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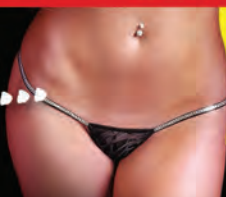
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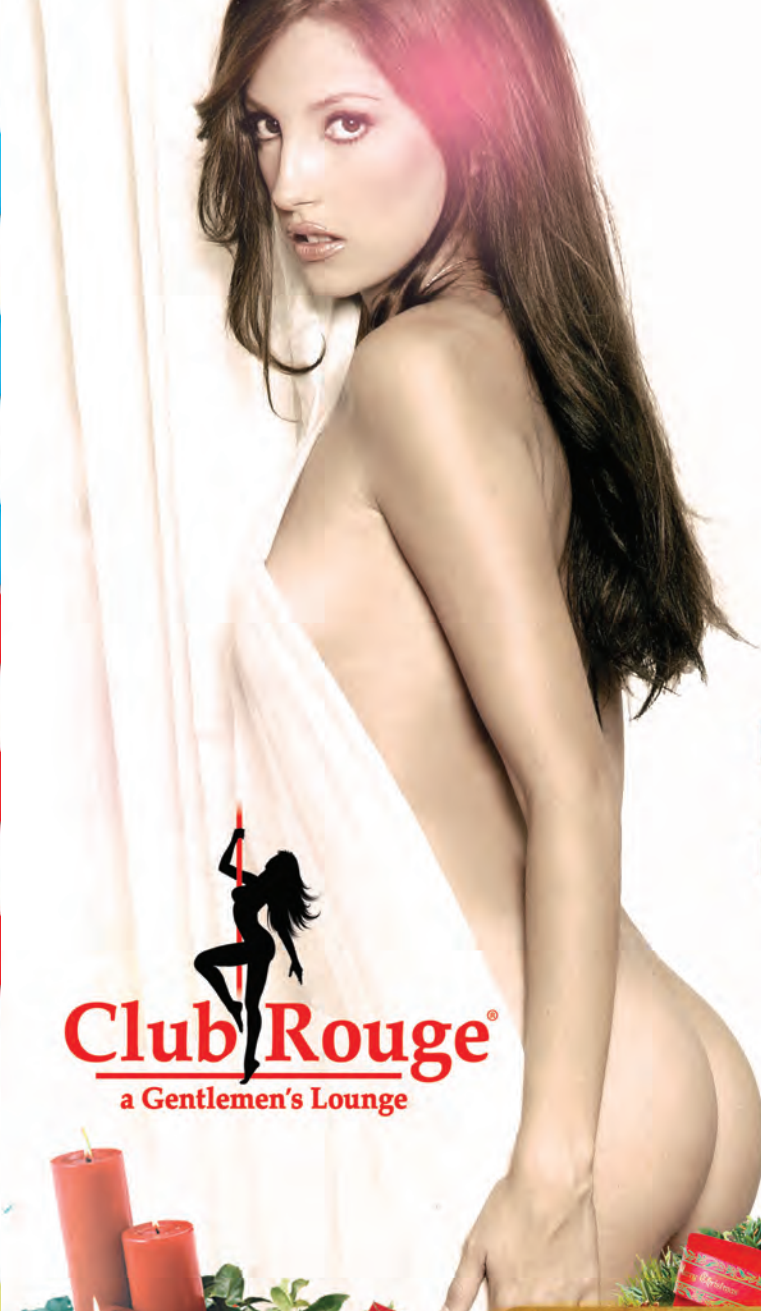
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Published monthly by XMAG LLC.
Circulation: 75,000 per month at 200+ sites
Mailing Address:
818 SW 3rd Avenue, Suite 1324
Portland, Oregon 97204
Telephone: 503.241.4317
Fax: 503.914.0439
Email: info@xmag.com
Exotic Online: www.xmag.com

Publisher
XMAG LLC.

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THE MONTHLY

COLUMN

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

"It's the holiday season once again," we all say, with a vague sense of loathing in our voices—like we have an appointment to go deal with someone we can't stand being around (but must see). Naturally, we also think of the attendant things which come with The Holidays™*, such as the family we hate, the compulsory buying of gifts and the looming prospect of slogging through three months where every P.A. system in every public place plays something with that "shing-ching-ching" sleighbell sound. However, if you're like most people, you think of your own little reward...and, by that, I mean a well-earned visit (or two) with an escort.

Now, since a great many folks don't visit escorts until the holiday season, it can be important to remember the ins-and-outs of ordering. In the ads they post in your favorite adult corners of the internet, there's usually a short description, followed by a series of esoteric codes. What are these codes, you ask? Well, they're codes for what your escort will or won't do with you when the clothes come off and humanity looks at itself.

An example: Tall Redhead Outcall (Hotel Only) True Fantasy CMD, FIV, CBJ, FK, GS.

The fuck does all that mean?

Well, let's start with "tall redhead"—presumably, this means you're buying time with a rather tall redhead (though, it's most likely just a shaved gorilla in a wig). Then, we have "outcall," which means that they visit you and have no designated location at which they can be visited. "Hotel only" means...well, you can meet them at hotels only (like that makes them harder to strangle or something). Then, there's "true fantasy," which is just a bit of color.

Yet, those weird acronyms...what are these???

Well, CMD means "carpet matches drapes." So, if they did just shave a gorilla, they also dyed its crotch. FIV means "fingers in vagina," as in, you're allowed to shove your booger hooks in there, should you so choose. FK is "French kissing," meaning raw, salivating, mouth-on-mouth contact. CBJ is a "covered blowjob," meaning you get your knob jobbed, but only with a jimmy hat on. Last is GS, which is the option to do a "golden shower." You know, gettin' peed on. So, that's how to translate an escort ad.

I've provided a list—diligently researched for ages—of all the acronyms I could find for escort services and their meanings. Hopefully, this can be of some help to you holiday shoppers.

BBS - Bareback. No condom needed.

BBJ - Bareback Blowjob. You get the idea.

BBW - Big Beautiful Woman. For the chubby chasers.

BDSM - Bondage and all that fun crap.

CCR - Full service for under \$200. Why it's named after Creedence, I don't know.

CD - Cross-Dresser.

CFS - Covered Full Service. You boink to completion, but only with protection.

CG - Cowgirl. They're willing to look at you during the act.

CIM - Cum In Mouth. You can cum in their mouth, genius.

CIP - Cum In Pussy. Does not involve cats.

DDP - Double Dip Penetration. Both holes.

DDE - Doesn't Do Extras. Presumably, this means no juggling.

DIY - Do It Yourself. You sit there and jerk it, while they do something one would assume is erotic in nature (and not their taxes or some shit).

DP - Double Penetration. Bring a friend!

FBSM - Full Body Sensual Massage. Erotic rub-down, usually followed with a tug-and-chug.

FOV - Finger Outside Vagina. Not sure what the deal is with this, but I guess you just poke them, like a kid who finds a dead animal.

GB - Get Brain. A blowjob. I like this one. Get brain, indeed.

GFE - Girlfriend Experience. I'm assuming this means that you get ready for a big deal, only to spend an hour or two being told how much you suck and never take her places, and how everything you do isn't ever enough, until you just wanna die.

HDH - High Dollar Hottie. Expensive meat.

HM - High Mileage. I guess some of these are brutally honest, or more likely, not written by the escorts themselves.

LDL - Low Dollar Looker. Discount produce.

LK - Light Kissing. Closed mouth. For that Great Aunt Gladys experience.

LOS - Land Of Smiles. Thailand, apparently. It's supposed to describe an escort from Thailand.

MBR - Multiple Bell Ringing. They will work to make you nut a couple times.

MSOG - Many Shots On Goal. Same as above, but sounds sportier.

PSE - Pornstar Experience. If I had to say what this really is, I'd say it probably means that a girl with fake tits shows up late and blasted out of her mind.

RP - Role-Playing. Bring your 20-sided dice. Shit's about to get *serious*.

RS - Roman Shower. They'll puke on you if you ask. Not sure if this implies you have to feed them first, or if they come "loaded."

Russian - Does not mean they are Russian, but instead that they'll let you titty fuck them. Not sure how that one got started, but I'm also not too sure I want to know.

SOG - Shot On Goal. Just one. One nut for you. No more.

TG - Transgender. The oldest profession meets the latest craze.

Tina - Meth. Usually in the context of "payment in Tina accepted." Strap in, kids—this will likely be a ride.

TV - Transvestite. No clarification if they are required to be from transsexual Transylvania.

YMMV - Your Mileage May Vary. Says it all, doesn't it?

So there's the guide. Hopefully, this can help eliminate some of the confusion associated with your "holiday shopping for dad." Enjoy!

-WStM

*Note: "The Holidays," "Santa," "Coke," "The Real Thing," "Christmas," "Summer," "The Olympics," "Happiness," Polar bears and people going "Ahhh!" after drinking are trademarks of the Coca-Cola Company.

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a writer, crunk revivalist, space gigolo, port-a-john test engineer and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503, on Facebook by name and at Wombstretcha.com year-round.

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SLUTSCAPADES

By Dr. Helen Shepard

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

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

7 TIPS FOR HAVING A PROGRESSIVE, SEX-POSITIVE HOLIDAY SEASON

From dwindling daylight and a pervasive, damp cold, to expectations of tradition and love for even the most racist of distant family members, winter is a time of ever-increasingly maddening depression. It's not just me, is it?

When faced with family and tradition, it's easy to get caught up in the shame (regarding our sexuality) that many of us were raised with. So, here's a progressive and lighthearted look at how we can bring a little sex-positivity to this holiday season.

