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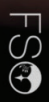
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Bryan A. Bybee

Editor
Ray McMillin

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Adam J. Burt

Production Manager
Shawna Stephens

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Contributing Photographers
London A. Lunoux • HYPNOX
AmbeRed

Advertising
Adam J. Burt (503) 804-4479

Distribution
Enrico Carrisco • Adam J. Burt

Contributors
Stoned Cold Sativa Awesome
Brad Cox
DJ HazMatt
Ed Lawrence
Via Mala
Ray McMillin
Jimmy Peehole
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Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle
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Cover Photography
London A. Lunoux

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DAMN TRAI

by Blazer Sparrow

We all know what's ruining this city—and, particularly, the music scene: all the goddamn transplants! It's obvious what makes Portland the magical and unique place we know and love are all the people born and raised here, who never left. They're the glue that holds this Hipsters' Paradise together. The previous, heroin-drenched utopia of the '90s is quickly coming apart, with all these Californians, Washingtonians and Alaskans driving up the rent and crowding our bars. People really need to stop moving here, especially in the art scene. All the true Portland artists aren't getting recognized, because these outsiders are tainting the true Portland spirit.

Oh, except none of that is true—at all.

Portland's two most famous writers, Katherine Dunn and Chuck Palahniuk, don't even hail from Oregon. The late, great Dunn is from Kansas and Palahniuk grew up in podunk Washington. Ursula K. Le Guin is one of those dirty Californians you harp on so much. Ken Kesey, perhaps the patron saint of Oregon writers, is from fucking Colorado.

But, this isn't a writing column, this is a music column—and, Portland's music scene is a troubling snafu that I've been spending the last year bitching about, particularly because of all the bitching within. The number one complaint I've noticed from this incestuous in-crowd of



"native" Portland artists is about all these outsiders. But, what is the "real" Portland music scene, other than a bunch of outsiders?

I think it's well-known that Modest Mouse started in Issaquah, Washington. Seattle claims them as their own, but they are essentially a Portland band, if not *the* quintessential Portland band. Nothin' but a bunch of dirty transplants! The Decemberists started as a band from Portland, but most of their members are from the Midwest. Bunch of outsiders coming into Portland to crowd the scene and trying to "make it" here, mucking it up for the true Oregonians!

Catch my drift? Below is a short list of Portland's more famous "local" heroes, who aren't even from the goddamn state.

Carrie Brownstein Seattle, Washington

I feel like poor Carrie has been ostracized by "true" Portlanders, for bringing Fred Armisen and crew to town for eight years, helping drive up rent and attract tourists. But, unless you're an asshole, it's

hard to pretend she was not an integral part of Portland's music scene in the '90s, who still serves as the aesthetic template for electric, female singer-songwriters in the Pacific Northwest. Not even from Oregon. Born in Seattle, raised in Redmond and started Sleater-Kinney in Olympia. The band did move to Portland early in their career, in a move that snobby natives would hate them for today.

Fred Cole Tacoma, Washington

Dead Moon is the only Portland band where it's illegal to make fun of them in public here. I can't think of a more "authentic" Portland band. It's the band where you wear one of their T-shirts, to show that you're into the "real" Portland scene (not that *Portlandia* bullshit). Yet, Fred Cole was not only born in Washington, but started his music career in Las Vegas! He ended up in Portland by accident and met Toody (who is a Portland native), to form every true Portlander's favorite band. Still, he basically started as one of those transients you look down on.



NSPLANTS!



Elliott Smith
Omaha, Nebraska

In-arguably the crown prince of the Portland music scene, this tragic and talented lad was not only born in a flyover state, but spent his childhood in Texas. Granted, he spent his teen and formative years in Portland, but he wouldn't be going around bragging about how he was born and raised in Portland—because he wasn't. Also, like any artist with half a brain, he got the fuck out, to L.A., as soon as it looked like he could make a career



with music. Sorry-not-sorry, Portland.

Kyle Craft
Shreveport, Louisiana

I wanted a more contemporary artist and Mr. Craft is probably the youngest example of a rising Portland star. With a Sub Pop record deal and the mentorship of Chris Funk from The Decemberists, phrases like “the next Elliott Smith” could easily be thrown around. Unfortunately, the glammy folk star is just another dirty transplant—born and raised in non-New

Orleans, Louisiana. Also, Kyle first moved to Austin, Texas to pursue a music career. It wasn't until after that fizzled out that he tried again in Portland, finally striking gold. Another contamination in the true Portland sound.

The Shins
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Thanks to Zach Braff, we all know this band and they are perhaps the most Portland-y sounding band of all time. I'll see groups today at Rontoms that still try to sound like these guys. Not only are the individual members not Oregonians (James Mercer is actually from Hawaii), but the band started and spent their formative years in New Mexico. Granted, a Sub Pop deal and recommendation from Modest Mouse's Isaac Brock brought them to Portland before Garden State fame, but this is still just another example of dirty foreigners takin' our music jobs.

The point is, New York City isn't New

York City because of all the New Yorkers. It's the cultural leader of the world, because of all the European immigrants that moved there from the 19th and early 20th centuries. Musically speaking, all those legendary bands that cut their teeth at CBGBs were formed by out-of-towners, and sometimes, out-of-countries (i.e., The Police). Cool cities aren't cool because of all the people born and raised there—artists move to these cities for a reason. They want to express themselves in an open and accepting environment. You create a scene, get new sounds and get on the map by being a melting pot (sorry for the horrendously overused term). Although the music scene here is dysfunctional and not quite sustainable. Yet, there's still something attractive about it. The main reason it's here is because musicians and artists keep coming here. So, quit being insufferable assholes to them, you entitled natives.

Also, the rent is mostly going up because of all the techies moving in. Go home, Apple!



TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH

BY DJ HAZMATT



SO...YOU WANT TO BE A DJ

There's a small meet up in my town, called "Coffee With A Cop," in which bootlickers can sit down with fascists and discuss things that affect the community, like how to reduce the amount of paraplegic black teens who were accidentally mistaken for an armed gunman. It's a good way for the average citizen to be able to shoot the shit with a cop. So, I went and had a discussion with one of them and here's how it went...



"Well, in my line of work, every day could be our last. We're essential to the community, but most folks hate us. They call us sellouts, accuse us of relying on stereotypes and prejudice to do our job, claim that we're all unqualified and power-hungry... shit, sometimes they even accuse us of stealing drugs and money. This is a

thankless line of work, that only gets harder and harder with each year that passes. Plus, we have a ton of new blood, that can't navigate without their cell phones and don't know the difference between 65 and 100 on their dashboard. Anyways, what's it like to be a cop?" He didn't reply, so I kept on...

As A DJ, You Are Nothing More Than A Self-Aware Jukebox

Aside from acting as a filter—in terms of what music does and does not make it into nightclub rotation—a good DJ is also responsible for blending, mixing and ordering an often on-the-fly playlist of songs, many of which have little to nothing in common. Often times, you can't "read the crowd" in the traditional sense, so the crowd ends up reading you—"does this guy have the stones to play Tyga at a wedding? Let's find out." For example, I did a private gig for medical school students, ages 19 to 65, with incomes ranging from "free clinic desk clerk" to "cancer ninja." The theme was "Outdoor Adventure" and it was held indoors, in a large ballroom above another event for an old person gang (Elks or something like that). When I opened up the floor to requests, liter-

ally every person wanted something radically different—one request for Shania Twain, another for dirty rap, followed by a demand from a drunk girl for '80s and then her clearly-the-designated-driver date insisting on "swing dance-ish electronica." There is no Spotify playlist in the world that can cater to this group of savages.

So, what do you do? Learn the tempos for songs, keep a log (some software will do this for you automatically) and hope that you can find seven genres worth of music that falls into the 110-115 BPM range. Pretend that you "just don't have" (insert Soulja Boy song here) and internet service is bad in the \$1,000-per-hour venue for some fucking reason. Embrace ska if you have to, but learn to say "no" with a smile, when it comes to Smash Mouth. Your job is to please the majority of the crowd and make it look like I meant to blend "Any Man Of Mine" with "A Bitch Is A Bitch." Oh, and this is usually when the father/husband/brother of the girl who asked for dirty rap comes up and tells you that you're really pushing it by playing stuff with bad words. As Lincoln once said, "You can please some of the people some of the time, but usually that requires playing Journey at full volume and driving away

the only black people that showed up.”

Old School DJs Are Dusty, Spiteful And Outdated

While technology has all but outpaced civilization—in terms of making damn near anything possible for users who have an I.Q. above freezing—the “analog-versus-digital” argument has taken a special interest in music. Whether we’re talking about Metallica and U2 suing their own fans for Napstering their music (and, then, years later, not even being able to give their own music away for free...oh, the irony), or the “everyone is a beat maker” era of FruityLoops-inspired producers, music geeks are anything but in agreement, when it comes to the role of digital tech infesting analog skills.

This brings us to the “vinyl-versus-laptop” DJ argument, which I’ve covered before and will summarize as follows: when a drunk patron comes up to you with free drugs and/or a wad of cash, insisting that you play a specific remix of a brand-new song right now, and pounds his fists down on the table that your equipment is on, please explain to me how your six crates of fragile, bendy discs are going to be of use. This is where the pro-laptop argument comes in. “Sure, Chad, I got your Chris Brown up next. Give me that tip and have a great night!” On the other end, if you *are* using a laptop or software of some sort, you have no excuse, at all, to not be up-to-speed on beat matching, juggling and all that fun stuff. A bad laptop DJ is the worst kind of DJ, as they have everything they need to hone their skills, right there in the browser window search tab.

So, to summarize, a DJ with a physical mixer and a digital collection is, with-

out argument, the ideal one for your club. But, right now, some asshole who works community radio in his 40s is reading this and writing a misspelled, cocaine-covered letter right now, in between spinning crusty Elliot Smith records for free. This guy not only exists, but he is still delusional and thinks that real DJs *only use vinyl*. Sure, he’s in some weird poly relationship with a gender-neutral vegan who trades Bitcoin for cannabis stocks, but goddamnit, he’s a man of tradition and won’t be roped into this neo-liberal Virtual DJ nonsense. This is the DJ equivalent of Stevie Ray Vaughn Guy Who Works At Guitar Center or Drummer Who Al-

gigs at bars and nightclubs these days are sought after by scabs and amateurs, who will run their Pandora playlist for two drink tickets and some Red Bull swag. Plus, the gigs are often paid for by people who don’t understand why it “costs so much just to have someone play songs from their laptop.” This makes charging any more than minimum wage for your skills somewhat of a chore. Sure, you can do a free gig or two, impress the bar staff and land a paid slot, but then you’ll be asked to justify the pay. “How much of a crowd can you bring?” Well, if I had a huge following of loyal fans, do you think I’d be trying to start an



ways Brings Up Rush—if you’ve ever been in a band, you know exactly how these guys feel about “kids these days.” Fuck them and fuck their Woodstock stories (they didn’t actually go, by the way).

