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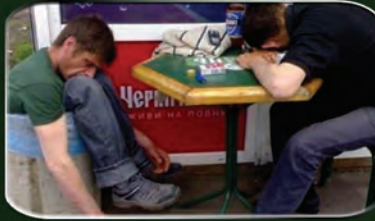
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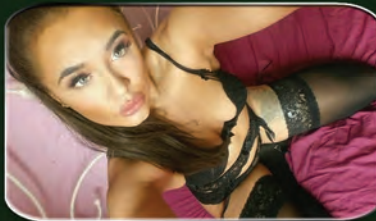
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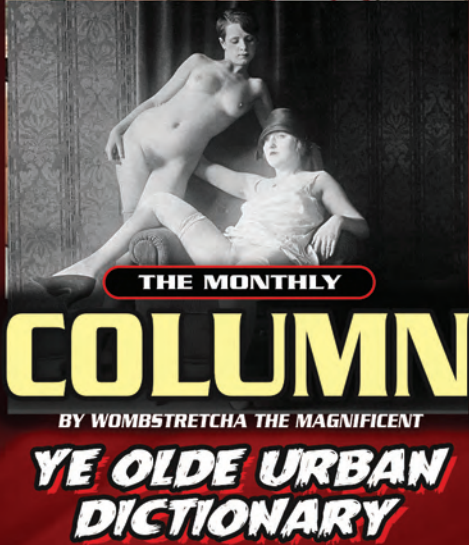
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Slang has been around since the advent of language. I imagine, possibly, even before that, Neanderthal kids would grunt and gesture in a way their parents just didn't understand.

However, since the introduction of the written word, people have attempted—usually poorly—to document the slang that pops up around any formalized language. Why poorly? Well, as we probably all know, slang changes fast—so fast, it guarantees that after the time it takes to catalog, proofread and print it up, it will be largely out-of-date. It wasn't until the end of the 20th century, that the internet and (more-or-less) live updates made it feasible to even try and have a moderately up-to-speed slang dictionary (which, at times, can still prove to be exceptionally useless).

With all that said, in more olden times such as, say, the late 18th century, language evolved in a slightly more lethargic fashion than today. Mostly, because aside from no global inter-connectivity, a great majority of people barely traveled beyond their communities at all. However, they still had slang. In fact, I think the English live for utterly ridiculous or clever slang—I don't think they'd admit it, but I'm convinced they do. So, I've culled some examples of "rude" old-time slang from around the 1780s and am presenting them to you, for your consideration.

Be aware that, in those times, you could not even print some of these filthy epithets and folks seldom even discussed matters considered sexual, relating to "toilet functions," or uncouth behavior, in all but the closest (or most drunken) of company. This also made the task of publishing a dictionary of slang a bit difficult in itself. But, it was done and I'm citing real slang from the time of our forefathers.

Now, for the list:

ACCOUNTS - *To vomit.* "He settled his accounts... all over the table."

ALL NATIONS - *All the leftover drops from the empty bottles at a bar are combined into one jug, thus*

"all nations." I don't know if modern places still do anything like this. But, can you imagine how that might taste? There goes lunch...

BACKGAMMON PLAYER - *A male homosexual.* See also, "USHER OF THE BACK DOOR." That's almost polite, given some of the slurs one hears today.

BAGPIPE - *A lascivious practice too indecent for an explanation.* Now, I really want to know.

BURNING SHAME - *A lighted candle, stuck into the "private parts" of a woman.* I've heard of ear-candling, but this seems ridiculous.

CALIBOGUS - *A rum and spruce beer, an American beverage.* Sounds like '80s surfer lingo. Also, where can I find this stuff?!

COMFORTABLE IMPORTANCE - *A wife. The "significant other" of its time.*

DRY BOB - *Sex without ejaculation.* "I had a dry bob in her."

FACE MAKING - *Having kids.*

FEAGUE - *To feague a horse; to put ginger up a horse's "fundament," so as to make him lively.* Yeah, they mean sticking ginger up a horse's ass, to make it seem more energetic—usually done before trying to sell the horse.

GIBLETS - *Genitals.* To "join giblets" sometimes meant a man and woman living together, outside marriage—or, more commonly, to fuck.

HOPKINS - *An address to the lame, or limping man, being a pun on the word hop.* Damn, they were downright mean to the handicapped back in those days.

IRISH APRICOTS - *Potatoes.*

JUMBLEGUT LANE - *A rough road.* In other words, most streets in the NW after any given winter.

KETTLE DRUMS - *A woman's breasts.*

LOW TIDE - *To have no money in your pocket.* "Someone spot Phil a beer, he's at low tide today."

MILK THE PIGEON - *To endeavor at impossibilities.* "Ah, he'll never win anything with that stack of scratch-offs, he's just milking the pigeon."

NOOZED - *To be married or to be hanged. Either one.* How jolly the English are...

OUTRUN THE CONSTABLE - *To live beyond your means.* I thought for sure this one was gonna be a synonym for masturbating.

PEPPERED - *Infected with venereal disease.* That's

STDs/STIs, for you kids out there.

QUAIL PIPE - *A woman's tongue.* "Give your quail pipe a rest, Linda, the manager's not even here right now."

RANTALLION - *One whose scrotum is so relaxed, as to be longer than his penis.* I don't know why this needed a specific term, but here we are.

SLUSH BUCKET - *One who eats much greasy food.* Lookin' at you, daily eater at Ye Bell Of Tacos.

THOROUGH COUGH - *To cough and fart at the same moment.* Sounds pretty thorough to me.

TIP THE VELVET - *To tip the velvet is to put one's tongue into a woman's mouth.* Presumably, it's still attached.

UNRIG'D - *Undressed or stripped.* "This club is a fine place to see many unrig'd women."

WARMING PAN - *A Scotch warming pan, that is, a female bedfellow.* Beats heated cookware any day.

WHIRLYGIGS - *Testicles.*

YELP - *To make great complaints on trifling occasions.* This is just so perfect, I'm at a loss for additional commentary.

ZAD - *Crooked as the letter Z; a description of a very crooked or deformed person.* Making fun of cripples must have been a team sport or something, back in those days...

So, there's the sampler. All these entries were chronicled by Francis Grose, for his book, *A Classical Dictionary Of The Vulgar Tongue*, and the definitions have been listed with some minor updates, as the language used is rather archaic and can be hard to read, if you're not expecting it...like when you're half-drunk and just flipped to this page. If you want to read the full thing, it's available for free at many sources, including Project Gutenberg. Just search the title and you can't go wrong.

I think some of these could stand for a comeback, too. Use and abuse the old-time slang in your daily life, won't you?

Have fun!

-WSTM

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a writer, Franco-American food critic, gimp mask collector, action movie one-liner expert, counter-hippo specialist and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook as Wombstretcha The Magnificent.

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JONAS DOES PORTLAND

A SLICE OF PORTLAND IN NYC

(FOOD & FUCKING EDITION) BY JONAS BARNES

As I've made very clear in previous articles, Portland will always have a piece of my heart. The city of bridges will forever be a place I will consider a home. I've lived all over the country, and I've enjoyed most of it, but there's always been...something, about Portland. Whether it be the amazing food, weird-ass people or the freedom of expression people exhibit throughout the city—there are just some parts of PDX that will always draw me back. I'd be lying through my teeth if I didn't tell you I miss getting on stage with some of the most beautiful, bad-ass women on earth and belting out Guns 'N' Roses (terribly), while they danced around me (not terribly)...I miss Stripparaoke all the time, now that I think of it. Son of a bitch, I need to make this a thing in NYC...

No! No, Jonas! You leave some things for Portland to bring you back!

Okay, I'm better now. Well, I'm here to tell you, that you can take a trip over to my neck of the woods and get a little taste of Portland while you're here, so you don't get completely homesick. Spring is right around the corner and vacations are starting to ramp up. So, here is a guide to some PDX-style experiences you can find in The Big Apple.

Unfortunately, some Portland businesses tried to open up in NYC and failed. The one that doesn't surprise me is Sizzle Pie, because it's New York Fuckin' City. We know pizza. We know good pizza. We know pizza that's so good, it'll break up families. Don't get me wrong, I love the ever-loving shit out of Sizzle Pie—when I go back home for a visit, it's one of my first stops and it always will be. But, don't take Portland pizza, walk into NYC and expect anything but for it to fail. Bunk Sand-

wiches was another one that dove headfirst into The Big Apple and ended up flat-lining. Again, you're walking into a place known for heroes—not ones with capes, superpowers and shit, but ones that are slathered in layers of meat, cheese and condiments. We fuckin' know our sandwiches over here, so step off. Bunk is great, but we have sandwiches just as good on every corner, in any deli. But, there is one that remains in NYC that became popular in Portland and has thrived here: Pok Pok. Pok Pok NY has gotten solid praise over here and continues to be a Brooklyn Thai food staple. So, if you're over here looking for a taste of home, come out to Brooklyn for Pok Pok.

That was dinner. Now, it's time for dessert—and, I'm not talking about the sugar-laden, sweet kind. Portland has always been known for its sexually liberal landscape. Whether it be the neon-lit, devilish delights dancing for you at one of the many strip clubs, or the more risqué clubs offering you a swingers' experience, you can count on Portland to help you explore your sexy side. What you may not know about NYC, is that we just so happen to have our sexy side, too. Let me tell you ahead of time that our strip clubs are fucking trash, so stay away from them. They suck, the music sucks, the dancers have to wear underwear and the prices are fucking insane—abort that mission with the quickness.

However, when one velvet rope closes, another one opens. Welcome to the sexy side of NYC: sex parties! You heard me right, friends. Take a trip out to Chemistry while you're here, if you want to feel right back at home—it's a Brooklyn sex stronghold in the Williamsburg neighborhood, offering quite the sexy experience for couples and singles alike. It's very laid back, chill and extremely fun. If you

can't get into Chemistry, you can go on over to Behind Closed Doors, a members-only experience that takes place in a variety of upscale locations, aimed at the more corporate lifestyle—think suits, expensive watches, champagne and shit like that. Still not your speed, you say? Maybe check out Lip Service, if you're feeling adventurous and want a more risky activity. They take place at The House Of Scorpio and feature blindfolded, pansexual make-out sessions. Bowery Bliss is probably the most stripped-down sex club experience you'll have in the city. Go there for as much no-frills fucking as you can take. And, finally, I'll steer you towards Labyrinth, which is geared mostly towards straight couples. This one is known for theme nights and is very well-known (and respected) in NYC.