1. Find The Right Gift

Because we know how much our usual hatred of each other will impact our family gatherings, we give each other gifts, as if to say, "I hate you almost all the time and these months make me want to kill myself, but here's one straw of optimism to grasp...I hope you enjoy it." This, inevitably, creates a negative feedback cycle of pressure and disdain, as we try to give good gifts and resent people for wasting money on stuff we'll never use.

Fear not—I have the perfect solution: sex toys. More specifically, a gift certificate to your favorite, local, gender-inclusive, body-positive sex boutique. Your slutty cousin will thank you and your parents will find the spark they needed to learn to love each other again. For your homophobic uncle, I recommend skipping the gift certificate and going straight for a butt plug—maybe one with a rainbow unicorn tail, if you're feeling saucy [ED: I recommend GlowFuckYourself.com for a large variety of custom buttplugs], or a black studded one, if you're going to try to keep a straight face while you give it to him. Worst-case scenario, your relatives don't appreciate the gifts and the result is that you helped support a progressive, local business. Regardless, you sent the message to your family, that they don't need to be ashamed of their bodies or their sexuality. It's a win-win!

2. Use Your Ears To Hide A Sexy Secret

There's nothing quite like having an overtly erotic experience surrounded by thousands of strangers. Since mysterious invitations to cult sex parties are so few and far between these days, I'm will-

ing to settle for erotic stories on my headphones at the airport. An internet search for "sex-positive podcast" will give you lots of recommendations—one of my favorites is *Risk!* Hosted by a queer man, *Risk!* is raunchy, devastating, hilarious and bold. I love to laugh, cry and get majorly turned on to it in public, while knowing that nobody knows what's going on inside those headphones.

Audiobooks work, too! If you want a story of BDSM and polyamory, you should totally check out *The Secret History Of Wonder Woman*, by Jill Lepore. *Shrill*, by Lindy West, also demands your attention in a poignant, smart and unforgettably funny way. Also, Audible carries erotica—need I say more?

3. Remember Consent

Mistletoe and New Year's kisses are a tricky subject in the world of sex-positivity. On the one hand, of course we want to encourage people to kiss and enjoy each other. On the other, we want to discourage *pressuring* people to kiss and touch in ways they won't enjoy. So, avoid hanging mistletoe this holiday season—it probably just makes you a creep. And, don't assume anybody wants to kiss you on New Year's Eve. If you're with somebody you'd like to kiss, look them in the eye warmly and open your arms wide. Then, wait for them to come to you. If they hesitate (but allow you to come to them), do us all a favor and give them a peck on the cheek (or a hug), instead of a kiss on the mouth—don't take any unnecessary risks, where consent is concerned.

4. Tind

Usage of dating apps goes up massively around the holidays. So, the likelihood of hooking up is greatly increased. This seems particularly applicable if you're visiting a town where you don't live. Sew some wild oats—people love hooking up when there's no risk of long-term attachments.

5. Spend Time With Strippers

Spend extra time at the strip clubs and buy an extra lap dance. Everybody can use a little extra excitement during the holidays—you, your dancer

and her kids. So, tip well!

6. Explore People's Pronouns

Don't just assume everybody you meet embraces the gender they appear to be. Transgender people are becoming increasingly used to folks asking (and being asked) about pronouns—this is a good thing! But, being progressive means taking this conversation forward to all types of people—not just people who are visibly trans. Most people never stop to consider their relationship with their gender, but trans people are asked to question their attachments constantly.

It's easy—when introducing yourself, give people your name and say, "and I use he/him (or she/her or they/them) pronouns." If somebody new gives you their name, ask them, "and what gender pronouns do you use?" If they don't know what you're talking about, this is the perfect opportunity to talk about expectations of gender that are put on us at birth, and how many people around the world do not conform to, or match, these gender expectations. Far from being mandatory, gender can be a fun exploration!

7. Have Sex At Home

Whether it's broadcasting a webcam of you masturbating in your childhood bedroom, or giving your partner a blowjob in the living room, embrace sexuality and push the boundaries of getting caught. What do you think would happen, if somebody heard you moaning? Probably nothing. Their embarrassment and shame would prevent them from knocking on your door, or ever bringing it up. I'm not suggesting you scream so the whole house can hear—I'm suggesting you push yourself to be a little louder, a little bolder and I think you'll find you're rewarded in sexual excitement (and pleasure) many times over your risk.

Above all else, play, take risks, have fun and be safe!

Dr. Helen Shepard is a Doctor of Human Sexuality, with a practice in Eugene. Learn more at EugeneSexology.com.

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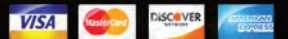
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GREEN ROOM

BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

Happy Holidays! I'm not avoiding the term "Christmas" because I'm one of those weird white people who gets offended on behalf of others—rather, I recognize that there are multiple days in the month that serve only as excuses to give (and, get) cool shit from the homies. For the entire month of December, I celebrate all religions at once, which makes for awkward gatherings, but always yields the maximum amount of free shit. Stoners are all about sharing (B-nugs, at least), but we don't always have the best execution, regardless of good intentions. So, without further ado, here is an *Exotic* guide to purchasing the right gifts for the weed smokers in your life.

GOOD GIFTS

A New Pipe Or Bong

When's the last time you smoked out of a clean piece? Most people treat their paraphernalia like they treat their cars—at first, they keep it all shiny and new, but, eventually, the condition devolves into "just above working," before it gets covered in sticky brown stuff and ends up being used by god only knows how many people. Much like that "new car smell," the taste of weed from a clean bong or pipe is unbeatable. In fact, it's kind of like any other acquired taste that you've forgotten how much you love, after years of living alone (good wine, expensive bourbon, pussy, etc.). So, for the gift recipient in your life who's still using a clogged-up piece from the gas station, grab them a bong or a pipe from your favorite head shop. I prefer Dizzy's Smoke Shop in Salem, OR and Torched Illusions in Southwest Portland (Beaverton and Tigard).

Halloween Candy

Stoners love Halloween-themed anything, regardless of the season. It's a semi-well-known fact that grocery stores always discount their holiday-themed crap a few days after any given holiday. I picked up about twenty-five bucks worth of gummy bears for *three dollars* in August, because they were themed with Fourth Of July colors (if you need proof that I'm a stoner for life, I actually follow the market price of gummy bears). Anyhow, all the ugly-ass warehouse grocery stores have Halloween candy on a major discount right now. Plus, ten pounds of candy corn will fit nicely with all the *Nightmare Before Christmas* stuff that your

stoned loved one likely owns (or, at least make for a good giggle). Seriously, though—Halloween candy is cheap right now. "Buy the dip," as traders say. Fun Dip. It's next to free right now.

A Copy Of Exotic

We don't print "free" in large font on the front of our magazine, because we have class. For relatives outside the Oregon and Washington areas, consider sending them a stack of these bad boys. Ya know, "for the articles." Tell them you paid a lot of money for it and convince them to return the favor, by taking you to Stars.

Last-Gen Video Game System

You'd think, that the stoner in your life would prefer a brand new PlayStation 5 (or, whatever's current), but that's an investment that said stoner might not be willing to participate in. For one, the new games are expensive as hell, and with every new generation, micro-transactions (shit you have to pay for, in the game, with real money) are becoming more common. Compare this to a last-generation console—there are tons of cheap, used 360 games for sale at the local video game rip-off stores, the hardware and software bugs have already been fixed, and the best part is, you'll be able to "return" the gift (keep it for yourself), should the recipient be one of those ungrateful, I-only-want-expensive-shit types.

Gift Certificate For Some Shit They Wouldn't Normally Buy

A massage certificate. Spencer's Gifts store credit. Toys 'R' Us Bucks. The thing with stoners, is that we spend all our money on weed, nutrients, power bills, cam girls and Denny's. We *like* the blacklight poster of Tupac juxtaposed against a weed leaf, but we won't part with greenbacks to get it. So, get it for us! Now is the time of year to waste money on the extreme, but don't go *too* far into left field. Stock in Pets.com may not be the best idea.

BAD GIFTS

Medibles

Okay, hear me out...medibles can make great presents, but not for the holidays. Why? Well, try

opening up a chocolate bar in front of the nephews, telling them that they can't have any and then smiling. Then, when you start to feel the effects an hour later, giggle in tears, while your family wonders why you just denied a child chocolate. Plus, medibles are *still* sketchy as fuck. If I spend fifty bucks on a Willy Wonka Thunderfuck Bar, I'm gonna need more specific instructions than just "eat some and if that doesn't work, eat more." We need to put former coke dealers in charge of medibles—at least they know how to properly cut and measure their product.

Weed Plants

You'd think that, being legal in Oregon and Washington, a baby pot plant would make a great gift. However, you may as well just give someone a baby human or a dog. Pot plants require tender, loving care. Yes, they can technically "grow anywhere," but so can babies and dogs. You don't want to be raising the equivalent of a stray pet on probation, which is analogous to how most home-grown weed turns out. Of note, this also goes for pot that you grew. Unless you run a medical grow or live in Humboldt County, CA, your weed is not that good. Sorry.

A Copy Of Garden State On DVD, Because It Came With Die Hard For Some Reason


Look, everyone is gonna know this gift wasn't intentional. That's okay. Return to the top of this list and look at the second option, if you find yourself strapped for cash, in Wal-Mart, on Christmas Eve.

Property In Detroit, MI


A few years ago, I found about two dozen houses for sale in East Detroit, MI, all of which ran for about ten bucks! What a steal!!! As it turns out, I bought a few on a whim, but found out that the property taxes alone—which have to cover stray dogs, crackheads and Juggalos—are higher than the cost of the house (by thousands). So, if you think, "Hey! Summer homes in Michigan for the whole family," you may never see your family again.