The Pay And Working Conditions Are Absolute Shit

Aside from strip clubs, rare pizza places that host drag shows and weddings—which require actual planning, orchestration, microphone skills and renting something other than three subs and a tweeter—most DJ

’80s Night at Bob’s Pub & Grub? “Can you promote the event online?” Sure, because Facebook algorithms are totally catered toward that sort of thing and “Hey, come to my DJ night” isn’t already a burnt-out phrase. “The show starts at 9pm. Can you be there by 5pm to set up?” Yup. And, I’ll wait in the parking lot until 8:45pm or so, when the opening bartender finally arrives for her shift, hungover and without any idea that we were doing a DJ night. “Do you have your own equipment?” By that, I assume you mean speakers, cords, four walls, a bar well, a portable stage, lighting and a

fog machine? Yes. And, the six regulars who were actually informed of the show will love the whole setup.

Now, this may be somewhat of an aside, but it applies to *all* gigs that are tangentially related to entertainment—the phrases “can you bring a crowd?” and “do you have a following?” are gigantic red flags. If you hear them, run. These questions translate into the following: “We have no regular clientele, so we must rely on im-



porting a customer base from the talent we hire. Our shitty bartenders, bad food and nasty reputation for inconsistent service have driven everyone away, which is why we'd love to pass this vibe onto the group of people who supposedly rely on your skills and talent to provide them with a good time." This is *always* a lose-lose situation—even if you do end up packing the bar or club with friends and fans, they'll be subject to an under-staffed nightmare, that includes all the shitty bells and broken whistles that drove out the regulars in the first place. Put simply, a good bar or nightclub should have a consistent crowd and your job, as an entertainer, is to help *retain* that crowd, while helping it grow. Do you promote the gig? Of course. But, that's a bonus—the best gigs I've attended were supported by my friends because they were *good*

gigs, not just because *I* was there. This goes for bartenders, house bands and anyone who is suspiciously offered a weekend slot, immediately upon contacting a bar—any “following” you have is a perk, not a requirement. Imagine if a medical assistant applying for a gig at a hospital was asked, “So, how many sick people can you bring us?” Same shit applies to any other skill.

The Better And More Refined Your Musical Taste, The Worse Of A DJ You Will Be

Remember those old school DJs I was bashing a few paragraphs up? Well, back in their day, they *did* have a purpose. From radio DJs to house party hosts, original disc jockeys were crate-diggers—seekers of undiscovered music, who would enthusiastically introduce new bands to dance floors. And, for a while, this worked. Pretty much anything on MTV in the early '90s was a result of the underground rising up. This is how Nine Inch Nails, Pharcyde, MC 900 Foot Jesus and Ween made it onto the airwaves. But, alas, all good trends come to an end and the “alternative” genre now includes such hard-to-discover acts as Slipknot and Nickelback. Is there good shit coming out of the underground? You bet your ass there is! But, unlike strip clubs, Lyrics Born and Beatnuts don't really fly on “Hip Hop” Night (quotes emphasized). The crowd demands Lil' Ratchet\$ and Kid Uzifacez. Do I like Cardi B? Fuck no. Do I spin Cardi B? Every...goddamn...gig.

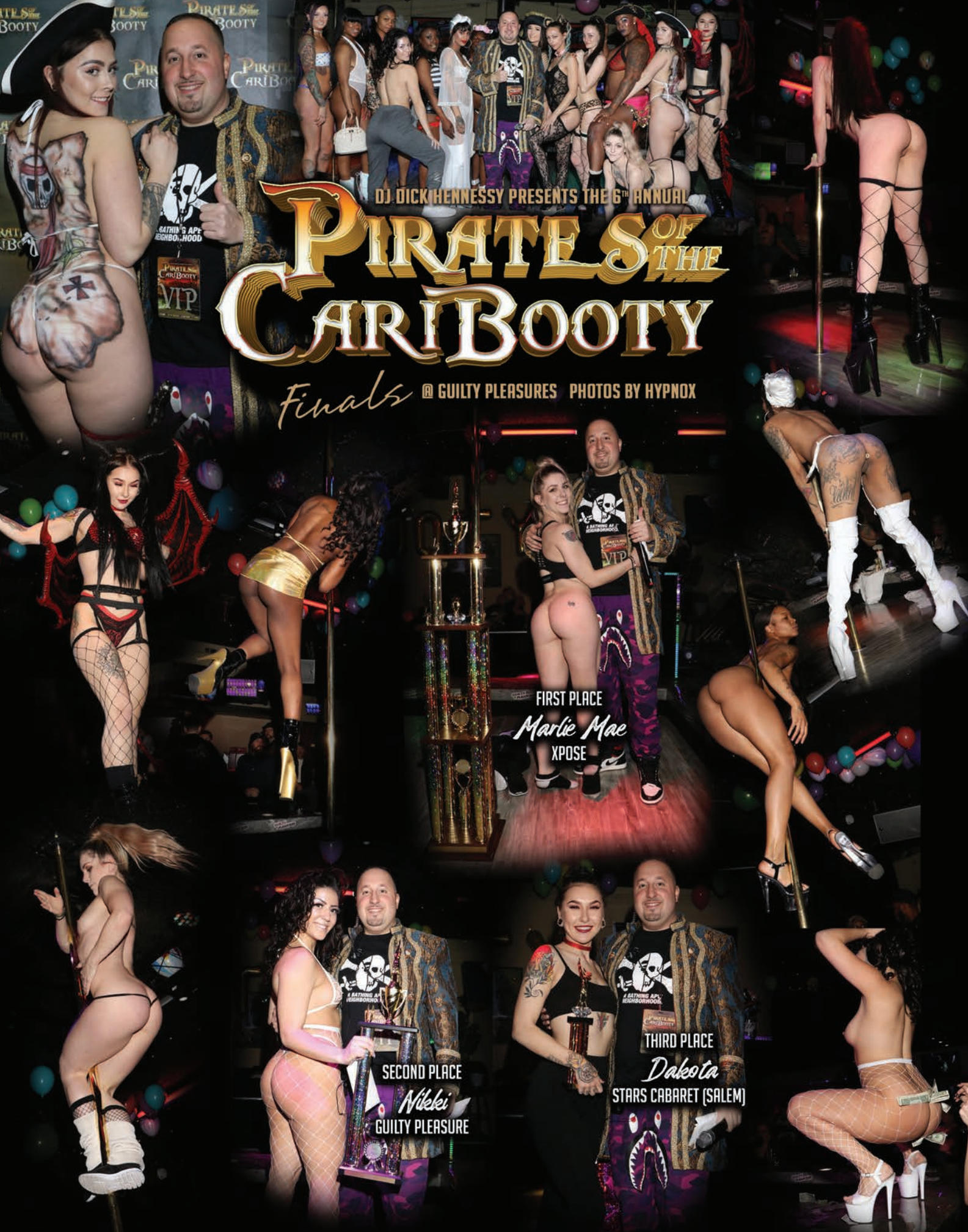
Even at genre-specific nights that cater exclusively (and, often literally) to the underground, such as “goth night” events, it's all about what the younger kids think is cool. When I DJ at the spooky kid events, Skinny Puppy gets about 1/8th of the people on

the dance floor as Combichrist does, which is not only criminal, but more depressing than anything either band has written. I've attended EDM festivals that feature the world's “best electronic DJs,” but somehow, they all ended up playing the same Deadmau5 and Kid Cudi remixes. We're talking thousands of crowd members, high as shit on molly, ready to absorb new music and DJ Famousguy Supermixxx playing...Sandstorm? It's tough to push new stuff on a crowd of self-proclaimed outcasts and free thinkers—go ahead and try introducing a drunk mob of college students at the bar, to anything that doesn't feature Drake or a remix by that fat dude with the beard, who isn't actually a DJ, but just screams his name at the beginning of the track.



In Conclusion

You can make a lot of money as a DJ. Or, you can make it your passion. But, you can't do both, at least not without embracing the worst elements of lowest-common-denominator consumerism, alcohol glorification, hook-up culture and Rihanna (sorry, she's more overrated than Lenny Kravitz). If you're looking to have fun, you're gonna have a bad time. But, even I just wrapped up mixing “Pour It Up” with “Umbrella,” because I do have a price—\$100 per piece of soul, er...excuse me, hour.



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XPOSE

SECOND PLACE
Nikeki
GUILTY PLEASURE

THIRD PLACE
Dakota
STARS CABARET (SALEM)



GREEN ROOM DIARIES: HOW TO PREP YOUR BODY FOR 4/20

GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED GOLD SATIVA AWESOME

It's March, which means that, all month long, people will use their might-be ethnic heritage as an excuse to consume alcohol at such a rate that even the drunkest of murderous Leprechauns would stop making sequels and ask, "What the fuck, dude?" Personally, I *am* Irish, so I know what that shit can do to you—especially if you can "hold your alcohol" (you'll hold it in your liver, by the way, until the doctors carve it out). Don't get me wrong—I love to drink, especially at the fine clubs and bars that advertise in this publication. However, I choose not to use March 17 as an excuse to fill myself up with so much liquor that I start throwing up Tom Waits lyrics on my probably-not-attractive-but-who-knows date.

For me, this is a month that should be dedicated to planning ahead—only a few weeks until 4/20, folks. And, what fun is *that* holiday, if your tolerance is so low that you can't even make it through the evening? It's time, fellow stoners and stonettes, to prep yourself, before you wreck yourself. Forget drunken shenanigans, let us focus on a few ways to increase your weed tolerance, so that you can keep up with the big blunts next month.

