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FEATURES



WEST COAST GEMS

traversing the northwest in search of the
weird and wonderful
page 20
by wombstretcha the magnificent



GOODBYE, PORTLANDIA

don't let the one-room studio door hit your
ass on the way out
page 31
by molly bourke



WHAT HAPPENED TO PUNK?

left-wing fascists and right-wing jesters
page 44
by dj hazmatt



MANSPLAINING THE PATRIARCHY

amirite, ladies?
page 54
by zeke herrera

INSIDE STUFF

MOMMY KNOWS WORST	PG. 18
GREEN ROOM DIARIES	PG. 24
JONAS DOES PORTLAND	PG. 26
EROTIC CITY	PG. 28
SPOTLIGHT OF EVENTS	PG. 30
PINUP CALENDAR	PG. 32
TYPICAL SLUT	PG. 36
EKOTIC MAPS (PDX/OR/WA)	PG. 38
LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE	PG. 42
SPICE OF LIFE	PG. 46
STRIPPED IN PORNLAND	PG. 48
CLASSIFIEDS	PG. 51
TOP 5	PG. 56

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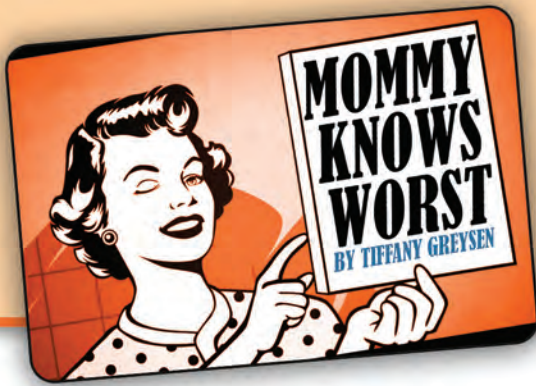
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Seattle, WA

Highline (210 Broadway Ave E) / **Planned Parenthood First Hill Center** (1229 Madison St)

One of the only punk vegan bars in Seattle. It also offers comedy. A great venue, with amazing food and awesome service. Parking can be rough, so get there early. As a side note, I once headlined a show here and realized that Amanda Knox had been in the audience—I didn't even notice! The Highline offers a monthly comedy show called Loudmouth Cunts—check out the next show on August 6 (7pm \$10).

The closest Planned Parenthood to this awesome place is under a mile away and offers easy, online appointments, so you don't even have to talk to anyone!

Portland, OR

Devils Point (5305 SE Foster Rd) / **Planned Parenthood Southeast** (3231 SE 50th Ave)

Stripparaoke—where Portland's finest dancers strip, while people try sing karaoke. Every Sunday at 9pm, the activities begin, so warm up your pipes and get in early.

While stripper karaoke happens on Sunday, be forewarned that the Southeast Planned Parenthood is closed on Sundays. But, you can make appointments online. So, while you're waiting for your turn to sing on Sunday night, you can be booking your next health check on Monday (this location is also less than a mile away).

Kit Kat Club (231 SW Ankeny St) / **Planned Parenthood NE Portland Center** (3727 NE Martin Luther King Jr Blvd)

Always busy, always beautiful, plus Voodoo Donut is RIGHT THERE...less than two miles away from one of the best Planned Parenthoods in town.

McMinnville, OR

Mac Club (2223 McDaniel Ln) / **Planned Parenthood Salem Center** (3825 Wolverine St NE)

The Mac Club supports live entertainment, plus it has great bar food with happy servers. I've never been disappointed in the service or the shows—it's always a good time.

Unfortunately, Salem is home to the closest Planned Parenthood I could find. But, the travel is the worth quality services.

Los Angeles, CA

25 Degrees (7000 Hollywood Blvd) / **Planned Parenthood East Hollywood** (1014 1/2 N Vermont Ave)

Okay, every time I am in this large, sprawling place of L.A., I make a point to hit up 25 Degrees, because they have the best kale salad in the whole world. I have tried to call them, while pretending I have food allergies, to get them to reveal their recipe, but it's been all for naught and they won't tell me shit. But, they also have beer shakes and it's a great place for a cozy date. It's located in The Roosevelt, a block from the famous Chinese Theater and directly across from Baja Fresh. It's also just one block from the Hollywood Star of the legendary Joan Rivers...*sigh*.

The closest Planned Parenthood in these parts is East Hollywood—but, like any L.A. resident will tell you, it might take you 20 minutes to get there. As always, they offer easy online appointments and often have escorts (the G-rated kind) available, if you would like clear access to the clinic.

Did you know that Planned Parenthood provides sexual and reproductive health care, education, information and outreach to nearly five million women, men and adolescents yearly?*

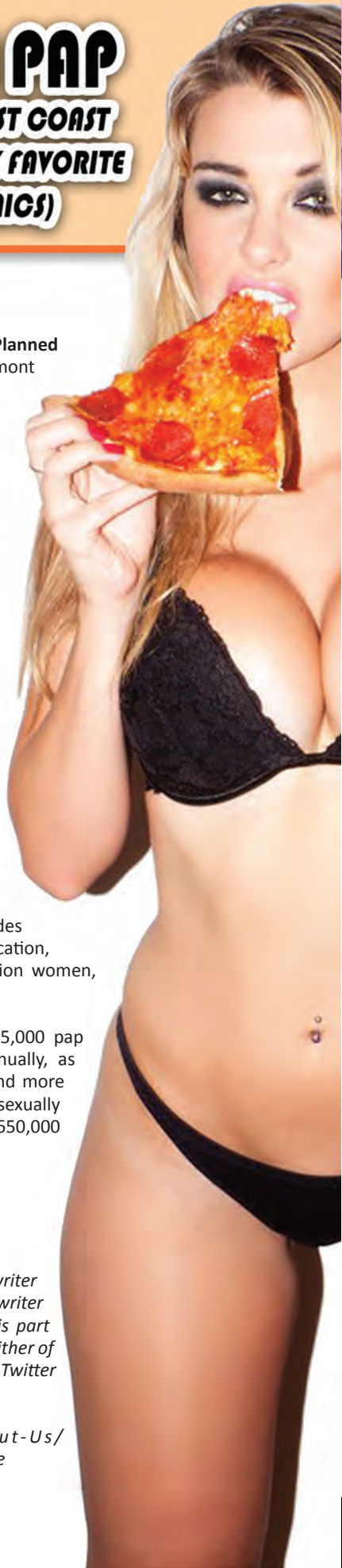
Planned Parenthood provides more than 295,000 pap tests, more than 320,000 breast exams annually, as well as critical services in detecting cancer and more than 4.2 million tests and treatments for sexually transmitted infections (including more than 650,000 HIV tests).

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1 (800) 230-7526

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.

* www.PlannedParenthood.org/About-Us/Who-We-Are/Planned-Parenthood-At-A-Glance



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BY WOMBSTRETCH THE MAGNIFICENT

WEST COAST SEE-CRETS



This issue focuses on the splendors of America's second-favorite shoreline, the west coast.

Keeping that in mind, I've decided to reveal some interesting facts most people don't know, as they relate to the little towns and cities that pepper the fantastical land that is Oregon, the delightful realm that is Washington and the severed goat-leg-in-an-old-sweat-sock that is California.

WASHINGTON

Anacortes

This town is known for an annual contest to see who has the hairiest back. Open to women since 1998; the trophy must be seen to be believed.

Port Townsend

This quaint village is required by law to have an antique store every 150 feet (46 meters).

Forks

Media would have you believe that this town plays host to a large population of gay vampires, but such is not the case. There is, surprisingly, very little overlap between the gay community and the vampire community in Forks.

Pe Ell

This colorful little town got its name when the town founders, Edward Bumblewaite and Jean-Pierre LeBarge, couldn't decide what dead animal they had "peeled" off the road. So, they just called it "Pe Ell" (due to Jean-Pierre's French accent) and the name stuck.

Yelm

The town of Yelm is renowned for being able to "pie" anything and local restaurants often have pies, ranging from the familiar to the bizarre, with names like "Butthole Raisin" or "Horse Goiter" taking center stage.



Battle Ground

Quiet as kept, the battle—from which Battle Ground takes its name—actually happened some miles east of the town borders and was fought between hillbillies, over the ownership of a prize-winning hog.

Kelso

The city of Kelso decided long ago that their claim to fame would be to install a very large letter "K" on a hillside visible from

the freeway. This giant "K" is now frequently mistaken for a tribute to the world's most annoying text message response.

OREGON

Nehalem

One of the inhabitants of this little burg was the inspiration for the 1992 smash hit song by Wreckx-N-Effect, "Rump Shaker." Records of this person's identity have been removed from the town's archives, after an excess of what can only be referred to as "rump tourism."

Lincoln City

This particular slice of small-town life is notable for being the place where Abraham Lincoln's ghost resides, despite the former President not being buried there, nor having ever visited there while alive.

Port Orford

A surprising place to be home to the world's largest population of midgets, dwarfs and other "little people."

Drain

The town of Drain was briefly at the forefront of national news in the mid-1970s, after a resident got his genitals entangled in a public fountain—he could not be released for over a month, due to the start of a labor strike. Nobody was willing to cross the picket line to liberate the man, Albert Terrold, after a number of attempts by the citizenry ended in savage beatings at the hands of strikers. As a compromise, he was allowed to be awkwardly given food and water until the strike ended.

Boring



Contrary to the name, this little town has an absolutely insane nightlife, due primarily to the fact that it's a secret getaway destination for high-profile entertainers, who are known to randomly show up and DJ, sing, play music and otherwise party down at the many hidden nightclubs in Boring.

Cave Junction

Named for the massive cave complex found nearby, Cave Junction randomly selects one of its citizens to live in that cave as the "official" Caveman and ambassador for the town. Terms are for six months and you have to be a permanent resident for over five years to be considered. If selected, you are provided with animal skins to wear, a large wooden club and a handbook on helping tourists. You are also exempt from all laws during your term as Caveman. This practice has only proven troublesome once, in 1983, when a former Caveman with then-unknown mental health issues killed and skinned a family from Cut Bank, Montana, because they were attempting a photo op.

Sweet Home

The town of Sweet Home saw a huge increase in residency, after changing its name from "Dick Mucus Junction" in the late 1960s.

CALIFORNIA

Fort Dick

Despite the popular notion spread by non-residents, Fort Dick is not really constructed from penises. However, it does boast the largest severed-penis museum in the continental United States.

