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THE STRANGEST THINGS I'VE

Getting drunk and leaving things behind in a bar go hand-in-hand. Most people wake up the day after, check all their things and feel like they won a prize—breathing a massive sigh of relief that they somehow made it home with all of their personal effects. You may have a horrendous hangover, but you somehow remembered to close out. Usually, you didn't. You look for your scarf or that beloved water bottle and realize it's not there and that you must have left it somewhere. Where, though? You were at four different bars last night...at least, four that you remember. Now, you have to decide, how much do you love that item? Are you willing to call every bar to try and locate it, get back to that bar and retrieve it? Especially, if you cabbled all the way to another part of town. I can tell you, by the dictionary-thick stack of debit and credit cards sitting at the POS in my bar, that most people wake up and do the math

on whether or not they should just cancel their card(s) and have a new one sent out. Most just say, "fuck it" to most items left behind and a bar's lost-and-found can quickly look like a Goodwill annex—especially so in the winter. I don't know a single person who works in a bar that buys their own scarves or hats. After a while, they're free for the taking. The rest, we donate. It's just all a part of keeping a public place clean. These are tales of some of the strangest things I've found in my bar. I'm just one bartender. All of us have stories.

The Bag Of Soup

In this particular bar I was working in, we had a big event that we would host once a month. It was a big deal. The bar would be packed way beyond capacity, and sometimes, we'd need to rent porta-pottys to supplement the volume of thirsty folks ready to dance and party. It was an intense night, but those of us who worked

it looked forward to the event. It would be crazy—we'd be rolling in sweat the entire time. The vibe of the people that showed up was really positive and we rarely had any sort of problem or negativity with this event. That was surprising, considering how many people were squeezed inside together, without proper, licensed security of any kind. This event also paid all of our rent in one night. It was hard work, but fun and worth it. Closing was the worst part. We would have to have everyone out the door by 2:30, we wouldn't be leaving until the sun was up and this is a bar that didn't allow after-hours drinking—even for the employees. That was at least four hours of solid cleaning. You'd feel like you got hit by a bus the next day whenever you woke up, but that's what it's like. You'd rather be slammed than slow.

During the extreme cleaning, all sorts of shit would turn up. A lot of clothes, as it

would get hot. And, as inhibitions went down, the temps rose and the clothes came off. It wasn't uncommon for people to be fully nude at this party and simply walk out into their cabs that way. We found drugs, bottles of snuck-in liquor, knives, jewelry, hats, even sex toys. All the things you'd expect. Barf in the corners, turds on the patio (because the bathroom line was too long), soiled underwear...it's all part of bar life. None of it ever made me think, "Hmmm, that's weird," until I found the soup. At least, we think it was soup. It could have been a stew, a gumbo or maybe something even worse.

We found the soup sitting on its own chair, that was pushed into a corner. It sat alone, somehow undisturbed, even though just minutes before, people were pressed into

it being concealed anywhere, in any way. We threw the soup away, but the questions still remain. How? Why? Was that really soup?

The Dog

Don't worry, no animals were harmed. This is a sad story, however.

I worked at a bar where I worked alone on shift. This is never ideal for a woman, especially closing. This bar was a dive—the kind that opens at 7am and serves all the way until illegality. The sad sort of place, where you see the kind of drinkers that are dead-people walking. Zombies (not all of them, of course). I spent a year at this bar, made a lot of friends and learned a lot. It was definitely a style of bartend-

end of the night as complete silence.

I was counting out my till and I heard something. I was well-accustomed to all the little noises this bar makes. The fridge, ice machine, etc. The noise was quiet, but definitely not a normal one. It was a very small, high-pitched squeak. "A fucking rat." That's what I thought. We call them "bar kittens" and they are nothing out of the normal. I got the flashlight and followed the sound. The closer I followed the little squeak, the more it didn't sound like a bar kitten. Possum? Squeaky gear in the equipment? I shone the light under a cabinet that housed our towels and I got a reflection of two eyes looking back at me. What the fuck is it? I got a piece of cheese out of the fridge and offered it to whatever was under the cabinet.