See, my fellow Portland kinksters, you can have fun here in NYC! You can have that "home away from home" sexy experience on the other side of the country. I'd recommend doing your research before you come over here, though. What I mean is, you should prepare by going to the sites of the various clubs, signing up, seeing what the specifics are and all that fun stuff. Maybe you can do a little research, if you're gonna go across the country and throw your genitals around a new city, okay? You can still definitely do all the tourist trap horse shit here. The Empire State Building isn't going anywhere and Times Square will still be a neon hellscape for the duration of your entire vacation. But, you're gonna work up an appetite by beating the shit out of an Elmo or a fat Batman asking you for money. So, take care of the hunger with Pok Pok and some filthy sex with your new east coast friends. Happy vacationing, Portland!

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY

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someone puking without warning	man publicly urinating	someone wanting "Irish food," not realizing what Irish food really is	someone trying to vomit discreetly	service industry person muttering constant profanity
someone pretending they need "an excuse" to get drunk	"Luck o' the Irish" said unironically	someone completely trashed before noon	green vomit	fake Irish accent, boyo
U2, Dropkick Murphys or Flogging Molly played at bar*	glittery shamrock shaped sunglasses		"I really am (some questionable percentage) Irish!"	someone passed out in a locked bathroom stall
eating something green that really shouldn't be	green plastic derby hats	FIST FIGHT!	crying, drunk woman on phone in parking lot	hired midget dressed up like leprechaun
someone 86'd from a British pub for ordering "Irish car bombs"	fake Boston accent, ya fahkin' queeah	someone who can barely walk, staggering to car, keys in hand	"it's St. PADDY'S day, not St. PATTY'S day!"	woman publicly urinating

*If they play Cranberries, start a fire and run away...but, do not claim this square!

YOU SAY VICTIM BLAMING,



I SAY VICTIM PREVENTION

BY ELISE FONTAINE

Editor's note: Last month (February), Exotic ran an article titled Tales From The DJ Booth: See You In Courtship, in which DJ HazMatt (myself) proposed the idea, that sexual assault is not a black-and-white issue and that the traditions of second and third base have all but disappeared from the dating scene. The column concluded by asserting that strip clubs are a great environment in which men can learn the rules of consent, subtle erotic communication, etc. However, the column was not well-received by a small handful of readers and some decided to take the issue to social media. Still, other readers felt the column spoke to them and became involved in a discussion with those who were offended by it. Upon connecting with a few of these folks, I was asked why we don't allow "letters to the editor," or guest contributions and rebuttals. This assertion is untrue, as I have opened the door for anyone and everyone to comment. If you have two cents to toss in, email Editorial@Xmag.com. But, if you have a full-length column in which to state your side of things and it is well-written, we will publish that as well...and it just so happens I received one. Enjoy.

I'm a sexual assault survivor and I don't need anyone to speak on my behalf. We have an ugly commonality, but it doesn't mean that our perspectives are uniform.

Case in point, I don't see *Exotic* as "perpetuating rape culture." I mean, they printed two really intense pieces whereby a woman writer called out predators (*A Hate Letter to Creeps* and *Big Hands*). They've given a platform to all types of people who identify as women—from the topics of erotica, to comedy. I don't see anything that resembles the rape culture claim.

I don't perceive the *See You In Courtship* article—which certain people are putting on blast online—as "rape apologist" or "victim-blaming." But, I do see it as being unnecessarily provocative.

Before I delve into how DJ HazMatt's provocateur nature is vulnerable to attack and easily misconstrued, I just have to vehemently say, that I take issue with *Exotic* being labeled as a misogynistic magazine that promulgates rape culture. Especially when those public proclamations are not accompanied by a thorough explanation and certainly aren't inviting dialog. If societal change and development is such a concern of certain survivors, then why are they presenting the issue as so one-sided? To me,

that's something I find gravely contradictory and I just can't get behind it.

However, there's some validity to these complaints. I do think *See You In Courtship* failed to get its message across to certain readers, who likely didn't get past the shit-stirring intro, and, thus didn't read the whole thing to get to the actual meat of the piece. Because, the opening was more like internal word salad, better off sealed inside snarky, mind-ricocheting thoughts (no offense to the author, truly). Maybe, if a woman had written it, the sarcasm could've almost worked, but I doubt it. Sexual assault in Hollywood is just too sore of a subject right now. The golden rule of fiction writing is that, just because something happened in real life, doesn't mean it translates well into story. Even though *See You In Courtship* is a nonfiction editorial, the same could be said—no one wants to read an editor rant about being nagged for not covering the trending topic of sex abuse in Hollywood.

Anyway, the next faux pas in the article was the "Handbook For The Recently Accused" heading. It's likely to skew perception and lose (rightfully) sensitive readers upfront. So, they never see the thought-provoking thesis of how, if people would just stop going straight to fucking, maybe we'd have more intimacy and less rape or creepy behaviors. As a perpetually creeped-out woman, who would really love more kissing and caressing before pussy pounding, I

couldn't agree more. Those juices don't flow on their own!

Starting with the real message would make more sense. It's in the title, and it's hinted at in the last few paragraphs, but it doesn't really take shape until the end. It competes with the gray area of what's behind the scenes of infrequent, false, sex abuse accusations. That's a standalone hook that probably won't be taken seriously any time this century. But, maybe it's worth analyzing? I'm not sure, either way. Also, omitting the commentary on #MeToo would've done wonders. I just gotta repeat, I wish the magazine cut any mention of false accusations—an issue that does exist, to a small extent—but, just doesn't belong in this particular essay. If it had been cut, the article would've adequately highlighted the intended message: let's collectively create a culture of more intimacy and less indiscriminate sex, in turn reducing and eliminating predatory sexual behaviors.

Rightfully sensitive people, who have endured trauma, will likely be triggered by *See You In Courtship* and not see the point, which really sucks. But, I get it. Certain topics can make a person fume, but it's not always about you or me. Could it be that some of us are responsible for our reactions, as well as our likelihood to misconstrue something we don't fully agree with or understand? I see a bit of projection going on here. Especially, if someone only reads part of an article, but then goes fully into a tirade about it. I wonder how much of people calling others out—without all the information available to them, and without initiating dialog—is more about ego gratification and drawing attention to themselves, and not actually about drawing awareness to the serious issue of rape. As a survivor, I find this phenomenon repulsive, disturbing and insulting.

It all depends on that dreaded, hippie word: intention. As far as the article in discussion goes, I think intention got drawn and quartered by DJ HazMatt, so all that can be seen at first glance are bits of gore and guts. For me, that's not a problem. But, I can see how other women would be upset by it.

Overall, I like the *See You In Courtship's* message of refocusing on second and third bases, before fucking. I would like more people to consider the truth, that this is a huge missing link in sexual relationships these days, regardless of age. I don't see how that's "victim-blaming." But, I do see it as victim prevention.



A GREEN ST. PADDY'S

GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME



It's no secret that weed is better than alcohol. Still, for some reason, a holiday that revolves around funny hats, mythical creatures and making fun of white people is, well, geared towards the drunks and not the potheads. So, with minimal introduction (I know you're in a hurry to get to the bar), here are a few reasons why you might want to opt for a weed-only St. Paddy's holiday...

Stoned Sex Is Better Than Drunk Sex

I love having sex while high—whether a nice, Indica-inspired body high or the head-trippiness of a potent edible. In fact, I wrote a whole column about it last month, so you can just pick up February's *Exotic*, if you want to read it. However, I do *not* like having sex while drunk. First of all, the legality and morality of the situation is as blurry as one's vision gets after a few shots of whiskey. There's this thing called "consent," which tends to become ambiguous after a few rounds. But, even if engaging in clearly enthusiastic drunk fucking with a long-term partner, alcohol gives one the type of false confidence that is anything but sexy in the bedroom. You're mind's telling you, "Hey, this position would be a good idea..." while the Ikea furniture is telling you, "Yeah, about that...I'm gonna snap here in a few seconds." Sensual touch and foreplay while stoned? I'm all about that shit. Drunk? I'm on par with Dennis Hopper in *Blue Velvet*, as far as pillow talk goes. The next morning? If the prior evening was spent stoned, the sleep-in-until-noon factor often leads to some great morning-after sex. If hungover from the booze? Well, there's that awkward introduction-over-Denny's-breakfast that tends to end in discussions of husbands and children (whether current, past or future).

Driving High Is Dumb, Driving Drunk Is Dumber

Yes, I know that you can still get a D.U.I. for weed. But, get this—the cops are very likely

to give you a roadside sobriety test that is passable, if you're a daily smoker. No, I'm not telling you to drive high. But, yes, I *am* telling you that one puff on a joint will not put you into the back of a cop car as quickly as a sip on a drink will. Hell, you can land yourself a drunk driving ticket for fuckin' *mouthwash* if you don't rinse that shit out. Plus, there is no such thing as medicinal alcohol—if you've got your O.M.M.P. card, a good lawyer will find a way to get any D.U.I. charges lowered much more effectively than if you'd been popped for one beer too many. Yes, I know that reaction time is slow when you're high and that you might hit a cyclist going down Division St., but that's nothing compared to what a two-ton piece of machinery can do to a gas station, while being operated by a drunk person. I'd like to think that our readers are responsible enough to avoid operating a vehicle (or bike, skateboard, etc.) while under the influence. But, we're not gonna pretend like many of you do whatever the fuck you want to do, so let me at least suggest that you go herbally green this year for St. Paddy's.

Your Appetite Won't Come Up On You, If You're Baked

Irish food tastes like shit. There, I said it. I'm convinced that Irish, Scottish and English cuisine was invented to keep African people out of Western Europe. I don't know a single brother that eats haggis, no matter how burnt and covered in hot sauce it is. Now, combine that with the whole, "Let's wear green hats and drink Guinness" game that everyone loves to play in mid-March. What do you get? Well, mostly vomit and a few chunks of corn. Unless, of course, you opt to go with joints instead of pints. Anything tastes good, if you've ingested enough kush (even corned beef and cabbage). So, if you're looking for a less-than-authentic (vomit-free) Irish experience, go ahead and skip the "Irish" (quotes emphasized) pub and just go for a slice of pizza. That's what they eat in N.Y.C., where all the

cool Irish people ended up moving to, once they got scared out of their homeland by leprechauns and snakes or whatever the fuck.

There's No Need To Wear Green, If Your Lungs Are Already That Color

My last name is green enough for me to get away with punching someone if they try to pinch me. But, if your lungs are covered in Green Crack, that counts, right? I dunno... it always seemed like a low-rent Halloween, to wear a certain color to celebrate alcoholism and unapologetic lack of cultural awareness. If you're high, well, then you're already green enough. On the other hand, if you *do* decide to ignore everything in this column and opt for booze instead of blunts, wearing green is a good idea, for reasons other than mocking the pale—green attire always masks the appearance of vomit and other stains, so go nuts. It's also an easy-to-avoid color, when operating a motor vehicle, so you will be less likely to get run over by other drunks.