Smoke Before Work

Are you a bartender? Stripper? DJ? Ignore this part—you already get high before work, regardless of the season. I'm talking to stockbrokers, surgeons, cops...people with shit to lose. The absolute best way to learn how to function better while high, is to be forced to function under the influence of cannabis, on the job. If I'm just sitting around, cleaning the house, a joint or two won't do anything but make me focus on one coffee stain for a few hours, before realizing that it doesn't look that much like Harambe and that I should probably put the camera away. But, imagine having to keep your head cool while, say, pursuing a suspect during a high-speed chase, handling

a billionaire's trading account or cutting the cancer out of a little boy—that would be intense as fuck! And, you don't want to lose your job, right? Right. So, your body will naturally adapt and your reaction skills, hand-eye coordination and all that will adjust accordingly. By the end of the month, you'll be shooting bad guys, alpha trading and saving lives...with a lit blunt in your mouth and dab grease on your fingers.

Eat Lots Of Fatty Foods

I read somewhere, recently, that sugar, not fat, is what makes people fat. And, that makes sense, because I know that people who eat lots of fatty food are really sweet—science is weird like that. Maybe this is one of those "Girls who say they like nice guys, but then masturbate to Ted Bundy" scenarios, but it's science, nonetheless. Point is, cut out sugar, double down on the fat. The easiest way—for me, at least—is garlic toast. Ho-lee-shit, I could eat my own weight in garlic bread, if given the chance. And, what is garlic bread? Bread (gotta use wheat, to avoid the sugar), with a fuckton of butter and garlic salt. It tastes like what I imagine the vaginal juice of the Virgin Mary did, before God knocked her up—even better than Frank's Red Hot Sauce on bacon. But, why are we eating butter? Because, that is where THC is stored (supposedly). If your homemade weed cookies suck, it's because you don't let the herb soak into the butter first. See? Science! Butter plus weed equals best friends for life. So, in theory, eat as much fat, as quick as possible. Avoid sugars and you'll be fine. This will prepare you for mass cannabis consumption. But, with that said...

Avoid Edibles

This may sound odd, but hear me out—cannabis food and cannabis smoke produce two very, very different highs. The high produced by eating pot is, well, not as much a "high," as it is a low-key acid trip. You don't

get hungry, dry-eyed or the giggles after eating too many gummy treats—you become violently paranoid, begin laughing like a maniac and then fall asleep in a Winco (I speak from experience and I know I'm not alone). Two different highs, folks. So, if you prep your body for a tolerance to brownies—but forget to prep up for a tolerance against blunts—you're pretty much fucked, because your tolerance for the physical high is through the roof, but your tolerance for the fun, smoke-and-exhale type of high is at an all-time low. This will end up leaving you a one-hit wonder in some ways, while being completely impenetrable to the substance in others. It will still take you ten blunts to feel fuzzy, but you'll be dizzy by that point and will likely start spinning, until the entire Eminem song is finished. In fact, just avoid edibles entirely if you're just consuming pot for fun.

Date A Spaz With A High Tolerance

I'm currently seeing one of those chicks who people accuse of being on coke all the time, but she doesn't even touch coffee—let alone cocaine. We smoke bowl, after bowl, after bowl...and, nothing, as far as her slowing down. This can be a good or bad thing, depending on the situation, but it's been a fantastic test of my actual weed tolerance. It's customary and polite, to keep up with your significant other's drug habit, regardless of their substance of choice. I mean, who wants to go through withdrawals alone, right? Rehab is no fun when you're rolling solo. Therefore, find yourself a woman with a super-high tolerance and keep up. After all, it's rude to say "No, thanks," if your partner hasn't finished her weed yet. There are sober kids in Gresham, okay? Be grateful and finish your pot.

If you do the above, you'll be like the Rocky of weed, ready to take all the hits, get back up and keep going. I'll see you all at Del Taco around 6pm.

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Happy March, everyone! This month, we get an extra hour of sunlight, several fantastic events at the strip clubs and an excuse to drink on a Sunday, while appropriating a culture we supposedly hate for the rest of the year. Let's dive right into it, shall we?

Last month, Oregon residents had the disappointment of being promised a solid six-to-eight inches for at least ten days in a row, only to be let down by two or three inches at best, for no longer than a few hours—and I'm just talking about Valentine's Day! As far as the snow goes, it was even more of a news-reality-versus-actual-reality shit show. Look, if you want snowstorms to arrive on time, stop naming them after strippers, okay? Maya, Nadia and Petra? Are you kidding me??? This is how you get a winter storm to show up well after she was scheduled, with a ton of white powder and zero heads-up from the people in charge.



Penny Poison, Rescheduled And Remastered!

So, with that said, feature fetish entertainer, Penny Poison, has been resched-

uled from last month's dates (thanks to the winter storm chaos), to perform this month at The Sunset Strip, Kit Kat Club and Dante's. Check the dates at the end of this column—I'll be lucky enough to join her at Sinferno on the 24th—so, come say hi to your *Exotic* editor and catch a kickass show, topped off with a touring fetish artist. Or, you could go to night church or something—it's your Sunday, do what you want with it.

Polerotica Is Coming Up... Are You Ready?

Polerotica is one of the big contests that *Exotic* is involved in, with *Ink-N-Pink* and *Miss Exotic Oregon* being two others that readers may be familiar with. Regarding *Polerotica*, this particular event focuses on, well, the pole. Entertainers are, as always, encouraged to spice up their sets with all the bells and whistles—literally and figuratively—that they would with any other competition set. However, having the ability to defy gravity and spin around like Elsa on cocaine is a plus. Are you the type of dancer who, when performing on stage, always ends up leaving your customers wondering whether or not you're going to fall and break your neck? Have you, at least once in your career, spun around the stripper pole so fast, that it begins to wiggle back and forth like it's a toothpick? Does the owner stop, begin to sweat and then sigh a breath of relief, whenever you're showing off your skills for a busy crowd? Well, then, you should definitely consider signing up for *Polerotica*. The qualifier rounds start in April and the event continues through the end of May, so that only leaves you a few weeks to prepare. Go ahead and call/text (503) 380-5800 or email Polerotica@Xmag.com to sign up, or just show up to a qualifier round—dates and times will be listed on our website (Xmag.com) and Facebook page (Facebook.com/XoticMag).

On the note of contests, it's no surprise that *EVERY SINGLE ONE* turns out to be the subject of controversy. Whether we're

accused of colluding with Russian spies to rig the votes, smuggling extra voting beads in through rectal cavities or paying Dick Hennessy to sneak THC into Voodoo Donuts (in order to disadvantage dancers with low weed tolerance), each year produces a wonderful amount of conspiracy theories. The truth, however, is more controversial than fiction. What *actually* helps a dancer win an *Exotic* pageant? Merit, talent and drive.

Yes, I know, I've lost, like, half of Portland by suggesting that you can accomplish something if you're good enough at it and focus on becoming better, but I'm also writing to a very unique demographic here, so let's not pretend that Portland strippers share that much in common with the Portland hipsters, Portland protesters or Portland Winterhawks—you're out to actually win. So, what can you do to increase those odds? Listen up, as I've been to these contests, every year, for over a decade, and I can promise you that the following three habits will only make your chances better, even if you think you have no shot at winning:

1. Compete In Every Possible Contest

You're an entertainer. And, like other entertainers, you need to get some open mics, bombed gigs and unexpected snafus under your belt, before you'll be comfortable at the final rounds of a contest such as *Polerotica*. Even if your pole game is on point and your set is so good that you're afraid to share it with other strippers, what if the venue doesn't have the right type of stage setup? What if the DJ on shift doesn't have a flash drive attachment? How about, say, a **WINTER STORM** warning arrives, and although the storm itself does not, the news channel hysteria ends up postponing the gig to a night when you've got a double shift and no babysitter? Forget about your dance routine in these situations, as it's all about damage control. And, yes, every winner I've met throughout the years has encountered at least one "Fuck, my costume girl didn't show up, I better find



tool), yadda yadda, etc. Get out there and make yourself known. And, if the digital landscape isn't your thing, fucking network your customers in real life. Do you need business cards, shirts or a website? Email me (Ray@Xmag.com) and I'll hook you up with a deal. Do you want to get your name out there? Show up to *Exotic* events and help out as an audience member or a judge (offer subject to some restrictions). The point here is, don't make your attempt at a final round win the first time that your audience sees you. If, by the time the doors open, half of the room already knows who you are, you're going to have a far better chance at winning than, say, a professional pole dancer who has spent the last few weeks avoiding social media and practicing her moves.



3. Watch Videos Of Past Performances

Thanks to the advent of flash drives and file compression, I have now obtained video footage of past *Polerotica*, *Ink-N-Pink* and *Miss Exotic Oregon* events. Check out the videos on our website (Xmag.com) and pay attention to what makes a good set—notice the pacing of the performances, the variety of pole tricks engaged in by competitors, the amount of time spent in various positions, etc. A good *Polerotica* final performance is similar to sex—you can't just show up, topless in a ball gag and immediately ask for money—you have to start slow, working up to the leather and cash, with finesse. Well, okay, maybe that was a bad

example, but no one here needs to know about how I receive my pay from *Exotic*. The point is, watch and learn.

Let's Petition To Send Strippers To Space

I read an article the other week, about how NASA wants to make the first mission to Mars an all-female-astronaut adventure. No, they're not pulling a *Ghostbusters 2016* or *White Lady Captain Marvel* (yes, the original *Captain Marvel* was a black character named Monica Rambeau—talk about cultural appropriation and whitewashing). In reality, NASA is worried that, due to the length of the mission, they would be able to avoid sexual relations between crew members by stuffing the ship full of women-*stronauts*. You know, because women—especially those interested in typically masculine roles, such as science—living together in closed quarters for long periods of time, not only get along great (especially if they've never met), but there will be absolutely no sexual activity...end sarcasm here.

Sure, NASA could send an all-male crew to Mars, but that would be a sexist, misogynistic, racist, transphobic, problematic, anti-progressive agenda that would probably turn Mars into Hitler's Germany. But, since this is an actual trek to the stars, and not a woke-ass *Star Trek* reboot, there needs to be at least one dude on the spaceship (for when one of the space tires goes flat or whatnot). So, what's the solution? It's simple—we send strippers (and other sex workers) to space.