Weed

The city of Weed generates 100% of its municipal revenue from the sales of "I Heart Weed" bumper stickers and a tax on

photos taken of the town sign.

Arcata

This humble college town is home to the largest population of modern humans who have never taken a shower.

Yuba City



Founded as a base for the manufacture of musical instruments by several large companies, the town patented its namesake—an inverted tuba—hoping that sales of the "Yuba" would take off and make the place famous (it did not).

Grover Beach

In addition to the usual buskers, beggars, muscleheads and other street performers, Grover Beach also has what they call "pickers"—people who will groom and comb your hair, much like jungle apes, for a small donation. They will eat any lice they find, too.

Calistoga

This is the place to be, if you are a middle-

aged lesbian with an interest in rodeo clowning. Census data reports that this is the town's highest-growth occupation, and skeptics who visited the place to substantiate the numbers, found that it is indeed true. Quoting from the census bureau's field investigator, "Bill, you're not gonna believe this, but they really are EVERYWHERE!"

Los Baños

This city of 32,000 inhabitants boasts the highest number of happy people who live in a town named after a pair of toilets.

So, see, travel, explore and enjoy all that the west coast has to offer. Feel free to stop in on some of these oft-overlooked gems, now that you are armed with some new knowledge about such wonderful places. You may discover something and at least you probably won't get herpes from a doorknob (like you would in New York City).

-WStM

Wombstretcha is a writer, trucker-rights activist, honeycomb hideout whistleblower, hentai critic, housecat photographer 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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A smaller photograph of Lacey Rain performing on a pole. She is wearing a purple and silver outfit and is in a dynamic pose, leaning back against the pole.

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GREEN ROOM

BY STONED GOLD SATIVA AWESOME

5 Reasons Why The West Coast Has The Best Smoke

Unlike genres of music or fast food franchises, drug culture tends to stay within regional boundaries. South America is known for coke, the Midwest is known for methamphetamine, the south is known for cough syrup and Canada is known for maple syrup. When it comes to weed, there is little-to-no-argument that the west coast is home of the best bud our planet has to offer. Still, we have our naysayers, so it's time to defend the title once again.

Humboldt County, CA

This goes without saying for most folks, but to anyone caught up in the illegal-versus-legal or homegrown-versus-factory-farm debate, relax: Humboldt County may be home to some of the most upscale, organically-supplied dispensaries in the region, but the county is also populated with many gun-toting, "get off my land" types, in addition to cartels, tourists, random Jamaicans and crooked cops. Regardless of your view on pot-litics, this place is a semi-literal melting pot. Hell, even that show on television, where snitches hiding behind pixels put the drug game on Front Street, shows how Humboldt-based growers and dealers drive pounds all the way to New York City (where they pay over three grand for a pound of Sour D). When a small section of "technically not Oregon" is connected to NYC and Juarez via the weed game, you've gotta give it props.

Weed Is Legal On The Entire West Coast

Sure, you're gonna have to lie to a cop if you get pulled over after going from Portland to Vancouver, WA (transporting over state lines is still a no-no, so always say you picked up your weed from somewhere in the state you're currently in), but otherwise, you can pretty much blaze all the way from Canada to Mexico without ever having to worry about jail time. Colorado, on the other hand...well, a missed exit on a mountain pass and you've gone from a fine-at-worst

situation to assrape-in-a-Kansas-jail-cell at best. Michigan? Good luck—one wrong turn in downtown Detroit and you end up in Canada (which may be nicer than 7 Mile Rd, but is nowhere near as relaxed when it comes to transporting weed). On the west coast, however, you can load up a backpack full of blunts and head in pretty much any direction, spark up among trees and/or coastal shores, relax and only have to worry about the small stuff (like bears, mountain lions, The Rainbow Family and hipsters).

Quality, Quantity And Quasi-Legality

Not only can you grab a handful of five-dollar-discount weed from most dispensaries that also sell the super expensive iPod crowd selections, but there are more strains on the west coast than there are names of millennial-era children and strippers, combined. Weed ice cream. Weed candy bars. Nugs sprinkled in hash, wrapped in blunts, dipped in THC-infused honey and tied with a bow made of medically-infused taffy. Is any of it legal? No one cares. A cop isn't gonna weigh up a bag of cannabis caramel corn or test it for pesticides. 99.8% pure cannabis oil? What the hell...here's a syringe and a hot spoon. As it stands, the current legal limit for medicinal patients in Oregon, California and Washington is "uhh..." and you are allowed to carry "just under a shit-ton" of medibles.

You Can Get Other Drugs Here, Too

Don't think of the entire west coast as some sort of granola-chomping hive mind that doesn't appreciate our chemicals. We have just as many shitty warehouse raves, stepped-on bags of cocaine and heroin-addicted white girls as the rest of the country. Why is this good for weed? Well, for one, weed growers aren't the worst people on the streets (in the eyes of the town sheriff), therefore a reduced stigma allows for a more open and honest market. In "tolerant" Vancouver, B.C., for instance, you still have

to visit the AIDStown or Trackmarkthrone districts to get a bag of plain old weed. In Colorado or Nevada, many of the rural locals still view pot as a newly imported societal ill. The west coast, on the other hand, sees marijuana on par with soft pretzels, in terms of the macro-level impact on societal health. Secondly, the lack of a uber-profitable black market means that most "pot dealers" are just regular-ass growers who spend their money on hat pins and overpriced dab rigs. Opportunistic criminals aren't going to be taking over the Portland weed game anytime soon, as long as opiates are still around. Morbidly optimistic, yes. True, also yes.

Strippers Here Smoke Pot, So It Tastes Good And Looks Pretty

Women account for something like 75% of all mainstream consumer spending (insert wage gap paradox here). In any alt/underground/counter-culture, I assume the market is equally as female-driven. Strippers have access to lots and lots of cash, as well as counter-culture nightlife. Thus, one would anticipate that strippers control a large portion of the drug demand. So, it makes sense that Las Vegas is going to be filled with folks taking key bumps, as the sex and entertainment industry is filled with powder-happy women. In Oregon, Washington and Cali, yes, we have our fair share of white drugs and strippers of all colors who enjoy them, but the sheer influx of fake-titted dreddies from Florida is undeniable. Instead of the scammy, shady, as-seen-on-Showtime stripper stereotype that is common in, say, Atlanta or New Jersey, west coast strippers are more likely to moonlight as pot growers than they are prostitutes. Hell, I know prostitutes who sell weed (best delivery service ever, might I add). I've worked my fair share of strip clubs with dressing rooms that feature a "no drugs" sign taped to the communal stripper bong. Vape pens are as common here as high heels.

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Homesick On The East Coast

by Jonas Barnes

Portland is the city I've always called home—I was born here, I slept in the doorway of a seafood restaurant as a homeless baby, I was babysat by Courtney Love when she was just an exotic dancer named "Love" and my comedy show, *SMUT*, is still alive and kicking under the wise comedic eye of Portland mainstay, Belinda Carroll. Portland, to me, will always be my home, no matter how many years I spend outside its zip codes. As I sit here, four years removed from the Portland life, I am homesick. I live in NYC now, performing comedy full time and often referring comics here to Portland—explaining its wonders, like a child describing Christmas morning. If I'm being honest with myself, I really treat the entire west coast that way, with PDX having a special place in my heart.

When I get the question, "What is there to do in Portland?" my eyes light up like a Vegas casino. I can't wait to tell folks about the nightlife and sexual freedoms that Portland offers. I'm salivating, as I tell them how good the weed is—they never believe me. My pupils turn into something straight out of anime as I tell them how fun Stripparaoke at Devils Point is. I always name-drop my favorite dancers (and friends) in the city, such as Brody Grody and Miss Prys—reminding my NYC referrals not to be stingy with their dollars when they get to the rail. My stomach growls in contempt, as I dare mention Pok-Pok and Pine State Biscuits,

knowing I won't be able to taste them anytime soon.

Then, after all that, I finally get to the comedy. Portland has a wonderful comedy scene, that I will always support, refer people to and love in my heart. It is, however, a far different beast than the grime of NYC, that my new friends here are used to.

Some of my fondest Portland comedy memories have taken place in many of the hallowed halls of Portland's smutty sanctuaries. Before moving, the last show I produced, *Comics Under The Influence*, was held at The Star Theater (sister venue to Dante's). The idea behind the show was simple: do a set, take five shots in five minutes then, come back and do a hammered set. The headliner for the night was Portland native and world-famous madman, "Danger" Ehren McGehey. Danger took way more than five shots and did his final set damn near nude, because he didn't know where his pants were. It was insanity, just like I thought it would be, and after the life I'd lived, a fitting farewell to me as a comedy producer in Portland. But, that was only the final stop on my journey, as I'd done shows at swinger clubs, during orgies, on hallucinogenic drugs, while exotic dancers surrounded me and more.

Portland, to me, isn't the overly offended den of pussification that people see it as sometimes—it's quite the opposite, really.

Portland is a den of wonderful, indulgent sin. And, seeing the faces of my friends in NYC when they come back is always a treat. They knew not what they were getting into—even though I had warned them. They had no idea how much the restraints truly were off in this wonderful city.

All of these things (and more) make me miss the west coast. I say "west coast," because I'll always miss the drives to Seaside—filled with torrential downpours that lead to a bukkake of tourism and sand. I'll miss the travels up and down the California coast—stopping in each new county to sample what they have to offer. I'll miss hopping the border to Washington and making the trip up to Seattle.

Most of all, however, I'll always miss Portland. I'll always miss the waterfront. I'll always miss the bridges. I'll never miss the traffic. But, I will miss the stages. I'll miss the dancers. I'll miss the clubs. I'll miss the music. I'll miss the culture. I'll miss the unadulterated fun that the city has always offered. I'll always miss the smallest huge city I've ever called home. I'll miss the weirdness and the freaks that are always accepted with open arms.

New York City can keep Wall Street; I'll take Burnside any day of the week.

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BACK TO BASICS

So, it's been a year since I took over for John Voge as editor of *Exotic* and, I've gotta say, I thought I'd last a month or two at best. However, a professional team and a great group of writers has kept this boat afloat and here we are. At one point, this column would feature a lot of stuff related to the Portland strip club industry. But, unlike Voge, I don't get out a lot, nor do I DJ at strip clubs (aside from the one-off gig or guest spot). Thus, I have used this space primarily for around-the-nation news stories and rants, but seemed to forget about stuff advertisers care about. So, after a few bowls of reflection, I decided to return our *Exotic City* section to the old format, with an around-town news and events round-up, local band spotlight and, yes, I've reserved a few sentences toward the end for a Ray-nt about whatever. So, with all that being said, let's catch up.