WE FOUND BEHIND THE BAR

BY MISS TINI

the bar asses-to-elbows, sweating up the windows. It was in a large, 2.5 gallon-sized Ziplock bag. The bag was so full, the sides of it were bellowing out like an over-filled water balloon. The contents were brown, with cut vegetables and potatoes inside (so we think). The thing is, what made this so strange, is there was literally no way to open the bag—even a little bit—without everything flowing everywhere. It was that full. It was so full, we carried it to the trash like a bomb about to explode. What made this so weird was, first, how did they fill the bag that full, zip it up and not get it everywhere? Next, why would you bring it to the most packed dance night in the city? Sure, it could have been someone's shift meal they wanted to take home... but, bags of any kind weren't allowed at this particular event, and it was the middle of summer, so a large coat was out of the question. It was filled so full and was pressurized so delicately, I can't imagine

ing I'd never done before. I also saw a lot of dark shit. A story for a different article, maybe...

One night, I was closing. I can't remember exactly what had happened before I got the last person finally out and turned the key on the door, locking myself in. I remember I was over it that night. I remember just wanting to clean, do the till and get the fuck out of there. I wanted my shift drink, too. As I did every night, I took the big flashlight we had and looked in every booth, on the floor and in the bathrooms, to make sure there wasn't anyone still in there or hiding. As a woman working alone, this is a big safety concern. No one was there and to my surprise, the floor looked pretty good. I started to close up. As I did then (and, as I still do now), in complete silence. After being shouted at, talking over everyone and music blaring, nothing fills me with more peace at the

A small, black animal appeared. It was a dachshund puppy. I had no idea how long he'd been under there. We didn't allow dogs and I definitely didn't see one on my shift. He had a collar, but no tags. I thought maybe he snuck in, undetected and was scared to leave because of all the people. I got him water and made him a little bed. By now it was 3:30 am. I couldn't leave him there. I decided I'd take him home for the night and my own jealous dog can just deal with it. I'd post fliers and online ads first thing in the morning. He was scared, but so sweet. I was sure he was someone's new puppy that somehow got out. He was so tiny, I could see him squeezing under a fence or running out the door without detection.

I was turning off the lights of the bar and doing my last walk-through, about to set the alarm, when there was a loud bang on the door. I was scared. We were long

closed and I was alone. It was a woman with wild hair. I grabbed the bar weapon and approached the door. I yelled, "We're closed!" She yelled back that she had left her dog there. I was pissed. I cracked the door and I asked her to explain. She was wasted—beyond wasted, with eyes that couldn't focus. She said she was drinking at the bar earlier in the day and left her puppy there. She had just woken up and realized what she had done. I told her to wait. I called animal control. There was no answer. It was 3:30am. I called the police. They advised that if the dog looks in good health, I should release the animal to her with reasonable proof of ownership. The entire time I was on the phone, she was drumming her fingers on the door. I asked her for proof of ownership. She showed me pictures from her social media on her phone. I took down her name and gave her the poor dog. How fucked up do you have to be to leave your dog? I later filed a police report and a report with animal services. I hope that little guy is okay.

The Colostomy Bag

I was working a pretty routine night. A customer came to me and told me that I needed to look at the right hand bathroom. He looked a little grossed out and didn't want to say why. This happens a lot. People throw up, forget to flush some atrocity, or sometimes, worse. I thanked him and got on my "bathroom kit." This consists of rubber gloves, industrial-strength bleach, towels, container of water, trash bag and a dab of well vodka under each nostril (to block smells). I went in expecting the worst.

In my time at this particular bar, I had cleaned up every horror imaginable: blood, shit, countless gallons of piss and vomit. I've gone in and had to help someone who has passed out with shit running down his legs. Heroin addicts tied off, with the needle still in their arm. You literally never know what you're going to see, when you open that door. That night, I saw a clean and pleasant-smelling bathroom. Cautious, I looked around. I opened the toilet tank lid, as upper-deckers weren't uncommon. Then, I saw it.