Midgets

I know of not one, not two...but *seven* people who do leprechaun-for-hire gigs on St. Paddy's Day. And, trust me, they make bank! I mean, if your ethnicity is already being mocked, why not toss in your stature and charge folks to show up to their parties. One dude, Shorty McMillen, literally does just that. For a fee, you can hire him to show up at your bar, get wasted and play a drunk leprechaun. Now, if you're high, you're gonna be nice to midgets. But, if you're drunk, you may wonder things like, "How far can I toss Nik Sin?" and "Will Nik Sin reach the stage from the DJ booth?" I mean, these are all *hypothetical* thoughts, which I may or may not have had while drunk. But, still, trust me—midgets are great when you're high.

We're gonna get letters for that last line, aren't we?

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Spring is here! Time to put on a tank top, shorts and sandals, head to the beach and soak in some of that forty-five degree heat. Cuddle up under a tree, while wearing a hoodie and shivering, trying to read a book. Go for long walks in the wind, or perhaps, have a nice camping trip with chattering teeth and an icy drive. Okay, who are we fooling? It won't be nice out for months. But, we can pretend, right? Keeping in mind Oregon women get naked all year round, even the coldest of March nights won't keep the strip clubs from popping off.

Hey, You...Get Naked!

Amateur nights are underrated as hell. Everyone in Portland wants to be a stripper (well, anyone with goals and aspirations), but no one knows how to get into it. Sure, you can audition for pretty much any club listed in this magazine, but that doesn't mean you have a chance in hell of actually getting the gig. Maybe you have a stripper pole in your apartment. Perhaps, you have seen Showgirls on acid enough times to be like, "I can do this." Well, the best way around the whole "have talent, show up on time and impress the boss" hoop is to hit up your local amateur night. If you suck, who cares? And, if you kill it, well, you may have a brand new career waiting on you!

Columbia Strip holds an amateur night every Sunday. You can RSVP by calling the club at (503) 289-1351, to let them know you're interested in performing. Or, if you're out and about on Monday nights, Spearmint Rhino hosts an amateur night, first Monday of the month, with a \$300 prize up for grabs! Hell, that's more than you may make on a Monday night working a regular club, as a new girl. Bring your friends and promote, as

many of these amateur night contests are entirely dependent on the crowd. But, still, remember to impress the club staff, DJ, other dancers and regulars. I got my gig as a DJ, because someone else needed a weekend fill-in. A decade or so later, and here I am, editor of *Exotic*. Just don't forget to keep your phones in your pockets (same goes for your friends) and remember, even though you may be just competing in an amateur night, you're still on the turf of other dancers—be sure to show respect where respect is due.

few blocks up, Stars Salem (also, located directly next to the freeway) is a great destination as well, with plenty of events. Finally, on the way out of town (and back to Portland), swing by The Firehouse to catch "library girl" Kendra Sunderland, of Oregon State University fame (she appears at The Firehouse on Thursday, March 22nd, with more appearances at Portland's Sunset Strip on the 23rd and 24th). Lastly, be sure to check out the Sugar Shack (formerly Presley's) and their newly remodeled patio, smoking area and outdoor stage. Oregon is not quite ready for



Out & About

I don't spend enough time in this column talking about the amazing shit going on in the clubs these days. Let's change that. Down here, in my hometown, Salem, Cheetahs is hosting shower shows every Friday and Saturday night. Not only is Cheetahs located within two right turns and a few blocks of the freeway (just in case you don't want to spend too much time in Salem), but it's also an 18-and-over club, which means it can be your first strip club experience! Back when it was Scores (in, like, 1998), I received my first lap dance there, as well as my first reminder to tip the dancers and my first Dr. Pepper on the rocks. Good times. Just a

the sunny season at time of publication (it's currently snowing in the Willamette Valley), but the second the sun comes out, there is nothing better than an outdoor stage (R.I.P. Safari Club and their hot tub).

Up in Portland, Dv8 is giving props to those who slang drinks. Are you an OLCC-card-holding, service-industry affiliate? Well, Dv8 has you covered every Sunday through Thursday, from midnight until closing. The specials are too good to mention here, so go ahead and see for yourself what they have to offer.

Lastly, St. Paddy's Day is here. Be sure to grab a Lyft, Uber or other form of ride, before heading out to Cabaret, Mystic or Stars Cabaret for St. Paddy's Day parties and strippers! Personally, I plan on spending this year's holiday cuddled up next to a bong, but I also plan on coming to my senses as soon as the sun sets, getting out and reminding everyone that I'm Irish—just for free drinks and



sex with chicks who think fucking Irish guys is cool (don't worry, honey, they don't exist).

Stripping Out Loud Trading Cards

A photographer named Jason Savage hit us up, with information about a project he is taking part in. Stripping Out Loud Trading Cards will feature some of the most well-known and Portland-famous strippers around, and the project will benefit WISER (Women Inspiring Sexual Education & Revolution), Portland SlutWalk and a sex-positive theater group called Dance Naked Productions. Search for the project on Kickstarter and Facebook, because supporting local ventures is always a good idea. We at *Exotic* aren't shameless shills of all things adult, but whenever I hear about a local trying to get our fine women on the map, I can't help but give the source some support. Props to Jason Savage for doing his thing and here's hoping I can cop some of those cool-ass trading cards soon.

4th Annual Miss T&A Pageant

If there's one thing DJ Dick Hennessy is famous for, it's kick-ass contests. This month, the Miss T&A Pageant will take over the town, with a five-round rotation of events (see dates and times below). What does T&A stand for? Trucks and Automobiles? T-Pain and Auto-Tune? You'll just have to show up to find out. But, one thing's for sure, Hennessy knows tits and ass...oh, yeah. That's it.



eroticcity spotlight

SAT 10 – KIT KAT CLUB

DAMIAN LEVINE'S STUDIO 54 BIRTHDAY DANCE PARTY

**SAT 17 – CABARET, MYSTIC, STARS (ALL LOCATIONS)
ST PADDY'S DAY PARTY**

SAT 17 – XPOSE

4TH ANNUAL MISS T&A ROUND 1

**WED 21 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
4TH ANNUAL MISS T&A ROUND 2**

**THU 22 – THE FIREHOUSE CABARET (SALEM)
OREGON LIBRARY GIRL KENDRA SUNDERLAND**

THU 22 – CLUB ROUGE

ADULT STAR MONIQUE ALEXANDER

FRI 23 – REVEAL LOUNGE

4TH ANNUAL MISS T&A ROUND 3

**FRI 23 SAT 24 – THE GOLD CLUB
ADULT FILM STAR LANA RHOADES**

**FRI 23 SAT 24 – THE SUNSET STRIP
OREGON LIBRARY GIRL KENDRA SUNDERLAND**

**SAT 24 – STARS CABARET (SALEM)
4TH ANNUAL MISS T&A ROUND 4**

THU 29 – CLUB SINROCK

4TH ANNUAL MISS T&A FINALS

FRI 30 – SKINN

WORLD-FAMOUS DAISY DUKE CONTEST

**SAT 31 – DREAM ON SALOON
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9950 SE STARK ST • @ 9PM

QUALIFIER ROUND II

SAT, APR 14
1550 WESTON CT NE • @ 9PM

STARS
cabaret
SALEM

QUALIFIER ROUND II

DRYD

SPYGLASS
-GENTLEMEN'S CLUB-

THU, APR 19
33 NW 2ND AVE • @ 9PM

QUALIFIER



QUALIFIER ROUND

SAT, APR 28

12035 NE GLISAN ST • @ 9PM



QUALIFIER ROUND

THU, MAY 3

231 SW ANKENY ST • @ 9PM

Kit Kat Club



VIDA

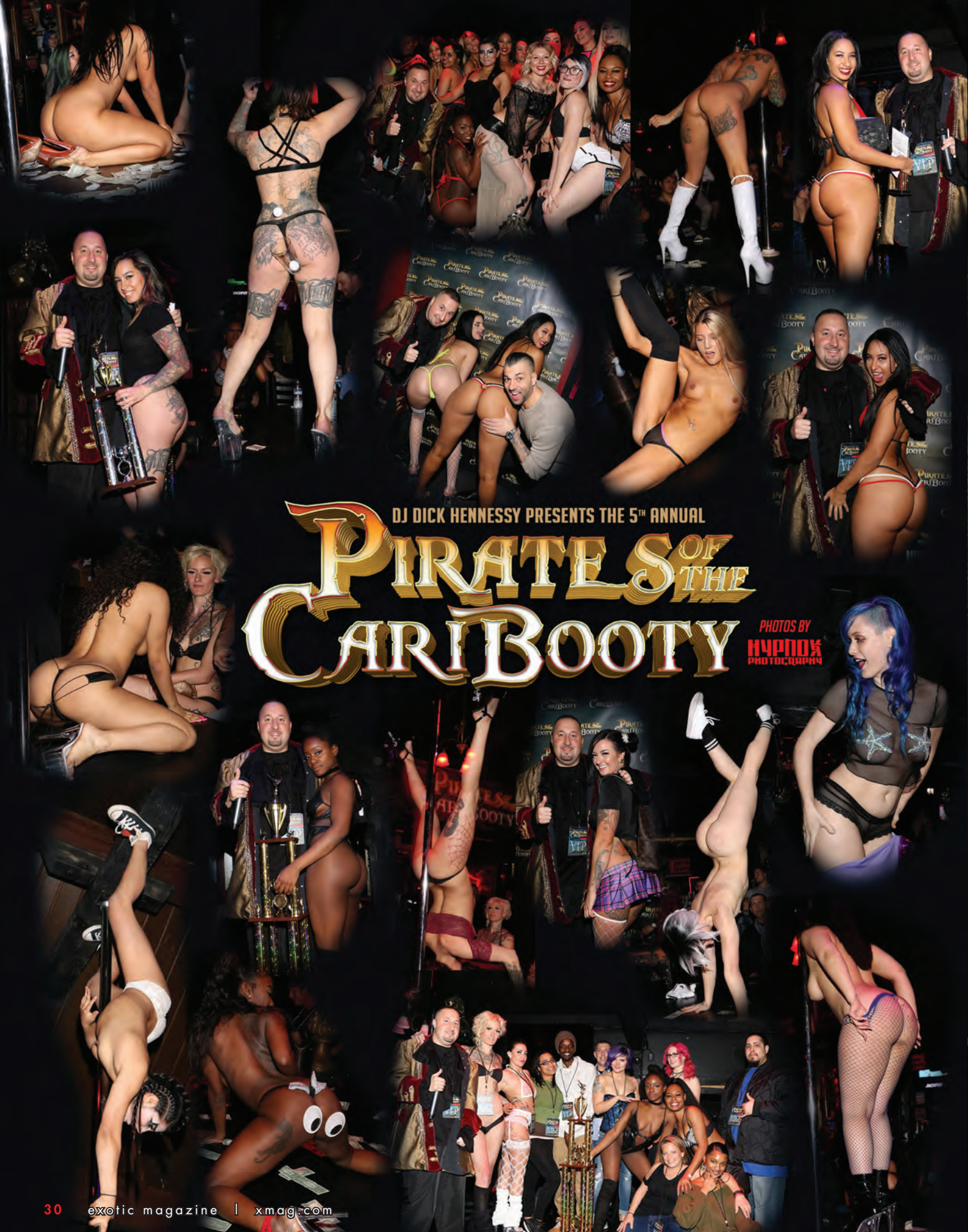


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Culturally Insensitive Holidays For The Rest Of Us: The Case For More St Paddy's Days

by Matt Rose

Yes, I know that St. Paddy's is supposed to be an "Irish" holiday, but nothing that self-identifies as Irish in the U.S. is actually Irish. Still, we celebrate St. Paddy's by getting shitfaced, starting fights, groping strangers and puking. Am I the only one that sees the dark humor in this?

