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# I'm Failing As Fast As I Can—And, Fuck, I Forgot To Hate Lena Dunham Today

Straddling two generations and my love/hate relationship with both Gen-X and Millennials, I'm pretty confidently failing as I sift through all of this shit—the social injustices of being in your 40s, when your friends and co-workers are five to fifteen years younger (and, the other half are five to fifteen years older).

I was raised by baby boomers, which means I was one of the last group of people whose parents took pride in the fact that they beat the fuck out of their kids. We were taught that good boys were strong football players and good girls were pretty, thin and agreeable. Our grandparents were openly racist and we had one of the last groups of parents who didn't understand that antidepressants were considered mainstream. We were the first group of kids who ate TV dinners and McDonald's several times a week, while our moms worked—making less money than they should have and still did all the traditional household chores. Oh, the Reagan Recession was also in full swing.

I imagine myself nesting between two asshole generations, and no one has any idea of the rock and hard place that I've been put. If I could just be a straight Gen-X person, then I could live conscience-free... running the streets while calling everyone fat, judging them on their looks, throwing Coke cans into the Willamette River and driving my SUV down the Spring Water Trail bike path, destroying homeless camps...then going to lunch with my friends and getting laser hair removal to permanently remove all my pubic hair.

Or, if I were a Millennial, I would work part-time, live a childless life with my eight housemates and enjoy eating Pho every

night. I would live in one of three constant states: asleep, stoned or extra stoned. I would be center of my parents' universe, knowing they will always throw me cash when I can't make rent. My life would consist of comedy, art, being sex-positive and only body-positive words would cross my mind. I would have shame-free, guiltless sex and it wouldn't have to mean anything. I would have time to police social injustices. The only hair I would ever shave would be the hair on the sides of my head. Oh, and tattoos—lots of tattoos.

Well, I get neither of these. I get all the pleasure of full-time work and having children, broken appliances, missed deadlines, forgotten bills, dealing with rescheduled orthodontic appointments, school meetings, getting sexually harassed and body-shamed. I also get to hear it from Millennials, who make me feel that I'm not feminism-ing hard enough or correctly. I'm unable to keep up with who is mad at who and why. I was recently bullied online for going to the Women's March, but not attending the protests (you know, the protests with tear gas and jail time). Of course, it was coming from a keyboard warrior who doesn't have children. I won't defend this, because it is very ridiculous.

I also heard grumblings when I co-hosted a comedy show where I chose to showcase women, but it wasn't favored because it wasn't considered a safe space\*. I actually have a very progressive reason for hosting this show and it was by design. First, you can't really have a showcase/open mic and consider it a safe space. You have no idea what you will get at an open mic. Second, I don't have a hair trigger; I believe I am the right person to be in the trenches with the enemy and to call shit

out, instead of ignoring ignorant behavior. Passive Portland, you're so passive that no one knows you're mad, especially non-progressive, twentysomething men, who only understand real words. OR, men my age, who only know the belt. Leaving the room in protest? That's so passive-aggressive—no one learns anything and no one is accountable. If someone does something shitty and you call it out, then they cannot claim ignorance. If you call something out and they continue, then they are an asshole and there is no shame in calling an asshole an asshole.

Sorry for not getting around to hating on Lena Dunham today. I think I'll message her about how making abortion jokes, when you haven't had one, isn't okay.

*\*Safe Space (noun) - a place or environment in which a person or category of people can feel confident that they will not be exposed to discrimination, criticism, harassment, or any other emotional or physical harm.*

*\*ED: Originally, a "safe space" was a term used to describe group therapy or treatment-oriented settings in which clients or members were allowed to say anything they want, without judgment or consequence. Oh, the irony...*

*Tiffany Greysen is a stand-up comedian and writer from Portland-ish, Oregon. She is a freelance writer for several humor publications. Her comedy is part advice columnist and part parenting guide...neither of which should be followed. You can find her on Twitter as @TiffanyGreysen or on Facebook by name.*

# Hawthorne Strip



*Vanuka  
Sweet*

*Riley*

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THE MONTHLY  
**COLUMN**  
BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT  
**25 TRUE HOLLYWOOD FACTS**

Since we don't seem to have a designated entertainment writer to cover all the Hollywood goings-on, I'll step in and fill that void for the time being. You see, I happen to know a good bit about Tinseltown and I have inside connections all over the place. That's how I get the scoop on the odd, interesting tidbits that few people know about their favorite movies and celebrities. I've put together a list of some of the most fascinating facts I could dig up, so enjoy.

1. The 2016 film *Suicide Squad* had 40 minutes of deleted scenes where character "Killer Croc" tries to have sex with various inanimate objects.

2. Mark Jones, the director of the *Leprechaun* film series, wanted to make things as authentic as he possibly could, but was disappointed to learn that actual leprechauns do not exist.

3. Prior to his tragic suicide, actor Robin Williams was slated to appear in the remake of *InnerSpace* as "Wisecracking AIDS Virus."

4. Actor Brad Pitt was very enthusiastic about marketing his own line of underarm deodorant, called "Brad's Pits," but was talked out of it, when wife Angelina Jolie threatened to adopt more kids.

5. Actor and professional annoyance Jack Black only appears in films because of the belief among high-ranking Hollywood executives that this will prevent a horrible voodoo curse from taking effect. Black himself is deliberately kept ignorant of this.

6. In the 2001 horror film *Bones*, rapper Snoop Dogg lobbied director Ernest Dickerson to have all his character's lines changed simply to "boo, nigga." His request was denied.

7. In the first draft of the script for 1989 buddy comedy *Turner & Hooch*, Turner was

the dog's name and Hooch was the name of the guy.

8. The 1998 movie *Patch Adams* has recently found success in unlikely South American markets. The reason for this is that DVDs of the film are being ground up and sold as a miracle cure for cancer.

9. The initial screenplay for the film *Alien Vs. Predator* was, unlike the movie itself, not completely fucking stupid.

10. Watching a full-length horror movie actually burns 200 calories. That's as many as you'd burn if you were taking a dump for five straight hours.

11. There are over 35 unused scripts for *Ernest* movies sitting in a vault in Hollywood, never to see the light of day due to the death of Jim Varney in 2000.

12. Due to an "incident" involving 16 drunken Oompa Loompas defecating in the chocolate river, more than half the cast of the 1971 musical *Willy Wonka And The Chocolate Factory* got hepatitis and could not continue filming for several weeks.

13. The famous scene in the movie *Independence Day*, where actor Will Smith drags an alien through the desert, was not in the script. He had coincidentally managed to find a dead alien while filming and decided to drag it around and kick it for a while. The director made the choice to leave the footage in, and cinematic history was made.

15. Method actor Johnny Depp is known for going to extremes to get into character. For one film, he would only shit in a special coffee can he had chosen, and became angry and violent if someone suggested he do otherwise. He kept this up for six weeks to prepare for his role. The movie? *Chocolat*.

16. In every animated Disney film, there's a scene where a character stares at the crotch of another character for way too long.

17. The movie *Who's Your Caddy* has been found by scientists to cause ass cancer in lab rats.

18. The award-winning 1993 picture *Schindler's List* was initially supposed to be a comedy starring Hulk Hogan, before Steven Spielberg showed interest in the project.

19. Adam Sandler was once encouraged to try method acting for a role. He stayed in character as a mentally-disabled man child for a good three days, before finally being arrested and sent to a mental health facility. It is not known which of his movies he was preparing for.

20. Actor Ryan Reynolds is the heir to the vast Reynolds Wrap fortune, and was fabulously wealthy before his acting career took off.

21. During the filming of *It's A Wonderful Life*, the entire cast discovered that life is, in fact, not wonderful.

22. In the film *Star Wars*, the character of Chewbacca was originally supposed to be a giant panda bear with googly eyes.

23. There is a rumor that you can see the shadow of a Munchkin who hanged himself during a scene in *The Wizard Of Oz*, but it is untrue. The director had all the Munchkins hanged well before that scene was filmed.

24. The opening scene with the monkeys in Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* was based on a time when Kubrick picked his kids up from daycare, then watched some children on the playground savagely club one another with animal bones.

25. On the set of the film *The Hunger Games*, actress Jennifer Lawrence was handed the wrong prop bow and arrow for one scene and was, as a result, accidentally impregnated.

These are not well-known facts, so I hope this helped you learn a little bit about the secrets of the entertainment industry. Hollywood is a veritable den of secrecy and there's always more interesting stuff to find out about, so tune in the next time an entertainment article is required. I'll pretend to be an entertainment columnist once again. Until then, I'll see you at the movies.

-WStM

*Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a film school dropout, popcorn expert, unicorn breeder/puncher, steak sauce salesman, hallway hotdogger, pimpmobile rehabilitator, writer, and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503, and on Facebook by name.*

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# Social Justice Strains

GREEN ROOM DIARIES  
BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME



I saw a bumper sticker that read “Can’t We All Just Get A Bong?” It was attached to a car being pulled over for doing fifteen in a sixty-five and was kind of a lame pun, but it gave me an idea for this column. The following strains are taken from the menu of Tumblr Has Cannabis—a local, free-range, gluten-free, organic, family-owned, non-profit, vegan, intersectional cannabis dispensary.

## Linehopper (sativa-dominant hybrid)

This strain makes you look at whatever you were just doing a few minutes ago as an ugly part of your past, never to be repeated. This morning was simply a dark period of your life that needs some heavy unpacking, but not before a few bongloads of Linehopper. After a few hits, expect to dump your girlfriend and register as a Socialist, unless you’re already a registered Socialist, in which case you can’t afford weed.

## Social Construct Kush (sativa)

After smoking a blunt filled to the brim with this unique strain developed by chemists at University Of California, Berkeley, nothing appears real and everything is open to interpretation. Pulled over while taking a bong rip? You’re not driving. You’re a “free inhabitant,” one who does not identify as the name printed on your state-issued identification card. Getting your ass kicked by a rural cop who didn’t appreciate your response to their asking for your license? Matter is an illusion and pain is only a figment of our simulated reality. Besides, you’re so high, you can barely feel the pavement scraping against your septum piercing.

## That’s Raceberry (indica-dominant hybrid)

Feel free to stay inside all week and avoid the real world, while you consume an ounce or two of That’s Raceberry—a variety of weed that allows you to deter all personal responsibility by labeling everything as racist. Rent due? Not in this gentrified slum—the landlord can take it up with the vintage ice cream shop whose fault it is for raising the property value. Caught on a red light camera, blowing through a school zone in the wrong lane? What, does the judge think all black people look the same? Case dismissed! Smoke enough of this strain and you will eventually feel like you’re high on...

## Oppression-X (heavy indica)

The man, bro. It’s the man. He’s keeping you down...*deep inhale*. Like, even if you want-

ed to apply for that job...*deeper inhale*...and, they don’t piss test you...*violent cough*...you’re gonna end up on some sort of *list*...*cough*...then they come and take your shit. It happened to my buddy Steve...*deep inhale*. He’s a feminist, so they lowered his credit score...*lung-butter-filled coughing fit*. That’s how they got Tupac, man.