Someone took off their colostomy bag and sat it rather unceremoniously on the toilet paper dispenser. I had never seen one before, but I knew what it was. It was full of urine and the hose attached was dripping on the floor. This shouldn't be part of the job, but it is. You can't just leave it. You can't put an "out of order" sign on the door and expect someone else to do it for you. If the bathroom gets fucked up on your shift, YOU deal with it. I put my gloves on and prepared to throw it away. I grasped the bag and it was still warm. It then occurred to me, people who need this, need this. This item is for medical assistance. Sometimes for serious issues.



Since it was still pretty warm, I could reasonably assume that the person was maybe still in my bar. This proved to be a problem. I couldn't make an announcement. I couldn't leave it in there, because people would be weirded out. I couldn't profile the customers, go up and shoulder tap, asking "are you missing a bag?" What do I do? Someone is quickly going to be in need and is probably going to be very embarrassed. I don't know how much a colostomy bag costs, but if I know anything about the American healthcare system, this bag of pee is probably worth \$1,000. I took the trash bag out of my clean-up kit and bagged the thing—tying it very tight. I put it behind the bar in our lost-and-found area and told my co-worker. What else could I do? I looked at it all night. I worried about the person who left it. Yes, it was gross. No one came for it.

Normally, we keep lost items for 30 days. Not this time.

The Gun

I would say it's not terribly uncommon for a bartender to find a gun. Maybe it is in Portland. When I was a bartender in my hometown, it was quite a bit rougher, with tons of gang activity and guns happened on occasion—I hate them. My dad was a Vietnam vet and a member of the N.R.A. We won't get political here, but I don't necessarily agree with the right to bear arms. Anyway, I was working in a real shithole. The kind of place you don't enter if, you're a normal person. The kind of place where if someone won \$40 or more on the lotto machine, they were likely to get followed home and get stabbed for the jackpot. I say that, because it happened. I was desperate for a job and I took it. Many shady things transpired there, but the strangest for me, was at closing time, finding a black revolver in the toilet. It was the scariest thing I'd ever seen. I leaned my face in to peer at it, to see if it was real. It certainly looked real. I got a pair of gloves. I stuck my index finger into the ice cold, fetid water and nudged it. It had weight—definitely not a toy. The side of it had been filed down. Freshly filed. Debris from the gun's surface was floating in the water.

Listen here, I'm no cop and I hate guns, but I've watched enough true crime shows to know that the serial number was filed down. There are few reasons to have a gun and even fewer to have one with the serial numbers removed. I wasn't fucking with this any more. I called the police. When they heard what bar it was, they certainly took their time. It was a shady spot, full of shady people. It took almost two hours for them to come, but I waited—scared to death. They photographed things, interviewed me and took it away. It was later used in a high-profile case against a local criminal. I quit that job the very next day. Not because of the gun, necessarily. Because of the environment. This was just the final straw. To this day, I don't know if that toilet present was used to take anyone's life.

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THE UPS AND DOWNS OF CROSS-FADING

GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

It's April, which means that all the normies who "haven't smoked since the '70s and can't wait to try some of that fancy, legal weed" will be acting like idiots, all the way up until (and including) the 4/20 holiday. Thanks to legalization, April 20 is the new St. Paddy's Day—swap the green hats for white guy dreadlocks and tie-dye shirts. So, us real stoners, who appreciate keeping things underground, countercultural and illegal, well... we're taking things up a notch or two, obviously. No, I'm not talking about 99.9% THC dabs or smoking an entire carton of prerolls—I'm saying it's time to crossfade! That's right, did you know that mixing drugs results in new and interesting effects, that cannot be obtained on their own? Think of it like a miniature chemistry lab in your lungs and/or liver, ready for you, the mad scientist, to partake in your experiments.