What You've Been Missing

Last month was year eight for the Vag Pag! YouTube sensation, DJ Dick Hennessy has been promoting the *Vagina Beauty Pageant* for eight years and the man is beyond dedicated. You may catch the Vaginamobile rolling up and down Interstate 5, with a full-vehicle wrap that turns heads outside the clubs, but if you are lucky enough to attend a pageant, you're in for a treat. I was able to judge a few rounds, as it's always a nice change to see the best, brightest, up-and-coming female anatomy in the area. Sure, it's a tad awkward holding up a scorecard with a low-ranking number, while the owner of the vagina you're judging stands inches away from you ("Uhh...I meant nine, yeah, it was just upside down..."). But, come on...donuts, free pre-roll joints, local celebrities and even a few famous rappers all under one roof, with the sole purpose of voting one lucky va-jay-jay a cash prize (and, the respective fame-slash-parental-pride that comes from winning such an upstanding contest)? I'd say that should be a bigger dot on our map than a crappy sketch comedy show (which newcomer Molly Bourke absolutely destroys in this month's issue).

Two months ago, we brought *Polerotica* to the stages and, due to extreme skill and an amazing body, Nikki Diesel ended up winning. This is dope, but the cause of a slight bit of confusion in terms of our magazine: in the history of our fine rag, I believe Nikki is

the only dancer to grace our cover for two out of three months in a row. How did it happen? Well, our rotation of to-be-featured clubs landed on Kit Kat and, because Nikki is photogenic as fuck, she landed the cover shoot. No one knew that she would be winning *Polerotica* the following month, so she got two covers. This may seem "unfair," but let's pause for a second and reflect on just how many goddamn times an *Exotic*-affiliated pageant, contest, bake sale or magazine column was accused of being fixed, rigged or otherwise pre-planned? Had anyone (including our own staff) known that Nikki Diesel was slated to win *Polerotica*, we would have asked Kit Kat to pick a different cover model. So, there you go naysayers—proof, in print, that we have no idea who will end up winning these contests. Speaking of which, are there any dancers who go by Bernie yet? You should enter *Miss Exotic* next year and fuck the whole voting system up.

Salem often gets a bad rep, mostly because we're too far of a trek for fixed gears and Tri-Met cuts off at Wilsonville. But, if you decide to come to the hipster-free land of tacos and politics, we've got our fair share of awesome. Aside from the classic strip clubs (Cheetahs, Stars, that other place that always looks closed, etc.), we have a venue called Shotski's that just got bought out by new owners. Why is this worthy of a mention in *Exotic*? Well, Shotski's now features entertainment ranging from male strip shows for the adults and *all-ages drag shows* for the whole family (every first Sunday at 3pm). I've DJ'd these events and there is nothing that gives me more hope for the future generation than watching a five-year old wave a dollar bill at a woman in high heels with fake tits and a dick. Fuck you, Trump-eteers...you asked for it. Now comes the greatness. Aside from fabulousness that transcends generations, Shotski's features stand-up comedy on the second Saturday of the month, which I book—translation being, "mostly *Exotic* writers and off-duty strippers."

The Buzz Around Town

Now is the absolute best time to visit strip clubs in Oregon. Summer usually causes a bit of a "dude, we gotta go camping" gap in tittie-related revenue, so dancers are more than happy to pay a fair amount of attention to anyone willing to support them on a ninety-degree Wednesday afternoon shift. Instead of wasting a fuckton of money driving your

ungrateful wife and kids to the beach this week, why not leave them at home, while you "go shopping" and check out what we have to offer in terms of summertime recreation of the naked breast variety.

Wanna rock out with your cock appropriately holstered in your jorts? One of the more underrated aspects of Portland's strip club variety is the fact that we have clubs that still cater to classic rock and metal crowds. Yes, I enjoy EDM and hip hop as much as any DJ, but there is something to be said about hair bands, biker clubs and guitar riffs, especially when you mix in naked women and alcohol. Casa Diablo II: Dusk 'Til Dawn features an all-classic rock format, which leaves open a wide variety, from Pink Floyd to ZZ Top. Plus, a lot of their dancers are younger, so when you're chatting with a stripper, you often get the opportunity to suggest "new" music for her rotation (and, in turn, creating a whole new generation of Hendrix fans). Closer into the Southeast Portland gut, Rose City Strip is a 100% metal club. Bonus points for being a "real" metal club—you're not going to hear hours of Puddle Of Mudd or Nickelback at Rose City. DJs here are well-versed in the metal genre, which is admirable, considering that I can't, well, understand any of the verses in most heavy metal songs. But, you're more likely to hear a rare Slayer song at Rose City Strip than you are anywhere else on the west coast—especially inside a strip club. Dream On Saloon even offers a country music night on the last Thursday of every month. I used to hate country, but then I watched a girl with natural 38Cs strip naked to a Johnny Cash song and now I can appreciate most of it.

In addition to catering to customers, dancers have their pick of a wide buffet among clubs to work at in Oregon. So, if you're looking to expand your income and pole skills, there is really no reason *not* to pick up more shifts. For the paying-for-quotes-college-quotes crowd, Portland, Salem and Eugene all feature clubs that allow 18-to-21-year-old dancers to work. Cheetahs caters mostly to the too-young-for-booze dancers, plus it's open hella late and close to a Denny's—making for perfect all-nighters. While most clubs feature a wider range of ages (with an unspoken cap, of course), certain clubs, like Spearmint Rhino, maintain a 21-and-over policy with their dancers, which means that old school dancers (who don't want to babysit) won't have to worry about playing shot glass acrobatics or waiting on security

to come inside after Lolita finishes her e-cigarette. With the exception of a club that caters exclusively to plus-sized women, literally anyone can land a job stripping in Oregon, if they're talented enough. Oh, and before you steal my plus-sized idea, this column constitutes an intellectual trademark on *Tremors*, which I plan to open once the price of Bitcoin reaches \$500,000 (or when John McAfee eats his own dick...read on if you're confused).

Speaking of Bitcoin, did you know that Kit Kat Club accepts cryptocurrency as payment? That's right, you can take all that imaginary internet meme money you have laying around, bring the QR code wallet thingie to Kit Kat, have the bartender exchange it for spendable cash and make it rain blockchain. We truly do live in a magnificent age (more on Bitcoin below). If FIAT (cash money) is more your style, but you want to double (or triple) it in a few hours, check out Lucky Devil, Devils Point or Boom Boom Room for poker nights. Trust me, the women at these places are *alot* more attractive than the old ladies at the casino.

Lastly, even though I'm one of those douchebags who switched from real cigarettes to robo-dick e-cig juice a few years ago, I still love a good outdoor patio. Stars Cabaret, Gold Club, Safari and King's (to name a few) all feature patios where you can share sunlight with a stripper, without having to duck out into the parking lot. We get, what, three weeks of sunlight in Portland? I'd rather tip a dancer to kick it while I get a nice "Oh, I guess they were right about the Northern Irish not being entirely white" tan.

Is there something awesome, relevant, newsworthy or just plain weird that you want us to mention regarding your strip club or adult-themed business? Email Editor@Xmag.com and I will toss it into next month's *Erotic City* column.

Local Music Spotlight

Okay, fine. I'll do it.

I used to pen the *Aural Stimulation* column, but it got tiring having to stretch "these guys are great live, so check 'em out" to a full page of material every month. Hell, it got so bad at one point that I even reviewed my own rap duo, which consists of myself and another white guy, Wombstretcha The Magnificent,

who now also writes for us (new album, *Listen And Believe* is due out next spring). But, the amount of talent in the NW is fucking undeniable at this point. I've already contacted Cool Nutz for his long-awaited interview, so he should be dropping some knowledge next month (where is our new D.B.A. album, dude?) but, for the time being, let us shine the spotlight on what I consider to be the next Beastie Boys.

Opening acts are one of two things: either a respected, talented outfit that has a reasonable draw, or newbie suckers who are handed a pile of pre-sale tickets and told to prepare for 4pm slot. Either way, the touring act always wins and very few concert attendees walk away remembering any of the openers. However, I've made predictions on a few "these guys will be big, soon" bands from watching them perform two minutes after the doors opened, for crowds of a dozen or so people. Linkin Park—whose music I don't care for, but is arguably appealing to many—was one of these acts. Kanye West was another (thank you, KPSU radio). This time around, I'm calling Portland-based, live-instrument-backed hip hop act DS8 as set to explode.

Rappers are a dime a dozen and, to be fair, at least three current or past members of DS8 have been solo artists and/or involved in fun-but-not-that-successful rap crews. This is, after all, where I met most of the guys. So, imagine my surprise when, a few years after watching emcee Nocturnal perform for a six or seven people in a video lotto bar on Powell, the guy is now rocking the stage as immediate support for ICP at Hawthorne Theater. The best part? The group he was in stole the fucking show. Yes, ICP shows feature some of the best theatrics since GWAR, but the Juggalo duo is pretty cut and dry in terms of using a DJ, backing tracks and, well, somewhat juvenile rhyme schemes. DS8 has drums, guitar, bass, three emcees and sexy, sexy backup dancers (strippers that twerk, not Robert Plant mimes).

Musically, I'd put DS8 somewhere in between early Faith No More, *Paul's Boutique*-era Beastie Boys (second side of the album), Clutch and Rage Against The Machine. More regionally, DS8 would be a great fit with Raise The Bridges or Eastern Sunz. The group's biggest flaw, which is also their biggest draw, is the association with the Juggalo subculture—an easily-dismissed batch that is more

often than not mocked and dismissed by music critics.

Well, gangster rap is nothing to fuck with and no one dismissed Mc Ren as being a bad writer, simply because he associated with Eazy-E. Most punk rock is inspired by bands who used two chords to write one song a hundred times. Early Ministry is basically a Casio keyboard run through a divorce processor. You get the point. Do *not* be turned from catching DS8 at a show, simply because the touring act they're supporting wears face paint. I honestly, truly expect to see these guys rise to local headliner and, eventually, a nationally known act. The one thing that I can suggest to DS8, is to get some live tracks up on your band's web pages. The studio stuff is good, but the live tracks are what set the band apart from other rappers.