## Whiter Widow (sativa)

This weed smells like cat piss, but it’s worth a fortune. You can usually find it in the dispensaries located near the suburbs, but most people don’t bother going out there, because of the Prius traffic. Once you smoke white widow, your dead husband’s bank account turns into a series of bad investments, eventually leaving you with just enough money to purchase some nonprescription glasses and land a job as a blogger for *The Mantagonist*. Whiter Widow is also the only strain of weed that leads to backstage passes at Foreigner shows, appreciation for boxed wine and tattoos that the user has no recollection getting.

## Trigger Diesel (hybrid)

With tiny pink hairs and a pungent odor, this strain will make you paranoid and confident at the same time. Ever felt simultaneously smug and afraid? Trigger Diesel will do the trick. Warning: Trigger Diesel may result in hunger, dryness of the mouth, red eyes, positive results for THC urine tests, potential to co-opt black hairstyle and music, emotional states of melancholy sadness, alternating with euphoric mania, an appreciation for digital entertainment with problematic themes and a predisposition toward finding humor in off-color topics.

## That Stuff In Your Parents’ Drawer

You know, the shit they had back in Woodstock? It’s clean, it works and it gets you high in a way that allows you to go out and do shit. Ya know, make a difference? I mean, what is it with you kids these days and your dabs and rigs and dubstep and all that? Why is your hat shaped like a vagina? Is this really the message you want to send? Okay, fine, just be back by midnight. I can’t keep loaning you the car, though. You’re thirty and you need to get a job. I don’t care if there’s no gender studies graduate section on Monster.com—you’re getting a job. No, your mom and I didn’t vote for Trump. Why are you yelling? What do you mean you’re biracial??? I don’t even understand a word you’re saying.

*TalesFromTheDJBooth.com*



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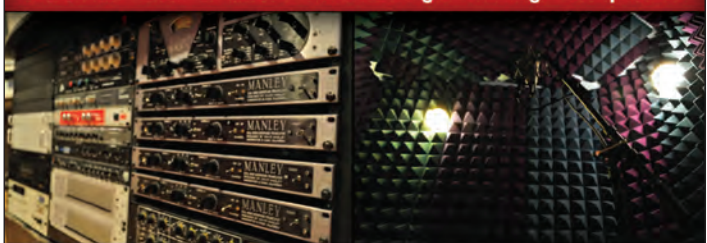
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# Spice of Life

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

It's been almost 400 years since the Puritans arrived in America—introducing moral and religious order. Today's society looks almost nothing like it did back then (thankfully, or you wouldn't be holding this magazine). However, some social norms have remained consistent throughout history—sex and violence.

Since the 1950s, violence on television has continued to increase with lightning speed. According to one published report, television programs display 812 violent acts *per hour*. Before the average American enters adulthood, they will have witnessed 200,000 acts of violence on television, including 16,000 murders (National Center For Biotechnology Information). Aside from what we see on TV, there's plenty more death and destruction devoured up by the American public in video games, social media and news outlets. Even kids movies are loaded with references to extreme violence (I've seen two PG-rated animated movies in the last year, where characters actually use the word "murder"). The experience of viewing violence as entertainment dates to the Roman Empire, where gladiators fought each other to bloody death, while being cheered on by an arena full of fans. Events that almost pale in comparison to the over-the-top violence in games like *Grand Theft Auto*, *Halo* and *Call Of Duty*.

And, then, there is everyone's favorite subject—sex. When it comes to sex, Americans

are extremely diversified, but we like to have it—and have it around—as much as we love our violence. We already know that sex sells. And, it's used to sell everything—from this magazine, to cars, clothing, beauty products, fast food and even frozen food—a recent TV ad for a microwavable food product has a tagline, "food you want to fork." But, recent changes in sexual norms have introduced an entire hookup generation who rely on apps like Blendr, Tinder, Pure (anonymous hookups), Feeld (threesomes & more), Mimitate (users post selfies with whatever they are watching), Whiplr (for those into kinkier hookups), Her (geared to lesbian/gay/queer women) and so much more. The internet and smart devices have helped pioneer an era of oh-so-casual sex, where threesomes and hardcore, kinky sex can now be had at a mere swipe right or left. The introduction of apps that make choosing a casual sex partner another form of online shopping is clear evidence that Americans' view of sexual norms has changed dramatically.

One area where sexual norms have changed is homosexuality. According to the National Survey Of Sexual Health And Behavior (NSSHB), approximately seven percent of females and eight percent of males identify themselves as gay, lesbian or bisexual, but the number of people who say they've had sexual relations with someone of the same gender is higher than that. Same-sex marriage has been le-

gal in Oregon for a few years now, but every year there are multiple hate crimes committed against members of the LGBT communities.

While Americans *have* progressed in some areas of sexual freedom, we have also remained immature, stubborn and slightly stupid when it comes to others. In the state of Alabama, you can't buy sex toys (unless it's for a medical purpose), while Georgia has also outlawed the purchase of a vibrator (the conservative state of Texas allows the purchase of dildos, but no more than six of them, please!). Arizona could charge you with a misdemeanor for cheating on your spouse (adultery is also illegal in South Carolina, as is lying to get a woman to sleep with you). And, in Michigan, it is against the law to have sex with an unmarried woman. If you are a resident of Mississippi, you better not be caught teaching anyone about polygamy and the state of Virginia can charge you with a Class 4 misdemeanor for anyone having sex while unmarried.

When it comes the norms of violence, Americans have got it covered. We have already made it part of our country's DNA. But, when it comes to sex, we are still prude in so many ways. Maybe, just maybe, we haven't changed as much as we'd like to think we have—a misdemeanor for having sex with a single person???

Come on!

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# ACTIVISTS VS. SOCIAL JUSTICE WARRIORS (SJWS)

BY RAY MCMILLIN

*"The difference between SJWs and activists: an activist tries to get a ramp added to a building for easier wheelchair access. The SJW tries to get the stairs removed, because they might offend people who can't use them."*

-Anonymous

What's the difference between an activist and a social justice warrior (SJW)? These two terms are tossed around like a token minority friend during a discussion about race, so let's explore.

## Facts Versus Feelings, Us Versus Me

An activist will use feelings as a tool to draw attention to problematic facts, while an SJW will use facts to draw attention to problematic feelings. The activist says, "If you care about those in need, why are so many war vets and single mothers homeless?" An SJW says, "That documentary about single moms and war vets really hurt me and I think they should edit out a few scenes." My SJW neighbor (hetero, white, etc.) asks my trans activist neighbor what their preferred pronoun is, then my trans activist neighbor rolls their eyes and responds with "Sarah." SJW neighbor apologizes, walks away, then Sarah and I share a joint, while talking about music. SJW neighbor is likely on her way to draft an apology letter to non-binary people everywhere. Meanwhile, I see Sarah as more than a pronoun.

Echoing this sentiment, an activist says "we," while an SJW says "you" or "I." For every identity a person has, an equally sensitive ego exists. The more group labels one clings to, the easier it is to get offended by something and, thus, draw attention to one's need to fuel a narcissistic supply with validation or, put simply, feelings. On the other end, if one's oppressors are easily identifiable due to group labels, all accusations of, for instance, "acting like a Nazi," are restricted to those who believe in associated (seemingly right-wing or pro-white) opinions, while all applicable-to-the-SJW behavioral traits associated with said label (dogmatic thinking, violence, verbal abuse, group aesthetic, national socialist undertones, etc.) are excluded from the court of personal responsibility...thanks to group dynamic acrobatics.

In short, activists take an us-versus-them approach to social justice, while SJWs take a me-versus-you approach—with an ironic reliance on group mechanics to establish individual identities. Plus, glass houses and projection seem to be

in full effect. I don't spend all day insisting that I'm not racist. I don't spend all day insisting that I'm not sexist. But, I do spend all day insisting that I'm not high. Why? Because I'm not racist, I'm not sexist and I smoke a ton of weed. Glass house, sixteen rows of plants, totally visible by helicopter. Something tells me that if I sold it to an SJW, it would fill up with black ex-boyfriends and passive-aggressive requests to touch their hair.

## Victor Versus Victim

An activist will actively attempt to put themselves in a position of respected power, whether through politics, career or social status, so that they (and the groups they advocate for) can subvert the experience of being a victim. An SJW will actively attempt to place themselves into a position of victimhood, by aligning with, identifying as or creating a brand-new, marginalized "victim" identity, so that they can distance themselves from established systems of power.

Victimhood, to the SJW, is power.

Since SJWs typically come from financially secure, pampered backgrounds, self-imposed downward mobility ensures that they will never have to be held accountable for the supposed privilege or oppression that they are always screaming about. Insert here a *Fluffington Toast* piece titled "I'm Biologically White, But I Was Just Called Mexican In Front Of My Child And It Was Triggering" and 1,000 words that are in no way dedicated to social change, but rather, reek of narcissistic validation for the owner of the world's smallest violin factory. Being able to find (and take) offense in any situation is also a useful tool to shut down dissenting opinions and avoid critical discourse.

Real-world impact brought about by activists often requires effort, or worse, interacting with oppressors, such as the local congress or city council. These meetings often address real problems that affect thousands of people. First-world oppression concepts, such as manspreading or microaggressions, exist to validate the victim-aligned SJW, who would not be able to function in a non-oppressive reality that held them responsible for their own circumstances. The status of perpetual victim distances oneself from responsibility. We are all Facebook friends with someone who is constantly treating their day-to-day stresses like a recurring cancer diagnosis—using the "I can't even, because..." tone—to find systematic oppression in everything from their Starbucks visit,

to random scribbles on the sidewalk. Unfollow, but don't unfriend—you will never hear the end of it.

## Inclusion Versus Exclusion

An activist seeks to maximize the number of opinions and perspectives brought to any given table, while an SJW seeks to limit speech on both the micro and macro levels. As a white male activist, my duty would be to reach out to non-white peers with an invite or, at the very least, invite fellow whites whom I feel could benefit from an invite. As a white male SJW, on the other hand, I would sit out the discussion, so that members of non-majority classes can take the time allotted to me, because privilege. It doesn't matter if the discussion is algebra and I happen to be a calculus tutor on the autism spectrum, because privilege. My degree in math? Privilege.

Even more "problematic" is the idea that limiting speech will somehow remove it from the mainstream dialogue. The main reason that members of the ACLU (activists) defend the speech rights of groups like the KKK is because they understand the implications of restricting speech of Group X and how it can lead to restriction of Group Y. But, I will go one step further and argue that mold grows best in the dark, and to expose the messages of hate groups and the like is to prevent them from multiplying in the shadows.

SJWs, in their attempt to police everything from comedy to drama (which results in an ironic swap between the two categories), are partially responsible for the recent rise in alt-right groups and, well, the current U.S. president. The Bill Mahers of the world may collapse under the demands of SJWs, but Breitbart won't. The KKK doesn't consult Buzzfeed. Hitler Youth won't apologize for misgendering your pug. And, thanks to a climate of SJW threats, all of the middle-ground candidates in this last election cycle died in a sea of tears and anxiety, while an unapologetic reality TV host took the seat from a DNC pick with a history of corruption (who was given the gig over an old Jewish dude, because equality of outcomes—see below—means we need a corrupt vagina running the country, instead of an honest, albeit circumcised, penis). Once free speech is outlawed, only outlaws will have free speech.