If you plan on mixing weed with other drugs for this year's 4/20 celebration, here's how you should go about doing so...

Alcohol

Weed and alcohol have a weird relationship—depending on how they mix, it can result in an extremely awesome time or a complete nightmare. In fact, that's actually a pretty standard relationship, now that I think about it. Anyhow, you know that old "liquor before beer, in the clear; beer before liquor, never sicker" mantra? Well, it's true in the case of alcohol—it's always a good idea to start with the most powerful substance, before introducing a lesser one. But, the opposite is true with weed and booze. As a general rule (and regardless of method of delivery), it's a good idea to start with THC, *let it kick in* and then go out for drinks. Your alcohol consumption will likely be put in check (in a good way) by the fact that you're a bit mellowed out already—more concerned with seeing a food menu than asking what the bar has on tap. On the other hand, if, after a long night of drinking, you decide to top it off with some blunts and edibles, expect to get the spins pretty quickly. Alcohol hits much faster than weed, too. So, perhaps that's why it's a good rule to remember, "weed before sauce is always awesomeness; sauce before weed will make you vomit shit."

Cocaine

Again noting that the order in which you ingest your substances is of utmost importance, keep in mind that cocaine is a horrible drug that makes people feel self-important, smug and talkative. You'd think that Portland was full of cokeheads, but, in reality, we're just self-important, smug and talkative by nature. But, trust me when I say this: Portlanders get even worse with cocaine. Now, with that said, let's talk about the order of operations here. If you're coked out and need to chill, weed is a *perfect* drug. It lets you down smoothly, makes you just paranoid enough to question the dumb shit that's falling out of your mouth, and in some cases, can even help you sleep or eat, after a long night of stuffing coca leaves and baby powder up the nasal passages. However, weed before coke is usually a terrible, terrible idea. With exceptions made for preparation purposes, i.e. long-ass music festivals that will undoubtedly be full of white drugs (so, why the hell not blaze up in the parking lot beforehand, eh?), if you're high as shit on some good herb and *then* decide to do a few bumps, you might then find yourself making some seriously bad decisions. This is how Tuesday night trips to Vegas happen. Coke also destroys creativity, because every idea on cocaine is a good idea. So, let's say you smoke weed to produce music, write, draw or whatever it is you do, adding cocaine to the mix will only make you convinced that your awful idea is a good one. If you don't believe me, read anything I wrote for this magazine between 2007 and 2009.

'Shrooms/LSD

Hallucinogens are best ingested while sober and immediately followed by a heavy dose of indica-dominant weed, to ease the departure process onto the interplanetary plane. Hybrids are good, of course, because you don't want to be knocked out during your trip. However, avoid pure sativas or sativa-dominant hybrids, as the mental high is going to take care of itself. Eating while high on hallucinogens (especially mushrooms) is important and weed will help you remember to do this. Keep a few joints rolled up for later, as well, because a "bad trip" can easily be toned down with a nice indica that hits quickly—you don't want to be looking for the pipe,

lighter and nug jar while trying to duck and dodge those weird DMT elves that always show up uninvited after years of tripping balls. For a slap-you-in-the-face-and-tell-your-ass-to-sit-down strain, I, personally, prefer Dogwalker OG from HQ Farms (and, yes, I'm speaking as a customer—I don't know the growers or the distributors, but this shit is fucking fire and I'll continue to plug you guys, if you hit me up with some samples... my email is Ray@Xmag.com).

Molly/Ecstasy

Much like a few hits of LSD might accidentally result in you forgetting to eat for a few hours, if you ignore hydration during a molly trip, you might actually fucking die. Thankfully, most of the health issues involved with club drugs are due to lack of hydration (seriously, though—your body expels exponentially more fluids while on molly than it takes in, which can turn your brain into a potato after years of clubbing). This is why weed is downright essential, if you don't want to end up E-tarded and still going to raves in your 30s. Cannabis makes you thirsty, molly makes the shitty EDM you paid \$350 to hear a DJ spin sound good. Everyone wins.