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THE END OF THE CURRENT YEAR

Aw shit, son. You know why Santa Claus doesn't have any kids? Because, he only cums once a year and it's down a chimney. Sorry...I stole that joke from a Laffy Taffy wrapper, because I needed to fill another 44 words in this column.

R.I.P. Boom Boom Room

As many folks have already heard, Boom Boom Room was recently sold. Now, I don't like to get into the risky territory of mentioning specific clubs and behind-the-scenes information, but Boom Boom holds a special place in my heart. Barbur was my stomping grounds for years. In fact, it was the first place I lived, when I moved up to Portland from Salem. Barbur has a certain charm that separates itself from the rest of the city and, to an extent, even the more affluent, surrounding neighborhoods. Anyone who has lived in Portland for decades, knows all about "the twelve to Tigard" and the amazing mix of culture, crazy people and community college students that Barbur was (and, still is, in some aspects). Yes, Crab Bowl is still open. It never closed—it just looks that way. Boom Boom Room, on the other hand, was a nice slice of the strip club life, as if a little piece of Reno was uprooted, given more progressive laws and placed in between Multnomah and the freeway. An extremely upscale club priced in to accommodate working class customers, the only complaint I ever had with Boom Boom was the fact they built it so close to the freeway exit I took on the drive home. I mean, give a man some leeway before you take all of his money.

When you first turn 21, you want to feel like a baller. Looking back, I was a shitty tipper, but even if it was just a few bucks, the Boom Boom girls always made me and my friends feel like we were the white extras in a Snoop Dogg video. One time, we came rolling in, reeking of weed and ordering sodas, because we didn't want to get the spins. Sitting at the rack, polite-

ly placing bills down and trying to blend in, the DJ announced, "Alright peeps, we got some Bone Thugs coming up for my smokers down there at the rack, who need to change their damn laundry, ha!" Again with the firsts, as a 21-year old, you might not yet grasp the concept of "cool



adults, who are cool with weed and play cool music for you, because they know you're cool." I'm not saying the bouncers would have been cool with us blazing up in the parking lot, but it was a fantastic transition into adulthood—to be treated like, well, adults (even though we were clearly still proud owners of Bob Marley posters).

Speaking of music, two of my favorites (Dick Hennessy and Jared) ruled that fucking DJ booth. You'd often hear Slayer and Wu-Tang back to back, which is a feat that I've rarely been able to pull off. I can't say that Dick is hurting for shifts without being proven wrong by the previous ten pages of ads, but if you get a chance to employ either of these gentlemen, they have my word. Oh, and Brian. He has nothing to do with Boom Boom, but he's looking for work, too. I don't wanna out him, but just go ahead and hire any DJ named Brian (who says he knows me and can prove it).

Anyhow, I just want to let everyone know that Boom Boom Room now falls into the category of "Old Portland," along with Church Of Elvis, X-Ray Cafe, The City Nightclub and a slew of never-to-be-forgotten memorabilia. We get sad any time a strip club closes, but Boom Boom Room had a special vibe to it. To the new hands take it over, may you have the best intentions and keep the legacy going, regardless of the name or theme. It's just off the exit and located on Barbur. How could you go wrong?

Miss Exotic Oregon: The New Blood

I would legally tell you to gamble on the outcome of *Miss Exotic*, but it's also immoral because, by the time this is published, we will already know the results. This is the fucked up thing about the publishing industry; we care more about getting you our mags on time, than we do holding off for the news. It's also fucked up that I found a way to squeeze a semicolon into a paragraph about strippers and pole dancing contests. Portland State University, ladies and gentlemen.

What I am going to say, is that, regardless of the outcome, everyone who competed was a winner. God, that sounds trite. But, I went to a few of the qualifier rounds and judged at the finals. What I saw, were dancers who genuinely enjoyed their craft. For a few weeks, all the dressing room drama and social media beef was put aside, and competition was friendly as hell. Now, since I'm writing this a week before the finals, I'm really hoping that there wasn't a huge gang fight in the style Michael Jackson's "Beat It" (unless, of course, that was part of a theme set). But, as of a week before the final rounds, I'm impressed that our industry keeps churning out new talent that respects the craft. It takes guts to dance naked, let alone in front of several strangers, who are literally judging your every move.

In past years, there's always been some sort of rumor surrounding the competition, whether it was regarding vote-rigging, insider trading, secret pedophile rings located in the basement of pizza joints on the edge of town, the whole nine...but, as an insider, I can guarantee *no one* affiliated with *Exotic* has any idea who will win, until the final votes are tallied. The only exception I can think of, is the year we gave a bunch of Bernedette's votes to Hillary, but that was because Bernedette wanted us to give ads away for free.

Congrats to *Miss Exotic 2018*, whoever you are. Keep an eye on our Facebook page (Facebook.com/XoticMag) and our Instagram (@exotic_mag) or Xmag.com, for pre-January leaks about the winners.

Who Will Be The First Marijuana-Friendly Strip Club?

Clearly, we don't discriminate against stoners (did you forget about my Boom Boom story already?). Our corner of the industry is at the forefront, with innovations made daily to keep us on top. There is a vegan strip club next to the world's best steakhouse, which is also a strip club. You can get your dog washed by a topless woman in a parking lot. There are more varieties of buttplug on stage than there are body types. Portland (and the surrounding area) is like the Apple of the strip club industry (except, we're a tad less expensive and the models we put out last year still work with whatever you have in your pocket).

So, who's got dibs on dabs? If we can serve shots, why not pot? I'm just trying to sell one of these slogans I've had written down forever. Name your price and I'll release it to ya. But, come on, open up a Sativa-Dominant Strip Club already. Sure, customers may forget to tip, but that's why you have a DJ to remind them. Do you have *any idea* how much food you would sell, whether carnivore or herbivore? Put me in front of bacon, breasts and a bong, and I promise I will never leave your fucking establishment. Plus,

we just wrapped up with harvest season and growers have mad cash. Where do you think they want to spend it, Home Depot?

I know that at least a few of you out there are considering the legalities, but take into account that you can watch two girls eat ass while you drink beer—what kind of lawyer wouldn't be able to argue a case against a joint-friendly patio? Trust me, the laws are changing by the day. Get in now and remember to run an ad in our magazine. Hell, I'll even "review" your club for ya (and, then, I'll come back the next day to do it again, because short-term memory is a myth).

Chinese Introduce Social Credit System

Imagine an episode of *Black Mirror*, in which everyone is judged by a credit score, which is determined by one's reputation, as determined by social media postings, tweets, drunken texts to former pornstars asking them if the Illuminati really controls the industry, etc. Now, replace all the stock Netflix actors with real Chinese people. This is happening. That shit you posted about your roommate? That thing you said about your last boss? Congrats. By 2020, it will be public record and will impact everything from your ability to find work, to your financial credit rating. China will give people "social credit scores," based on what they consume (if you eat too much, you're worth less), share on social media (good-bye shitposts) and all sorts of wonderful stuff. Remember that text you apologized for after you sobered up?

As it stands, the Court Of Public Opinion does a pretty decent job keeping in check those who deserve it. But, that's the free market at work and it usually involves the public outing of someone's *criminal* accusations. This is not the same thing as being forced to boycott people who I do not want to support, because they're deemed to be un-persons as a result of not paying a bill, eating fatty foods or posting drunken shit on the Westboro

Baptist Facebook page. Further, I may not want to know that my next door neighbor likes to send naughty photos to her ex-husband, or if the guy I buy weed from was banned from Twitter for calling @LenaDunham a pig—that's none of my business. We screen our writers for, say, felonies. Sort of. Okay, I've never even asked. But, I don't give two shits about whether or not Brad Cox cussed out the owners of Daynight Donuts on Yelp. It doesn't matter if Jaime Dunkle liked a Facebook post by former Beatle, Charles Manson. None of this is my business. If people I associate with are "problematic," I'll do a criminal background check and decide for myself. But, I am deathly afraid that some sort of social credit system would prevent me from making moves in life, simply because the algorithms discovered I was, say, a strip club DJ *and* a Juggalo.

What happens to sex workers, if (when) the U.S. adopts a social credit score system? "Stripper" is one of those words that can be used as a slur—does anyone think it will hold up to a computer algorithm that determines a human's social worth? Even "exotic dancer" or similar euphemisms do not hide the "dances naked for cash with an honor-system tax arrangement" aspect of this industry. Further, what about our advertisers? Our layout staff? Under a rule of social capital, would anyone associated with "undesirables" be excommunicated from society?

I know it seems out there, but if it's not as hypothetical as we'd like to think, what can we do to prevent it? I say, we should stop openly rating folks based on categories—this is something that goes on daily, all over the internet and bleeding into real life. We need to stop treating each other like shit based on, oh, social media postings about politicians or opinions on gender. I know, I'm doing the whole "steal M.L.K.'s speech, because motherfuckers still haven't picked up on it" thing. But, once we open the floodgates for division, we will drown. Did M.L.K. say that? If not, I'm stealing it from whoever did. Every post about how "Group X" is heathens/deplorables/etc., goes into the data pile.

Imagine if simply liking a Pepe meme or photo of Trump staring at the sun would prevent you from receiving employment.

Right now, my friends are my reputation. Thankfully, I don't discriminate based on things like income, political preference, dietary habits or the like—I keep it simple and just avoid hipsters and catty white girls. But, again, that's the free market for you. What if I was *forced* to avoid hipsters and catty white girls, just because they rank lowest on the social credit score? That's not a world I want to live in. What if I need a Starbucks?