Of note, activists demand an audit after an electoral loss (Jill Stein), while SJWs disappear into a fit of tear-soaked obscurity (Hillary Clinton).

What's even more harmful to the marginalized groups that SJWs claim to speak for, is the removal of identity and agency from those groups—caused by SJW nonsense. I was at a party in the Portland area a bit ago, smoking blunts in a garage and talking shit with a group of black dudes. A white SJW girl enters the conversation and, at some point between the fiftieth and sixtieth N-bomb exchanged by two black partygoers, she “politely” reminds the dudes that their language may be “problematic for other guests.” Granted, they were the only black dudes at the party. But Steph, who lives in Unit 23, might overhear their loud voices and get offended. Ya know, can you keep it less “urban” in here? Needless to say, I did learn that one phrase, “Fuck outta here, bitch,” is equally triggering to Portland State students as colloquial euphemisms exchanged by non-white youth.

### Boost Versus Boycott

An activist will advocate for the expansion of alternative media outlets and employment opportunities, in an effort to include marginalized groups, while SJWs will simply attempt to destroy the livelihood of anyone with a different opinion. Expanding on this, an activist will bring their dialogue into a forum where people are willing to listen (i.e. giving public testimony regarding proposed legislation at a city council meeting), while SJWs will knowingly insert their talking points into a discussion or environment in which they are not welcome, so that they can foster a hostile environment from which to draw victim points.

GamerGate is a fine example of this; ignore the fact that Anita Sarkesian has gone on record as saying she's never been a fan of video games, ignore the fact that Zoe Quinn doesn't know the difference between programming a game and setting up a playable website in basic HTML, ignore all of that...I'm waiting for someone to explain to me how feminist themes add to the experience of gunning down Nazis in full HD, while a teenager screams racial slurs at me through a six-dollar headset. “Wow, I really slaughtered a bunch of terrorists in that last round, but the real takeaway was the realistic body images of the hostages.” I am the first person to ever utter that phrase (and, hopefully, the last).

The epicenter of “Nice thing you got going here,

let me destroy it with some SJW napalm” is social media. A bit ago, a “comedian” from our neck of the woods discovered a comment thread on a right-wing podcast's Facebook page, in which a group of right-wing men were saying mean things about a left-leaning female comedian. I know, stop the press. We've got an exclusive. But anyhow, the local comic in question (with regards to this paragraph, not the comic being discussed in the Facebook thread), decided to jump into the discussion, scream “misogyny body-shaming mumbo jumbo voodoo witches' brew” and threatened to call everyone's mom...er, excuse me, employers, and tell them that angry neckbeards were saying mean things on the internet.

Podcast host gets temporarily removed from Twitter, because SJW comic has “friends who built social media” (whatever, Al Gore). Momentary victory among catty, cat-eyed cat ladies ensues. A



month or two passes. Podcast guy's pages are put back up, local outrage comedian and comedian who was target of mean comments drift into obscurity.

However, if you do a Google search for outrage comic's name, the third or fourth result (below a stack of links to a porn star of the same name) is a news article that reads, “Progressive Comedians Trying to Get [Podcaster] Booted Off Social Media.” A quick Twitter audit shows that she has purchased about a third of her followers (eggs without tweets, free band name). Last I saw, she was commenting on a Facebook thread that didn't concern her, threatening to tag a venue owner over hurt feelings. Far from Hollywood. So, either her friends who invented social media aren't very good friends, or the whole incident was a momentary publicity stunt—complete with victim status and a buzzword salad. I'm choosing to omit her name not because I'm afraid she'll con-

tact my employers (me, myself and I), but rather, I feel kind of bad for the lady. SJWs often fail to realize their own potential, because they continue to focus on negativity and social policing even after they have landed a position of social or vocational power. If your friends “built social media,” why not take advantage of that and promote your latest special? And, if you don't have a “latest special,” perhaps your time is better spent doing things besides trolling trolls in on Trollbook and earning the reputation of being “that chick who always tries to get everyone fired.”

### Equality Of Opportunity Versus Equality Of Outcomes

An activist will seek to ensure equality of opportunity, while SJWs seek to ensure equality of outcomes. Flip a coin 100 times. If the coin is fair, balanced and not being controlled by a third-party force, one would accept an outcome of, say, 60x heads and 40x tails one time, then 51x heads and 49x tails the next time and so on, as dictated by the laws of probability (as long as the coin is fair). The SJW, on the other hand, will point to the randomized, naturally-occurring discrepancy as a function of some larger conspiracy to keep tails from winning, while lobbying for an exact 50x heads, 50x tails outcome. Even though this type of fully-equal outcome would be much more indicative of a grand conspiracy or system of control that requires an extreme amount of discrimination to guarantee, the SJW desires measures be taken to ensure a fair outcome of heads and tails. More white doctors than

black doctors? Racism in the hospital. Men dominate a certain field? Patriarchy in action. Laws of averages do not apply to the teenage blogger that insists we need more differently-abled, Indian, trans, male, vegan, single mothers working at Bob's Rural Bowling Alley.

Now, let's consider the fire department as a real-life example of this application. According to a *New York Post* article from 2015, The FDNY was staffed with an overwhelmingly male crew, which caused them to catch some heat (pun ignored). In theory, an activist would seek to find out why the discrepancy occurs, propose realistic suggestions regarding opportunities for women, interview female applicants who had been denied a job, etc., in an effort to see *if* there is a problem. SJWs, on the other hand, were in charge of fixing said inequality, so they assumed there *if* a problem, then had the FDNY lower logistical barriers to employment, such as the physical testing stan-

dards of applicants. And, with that, a quota-filling firefighter named Rebecca Wax was hired, after skipping a “functional training skills” test.

Are there women who can scale burning buildings to save babies? You bet your ass there are. But, these women aren't going to cry when they hear about a mostly-male fire department, probably because they already work in one. This is the crucial difference between activists and SJWs, in terms of equality. Activists would be angry if a female bodybuilder with giant lungs was denied a job, so that Donut Dan could keep his—that would be looking at equality of opportunity. On the contrary, SJWs, who seek equality of outcomes, simply want the bar lowered, so that a person who looks/identifies/eats/sloths, in the same way as they do, could hypothetically become a fireperson (or, a scientist, doctor, Ghostbuster, etc.). And, as an old lady feels her skin melt away from her bones as her retirement home is engulfed in hellfire, the SJW listens closely for her last words, “I understand I'm going to die, but at least you were given the opportunity.” This isn't just a neo-fauxmenist issue, either; I'm sure there are men's rights activists, somewhere, lobbying to get more bros into Victoria's Secret catalogs. Same SJWs, different genders.

If SJWs want to get serious about equality of outcomes, we're gonna need a few of them to give up their desk jobs and go work in the warehouse, so the folks who risk their lives on a forklift can represent all genders and demographics. On the other hand, if SJWs win and we are forced into respecting equality of outcomes, I'm gonna audition to dance at whatever strip club you're reading this in. And, trust me, you don't want to see “The Rusty Lawnmower” or “Turtleneck Richard” (those were my disqualified *Polerotica* submissions; take a look at the calendar to your right, to see the locations of the qualifier round and final rounds).

The bottom line is that you're not going to change the world if you're too busy changing your grievances.

#### **Regarding The Column About Sex Abuse In Local Entertainment**

Because I don't want to discuss a topic that deals with sexual assault in a local scene under the banner of “Erotic City,” I've gone ahead and taken care of the column elsewhere, see *Tales From The DJ Booth* on page 36.

## **eroticcity** spotlight

**THU 4 – LUCKY DEVIL – 5<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL STAR WARS PARTY**

**THU 4 – KIT KAT CLUB  
POLEROTICA QUALIFIER ROUND V**

**FRI 5 – CINCO DE MAYO PARTY  
CABARET, GOLD CLUB, STARS CABARET (SALEM)**

**FRI 5 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB  
DICK HENNESSY'S STRIPPO DE MAYO**

**WED 10 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB  
POLEROTICA QUALIFIER ROUND VI**

**SAT 13 – SHOTSKI'S (SALEM)  
COMEDY W/ SAM TALLENT & RAY MCMILLIN**

**SUN 14 – THE GOLD CLUB – SINGLE MOTHER'S DAY**

**WED 17 – HAWTHORNE STRIP  
RILEY'S B-DAY TOGA PARTY**

**THU 18 – THE FIREHOUSE CABARET (SALEM)  
XXX STAR JOANNA ANGEL**

**FRI 19 & SAT 20 – SUNSET STRIP  
XXX STAR JOANNA ANGEL**

**SAT 20 – SAFARI SHOWCLUB – 90S NIGHT**

**SAT 20 – CLUB SINROCK – DICK HENNESSY'S  
MOTORBOOTY TWERKING COMPETITION**

**THU 25 – CHEETAHS (SALEM)  
BOTTOMLESS PARTY & HYPNOX B-DAY BASH**

**THU 25 – DREAM ON SALOON – COUNTRY NIGHT**

**THU 25 – STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT)  
WILD, WILD WEST PARTY**

**FRI 26 – FUNHOUSE LOUNGE  
COMIC STRIP W/ WENDY WEISS**

**FRI 26 – TOMMY'S TOO – DAISY DUKES CONTEST**

**SAT 27 – DANTE'S – POLEROTICA FINALS**

**SUN 28 – LUCKY DEVIL – WESTERN PARTY**



## LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE:

# CRY, BABY, CRY

"Tenderness is a weakness." - Marc Almond

Pop culture portrays sensitivity as impotence. Selfishness is chic and tenderness is weak. I say they have it backward. Being sensitive is a strength and an asset. Without it, there would be no Dolly Parton or Dali Lama or Salvador Dali.

When I say sensitive, I don't mean political snowflake sensitivity, found on either side of any polarized argument. I don't mean the sensitive political correctness that armchair activists safely execute from the shelter of a computer screen, as they desperately seek a merit badge for each bandwagon they board. It's not the overly sensitive, right-wing brute who can't take the type of criticism they dish out. I mean the kind of sensitive that weeps with you when you talk about how you tried to jump off the balcony, when your ex barricaded you in the apartment...that flushes when you finally rip open your chest and confess you really do have a heart hidden behind all that blackened bone...that cringes when you make insensitive comments about how you're way too clumsy and should plan ahead, since you already know you're accident-prone and will spill that club soda all over the carpet a third time. The sensitive that runs hospitals, adopts battered dogs and volunteers at jails.

Society cultivates indifference of the heart—it mocks us softies. I refuse to let it snuff my innate sweetness. I won't allow the world to harden my heart.

Songs on the radio depict love as criminal, asinine and insane. One must play the game, lest ye be played, fool. Meme culture propagates side chicks and side dicks as the status quo, because accursed be to the romantic moron who actually

cares about their partner. They tell us it's just not cool to catch feelings. I'd rather be uncool in the eyes of the spineless than uncomfortably numb...any day.

I've been shamed for being sensitive since I can remember. By my mother. My brothers. My friends. My boyfriends. My colleagues. My bosses. Strangers, even.