Hear me out: the theory that sexual tension would arise between co-astronauts is valid. But, what if the tension was removed from the sexuality? What if, and I'm being totally serious here, we stocked up the Mars mission with a few dancers and at least one or two call girls, so that the rest of the crew can focus on important astronaut shit, like throwing around baseballs or eating dry ice cream? You know those ads we run, about taking a

something else" scenario. Performing at multiple events, with the sole focus of practice and practice alone, is like going to the gym before competing in the Olympics—actually, it's more like being allowed to compete in the Olympics, not place and still feel like a contender. In short, don't try to make your first contest your best. Rather, use it as a forum to test the waters and get the first-day-at-a-new-school awkwardness out of the way.

2. Get A Posse Of Supporters

If you're a dancer who works at a club not located in a one-horse town near Estacada, then you have *no excuse* to be without a fan base of supporters. Keep in mind, that back when this magazine was printed on newsprint, there were "Portland-famous" strippers who would network the shit out of their regulars and take their posse from gig to gig—year after year. Now, decades later, we have Instagram, Snapchat, Tinder (yes, you should be using this as a promotional

plane to somewhere remote like Guam or Alaska, making a fuck ton of money and coming home, after visiting an exotic paradise? Imagine if the options were Guam, Alaska and Mars. Sure, the trip would be a tad long and you'd have to buy enough dabs to last the whole journey, but imagine the pole tricks you could pull off in zero gravity! Think about it—you could even be a cam girl from the cosmos, earning those beep-ding-boop tokens from thousands of miles away. Plus, your clientele wouldn't be a bunch of sleazy truckers, drug dealers and magazine editors. You'd be giving zero-gravity lap dances to the best and brightest.

All I'm saying, is that Space Force won't be shit without a stripper pole. Whether or not you hate Trump or just moderately dislike the guy, you can't disagree that this is pretty much our only sitting president that would approve of turning a space ship into a strip club. Fuck a wall—build a portable stripper stage for space. Why the fuck am I not in charge of the Department Of Good Ideas yet? I can't promise our readers much, but I can tell you this: I *will* send at least one stripper to Mars before I die.

Until then, though, check out all the awesome events going down this month. We seriously have dozens of amazing parties, contests, pageants and other shenanigans going down in Portland for March, so take the time to leave your couch, now that the **WINTER STORM** is over. Remember Dv8? They're back open. Have you heard about X? Well, they're gonna give it to ya. Seriously, check out the events listed below—we're stacked. Oh, and if you see me at Dante's on St. Paddy's Day, I'll buy you a shot (maybe). But, if you touch me for not wearing green, I'll beat that 1/16th Irish right out of you (or, I'll pay a bouncer to do it for me, like a real man). Cheers.

eroticcity spotlight

- SUN 3 - DANTE'S - SINFERNO W/ HOST NIK SIN
- FRI 8 - GUILTY PLEASURES - MARDI GRAS CARNIVAL PARTY
- FRI 8 - REVEAL LOUNGE - XXX PORNSTAR NIKKI DELANO
- SAT 9 - XPOSE - XXX PORNSTAR NIKKI DELANO
- SAT 9 - CLUB SINROCK - JESSICA'S BIRTHDAY BASH
- SAT 9 - THE VENUE - 5TH ANNUAL MISS T&A - OPENING NIGHT
- SUN 10 - CLUB ROUGE - MISS NUDE OREGON (9PM)
- SUN 10 - DANTE'S - SINFERNO W/ HOST JON DUTCH
- FRI 15 - X ULTRA LOUNGE - GRAND OPENING PARTY
- SAT 16 - DESIRE - 5TH ANNUAL MISS T&A - ROUND 2
- SUN 17 - CLUB 205, DREAM ON SALOON, GUILTY PLEASURES
ST. PADDY'S PARTY
- SUN 17 - DANTE'S - SINFERNO W/ HOST RAY MCMILLIN
- THU 21 - STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT)
PENTHOUSE PET KAYDEN KROSS
- THU 21 & FRI 22 - THE SUNSET STRIP
FEATURE FETISH MODEL PENNY POISON
- FRI 22 - CLUB 205 - STRIPPER CON
COMIC HERO COSTUME PARTY
- FRI 22 - STARS CABARET (SALEM)
PENTHOUSE PET KAYDEN KROSS
- FRI 22 - XPOSE - 5TH ANNUAL MISS T&A - ROUND 3
- SAT 23 - KIT KAT CLUB - FEATURE FETISH MODEL
PENNY POISON
- SAT 23 - STARS CABARET (BEND)
PENTHOUSE PET KAYDEN KROSS
- SUN 24 - DANTE'S - SINFERNO W/ FEATURE FETISH MODEL
PENNY POISON
- THU 28 - CLUB SINROCK
DICK HENNESSY'S DOUBLE TROUBLE FOUR
- FRI 29 - SCARLET LOUNGE - DICK HENNESSY'S
4TH ANNUAL MARDI GRASS
- FRI 29 - TOMMY'S TOO - DAISY DUKE CONTEST
- SUN 31 - DANTE'S - SINFERNO W/ HOST JON DUTCH

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SIX THINGS YOU'RE GOING

Can you believe that I'm almost one-third of the way done with my life and I'm still writing for a cool-ass magazine, hanging with hot women half my age and staying up on all the slang? I hate to be extra AF, but I'm just gonna say it—life begins at 40. Sure, some more radical, pro-life readers would insist that life begins at conception, while the true feminists know damn well that it doesn't start until eight weeks and four days after the free clinic birth control stops working. But, me? I'm barely a teen, as far as anyone besides the law is concerned. People ask me all the time how I look so young, even though I treat my body like a condemned theme park. So, it is with great humility and an equal amount of honor, that I present to you these six, handy tips for you, the reader, to embrace as you approach my age.

Alcohol Takes A Toll On Your Body

Oh, to be sixteen and wasted again. Back in the day, I'd be able to consume as much five-dollar peach vodka as the bum outside of the liquor store was able to purchase for me and the guys. Bottle after bottle, we'd tie one off and then get into something stupid, like a boxing match or a car. Then, after we cleaned up the mess, we'd do it all over again, before wrapping up the evening with video games, such as the original *Grand Theft Auto*. This is what it's like for most people, I assume.

But, as you approach middle age, something strange starts to happen—you get really, really good at driving after way too many drinks, probably from all the practice you received while playing video games drunk. This means that you won't learn your

lesson after waking up in prison or a ditch, but you'll feel as if you did. Oh, man, do I hate the fact that I can't take fifteen shots and hit the ski slopes like I used to. These days, it's three pints of red wine, per shift—no more. Plus, it doesn't hurt to drink a few glasses of water between morning dry heaves.

You Realize That Starbucks Has Been Robbing You

At some point in your thirties, you *will* date a newly divorced mother of two, who doesn't have the time nor the patience to sustain (or quit) her coffee addiction via the drive-up window. This lady (she will be named Linda, Tiffany or Karen, regardless of race or background) will introduce you to a place called Bed Bath & Beyond, that sells home espresso makers. Then, she will teach you how you can make the same drink you're used to paying five bucks for, at no more than a dollar per cup. After learning this, you will pay the equivalent of one month's rent for an espresso machine.

Every morning for the first week or so, you will wake up, groggy and half-asleep, to battle this machine and its overly sensitive controls. Ground the espresso, push it into the thing, turn the dial...oh, shit, you forgot the milk... run the steamer, add some chocolate, shake the whip cream, suck in the excess air from the can for a quick nitrous boost, forget about how you just turned on the machine and clean up a huge mess of foamy milk, before realizing that you added way too much water and not enough coffee. This will happen daily, for no more than ten days in a row, before you give up and start going to Dutch Bros, because "at least it's not Starbucks." You will then return the espresso machine to Bed

Bath & Beyond and make an impulse buy from GameStop next door, for a Playstation 4 Pro and a copy of *Red Dead Redemption 2*.

You Begin To Take Video Games More Seriously

Gaming is no longer something that only losers and nerds do—geeks, like me, enjoy video games, as well. I'm not going to acknowledge anyone who plays games on their hand-held device or considers *Dance Dance Revolution* to be anything other than an exercise simulator. Instead, I'm going to focus on the games that real, hardcore gamers enjoy, often times playing to the death and devoting their lives, blogs and Twitter wars to. For instance, the *Red Dead Redemption* franchise is a fantastic, underrated gem that includes two of the best games of all-time (*RDR* and *RDR2*, which I just picked up), as well as a launchpad release (*Red Dead Revolver*) that was, in its own way, revolutionary and ahead of its peers.



Most people think of video games as a hobby—but, to take video gaming to the next level and dedicate serious time, income and sleep to it, that's something that only an adult can appreciate. Long gone are the days of skipping school or missing a day of work, in order to complete a mission or side quest. Rather, as an adult pushing 40 and running your own busi-

TO NOTICE AS YOU TURN 40

BY RAY MCMILLIN

ness, it is completely possible to become so involved with video games, that the bills turn into phone calls, casual fuck buddies turn into “sorry, new phone, who dis” texts and a steady, rounded, three-meal-per-day diet turns into handfuls of snack chips and strategic placement of salsa dip upon one’s chest.



Red Dead Redemption 2 Starts To Show Its True Colors

I’m sorry, but this game fucking sucks—there, I said it. *Grand Theft Horse II* is no more than a walking simulator with a cut-scene simulator added to it. There are several feats that, when taken into account, make this game legendary, in more ways than one. Here is a short list of things that Rockstar, the company responsible for the game, managed to pull off in *RDR2*:

* A five-hour training mode, that teaches you how to shave, change clothes, pat your horse and hold the “X” button, while listening to throw-away characters talk about irrelevant or redundant plot details, as you travel for hours at a time between two points—only to yield five-to-six minutes of actual game play per one-hour mission.

* The *same* five-hour training mode completely forgetting to mention that you can save your game, how

the game-defining “red eye” feature works, that you can only carry a certain amount of cargo (but, this quantity is completely unknown, until you reach capacity after finding a rare or essential item, at which point you are told to “drop some things,” but after dropping all the things, you still don’t have room), that you must bathe *each individual part of your body* if you want other characters to interact with you and, oh, the main character of the so-called “prequel” is never mentioned once in the original game on which the series is based.