Whenever someone says, "I don't judge," I take that as a challenge. I know, for a fact, that at least a handful of you have unfriended me from social media, but still read my columns. I dig. But, my 3AM shitposts should not prevent my family from living a good life. And, the fact that said family is entirely hypothetical, should also not be reason to excommunicate me for being a waste of resources and hoarding all this would-be alimony money for sweet, precious video games and bachelorhood. In short, keep your laws off my shitposts and, in the words of the white women I avoid, "don't ju-uh-dge meee."

So, while you're using Bitcoin to pay for L.S.D., stop and consider that this whole "social credit thing" is not as impossible as you'd want it to be. Get at least partially off the grid. Avoid trackers, by using the Brave browser instead of Firefox or Chrome. Search with DuckDuckGo, instead of Google. Pay cash or use cryptocurrency when possible. Quit whoring out your digital information. Because, if (when) they decide to stamp your name with a digital social credit score, you'll get flagged for supporting damn near anyone who advertises in this publication.

Then again, I turn 38 next month. I've already accepted that my credit score and age are creeping closer and closer each year. And, my reputation has been smeared so many times, it's gone from shit to clay. So, this warning goes out to all you Millennials and your fancy mechanical dodads. Do you want killer robots? Because, this is how we get killer robots.

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HAUNTED STRIP CLUB MANSION



TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH

BY DJ HAZMATT

'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE NEW YEAR'S

I don't normally use this column to take a serious tone, but, in the past, I have used my platform to speak out against serious topics, when appropriate. Sexual assault within the comedy scene, strippers and club owners going head-to-head over new legislation, the sudden and problematic rise of dubstep...you name it.

This time around, I'm going to write a piece that's been sitting on my desk for years. Put simply, if you're going out this New Year's Eve, do not drink and drive.

I know, it sounds like a fucking public service announcement. But, I'm going to make the case that drunk driving is among (if not, the worst of) the problems facing the entertainment industry.

Here are some things that even the most seasoned alcoholic doesn't usually consider, before hitting the road after binge drinking the Bulleit, instead of just biting the bullet and staying sober for a night.

The Club You Just Left Will Pay The Price For Your Stupidity

If you die of a heart attack, your family cannot sue McDonald's. If you get hit by a bus after leaving the weed dispensary because you were trying to dab up in the parking lot, you can't sue the dispensary. But, for some fucked-up reason, if you get turned up to eleven on Four Loko, walk into a strip club, order a shot, leave and get in a car accident, the bar that served you the shot will be held liable and they will likely be sued into the pavement (or, worse, shut down). This makes no sense. Bartenders are physically incapable of adhering to the Oregon

Liquor Control Gestapo's regulations of monitoring their hundreds-or-more deep customer base on a busy Saturday night, in a club full of literal smoke and mirrors, populated by beautiful (and distracting) women, drunk dudes trying to yell over each other and a DJ who keeps playing Godsmack for the tattooed stripper who clacks her heels, because that's the only rock music he knows.

These laws will not change. On the list of legitimate organizations that care about their fellow man, the O.L.C.G. falls somewhere between Hitler Youth and Westboro Baptist. To say they are scum, would be to give scum a bad name. So, keep in mind the difference between ideals and reality—and, yes, your drunk ass *will* end up spilling the beans to the cop who drags you out of your car. A bartender, who was just trying to stop you from yelling "HEY! HEY! HEY! Can I get a shot? HEY! Helloooooo? CAN I GET A SHOT???" is



now out of a job and facing a potential lawsuit. I shouldn't say this, but if you are unable to act like an adult and insist on having "one last shot for the road," order one from one of those out-of-town-owner-run yuppie bars that serve gluten-free IPA and don't hire locals. Then, get on your bike and go nuts.

Drunk Driving May Seem Easy, But The Tests Won't Lie

I'm about 220 and well over six feet tall. For shits and giggles, I once blew into one of those "test your D.U.I.I. risk" machines they have at the club. I kid you not, after two (2) bottles of Guinness, I blew a .09 on the booze-o-meter. This is over the legal limit, but I hadn't even felt a head change. It turns out, that a breathalyzer can pick up on alcohol that you just consumed, but has yet to hit you. Worse, by the time it does affect you, you'll be down at the station, where they can draw your blood and all that fun stuff. So, even if you're stone cold sober, two or three beers can get you a D.U.I.I.

That may be scary enough to convince you that water is worth a try, but get this—I've been a raging, functional alcoholic for years and I've never once been incapable of operating after blacking out. By "functional," I mean that I have done such things as paying off student debt loans, changing my oil, drunk Tweeting random exes entire conversations and even jerked off to Playboy porn, all on the way home from the bar—these aren't signs of a functional person, but rather, the signs of someone who is not physically impaired after several pints of whiskey. What this

means, is that you'll feel "just fine" driving home, until you swerve off the road, while trying to YouTube search that one Lana Del Rey song with the A\$AP guy. If booze actually made your legs stop working, that would be nice, but I'd be penning my next columns on the dangers of "Fuzzy Leg Lager" and how it put dozens of strippers in the hospital. Until

that is how alcohol works, it's best to respect your abilities, instead of ignoring them. You're never "too drunk to drive," but you will always be too drunk to pass a D.U.I. test.

Alcohol Plus Holidays Equals Magnified Trauma

I've had a few friends die due to drunk driving, both as the drivers and as sober people, who were simply at the wrong intersection at the wrong time. This might be a little dark of me to point out, but the ones who died in the middle of March, were treated with at least half of the sympathy as the ones who died after leaving a Christmas party. For obvious reasons, tragedy that happens while the television is constantly reminding you about "a time for friends and family," is shitty on another level. As far as New Year's Eve, this is a holiday that sets a tone for the rest of the year. It's also a time that people seem to remember more than others. I remember the girl I kissed at midnight on N.Y.E. 2012, but not my mother's middle name. On the same token, my buddy who died after leaving a party that same night is equally remembered.

I don't recommend that anyone take risks that could lead to death or jail (this includes dating white women, even briefly). But, if you're hell-bent on suicide-by-Honda, don't fucking do it when the family is in town for the weekend. Don't be the first headline to hit the papers on New Year's Day. The evening news loves a good "...but, first, a tragedy in Southwest Portland last night" headline. And, this applies to the people who are sharing the road with you, as you careen down Barbur doing twice the legal limit. In fact, "...but first, a tragedy in Southwest Portland that cost one volunteer from the shelter her life" is an even more profitable lead for the vultures at the news station. If you want to become (or cause) a statistic, don't do it during the holidays.

The Bars Have Enough Business On N.Y.E., So Stay Home And Do Mushrooms

I'm not telling you to avoid *strip* clubs. Clearly, you'd wanna hit a few of these. But, as far as the stroke-of-midnight action, avoid getting boozed up at the corner pub. This is the best night of the year to trip. Reflect on the past 365, sit on your porch, turn up the Ween and soak into a bean bag (yes, I have a bean bag on my porch). The one New Year's that I recall doing this, is still the best to this day. It was 2000 and everyone was convinced that the grid would explode. I was explaining to my then-girlfriend



how Prince's "1999" is at its peak of relevance, and because she wasn't high, she just told me to stop talking about Prince. This led to a break-up, which steered me down a life path in which I am surrounded by beautiful women and piles of cash. Meanwhile, she's raising two kids and living in the suburbs. Good for her. Glad they're not mine, though. I can thank mushrooms, as well as Ween's cover of "1999."

If you need entertainment, every single media outlet is broadcasting footage of people, in N.Y.C., on live television, acting like fools because a giant metal testicle is about to fall out of the sky. You will get random messages from friends who haven't contacted you in a year, ranging from "FWD: FWD: FWD: HAPPPY NEW YAER," to "TrashDoveWithStreamersAndSparkler.jpg." You'll reflect on that

girl you dated a year ago and wonder if she's still talking shit about you on social media. Your mind will take you to places on the internet that you forgot still exist, like Know Your Meme and Zombo.com, for hours on end. Finally, you'll wonder if the shrooms are wearing off, or just getting stronger, because you never remembered that you are in the middle of writing an article about a holiday that is over a month away.

Strippers Love Sober Customers

I know this sounds as counter-intuitive as staying home while others party, but hear me out—go to the strip club, sober.

Then, politely tip a dancer before asking her to give you a private show. If she asks for twenty bucks per song, give her fifty. Make her night. If you even remotely believe in karma, you'll be taken care of for the entire year (this may begin in February, on Chinese New Year, depending on how tight your karma game is). Christmas is depressing. Thanksgiving is okay (props to Elle Stanger for her Thanks-Stripping charity, which is cool as hell). But, New Year's Eve is amateur night—and, I

don't mean on the stage.

For one night only, every drunk fuck with a truck decides to leave the hills. Newly minted 21-year olds decide to figure out what a "Long Island" tastes like. Becky and Becky just ended their friendship, before accidentally showing up to the club in the same outfit that a better-looking female on stage is wearing. New Year's Eve is like a ticking time bomb of shit, soaked in vodka to make it a Molotov. By *not* adding to the problem, you will be treated like a king or queen (or another form of gendered royalty). If you want extra credit, brush your goddamn teeth and wear something nice to the club. Strippers will flock to you like a new M.I.A. record.

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WHY I'M DONE APOLOGIZING FOR BECOMING A CONSERVATIVE

BY MATT ROSE

Scum. Deplorable. Nazi. All of these words can be used to describe type of person who hates someone else based solely on their beliefs. Since I believe that most progressives are smart, capable, intelligent people who probably share more in common with me than not, I am going to explain to them why they should feel the same about me.