If I cried because my brothers tied me up with socks and forced me to watch *The Exorcist* as a preschooler, I was a cry baby. If I came home crying because the two popular blonde girls at school who pretended to be my friends made fun of me for being a chubby third-grader and locked me in a bathroom stall—I'd get some sympathy, but, inevitability, my mother would urge me to stop being a cry baby. By the time my best friend Brooke—yet another Florida blonde—sucked my boyfriend's dick in seventh grade, I developed a violent sheath to protect the squishy cry baby within and I smashed her rodent face into an open locker door half a dozen times, until she ate metal and was doused in her own blood. Sure, I got grounded for weeks and went to detention, but no one called me a cry baby that day.

Three years of therapy showed me that my anger and aggression veils a life of tumult, much of which is rooted in habitually being ridiculed for my emotional response to horrendous situations. Now, I refrain from pummeling faces and instead let the waterworks flow.

Recently, at my day job, a presumably mentally unstable person yelled at me. I saw his clenched knuckles whiten in the rear view, as rush hour traffic piled around us. I kept my cool while driving, spoke in a soft voice, but also as-

serted that I was not going to tolerate his hateful onslaught. Despite his unrelenting insults, I politely dropped him off at the store. When I told my boss about the hostile incident over the phone, I uncontrollably burst into tears. She assured me she had my back. We rehashed what happened in person. She handed me tissues and hugged me as I cried again. But, the next day, she looked at me with cold eyes and said, "You need thicker skin." She tricked me into being sincere and open, only to be called a cry baby yet again.

I screamed inside. It's not like I was locked on a short bus, with an elderly madman who kept calling me a dumb bitch and threatened to make sure I lose my job, all because I didn't take the route to Fred Meyer that he wanted me to drive. I didn't fear for my life or anything while wearing a mask of tranquility to ensure I don't fuel the psycho fire in front of me. But, yeah, maybe I do need thicker skin to deal with a corrupted society that punishes the heartfelt. How about...fuck that.

It's not my problem people are mean-spirited or that the world can be malicious. If anything, it's society's problem for being an asshole. You just ain't woke if you can't even evoke. Quit judging and join us. Cry, Baby, cry.

*Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. Cry and be free with her at [JaimeDunkle.com](http://JaimeDunkle.com) or [@JaimeDunkle](https://www.instagram.com/JaimeDunkle). No creepers allowed.*







*Nikki Diesel*  
*From Kit Kat Club*

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# Wolves Among Us: Sexual Assault In Local Entertainment Scenes

Multiple women in Salem's open-mic comedy scene had accused John Doe of sexual assault on different occasions. In one instance, the victim took photos of bruises. Another incident involved stalking a girl at her place of residence. A third incident involved John Doe sending sexually-threatening text messages to a friend of mine. Reports from the rumor mills far and near continued to pile up throughout the last year. I made a very general ("Hey folks, can we keep an eye out for creepos at the mics, k thx") Facebook post in a closed group and was immediately greeted with a text message from John Doe, telling me to keep "posts about him" out of the group. So, in a court of common sense, one would assume that this dude was a problem.

Yet, when I reached out to a mutual friend of John and mine, a pro-feminist, super left-leaning, seemingly intelligent female comedian, she defended the guy by saying, "He's in therapy and trying to work on his issues, so the witch hunt is unnecessary." So, here we are at the facts-versus-feelings debate again; the modern SJW sees more offense in calling a sexual predator out, than they do the fact that the dude is a sexual predator—lurking at the same establishments as their victims. If fifth-wave neo-faunxenism insists that men are born predators, unable to refrain from acting on their urges (a stance I don't necessarily agree with), where does it follow that "Oh, but if they talk to a shrink for a few hours, that patriarchal genetic disposition just goes away." Maybe Ted Bundy just needed a hug?

Months after the initial accusations against John Doe were made (and, in the time since, verified), an established comedian visited the most popular open-mic comedy venue in town and, to his surprise, John Doe was on stage telling jokes. Again, a(nother) female host defended his being there. This, to the logical and somewhat-emotionally-tuned-in brain, seems baffling. I've seen comics get banned from venues for *mentioning* sexual assault (even in jokes aimed *against* perpe-

trators), so why don't comics get banned for accusations of sexual assault? "Reserve the right to refuse service to anyone" should include people who have been accused of assaulting multiple women (many of whom also patronize the venues in town, as performers and audience members).

So, with the above in mind, I decided to travel sixty miles away to Eugene, for an open-mic that doesn't openly feature rapists. After the show, I was bullshitting with the host about this and that, and I brought up the situation with the Salem venue. To my utter fucking shock, he addressed the issue by saying, "Actually, two of the girls who accused John Doe of assault were also caught drinking at the theater and lying to cover up the fact they're 19, so, their story is sketchy..." Again, what the fuck? What happened to "believe the victim" and all that? This isn't rural Oregon, either. We're talking venues that feature comics who identify as SJWs, male feminists, "safe space" comics, uber-left gender studies students—a whole roster of folks, who would typically be the first to call something out as "problematic."

At this point, I did what you're not supposed to do after drinking and arguing, and I went on the Salem venue's Facebook page to call shit out. I left a review that said, in short, that while I appreciated all the opportunity the theater has brought myself and others—while acknowledging that the staff and I were considered (at one point) to be friends—it is alarming that nothing is being said about the multiple accusations of sexual assault against a comedian who the venue continues to allow back.

What was the response? A text message from the Eugene comedy host, asking me what it will take to get me to stop "trying to destroy his friend's business, [the Salem venue]." I was called an "instigator," told that I'm "jealous of not being asked to perform" at the Salem venue, in cahoots with the women who accused John Doe of assault, etc. Maybe I took the wrong marketing class,

but "accuse a place of sexual assault out of spite" is not in the handbook of friendly competition that I usually consult as a comedy show producer. Rather, I am sick of getting emails from folks asking if "the venue(s) I book are the same places that allow rapists and stuff."

Of note, the staff at the Salem venue being addressed here have provided nothing but radio silence on the issue—with the exception of a few closed-door meetings with one comedian, who ended up having to get a restraining order against John Doe. All I asked for was for them to address the issue and I was met with, well, silence from the venue and, from their friends and supporters—the same treatment that sexual predators use to silence their victims; gaslighting ("It probably never happened"), victim-blaming ("No one lies about being 21 to get beer, besides women who would lie about getting raped"), personal attacks ("You're an instigator"), the whole nine. Sure, aside from a handful of kick-ass locals who sided with the victims, a few friends of mine and fellow comedians were appreciative of the "heads up regarding who not to book." But, to me, that just seems like asking what beaches are filled with sharks and simply deciding to swim elsewhere.

This type of situation happens *often* in the entertainment scene—mostly in local or open-mic settings that allow pretty much anyone to get on stage. The ironic thing is that when a non-issue arises, it turns into a five-hundred-comment-deep argument on social media, over whether or not So And So said a mean thing to That One Girl at Important Guy's show. But, much like with the Handy McFondle situation I addressed in this very column a year or two ago, in which a safe-space male feminist comedian turned out to be...wait for it...oh, you guessed it already, didn't you? Yeah, I've come to the conclusion that creepy date rapists don't like "unsafe" rooms that attract comics with spines, for the same reason that terrorists choose schools and churches, but rarely at-

tempt to light up a gun show or biker rally.

Although discussion about open-mic comedy might not appear to belong in a magazine that deals primarily with adult topics (funded by advertisements for strip clubs), it is worth noting that burlesque dancers and comedians have been cohorts since the earliest days of X-rated performance. Hell, most of our writers moonlight as underpaid, underrated, local comedians (check 'em out). Plus, considering Portland's diversity (race excluded), a decent handful of stand-up comics moonlight as strippers and/or MCs at strip clubs. So, it is not unreasonable to imagine a stripper who wraps up her mid-shift before heading over to Joe's Open Mic & Vegan Pho, with a friend scheduled to host Sinferno later on that night.

Back to the not-so-uplifting topic of sexual assault in the local entertainment scene(s). If places that feature open-mic jokes and improv comedy are the breeding grounds for sexual assault, what's with strip clubs? After all, you've got tons of naked women hanging around and only a handful of security guards, so it makes sense, that creepers would frequent the nudie bars, yes? Well, that's not exactly the case. In fact, once a customer (or coworker) is accused by a *single dancer* of assault, that person's photo makes the rounds on Twitter faster than fake news articles that explain how Bernie can still win. Dancers share lists of customers who are known for assaulting, harassing, following, stalking or generally offending dancers. And, surprise surprise...the system does not seem to be abused. Strippers are fucking democratic, yo. Ex-boyfriends and shitty tippers are kept out of the picture, with applicable and selective attention being paid to real threats.

Security guards (who can be considered as partial "hosts" of strip clubs, so to speak) will respond to *every single accusation* made against a customer. If, in the case of a false accusation, an ex-boyfriend or douchey-but-not-dangerous customer is asked to leave, he or she will still be given the eject button. Strip clubs tend to err on the side of "one customer lost is not as bad as a dancer harassed," which should not be a revolutionary or radical concept for any performance venue—naked-friendly or otherwise.

The question here, then, is how local entertainment scenes foster a marketplace for performance, where women who strip naked in front of gang members and drug

dealers are treated with more respect (and safety) than women who perform in comedy clubs—especially those advertised as "safe spaces" and "inclusive for marginalized groups." I'd argue that seeing the dude who bruised you during a sexual assault, on stage, telling a joke, while other women laugh, is a *tad* more marginalizing than being a quarter Asian and taking offense to a joke about North Korea.

Personal takeaway here his two-fold; I've not only learned that my hypothesis around feigned activism/advocacy (i.e. being an SJW) is usually a cover up or smokescreen that clouds deep-seated issues and/or a fear of not being able to be, well, "active" or "advocate" for real-life incidents of assault, but also, that an industry in which sexuality, booze and potential risk (i.e. strip clubs) are brought out into the open, proactive solutions are unable to be avoided, in terms of reducing the likeliness of sexual assault (whereas free-for-all venues like open-mic comedy nights are often unregulated playgrounds for pedophiles who have outgrown the swing set circuit).

Parents, if your daughter happens to be a stripper who does stand-up comedy on the side, let her know that one of her career choices is full of predatory men, who will attempt to exploit her innocence and outgoing sexuality in ways that only the worst members of society are privy to. The other career choice features bouncers, clean stages, warm food and fair monetary compensation. I'm gonna leave it to you to decide which is which.

If you haven't picked up on it yet, this column has not been solely about stand-up comedy open mics, strip clubs, creepy dudes in Salem or the venues that proudly invite them back. Rather, this is about "social justice" and the ways that it's never really around in practice, but only in theory. SJWs are the new conservative religious fanatics, spouting talking points, spewing guilt and treating all of society's ills as a problem that will fix itself—if only everyone else would follow their belief systems. In areas where the neo-left, ignore-everything, safe-space culture is allowed to thrive (open mic comedy venues), real-life issues (sexual assault, etc.) will continue to go unaddressed in practice.