As far as the Irish are concerned, let's do a brief history lesson. You know that one, super-right-wing asshole who always brings up the fact that "some white people were enslaved?" Well, that's *partially* true. See, the Irish weren't always seen as "white." In fact, that same asshole I just mentioned will bring up the fact that Africans sold other Africans to Europeans and Americans, etc. What people tend to forget, is that white people sold a handful of white slaves to Africans...yup, we're talking the good ol' Irish. No, your English grandfather was never a slave. But, you know that uncle you have, who talks to his cigarettes and laughs whenever the booze tells him to? His grandfather may have been property at some point. There are also two main types of Irish: black Irish and Irish Irish. In short, "black Irish" is not "Black Irish," as in, there are no ties to African "Black" identity with a capital B. The term literally means dark, as in, caveman-ish, pitch-black hair of the full-body variety. Conan O'Brien is Irish Irish. Anyone ever cast as a troll in a fantasy film is "black Irish" (as am I). Perhaps this is why anyone mocking the Irish—from cereal companies, to booze factories—gets a culture-bashing pass. It's the same as bashing any other form of white people—we *pretend* to laugh at the ones in power, but everyone knows that it's Wal-Mart that delivers the real Caucasian comedy.

But, it doesn't end at *We Wuz McSlaves*. Hell, let's take it a few steps beyond the pseudo-racism and note that St Paddy's is the only holiday we have that openly permits violation of personal boundaries. And, a warning: not all Irish people are nice. I know, it's a stereotype, but it's true. If I leave the house without wearing green, and for this reason alone, a stranger is compelled to pinch me, I'll show them what being Irish is all about and pay them back with a closed fist. What made it okay to pinch strangers because of what they are (or, aren't) wearing? Why is

the standard St. Paddy's Day parade held to different standards than Slutwalk? "Let's respect everyone's boundaries and recognize that alcohol and consent don't mix...but, also, it's okay to pinch a chick in the ass for not wearing green, if she's drunk enough." That doesn't make a ton of sense and it's confusing to people who want some consistency in their parades.

Name *any other holiday* where it's okay to breach societal taboos, because of the associated, culturally specific costume—I mean, yeah, on Halloween people are openly encouraged to lure children onto their porch with candy. But, that's an exception and not a rule. Somehow, St. Paddy's is unanimously accepted as a "pinch a stranger" day. Didn't we just get done being outraged over our Complainer-In-Chief's attitude toward grabbing people who weren't asking for it? What gives the Lucky Charms mascot a pass? You can't just go around, grabbing strangers by the ol' purple horseshoe, simply because some dude in Ireland played a flute for a bunch of snakes. This sounds like something you'd have to explain to someone who was tripping balls on acid, not celebrating a nationally recognized holiday.

Okay, so we've established that St Paddy's Day is somewhat racist and extremely rapey, to the point where I'm wondering why it doesn't have it's own BuzzFeed article yet. But, I'm not here to gripe, nor am I here to accuse a bunch of drunk strangers of "cultural appropriation," or whatnot. What I am here to do, lovely readers, is generate some discussion.

Let's imagine if other cultures were celebrated in the same fashion as the Irish. Go ahead. If you find *any* of the following to be racist, be my guest—stay sober all March,



throw away your Lucky Charms and burn down an "Irish" pub (strip mall tap house), in the name of justice. Meanwhile, I'll be drinking a Guinness and laughing my ass off at these ideas:

St. Tyrone's Day

Okay, this is too easy, simply because there are more white rappers on Soundcloud than there are stars in the sky. Black culture has been co-opted beyond belief. But, what about, say, a holiday in which everyone showed up to a screening of *Black Panther* two hours late, talked over the whole movie and then asked for a refund after it was over, because the usher asked someone to put their blunt out, turn off their phone



and stop arguing with their date? Oh, fuck, we already had that holiday—Valentine's Day. And, to be honest, the black people stereotype of "they talk in movie theaters" is nothing compared to the white people stereo-truth of "they shoot up movie theaters." Carry on. Let's skip this one.

St. Chan's Day

For one day, in the middle of Summer, students are brought back to class, to learn additional material from mathematics, computer programming and physical sciences courses. Parents are encouraged to give their children the gift of criticism, whether verbal (shame) or emotional (silent treatment). A parade would be held in Chinatown, where the bums would be forced to relocate from, for at least a day. During this parade, photography would be mandatory and anyone not wearing a camera would be publicly shamed for being dishonorable. Even though this holiday would become

more and more offensive every year, the Chinese would still continue to dominate it and laugh at Westerners, who tried to keep up with their increasingly extreme traditions. At the very end, everyone would be given some sort of toy-inside-a-candy with a lucky note or some tea...I dunno. Trump can't even fucking pronounce "China," so don't blame me for being ignorant to their culture.



St. Martinez Day

Cinco de Mayo. Shit. They have that already. Well, that's why they call the Irish "redheaded Mexicans."

St. Eh Day

For an entire twenty hours (that's a metric day, I believe), everyone decides to be Canadian. In other words, people are encouraged to drink really, really expensive beer, that gets them about as drunk as chewing gum, while being nice to strangers and inviting everyone over for a party. Sooner or later, the party gets really, really big and you, the host, are too afraid to tell folks that it's time to go. Eventually, you decide that your dedication to inclusion—as well as your hatred of the bigoted, nationalist, U.S. neighbors next door—means that it's far too late to do anything about all the guests. Oh, you also forget to mention that your party was built on the backs of just as many dead natives as your American neighbor's. But, that's okay, because you talk with a funny accent. Also, anyone who pinches another person on St. Eh Day is imprisoned for a decade, under charges of aggressive sexual assault. But,



anyone who drives drunk on St. Eh Day will get away with it—as long as their car can travel faster than a moose.

St. Vladkovodish Day

On St. Vladkovodish Day, "holiday celebrate you!" Okay, that's a bit dated and hacky. Let's back up...S.V.D. is all about being serious. Too serious, in fact. All traffic disputes will be solved with physical violence and broadcast, via dashcam, for all to see. Actually, I'm just gonna skip the part where I make up a crazy Russian holiday and tell you to search for "crazy Russian drivers" on YouTube. There are entire playlists of Rooskies fucking each other up in traffic, over the *dumbest* shit you could imagine. Forget to signal? That's a stone cold knockout punch to the dome! Get rear-ended? Too bad, it's *your* fault for being in front of Vlad, while he was checking Facebook and not paying attention. This calls for a ten-minute fight! Seriously, stop



whatever you're doing now and go watch Russian drivers beat each other up on YouTube. If you honestly believe that these folks hacked the election, you're dumber than a Russian driver without a dashcam.

St. Joseph's Day

For an entire week (yes, that's a day in God time), it is not only legal, but also socially acceptable, to molest children of any age, deny basic human rights to same-sex couples, drink wine while condemning alcohol, smear non-believers for not taking English-translated Hebrew at face value, denounce false prophets while asking for money to fix the pastor's car, pretend that blonde, blue-eyed white people live and die in the Middle East, promise homeless people food on the condition that they accept membership to a cult and, of course, candles. Lots and lots of candles. Which, unfortunately, will lead to at least a dozen house fires, all of which will be celebrated as being part of "god's plan." This holiday will eventually be celebrated once a week, tax free. Oh, wait...shit. Why are all of my good ideas already taken?



There's no question about it, sex dominates. The pornography industry is still a five-billion-dollar-per-year business. Recently, webcamming has made gigantic strides in taking a piece of the pie.

According to *Newsweek*, the webcamming industry will see revenues of two-billion dollars per year. While porn satisfies certain needs, the allure of webcamming—both as a model performer and as a viewer—is easy to see. From the viewer's standpoint, you are getting a personalized sex show, and for a prescribed dollar amount, you can request any sort of performance that tickles your naughty parts. If the performer feels comfortable with the request, she will happily oblige. If not, you're out of luck—it's her choice, as she is in complete control.

Control is one of the allures of webcamming that makes it so tempting for models. As a model, you do what you want, when you want—you control your own hours and environment. And, of course, the money. Pay is dependent on many factors—whether or not you work from home or a cam studio, how many hours you perform, plus your members, regulars and fans. Members purchase coins or tokens for whatever cam site they are on, to use them for performer shows. LiveJasmin, Chaterbate and MyFreeCams are a few of the largest cam sites, in which performers are paid in a percentage of the tokens and a percentage of tips.

One perk of performing is the opportunity to build a fanbase. Fans can be a factor in what drives a performer's income. Generous fans often fulfill performers' online wishlists via expensive presents, cash donations, etc. One misguided fan went so far as to gift a model over \$25,000 to pay her college tuition (unfortunately, said fan used a company credit card and ended up with an indictment for wire fraud, but you get the idea). Still, others have mostly positive experiences with their fanbase—even using messaging apps to create and maintain a paid, subscription fanbase.

"People with larger fanbases can charge more," a performer named Bridget Grey told CNN in an interview. Grey uses apps like Snapchat, KIK, Facebook, WhatsApp and Skype to keep in contact with fans and charge them for the service. "You have to stay on top of it, to create a bigger base," Bridget said.

But, side cash and gifts are just a small part of the camming business. The industry inspired the creation of businesses that exist not just for the sex aspect, but for so-

was the case for webcam performer Nikki Night (she turned down the request).

Toronto-based Night started performing after her divorce, often working 12-hour shifts. Eventually, camming became so successful, she parlayed it into a career of cam coaching—helping other performers learn about the best lighting for cam backgrounds and creating the best live sex shows, while building member fanbases. The former makeup artist hosts two live weekly cam show classes. According to

Night, the average cam girl who works 20 hours a week makes about \$2,500 a month. But, the best asset to have as a web cam model is a great attitude.

