna Sext You Up

"Yeah, that sure is a penis," Kathryn notes dryly, handing the telephone back to me. We stand in the hallway of a Clinton Street house party, Crystal Castles blasting into rooms lit by colored light bulbs. The Victorian house is full of hipster kids, secondhand smoke and the distinctively vigorous sexual tension of springtime in Portland.

"Why the hell would he send that?" I ask, raising my voice over the din. "We broke up years ago, and haven't even spoken in months. What about that equation says 'text me pictures of your cock?'"

Marc arrives, two bottles in his hands. "What are you guys laughing about?" he asks, handing me a beer.

"Nothing," Kathryn says. "Just talking about Nick getting sexted."

"Let me see!" I hand Marc my phone—his fingers slide across the touch screen, the image pops up. "Damn," he notes.

"Yeah, we were together for almost two years for a reason."

"Wait, sexting?" I turn my head—Tim stands in the doorway, backlit by the purple glow of the living room. "Is that what I think it is?" he asks, his English accent rendering the vowels long and round.

"I think so," Kathryn replies. "It's sexy text messages, right? For example, sending unsolicited pictures of your penis to your ex-boyfriends."



REMEMBER TO BREATHE

by Nick Mattos

Marc takes a drag from his cigarette. "It's all the rage with the Justin Bieber crowd, I hear." Through the doorway I can see a drunk girl flirting sloppily with a tall man—she pokes him in the chest flirtatiously, he tries not to flinch. Her eyes narrow seductively and her red lips move, her words inaudible over the music. He nods politely, checks his watch, sighs.

"What weird times we live in!" I note, still watching the couple in the living room. A Joy Division song shakes the walls. "Technology really has a way of making courtship strange."

"Says the man of a thousand internet dating stories," Kathryn says, smiling. Her indigo skirt hikes up slightly as she bends her right leg to rest her foot against the wall, forming an elegant number "4."

"Craigslist is for lovers," I quip. *Thank god for colored light bulbs*, I think to myself, looking at the purple light illuminating us—*no one can see you blush*. "Well, no—almost exactly the opposite. Craigslist is for... fuckers?"

"Definitely fuckers," Marc concurs, stubbing out the American Spirit in the ashtray.

"Anyway," I continue, "thinking about this situation—I could keep this picture forever now. I could keep it in my phone and carry it with me everywhere, and show people at my discretion. It's like exhibitionism on this incredible scale, except worse in that you totally forfeit your right to choose when you'll expose yourself."

"I don't even know if there are really exhibitionists anymore," Kathryn says, swirling her whiskey around in its glass. "I mean, we now have the option of living almost totally exposed. Between Facebook, LinkedIn, and Foursquare, it's like having an index of everyone's social, professional and sexual lives. These days, does 'exhibitionism' mean anything? It's basically the norm."

"But even for our sexual lives?" Tim wonders aloud.

"Think about the last time that you saw someone's relationship go 'Facebook official' and what that meant," Kathryn states definitively, setting her right foot down. "I rest my case." In the living room, the drunk girl has upped her game—I see her leaning forward as she talks to the man, exposing more cleavage.

"I guess I never think about it that way, because dating is still confusing as hell," I offer. "It's no easier to actually get to know someone and understand how to be with them, despite the fact that you can more or less track the full trajectory of their life."

"That's the cruel part, I guess," Marc says thoughtfully. "As much as we can know someone through technology, know what school they went to, what bands they like, whether they're a top or bottom, that technology still hasn't helped us to actually be close to other people the way we wish we could."

The drunk girl has done it—the man's arms wrap around her, she rests into him as they sloppily make out. Under the black light I see the lint on her dark dress, the man's hairy arms, the million human details that make each of them up, the millionth-and-one detail of their coming together.

"Desire is always a mystery," Kathryn adds. "A mystery that technology couldn't possibly solve."

I pull my phone out, slide my fingers over the slick screen while the purple light shines off the glass. *Are you sure you want to delete this image?* it asks me. Full of gratitude for the unsolvable mystery, for the equation of desire that brings people together and pushes them apart, for the black light and the drunk breeders making out and the springtime that had quickened in all of us—I click *yes*, and smile as the phone's screen goes blank. ☺

Nick Mattos almost always ends up hanging out in the hallway at parties. It's a good place to hide from guys you once met online. Please don't send nude photos to nickmattos@justout.com.

Are You Ready for the Summer?

get 2 hours of personal training when you join in May

2640 NE Alberta
7522 N Lombard
www.pdxgym.com

WEST COAST
Fitness



portland 503.227.1212 vancouver 360.694.1234



WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO ENJOY YOUR CAR?

WITH GREAT MUSIC, OF COURSE!

MOBILE WEST

140 NE Broadway • 503.257.0488 • www.mobilewestpdx.com

car audio/visual • navigation • security • remote start • wireless solutions • iPod • factory integration



Decisions, Decisions!

You have the red dress but it's all about the shoes!

Mortgages are hard decisions too.
Go to the best!

ROBERT HOGG, CPA
Mortgage Broker • Retired Air Force MSG
OR ML-4832 WA CL237210

RR Financial is not a tax consulting firm. Please seek tax advice from a tax consultant.

RH

Call today and find out your options

503.781.4181

FINANCIAL SERVICES

www.RHFinancial.net