Heroin/Opiates

Fuck everything that falls into this category. Cannabis should be a replacement for anything prescribed by a doctor or endorsed by alternative music from the '90s.

Lean/Codeine

This is tricky, because being dizzy is part of what makes lean so much fun, but the codeine is a bit too strong if mixed with a heavy indica. Oh, and don't even think about trying to mix edibles with lean, because that's a one-way trip to "Where The Fuck Am I?" Land. But, if that's your thing, go for it. It's recommended that, like alcohol, cannabis is consumed before lean. However, if you're the type of person to drink a ghetto cocktail that was made famous by a genre of music called "Chopped And Screwed," I doubt you're looking to crossfade this particular duo before an important meeting or a drive to pick up the kids from school. Recommended album: *When The Smoke Clears* by Three 6 Mafia.

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It's April, which means that Oregon is about to embrace sixty-degree weather and the occasional four-to-five hours of sun. What does this mean? Naked fat guys on bikes, gingers in shorts and people swimming in near-freezing sludge. God, I love the Northwest. But, aside from the usual Vitamin D junkies coming out of the basement, we've got a few rounds of nudity and adult situations coming your way...

Polerotica Is Now!

The contest you've all been waiting for, *Polerotica*, is happening *now*. Dates and times are located at the bottom of this column, but here's the short story: you've gotta attend a qualifier round, in order to move up in the contest. Then, once you're performing, you're gonna need to impress the judges and audience with your pole skills. Yes, it's important to demonstrate a good theme, stage show and all that...but, the focus of *Polerotica* is, of course, the pole. Practice, get your friends rallied up and then drive your ass down to one of the qualifier rounds. My man Dick Hennessy will be hosting, as

well as signing contestants up, so if you run into him while he's club hopping, be sure to grab an application and sign up in person. Dick's full of useful information and he often has free doughnuts and/or blunts.

Oh and, yes, we've updated Xmag.com with a new "videos" section (thanks, Bitchute, for being cool about naked bodies). Not only are you now able to get a preview of what *Polerotica* (and *Ink 'N' Pink*) are like, but we've also made sure to keep it PG-13 and share-able to your social media. Go check that out at Xmag.com/NewSite/Xmag-Videos.htm, to see if you think you can handle the competition (you can, by the way—I just have to make it sound dramatic). Last year's winner, Oksana Romanov, is a hard act to follow, so pay close attention to the lady in yellow, holding the sword.

The Exxxotica Expo Is Coming To Town (And Yes, There Will Be Clowns)

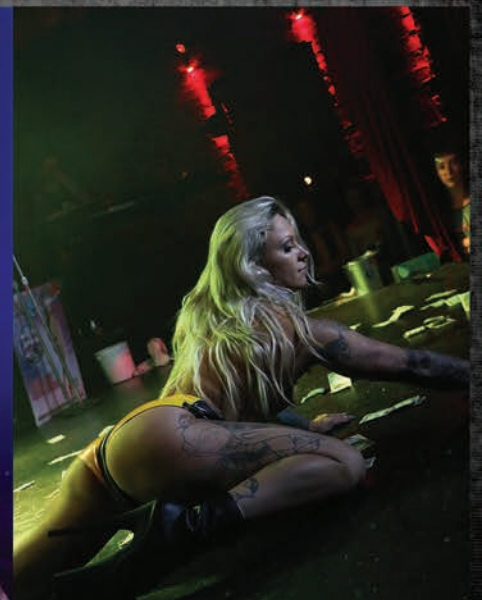
While we're still a month or two away from summer festivities, it may be in your best interest to get your V.I.P.

tickets for Exxxotica Expo 2019, happening June 7, 8 and 9 at the Portland Expo Center.