"If you go in with the attitude of, 'Give me money or I'm not doing anything,' you're not going to make money," Night told *Forbes*.

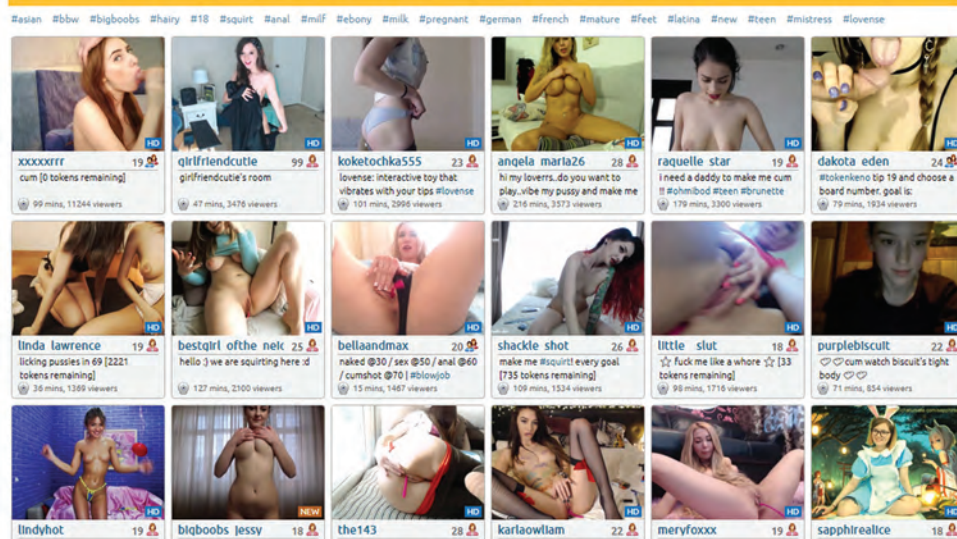
For those who want more than just a weekly coaching session on camming, there is the yearly CamCon convention held in Miami. The convention is centered

around webcam models and performers, but it also brings together the online adult and tech industry. Activities include casting calls, informational seminars and the quintessential model meet and greet, known as Fan Day. This year, the convention is introducing two more elements—Inked Con, featuring inked model culture, along with celebrity tattoo artists, and Cannabis Con, the expo for everything business surrounding the cannabis industry—which will be going on simultaneously alongside CamCon, from May 29th through June 1st.

"Every type of model who makes content for a living and is an overall enthusiast of a certain lifestyle can come together to meet other like-minded models and evolve," said founder Clinton Cox of the event. "We are producing the first show of its kind that promotes and creates professional opportunities for these three fast-growing industries."

Cannabis, tattoos and personal online sex shows? Where do I sign up?!

CAM GIRLS TAKE OVER



BY VIA MALA

cial interaction as well. MyGirlFund.com is a site that offers text and video chat and members pay for whatever they like. "Guys send girls money, whether it's for content or simply to be a nice, generous guy," Brian, founder and CEO, explained to *Business Insider*. "Some guys want to feel important to these girls. We've heard of them helping pay for things from tuition, to speeding tickets."

A majority of the cam business is conducted overseas—at large studios in places like Romania and Colombia—where performers work out of personal studio space with high tech cameras. Performers split their earnings with the studios and pay taxes on whatever they earn. And, while pay varies per performer, some models have been known to make more than \$10,000 monthly and as low as \$60 per hour. Still, not bad for sitting at home chatting in the nude (well, technically, not just sitting). Requests can be as simple as chatting, and as extreme as requests to bark like a dog for a customer, as

THE THREE FACES OF SANITY

LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE: BY JAIME DUNKLE

This essay is fourth in a series based on the suggested writing assignments in Antero Alli's The Eight-Circuit Brain.

Each essay in this series delves into a specific circuit. This experimental essay defines sanity and insanity, in my own words, in spurts of automatic writing. It's an exercise in understanding the third circuit, which I call logos, with the intention of referring to all meanings of the word: logic, reason, the mercurial descent in Gnosticism, emblems, the word, etc. I connect C3 to its counterpart, the seventh circuit of synchronicity.

A brief history lesson: Timothy Leary created the eight-circuit model of consciousness theory with the intent to map intelligence and experiential knowledge. Robert Anton Wilson expanded the model. Alli developed it into an exploratory practice.

Alli's system of eight-circuit praxis emphasizes the psycho-spiritual with exercises that link the body, mind and spirit complex. It's my opinion that this is the most accessible occult curriculum available, because of its rejection of dogma.

My definitions of the eight circuits change as I continue my ongoing experiments. Currently, I label them as (C1) bio security, (C2) emo power, (C3) logos, (C4) community, (C5) pleasure, (C6) psychic intuition, (C7) synchronicity and (C8) dream.

The circuits run in pairs: C1/C5, C2/C6, C3/C7, C4/C8. Some of my essays handle them individually, while others combine them. This one merely touches on the C3/C7 pairing at the end in an attempt to make sense of the undefinable.

Sanity hides behind the goings-on of everyday life. It wakes me up to the alarm, ensuring I'll get to work on time, day in and day out. It brews coffee for me in the morning. It brushes my teeth and stares back at me in the mirror, unwittingly. It steps into the shower and makes sure I wash my ass. It dresses me in appropriate attire and drives me to the office. It pays my bills on time. It checks my credit card score. It files for student loan forgiveness. It tells me to drink water and breathe. It's quietly inside of me, when I finally force myself to do yoga. It remembers to call my mother on her birthday. It buys me groceries and cooks me dinner. It organizes, communicates and sustains. It points out patterns and opens my eyes. Sanity idles on autopilot—unnoticed, until challenged.

Although I'm an insignificant speck in an un-

fathomably enormous multiverse, I sometimes slip into the arrogant delusion that I'm being singled out by misfortune and its minions of infinite malice, who send a barrage of chaos from the outer reaches, solely to test my sanity. Insanity fuels this delusion and arrogance. Insanity convinces me of a false significance, in the midst of distressing circumstance. It restricts decision making. It immobilizes. It instills fear. It lingers in codependency. It drives me to obsession. It refreshes my newsfeed on Facebook. It avoids phone calls and texts. It lies to me and blames me for everything that's ever gone wrong in my life. It whispers untrue anxieties, about a lost love I'll never know. Insanity drifts on autopilot, in its undetectable form of denial. It hides the truth from the self. Insanity poses as the greatest destroyer, while also being the greatest protector—simultaneously. Insanity dwells in the disorder of dreams. It lurks in the unconscious well and transfers trauma. It causes me to forget that every moment includes a conscious choice. It clenches my fists and whitens my knuckles. It tenses my body. It competes with self-preservation and turns it into selfishness. It promulgates fanaticism and the chronic compulsion to be right. It pushes me to my limits. It implodes inside of me, and I don't even know, until it's too late. It infects me, like a virus that's already spread.

Personally, I seek balance in insanity. The path between the sanity of everyday life and the insanity of unconscious fears and dreams. The place where the third circuit of logos connects with the seventh circuit of synchronicity. Unsanity heralds the mercurial descent to earth. It intervenes when I find myself all cried out and on the brink of extinction. It lifts me from the pyre of self-immolation and dusts me off to start anew—a phoenix, reborn again and again. It disillusiones me in the thick of waking nightmares, where everyone lies to themselves on a daily basis. It calms me, in the face of tragedy. Unsanity guides me in mediation and gives me a universal voice. It gives me strength, when others fade into their own lives. Unsanity remedies the doldrums and brings magic into my life. It unlocks my deepest desires and reflects back my most valiant feats. All in all, unsanitary keeps me surprisingly sane, in an insane world.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her tenure 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.

STRIP CLUBS

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

THE AFTER PARTY & STRIP CLUB 2
301 NW 4th Ave | (971) 266-3279
Mon-Sat 8pm-4am

BOTTOMS UP! 5 **FOOD LOTTERY**
16900 NW St Helens Rd | (503) 621-9844
Mon-Sat 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 2pm-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 LOTTERY**
12035 NE Glisan St | (503) 889-0332
Daily 2pm-2:30am

COLUMBIA STRIP 32 **FOOD LOTTERY**
605 N Columbia Blvd | (503) 289-1351
Daily 11am-1am

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 10am-2:30am

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

REVEAL LOUNGE 4 **FOOD LOTTERY**
8345 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 477-6628
Daily 2pm-2am

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

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
Daily 10am-2:30am

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EVERYTHING ELSE

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

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

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

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

16016 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

FSO 147
833 SE Main St #232 | (503) 490-6985
Tue-Sat 12pm-6pm

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

OREGON THEATER 127
3530 SE Division St | (503) 232-7469
Daily from 12pm

PARADISE ADULT SUPERSTORE 126
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
5141 SW Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy | (503) 245-4393
Daily 24 hours

SHEENA'S 6 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, Sun 11am-5pm

SPARTAGUS LEATHERS 141
300 SW 12th Ave | (503) 224-2604
Daily 10am-10pm

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

TRUE'S LINGERIE SHOPPE 114
1720 NW Lovejoy St, Suite 216 | (503) 964-3732
Tue-Sat 2pm-6pm

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

DISPENSARIES

MARIJUANA PARADISE 6
9663 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-7462
Daily 10am-8pm