Ray's Rant: Eat A Dick, McAfee!

Antivirus software mogul, accused dog murderer and insanely epic tech maniac John McAfee was asked, last month, about his opinion on the price of Bitcoin. For those of you that don't know, Bitcoin's value corresponds with that of, say, mobile phones. Early adopters caught on, the market caught up and now it's out of control. But, unlike cell phones, the *price* of Bitcoin has increased along with its value. Currently at around \$2,000 USD, Bitcoin will, according to McAfee, reach \$500,000 by 2020, or he will "eat (his) own dick on national television."

At first, I thought this was a great thing and tossed a few hundred at imaginary internet money, just in case. But then, I pondered on the concept of "value." What, if anything, will I do with my share of a \$500,000 Bitcoin? Buy stuff? Pay bills? Save it for my kids? I don't



even have kids! The more I think about it, I'd spend *far* more money on watching a semi-celebrity eat his own penis on television. Yes, I know we don't live in a *Black Mirror* world yet, but this is as close as it's gonna get for some time.

Ladies and gentlemen, Bitcoin holders and "hodlrs," this is our chance to be part of history: on December 31st, 2019, regardless of the price of Bitcoin, sell *all of your coins...* just for a few months. This will cause the price to drop rapidly, triggering stop-loss orders on all the exchanges and lowering the price of BTC so far, that a human being will be forced to serve himself his own severed penis for lunch. "But, Ray," you object, "what television station would air that?" Are you kidding??? We're talking three years from now. We're already making YouTube videos that show kids how to use dildos (yes, this is a real thing and, no, I don't think anyone involved should be allowed access to oxygen or food). Hell, most of America stays up to watch gladiator incest porn on Netflix. By 2020, we will probably have an entire network (or two) dedicated solely to watching people eat their own genitalia as a punishment for making bad bets. So, don't worry about what station the dick-eating Bitcoin crash will be broadcast on: just make sure to buy some now, so you can sell it in three years and make the guy who installed that pesky antivirus crap on your laptop eat his own cock.

I mean, I *like* John McAfee. I've met the guy. He was cool as fuck. But, he's gonna have to put his money where his mouth is, even if said mouth is full of cock.

This Month's Magazine

And, with that, let's get into the *West Coast Issue of Exotic*. We have not one, but two new writers this month—Zeke Herrera and Molly Bourke, the former being from Denver and the latter repping the Rose City. We touch on the west coast's best eateries (which are within walking distance of clinics), marijuana (ours is the best, deal with it) and much more. Oh, and I hope I'm not speaking too soon here, but you may wanna check out Xmag.com...Something seems to have changed over there.

eroticcity spotlight

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SAT 19 – KING'S – BIKINI BIKE WASH & BBQ

**SUN 20 – STARS BRIDGEPORT
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**MON 21 – STARS SALEM
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**THU 24 & FRI 25 – THE SUNSET STRIP
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**FRI 25 – SPEARMINT RHINO
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**FRI 25 – TOMMY'S TOO
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**SAT 26 – FIREHOUSE CABARET
XXX STAR LACEY RAIN**

**SAT 26 – SAFARI SHOWCLUB
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**FRI 25 – THE GOLD CLUB
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**THU 31 – DREAM ON SALOON
COUNTRY NIGHT**

Fred & Carrie...

WHERE'D YOU GO?

BY MOLLY BOURKE



Portland, OR: 2011.

When I first heard that the dude from SNL and the chick from Sleater-Kinney were doing a sketch show on IFC about my hometown, I felt kind of...special. My thought process was, as follows, "Whoa. Portland is finally in the spotlight. This is going to be great!"

Prior to this time, my beloved hometown of Portland had felt like a secret oasis in the midst of many worldly known cities of the west coast. Back then, folks only talked about the entertainment capitol, Los Angeles. Or, the tech nerds of Silicon Valley. Further north, there was Frasier's Seattle—the grunge capitol.

But, Portland? Naw, not so much. Not much, at least, until the dubious Fred and Carrie hit the scene. The general consensus among my peers is that the transition from Old Portland to New Portland began around the same time *Portlandia* took to the airwaves. It was competent and comical, in my opinion, and I'd be lying if I said I hadn't watched some episodes (and, chuckled a few times).

Flash forward to New Portland in 2017. Now, I live on the wrong side of Beaverton and my rent is still the main source of my financial stress dreams. Over ten years experience in your trade? College degree? Forget about it, kid. Ain't no jobs here in Portland—at least not in the service industry, which is my specialty.

What happened? Who are all these new people? Where did they come from and how did they find out about our secret Oregon oasis? Why do my homicidal/suicidal tendencies tend to swell more than a few years back, whenever I try and commute? Why is some turd with a man bun living in my old NW apartment that I can no longer afford?

Them! Fred and Carrie. Okay, okay...hear me out. Granted, Fred and Carrie are not *solely* responsible for the downfall of Old Portland and the utter annoyance that has crystallized the new reality in Portland culture. Living in Austin last summer, it was apparent that gentrification has spread its affluent claws over more of our favorite, untapped cities. But, that doesn't take Fred and Carrie off the hook—they put a spotlight on our little city—and, by poking playful jabs at the weirdoes, hipsters, feminazis and various other Portland characters, they left us exposed. The quiriness, the gorgeous natural locations surrounding the city, the clement weather...it was all out there for the rest of the world to stare at in awe.

And, what happened? A six-year growth spurt that we just weren't prepared to handle. Ain't it a blast to be the subject of constant no-cause evictions, with zero rights and support? Ain't it awesome competing with 300 equally overqualified candidates for a subpar position at some restaurant that exploits your desperation and underpays you?

Frankly, I'm pissed. Forgive my boldness, but I get all wound up when the topic of New Portland is on the table. I'm usually that loudest curmudgeon at said table, bitterly sipping back cheap wine and rambling on about how my beloved Portland was stolen from me. I'll be suggesting that a new state law should be signed, allowing locals and longstanding citizens priority for jobs and housing, over the recent yuppie-butt transplants. I'll be muttering something about sending out a petition, demanding that Fred and Carrie contribute a chunk of the overwhelming profits they made off *Portlandia* to the various displaced locals, who aren't equipped to navigate this new land properly. Maybe a class action lawsuit? Playing hardball or simply settling out of

court quickly would at least help a little bit, right?

And now that I mention good ol' Fred and Carrie, where are they? Portlandia is over. I've heard that since Portlandia as a series or concept is tapped out, they've both fucked off back to La La Land, to take dramatic Scrooge McDuck swan dives off of a diving board into a vault of money. Well, I may be exaggerating a bit. But, I'm still wracked with indignation. Can we start some support groups for this? Where can I confront and process my anger? Where can we go from here?

I guess you just don't know how good you've got it until it's gone. Fred and Carrie have come and gone, and Portland is an undeniably different world we are forced to exist within, because we don't currently have the means to leave (or, we're just stubborn bastards, who'll never let our beloved city go—no matter how much yuppie scum slimes us with their kale chips and ludicrously named condos).

We are the soul of Portland and, though many of us have been swept into the shadows to lurk in wait for our moment again, we shall persevere somehow. This is *our* city; human kind's general lust for overpriced boutiques, vegan taco joints and utter arrogance will never deter us! We laid the foundation and, though we might not get any credit, our general disdain will live on and fuel our drive to take our city back—or, at least find a way to make things better.

But, really though—anyone interested in getting in on this class action suit I'm cultivating? We could really clean up...just sayin'!

Diamond

from Cheetahs XXX Cabaret





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SMOKING / VAPE SECTION



THE GERMAN

The German watched my cleavage, as if he expected live bats to fly out of the dark crevice. Shadows flickered on my skin. The wine buzz and nightwind centered me in his gaze. The bar was tinier than my bedroom. We were hidden, like in a secret garden.

Behind the dark crawling vines, vines like cursive—we were that close...

On the wind drifted his sweet scent. I felt hungry. The night smoke wind and the bar's reddened walls curled around our shoulders. The scent of smoke and the full moon lulled through the open window and the coldness rushed in like gooseflesh, intoxicating me...

The moon always intoxicates. His scent and the moon, the smoke, the wine... aroused me.

He came closer.

The German's face leaned into me with his question. "Why did you wear this?" He sharply motioned to my fleshy, full breasts, caged in the black dress I wore, tightly. Black lacing on skin.

I looked down at my body, my round breasts and the laces. I told the truth.

"It was on my floor..." His eyes narrowed. He enjoyed this humiliation. I felt excited. I watched him, he watched me. My eyes, his eyes...my eyes, his eyes—on my chest. I felt the delicious tickle of the sweet harshness of his cold words, his perverse inquisition. He really was having none of it. (*Was it*

really that slutty?!) I smiled. Yes.

"I wore it earlier to school..."

The German's eyes lit up like roller coasters when I said "school," and he whispered with a hot hush in my ear. "Why didn't you wear a *nice* top? A



shirt, *buttoned-up?* You could still be as *comfortable* but, instead you chose to wear *this*."

Yet, while his taunting was sexual, under it all he really needed to know—like, sociologically. The reasons behind things. American culture... Systems.

We discussed philosophy and desire—all the big and small deaths. We talked about war and sex, boundaries and capitalism. He told me he loved my breasts and I let him touch them, since life is short. We spoke about rock 'n' roll

and drank even more wine, gleaming through a glistening fluid pool of gauzy moon-dreams and flushed sex. I watched him through the shaded fringe of his Britpop boy haircut: long, greasy and shaggy.

He was like Evan Dando or Jarvis Cocker, the more wine I drank.

We were speaking bullshit. It was all tension—tension and clothes screaming to come off.

Yes Sir, yes Sir.

He took me home and sweetly beat me to a bruised pulp. Bruised like crushed pansies, daphnes, violets. Bruised and pretty, weeks later, still bearing flesh and I did not even know I wanted these bruises, that I liked this pain, that I wanted this pain so much it *made* me and now I am empty of the sensation, and I need the impact.

Stirring me inside...

He took me home, home, home—home to my *own* home. I took him home, it was erotic sensory overload. The rules were simple: consent and no sex, but, it ended up being one of the most thrilling nights of my life. His too?