There Is A Difference Between A "Conservative" & A "Fundamentalist"

Surprisingly enough, most of my conservative friends don't care who marries who, what happens behind closed doors, what people do with their bodies or who swaps fluids—these are things that fundamentalists tend to focus on, along with banning books and endorsing archaic concepts of the afterlife. The reason these two groups are often confused, is that there are approximately zero progressive fundamentalists. Fundamentalists will always side with conservatives, but the same is not true in reverse (most conservatives are actually not fundamentalists).

For instance, progressives are pro-abortion, because they feel it is immoral to limit a woman's reproductive rights, while fundamentalists are anti-abortion, because they feel it is immoral to limit the rights of a fetus. Now, as a conservative, I care about one thing and one thing only: what is the cost to society and the individual? This is not a moral judgment, but rather, one based on a conservative estimate of a socioeconomic situation. If government-funded access to abortion services can be shown to reduce the birth rate of children who would do more damage to society than not, I'm all for it. If, on the other hand, abortion is shown to be a sloppy replacement for birth control that leads to a destruction in the family unit on a large scale—one that would be of detriment to society as a whole—then I'm going to default on the conservative side.

Logically (not morally), a conservative would usually argue that, in *most* cases (rape and incest excluded), abortion is not as desirable to a society as adoption is. However, I also feel

that, as a conservative, the population explosion is not sustainable. I also don't believe on infringing on a woman's option to do whatever she wants, on her dime, to her body. Meanwhile, a progressive would argue that not funding abortion for any reason is disrespectful to the individual rights of women and the fundamentalist will stand outside a clinic and shame rape victims. I fall somewhere in between abortion-as-entertainment and women-are-going-to-hell, but not close enough to either side to justify a stance. Hence, a "conservative" is just that—conservative. "Safe, legal and rare." Like Hillary said abortion should be.

Yet, most progressives reading this are instantly taking offense to the idea of a middle ground between free third-trimester abortions and chastity belts. Which brings me to my next point...

Progressives Take Everything As A Personal Attack

Even as a white, male conservative, I am able to scroll through the typical left-leaning news outlet and shrug off the bulk of implications that white people are inherently evil, all men are rapists and Republicans are bigots by nature. This is not due to some imaginary system of power that is granted to me by fascists working at Patriarchy, Inc., nor is it part of some "privilege" that would become clear if I only tapped into the collective guilt of white dudes everywhere. I understand that men are pigs, so I strive not to be a pig. I get that white folks can be racist, so I avoid country music and similar triggers. And, then *I move on*. The bottom line is that, as a conservative, I don't take anything as a personal attack, if it doesn't apply to me. I watch *The Daily Show* host joke about how white men in power are shitheads and I laugh. I listen to that Dr. Dre song about "all you white motherfuckers and how we're gonna pay and I turn it up because it's a great song. Who cares? It's not directed at Matt Rose. On the same token, black conservatives laugh at racial jokes made at their expense on *South Park* and *SNL*. The reason

that the left can't meme, is because humor requires self-deprecating awareness, mixed with risk-taking challenges against the dominant paradigm.

How *did* the right become the new source for comedy? Well...

Conservatives Adapt, While Fundamentalists & Progressives Protest

Quoting (but, not *speaking for*, which is a progressive phenomenon that we will tackle in a second) a Latino conservative who was watching the election results last year with me, "I'm glad my family came over here before this asshole got elected. Thank god we got our papers." The nuance here, is that, upon seeing a potential threat to his group-based identity, my buddy noted how his family took agency against a potential hazard. Condoms, health insurance and seat belts are also "conservative" in this way. Should I, in theory, be able to bareback a prostitute on the freeway without the interruption of a seat belt? Sure. Will I? Probably not, until we expand the lanes on the I-5.

Contrast this with the current discussion regarding sexual assault, as being framed by progressives. We all *feel* that women should be able to safely walk down a dark alley after the bar closes, drunk, wearing fuck-me pumps and singing Journey songs to the creepy hipster from class. Morally, I'd even argue that fundamentalists agree. See? We all agree on how we *feel*. However, the reality of the matter is that, in densely populated urban areas, it is generally not a good idea to do this. By even suggesting this to be true, it paints me as some sort of slut-shaming rape apologist who lives on a steady diet of Limp Bizkit and Mountain Dew. Progressives propose that men everywhere (including the white-van-driving, just-got-out-of-jail-on-a-technicality, high-on-PCP variety) should just take some college courses on consent and meditate on feminism for a few terms. Then, "toxic masculinity" will disappear and we will all live as one in a giant pile of consensual hugs. Fundamentalists believe that women are objects and can prevent rape by remaining barefoot in the kitchen.

I disagree with all of these approaches; as a conservative, I believe that rape is morally wrong, as well as a *real threat* that is hard to predict and is often done at the hands of a friend or associate. Therefore, women should be encouraged to take self-defense (not yoga) classes and the length of their dress should be just long enough to conceal a small .38 or similar firearm. Which of these scenarios sounds the most reasonable? Which would get be a thirty-day ban from the BuzzFeed comment section?

This brings us to our final point, that being...

Progressives Are More Bigoted Than Conservatives

Websters defines racism as "a belief that race is the primary determinant of human traits and capacities and that racial differences produce an inherent superiority of a particular race." That second part, yeah, we can go ahead and give that one to the fundamentalists. Bigots believe that their race is better at everything, while pop culture, sports, cuisine and fashion trends prove otherwise. However, let's deconstruct that first part, where racism is implied to be "the primary determinant of human traits." Who does this sound like? To me, I am reminded of every college professor who explained "white privilege" to a mixed-race classroom full of people, who were going thousands of dollars into debt in order to gain a societal advantage over those who opted not to pursue higher education.

The feminist book stores and vegan ice cream stores taking over black neighborhoods aren't being run by conservatives. While black leaders stand behind podiums, declaring, "We must overcome," white progressives butt in to say, "Actually, like, you probably can't and it's my fault...I really apologize. Can I touch your hair?" I call bullshit. Further, by co-opting struggles, identities and life experiences from every single group they claim to speak on behalf of, progressives are just as guilty (if not, more so) of the "cultural appropriation" and "privilege" they claim to oppose. Feminism stole Affirmative Action from black people. This is why the suburbs are safer than the projects.

Conservatives See The Potential In People

"Because you're black" is, unarguably, a racist statement, when referring to one's societal condition. The white savior complex, as seen with the Native Americans and African American slavery (courtesy of fundamentalists), continues today in the form of what we call "the soft bigotry of low expectations," which differs from slavery-era assumptions regarding black people in that it is done with a smile, by progressives. Headlines that say "Math Is Racist" or "Physics Is Sexist" are euphemisms for "blacks and women are dumb." As a conservative, I disagree that non-white, non-male people are incapable of reaching *any goal* that they strive to.

Let's say that you have a competition of any variety, whether it be a game of football or a competition to see who's the most op-

pressed (I can't think of any other progressive sports). Team Privilege is playing on their home turf. When Team Minority is playing against Team Privilege next week, there are two options. The first, is to cancel the game entirely because there is no way Team Minority can win. This falls under the "soft bigotry" category. The second, more viable angle, is to get a good coach for Team Minority and a third-party system of measurable rules (read: not theories proposed by liberal professors) that prevent Team Privilege from rigging the game. Once these measures are put into place, Team Minority has a shot. However, if it turns out that Team Minority *still* isn't winning, the solution is not to handicap Team Privilege; the solution is for Team Minority to train twice as hard and for audits to be made to ensure that equal opportunity is always given to all teams. On the other hand, equal *outcomes* would require that the game be rigged or the results manipulated, which is something that conservatives oppose. In short, we acknowledge that systemic discrimination exists, but we'd rather elevate those who are disadvantaged by it, as opposed to punish those who benefit from it. The irony is that "progressives" aren't big fans of progress. And, when Team Privilege finally loses...

Conservatives Can Admit Fault, While Progressives Deflect Accountability

**"IT IS HARD TO IMAGINE A MORE STUPID OR MORE DANGEROUS WAY OF MAKING DECISIONS THAN BY PUTTING THOSE DECISIONS IN THE HANDS OF PEOPLE WHO PAY NO PRICE FOR BEING WRONG."
- THOMAS SOWELL**

Thomas Sowell, conservative academic, once said, "It is hard to imagine a more stupid or more dangerous way of making decisions than by putting those decisions in the hands of people who pay no price for being wrong."

Throwing piss into the wind and expecting not to get a golden shower in return, is impossible. Yet, that's what progressives do when they make the leap from fighting for the disenfranchised to re-writing history to pander to the disenfranchised. Since progressives double down on their misinformed beliefs, any study that finds "gender roles are a mixture of nature and nurture, with rare biological exceptions that produce people who should be treated with respect" is translated as "everything is a social construct, the terms 'mom' and 'dad' are sexist and anyone

who disagrees is a bigot." The term "pregnant woman" is now offensive, because trans men can get pregnant, too. Children are taught not to use gender identifiers. All of this, for one to two percent of the adult population. Further, none of this benefits the actual trans adult who has already experienced the extremes of their situation (and will only face greater amounts of discrimination and bullying, thanks to a steady stream of accusations of "transphobia" being thrown in the face of old ladies who complement a stranger's daughter for being pretty). Further, children have no concept of the reasoning *behind* gender identity. Sure, babies as old as a few hours are already expressing gendered behaviors, but we haven't decided to teach sex education to toddlers yet, have we? Fuck. It appears we have.