NECTAR - NE SANDY 8
3350 NE Sandy Blvd | (971) 703-4777

NECTAR - MISSISSIPPI 8
4125 N Mississippi | (503) 206-4818
Daily 10am-11pm

NECTAR - SW PORTLAND 8
10931 SW 53rd Avenue | (503) 477-8800
Daily 10am-11pm



17544 SE STARK ST
503-252-3529



2839 NW ST HELENS RD
503-222-6600



403 SW STARK ST
503-227-3936



12035 NE GLISAN ST
503-889-0332



15920 SE STARK ST
503-253-8765



17180 SE MCLOUGHLIN BLVD
503-908-1177



231 SW ANKENY ST
503-208-3229



9950 SE STARK ST
503-477-9523



8345 SW BARBUR BLVD
503-477-6628



3620 SE 35TH PL
503-239-1004



33 NW 2ND ST
503-243-4646



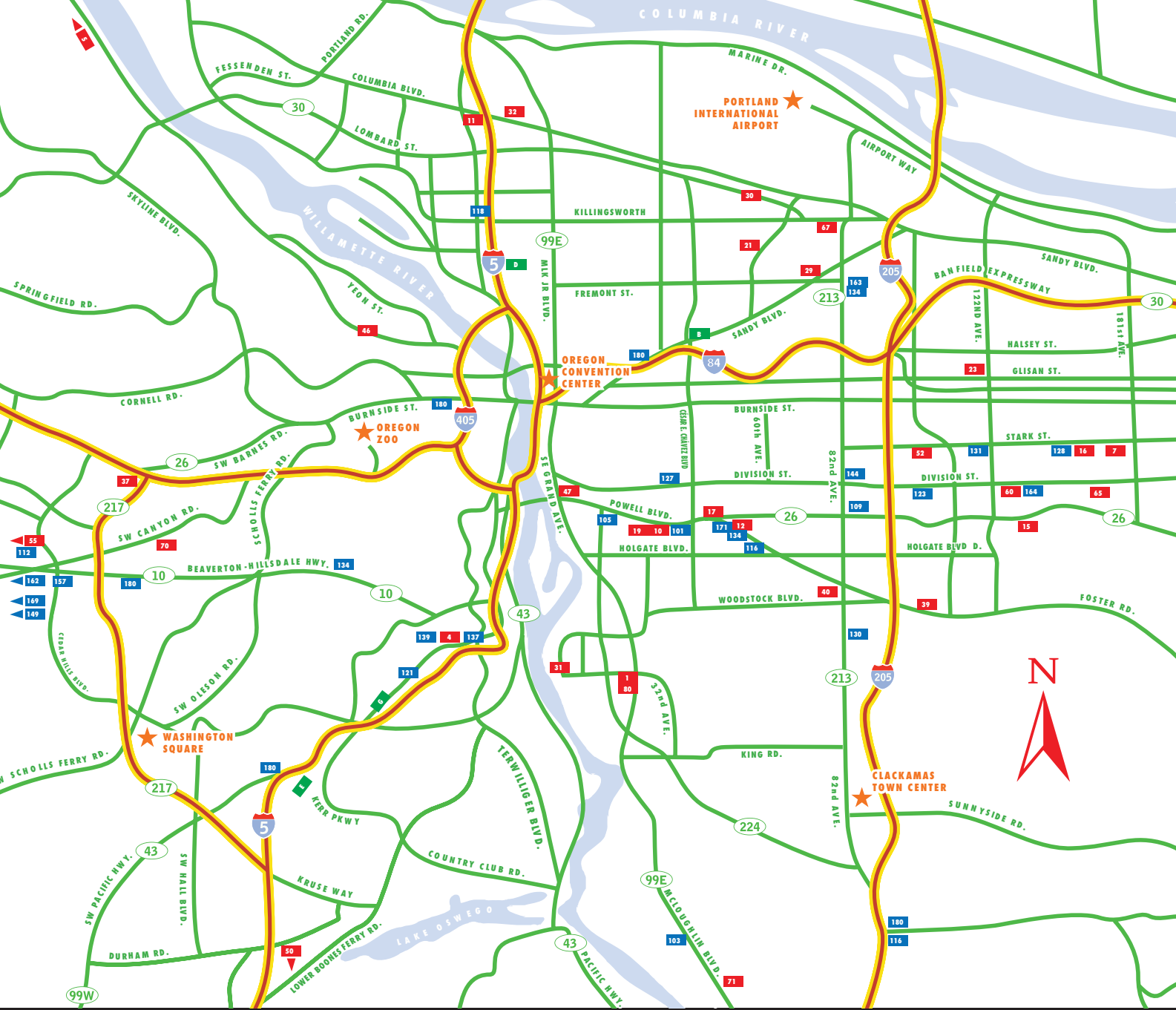
BRIDGEPORT - 17939 SW MCEWAN RD
503-726-2403



10205 SW PARK WAY
503-297-8466



10140 SW CANYON RD
503-430-5364



DOWNTOWN PORTLAND



OREGON ALBANY

ADULT SHOP

3404 Spicer Dr SE / (541) 812-2522
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
24 Hours / 7 Days

ASTORIA

ANNIE'S SALOON

2897 Marine Dr / (503) 325-2746
Full Bar, 1 Stage
Tue-Sat 5pm-2:30am

BEND

IMAGINE THAT

197 NE Third St / (541) 312-8100
Videos, Mags, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts
24 Hours / 7 Days

STARS CABARET

197 NE 3rd St / (541) 388-4081
Full Bar, Full Menu, Beautiful Dancers
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 4pm-2am

COOS BAY

BACHELOR'S INN

63721 Edwards Rd / (541) 266-8827
1 Stage, Full Bar, Full Menu
Mon-Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

CORVALLIS

ADULT SHOP

2315 9th St NW / (541) 754-7039
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
Sun-Thu 10am-12am, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

EUGENE

ADULT SHOP

90 Holeman Aly / (541) 688-5411
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
24 Hours / 7 Days

ADULT SHOP

720 Garfield St / (541) 345-2873
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
Sun-Thu 10am-12am, Fri-Sat 10am-2am

ADULT SHOP

86784 Franklin Blvd / (541) 636-3203
Videos, Magazines, Books, Arcade, Novelties,
Lingerie
8am-12am / 7 Days

B & B DISTRIBUTORS

710 W 6th Ave / (541) 683-8999
Videos, Arcade, Clothing, Novelties, Viewing Room
24 Hours / 7 Days

CASTLE MEGASTORE

3570 W 11th Ave / (541) 988-9226
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-11pm, Fri-Sat 11am-1am

THE NILE

1030 Highway 99 N / (541) 688-1869
Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers
Mon-Sat 12pm-2am, Sun 3pm-12am

SILVER DOLLAR CLUB

2620 W 10th Pl / (541) 485-2303
Full Bar, Food, 3 Stages
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

GERVAIS

LAST CHANCE SALOON

7650 Checkerboard Ct / (503) 792-5100
Full Bar, Lottery, 1 Stage
12pm-2:30am / 7 Days

KLAMATH FALLS

THE ALIBI

5711 S 6th St / (541) 882-0145
1 Stage, Private Dances, Full Bar, Lottery
3pm-2:30am / 7 Days

LINCOLN CITY

IMAGINE THAT

2159 NW Highway 101, Ste C / (541) 996-6600
(Downstairs When Entering From Highway 101)
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts
Sun-Thu 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

MEDFORD

ADULT LAND

2755 S Pacific Hwy / (541) 770-5493
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie
Mon-Fri 9am-7pm, Sat 10am-5pm

ADULT SHOP

261 Barnett Rd / (541) 772-5220
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
24 Hours / 7 Days

CASTLE MEGASTORE

1601 N Riverside Ave / (541) 608-9540
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm

NEWPORT

SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

611 SW Coast Highway / (541) 574-6969
Videos, Magazines, Multi-Channel Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days

OAKLAND

ADULT SHOP

726 John Long Rd / (541) 849-3344
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TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT

HOW I BECAME A FELON

I pulled out of the Bada Bing* parking lot, heading west on Barbur Blvd toward Tigard. The police car that had been parked across the street, in an unused church parking lot, pulled out at rapid speed. A second car appeared out of nowhere, remaining next to the first cruiser, as it tailgated my vehicle. "Weird," I thought. "They must just think I'm another bar customer. Glad I haven't been drinking."

Rolling about a mile or two under the posted speed limit, I did not expect to see the flashing lights that came on behind me, within seconds of me noticing the police car they were attached to—barely a quarter-mile from the parking lot I had pulled out of. I pulled over, expecting a routine, "How much have you had to drink?" Instead, two officers approached each side of my vehicle (a total of four, for those of you too slow to add). Out of each pair, one was shining a flashlight into each side of my backseat, while the others each approached a window. With cops in stereo, the one on the passenger side spoke at (not to) me.

"Umm...so, you made an illegal turn back there. Do you have any drugs on you?"

Okay, first of all, there is no such thing as an illegal turn from a parking lot that borders a street, save for erratic driving. I had stopped and signaled (I mean, I saw the fucking cop) and prepped for the upcoming 40mph-to-35mph slow-

down that borders Tigard. Second, why ask about drugs? Anyhow, I was honest.

"Yeah, this is Oregon and I do have marijuana on me. But, other than that..."

The cop interrupted. "What else?"

I was taken by surprise, replying, "What do you mean? I don't touch Oregon coke and wouldn't know where to buy anything else."

"Get out of the car," the cop instructed—it wasn't a request, it was a demand.

I got out of the car and said, "There's weed in the center console and some in the backseat," motioning to the devil's lettuce that these aspiring Feds were apparently wasting two cars' worth of tax money looking for.

The cop I'd been speaking to put me in handcuffs and placed me in the back of his car. Again, this for an "illegal turn" and some weed (just over an ounce...some of you see where this is going). From the back of the cop car, I watched the three other cops tear through my Blazer like they were looking for the Declaration Of Independence or gold or some shit. What the officers weren't bothered with, though, was the pot. I mean, my weed was visible from the street. At the time, it was a \$500 ticket for anything under an ounce. Sadly, I had just over that, but the cops wouldn't toss a felony at a strip

club DJ for weed, would they? They appeared to not even care about the pot in the first place.

My vehicle remained on 99W, while the first cop (who had approached me) drove us both downtown. On the way, we had an interesting conversation.

"What kind of music do you like?" the cop asked.

"Political talk radio," I answered with the tone of an autistic robot on Methadone.

"Will rock work?"

"Yeah, leave it here. Sabbath rules. Did you know this song is about weed? Would you arrest Ozzy?"

The cop didn't even bother with a good heroin joke, continuing, "Okay, dude, you seem like a smart guy. When are you going to own up to the meth? I mean, I know who you sold it to." Okay, let me get as transparent as I can—I'm talking Chunk from *The Goonies*, in that scene where he spilled the guts to his captors. I tried every drug under the sun in high school, short of shooting up heroin or smoking PCP without weed. I stole two nugs of pot from one of my stepdads, I've driven drunk a few times without realizing it, I almost cheated on my middle-school girlfriend Tricia with the chick from art class, but I have never, ever sold, consumed or other-

wise endorsed fucking methamphetamine—not as an adult. Sure, I flipped a few teens in public school...but, who hasn't? Those were pager and pay phone days—the arrest I'm describing here occurred in 2007.

"Dude, I haven't even seen meth since I lived in Salem over a decade ago," I told the cop.

"That's bullshit. We just popped Steve* and he told us everything."

Fuck.

Steve was this tweaker regular at the club, who would come in and make several dancers happy, without ever tipping a dollar. Being a baby strip club DJ (this was my first year as a disc jockey), I didn't

see her. Say, do you need a bus pass? Bro, the new tacos you guys have aren't that good.

"Okay, Steve, take care," I said, as I always did. This particular afternoon, however, the cop had been watching Steve from across the street. Apparently, he (the cop) did a stop-and-search with Steve, after I had pulled out of the club (the first time). Steve had meth. Surprise. He told the cop that he got it from the DJ. Surprise. Then, the Portland Police began a six-month stakeout for a single bag of tweak...which is actually surprising.