Somehow, I doubt it. He knew exactly how to strike and make me scream with envy for a higher, more priceless lost pain, a loss of footing—*perdre pied*—the pain on the other side of suffering.

Closer than close. So close...so close.

He was a model in a past life. He is the head of a sociological research institute. He is a famous German rocker. He has thousands of records and an Architecture-Digest-worthy flat (*I know, he showed me pictures*). And, even if that's not his life and those are pictures of someone else, I liked those pictures. I liked that life. Colorful and modern art hung on the walls like an explorative pastiche. A developed aesthetic. An older man. An intellectual. An academic. A rocker.

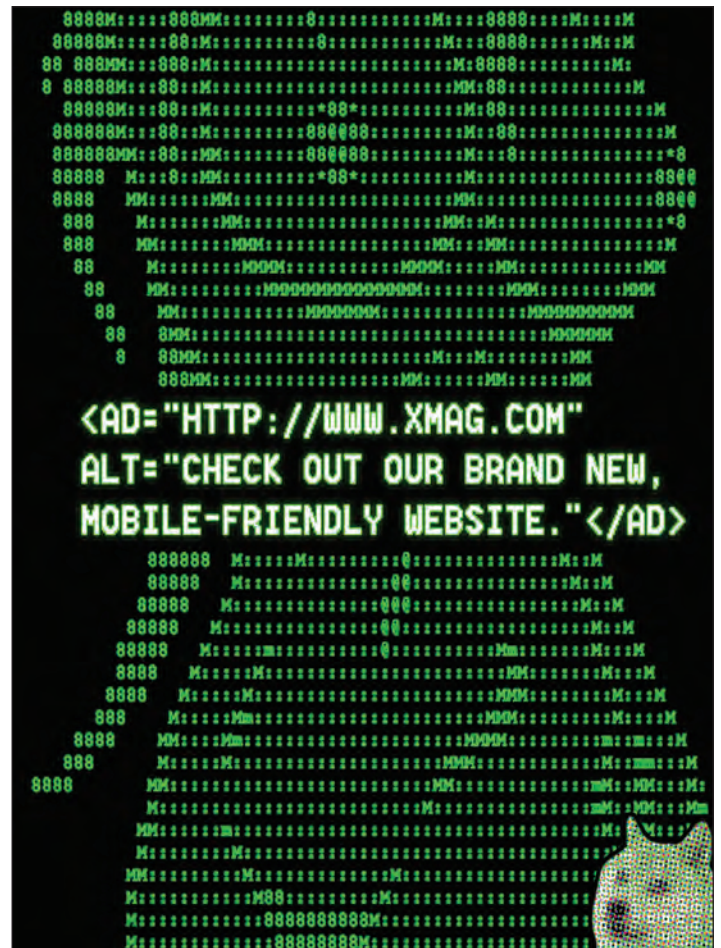
Pain-inflicter, licking-wounds-sweetness—a German.

And now, all touch pales to the depth of compassionate demand and caring in each moment of that sweet suffering—that memory I cannot help but stop myself from reliving.

Now? Now, the craving is there. But, it will not be him—his long shadow and uneven teeth and strong, strong hands bruising my insides with the pale-fisted butterfly of impact.

I don't have his name or number—just bruises.

Julia Laxer lives for the stories and writes in the afternoons, in a rose-lit room in downtown Portland. Read more at www.JuliaLaxer.com and send love/hate mail to @JuliaLaxer.



TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH

RAY "HAZMATT" MCMILLIN

JANUARY 2018
(REALLY)

STRIP CLUBS

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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

GOLDEN DRAGON EXOTIC CLUB 62 **16+**
324 SW 3rd Ave | (503) 274-1900
Daily 6pm-Sunrise

HAWTHORNE STRIP 19 **FOOD LOTTERY**
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Daily 2pm-2:30am

JAG'S CLOUHOUSE 32 **FOOD**
605 N Columbia Blvd | (503) 289-1351
Sun-Thu 11am-12am, Fri-Sat 11am-1am

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
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17939 SW McEwan Rd | (503) 726-2403
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10205 SW Park Way | (503) 297-8466
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Sun 5pm-2:30am

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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**
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Daily 3pm-2:30am

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

ADULT VIDEO ONLY 102
Vancouver:
10620 NE 4th Plain Rd | (360) 891-3988
Mon-Sat 3:30pm-6:30pm

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

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1232 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 445-6688
Daily 24 hours

FANTASY FOR ADULTS ONLY (5) 180
3137 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 239-6969
Daily 24 hours

1703 W Burnside St | (503) 295-6969
Daily 10am-3am

10720 SW Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy
(503) 235-6969
Daily 10am-10pm

15536 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 203-6969
Daily 10am-Midnight

6440 SW Coronado St | (503) 244-6969
Daily 24 Hours

FANTASYLAND (2) 116
5228 SE Foster Rd | (503) 775-0094
Daily 24 hours

16014 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 655-4667
Daily 24 hours

FAT COBRA VIDEO 118
5940 N Interstate Ave | (503) 247-DICK (3425)
Mon-Fri 6am-3am, Sat-Sun 24 hours

HEAD EAST 164
13250 SE Division St | (503) 761-3777
Sun-Thu 10am-9pm, Fri-Sat 10am-10pm

HOT BOX 157
4589 SW Watson Ave | (503) 574-4057
Mon-Sat 11am-10pm, Sun 11am-9pm

LIBERATED WORLD 123
10660 SE Division St | (503) 257-6881
Daily 24 hours

MR. PEEP'S / MR. PEEP'S TOO (2) 162
13355 SW Henry St | (503) 643-6645
20625 SW TV Hwy, Aloha OR | (503) 356-5624
Daily 24 hours

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3530 SE Division St | (503) 232-7469
Daily from 12pm

PARADISE ADULT SUPERSTORE 128
14712 SE Stark St | (503) 255-9414
Daily 24 hours

PASSIONATE DREAMS 130
6644 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 775-6665
Daily 10am-4am

PEEP HOLE 131
709 SE 122nd Ave | (503) 257-8617
Daily 24 hours

PUSSYCATS 134
3414 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 384-2794
5226 SE Foster Rd | (971) 255-0133
10813 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-5874
Daily 24 hours

SHEENA'S G SPOT 137
8315 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 972-1111
Daily 24 hours

SILVER SPOON 139
8521 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 245-0489
Mon-Sat 10am-7pm

SPARTAGUS LEATHERS 141
300 SW 12th Ave | (503) 224-2604
Mon-Thurs 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am,
Sun 12pm-9pm

SYLVIA'S PLAYHOUSE 163
8226 NE Fremont St | (503) 568-4090
Daily 24 hours

TABOO VIDEO (4) 144
Downtown: 311 NW Broadway | (503) 227-3443
Portland: 237 SE MLK Blvd | (503) 239-1678
Portland: 2330 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 777-6033
Vancouver: 4811 NE 94th Ave | (360) 254-1126
Daily 24 hours

TORCHED ILLUSIONS 149
17935 SW Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 259-2310
Daily 6am-2am

TORCHED ILLUSIONS II 169
12963 SW Pacific Hwy | (503) 430-5140
Daily 10am-12am

THE RED DOOR 172
314 W Burnside St, Suite 300
Daily 24 hours

THE VELVET ROPE 101
3533 SE César E Chávez Ave | (971) 271-7064
Thu 8pm-2am, Fri-Sat 8:30pm-4am,
Sun 8pm-2am

TUSH 114
4826 NE 105th Ave | (503) 660-2485
Hours TBA

X-OTIC TAN 147
8431 SE Division St | (503) 257-0622
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9663 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-7462
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3350 NE Sandy Blvd | (971) 703-4777

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1019 NE 122nd Ave | (971) 279-2512
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69
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49
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-GENTLEMEN'S CLUB-

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Mystic
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LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE: My Own Private Portland

I moved to Portland in 1997 for heroin and art. A total Gus Van Sant cliché.

I had traveled from Florida to Indiana the year prior, but not beyond the Midwest. I've daydreamed about living on the west coast since I can remember. I equated the best coast with music, literature, art, counter-culture... and, opiates.

Four of us piled into Rick's beat-up sports car and trekked 3,000 miles at the onset of the new year. Rick and Tyler The Square rotated the driver's seat. January—my best friend at the time—went with me, even though she had a broken pelvis from a recent car accident. Her and I smoked copious amounts of dirt weed in the back seat and admired the bayous, mountains, deserts and forests that rolled on.

January shared my enthusiasm to try Portland dope. Back then, neither of us were dopesick, but we were definitely dope fiends. I was also an art fiend and was eager to implant myself in the center of the country's hidden mecca for creatives.

The drive took us three or four days. My only vivid memory

of the journey was from when I was drunk, although I don't recall how we got alcohol when we were all minors. We pulled over in the desert at dusk. I pissed on dusty rocks and a bearded dragon bolted across the dirt in front of me.

We also stopped in Dallas, Texas, where we shoplifted food and makeup, and January almost got us caught.

We were on our way to Rick's mom's house in Oak Grove, a suburb that was an hour bus ride away from the city of Portland. She said the four of us could stay there. I ended up living in the same house when I returned to Portland the last time in 2009, after I lived back home in Florida for four years.

Lindsay's house seemed promising, at first. The perpetually full, stank kitchen sink needed a desperate makeover, so I went to work. The least I could do as a gesture of gratitude for the hospitality. These people were absolute slob, but I didn't mind, as long as I had a place to sleep. I scrubbed the dishes, even after meals that weren't mine. If I didn't, they'd all be crawling with maggots again. I tried hard

not to complain and stayed constantly helpful instead.

After only living at Lindsay's for about a month, I came home to January screaming at Rick and Lindsay. I still have no idea what happened, but I'm pretty sure it involved January wielding a knife. I apologized profusely and begged Lindsay to let me stay—ready to throw January out the window myself, for ruining my laborious efforts to keep a roof over our heads. Lindsay drunkenly refused, but agreed to let us keep our bags there until we figured something else out, but only if I hauled January out right away.

January doesn't even remember how she got us kicked out, but recently said she was bored and wanted to go downtown for drugs. Honestly, I never got over her asinine impulsiveness that cost us our safety net.

She was right, though. We had been in the Portland area for a month and still had not mainlined any of this allegedly legendary west coast heroin that had us traverse from one end of the country to the other. We hopped on a bus and went downtown—determined to finally score.