Once the house of cards tumbles down due to a lack of logic and reason, it is the progressives, not conservatives, who will be left to clean up the mess. I'm a conservative. I respect Muslims, Jews, atheists, the entire LGBT spectrum, women, the basic freedoms outlined in our nation's instruction manual and, in regards to those things I do not yet agree with, I am willing to listen and be moved by logical arguments that I feel will not result in a loss of the greater, societal good. This does not make me a "nazi," nor does it make me a "racist," nor does it make me a "transphobic,

sexist bigot." However, I'm so fucking used to those terms that they no longer carry any weight. So, should one of my peers express *actual* bigotry, prompting me to speak out against it, I will be crying "wolf," thanks to the over-saturated market for such claims. When everything is racism, everything is homophobia, everything is rape, everything is systemic discrimination...it means that these words will no longer carry the same weight. To that, the only solution is to be, well, "conservative" with them.

Send any and all hate mail to MattRoseWriter@gmail.com. The opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily reflect the opinions of Exotic staff.

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Daily 12pm-2:30am

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Daily 2pm-2:30am

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Daily 2pm-2:30am

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CLUB ROUGE 48 FOOD LOTTERY
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Daily Noon-2am

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Vancouver: 4811 NE 94th Ave | (360) 254-1126
Daily 24 hours

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

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12963 SW Pacific Hwy | (503) 430-5140
Daily 10am-12am

THE RED DOOR 172
314 W Burnside St, Suite 300
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3533 SE César E Chávez Ave | (971) 271-7064
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Sun 8pm-2am

DISPENSARIES

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9663 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-7462
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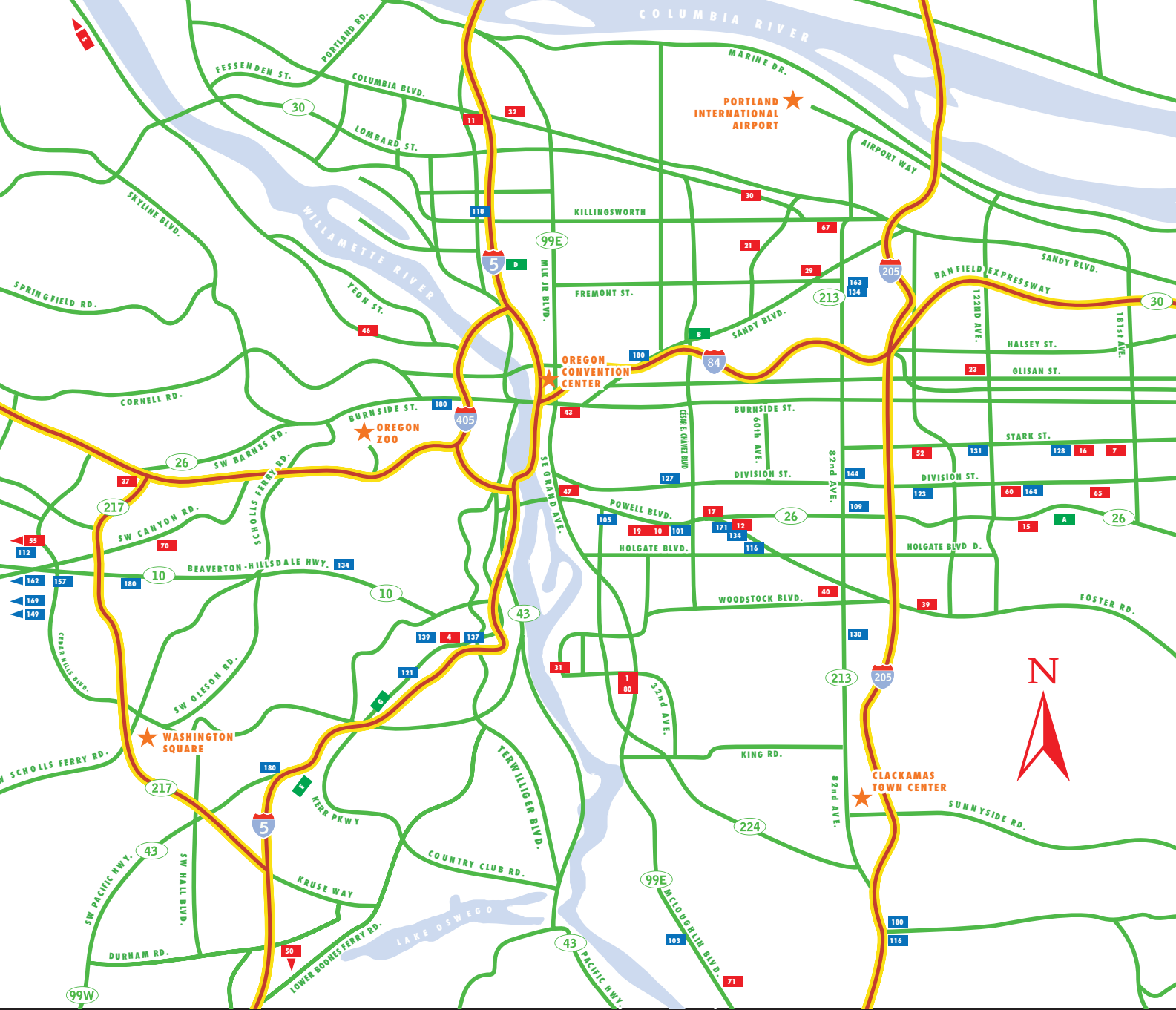
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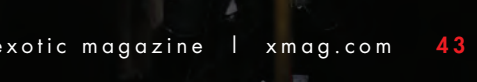
Indigo
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Harlow
KIT KAT CLUB

Mary Jane
CLUB ROUGE

Kat Van
Daryum
KIT KAT CLUB

Annie
LABOOSH STUDIOS





THE SHACK

They are my hands. Or, his hands. Or, my hands. His...we are messy at the bar and leave in a stumble. I feel windswept on sex. His hands are on my body, my hands...his hands. I lean on him, into the crisp night air. My mouth's whiskey-pink. Crisp air—the taste.

I taste the night. His eyes are darkness.

"I wanna show you The Shack," he says and leads me with his eyes down towards Going Street. I follow, hungry. It is harvest time and the sky's smoky breath clings to us with the resolve of embers burning, remembering, burning...

The yellowy maples are like a holy crown for the stars.

The summer's done. And, I am drunk. Stompin' in my stompin' boots.

Leaves crunch under my feet. Fuck-me boots. Stompin' boots. The heels, like spears, pierce hearts. My feet, the destroyers...crushing souls. Midnight leaves.

It is dark and nighttime and I always feel slutty when it's dark. I always feel alive and sexy—ready, when it's dark. My soul is tempered and my pussy pounds. Nighttime is for hunting.

And, I found him...

I stride in the garden, with his hands under my skirt, fingers caressing. And, in the dark garden, I look up to the full moon. We are lit, like actors on a stage—the theater of the stars!

He motions beyond me, to his old home—the one he mentioned at the bar. The Shack stands at the back of the garden, far beyond the ears of corn (that stand taller than me), beyond the artichoke plants and rows of drying beans, the paths of irrepressible mint

and lemon balm and beyond the late-fall Russian kale, spindly and gone to seed, with its dark, frilly, violet leaves...

The tiny flowers.

Nasturtiums climb and each flower is like an open pussy—a moon for the moonflower. God, I love nighttime sex and nighttime love and the velvetness of everything. And, I smell rosemary on the wind, when I'm here. I taste the night under drying sunflowers; their massive heads bow to the dirt. I know the love and contemplation that goes into a place like this. The work, the sweat...gardening hands.

I imagine him, when he lived in The Shack. His delicate but strong hands dug and seeded and weeded. He wore Levis, played records, made beans and rice. Planted seeds, so many seeds. He washed the dishes, both at home and at work. I think of his life before me—before tonight. I look at his clapboarded past—I think of my life. My head spins...

And? His hands are upon me again. His hands, my hands. In the blooms, I acquiesce. At first I suck him. On my knees, I kneel below him and the constellations. I suck him, because I have to taste the universe. Holding his hips and rocking him into me, gripping his backside and pulling him all the way down...my throat opens.

But, he needs me, he needs me so bad he can't take it, he can't wait, and he pushes me down by the lavender bush. And? I laugh. I'm dirty now. Yes, a dirty girl in the beautiful garden under the lull of the full harvest moon, full of sweet cock. The taste still on my lips...

I'm on my hands and knees, rocking, rocking him. Rocking him after the punk rock show, after the whiskey shots, after the shit talk and the sweet talk. All of it. I'm on my knees and feeling it. Feeling so good. Feeling so full.

The full moon intoxicates my skin, and light reflects and resounds within me. Waves of energy move through me as he fucks me and I am absorbing all the moonlight—taking all of his cock. Taking all the moonlight, too. The shine of the stars...

And when I cum, my voice makes the stars fall. Or I am just so dizzy the stars fall from pleasure. I cannot take anymore and I bite down, my mouth had cried out so! And, when I bite down, strands of lavender enter my mouth. My mouth is full of the astringent, potent herb: lavender flowers. The luxurious bridle of lavender is in my mouth and I feel like I am a beast, riding the stars, and he continues to fuck me, ride me. And, I open, needing even more.

Biting on the lavender, the stems are in my mouth. I look to the sky, moon, moon, moon: full. Oh-so-full. And the shudders of my body move me beyond, even further. Further.

...fuck, that felt good.

And so we walk—real drunk now. I lost my panties. The breeze caresses my wet inner-thighs, and under the overgrown ivy, I squat to piss.

The liquid clears me, steamy. My clit still pulsates from pleasure. Splashed and cleansed, I am made new again. As I stand, he moves up against me from behind, and his hand reaches down—I can feel his cock's hard warmth through the half-buttoned denim, he bends down and licks and licks and...