Apparently, my old Blazer is on a list somewhere, of vehicles belonging to probable drug dealers. These cops had been staking out the club for months, and my car, a 1996 Chevy Blazer with

My car was a mess. I know of not one, single, solitary scrap metal buyer. How did any of this add up?

"We don't care about the pot. I'm just going to be honest, though. We have you on tape selling meth to Steve."

"No, you don't," I replied, while thanking the lord I was born white. "Let's see the tape."

The cop replied, "We can get it from the bar. I know for a fact that you sold Steve that bag."

"How? What bag?"

"He told me. Meth."

"I'm finishing up a Master's Degree at



put two and two together and just trusted the guy. One evening, I was leaving the club through the back parking lot, when Steve approached my window, telling me one of those long-winded tweaker stories about this and that.

"Dude, great job tonight, thanks for playing Rob Zombie, does Cat still work here? Tell her I said hi, and I've got this high-def television I wanna sell, if you

250,000 miles on it, supposedly belonged to a drug kingpin.

Flash forward a few hours, and I'm sitting at the police station, talking with Rookie Supreme (this guy belonged in an '80s cop drama). I'm trying to explain to the guy that I don't use or sell meth. I have a beer gut, breasts and an insatiable appetite for bar food. My teeth, as smoke-stained as they are, are healthy.

Portland State, and you're going to take the word of Tweaker Steve, who always smells like paint thinner and cigarette butts?"

The cop paused, almost as if he realized what he was wasting his Friday evening on. "Look, just be honest with me."

And, I was. I told him that I had weed. I told him it was for personal and medical

use. I told him that I did not have an updated medical marijuana card, but that I'd be willing to show him records. And, then, I fucked up and accidentally mentioned that I left a nug for my friend at the club (which I did, as a tip). I wasn't even working that night—just rolling by to say hi to the dancers and talk shit with the DJ.

"Possession and distribution of a controlled narcotic, felony."

Those were the words I stared at on the paperwork left behind, as the cop who interviewed me left the room to speak with the other officers who had been present during the arrest. All I heard was, "...nope, nothing." All I saw was the shaking of heads. Then, I was introduced to the whole team. The main cop let me know, without buttering anything up, that they'd been watching the club, looking for meth, figured I was a dealer and had popped me. They had torn my Blazer apart, from carpet to ceiling, convinced I was sitting on a few pounds of crank.

Knowing this was totally illegal, I asked for my ticket (ya know, the one I was supposed to be given when pulled over).

"45 in a 40, huh?"

"Yeah," the cop responded to my query, "...we said it was a 40, not a 35, to save you some money in court."

Fucking dickhead—he had told me "illegal turn" and I was going 40.

Flash forward one night in jail and I showed up to work *the next day*. And, guess who else showed up? Steve.

"Bro, did you tell the fucking cops I sold you meth? Because, I will stab you right now."

Steve replied, "What cops? Oh, the jerks who park across the way? Nah, dude, I don't even know your name."

I realized that, all this time, Tweaker

Steve had been referring to me as "The DJ." So, I contacted other DJs, asking them if they sold drugs. Nope. They were just as broke as I was. I spoke with every stripper, bartender and even the manager. No meth, all broke. Of the tweaker customers, all had their own meth dealers, all of whom they were willing to throw under the bus, but none of them got it from the club. We were a sketchy spot, but if the strippers were drug dealers, they were sure as hell bad ones—they were all semi-broke, working-class dancers, with \$500 cars.

Flash forward a few months, and I have the world's shittiest court-appointed attorney, facing a felony charge and ten years in prison. Ten. Fucking. Years. Over an ounce? Multiple bags? Decade in jail, even in Oregon (or, it was back then). The attorney tells me to plead guilty and I could whittle it down to three years in



jail. For weed. You may as well bend me over and call me "Fish."

Flash forward a year or so (thanks, judicial system), and I'm finally in court. The attorney next to me introduces himself. I remind him that I am his client. He responds, "You're not a witness? Ooohhh, now I remember you." Fuck. My entire future was sitting in a manila envelope, being held shut by a rainbow-colored paperclip and the hands of a man who had likely never seen a law school text.

And, the next thing he said became my only saving grace.

"Hey, dude, the D.A. is gonna go on break soon. So, if this judge doesn't get to your case by then, it's gonna go to the new guy. *Assistant D.A.*" He emphasized the first part, as if it was a special type of bargain being offered during happy hour by a new bartender.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"It's good news for you," Attorney 'R' Us told me.

And, as predicted, the D.A. (old, wrinkly, full of hate) left the room and was replaced by a guy in his early 30s, who was dressed like he had just got done golfing. "Hey, your honor, I'm ready. Who we got?"

Not, "Who do we have next," or, "Which case is on the docket?" But, "Who we got?" I was already sold on this Assistant character.

"McMillin, Raymond."

I was called up front, with my "attorney" at my table, Assistant at his.

Assistant spoke first, "Mr. McMillin's driving record is...surprisingly clean, for a man his age who works in bars." Then, Assistant winked at me. I kid you not, with everything I hold sacred, I swear to God, he winked at me—left eye, head tilted in. Also, my driving record, at the time, was fucked.

I was paying something like \$195 a month, for liability coverage alone. Assistant continued, "By the looks of this case, the defendant is just barely over the legal limit for marijuana in Oregon and I don't want to waste the court's time—or, state resources—on a graduate student, who is clearly wrapped up with the wrong people."

YES! Yes, that! You rock, dude who should be throwing me in jail!

The judge looked to the guy in the Ross suit jacket to my left, asking, "Do you have anything to say on your client's be-



half? How does he plead?"

"Well, according to the statistics, cannabis is an effective treatment for [INSERT HOUR-LONG RANT TAKEN DIRECTLY FROM NORML'S WEBSITE HERE] throughout time and continues to be re-evaluated from a legal standpoint. Mr. McLaughlin shows no signs of repeat offense. Guilty. Thank you."

I looked at Assistant, like, "Bruh."

Assistant piped back up. "Your honor, I see no reason not to dismiss the distribution charges and opt for probation instead of jail time." My "attorney" said nothing.

The judge gave me probation.

Sure, it was felony probation. I was now a felon, two terms shy of earning a graduate degree, that I would not be able to use until the word "felon" disappeared from my records (I eventually had it expunged, but not after years of being barred from legitimate jobs). My street cred didn't budge, but the chicks loved it. Something about the phrase, "I have a felony," just makes the wrong (or, right, depending on your style) woman wet.

I worked at Bada Bing for another two years or so, before eventually moving up in the strip club scene and landing a writing gig for this magazine. Having a felony is nothing to laugh at, but in retrospect, I've learned a few things. First, don't trust cops. White, black or otherwise—*respect* cops, but don't trust them as a whole. Second, fuck a corporate job. Being fire-able at all times and not having a safety net means that I take my gigs more seriously. Third, ignore everything I've said. Secretly, I wish I could have beer with the sheriff and work at Intel, but I'm here over an ounce of pot and a turn signal. I gotta front, like it was meant to be this way.

But, if there's one thing I want the readers to take from this story, it's this: Assistant D.A. is the coolest dude alive. If you're out there, bro...I owe you. Big time!

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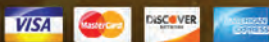
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Surfin' The Web With Ray:

BY RAY McMILLIN

GETTING SOCIAL

Social networking is amazing. Before the advent of the internet, strangers had no place to mingle or gather. People lived in caves, communicating only by smoke signal. Until the mid 90s, it was impossible to find a mate, a meal or a job. Then, one day, a guy named Tom invented MySpace, all by himself, with no influence from his "Friendsters." That's what he called them—he invented that term. Since then, several clones have popped up, leaving MySpace in the dust. Here are my top five picks for networks of the social variety and a brief rundown of each one.

TWITTER

Where else can pornstars, presidents and teenagers argue over whether or not Russians are capable of hacking sex robots? Twitter was designed to be a succinct alternative to the giant-block-o'-text soapbox format, that characterizes most social media websites. However, in restricting user posts to a limited amount of characters, Twitter simply became the world's smallest and most ineffective soapbox. For instance, instead of posting "...the new *Star Wars* film is bullshit because it's pandering to the lowest common denominator, low-hanging, social justice fruit, and in doing so, creating a division among already alienated geeks, nerds and disenfranchised fringe demographics. Therefore, a return to true form, one that focuses on traditional, tried-and-tested storyline, as is seen with *Rogue One*, would be a refreshing break from the pandering..." Twitter users can simply tweet out "*Force Awakens* is SJW bullshit. Fuck this garbage." This, of course, starts the type of nuanced and well-spoken dialogue, that is known to generate critical discussion of the most respectful variety (*backslash sarcasm*).

Twitter is not only a great place to reduce informative dialogue to its most gutter-level style of presentation, but it's also a platform for leaders of the free world to spew hate speech and misinformation, in front of the whole world.

Not making this shit up—last month, a buddy of mine (and *Exotic* affiliate), Dodger, was both re-tweeted and blocked by the verified

William Shatner account. Why? A discussion over the term "social justice." Aside from B-level celebrities, Twitter is full of corporate accounts that are either amazing (@Arbys), brutal (@Wendys) or...how shall I put this... interesting (@RealTonyTiger). Yes, you're not



misreading that—the Tony The Tiger Twitter account has been infested, and not in the good way. Furrries—and, I do mean the worst type of furrries—have infiltrated Tony's Twitter, and as any post will prove, there is a large amount of sexual tension between cartoon Tigers and the adults who dress up as them. "Yiff (furry for "fuck") me, Tony" and "Fill me up with your milk, daddy!" are the two most popular sentiments directed via tweet reply, to the most beloved cartoon cereal mascot since Lucky. So, to review, real-life people are sexually harassing a fictional cartoon Tiger, using made-up furry language (as to subvert the censors), all from the comfort of their phones. Great work, Twitter. You've really helped keep things simple and to the point.



Facebook answers the question, "What if 1984 and *Brave New World* were merged into a social network?" Go ahead, fill out the quiz to find out which *Golden Girl* you are (I'm Blanche). In exchange, Big Daddy Zuck will sell all of your personal data, so he can purchase Lambos and small African countries. In the hospital with your new baby? Fuck moments—selfie that little fucker before it's dry. In a new relationship? Say goodbye to all those likes you just got! Have an opinion on the latest national tragedy, social outrage and/or dead celebrity? Echo it. Share it. Just make sure that you don't insert an original opinion, or you will be labeled as a...(*spins wheel*)...oooh! Cis-phobic meat apologist! Quite the achievement, for a post about the Snapple lady.