* A UFO Easter egg, that is fucking identical to the one found in *Grand Theft Auto V*—right down to being on the top of a mountain—as well as a mystery hunt for a serial killer and a rumor regarding Sasquatch, in case the “let’s just put a plastic, western-themed blanket on our last game” formula isn’t perfectly clear. Oh, and for the fans who want an extra element of dedication to the Rockstar theme, they made sure to include a completely broken online version of the release, right down to the optional DLC, which can cost twice as much as the game itself.

Music Starts To Sound Lame

Imagine Dragons? Sorry, I’d rather not.

You Learn That There Are More Important Things In Life Than Friends, Such As Completing Red Dead Redemption 2

For instance, let’s say it’s Friday night, you’re single, your hair is turning gray and your family is dying off at a rate of one member per month. Do you *really* want to waste any more of your life hanging out with friends at the bar,

traveling or meeting new people? No. And, this is why *RDR2* is such a disappointment. I mean, I took two weeks away from work to put some serious hours into the story campaign, but all I’ve been able to experience so far is, “Gee, the textures on the giant rock that my horse just accidentally fell off of are fantastic. I really hope I don’t respawn halfway across the map without a ride back...oh, goddamnit.” But, I’ve learned that I need to see things through to the end, at least once in my life, and with an equal “goddamnit,” I’m gonna finish this game—even if it means missing my next dead aunt’s funeral.

Sure, these days, loyalty means nothing. But, most men are afraid to stand up for themselves and walk away. That’s why Rockstar was able to piggyback so poorly off of their last few games and still maintain a decent fan base, ready to be abused and come back for more. I mean, is this really the sign of a healthy relationship? Especially when one considers just how vital of a role the community plays in the gamer ecosystem? If we wanted ten minutes of action-packed game play with a bunch of losers, we’d just go play *Fortnite*. But, you know better, Rockstar—we waited eight fucking years for this game and all we got was some really cool mechanics when it comes to horse testicles. So, I will finish this game like it’s an overcooked steak—I paid way too much for this, to just uninstall it and go back to *God Of War: Single Dad Simulator*.

Eight years, guys—I spent the best years of my life waiting for this game. Don’t be like me.



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DERELICTION

MY FAVORITE THINGS OF ALL TIME THAT I LOVE ABOUT STRIP CLUBS

BY CHRISTIAN RICKETTS

A reader of *Exotic* recently wrote to me, asking, “Hi, Christian, what are your favorite things about strip clubs?” So, here it is, a list of my favorite things, ascertaining towards strip clubs.

Talking To Other Men In The Bathroom

Let’s face it—men’s restrooms in strip clubs really are the best. So many nice conversations to have! I like it in there, for sure. If it ever gets crowded, I like to pick a corner and camp out for a while. And, it’s so nice to take a break from all the loud music and exotic dancing, to sit cross-legged on the bathroom floor, listening to the anecdotes and indispensable wisdom of older men.

If you ever need someone to talk to—or, just wanna let it all hang out with some good dudes—go to the Men’s Stag Meeting (open discussion) in the bathroom at your favorite club on Thursdays. We talk about personal boundaries, self-care, addiction and why it’s important to share our stories of healing.

Smelling The Stage When No One Is Looking

It’s like a fancy locker room. Or, the gym clothes you got from Hot Topic’s “lost and found” box. Or, Dwayne Johnson applying Lady Stetson, post-workout—there is no exact name for this scent, which I find disturbing.

Don’t forget to check the parts of the stage with duct tape on them, as they are the gestation zones for our precious scent. This is good to know, for when you have a cold.

Making Eye Contact With The Bouncer

So brief, but so refreshing. If you’ve ever been to a strip club, then you must have encountered the proud eagle of masculinity that is the bouncer—his benevolent strength, shielding the little hatchlings inside from evil.

Just one earnest glance from the inscrutable bouncer is all it takes to send Kundalini fire throughout your loins. Ancestral patriarchs smile upon your DNA, raising your T-levels, while also generating a tingling sensation—signaling the creation of new sperms.

I base all my self-worth on how much regard and time of day the bouncer gives me.

But, their glory doesn’t come easy. Each bouncer receives dangerous and uncommon training at Bouncer School. Their very smell is like the father you never had. They have a zero tolerance policy for “messin’ around.” And, if you ever cross one of these big dogs, you’ll know for yourself.

Using My Superior Intellect To Impress The Woman Giving Me A Lap Dance

Women love it when I talk about big ideas. So, whenever I am offered a lap dance, I start planning the brilliant things that I am going to say, while she’s sitting on me.

Talking constantly, I meander through a variety of subjects—ranging from John Bradshaw’s views on toxic shame in family systems, to an Adlerian model which denies trauma (in the Teleological sense), followed by my uncanny dissertation on contemporary identity narratives interpreted through the lens of Lacanian psychoanalysis.

If the dancer is wearing glasses, then I will impress her sophisticated tastes with my grasp of gendered power dynamics, the intersectionality of class and other shit like that.

Now and then, I will ask them a question about their childhood or something, in order to pretend that I care about their point of view, then immediately take whatever they said with a, “That’s exactly my point...” and go back into whatever brilliant topic I was discussing previously. And, if the dancer approaches me to weep with gratitude, “Thank you for fixing my childhood,” then I know I’ve done something good in this world.

Lying About Important Life Details

Women love it when you lie to them. They like men who are dark, who like hiding in the shadows and who go to strip clubs to tell lies and plan crimes. I’m one of those guys, for sure. A guy once asked what I did for a living and I said, “I’m a listing agent for a real estate broker” like it was nothin’. I’m actually the courier! Another successful lie, off without a

hitch.

The best part about lying is the rush of power you get. I lie about what I eat, all the time. When people ask what I had for lunch, I say I had fruit and grains, when really I had Subway again. I love Subway—I go there every day...lie! It’s Quizno’s sometimes, too, if their weekly sub deal is one that I like. Eating at Quizno’s is extra nice, because the only other people there are always other men in their mid-30s. I don’t lie at restaurants though, only strip clubs.

Pretending I Am A Post-Apocalyptic Warlord And This Is My Harem

If I were a post-apocalyptic warlord, my name would be Mammon or Asmodeus. Pliant slaves would gently clean my bonch, as my steel gray eyes scanned the supplicant bodies of my flock, for the next host to my dominant load.

After finishing the breast milk served in my enemy’s skull, I would stand up and laugh heartily before taking a healthy shit on the floor.

This is what I like to fantasize about when I am at a strip club. Every time.

Did you ever see that porn from the ‘90s called *The Load Warrior*? Its a porn parody of *The Road Warrior*. The premise is that, in the post-apocalyptic wasteland, all men have sterile seed, except for The Load Warrior, who vividly sleeps with several women, often with such fervor that he forgets to ejaculate his precious semen into their vital sex organs. Kind of ironic, if you think about it. But, that’s Hollywood for ya!

Honorable Mentions

Shaking hands with the cook.

Smoking unfinished cigarettes on the patio.

Naked women.

And, that’s it! That’s the end of the bit. Now, go away.

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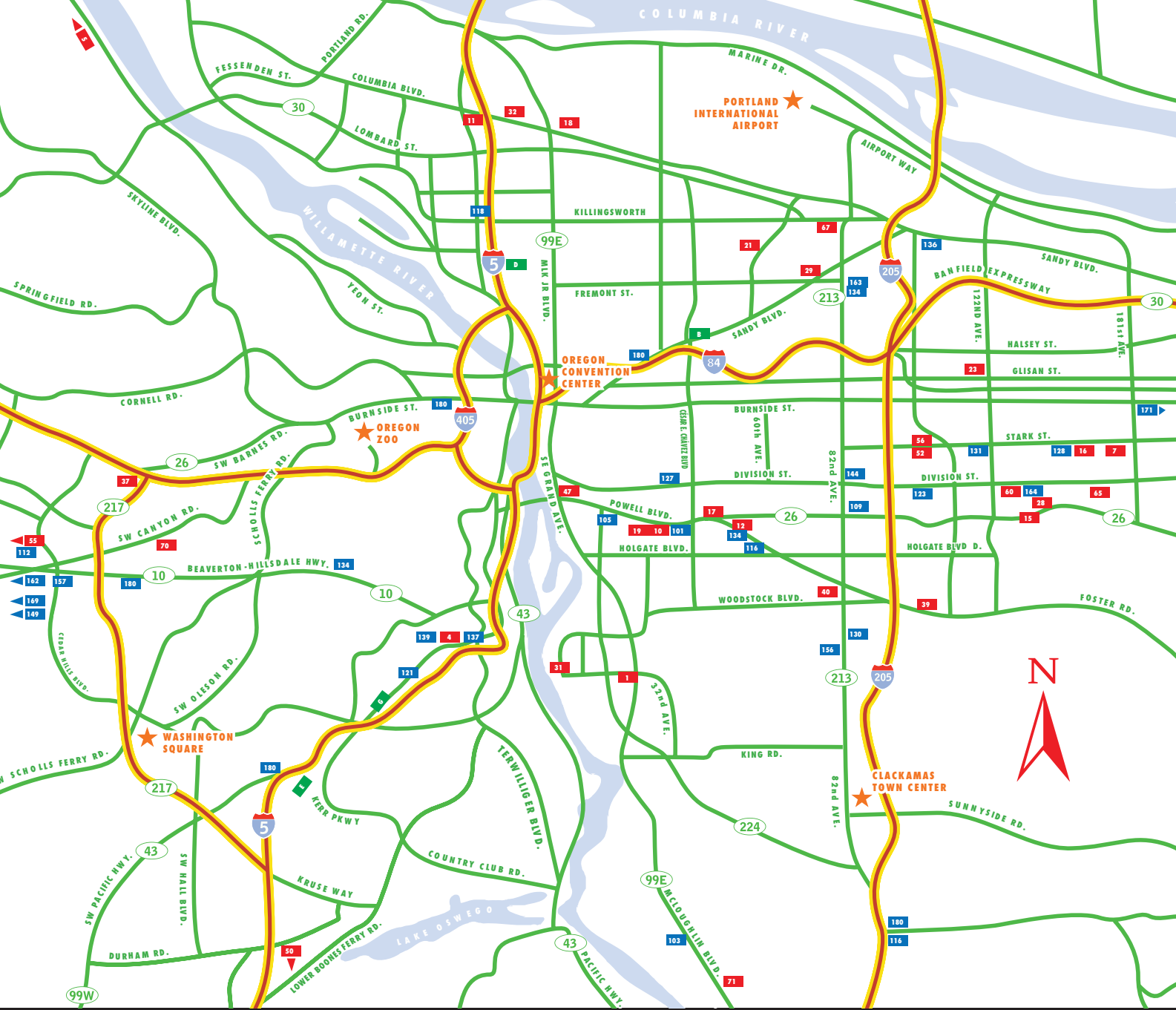
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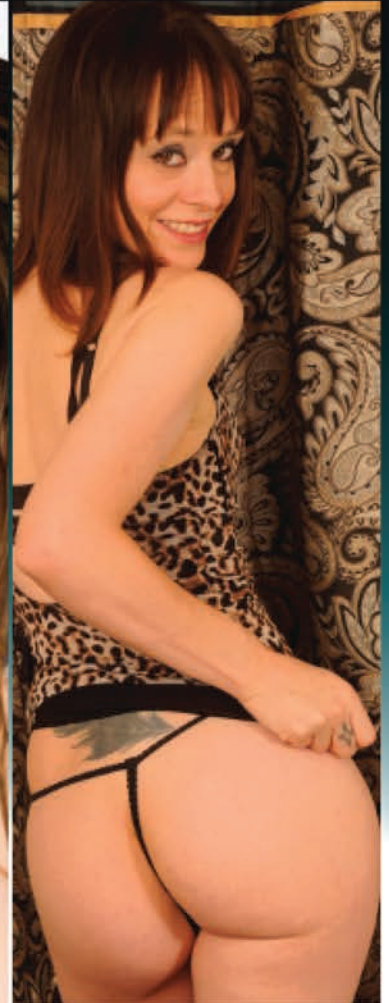
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BEATING THE SEASONAL BLUES