Attending this event will be a gigantic roster of pornstars, including Christy Canyon, Tori Black, Honey Gold, Darcie Dolce, Kendra Sunderland, Alexis Texas, Jayden Cole, Janine Lindemulder, Vicki Chase, Jillian Janson, Tyomi Morgan, Sarah Vandella, Lexi Belle, Herschel Savage, Christiana Cinn, Jill Cassidy, Evan Stone, Phoenix Marie, Katie Morgan, Tiffany Watson, Ryan Conner, Hudsy Hawn, Veronica Kirei, Mazzy Grace, Anastasia Knight, Serene Siren, Sara Jay, Lenna Lux, Joseline Kelly, RubberDoll, Harmonie Marquise, Angelina Castro, September Reign, Rome Major, SOfia Moon, Kelli Provocateur, King Noire, Karen Fisher and James Bartholet.

Damn, that's an even bigger list than my browser history has—Exxxotica isn't fucking around (no pun intended).

On all three days, there will be also be feature performances by RubberDoll (fetish and kink), Ashley Ad-





dison (aerialist), and our personal choice for the day, B.J. McNaughty's Stripper Clown Performance! Speaking honestly, B.J. is one of the most underrated performers in the area, and beyond her contributions to *Exotic*, she's also dedicated as fuck to her craft. Aside from the guys in the Insane Clown Posse, I have never met anyone who wears their clown paint *everywhere* during gig days. B.J. is not just playing up an alter ego—she's embracing it, fully. If you've ever seen a hot clown at Taco Bell around 3am, it was probably B.J. McNaughty...so, meet her in person at the expo.

In addition to feature performances, there will be seminars, including The Art Of Audio Seduction (How To Create Perfect Naughty MP3s), The Mystery Box Show (True Stories All About Sex) and Breaking Into The Biz: A How-To Guide To Getting Into The Adult Industry, among others. I just shot an email to the organizers, so hopefully, there *may* be a seminar about DJing or writing last-minute columns about events that don't happen until June.

Grab your V.I.P. tickets and get more information at ExxoticaExpo.com.

Stripper Law & Order

As was reported by *Willamette Week* last month ("Oregon Strippers Are Engaged in a Fierce Battle Over Whether They Should Be Contractors or Employees..."), the state of the industry is still hinging on a debate that deals with whether or not strippers should be listed as employees or retain an independent contractor status.

A few years ago, I joined some industry vets (Elle, Claude, etc.) in testifying to the old guys at the State Capitol, in regards to contractor status and work conditions. Everyone in our posse was pro-independent-contractor status, but we also wanted some sort of information spread around, as to the rights that indie contractors have. This was to be in the form of an eye-catching poster that contained the phone number for a well-staffed hotline, that would answer questions such as, "I found a nail sticking out of the stage, what can I do about it?" or "The booking

agent assaulted me, do I have recourse?" You know, really basic shit that shares no more government intervention than the average public pool or elevator (basic signage and nothing else).

The other side of the debate referenced by *WW*, is headed by an ex-stripper whose last name is actually "Bitters," which is just about right for the expected amount of Portland irony. Bitters is pushing for employee status, which is not only a bad idea for the obvious reasons (I'm not going to insult your intelligence, dancers—you know the ins and outs of the biz), but her argument, being made for the in-favor-of-employment-status side of the debate, is based on what is going down in California. Let me make something perfectly clear: California strip clubs are not Portland strip clubs. Booze means no full nudity, for one, in California. And, as far as requiring employment status from strippers, take a look at California's budget deficit and you'll find that the need for tax revenue has more to do with anti-independent-contractor status than it does protecting strippers. Oregon. Is. Not. California. In fact, we need less California in all sorts of areas. Do you want more artisan cupcake shops in what used to be the hood? 'Cause following Cali's lead is how you get more artisan cupcake shops in what used to be the hood.