Soon, I am on my knees again.

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

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Holy shit, guys. I took some time off from writing these columns, during which time the world literally exploded with rape, sexual harassment and pedophilia. Do I have to remind you fucks, that this is why we can't have nice things? I don't personally believe that anyone thought the entertainment industry was wholesome, or safe, for women and children. That would be some Christianity-level cognitive dissonance... am I right? But, the cat is really out of the bag now, and us normal, not-rapey people have to find things we can still enjoy—guilt-free. So, this month, I bring back *Top 5* with...

Spoiler alert...*House Of Cards* didn't make the list.

en's rights and sexual independence...go throw some dollars down at the rack and make America great again!

3. Seth MacFarlane's Work

Not only is this guy funny, but he has consistently told the truth about Hollywood and other dodgy areas of pop culture, from behind a thin veil of comedy. Take, for example, the fact that he alluded to Kevin Spacey's proclivity for young boys *years* before it became the dominant topic on your newsfeed. He makes us laugh and makes us think. He's a classy fuckin' dude, who doesn't make me feel all gross when I tell people I'm a

Wisdom at its finest and also some great vocabulary work, for those impressionable ears of yours.

5. Reading *Exotic*

I'm proud of my work in this magazine and I can say, for certain, I feel the same about my colleagues here. One of the things that I'm proud of, is that every single writer for this magazine gets their own voice. We are all paid the same amount—both men and women—and, we are all encouraged to speak our minds. I have never been edited for content and I have never heard of anyone else being censored, either. There are loads of people who contribute to this magazine

TOP

THINGS RAPISTS AND PEDOPHILES HAVEN'T RUINED FOR THE REST OF US

BY BRAD COX



1. Jogging

I don't run, unless it's towards cake or away from the police. But, I've heard of something called a "runner's high." I guess it's something that happens when your endorphins kick in, or maybe it has to do with the "fight or flight" response. I don't know, to be honest, but what I do know, is that jogging is something all humans with working legs can do—making it a reasonably safe activity for the socially conscious. Plus, if you are in good shape, you're probably more likely to get away from danger. Remember that movie *Zombie Land*? Survival is all about cardio.

2. Going To The Strip Club

Funny as it may sound to you, considering all the sexually related fuckery we find ourselves buried under in modern society, going to the strip club is a seriously wholesome activity for the socially conscious man. Think about it—the ladies are there by choice, they are safe, working a great paying gig and all the dancers I know have told me that their job makes them feel empowered. So, ladies and gentlemen, next time you want your voice heard in the discourse about wom-

en's rights and sexual independence...go throw some dollars down at the rack and never said a word about it...also, fuck Matt Damon).

4. Wu-Tang Clan

I have said it before and I will say it again...Wu-Tang is for the babies. Rap music is, by nature, misogynistic, but the Wu has always brought us pearls of wisdom regarding treating your partner like a queen (or king) and raising your children to be strong, independent thinkers. The Wu has taught me about history, philosophy, art, religion and gangster shit—everything a growing person needs to be the dopest motherfucker they can be. One can enjoy Wu-Tang's music mostly guilt-free, unless it's liberal white guilt and, if recent history has taught us anything, it's that white guilt is good guilt. I remember getting my copy of the record "Wu-Tang Forever" and hearing these words:

Socrates philosophies and hypotheses

Can't define why I be droppin' these mockeries

Lyricaly perform armed robbery

and not once have I been privy to any form of discrimination. If we insult a person, it's because they are an asshole, aren't funny or they steal material. I have felt encouraged to submit as much work as I can and I know, for a fact, that my female cohorts are encouraged to do so, as well. When compared to any publication in Portland, I have seen some of the most biting honest writing in *Exotic*. I am confident your time is well-spent reading these articles and you are in no way being a part of the problem as you do so.

We live in a world where abuse and harassment are systemic. It didn't just become this way, though—it's important to know this. We have just now entered into a new part of our culture, where we are talking about it and are doing a better job singling out those responsible. Much like the motto on the New York subway says—if you see something, say something. Do not allow yourself to become an ally of the abuser or rapist, through inaction and silence. Stand strong with your friends and family, who have gone through these real and horrible tragedies. Become a part of the solution and be the change you want to see in the world. I know you will, though, because you fucks are good fucks, who give a fuck.

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Stripped IN-PORNLAND

FLASH FICTION INSPIRED BY REAL AND RUMORED EVENTS IN THE PORTLAND STRIP CLUB INDUSTRY

By Jaime Dunkle

BIG HANDS

He watched me from the dark, back corner of the club. It was dead. He left a pile of money on my rack.

"You're dancing is so elegant and sophisticated," he said. "You're my favorite." He ascended the stairs, before I could thank him.

I sat in his office, with my notebooks and writings I printed from email on the guest computer across from his. I was his court jester, but, instead of a cap and bells, I wore blood-red hair in a messy half-bun. Instead of pointed shoes, I tilted about in eight inch black Pleaser heels. I held my latest freshly printed poems and stories in both hands, as the paper tailed onto the carpeted office floor. I leaned back in the chair and put my feet up on the oak desk.

Big Hands puffed on his zillionth cigarette of the night. His eyes conveyed the eagerness of his ears. His fuzzy face grinned. He ashed his cigarette.

"Let's hear it," he said.

"I'll start with this poem," I said.

"You're SO fake! You laugh so fake and your sighs are contrived. Your voice brings blood-lust impulses to my ears. As you caress my limbs, I cut off your hands, leaving bloody stumps,

gushing with ooze, popping chunks of muscle and flesh. Then your oh-so-frail legs, I dismember them and your facades, by severing your appendages. A hopeless heap of your cheap defeat—red pools soak the room and I say, 'Off with your desperate head!' Your neck especially embodies your defiled ways. Veins and flesh, mangled and squirming—drip, drip, dripping blood—a sea of red fills the space. As you lay still slightly squirming, a soul trapped in a decrepit corpse. Deceived, deceiving—dead you lay,

in repose—a deviant's delight—so falsely fragile and feeble minded. As you writhe and choke,

I laugh a hectic, hellish scream."

Big Hands stood up and the permanent cigarette dangled from his mouth. He clapped with sincerity then sat down.

"I love it. Morbid. Chilling," he said. "Who's it about?"

"A gothic, vegan cocktease," I said.

"Cheyenne?"

"Yep."

We laughed. He offered me a cigarette and lit it for me with an engraved Zippo. I took a few drags before the DJ called me to the stage. I folded up my scroll and left the pile of rantings on the desk.

I gave a few dances and the night ended. I put on my jeans and shirt in the dressing room. I packed my makeup, outfits, weed and CDs. Then, I went back into the office to grab my stories.

"Sorry, I didn't come back and hang out like usual, but—"

"Don't worry," he said. "You did good tonight. I saw you got a lot of dances." He gestured to the security screen monitoring multiple cameras in the club.

I smiled at him, as we stood in front of his desk.

Gorgeous covergirls peered at me from behind glass. Their transcendental beauty immortalized on glossy 8"x10"s—framed, dusted and admired.

He raised his arms and wrapped his hands around my neck. I froze. Years of friendship and a working relationship that was never flirty or sexualized, despite the atmosphere,

questioned. Down the tubes.

He held my pale neck in his thick fingers. They curled around my throat and squeezed ever so slightly. Not enough to hurt me, physically, but plenty to violate me emotionally.

His chipmunk face lunged at me. I stood still. Poised against my inner panic. Statuesque in my fear. Mortified. Every millisecond movement dragged in a heaviness that paused each frame of space and time, in a live-action Eadweard Muybridge motion photo sequence. An underwater nightmare. Then, his full lips pressed against mine. His big hands tightened ever so slightly. I couldn't pull away, because I was immovable stone. His fat tongue forged its way past my lips and licked across my teeth—prying them open.

Time caught up with motion and I snapped out of my frozen hell and jumped back. His hands still clenched my neck. He let go. His saucer eyes stared at me—hungry and confused.

"Why would you do that?" I asked, tears falling.

"I thought that's what you wanted," he said, with face loose and stunned.

I regained composure, grabbed my papers and bags, unlocked the door from the inside and left.

He called me at home and apologized. I cried. I screamed. I cried some more.

"Please, come in tomorrow," he said over the phone. "Let me make it up to you."

I needed money for bills, so, I did. I forgave him.

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. Don't cyberstalk her at JaimeDunkle.com or [@JaimeDunkle](https://twitter.com/JaimeDunkle). No creepers allowed.

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HISTORICALLY KINKY AS FUCK

EMPERESS MESSALINA (WIFE OF I, CLAUDIUS)

...moonlit as an insatiable common prostitute.

This, according to Juvenal, who is a Roman poet who penned the Satires (not to be confused with the rapper Juvenile, who penned "Back that Azz Up," although a little known fact, is that Empress Messalina was the original inspiration for "Back That Azz Up").

Empress Messalina really wanted to give back to the commoner. As the story goes, once Messalina knew that Emperor Claudius was asleep, she donned a blonde wig and entered the town brothel, where she took on any and all men until daylight. Did she have a stripper name? Absolutely. Her brothel name was "Lycisca," which is "Cinnamon" in Greek.

KING JAMES (OF BIBLE FAME)

...was way into dudes.

Most people who have had seedy motel sex are familiar with King James—his bible is one of the most widely distributed English versions of the tome that enumerates the ways we are going to hell. Not only does that list include eating shellfish, getting tattoos and practicing inhospitable behavior toward strangers, but it also includes boning dudes. The mention of dude-boning is limited to a couple of passages, but those passages have been used to justify all sorts of heinous shit.