BY ESMERALDA RUPP-SPANGLE



The last official day of winter is March 20, but as any local resident knows, we're likely in for another couple months (at least) of gloomy, oppressive skies, rain, more rain, clouds and more gloom. Accompanying this weather is often the crushing, existential despair that comes with staying indoors, deprived of sunlight and human interaction. You sit alone, examining your own life and the poor decisions that led up to whatever meager, starvation-level amount of joy you're managing to subsist on now. God, where did it all go wrong?

Well, sulk no longer. We've compiled a helpful list of activities to keep your mind off the pointlessness of existence that tends to creep in, when you don't get enough vitamin D or blowjobs.

Get Fat

There isn't a lot that releases happy chemicals in your brain the way a giant steak, cheese fries and a pint or two of good beer can. The main problem with this, is that too many calories, coupled with the soporific effect of an awesome meal, can lead to inches being added to your waistline at a frantic clip. Being "overweight" has classically been a turn-off to potential partners, as well as creating seri-

ous potential risks to your health. Fortunately, now we know better. Body positivity has taught us to accept and love our asses, no matter how vast they are. A little cush in the tush isn't seen as undesirable these days, and we're thinking that trend will probably continue indefinitely, so go ahead and shoot for half a ton—you'll be a plus-sized trendsetter.

Make Everyone Around You Miserable

This one is our favorite. There are a million little ways you can make those people who must regularly interact with you rue the day they ever met you. Misery loves company, and when you're feeling down, there's nothing like urinating in the office coffee pot, farting on a crowded train or sending your friends parcels filled with glitter and live bees. If anyone tries to call you out for your terrible behavior, get self-righteously defensive, claim you're being marginalized for your legitimate mental health issues and that they should be more supportive of your needs—this angle has a 100% success rate for getting you off scot-free.

Make It Political

We hate rational, measured, dignified political discussion these days. Yelling is *in* and objectivity is *OUT*. If you're too busy feeling enraged and emotionally committed to things that will only ever marginally affect you, you simply don't have time to be depressed. Find a cause and *run with it*. Attend rallies, shout at policemen, blockade whatever governmental branch is the recipient of your vitriol, stop bathing and direct all that negativity into something so all-consuming, you'll never have to think about your own problems, ever again. You'll be consumed with simmering anger instead of bleak despair and we think that's far superior.

Treat Yourself

There's no better way to counteract the blues, than by lavish spending, conspicuous consumption and material acquisition. Go on, you deserve it. Some people go in for a day at the spa, but, frankly, "treating yourself" can mean anything you want it to. Fancy dinner for you and your friends? Yes! Massage with a happy ending? Absolutely. A \$300 bottle of scotch? Why only one??? In fact, there's that pair of rocket shoes at Sharper Image that you've been eyeing, and at only \$599.99, they're a steal. This is what credit cards are made for. Rack up that debt, it's the American Way (and, a problem for future you). Currently, though, you can just lie back and enjoy the feeling of that dark void in your soul being filled with *more stuff*.

Get The Hell Out Of Dodge

When the Dickensian gloom and constant drizzle get to be simply too much, it's time to head off on that long-deserved tropical vacation. Book a flight and ditch the dreary Pacific Northwest. Wherever you end up, make sure to take time and soak up some rays, sample the local food, music, customs, drugs and ladies of the night. Be cautious of local organ traders and witch doctors, though—there's nothing that's more of a bummer than taking a walk on the beach and waking up a bathtub filled with ice. That, or ending up a brainwashed zombie, with no free will or self-awareness. Both are less than optimal outcomes to a vacation. Honestly, the second one doesn't sound so bad, though, when you think about it.

Take Up A New Hobby

If you're feeling stagnant or out of sorts, a great option to counter this kind of ennui is to take up a new hobby. Unfortunately, many popular pastimes are a snoozefest. Who wants to scrapbook, crochet or wood carve? You may as well just binge drink. Some better alternate indoor hobbies we can recommend from personal experience are: competitive ferret racing, online celebrity stalking, mooing as loudly as possible, creating elaborate Rube Goldberg-style sex machines, horse painting, ghost hunting, building death rays for fun and profit, arson or increasing tolerance for exotic poisons via micro-dosing. There's a world of distractions available, to take your mind off the rainy season blues.

Embrace The Darkness And Learn To Love It

There can be no season of sun, bikinis, and pina colodas, without a season of rain, sweatpants and reruns. It's a universal balance. Now is the time to curl up with the pet of your choice (except you fish people out there—this probably wouldn't work as well for you), nestled together in a cozy blanket, so you can gently pet their fur or feathers, as you envy their inability to experience full self-awareness and the knowledge of certain mortality that comes along with it. Pour us a drink and make some room on the couch, huh? Because, however you choose to combat seasonal gloom, we always recommend a liberal dosing of alcohol. Nothing helps work through your malaise like a chemical depressant.

Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle is an artist whose greatest aspiration is to make people uncomfortable. She's on Instagram as @EsmeraldaSilentCitadel and on MeWe by name.

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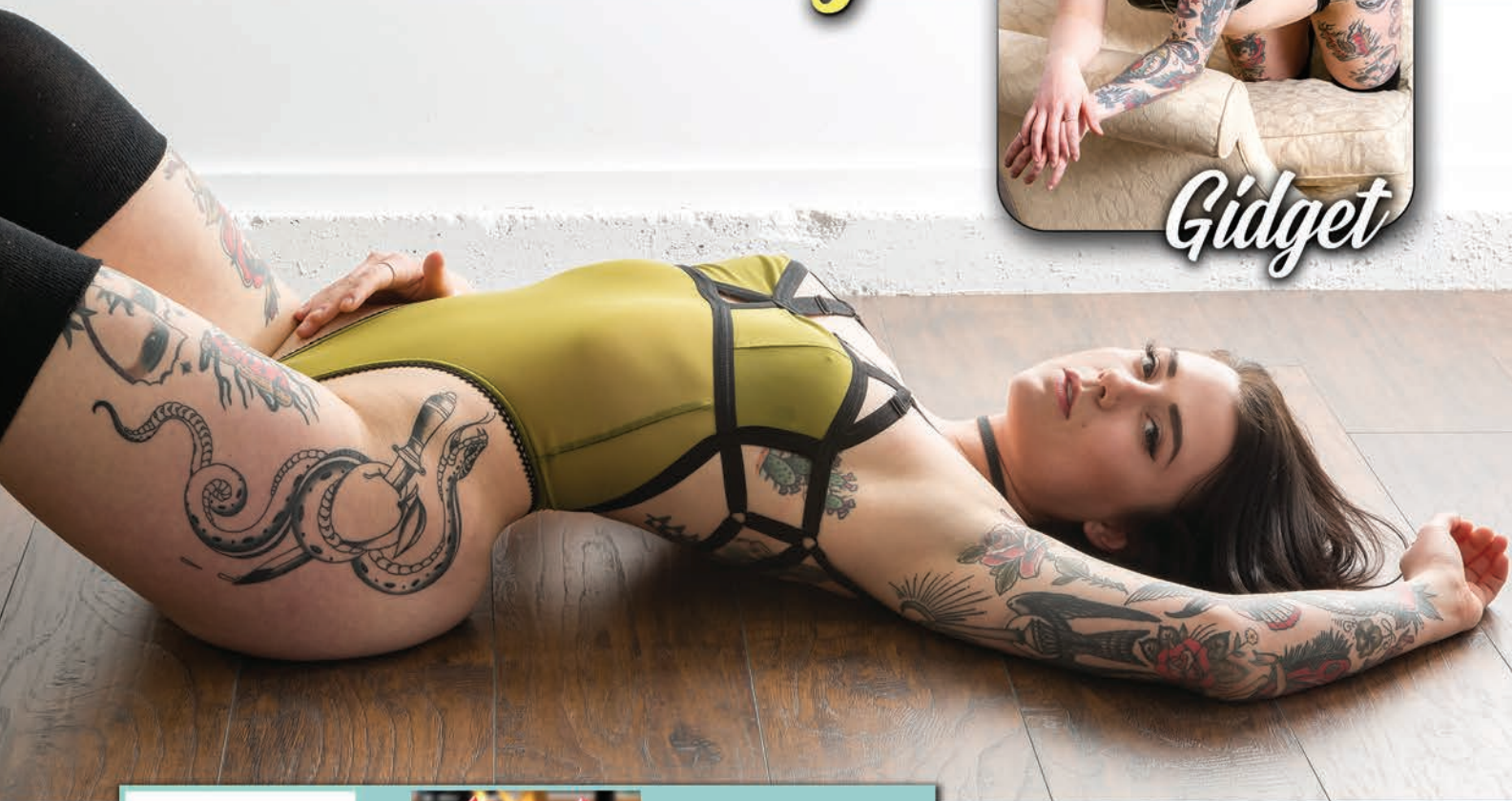
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REVITALIZING OUR NATION'S SHOPPING MALLS

THE MONTHLY

COLUMN

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

Shopping malls...they were once a proud fixture of popular culture. A vibrant, bustling place-to-be for shoppers and bored youth alike. Now, they lie barren and mostly empty. Their popularity has diminished, with closures by the hundreds striking the nation's once-vital shopping centers. It seems that, with the advent of digital shopping, people have decided that the "experience" of going to the mall isn't worth the time, and like sensible folks, choose to merely have things delivered within a couple days. All these closures still leave the buildings unoccupied, waiting for their next great purpose. What could that be? Well, here are my suggestions.