On the other hand, in areas that mainstream society has deemed inappropriate or underground (strip clubs, gay bars, adult shops,

swinger clubs, etc.), predators are more likely to be ejected simply because there is no need to put up the SJW smokescreen. Members of such communities are not only unafraid to discuss potential hazards, including (but not limited to) sexual assault, but they are required to *accept* that such predators exist. There is a sign in the restroom of a very "on the DL," gritty, dive-y gay bar that I frequent (sorry boys, I'm just avoiding the soccer moms) that has a phone number you can call, if you feel you're on an unsafe date. In the next stall over, two dudes may be sharing coke and other things...but, it's still not a dangerous place to pee. In the stand-up comedy open mic venues, phone numbers are scrawled along the walls, next to "call Name Redacted for a good time." In the restroom at Kit Kat Club, they have a dude who offers all sorts of cool shit, from cologne to cigarettes (this has nothing to do with the subject at hand, but is worth a shout out.. besides, homeboy probably wouldn't let a predator set up shop if one tried).

So, what do we do about it? Talk. Make it known that it's an actual issue. Trust your gut and speak on it. Instead of naming venues and calling out comics (and generally starting that infamous Ray-based shitstorm that I used to engage in), here is a list of resources that can assist you in reporting sexual assault—complete with counselors and legal consultants that know what steps someone should take. The biggest barrier to the women mentioned in this story is the fact that they didn't immediately report their crimes. Sure, John Doe used a stage name, was subletting a room and threatened his victims with further harassment, but we're dealing with a grim reality, that being a fucked-up legal system in which sexual assault victims are treated with less respect from the system than someone on the terrorist watch list receives at the airport.

Thus, if you or someone you know needs resources, consider the following local organizations:

**Sexual Assault Resource Center (SARC)** - (503) 626-9100

**Oregon Sexual Assault Task Force** - <http://OregonSATF.org/Help-For-Survivors/>

**Portland Women's Crisis Line** - (503) 235-5333

Speak up, say names (within the realms of your lawyer's advice) and make it known.

# STRIP CLUBS

**ACROPOLIS 1 FOOD LOTTERY**  
8325 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 231-9611  
Daily 10:30am-2:30am

**BOOM BOOM ROOM 4 FOOD LOTTERY**  
8345 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 244-7630  
Daily 2pm-2am

**BOTTOMS UP! 5 FOOD LOTTERY**  
16900 NW St Helens Rd | (503) 621-9844  
Daily 12pm-2:30am

**CABARET 7 FOOD LOTTERY**  
17544 SE Stark St | (503) 252-3529  
Daily 2pm-2:30am

**CASA DIABLO 46 FOOD LOTTERY**  
2839 NW St Helens Rd | (503) 222-6600  
Daily 11am-2:30am

**CLUB PLAY PEN 30 FOOD LOTTERY**  
6210 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 281-3212  
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am

**CLUB ROUGE 48 FOOD LOTTERY**  
403 SW Stark St | (503) 227-3936  
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am

**CLUB SINROCK 23 FOOD**  
12035 NE Glisan St | (503) 889-0332  
Daily 2pm-2:30am

**DANCIN' BARE 11 FOOD LOTTERY**  
8440 N Interstate Ave | (503) 285-9073  
Daily 11:30am-2:30am

**DEVILS POINT 12 FOOD LOTTERY**  
5305 SE Foster Rd | (503) 774-4513  
Daily 11am-2:30am

**DREAM ON SALOON 16 FOOD LOTTERY**  
15920 SE Stark St | (503) 253-8765  
Daily 11:30am-2am

**DUSK 'TIL DAWN: CASA DIABLO II 80 FOOD LOTTERY**  
8845 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 222-6610  
Daily 2pm-2:30am

**DVB 17 FOOD LOTTERY**  
5021 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 788-7178  
Daily 2pm-2:15am

**THE GOLD CLUB 72 FOOD LOTTERY**  
17180 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 908-1177  
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-12am

**HAWTHORNE STRIP 19 FOOD**  
3532 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 232-9516  
Daily 2pm-2:30am

**KING'S 15 FOOD LOTTERY**  
13550 SE Powell Blvd | (971) 703-4248  
Daily 1pm-2:30am

**KIT KAT CLUB 69 FOOD LOTTERY**  
231 SW Ankeny St | (503) 208-3229  
Daily 5pm-2:30am

**LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE 47 FOOD LOTTERY**  
633 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 206-7350  
Daily 11am-2:30am

**MARY'S CLUB 25 FOOD LOTTERY**  
129 SW Broadway | (503) 227-3023  
Daily 11:30am-2:30am

**MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 52 FOOD LOTTERY**  
9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523  
Daily 11am-2:30am

**PIRATE'S COVE 29 FOOD LOTTERY**  
7417 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 287-8900  
Daily 2pm-2:30am

**RIVERSIDE CORRAL 31 FOOD LOTTERY**  
545 SE Tacoma St | (503) 232-6813  
Mon-Sat 10am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-1am

**ROSE CITY STRIP 10 FOOD LOTTERY**  
3620 SE 35th Pl | (503) 760-8128  
Daily 3pm-2:30am

**THE RUNWAY GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 55 FOOD LOTTERY**  
1735 SE Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 640-4086  
Mon-Wed Noon-1am, Thu-Fri Noon-2:30am,  
Sat 4pm-2:30am & Sun 4pm-1am

**SAFARI SHOWCLUB 33 FOOD LOTTERY**  
3000 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 231-9199  
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am

**SCARLET LOUNGE 60 FOOD LOTTERY**  
12646 SE Division St | (503) 477-4318  
Daily 10am-2:30am

**SHIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 40 FOOD LOTTERY**  
8000 SE Foster Rd | (971) 230-0047  
Mon-Sat 9:30am-2:30am, Sun 10am-2:30am

**SKINN GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 21 FOOD**  
4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771  
Sun-Thu 10am-2am, Fri-Sat 10am-1am

**SPEARMINT RHINO 65 FOOD LOTTERY**  
15826 SE Division St | (503) 894-9219  
4pm-2:30am Daily

**SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 49 FOOD LOTTERY**  
33 NW 2nd Ave | (503) 243-4646  
Sun-Thu 6pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am

**STARS CABARET BRIDGEPORT 50 FOOD**  
17939 SW McEwan Rd | (503) 726-2403  
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 4pm-2am

**THE SUNSET STRIP 37 FOOD LOTTERY**  
10205 SW Park Way | (503) 297-8466  
Mon-Fri 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am,  
Sun 5pm-2:30am

**UNION JACKS 43 FOOD**  
938 E Burnside St | (503) 236-1125  
Mon-Thu 4pm-2:30am, Fri-Sun 3pm-2:30am

**TOMMY'S TOO 39 FOOD**  
10335 SE Foster Rd | (503) 432-8238  
Daily 10am-2am

**WHISPERS 67**  
8102 NE Killingsworth St | (971) 255-1039  
Daily 11am-3am

**XPOSE 70 FOOD LOTTERY**  
10140 SW Canyon Rd | (503) 430-5364  
Daily 3pm-2:30am

# EVERYTHING ELSE

**ADAM & EVE 121**  
9220 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 224-1604  
Mon-Thu 11am-9pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm,  
Sun 12pm-6pm

**ADULT VIDEO ONLY 102**  
Vancouver:  
19260 NE 4th Plain Rd | (360) 891-3988  
Mon-Tue 12pm-10pm, Wed-Sat 12pm-12am,  
Sun 12pm-8pm

**ALL ADULT VIDEO 103**  
14555 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 652-2004  
Daily 24 hours

**ARMCHAIR FAMILY VIDEO 105**  
3205 SE Milwaukie Ave | (503) 477-5446  
Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm

**B.A. VIDEO 122**  
7964 SE Foster Rd | (503) 477-5446  
Mon-Fri 11am-7pm, Sat 11am-5pm

**CATALYST: A SEX POSITIVE PLACE 171**  
5224 SE Foster Rd | (503) 726-9930  
Hours vary by events

**CINDIE'S 109**  
8201 SE Powell Blvd #H | (503) 771-9979  
Mon-Sat 9am-12am, Sun 11am-10pm

**CLUB FANTASY 158**  
1232 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 445-6688  
Daily 24 hours

**EKOTIC NIGHTS BOOKS 114**  
5620 NE MLK Blvd | (503) 493-3944  
Mon-Fri 12pm-11pm, Sat 5pm-12am  
Live Models: Mon-Sat 12pm-11pm

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**FROLOGS 120**  
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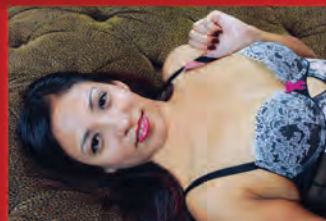
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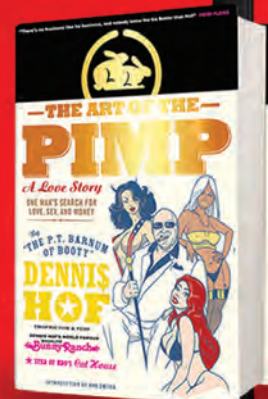
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## DERELICTION: TYPICAL BY CHRISTIAN RICKETTS

No bed frame, just a mattress and box spring on the floor. Clare looked over at the man sleeping next to her, Mac. This is Mac's apartment. She didn't notice the night before, when they came stumbling in, how shabby his room was. Closing her eyes, she felt her head swim, remembering falling on the bed and running her hands up his shirt and across his hard abs. The last few men she hooked up were doughy and awkward. Mac had a lean build, a thick beard and a fine mat of straight black hair on most of his body—a current running from the back of his neck to the crack of his ass. His dick was skinny and long. Everything about him was long and dramatic; nose, eyelashes, fingers, perfect legs. He had wavy hair, round John Lennon glasses and usually had a Greek fisherman's cap tilted back on his head.

And, his arms looked toned.

How did she get so lucky? Images of the future flashed by—the two of them holding hands at a protest, standing together at a table asking people for signatures, being interviewed for a book they wrote together, meditating onstage with Noam Chomsky,

She slid over to where he was still sleeping on his side and attempted to spoon him, but he woke up with a start. He was immediately alert, saying "Oh yeah...uh," and got up, ignoring her as he tugged on his genitals on the way to the bathroom to piss loudly and hawk loogies with the sink running. She heard him leave the bathroom, but he didn't come back into the bedroom. Clare stretched her legs and listened for sounds coming from the other room, wondering what he was doing. He had two posters on his wall: one a small, faded poster with a geisha girl holding a tiger-striped fan, the other depicting the Bikini Atoll nuclear test, with demographics at the bottom listing all the species of animal that were killed in the blast.

The floor of his room had clothing strewn about on stained and old carpeting. An empty clothing hamper with filthy boxer shorts dropped just before it. The paint on the wall by the bed was smeared and faded from being touched by hair and hands of sleeping people and the cheap blinds on the window were broken. What seemed at first distant condo building, turned out to be explosion and shooting sounds coming from the living room. Past dating experience identified the sounds as being from *Call Of Duty*. Was his room-

mate up? She met Ziggy once before and thought he was a creep. She didn't want to see him, so she laid there for a while—waiting for Mac to return.