But, King James was pretty open about his love of young, strapping chaps, because he only skimmed Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy, while simultaneously eating ham, planting his crops all willy nilly and gallivanting around in a cotton/wool blend. In 1607, he fell in love with a poverty-stricken Scotsman named Robert Carr. The handsome 17-year-old Carr fell off a horse and broke his leg. So,

the 41-year-old king nursed him back to health, taught him some Latin (and, some French too...you think leeringly) and fell in love. It was not secret. The Earl Of Suffolk wrote, "The king leaneth on [Carr's] arm, pinches his cheeks, smoothes his ruffled garments and, when he looketh at Carr, directeth discourse to others."

PRESIDENT HARDING

...had underage sex in a White House coat closet.

Harding was our 29th President, serving from 1921 to 1923. He is not considered a badass. He's been considered a bottom-tier president (I mean, previously...I'm sure he's FDR, in comparison to this current administration) due to the many scandals that happened in his administration, such as the Teapot Dome Scandal—which, despite sounding like something that happened to one of the seven dwarves, was the largest scandal U.S. History until Watergate.

He was also apparently an inspiration to Bill Clinton, because, in 1927, Nan Britton published a book titled *The President's Daughter*. It claimed that Harding started an affair with a 16-year-old girl (the age of consent in D.C. is 16, but he was 58, which is gross). And, that's not the only case of Harding living up to his last name (insert dick joke), because another woman, Carrie Fulton Phillips, had massive amounts of love notes from President "Time On His Hands" (no wonder he sucked as a President) and I found out they were unsealed in July 2015. I'm reading 'em. The Starr Report is going to read like Twilight, after Dr. Feelgood's prose comes to town.

One quote from Harding read, "Honestly, I hurt with the insatiate longing, until I feel that there will never be any relief until I take a long, deep, wild draught on your lips and then bury my face on your pillow-ing breasts."



Hey, Kats and Kittens. I don't know about your weekends, but sometimes Momma "accidentally" takes too much Xanax, gets a little too relaxed and ends up watching Fox News to get her anxiety levels back to normal. It's like, really cheap speedballing. Anyhow, there is a pervasive idea at Fox, that liberals like me are having way kinkier parties than I'm personally invited to. I know they exist. Please, email me with all kinky party invites.

The other day, I was reading something about Mozart liking scat play (shitting for sexy reasons, for those who don't flag brown) and it occurred to me; how many of these venerated, straight and missionary historical figures are actually kinky as hell? Well, like...all of them.

POPE ALEXANDER VI (1489-1501)

...had many mistresses and presided as a judge over a contest orgy.

The Catholic Church used to be a way better party before 1585 (the Spanish Inquisition notwithstanding), at which point it introduced celibacy. The introduction of celibacy to the church really cut down on the Pope pulling some strange. As you can imagine, being "His Popeness" would really inspire some "worshiping at the Papal altar" (slang for blowjobs in 1493), which Pope Alexander took full advantage of—"advantage" being the key word here.

According to the Pope's Master Of Ceremonies, Bishop Johann Burchard, Alexander not only had an orgy "involving fifty fine courtesans" in the apostolic apartment, but also had his children in attendance. He also bought his way right into being Pope, so he really nailed the fuck out of being the moral compass of the world.



He's basically saying he's got blue balls. He must have given her one hell of a motorboat, when he finally saw her.

CHARLES II

...was a real cheerleader.

I'm not sure if it's called "cuckolding" if it's your nephew's wife (instead of yours) and I'm not looking that one up. Frankly, I'm not sure my computer can process that much porn, so I'd like you to do it and get back to me—I like to give my readers homework. On the wedding night of his nephew and future King, William Of Orange (no relation to Trump), Charles II watched the entire consummation, while shouting encouragement from the sidelines. Sadly, no documentation exists to clarify whether the encouragement improved or hindered his performance overall.

MOZART

...loved scat (shit).

Mozart was known as the genius who wrote 600 pieces of top-notch music (I say top-notch, but I'm sure someone hates Composition 321 or whatever...feel free argue that among yourselves). Yes, I know you're reading this in a strip club. You've heard him in an elevator, if nothing else. If that is the only time, I would suggest getting out of the strip club and maybe taking in a classical music concert.

When he wasn't busy busting out concertos or throwing down a symphony, Mozart wrote letters to his cousin about what he'd like to do with her. A lot of that, was shit on her, about her shit or about her own bed filling up with shit (which, I would imagine, really made anniversaries a nightmare).

"Well, I wish you good night. But, first, shit into your bed and make it burst."

I would not want to be Mozart's dry cleaner...hard "no."

So, if your current sex partner thinks that your penchant for being spanked while calling them "Big Daddy" is too off the rails (don't judge me), let them know they are delightfully honoring history.

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Rose Water

by Anna Suarez

"You stained the couch," he whispers in my ear, as we collapse back into the bed.

I crave the stains, the drops of rain, the burst from the fountains, the blend of both seas and the river of tears. His vast ship releases the current and the only thing I feel is the excruciating pleasure of the fullness. He has conquered my waters, but I sink his ship in the uproar of waves crashing.

He is the ship. He is the saltwater in the sea. I am the river, coalescing with his waters to moisten the Earth with our nepenthe. I cannot locate the mouth of the shore. All that exists is the fullness.

The fullness...and the flood.

He had broken my heart—he just returned to me, after months of traveling, drinking, sleeping in tents and fucking. When he was gone, I wore all black. I drank wine and kissed in clubs. I felt the flow of water on unfamiliar bodies and *my* body, drenched in rose oil, rebelled.

There is no other sea more majestic than your sea.

The sea you have birthed with me.

I'll cleanse myself of the resentment with your sweat...with your sweat on my sweat. I am baptized in every part of you. Every grotesque droplet—the drool on my neck, the longest droplet of saliva moistening me—leaving me suspended until your entrance.

We cum all over the couch that we moved into my apartment together. I stain the couch. He sips the remnants of ecstasy from my thighs—kissing the bruises he left me.

The second climax arrives. The holiest cum. I sit on the toilet and cry, staring at my legs. I spread the tears across my face. Pressing my hand against my abdomen, I anticipate the elegant white droplets painting a fog against the light yellow in the toilet. I have to push my body to release, and—when I release—all of my fluids fall from me. There is you, there is me, there

is the piss, the tears, the sadness, the ecstasy and the fears. The flow of pee, entwining with our flood, propagates my tears.

He is here. He is home with me. He has made his choice. I wipe the front to the back, feeling the swelling of my clitoris from his caress, to the pillow of my labia, holding him. The toilet paper is soaked with the unrecognizable cocktail of our pleasure. Pushing against my abdomen once again, I listen to the last drops of rain.

In the toilet, I see my reflection. I see the waters he has captured me with. I see the entanglement of our bodies. Where I end and where he begins is unrecognizable. My pee, my tears and his rain provide a lifetime of sweet water to precede agony with warmth.

Urine and cum, I am stuck to you. I would bottle us in a mason jar and bury it. We would last a lifetime.

On the toilet is where I realize I love you.

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20 RENTALS FOR \$20



**Open
 During The
 Holidays**

END-OF-YEAR CLEARANCE
Tue, Dec 26 - Tue, Jan 2



TABOOVIDEO.COM
 ALSO VISIT US ON FACEBOOK!

VANCOUVER 4811 NE 94 TH AVE VANCOUVER, WA 98662 (360) 254-1126	PEARL 311 NW BROADWAY PORTLAND, OR 97209 (503) 227-3443	82ND 2330 SE 82ND AVE PORTLAND, OR 97216 (503) 777-6033	MLK 237 SE MLK JR BLVD PORTLAND, OR 97214 (503) 239-1678
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SHOP.TABOOVIDEO.COM • ORDER ONLINE • IN-STORE PICKUP AVAILABLE

@CHEETAHS.SALEM

SHOWER SHOWS
 EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY!



**SALEM'S HOTTEST AFTER HOURS
 & WILDEST 18+ Entertainment!**

**HAPPY HOLIDAYS
 FROM CHEETAHS!**

**NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY
 SUN, DEC 31**

Daisy

FULLY NUDE EVERY SET!

**DONKEY SHOW
 EVERY SATURDAY @ MIDNIGHT!**

Seeking Dancers 18 & Up! Auditions 7pm-10pm

OPEN TUE-THU 7PM-4AM, FRI-SAT 6PM-5AM (OR LATER) & SUN 7PM-2AM
 3453 SILVERTON RD NE • SALEM, OR 97301 • (503) 316-6969

STARS

cabaret

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BRIDGEPORT

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UGLY SWEATER PARTY

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23

FREE CHRISTMAS DINNER!

MONDAY, DECEMBER 25

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31
FREE CHAMPAGNE TOAST!

SALEM

503.370.8063 • 1550 WESTON CT NE • 97301
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31ST ANNUAL SALEM POLICE TOY DRIVE

NEW, UNWRAPPED TOYS ACCEPTED UNTIL
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12

HAPPY HOLIDAYS SLUMBER PARTY WEEKEND

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22 & SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23
PAJAMAS & PILLOW FIGHTS ALL NIGHT LONG!
WEAR PJS TO GET IN FREE!

TACO TUESDAYS

50¢ TACOS & TEQUILA SPECIALS
ALL DAY, EVERY TUESDAY

Raider



Stormy



FOLLOW US ON INSTAGRAM [STARSCABARETGIRLS](https://www.instagram.com/starcabaretgirls)

\$5
LUNCH SPECIALS
MON-FRI 11AM-4PM
ALL LOCATIONS



PHOTO BY
HYPNOX

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NEW DANGERS WELCOME • NOW HIRING BAR, COCKTAIL & DOOR STAFF