Micro Farms And Food

Ever hear of hydroponics? It's what makes your weed easy to grow in an indoor environment, with maximum yield, minimal parasites and the best product you can turn out, while still being in a fat dude's basement, away from the eyes of the law. What if, instead of regular shops containing sundried goods, it was micro farms with the best fruits, vegetables and weed you can grow, in 1,200-square-foot stalls? It could be like a farmer's market, but doesn't have to be delivered from miles away and features no dirt on the carrots.

Food Carts

Food *courts* are passé. Let's remove the skylights, allow the weather in, let the fumes out and gut the food court. Just put oh-so-trendy food carts in its place and let the low-cost start-ups run roughshod over your taste buds. Wait, why does this need to be pseudo-indoors? Shut up, that's why.

Ice Skating

It used to be that no shopping mall was worth its salt, unless it had an ice-skating rink as a centerpiece. Well, blow the dust off the Zamboni and let's run that bitch all over the whole damn place. Ice-skating rink? No, no. Ice skating everywhere! It is presumed that vicious ice-skating gangs

will form, in order to prey on the weak, who cannot even do a single axel.

Just Spencer's

Spencer's Gifts is a shopping-mall mainstay, and without the mall, how will they prey on people drawn to impulse novelty purchases? Easy. They become the *entire building*. Step on in to the grand foyer, where you'll see a Spencer's Gifts. After that, amble down the hall to a series of Spencer's Gifts, and finally, after a long afternoon of perusing the wares at Spencer's Gifts, go on up to the Spencer's food court, where people wearing magic eye posters and holding rubber lizards will fill your food hole, with only the most satisfying of UV-reactive foods.



Paintball Universe

It's an entire building—a shopping mall, but you're splatting it up with paint, as a 24-hour paintball megaplex dominates the ghost of shopping past. Live out your *Dawn Of The Dead* fantasies, in epic zombies-versus-humans survival matches, or just enjoy the comfort of indoor, climate-controlled urban combat simulation. Once the *Fortnite* kids realize they can Carlton dance in real life over the fallen, paint-soaked form of their defeated enemy, they'll never want to leave (and, will at least be getting some fucking exercise, damnit).

Sexplosion

Yep, you guessed it. An internally contained red light district. Instead of stores, well, uh...whores! Catering to each gender preference and every possible kink, how could a 200,000-square-foot sex pavilion ever do poorly? Legislation pending, but I think people might want to spend time in malls again, if this one came into being.

Megachurches

We're familiar with the concept of a "megachurch"—a church with over 2,000 people at any given service. Well, what if we had an abundance of churches...all in the same place? From Muslims, to Presbyterians, to Hindus, to Zoroastrians. A macro-megachurch. There's absolutely nothing religious people want to do, than hang out on their holy day with other religions. Sorry, no synagogue (insurance reasons). Snake handlers aplenty, though!

Paintball Sexatorium

It's like the giant brothel, plus the paintball place. Anything goes, as you navigate the labyrinth of both artificial obstacles and very real prostitutes, who are vying for your business. Don't get caught with your pants down, as

you struggle for dominance of both the gaming field and your own desires. The ultimate game. May the best player win.

Old Folks' Home

They already walk malls anyhow. Keep them contained, with maximum distractions and reasonably retrained former food court workers providing round-the-clock care. That way, there's minimal risk of them not only *experiencing* the outside world while they wait to die, but even *seeing* it. Visitors can still get a baked potato on the promenade, too.



Casino

Why not? Another legislation-pending idea, micro-casinos could be the way of the future. Strut from casino to casino along an entirely indoor "strip," with drink in hand and money to burn. Bonus—the facility would even have its own gambling clinics and rehab facilities. You could literally take an escalator from sin to salvation and back again!

Giant Movie Theater Where Customers Decide Yelling At The Screen Is Totally Cool

Oh, wait...that's already at the mall.

Hmm.

Well, there you have it. What to do with these giant buildings which once dominated the shopping habits and social lives of a solid generation or two, but now stand empty. I mean, it's either this or just let the crackheads take them over and then wrangle them into...

Crackhead Gladiator Fights

No investment required—just abandon the properties and let nature take its course. The most despicable of people will quickly move to claim

the space and then it will be simplicity itself to close all the doors to coordinate a *Thunderdome*-like scenario, that can be televised via anonymous webcam and bet on by the highest of rollers from around the globe.

I only hope at least one of these comes to pass.

Happy shopping,

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a public transit dispute arbitrator, mouthwash connoisseur, 7/11 truther, writer and retired rapper from Portland, Oregon. He can be found at *Wombstretcha.com*, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook and MeWe (the not-horrible Facebook) by name.



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TOP 5 PEOPLE I HATE WORKING WITH



BY BRAD COX

Most of us have jobs. Some of us make enough working for ourselves, to not need a regular job, but that's as rare as an inverse hot-to-crazy graph reading. There are always people at work that make us want to punch them in their stupid faces. I have encountered every single type of person on this list at least once (but, usually more than once). I have been dealing with one of these at my most recent place of employment and since I'm reasonably sure she can't read, I'm going to vent about her and so many more...right here, right now.

1) The Cocky-For-No-Damn-Reason Guy

I remember, years ago, when I worked at Domino's pizza and we got this new manager trainee who was just un-fucking-believably arrogant and douchey. The old manager had been fired for something—I don't know (or care) what—and, the owner replaced him with this steaming

pile of human garbage named Bryce. He would constantly brag about how much money he had, even though we knew what he made. He'd talk constantly about all the girls he was fucking, even though he looked like a starving bridge troll and never stopped talking about himself. And, of course, he was the toughest gangster on earth. It got so hard to deal with, my favorite phrase at work became "Shut up, Bryce, no one likes you." One time, he even had the audacity to invite himself out with me and a friend, and I literally said to him that no one would ever be friends with such an awful human. So, Bryce, if you're still out there, go fuck yourself.

2) The Cool, Handsome, Slacker Guy

The cool, handsome, slacker guy comes in a variety of flavors, but always has the same basic markings. He's handsome as fuck, charming as fuck, witty as fuck and everyone loves him, even as they are actively doing his job. Now, I hate this guy for a few reasons—mostly jealousy, but I'm sure there are other reasons, too. He has this hypnotizing effect on people, so no one ever seems to notice his fuckery—it's like they feel so privileged to be talking to the guy, that they don't see him only standing there talking and not using his hands to perform any tasks. Jealousy aside, it's actually quite an impressive tactic, to be completely honest. He usually has some cool guy hobby he loves talking about, like snowboarding or training for a cage fight. Often, he plays guitar and loves bands like Nickelback.



3) The Hot, Popular Girl

Here's the problem with the hot, popular girl: usually (but, not universally), she isn't actually hot. When we are stuck at work, we are sometimes stuck looking at some marginally attractive people, at best. So, the longer you're there, the more definitive a hierarchy of attractiveness one cre-

ates in their head. The hot, popular girl is usually the girl who's perceived by most to be the most attractive of a substandard sample group. She is basically the same as the handsome, slacker guy, without any of the redeeming personality traits (like being charming, or nice). She can pretty much be awful to people because everyone wants to fuck her, so she doesn't need to draw anyone in or be kind to anyone.

4) The Creepy, Socially Awkward Guy

This type of shitty coworker usually looks greasy for no reason and usually wears the worst clothes from the Walmart clearance rack. He's probably a huge wrestling fan—or, worse, he collects decorative katana swords and nunchucks. He may also be identified by a fedora hat with a T-shirt that displays a flag or a wolf howling at the moon. He almost always has a really weird catchphrase that he never, ever changes in any way—not even vocal inflection. Like, every day when you see him and say how's it going, he'll say, "Livin' the dream, livin' the dream..." in the same tone—always twice and every goddamn time. Eventually, you'll have to stop greeting him out of self-preservation, because you still go to prison for murder, even if it's a service to fellow humans.

5) The Suck-Up Snitch

Some people have figured out that they can get away with being stupider (and, lazier) than everyone else, if they do a few things. I work with with a girl right now—let's call her "Olive"—who constantly talks shit about me behind my back. Every single time I come back from another work area or a break, literally everyone else I work with asks me why she hates me so much and tells me everything she did and said while I was gone. She runs to management every time I do anything she thinks is wrong and she seems to think I don't know these things, so she's still trying to manipulate me into thinking we're cool...trust me, Olive, we aren't cool. Sometimes management sees this behavior and realizes what's happening, but other times, they don't see a fucking thing and are happy to believe that the Olives of the world are awesome employees. Either way, I think out of every person on this list, Olives are the worst and most annoying to deal with—and, are also the most likely to bring you down with them.

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VEGAS STRIPPERS' FIRST ANNUAL PARADE & EXPO

BY VIA MALA

Vegas strippers are stepping up their game. The first-annual Las Vegas Stripper Parade & Expo is set to launch this summer. The three-day conference aims to celebrate the art and culture of strippers. According to organizers, the goals of the event are to “improve modern society’s relationship with adult entertainment, praise the people who work in this industry and bring sex positivity, consent and freedom of expression to the streets of Las Vegas.”

“We have spoken to many dancers who have felt isolated and un-mentored,” said Cory Mervis, an organizer for the event. “We are creating a parade and expo that is about the performers’ needs, celebrating them in the industry and supporting their businesses. It will provide the tools to grow their careers, find long-term success and plan for their financial future.” Mervis is founder of the now-defunct Las Vegas Halloween Parade.