By Jaime Dunkle



I think I shot heroin in Portland up to three times, total, although I only recall one time, with January and this dude Perry. He suggested we rob an apartment building's storage basement in Northwest Portland, pawn the goods and then use the cash to get more dope.

I was a druggie and a thief, but had never burglarized a home. I had shoplifted beyond count from stores, but never robbed a person. We lifted a small television, a VCR and whatever else we thought would pay us. We dropped the loot next to a cot under a window. We cooked tar in spoons, then shot ourselves up. Not too long after, cops busted into the storage basement. A cop flipped up the cot and found our needles under it, because that's where Perry hid them. I blurted, "What the hell, Perry? That's not what you should do with needles," and I think it won me points with the cop. Another cop descended the stairs and locked Perry in cuffs. January and I told the cop dealing with us our ages: 16 and 17. He let us go. We ran for blocks. I threw up all over myself. Tiny invisible fists wrung my guts. I had shot China White heroin, morphine, Dilaudid, Demerol and Diazepam before and none of it had ever made me so sick to my stomach. I usually threw up once in the beginning; if the China White was stronger than usual, it was twice. I have no idea how much I puked the last time I shot Portland tar, but it was more than twice. I got so ill, I quit dope altogether. That was also the last and only time I'd ever give burglary a go.

My first week as a homeless teen downtown almost turned me into a skillful criminal. Perry was an initiator into street-drug culture. He taught us all kinds of crimes to help us survive. He instructed us to pick up Nordstrom receipts from streets around the Square and steal the listed items to return for cash. I tried it a couple of times, but the anxiety and paranoia strangled my mind too much for it to be worth the agony.

Living on the streets for the first winter outside of Florida damn near froze me to death. I drank beer to stay warm, not to get drunk. January and I slept in stoops, alcoves and parking garages. We rode the Max as far as it would go, in both directions, so we could sleep and stay warm. We'd meet young adults with their own apartments. We'd smoke lots of Oregon weed

in locally-crafted, intricate and often corny bongos, while listening to the worst music on the planet: Phish and Dave Mathews Band. I honestly preferred the grim streets over enduring west coast hippies, but January always talked me into it.

We survived on daily full-meal feedings at various parks and churches throughout the day that we found via Street Roots. We spare-changed in the bus mall and on busy corners downtown. Half the time, I bought books, records or fancy journals with the money. I didn't have a drug habit anymore, but I did have a media addiction. The plethora of everything I loved was so abundantly available. I didn't have to mostly mail order music or literature anymore and I couldn't resist the temptation to consume.

January resented me more and more for giving up dope and other drugs (except the occasional weed). I found out when she tackled me in the middle of SW Morrison next to Starbucks. "Fucking traitor!" she said. Then, she smashed right into me. She must have been high, because I didn't go down. I pushed her off. She swung. I ducked. I let her berate me about quitting junk, about how she hated me and that our friendship was officially over, so I can "go be a goody two shoes" without her. We were done.

Around the same time January ended our friendship, a cafe/art collective/music venue called Thee O on West Burnside—which was the X-Ray and is now Liberation Street Church—took me in. My new friends there gave me a chance to volunteer at the cafe. I cooked and served rice and beans during the day, and staffed the door at night. My creative friends there helped me get off the streets, into music and performance art. My closest friend at the time taught me to use my volunteer experience at the cafe to get a job. I ended up working at Taco Bell on Sandy Boulevard, which led to me renting a room in a punk

house with a drummer who played shows at Thee O, who I happened to know from Lake Worth, Florida. All of these kindhearted people helped me get off the streets within a few months.

My new dadaists and anarchists friends also encouraged me to put together performance art for Smegma and A-Nat-Hema, play the Roland SH-101 on stage for an experimental noise collaboration with Jennifer Robin, DJ on KBOO and roadie for the punk band Yankee Wuss around the entire U.S.

I shed my street skin for an armor of self-actualization. I went from *My Own Private Portland* to *Finding Subculture* and became my own damn director.

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. For her own diary of a drug fiend, go to JaimeDunkle.com or @JaimeDunkle. No creepers allowed.



TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT

HOW THE LEFT KILLED PROTEST MUSIC

Punk rock, anti-establishment folk and protest music, as a whole, has become an ineffective self-parody that currently appeals strictly to mentally ill adult children with malignant narcissism in well-to-do financial situations.

There, I said it.

Now, I guess I better back the statement up with evidence.

The Cycle Of Rebellion Has Broken

If you revisit the anti-establishment trends that surround any particular era of music, you will notice a predictable pattern—one in which the status quo is directly challenged through subversion of socially accepted practices. Traditions are questioned, categories are redefined and whatever was seen as extreme last year, becomes the standard for the current year. From Elvis having his hips banned on television, to N.W.A. presenting an accurate and unfiltered representation of inner-city life to suburban white teens, the general role of any generation of artists is to piss off the generation who came before it, while, at the same time, making the world a better place for the next breed.

But, this pissing-off-of-the-parents has, until recently, been progressive in the literal (and, not necessarily political) sense of the word—it meant something. Further, activism does not necessarily translate into angst. See, for instance, the peace-and-love hippie response to the Vietnam war. Of course, once Vietnam was over, disco reacted by celebrating excess in a post-war society, while punk reacted to disco by celebrating minimalist and anti-capitalist self-expression, etc.

Of note, most protest genres are seen as “dead” once the mainstream adopts the genre as a whole. At this state, a newer and less-digestible-to-the-masses form emerges, or the genre will die. Take, for example, punk rock versus hip hop. I would argue that punk is beyond dead, while hip hop continues to produce new responses to mainstream adoption. Put simply, the world is no longer scared of pierced kids with weird haircuts, thanks to Hot Topic and Warped Tour.

However, since issues surrounding inner-city decay, police violence and racial tension are arguably relevant, hip hop remains equally important inside and outside of the pop charts. In fact, I know at least one 37-year-old white dude who has all but stopped listening to Dead Kennedys and Ministry, but still keeps an ear out for the new Kendrick single (hint: he’s writing this column).

Further, hip hop still embodies extremes, ranging from the classic (west coast gangster rap) to the obscure (Juggalos). But, punk? Well, not so much. You can pretty much guess how the lead singer of Insert Punk Band Here will debut his album, *Current Year Politics*. Spoiler alert: it’s an anti-Trump song! That will be \$15.99, thank you.

Protest, As An Art Form, Has Become An Ineffective Self-Parody

So, where are Jello Biafra and Al Jourgenson? Why isn’t L7 headlining the Women’s March? Where is the Henry Rollins podcast (I’m sure one exists, but you’re getting the point)? In an age of outrage, where’s the outrage?

Let’s break it down, logically. The role of protest music is to identify, expose and oppose totalitarian forms of oppression. Elvis gave a waist-shake to family values. Jerry Garcia gave a joint to the war machine. Ice Cube gave a middle finger to the police. The chick from L7 ripped out her tampon and threw it at sexism (literally). So, why is it boring when the dude from Green Day rips into Trump? Why do we yawn when Miley Cyrus sticks it to gender roles? How has the act of protesting, via music, become so goddamn boring?

Well, because gender roles and reality television show presidents aren’t part of the totalitarian, authoritarian threat—but, the people who constantly talk about gender roles while bitching about the president *are*.

In short, the most immediate threat to canonical concepts of individual freedom lies in the hands of those who, historically, fought for it. It’s pointless trying to illustrate this to Gen Zed, because they’re also the first generation to completely ignore history (see

any “first ever (demographic) superhero/lead/figure” article printed within the last decade... it’s as if the *Wonder Woman* crowd forgot the *Alien* franchise). I’m not trying to insult trans democrats who have followed feminist theory through three waves; I’m talking about folks who have followed *whatever is trending at the moment* and then formed an identity based on what’s hip. Currently, being artificially “woke” is hip, in a mainstream establishment sense. Gender equality and racial equity are basically fidget spinners at this point.

If someone you know was a hippie in high school, a raver in community college, a drug fiend in undergraduate and is, as of last year, a gender-fluid polysexual dragon-kin nonbinary trans-human male feminist who can’t be categorized and takes offense to everything, the statistical probability of them being full of shit is around 98%. That same dude will stop taking offense to “dude,” as soon as the gender debate is no longer socially profitable to invest in. Meanwhile, *actual* trans men, *actual* feminists and *actual* (insert marginalized group here) get to sit by and watch a bunch of grown teenagers co-opt their lifestyle, all the while ironically protesting the co-opting of lifestyles.

Back to music, the same shit that has reduced fringe identities and liberal causes to a bastardized version of their former selves, has happened to protest jams. Modern punk rock is laughable at best, with “Trump is bad” being the white, punk equivalent of mainstream rap’s “fuck bitches, get money” mantra—and, just as harmful. If hating the president is trendy, then one is forced to choose to be anti-trend or anti-establishment, but not both. How “punk.” Everyone hates the president. Why not write an album about how shit smells bad? Hell, you’ll probably get more backlash from the olfactory positivity movement. *That* is punk rock.

Moderate Conservatism Has Become The New Punk

In order to protest against the establishment *and* totalitarian authoritarianism, one must burn every social and political bridge that

they've crossed thus far. If you're a straight woman who has a Misfits tattoo *and* a wedding ring, you may as well have leprosy, as far as either major political party is concerned.

The neo-left is the new extreme right. You are currently more likely to be silenced by a liberal than you are a conservative. Thus, in order to protest against the current totalitarian majority, one must simply exhibit at least a small level of what was once considered "conservative." What was once considered "counter-culture" is so predictably mainstream, that it's no longer effective—at least as a protest movement. And, The Victim Olympics and oppression-level pissing contests are ineffective in fighting the mainstream, mainly because said tactics have become the mainstream. The "Satanic panic" of the 1980s has been replaced with the "everything is oppression" dialogue of today. Two sides, same coin.

This is why we won't see any genuine, organic angst in the form of punk music anytime soon.

How well do you think "Holiday In Cambodia" would go over these days? Does it expose the first-world fascination of authentic blackness with an undertone that suggests how altruism is often ignorant? Or, is it simply the song where Jello says "nigger" and that's that? Does the black drummer come into discussion as a token with which to erase blame? How the fuck do we even keep score at this point?