She started to notice a heavy boy smell. The carpet looked disgusting and old. On the floor, next to the bed, was a pair of Iron Maiden board shorts with a few wet spots...last night's cum rag. Gross. A sickening feeling began to stir in her abdomen. Mac's living situation was out of line with the fantasies she had been having for the past week, since he had stared intently at her across the round table meeting at PSU. Then, she remembered him saying something about having already graduated. And, he wasn't a grad student...so why was he a part of the college action group? A flash of intuition suggested he showed up to meet women.

No way—Mac had been all over last night's protest. He gave a shit...or, at least acted like he did.

Clare didn't like where this train of thought was leading, so she got up, put on her pants and cardigan and went to the bathroom, tiptoeing across the spongy, ancient carpet that felt damp wherever she stepped.

The bathroom was filthy. It reeked from dried, old piss—no doubt crusted all around the base of the toilet. No soap, no towel and a scrap of public school grade toilet paper left. This couldn't all be Ziggy's fault.

Walking gingerly down the hallway, Clare saw Mac sitting in a grungy Lazyboy, taking a hit off of a bong with a video game on pause. When he saw her, he coughed and waved his hand in front of his face.

"Hey, you're up."

"Yeah. I was waiting for you to come back in."

"Oh, I thought you were sleeping."

"Well, no, I tried to spoon you, but you got up and didn't come back."

"Uh, yeah, I had to take a leak."

"Hmmm."

His bloodshot eyes held hers for a second longer before going back to the video game. Clare sat on a cold, wooden chair and sighed—another fucking manchild. Another perennially-stoned, video-game-addicted flake. Probably has a long distance girlfriend. A carrier for HPV.

She had assumed she had gotten better at spotting them, these scrubs. He was probably lying about being vegan too. Clare got up and walked into the kitchen—her socks sticking on the floor. A waft of rotting food from the sink almost made

her throw up and when she looked in vain for a clean glass. She noticed a jug of whole milk and Golden Grahams on the counter. "I thought you were vegan."

"Usually, mostly vegetarian though." Then, with a delivery clearly influenced by Adult Swing shows, "Golden Grahams are mah-jams...oh shit!" Someone killed him with a grenade launcher in the game. Embarrassing that she knew that.

"Mac, could you make some coffee?"

"Oh, let me get you some. There's a place nearby that has uh, great, uh..." He paused the game and got up.

"I see some coffee right here and a French press. I can make it."

"No, no...let me go to the place, it's right around the corner."

"Let me go with you."

"No, it's fine, just chill here, I'll be right back."

Mac put on his engineer boots and denim jacket, then spent nearly a minute in front of a small mirror, adjusting his beanie so it was covering his ears, leaving a bit of elfin slack on the back of his head. He then pulled a little bit of hair out of the front of the beanie, then mussed it a little, so it didn't look intentional. Mac mumbled something while doing some unnecessary gesturing with his arms...like a low rent Vincent Gallo.

*Not again. How could I not see it?*

Clare looked at her phone and saw Jen had texted her a couple times.

"I didn't see you leave last night, but someone said they saw you getting an Uber with Mac—you didn't go home with him, did you?"

Clare texted back, "Yeah."

"Where are you?"

"At his place. He said he was gonna get coffee."

"Sheila hooked up with him, too. He left his place in the morning and waited for her to leave on her own." Then, "There's more. Let's meet. I have some things to tell you. Don't panic, though."

Clare went and sat down in Mac's Lazyboy and stared out the window at a bird bath, covered in wet brown leaves.

*Fucking Portland.*



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# TOP

## THINGS I HAVE LEARNED ABOUT SOCIAL JUSTICE

BY BRAD COX



Oh man, when I found out we were going to be talking about social justice, I was incredibly excited. Mostly because it sounds like a fucking superhero name. Spoiler alert—it isn't. I am nearly 35 years old and I was raised in the Midwest. When I was forming my opinions of the world, I had never heard the term "social justice" and I had to google what "SJW" stood for about six months ago. I have lived in Oregon for six years now and I moved directly into deep SE Portland, which means my life didn't change much. Poor people are poor people, no matter where you live. You're always going to find the same cross-section of people in low-income areas. The gangs will change, the dope will change, the beat cops will change... but the fear and depression stay the same. I am, however, white and—although I didn't know of the phrase "white privilege"—spending a good portion of my life doing gangster shit in predominantly minority neighborhoods taught me to use my white skin as a tool with the police (and a weakness with my peers). So, here's the top five things I have learned about social justice, as it has become a thing around me.

### 1) I CAN'T KEEP TRACK OF SEXUAL IDENTITIES

There are way more sexualities than I could have ever imagined in my pre-internet-pubescent masturbation sessions. I'm sure I've mentioned that I'm polyamorous in a previous list—it isn't exactly a sexual identity, but it certainly is an alternative lifestyle (which is what they used to call being gay when I was a younger human, by the way). But, as I have grown older, numerous sexual identities and pronoun preferences have popped up. My personal favorite is "greysexual." I have no idea what it means, but as a person who's depressed a lot, it seems melancholy and I dig that shit. I really want everyone to feel good and I have never intended to be hurtful or

dismissive of a person's identity—but, I have found it harder than fuck to keep up. I do try and I hope that's what matters.

### 2) BLACK LIVES MATTER

It's pretty rad that all ya'll have finally noticed that black lives matter. I grew up really believing that the cognitive dissonance of underlying racism was just never gonna boil over; that these old white fucks—and all these redneck fucks, from whom I've had to hear "I'm not racist, but..." come out of their mouths literally a million times—would never just nut the fuck up and say "Goddamn, I hate them \*insert slur here\*." I was wrong. We got all that underlying rage right out in the open and, for me, the first deep cut into our social mask was Trayvon Martin. My generation had Rodney King, but the whiteys who own the media managed to keep that one reasonably contained. After we lost Trayvon, they couldn't hide how they were killing black people anymore. Now, we know...and we cannot un-know. Seriously though...BLACK LIVES MATTER!

### 3) FEMINISM HAS BECOME CONFUSING

...not because I don't understand what it is or why it's important. I was raised by a single immigrant mother. Ok, I'll admit, we immigrated from Canada in the '80s, but when my dad got bored with beating the shit out of my mom, we split and she had to toe the line on her own (with very little work experience and nothing past Canadian high school, which I guess American employers didn't believe existed). She died right before I moved to Portland and she left me a house. I know how important women are and that's a fact! What I don't understand, are women of the younger generation, who are often mad at me before they even speak to me. Have we, as men, really sunk so far down the abyss of sexism and douche-baggery that this is a rea-

sonable response? I truthfully don't know, because I only have, like, four male friends and I respect all of them, which means they aren't those dudes. Young ladies, you are strong and on your backs you carry us like that Aztec turtle thing...or was that a Mayan turtle thing? I don't know, but thank you for being the love, in a world full of hate (I miss you, Mom! I hope you're proud).

### 4) THE POLICE STATE IS IN FULL EFFECT

The police state is like Kid And Play in their prime: they are in effect, so fully! We all know how it went, 9/11, Patriot Act, new Vietnam, blah. blah, etc. The push toward global surveillance has been going on right in front of your smug faces since the late '30s, when we just had to crack the enigma machine to beat the Nazis. Because...reasons. Since then, we have lost all forms of privacy, and we know this thanks to Edward Snowden and Julian Assange. They watch literally everything. When we had white riots in Portland, they rolled in like the National Guard on black protesters in the '50s. When we defended Native water rights—based on treaty and law—someone lost their fucking arm to a water cannon in subzero temps. You do not have rights. I am a felon and I started getting beat up by cops young, so I've always known, but for those of you joining us now...welcome to 1984. BTW... LOL! It SUCKZ!

### 5) THERE IS NO JUSTICE ELSEWHERE

I'm going to close this one off by reminding everyone the most important thing we have all learned these last several years; the reason we need social justice—and, even those sometimes-irritating "SJWs"—is because we aren't getting justice at all anymore. We have traded our rights for safety, in a scheme not so different than the old protection rackets organized crime used to play. We fear the police and we certainly fear the court system. We now know that the system is rigged, and, hopefully, we aren't so naive to think it's just recently become that way. But, the racism in America is so deep, white people had to feel the disenfranchisement that minorities have always felt, to lose their fucking shit over it. So, now that you know, they've always been murdering black people. They have always been exploiting and demonizing immigrant workers and families. Women have always been getting raped and harassed. The police have never...not one fucking time...given a shit. Now that we all know this, now we have social justice. Unfortunately, I think the time for social justice may have passed and the time for revolution looms ahead.



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# HUEY LEWIS

GREATEST HITS & VIDEOS

## THE EXOTIC MAGAZINE LISTENING GUIDE

BY HOIGHT HUFURNUHUR

Rebels. Artisans. Revolutionaries. Dignitaries. Troubadours. No other word summarizes 'Frisco's favorite fuckbeasts of rock 'n' soul, quite like The News, and that's why Huey Lewis chose that name for them. They are here. They are now. They are happening.

We are proud to present the following listening guide for their seminal achievement in organized sound, *Greatest Hits & Videos*.

"The Heart Of Rock & Roll" - As the adage goes, rock stars are today's philosophers and Lewis proves it on this track, in which he makes the case that rock and roll is still rock and roll, regardless of which American city it's being played in. I'll remember two moments for the rest of my life: the birth of one of my daughters and what it felt like to be in Detroit at a HLATN show when Huey sings the word "Detroit."

"I Want A New Drug" - Even though Ray Parker Jr.'s song "Ghostbusters" is widely regarded as a blatant rip-off of this blistering HLATN number, this

song remains the closest that the Nor-Cal arena-rock doo-whop outfit comes to embodying the greatness that is Ray Parker Jr.

"The Power Of Love" - This song is banned in all 50 states, for being single-handedly responsible for inspiring more skateboarding accidents than marijuana and puberty combined.

"Jacob's Ladder" - If you don't think this is heavy metal, then you need to check the periodic table of the elements, ya boron.

"Stuck With You" and "Doing It All For My Baby" - These songs were the only reason old married men had sex with their wives for most of the '80s and into the '90s—largely because down-tempo swing ballads are the easiest kinds of songs for arthritic people with big, dumpy asses to dance to.

"Do You Believe In Love" - Legend has it, that the single most pathetic line ever sang using polyharmonic group vocals in a pop music recording, which appears in this song at 0:38 ("I don't want to be lonely, baby, please help me"), exists because The News lost a sports bet allowing Huey to write any inane shit and they would have to sing it.

"Heart And Soul" - If doing cocaine doesn't sound fun enough as it is, put this song on the stereo, put on a sports coat and push both your sleeves up... now, tell me how fucking ass-dandy a pile of cocaine sounds. Yeah. Now you understand why we did a lot of things the way we did back in the '80s.

"Back In Time" - A Harvard study published by quantum physicists demonstrated that in order for Huey Lewis to have the rustic, weathered voice that he had in his late 20s to early 30s, when the majority of his band's catalog was recorded, he would have had to start smoking a pack of cigarettes a day—a whopping 150 years earlier. This discovery served as the inspira-

tion for an early draft of a screenplay that would eventually become *Back To The Future*.