Back to the lecture at hand, as Elle points out in the *WW* piece, independent contractors have a say-so as to who they give dances to, what customers they can avoid, who they can focus on, etc. If strippers become W-2 status, say goodbye to your regulars and hello to piss tests and dancing for the broke dudes—with the same

zeal you once reserved for your off-duty banker regulars. And, when the idea of unionizing is brought up, well, I'm just gonna go ahead and say it: there's a reason Burger-ville charges what they charge. As far as workplace protections go, it is a blatant lie to assert that strippers don't have protections. If I, as a customer, slip and fall in a Walgreen's, I'm covered. On the same token, if a stripper pole breaks and sends Destiny flying into the wall, it's not like she is told "You asked for it, you're an independent contractor." She can sue the club into the ground. The idea that non-employees are some sort of anemic breed of accident prone children is fucking stupid. So, that's why myself, Elle and others supported (and, continue to support) the idea of providing information and resources to dancers.

However, according to *WW*, the reason that hotline didn't work, was due to it being poorly staffed (if at all). Reports have been made, testifying to the fact that no one picked up the hotline when it was dialed, which sort of defeats the purpose of having said line. Why was this the case? Well, the sole employee assigned to run it was, you guessed it, Mrs. Bitters—the same lady who is pushing for employee status (and has nothing to lose, as she is no longer dancing).

I'm just gonna go ahead and say this right now: if you're no longer in our industry, get the fuck out and stay out, please and thank you. We don't want to be employees—we simply want to have a number to call when we start bleeding.

eroticcity spotlight

**THU 4 - CLUB SINROCK
POLEROTICA QUALIFIER ROUND 1**

THU 4 - LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE - BIRDIE'S B-DAY PARTY

SUN 7 - DANTE'S - SINFERNO W/ HOST JON DUTCH

**FRI 12 - ROSE CITY STRIP
THOR & LEATHURBITCH (LIVE MUSIC)**

SAT 13 - DREAM ON SALOON - SCHOOLGIRL PARTY

**SAT 13 - THE VENUE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
POLEROTICA QUALIFIER ROUND 2**

SUN 14 - DANTE'S - SINFERNO W/ HOST JON DUTCH

**WED 17 & THU 18 - THE FIREHOUSE CABARET (SALEM)
INTERNATIONAL FEATURE PERFORMER JANINE JERICHO**

**FRI 19 & SAT 20 - GUILTY PLEASURES GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
ONE YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY**

**FRI 19 & SAT 20 - THE SUNSET STRIP
INTERNATIONAL FEATURE PERFORMER JANINE JERICHO**

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**SAT 20 - KIT KAT CLUB - THE CATNIP CABARET
(CANNABIS-THEMED FEATURE SETS)**

SAT 20 - CABARET - 3RD ANNUAL PURPLE RAIN PARTY

**SAT 20 - STARS SALEM
POLEROTICA QUALIFIER ROUND 3**

SAT 20 - XPOSE - GOING BANANAS 4/20 PARTY

**SUN 21 - DANTE'S - SINFERNO
W/ HOST RAY MCMILLIN**

**THU 25 - KIT KAT CLUB
POLEROTICA QUALIFIER ROUND 4**

**FRI 26 - EYE CANDY FASHIONS
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**FRI 26 - THE WHISKEY CLUB
LEATHER & LACE PARTY**

FRI 26 - TOMMY'S TOO - DAISY DUKE CONTEST

**SUN 28 - DANTE'S - SINFERNO
W/ HOST RAY MCMILLIN**





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Stripped IN PORNLAND

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

By Jaime Dunkle

A husky dude drinks a double “sex on the beach” cocktail at the far end of the U-shaped bar—he’s one of three customers in the small strip club. He hides in the back corner, but his spotless white sneakers glow in the black light and draw attention to him.

Sneaker Pimp lingers in the bar for hours, often until close. Once in a while, a dancer approaches him and they go to the private dance area for a song, but not so much today. He’s glued to the bar stool farthest from the stage. He drinks and stares into the nothingness that suffocates the club and everyone in it, until the night rush pops off in a welcomed chaos—but, that won’t be for another couple of hours.