Put simply, the left has cried "wolf" so loudly that even the sheep have stopped considering it to be worthy of alarm. There is nothing left to protest, except for the incessant protesting. And, if you speak out against those who wish to silence any and all discourse that even borders on "problematic," you will be met with even more censorship and ostracizing from your peers. If you want to fight genuine racism, misogyny, homophobia or child abuse, you're going to have to target a foreign ideology or belief system—which is something that the neo-left would never think of doing. Thus, we've sewn ourselves into a DIY corner made of guilt and feelings.

Marilyn Manson could cut the head off of an unborn baby, on stage, while jerking off onto a picture of Jesus and rolling around in a kiddie pool full of toddler dildos and methamphetamine, and god-fearing folks would just yawn and wait for the next act. But, if he yelled out "the wage gap doesn't

exist when you adjust for the choices made by women," a wild mob of angry protesters would appear out of nowhere and the man's career would disappear.

Counterculture Is The New Establishment

The mere act of protesting has been taken over by authoritarian fuckwits who hold the *exact same attitudes* toward policing others that were once reserved for the Catholic church. From this, we have replaced one set of imaginary demons (Ozzy, D&D, etc.) with another (Nazis, The Patriarchy, etc.), but have failed to understand how the mere act of creating imaginary demons is a tool used for and by the establishment. However, this is the first time in history that the dissidents, the jesters, the provocateurs, the satirists, the comedians, the shit-starters...the punk rockers, have been seen as enemies of the left.

Punk, as a movement, sold out. But, not to the



highest bidder, just to the loudest whiners, with the most audible cries of "wolf!" Protesting is, in itself, suddenly the ends *and* the means. The "anti-fascists" show up with their faces covered, chanting like cult members, while the "radical right" is attracting more and more black, gay, female and Islamic converts by the day. A *Stranger In A Strange Land* approach to identifying which of our two polarized political sides is the most "diverse," would lead to quite the triggering...yet, it is hard to argue that the once-anti-establishment party of "radical left" has left little-to-no room for artistic dissent. And, with that, no more room for punk.

Dear Punk Rock: We Need You Back

So, if (ahem, *when*) Trump decides to actually roll back women's rights, bomb Canada or appoint a KKK member to lead the NAACP, those who were once outraged will likely be passively hesitant. After all, new day, new

outrage, right? And, those folks who were once on your side of the argument? Well, you scared them off with threats of pronoun lawsuits and man-spreading fines. Piercings and a Crass shirt used to be a signal for intelligent debate among radical peers. Now, it means "assume my made-up pronoun and go to jail." Let's not get into the irony of "do they owe us a living?"

Dissent should not have an instruction manual. Individuality should not be predictable.

Of course, this article will likely produce several responses, each filled with a bunch of "-phobia" accusations, which will claim this entire piece defended the rights of Trump supporters to rape black children while listening to Kid Rock and firing guns at mosques. Any and all identity politicking on my end is useless, because I'm a (say it with me) *cis white male*. Because of this, facts are irrelevant, my argument is invalid and five men plus five men equals ten rapists, no matter what the calculator says.

But, I am still a DJ. I'm responsible for introducing new, fun, dangerous and rebellious protest music to the crowds I spin for. And, I love playing protest music. Plasmatics. Operation Ivy. Poison Idea. Defiance. Bikini Kill. Blondie. Fear. These artists used to produce emulators by the dozen. But, right now, the most dangerous woman in my rotation is Lady Gaga and the most "punk" thing I can find is a song by Ween that came out ten years ago. There is nothing new that is actually "edgy" without being SJW horse shit or alt-right garbage.

By reducing anything and everything to a personal slight, while, at the same time, equating personal slights with societal oppression, anti-establishment themes become hacky, boring, predictable and mainstream. This opens the market for a rebellious, mischievous, dissident breed of right-wingers to take over. Do we really want this?

I'm sorry for being old fashioned, but porn should be gritty, hip hop should be confrontational, mainstream politics should be shunned and punk rock should be dangerous.

There is nothing dangerous about a balding Billie Joe Armstrong or menopausal Madonna.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com

Spice of Life

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

PORN COAST, BEST COAST!

Nudity is one thing. And, pornography is a whole other thing. There are endless arguments for and against pornography. But, sex (softcore, hardcore, subliminal or obvious) is everywhere and is a part of everyday life. Still, entire generations have no idea that porn wasn't always accessible by a swipe or click. Pornographic drawings were discovered as early as 510 B.C. Most—if not all—cultures have their own style of pornography. As anyone who peruses a porn site knows, anything and everything (within legal boundaries, please) is online, for adult consumption. But, not everyone knows the story of where the adult film industry was born, before it blossomed under once-cheap rents and an unlimited supply of beautiful, fame-hungry wannabe stars: Porn Valley a.k.a. Silicone Valley a.k.a. San Pornando Valley a.k.a. San Fernando Valley a.k.a. my hometown.

CASH CULTURE

Oh, the beautiful west coast and sunny Southern California. In the 1970s, after big name adult publishers like *Hustler's* Larry Flynt and Hugh Hefner at *Playboy* cleared the legal hurdles surrounding adult material, Southern California's San Fernando Valley saw the rise of an entire industry that produced not only adult films, but adult products and manufacturers of sex toys, lubricants, specialty clothing (rubber and latex sex attire) and all things related to the purpose of adults achieving orgasm. Some consider this time to be pornography's heyday. American filmmaker, Paul Thomas Anderson (*Punch Drunk Love*, *Magnolia*) wrote a film depicting that period within the industry—*Boogie Nights*. And, there is no question that SoCal's adult industry generated boatloads of cash. When Hollywood began exporting movie production overseas, adult film production increased and topped \$4 billion annually in the 1990s (BusinessInsider.com).

TECH

In the mid-1990s, porn websites began to show up and it was a game-changer in every way. The online adult industry was one of the first to experiment with streaming videos, broadband, ad revenue from pop-ups and online payment systems. As a writer working

for an online adult industry trade magazine at the time, writing about adult companies—who were working on ways to watch porn on your phone seven years before iPhones were invented—was mind-blowing. Such was the content that was being generated (a whole film series dedicated to women wearing spiky high heels and popping balloons with them, grown adults wearing furry animal



costumes while having sex with each other, etc.) and the adult stars that were exploding (no pun intended) on your computer screen.

LOVELY LADIES

And, while we can't list by name all of the beautiful women who were introduced to us through the porn industry, here are a few who have changed the porn landscape:

Jenna Jameson - Almost every generation has seen or heard of Jenna Jameson. This slim, blonde beauty started out as an exotic dancer and appeared in *Playboy*. Jenna eventually left adult films and stepped behind the camera, to direct and start her own adult business, ClubJenna. After allegedly being charged with a DUI, Jenna

turned to sobriety, which led her to launch an online Instagram support group for sober women (@SoberGirlsRule).

Sasha Grey - At age 18, Grey filmed her first adult film, but her career was short-lived. The model and musician eventually left the adult business and began working for the mainstream entertainment industry (*Girlfriend Experience*, *Entourage*) and is involved in adult industry advocacy.

Sunny Leone - Canadian-born Leone started as a *Penthouse* Pet, before self-producing her own adult films. Since leaving the adult industry in 2013, Sunny has found a second career in Bollywood—through MTV in India's reality TV series *Bigg Boss*.

GIRL POWER

As with a number of industries, the porn industry started out as (and, has continued to be) male-dominated. With the exception of female performers, women weren't really involved in the production of adult films until recently. But, in the last decade or so, female porn producers and female-owned adult businesses have become prevalent. Female-owned-and-operated adult site *Ersties.com* offers viewers the experiences of amateur women—some with their real-life partners—and according to the website, nothing is scripted. While the concept isn't unique, adult film director Paulita Pappell spends a lot of time with each model—making sure the model has full control over what is ultimately posted online. If a model changes her mind, the content is removed. And, more and more women have begun to take charge of the adult film industry behind the scenes. Former exotic-dancer-turned-actress, Stormy Daniels, performs both in front of and behind the camera. Daniels has directed more than 70 adult films and, last year, won adult film awards for Best Picture, Best Drama and Best Director.

Whatever your views on sex and pornography, there is no doubt that people like watching other people get naked. Thank you, west coast, for evolving it!

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PHOTO BY: JEFFERY HEHLEN PHOTOGRAPHY
CAR: 1978 CHEVY CAMARO BY BLACK SHEEP
DOG: SUCE AND FIGGIE



Starlit Laurel

Star slumped over. Her dirty-blond dreadlocks dipped into her beer on her way down. She passed out and face-planted the counter, before the bartender noticed. No blood, luckily. But, her forehead had a quarter-sized knot brewing.

She told Laurel that they had snorted a crushed stimulant, but actually they scorched their nostrils with the muscle relaxer, Flexeril.

Laurel—the only tipping customer—placed a five-dollar bill on the rack. Star danced over to her and sat in her lap. She rubbed her titties in her face, then leaned into Laurel's ear.

"I'd love to give you a table dance," Star said, then nibbled on Laurel's pierced lobe.

"I'm not into simulation," Laurel said.

"What about stimulation?" Star asked. "I have this pill a crusty custie gave me."

Laurel shrugged her shoulders.

"Why not?" she said.

The husky bouncer stomped over to the stage, almost in a goosetep.

"You need to be moving to the whole song," he said. "Don't make me tell you again."

"Oh, right," Star said, then climbed all over Laurel. Star flipped her hair and tickled Laurel's face with it, as it moved down her body and eventually knelt on the carpet.

The song ended. Star jumped up, pulled up her dress, snatched her five dollars and purse, then grabbed Laurel's hand.

"Let's go," she said.

Laurel chugged her beer, as she followed Star into the women's bathroom. She discarded the empty glass on a tabletop along the way.

They both crammed into a tiny stall. The stench

of piss and day-old pussy blood hung in the air. Star shut the graffiti-covered metal door that didn't have a lock. She faced Laurel, lunged at her and shoved her tongue in her mouth.

Star pulled away and set a folded paper triangle on the back of the toilet. She smashed the paper triangle with the edge of a lighter. She peeked into the football-shaped paper and saw small chunks of the pill, so she rolled her lighter over the paper again and again until all the bits were powdered.

Star pulled out a straw and snorted half of the powder. Laurel dismantled a pen, before Star could hand her the used straw. Laurel snorted the rest of the crushed pill from the paper on the back of the toilet. She tilted her head, plugged the opposite nostril and sucked air, until a ball of powdered snot hit her throat with a medicinal bitterness that made her eyes cross.