"Perfect World" - The title was a self-fulfilling prophecy, because whenever they would play this song, for a brief moment, it *would* be.

"I Know What I Like" - This song is the template for everything that a beer commercial anthem needs to be: a group of men chanting in the chorus, who refer to themselves in a self-affirming way. It makes me want to stand in some grass and high-five a man. I know what I like and that's Miller Light.

"Trouble In Paradise" - According to unverified legend, shortly before recording the solos, the producer hired an actor to dress up as a doctor and approach the saxophone player in the studio, telling him that his wife is pregnant and will give birth to a baby girl in seven months. However, the saxophone player himself has cancer and will die in six months, so if he's got anything to say to his unborn daughter, he had better say it with his saxophone. The saxophone player laid down the greatest saxophone solo in history and then in a complete surprise to everyone, walked to the back alley behind the studio and killed himself.

"Cruisin'" - Cruisin' is code for fuckin'.

"Hope You Love Me Like You Say You Do" - This track has skipped from the first day I bought the CD, back in 2006.

"Hip To Be Square" - This song chronicled the band's manager's hip replacement surgery, due to a *Sports*-related injury and receiving a prototype prosthetic hip that was eventually discontinued due to its bulky, bulging, rectangular design.

"Couple Days Off" - In this track, Huey Lewis laments that "all (he) want(s) is a couple days off," shortly before taking off the next 35 years of his career.



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# SLUTSCAPADES

By Dr. Helen Shepard

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

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

Of course, I'd like to think my undeniably radical sexual skills are enough pleasure for any person I choose to take to bed. Realistically, sometimes I miss the mark. By miss the mark, I certainly don't mean I lose track of the clitoris, the frenulum of the penis or the relative erectile tissues—I can find them with my tongue tied behind my back, thank you very much. But, sometimes, I'm distracted during sex, and when I am, it's usually because I'm fantasizing about these amazing feminist icons. So, how can I blame my partners when I catch them calling out somebody else's name? Just as long as that name is one of these history-making feminist icons.

These delightfully badass womyn are legendary hotties—though it isn't their bodies that drive me mad with lustful desire. It's their mind-brains, their ambition (my greatest ambition is to sleep for an uninterrupted ten hours) and their achievements in the face of the rampant misogyny we call planet Earth.

## 1) Sylvia Earle

When people go down on me, they should be wrist-deep inside, with their face absolutely buried in our puddle of mixed fluids. No stopping allowed, unless it's a momentary gasp for air. But, if they pause to call out, "Sylvia Earle!" I understand they're thinking about the marine biologist and National Geographic explorer-in-residence known as "Her Deepness." Sylvia Earle was the first head of an all-female aquanauts team, in a real-life *Sealab*. I know I'm not the only person who gets wet thinking about all those scientists collecting data, underwater together for 20 days. How could I blame my partner for fantasizing that our mere physical interactions are part of some larger experiment, for which they must take notes and pay precise attention to detail?

## 2) Dolores Huerta

If my partner moans softly, "Mmm, Dolores," while they're ramming me with a vibrator, I know immediately that they're talking about Dolores Huerta and I don't mind one bit. Because, I know that Dolores Huerta championed union rights for migrant workers, alongside César Chávez in the 1960s. Dolores and César co-founded United Farm Workers and she directed the grape boycott that brought so much attention to their cause, yet HE'S the one with streets named after him...typical. Dolores has been arrested at least 22 times for nonviolent civil disobedience, as she fought for farm workers rights. What could be sexier? So, please, by all means, bring a little Dolores Huerta to our vibrator session (she was even an honorary co-chair...).

## 3) Artemisia Gentileschi

Ah, Artemisia Gentileschi. Her name rhymes with "party pizza hentai messy," so it's probably only natural that her name would come up during especially sloppy sex. Not only was she the first woman admitted to Florence's Academy Of Arts And Drawing, but she liked to paint women in positions of power, and men in positions of having their heads cut off and dripping in blood. The artistic portrayal of decapitation of rapists is a hot achievement that makes me proud to have my lovers call out Artemisia's name.

## 4) Emily Wilding Davison

When I'm going down on somebody, there's no feminist icon I enjoy thinking about more than Emily Wilding Davison, and I hope my partners think of her too. That's because Emily Davison was a British suffragette so committed to her cause that she was force-fed in prison 49 times. In honor of her dedication, I eat pussy with a hearty appetite and suck cock with real thirst. I

once hunger struck 22 times in one night, but that was just between eating 24 peanut M&Ms (and, it wasn't so much a hunger strike as it was a foolhardy attempt to stop eating candy). But, Emily was so resolute to give women the right to vote, she actually stepped in front of King George V's horse in 1913, causing fatal injuries. She's a better agitator than I'll ever be, which is why I like to fantasize about her while I'm luxuriously stuffing my mouth.

## 5&6) Marsha P. Johnson & Sylvia Rivera

If my partner and I are fooling around, but can't quite elevate the mood, nobody else gets a party started like Marsha P. Johnson or Sylvia Rivera. That's because these are two of the women who started the Stonewall Riot of 1969. Back then, police raids on queer bars were routine—consistently outing and otherwise endangering and inconveniencing queer patrons. But, not this fucking time! The Stonewall riot was a tipping point of sorts, where the patrons fought back against the cops—throwing bottles and otherwise not fucking having any of the police's bullshit. After Stonewall, queerdos across the country were increasingly more organized to establish venues where they could peacefully unite and work against the homophobic laws of the time. When my partners bring up their names, I know they mean business and that a consensual bedroom riot is inevitable.

I'd like to take a moment to put silliness aside and say that violence—sexual or otherwise—happens to trans women of color at a much higher rate than other demographics. So, while Marsha and Sylvia do completely inspire me, it's arguably disrespectful of me to fetishize/objectify them in this way, even if I am doing it to other women. They are powerful women, who changed history for the better and have done far more than just light my fire. It's meant as a symbol of my affection for all of them, truly.

Under ordinary circumstances, I wouldn't want my partner calling out somebody else's name during sex. Even if it's not true, at least pretend I'm the best and most interesting you've ever had—or even contemplated—for just this brief moment! But, then there are times when I undeniably concede that bringing somebody else's thought to the party only amplifies the fun. I hope you too can find feminist icons to brighten up your bedroom antics.

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# Sacred WHORES

Healing More Than Sex  
by Anna Suarez

I am a sacred whore. I am a pure, holy woman that loves to fuck. I choose my lovers carefully, I am demanding and I do not settle for an erotic experience that does not empower me. I hope to heal my lovers with every caress. I hope my lovers will heal me—pulling me down to their warm depths.

A man once asked me, “What is the difference between a mere touch and a caress?” A caress sinks underneath the skin. A mere touch is fleshy. It is baseless. Why must we settle for sexuality that does not inflame the spirit?

I think back to my early sexual experimentation. I recall moments of being bent over in a brightly lit room. There was no ambiance, no caress and no tenderness. I desire ecstasy and little deaths. If you are going to take me, dominate me. Do it with passion. With admiration. With effort. I want to make art with our bodies—the sounds we utter, the maze of limbs and the praise of the mouth. I want nothing to do with your violent sex.

Living entrenched in a state of violence, I find myself nourishing my weariness with the tenderness of Eros—the creative force of love. In my bedroom, I ornament the plaster walls with long stretches of lace, amber incense and pink lighting. I hide in what the French call *douce*—something soft and sweet. With raspberry juice on my fingers, I read of the sacred whore: the goddesses of sexual healing.

In Mesopotamia, sexual healing was an act reserved for the temples. Gerda Lerner explores the origin of the sacred whore, illuminating that it was a har-

monious religious service to heal the wounds of sexual psyches. Sacred whores were honored for their talents and dedication to the blessings of the Gods. For the Mesopotamians, sex and eroticism were not merely an act for the pleasure of the participants, but a holy devotion to rejuvenate the Earth’s bond with the divine. Sexual healing promoted thriving of the community (Lerner, 1986). Meadows were refreshed with the dripping of the honey and the sweet milk. Crops flourished at the pulsation of erotic acts. Lovemaking was the Earth’s vitality, which was the sacred whore’s gospel.

the sacred whore is not solely a prostitute, but a powerful, mystical healer, re-imagining how sexuality is popularly expressed. Though the temple healers were integrated into the community, there are still self-identifying sacred whores who practice their magical crafts. Research by Lee Gilmore modernizes the concept of the sacred whore, through interviews about how they find empowerment: integrating the divine with eroticism. Whether they are erotic masseuses or sex workers, their stories all encompass one essential truth: the sacred whore chooses their suitors. They have agency and express themselves as such (Gilmore, 1998).

The term “sex industry” emphasizes women as a *means to an end*, diminishing agency and perpetuating violence against women. the sacred whore is not an instrument to reach the climactic ends, but a holy force healing deep within. Akin to the mystic tradition of peak experiences, the erotic priestess erupts an explosion of Eros, which softly continues to ignite the spirit. The intense feelings of wholeness deep within does not perish with the climax. The sacred whore’s influence burns bright—each caress invigorates weary flesh and spirit.

A means-to-an-end conceptualization of women in a masculinist society pro-



motes unhealthy domination. the sacred whore has the power to heal our ingrained notions of eroticism.

In the Trump era especially, we are all immersed in this violence. Comments such as “grab her by the pussy” perpetuate rape culture and unhealthy expressions of sexuality. Though the sacred whore is capable of healing our deepest erotic dilemmas, sexual healing stretches far beyond the erotic realm.

I have never been one to believe the erotic realm is ultimately the act of sex. I make efforts to live my life erotically, whether that means sensually experiencing my body in the shower before work or noticing how drops of rain glisten on pale ferns. This way of life is intimacy with nature, but more importantly, with the human experience. A healing, holistic conceptualization of sexuality connects us with our *douce* selves, which are shadowed by the armor we wear in a violent world. Much like how the ancient civilizations of the east restored the Earth’s equilibrium with sex in fields, the sacred whore heals far more than how we experience our bodies. Sex, or Eros, is an essential quality of being human and the holy harlots empower intimacy. They show us the magnificence of our bodies and the value of connection.

As I lie in my red bed, my vulva-colored sanctuary, I imagine the temples of the sacred whores. I dream of erotic healers drowning violence in rose water as they kiss souls with magic dust on their lips. I find myself embracing this ancient tradition, which has holistically filled me with the love of The Goddess. I find solace in creating an erotic space of imagination with elegant precision. In every act of physical love, I consider the fragrances, lighting fabrics, and sounds. Making love is a healing ritual, unifying psyches.



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# Stripped IN PORNLAND

FLASH FICTION INSPIRED BY REAL AND RUMORED EVENTS IN THE PORTLAND STRIP CLUB INDUSTRY. *By Jaime Dunkle*

## Rat Face

Rat Face's rodent eyes scan the tiny downtown club from the front door. She walks over to me and the booking agent, Daniel. We represent Ca\$h Me Ouside Booking Agency.

"How's your relationship with alcohol?" Daniel asks.

"I don't drink," Rat Face says.

Her jagged nose juts from her sunken face. Shark teeth shine from her freebase grin. She turns to the bartender.

"Two Long Islands," she says.