Polly Superstar, co-founder of the expo and author of *Polly: Sex Culture Revolutionary*, initiated a Kickstarter campaign for the event in January.

“Crowdfunding this project enables us to stay true to the vision and prioritize the real needs of the stripper community,” said Superstar.

Superstar founded Kinky Salon, a pop-up style event, where participants are encouraged to embrace inclusivity and

self-expression. While organizers say sex is often a byproduct of the event, Kinky Salon is not a sex party.

“We describe it as an arty, sexy party,” said one of the Kinky Salon organizers. “At KSL, you’ll still have a good time, even without engaging in the kinky stuff. When we began, there weren’t many places where diverse ranges of people could explore together. There’s more now, but no one has as many activities and a playroom as big and as busy as ours!”

According to the Las Vegas Sun, Superstar and Mervis established a performer-based advisory board for the expo, called B.O.S.S. (Board of Smart Strippers), which includes filmmakers, educators, writers and activists. While the parade would be the most visible and celebratory of the three-day happening, Mervis said the expo—featuring speakers, classes and vendors—will be groundbreaking.

The Las Vegas Stripper Parade & Expo kicks off the evening of Saturday, August 10, with the expo continuing Sunday, August 11 and Monday, August 12 at the Plaza Hotel & Casino, in downtown Las Vegas. The large-scale public celebration and professional B2B conference is produced by women and caters specifically to exotic dancing professionals. The parade takes place on Main Street and will feature performers of all genders and body types, with

a 7pm showcase Saturday night before the 10pm parade down Main Street.

The expo will introduce a full schedule of industry networking, informative seminars, vending opportunities and after-show parties. A sunset pool party—available only to the show’s Kickstarter supporters—will feature poolside VIP suites, private cabanas, a 12-person hot tub, live entertainment and special contests. The expo will also feature classes, speakers and vendors geared towards the exotic dancer community and addressing real-life challenges of the performers, including money management and investments, professional services, security, health and well-being, as well as helping them to navigate their online presence. Scheduled workshops include “Dance Your Way To A Website: How To Build Your Own Site,” “How To Process Payments And Make Money Online As A Dancer,” “Security And Safety On And Off the Pole,” “Let’s Get Wiggy! How To Take Care Of Your Costumes & Wigs,” “Tips On Getting Tips: Increasing Your Sales” and “Planning Your Financial Future.”

“We are excited to grow this one-of-a-kind parade and expo in downtown Las Vegas,” said Derek Stonebarger, Board President for the Las Vegas Arts District.

For more information on the parade and expo, visit LasVegasStripperParade.com.

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MY SPEECH FOR OTTO'S MEMORIAL SERVICE

BY ED LAWRENCE

I would like to thank Otto's family for inviting me here today, on the somber occasion of his passing, to say a few words about his professional life. Otto was a modest man, who didn't talk a lot about his accomplishments, so there may be some of you who are unfamiliar with his career. Otto composed incidental music for films—the music you hear in the background, while the story unfolds on the screen. It may seem like a small thing, but this music contributes mightily to the tone and feel of a film. And, at this niche aspect of the movie business, Otto was an absolute genius. The best in his field—bar none.

That Otto chose to apply his talents exclusively to pornographic films in no way diminishes his brilliance. He devoted a 50-year career pairing grunts, groans and screams, with music that audiences everywhere could be heard whistling, as they zipped up and left the theater.

We should remember that before Otto, porno movies pretty much ignored incidental music, concentrating instead on the images of the actors and actresses, and the storyline...okay, maybe not the storyline so much, but you get the idea. Background music was usually thrown in as an afterthought, if at all. That all changed, when Otto arrived on the scene. He single-handedly added a whole new dimension

to these films, making works of art out of what would otherwise have been forgettable little fuck flicks.

Otto captured the attention of the industry with his very first film, *A Trip Down Mammary Lane*. His score consisted entirely of percussion instruments, pairing cowbell taps with itty-bitty titty jiggles, tomtoms with C-cuppers and kettle drums with flailing double-D jugs. That was many years ago, but the industry is still talking about it.

Film budgets were tight back then. So, in addition to incidental music, Otto was tasked to do sound effects, and he proved just as innovative at this as with background music—listen to his work in *The Legend Of Poppa Hymen*. You'll never hear a champagne cork pop the same way again. Or, his half-empty, plastic ketchup bottle squeezes in *The African Queef*.

It wasn't long before Otto was asked to write complete songs for films. He stepped up to the challenge, with original tunes for the golden shower-themed *Pissed Off*, including "That Certain Tinkle In Your Eye" and "Wee Wee Wee All the Way Home."

But, Otto's masterpiece was his award-winning score for *The Wet Waltz*. You see, people have sex in 2/4 time; in-out-in-out, up-down-up-down, etc. But, Otto's game-

changing 3/4 time background music was revolutionary in the history of stag films. He commanded such respect from the cast that they agreed to perform all of the fuck scenes with one accented deep thrust, followed by two partial withdrawal strokes—blowjobs, too. Just like a waltz, except with dicks and heads, instead of dancing. It won him that year's prestigious Woody Throbber Award for Best Film Score. The voting wasn't even close.

If I listed all of Otto's influential works, we'd be here all day and never get to the free lunch, so here's a quick sampling: he wrote the smash hit, "Twat Do I Owe This Pleasure?" for the movie *Facial And A Nail Job*. S&M fans can sing you his "Boobies And Boo Boos" like they know "Happy Birthday." Toward the end of his career, he contributed songs for films made all over the world—in the "Middle East With Head In The Sand," in India, with "Cal-Cunt-A" and in the cult Japanese hit, "That Not Sushi—That My Pooo-See!"

Recently, when his health began to fail, I visited him at the assisted living facility where he spent his last days. I asked him what the driving force behind his success was. He looked off in the distance for a moment, then looked me in the eye and said, "I wanted to make films that would give a blind guy a hard-on." Mission accomplished, my friend. Mission accomplished!

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The Playground That Is Portland & All The Wonders Therein

BY JIMMY PEEHOLE

My, oh my. What a city. Hi, I'm Jimmy Peehole. If you're reading this, you're probably sad. Your bohemian lifestyle hasn't paid off like you thought it would, and even though you landed an extra gig on *Portlandia*, that just taught you that improv is only as good as a script's foundation. Let's face it—the state of Oregon is more a state of suspended adolescence. If you're here, you're probably queer and you haven't matured past 17 years, but rest assured, this is where you belong. Hard work is for suckers and we're all gonna live forever. Keeping that in mind, let's step outside of ourselves and take a look at some of the many attractions waiting for us on the playground of Portland!

Cue Madonna's "This Used To Be My Playground," for those of you reading at home

Mood Swing Set

"You must be this high to ride Mood Swing Set." Boy, you said it! Whether you're suffering from Seasonal Affective Disorder after moving from a sunnier climate, or just flat-out clinically depressed, the Mood Swing Set has stood the test of time and continues to be Portland's most popular attraction. Unfortunately, just like over-priced brunch with someone you can barely tolerate (who just swallowed your load half an hour ago, so you kinda have to just go with them on this, even though you'd rather still be asleep in your bed with three warm cats), you're going to have to wait to be seated.

Cue Tom Petty's "The Waiting," for those of you still reading at home

After all, mood swings have to run their course and you can never quite tell when the ride will end.

Dating Merry-Go-Round

"Wow, feels like I've seen **appropriate pronoun** somewhere before!" Well, my friend, that's because YOU HAVE! Although techni-

cally a city, Portland's population is dense enough that you *will* keep fucking the same people over and over AND over! Even people that broke your heart, who you never wish to see again and thought you had blocked, will keep popping up on dating applications, social media websites and high definition, digitally remastered porn! **Kisses fingers** Yes, it's all enough to make you dizzy, trip, fall over, get your head stomped in, have no one notice and want to run home to mother!

Cue Danzig's "Mother" for those of you still still reading at home (Geez, get outside for crying out loud...no wonder you're depressed)

Alas, you're broke, and your parents don't want you back home because of your "reefer" habit, so I guess you're here for now—stuck in the circle of life known as the Dating-Merry-Go-Round.

Oh! Okay, Turn off "Mother" and put on "Merry Go Round" by Mötley Crüe

Career Slide

So, you've worked your way up the corporate ladder, broken through that glass ceiling and just put a down payment on your new home. Good for you! Bad news is, your company just outsourced your position and won't be renewing the lease on your office building, as it's now going to be a bunch of microstudios with a microbrewery. What should you do? What else?! Enjoy the ride, my friend! It's all downhill from here! Your position has become obsolete and you are spiraling like a motherfucker. WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

Uh, hmmm...put on some slide-appropriate music, I guess? Kind of blanking on this one. I'll go make some more coffee and come back strong on the next, I promise

Fort Pretentious

Ah, yes! What better foundation for protecting your fragile ego, than the air of preten-

sion? Built from a steady influx of arrogant ideal about how music should sound, food should taste, beer should be made and people should act, no one will dare bring you down from the heights of this marvel of modern meta-architecture! As long as your head stays far up your own ass, you should be safe. Stay on your guard though, uh, Joh-? Willi-? Staci-? Friend! (I admit, in true Portland fashion, I have forgotten your name altogether, as it didn't register as important in my mental Rolodex). Because, every so often, you will have to fend off personal attacks from someone on this playground's next attraction—The High Horse.

Shit, coffee's still brewing. Ah, fuck. Okay. Try humming some Modest Mouse? They're really pretentious and their lead rapist, er, singer, lives here. Catchy stuff!

High Horse

From the smallest man to the biggest lady, who doesn't enjoy bopping along on their High Horse? Spring loaded for action, High Horses are the only things that can penetrate Fort Pretentious, because no matter how much of an awful person you truly are at heart, you're safe atop your High Horse—never faltering from your holier-than-thou opinion.

Cue Metallica's "Holier Than Thou." Yes! Nailed it for the last one! Great job, Me!

So, there you have it! Portland sure is a magnificent playground, where all us kids can play. Full of ups and downs, twists and turns, subs and doms, dos and don'ts, sex and candy, etc. As long as you set out to have fun—and, don't give too much merit to what the mean kids say—you'll be just fine. Who knows? Maybe, one day, you'll even grow up. I'm Jimmy Peehole. Thanks for reading.

Cue MIA's "Jimmy"



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