Laurel lifted Star's leg onto the toilet seat and knelt before her, the tile cold against her knees. Laurel buried her face in a mass of dark blonde pubic hair, until pussy juice glazed it.

Laurel stood up and almost fell. She washed her face in the sink and held onto the sides until the wobbles dissipated.

"I'll meet you at the bar," Star said. She wiped her labia and pubes with a paper towel.

Star sat at the bar and ordered a beer. She gulped a third of the ice-cold draft lager. The room started to spin. A swirl of black lights and pink runners trailed about, as Laurel sat in a faux-leather barstool next to her.

"Can I get a coffee and a water?" Laurel asked the bartender, before a loud thump startled them both.

They looked over. Star was passed out. Her dreads now tentacles dipped in beer and sprawled across the polished counter top.

Laurel laughed and pulled Star's dreads out of the pint glass, then poured sugar into her

coffee.

The bouncer swooped in, stood Star up, gripped her shoulders and shook her like maracas—then ushered her to the dressing room to sober up and finish her shift.

Ursula

Her electroshock-therapy hair waved in all directions. She immediately reminded me of Ursula from *The Little Mermaid*.

"I'm a professional skateboarder," she said in the dressing room stairwell. She just blurted it out to anyone who would listen. I gravitated toward the dysfunction.

I hide my interest with a look of disbelief. "Really?" I said.

"And, I'm a model," she said.

"Then what are you doing in a strip club?" I asked. "I sure wouldn't wanna waste my time with the likes of us if I didn't have to." I laughed.

She huffed and puffed, then waddled up the stairs. I see the scene of Ursula with her barracuda minions making poison in the cartoon—in my mind's eye. I can't even figure out what I said to upset her, considering I was the only one willing to interact with her.

A dancer left her stripper station to join my lazy ass on the couch. We shared a joint.

"I don't know why you're nice to Sea Hag," she said. "She's a compulsive liar."

"I know, but I like her stories," I said. Kick my feet up onto her lap and pass her the joint.

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. For more info, go to JaimeDunkle.com or [@JaimeDunkle](https://twitter.com/JaimeDunkle). No creepers allowed.

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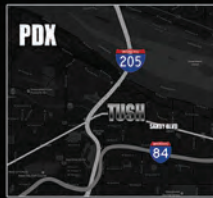
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MANSPLAINING THE PATRIARCHY

BY ZEKE HERRERA



Listen, I'm a feminist as much as the next guy (especially if that guy is Bill O'Reilly), but I'm sick of this "all women have to have each others' backs" rhetoric. I'm aware there are plenty of injustices that happen all the time to women. I just don't think lumping yourselves into one big group is helpful.

Sure, you'll get your Jackie O's and your Betty Whites, but that also means Aileen Wuornos, Casey Anthonys and Amy Schumers. Right now, you're probably thinking, "This guy's trying to mansplain feminism and apparently my own thoughts to me?" But, "mansplaining" and "The Patriarchy" are almost contradictory ideas. If men are so much more of a dominant gender than women, maybe take some advice from us once in awhile. If Tina Fey walked into the room that I'm writing this in right now and gave me tips, I would at least hear her out (before I proposed). I wouldn't be like, "What? You think you're doing so much better than me?" Because, I think we can all agree that's accurate.

So, here's why I think the lumping is a bad thing. During the Women's March that happened after President Trump's inauguration, a particular group of women was asked to leave. The reason they were asked to leave, is that this group of women was against abortion (I refuse to call someone "pro-life," simply based on the one anti-murder principal they hold). Keep in mind, several men attended this march and none were asked to leave. This wasn't called the "People With A Certain Set Of Ideals March" or the "Women Who Agree With This Group Of Women March"—it was just the "Women's

March."

Now, as much as it might sound like it, I'm not trying to criticize the march...I'm not—just this one particular action. I understand the reasoning behind it, but abortion ultimately comes down to one prime issue, which is religion. There are religious people who are okay with abortion and vice versa, but my point is, during the Million Man March, no men were removed for having a different religion than any other man there. The reason this distinction is important, is that you're pitting yourself against a group that you are also fighting for. They might be wrong, but do the people trying to help you deserve to be silenced? Sure, I don't agree with these women, but a man contributes 50% of the genetic material into making a fetus. Shouldn't those men get 50% of the say in whether or not that becomes a baby? A lot of you are probably screaming "My body, my choice!" in whatever coffee shop you're in, but you're also the same people who would argue to close the wage gap for the people distributing the money. Shouldn't it be their money, their choice or their company, their choice? I don't think so.

My point is that there's an argument to be had and you shouldn't just dismiss people when you're claiming to be their champion. Now, I do think it's terrible that there exists a wage gap and a male-dominated government, but a recent study showed that 50% of the population has owned 100% of the vaginas since the beginning of time. Vaginas are basically the reason men invented currency.

Honestly, I find it kind of silly to believe that men got ahead strictly on some size advantage. I think it's whatever is in our brains that allows us to disconnect an idea from a person. I'm sure if I met with Benjamin Franklin, we wouldn't see eye-to-eye, but electricity is neat. I can think Bill Cosby is guilty AND funny (I don't think he's funny, but I could). It's also probably the same thing that makes us more prone to racism and war. It's

kind of why I think all prejudices are treated as a deep-seeded hatred; prejudices aren't hatred, they're just a lack of knowledge. You can like something and think it's inferior to you. I like cats, but they don't have opposable thumbs or access to taco trucks, so I'm better than them.

It's harmful to your argument to tell someone they hate women, when they're only trying to look out for the best interest of their wife—just as its harmful to tell a woman they're not on the side of women. Abortion is a subdivision of the women's rights argument, sure. I just think maybe you should focus on the argument as a whole, before getting into the intricate details. Feminism is a great idea—it's just suffering from some bad branding. Get the message out first and sort out the details later.

"But, Zeke! The opposition's message is ter-



rible! They don't give a shit about anyone! Why don't they have to fix their message?" Because their message is already in place. New ideas have to prove themselves better than the old ones, before they can get put into place—not the other way around.

I know a lot of this came off as ignorant. I've never claimed to be a smart person and this has to be entertaining to a degree, but I'm asking that you separate these ideas from the person writing them. Quit being condescending to the people that are trying to help you and have a conversation with them, instead.



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TOP



THINGS I HAVE LEARNED DATING AN INSTAGRAM MODEL BY BRAD COX

For the last few months, I have been in the midst of a life crisis. But, in the middle of this period of evolution, I have found a new partner in life and she just happens to be an Instagram model who, at the time of writing of this piece, has around 12,200 unpaid-for followers (not to mention several hundred premium Snapchat subscribers). Suffice it to say, I didn't think I'd be the guy sitting here at 35, saying that I have a 24-year-old Insta-model for a partner. But, as with all *Top 5* columns, I'm just here to pass along what I learn from life...so, here goes.

1) Holy Dick Pics, Batman!

I know you ladies already know what I'm talking about, but dudes...wow. Just. Fucking. Wow. I have never seen so many dicks in my life, until my Insta-girlfriend showed me her DMs. I'd also like to point out that almost none of those dicks came from paying Snapchat subscribers (this

is where I'm sure she would be more inclined to not giggle at your phallus). I have never—not one single time—looked at my dick and thought, “OOOH! That’s a nice angle!” And, neither should any of you.

2) Ya'll Just Got No Pridel

I have seen more sob stories given, in the attempt to see free titties via DM, than the Make-A-Wish Foundation sees in a fucking year from all forms of cancer kids combined. It's literally awash with dudes who, on their Instagram page, are holding a stack of money to their ear, saying that their baby mamma just died in a car crash with their actual mamma and, in the fiery inferno that ensued, the dog also died. All they need—the one thing in the world that will quench their eternal misery—is a few free boobie pics (and, maybe, a booty shot...ya know, for the dog).

3) Speaking Of Money-To-The-Ear Guy...

Y'all some broke-as-fuck motherfuckers. Seriously, we all know that dude in the strip club, wearing one of the two nice outfits he owns, who won't—not for one second—stop talking about all the paper he be gettin' in the trap. Or, was it while he's trapped? I don't know. Slang confuses me, and when I'm confused, I get angry and blame CNN. But, while he's buying Rum & Cokes, he also won't stop begging for free lap dances. Don't worry, ladies, because that dude is on Instagram too! Probably wearing his two outfits in every picture, trying to speak ebonics to a twenty-dollar bill. At least on Instagram he just wants to see your titties, not have you actually rub them on his face for free.

4) Creepy Way-Too-Old-For-Instagram Guy

So, there is a subsection of IG users who are way too old and way too creepy to be using the internet at all, let alone using it to talk to other humans (or, worst of

all, using it to talk to women). This guy comes in all colors and sizes, although he can basically be divided into Rich Creeper and Poor Creeper. Rich Creeper offers the vague idea of lavishing this poor, helpless young woman with the finer things, while still managing to find an excuse to not pay fifty bucks for lifetime access. Poor Creeper just says the most off-the-wall shit in the comments and mostly relies on free pics. Who the fuck actually says, “I'd lick that dirty butthole clean” (it's not dirty—it's an extraordinarily hygienic butthole), to a woman they've never met? Like, 100,000 dudes on IG, that's who.

5) Captain Puppy Love And The Guilt Patrol

I'm gonna close this list out with a sad, but fucking hilarious, subsection of *Exotic* model fans (wink, wink)—the guy who falls in love. It's probably important to mention, because I'm not just here to entertain you fucks—I'm here to educate as well. This is also the most dangerous subsection. This is the guy who makes a life up in his head, for his favorite model, where they meet and she falls for his charms, before he saves her from this life of exploitation. Because, why would any woman choose to make a living taking selfies? Waking up at noon and then napping at 4pm must be really draining the life out of her soul, I guess. The reason this guy is funny, is because he has no idea how to not see a woman as a thing. But, this is also what makes him dangerous. So, ladies starting out at an IG career, watch out for this guy.

Current and future IG models, shake what your mama gave ya, because the world is on fire—but, so is that ass. Please, give the inspiration for this article, @princesspervvy, a follow on IG. And, keep it classy, ya bunch of dirty fucks. Ah, hell... who am I kidding? Tell her I sent ya and get a discount on looking at her titties for life, by using the secret code word “EXOTIC” (in all caps...yes, it matters).

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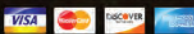
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