Daniel and I shrug at each other when we see she's just contradicted herself in front of us. We're desperate, so we hire her anyway.

Fast forward a few months. Rat Face says she can't find a babysitter. I work in the office more and dance less, so I am eager to take on any job off the pole. I go to her house to watch her two-year-old daughter and seven-year-old son.

I step into her one-bedroom apartment in Gresham. Newspapers, plastic bottles and fast food wrappers cover the floor. Her daughter rolls toward us in a walker, sucking a binky. An empty two-liter bottle blocks her path.

Rat Face introduces me to the kids.

"I'll be back in six hours," she says.

Rat Face leaves.

The kids and I play games, we read some books and bowl inside.

The son says he's hungry. I walk to the fridge. Milk, hot dogs and bread peer from the bleak shelves. I open the freezer—two T.V. dinners and two ice trays sink in the void frost.

They ask for hot dogs. I also grab a can of potatoes and a can of green beans from the cupboard. We sit at the scum-encrusted kiddie table. The children eat every morsel on their plates.

Rat Face arrives. She pays me in cash. I say goodbye to the children. They scream and cry for me not to go. I wipe tears from the two tiny faces of neglect, then leave.

Skip to the incident.

Rat Face, at the same tiny club where she auditioned, leans over to the dude at her rack. She puts her arms around him. She bites his neck.

He pushes her away and jumps up. "What the fuck," he says.

"You like it," she says.

He touches his neck, then looks at his hand. Blood.

"You crazy bitch," he says as he runs over to the bartender. He shows him the bite from Rat Face's snaggle teeth.

Agent Daniel calls Rat Face on the phone.

"Why did you bite him?" he asks.

"It turned me on," she says.

"You're fired," he says. She doesn't even change into her street clothes. She just grabs her dancer bag and walks out the door.

The bite victim was tested for HIV the next day and billed the agency for it. I still have the official document.

## Ass Licker

I wipe the mouthpiece and the keys on the payphone inside the bar. I dial Daniel, the booking agent.

"Sarah is licking Shannon's ass, while she's on stage, holding the pole," I say. "I can't take this shit anymore."

"Well, it's her club," Daniel says, coughing out what I guess to be a giant bong hit.

"But I have to see it, here, at work," I say as I look over and see Sarah stand at the rack. "The OLCC says customers are supposed to be a foot away at all times." Sarah thrusts her nose right into the center of Shannon's ass cheeks, then glides the side of her face along one side of Shannon's crisp apple bottom.

"Is she licking the hole?" Daniel asks.

"Right now, she is licking the sweat off her cheeks," I say, my stomach in knots because Sarah is not the most attractive person on the planet. She looks like

Animal from *The Muppets*, but with stringy blonde hair and an amorphous body with no ass of her own.

"I'll call you back," Daniel says. We both hang up. I go back to the dressing room and pack my makeup and stripper shoes into my dancer bag.

Daniel calls the same in-club payphone to talk to a sober minor, Kat, to verify my story, even though I hadn't been drinking.

"That's what's going on," Kat says, waving a customer down from the bar.

"Stop her," Daniel says.

"I can't," Kat says, then hangs up to give a private dance in a curtained alcove to the guy she just called over.

Daniel calls the bartender, Keith, Sarah's ex.

"Is Sarah licking Shannon's ass?" Daniel asks, yet again.

"Yes," Keith says while pouring a Bud draft.

"Well, you gotta stop her," Daniel says, blowing out more weed smoke in a hellacious cough.

"It's her club," Keith says, while giving the beer to a loner guy at the bar.

"Keith, even though she's a woman, she can't do that," Daniel says. "Even if they're the same sex, the OLCC says it's not okay," Daniel says.

"I've been trying to get her out of here all night," Keith says.

"We really can't kick her out of her own club," Daniel says. "But, the OLCC could bust her, so let's just let her deal with that herself."

"Exactly," Keith says. They hang up.

I get dressed and go home, with permission and without getting fined \$50 for leaving early.

*Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. You can cash her ousside at [JaimeDunkle.com](http://JaimeDunkle.com) or @JaimeDunkle. No creepers allowed.*



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**THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR HALF-LIFE THEORY: BLACK SKINHEADS & WHITE FEMINISTS**

A buddy of mine compared feminists to skinheads on Facebook the other day and caught a lot of shit from female college students with shaved heads. Best popcorn I've had in weeks. However, I think he may have been on to something, but not what everyone would assume: what if the term "skinhead" was synonymous with *anti-racism* and people with hate-based ideology were simply abusing the label and ignoring its historical significance—just like traditional feminists vs. modern fauxmenists? Well, that turns out to be the case.

Although technically still alive in super-underground subcultures, the original (or "traditional") skinheads consisted of black and white members, with a focus on fighting for the rights of working class dock laborers in the UK [1]. Ironically, the "two-toned" movement (a branch of the traditional skinhead culture that literally represents "black and white") focused *exclusively* on anti-racist themes, with UK laborers drawing inspiration from Jamaican culture, imported by their black co-workers, with whom they sided in a display of classical socialism. A notable example of this is the ska genre (tangential to skinhead, mods and rude boy subcultures), with bands like Madness and The Specials not only embracing the two-toned theme with a racially mixed set of band members, but class war themes as well. The logo for the latter group is a goddamn black and white checkerboard pattern...the proof of racial harmony being a foundation of the skinhead subculture is sitting on a CD shelf at your local record store.

Speaking of which, record stores used to sell "music" on things called "vinyl albums" and did not entirely limit their stock to Misfits shirts and weed pipes.

Back on topic, the idea of "skinhead" becoming synonymous with "racist" was completely off the table, as well as counterproductive...until a period in the late 70s and early 80s. During this time, the modern, mainstream variety of racist "skinhead" (referred to as "boneheads" by traditional skins) took to the mainstream eye, thanks in part to trash talk television shows and a variety of new, angry young white kid that embraced racism—as well as skinhead aesthetic—in the same fashion as today's alt-right does, due to fuzzy-at-best overlap between working class themes (socialism) and those endorsed by Hitler in WWII (national socialism). Flash forward four decades and the term "skinhead" endorses the exact opposite of what its founding members intended. This is not because large numbers of traditional

skinheads left their non-racist peers to join the KKK, but instead, a fault of the media, popular culture and social media (yes, zines and word-of-mouth count) shining the spotlight on the sexy-for-broadcast, good-for-ratings racist variety of "skinhead" that American audiences would love to hate.

The process by which, over time, popular culture filters out authenticity of a subculture or movement—in a way that allows for retention of only the worst aspects of said subculture or movement—is what I call the Lowest Common Denominator Half-Life. No, I'm not referring to playing Xbox with your mentally-challenged cousin...listen up.

Subcultures are consumed by pop culture, which in turn profits from them after filtering them through an LCD distillation process. During this process, all socially dangerous (read: effective) elements of the movement are stripped down, but the lowest common denominator elements seem to have a half-life that allows them to survive for much longer than the original movement's core elements. Look at punk rock; punk went from one-dollar basement shows put on by people who didn't know how to play their instruments, to weekend-long festivals with ninety-dollar-per-day price tags (and bottled water that costs about the same). Same thing with hip hop. Tune to any mainstream rap radio station, then follow it up with a Public Enemy album to see what I mean. Why do you think an NWA biopic was made without a single track from the group being brought back into radio rotation? And, yes, there *are* clean edits of NWA songs.

Hip hop and punk rock share something in common besides LCD half-life; both genres are (or, were) a threat to the status quo. Jello Biafra and Ice Cube would expose institutionalized racism, corrupt governments, methods of resistance and, of course, include catchy hooks and gritty riffs to addict the listener. Once the mainstream media machine gets a hold of it, Jello goes missing and Ice Cube ends up on a raft in Oregon. And, in the same vein as traditional skinheads, as the numbers of conscious rappers and DIY punk rockers disappear from the market, their subculture is now umbrella'd under a watered-down label that goes against everything it once stood for.

Take a look at what's happening with feminism and try to avoid comparing it to the skinhead movement. A movement originally oriented around equality, but now carries an emphasis on (group members) first, with fringe groups that advocate for the physical harm (or worldwide elimination of) an outside group of people, backed by claims regarding how that same outsider group of people are statistically more likely to commit violent crime, blaming an invisible, government-endorsed system of control for oppressing (group members) and endorsing a warped interpretation of socialist values, all the while stating that the movement has nothing to do with hating the outside group, but is simply about embracing pride of (group members).

The nine out of ten readers who know what feminism is actually about (and a handful of our writers) are probably steaming at the collar reading this, but take this example as a warning, not a criticism;

your movement may contain fringe groups of non-accepted-as-the-norm, hate-filled members (Nazis, TERFs, etc.), but once the LCD Half-Life kicks in—after the mainstream media has pushed the majority of your rational, clear-thinking members to the shadows in favor of the more advertiser-friendly fringe figures who represent the worst of the worst that your group has to offer—say goodbye to your movement's label as it's handed over to the lunatics you're sick of booting from your meetings.

Most people are good at heart, while the state (media, government, Oprah, etc.) is concerned with one thing: making a dollar. This is why the LCD Half-Life works twofold: it eliminates any threat to the status quo originally posed by a movement, while simultaneously commodifying the movement so that it can produce as much revenue for the longest amount of time. Honest, eye-opening discussion about gender being on a spectrum between two biologically defined points that many people don't align with due to societal norms conflicting with diverse biological makeups? BO-RING. Give us a Kardashian that used to have a dick, then make 'em curse a lot on television between bad surgical procedures. Oh, while you're at it, give the former Wheaties box centerfold a "Woman Of The Year" award instead of that autistic teenage girl who cured a rare disease using household items. That will stick it to the ol' patriarchy.

The government doesn't endorse "social justice" of any kind, and behind any social movement is a handful of defiant people who came before laws. The first instance of women having the right to vote was in Wyoming, where male farmers (landowners) offered women voting rights in an effort to get vagina-bearing residents to move to Wyoming [2]. Rosie The Riveter? She was a propaganda campaign to keep factories running while their former occupants were fighting a war. Women voting? No money to be made. War? Money to be made. Are we seeing a pattern yet?

So, the LCD Half-Life explains why Amy Schumer and Lena Dunham got more air time in the last five weeks than Kathleen Madigan has received since earning "Best Female Comic" twenty years ago, or why Adele (boring, uninspired, consumes lots of baked goods) has one hit single that outlasts Florence + The Machine's (empowered, multi-talented, risky) entire career. It's the same reason that Dropkick Murphys had to kick a dude out of their show for doing Hitler salutes during the band's ode to traditional skinheads (YouTube it) or why Brian "Music For Your Dad" Setzer's old band Stray Cats gave props to skinheads in a track titled "Rumble In Brighton," that no one but your dad (and a few traditional skinheads) has heard.

Oh, just in case you want to do your research, keep in mind that the top result for "Black Skinhead" takes internet users to a Kanye West song. If that doesn't prove my point, I don't know what will.

[1] <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Skinhead> (citations at bottom of page)

[2] <http://www.wyohistory.org/encyclopedia/right-choice-wrong-reasons-wyoming-women-win-right-vote>

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