Not only does Facebook allow you to shit-post at full velocity, in front of all those random people you met at bars and concerts (but, for some reason, your own flesh and blood doesn't see you in their newsfeed), it also acts like a needy spouse. See, at first, the blank space where you are allowed to fill in your status updates asks you interesting, fun questions. "What's on your mind, Ray? How are you feeling Ray?" Then, after a few months, it starts to get suspicious. "You were at Dante's last night, what did you see, Ray? Who is that in your photo? Would you like to tag them? Hey, do you know this person? You should. Maybe you should add them. I mean, after all, you know them, right? RIGHT?" Finally, after about a year, Facebook turns into a cop. "Here is a photo of you from three years ago. Can you explain it? Where do you live? It appears you haven't let us know your real birthday. We're going to need a copy of your license and two additional forms of identification. Oh, you posted 'kill all men' in an ironic, humorous context? That's a one-week ban. You are going to Facebook jail."

Facebook is also great for small businesses to post updates regarding their magazine's content, only to have it be broadcast to the same six people who re-"like" the page every week, again and again, because it was magically "un-liked" by Facebook bots. Unless, of course, said magazine decides to cough up hundreds of dollars for ads...then Facebook will show their posts. Still, these "views" will be from Australian Muslims aged 12-14, because that's the default setting. But, who cares? Zuck knows all. Bow before the mighty Zuck.

TUMBLR

Think of a random, disenfranchised, oppressed, marginalized and/or fringe demographic. Okay, now pretend that demographic is the baseline for what constitutes the statistical norm. From here, expand to even

more oppressed marginalized and disenfranchised groups. Eventually, you will stumble upon the most oppressed, marginalized, disenfranchised person of all-time. Sure, they will be an affluent, teenage white girl from the suburbs. But, as a self-diagnosed bi-polar, tri-sexual, pan-racial, autistic, vegan, PTSD-suffering, two-spirit, clown kin, this person is *fuckin' oppressed*, okay?! And, Tumblr is ziz-zim-bop-bippity-do's place to vent, ya dig?

Tumblr is amazing at spinning real-life tragedies into one-upmanship (excuse me, one-uppersonship) contests and pissing wars, over who has it worse. For example, an unarmed, black teen gets shot by racist Texas cops. How does Tumblr respond? Well, there is a simple, three-step process behind any Tumblr post.

First, hashtag the shit out of everything. One or two won't do...#BlackLivesMatter and #HandsUpDontShoot are child's play. We need at least a few dozen, including a few that are oddly specific in context and excessive in length, such as #CopsWhoShootBlackTeensNamedMichaelAreTheWorstKindOfCops and #SomeoneFromMonmouthOregonCaresAboutYou. Also, #sometimes there are #random #words that have been #hashtagged for #no #reason at #all. Next, find a way to simultaneously reduce *and* generalize the issue. For instance, "This isn't about police brutality—it's about our culture's obsession with guns, power and all things black." Now that your Tumblr post has taken away all agency and relevance from the source material, the third step is to make it all about you. "A bartender denied me service today, because I'm 'visibly intoxicated' (whatever that means) and I could not help but think about Michael Brown."

Oh, there's also a *ton* of #feminism on Tumblr. I don't mean "feminism," but rather, #feminism. If you want to know why women earn less than men, Tumblr is there to help. It's simple, really—manspreading. Or, maybe it's beards. It could be toxic masculinity... definitely isn't a male-dominated corporate climate, one that rewards negotiation and initiative over emotional appeals and agreeableness, in such a way that feminine traits are ignored and often punished, as opposed to reinforced and rewarded. Rather, it's rape culture that's keeping all the Orange Julius managers male. Gotta be rape culture.

CRAIGSLIST

Oh, Craigslist isn't a social network, you say? Have a look at the "community" section and I'll show you otherwise. Want to buy a toaster? Fuck someone's wife? Give a stranger a ride from Gresham to Portland? How about *all three at the same time*? Craigslist was in-

vented to help entrepreneurs and re-sellers connect with clients and buyers. And, thank God, it does just that! Of course, the clients are all Johns and the sellers are dealing in human anatomy—but, there is so much more to be had. Want a car with *only* 320,000 miles on it, some minor timing belt damage and no air bag? \$4,500 or best offer (a toaster, a wife and a ride to Portland will suffice). Did you have a "missed connection," with the woman whose bushes you've been masturbating in? Go ahead and leave her a note. Well-adjusted people, with tons of self-esteem, *constantly* scroll the m4w missed connections pages, all the time. Hell, that's how I met the guy who masturbates in the bushes outside of my neighbor's place. In fact, he thinks I'm a 12-year-old she. Who cares, though? I visit Tumblr. I know how social constructs work.

tried molly last summer, I go by Shawntae Beanpie. I travel all of Africa and Asia, on my father's dollar, to various festivals, in which other Westerners enjoy a cocktail of drugs, while dressing as the locals, all of whom are kept safely behind walls and away from the resorts. I like to fuck random people, as I have no self-respect or self-awareness, especially when it comes to my sexual health—which puts both myself and various strangers at a high risk of acquiring a non-treatable disease, foreign to their country. I wear large hats, small sun dresses and gigantic, ironic glasses and jewelry. My best friend changes weekly, if not hourly. She's such a whore. I hate her. Also, she's tagged in most of my posts.

If you like my photos and you're cute, I'll follow you back. If you like my photos and you're



The best part about Craigslist, is that your posts can get flagged for anything at all. This is because, like Wikipedia [1] [2] [3] [4], Craigslist is run by a team of dedicated, totally non-partisan community organizers. Say, for instance, you accidentally include a bumper sticker of a pot leaf in the photo of that car you're trying to sell. Oops! Drug-related flagging means that car is no longer for sale. However, two tabs over, a teenage hooker is offering "s3x 4 m3th" and does incall/outcall, bdsm, ptsd, m4mm4ww4t all day. Ahh... the wonders of community vetting. I wonder why everything isn't decentralized. After all, with the reputation that Socialism and Bitcoin have, I see Craigslist becoming the next big thing in "Why the fuck did we do that?" history.

INSTAGRAM

Hi. My name is Becky. However, ever since I

a six or less, I will have you blocked. I have 12,021,184 followers and my account is private, because I only want my closest friends to follow me. Here's me in front of the Evil Tower. Here's me at Pyramid Brewing. Here's me at Coach Hella. I'm really, really all about this life. Meme. Meme. Filtered photo of my pug. Meme. Wu-Tang logo, even though I can't name two members. Meme. Why don't you love me? I hate you. Please don't leave. I have a severe fear of abandonment and undiagnosed narcissism.

Instagram is also great for using up two-thirds of your data plan, in case YouTube videos of hood pranks and Dr. Phil guests aren't doing the job.

Stripped IN PORNLAND

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

By Jaime Dunkle

THREE'S A CROWD

Tara leads Teddy to the corner of the tiny strip club. She pulls back the translucent curtain and pushes him down onto the wooden chair.

"I so wanted to be your baby momma in high school!"

"Good thing you weren't, or I'd be paying child support, instead of buying dances from your fine ass."

He hands her a \$100 bill before the song starts. She stuffs it in her thigh-high stocking.

"Pretend we're still in high school," he says. "Show me what you would've done back then."

"Without that Lynn bitch hogging you."

He pulls her close. Whispers, "Exactly," in her ear.

She mounts him and sits until the next song starts. It's "Erotic City" by Prince.

Lynn shows her I.D. to the bouncer at the door. She recognizes the dancer on the raised stage to the right of the entrance. The dancer stands at the rack, where a dude sits with three one-dollar bills in front of him—his eyes at about the level of her pussy. Lynn waves and gallops to the bar. She orders a Mai Tai.

Lynn turns around and, to her displeasure, sees Tara giving a table dance to Teddy—the love of Lynn's life from high school.

Tara grinds on Teddy's lap, slowly at first and more aggressively as he grabs her hips and pulls her into him.

"Is that that tramp Tara over there?" Lynn asks the bartender. "Yeah, that's Tara. Don't start anything or else I'll 86 you." Lynn ignores him and looks for a table. The bar can hardly seat 40 people and it's packed for a Wednesday night in the summer. Lynn gives the table dance area the stink eye while she searches for a table, but Tara and Teddy are too busy to notice.

They almost kiss, but Tara dismounts Teddy and turns around instead. Lynn fumes alone at the table, gulping her Mai Tai, now half gone, in a matter of moments. Tara dry-humps Teddy in reverse cowgirl until the song ends. Tara turns back around and sits in his lap. They embrace. It's more than just a stripper/client moment and Lynn knows it.

Tara spots Lynn drinking alone and drags Teddy to the table.

"I haven't seen your crazy ass since last year," Tara says. "How you doing?"

Her and Teddy sit with Lynn.



"You remember Teddy, your ex-boyfriend from tenth grade?"

"Are you sure this is cool? We can go to another table," Teddy says to Lynn, as he stands up.

"Water under the bridge," Lynn says. "We're all grown here." She downs the rest of her drink. Tara grabs Teddy's hand, until he sits.

"How about you go order us a round of Mai Tais?" Tara asks Teddy. He leaves the two rivals at the table.

"How is he buying dances and drinks? He never had money back in the day," Lynn says.

"Girl, he got a job. He's not a bad guy, just kinda nerdy. I don't care what he does, as long as he comes back here for me. Don't try to steal him or I swear to God. You had your turn already."

Lynn glares at Tara. The unwavering stare slices through her spirit. Tara fidgets with her stocking.

"This fool paid a Franklin for one song," Tara says, as she pulls out a hundred-dollar bill.

Lynn snatches it out of her hand.

"Gimme back my money, ho," Tara shouts and yanks Lynn's hair, until her head thumps against the table. Tara lets go.

"Gimme back my man, bitch," Lynn screams and punches Tara in the lip. Blood spurts.

Tara presses her hand on her busted lip, to stop the bleeding. "You dumped his ass years ago. I don't want your sloppy seconds, you crazy bitch. I'm not trying to catch a souvenir from your stank ass."

Lynn pulls out a Smith & Wesson Bullseye Little Pal pocket knife. Its purple finish matches Tara's iridescent purple body wrap.

Lynn stabs Tara in the neck. "Go on and run your mouth again."

She stabs a second time. "Let me see you try." Tara chokes on blood.

Teddy, the bouncer and the bartender run over. Everyone screams variations of "Get the fuck off of her!" and "Call the police!" But Lynn doesn't notice. She doesn't flinch.

Lynn stabs a third time. "What was that?" Tara convulses in the chair.

The bouncer grabs Lynn and zip ties her hands.

Teddy, in tears, applies pressure to the knife wound.

"He's all yours now, bitch," Lynn says, before she's dragged out of the club by the bouncer.

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

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