Dancer after dancer approaches Sneaker Pimp, but he silently shakes his head at them until they move on, to the two blue-collar guys suckling bottles of Budweiser. The buds don’t buy dances. Don’t have much money. Won’t offer to buy a drink.

One after one, the dancers flock to the video poker machines and their kaleidoscopic barrage of dopamine-inducing lights and beeps. Purses empty when the strippers whine to each other in the dressing room and text every regular customer in town, but they won’t show up to the club for hours, if at all.

“PayPal me a deposit?” One of the strippers texts to a regular. Instantly, she’s \$50 richer. She leans back in the

nicked side chair and tells the other dancers behind her about her score, through a scratched mirror.

“Good for you,” Rose says and straps on the nine-inch heels that almost broke her ankle when they snagged the carpet an hour ago. She pulls back the dressing room curtain and braces herself for another round of Empty Club Syndrome.

A wave of stale beer, bad breath and body spray penetrates the void between Justin Timberlake songs and hair metal.

“This place stinks,” Sneaker Pimp says to the retired dancer bartender.

“It must stink real sweet if you’re here literally every weekend,” she says with zero hesitation and a huge smile.

He’s about to pay his tab and storm off as Rose emerges from the dressing room—a big closet, basically, on the opposite end of the club. As Rose approaches, Sneaker Pimp sits down.

“One more, barmaid,” he says.

“Watch it,” the bartender says.

“What? I thought you liked pirates?”

The bartender rolls her eyes and laughs. She’s not sure which way to take it.

Rose slithers next to him, wearing a mens button-down shirt, lace panties and thigh-high stockings. Rose

orders water. Desert sand replaces her mouth and throat, as she waits for the bartender to stop jabbering with one of the broke dudes across the bar from her. After waiting ten minutes, the bartender finally serves her complicated drink: H2O. Rose downs half of it and asks for a refill.

“So I don’t have to interrupt your conversation again,” Rose says.

“Why don’t you get a real drink?” Sneaker Pimp asks.

“Why don’t you get a real date?” Rose goads.

“Because you haven’t sat next to me yet,” he says and turns to face her.

Rose nods and drapes the stool next to his with a sarong to sit on. The bacteria on the torn pleather butt-saucers causes ass pimples even through underwear. Any barrier protects against pizza booty - this evident remedy took months of trying washes, scrubs, masks, astringents, lotions and potions that never quite eliminated the puss-filled sores ruining her divine caboose. At her wits end, she decided it wasn’t her ass but everything it touched in the club: the bar stools, chairs and stage. So she’s packed a sarong to save her biggest asset from acne flares ever since.

“I like that,” Sneaker Pimp says and points at the makeshift seat cover. “Classy.”

Rose pauses instead of revealing the logic and scientific method behind her fabric bar-stool sheath.

"So, what's your story?" she asks.

"You're looking at it," he says and swivels so he faces the bar again.

"Bullshit. Everyone has a story outside this one."

Rose leans back and scans Sneaker Pimp. He fidgets with a napkin.

"I own a sneaker shop. This is where I go to avoid everyone. It's far from my neighborhood, the store, and my life."

"That explains your impeccably clean kicks."

"Probably the only thing clean in here."

"Hey!"

"Besides you. Or, are you a dirty girl?"

"It depends on my mood."

"So, you're bipolar?"

"So, you're a doctor?"

"I'm just making conversation. Why don't we get a dance?"

They hold hands and traverse the club to a tiny, curtained booth. He sits on a chair and she draws the heavy velvet. A new song starts and she dances for him. A slow tease in pinup snapshots. She slides down his body and feels his heart race. He grabs her hips and pulls her into him but she snatches his wrists, lifts his arms above his head and hops away from his body and erection. She turns her back toward him and dances. Spins around. Propels her leg over his head. Completely naked now. He leans forward and she gently kicks him back into the chair. She sits on his lap, then stands, so her pussy is at his eye level. She lowers

herself onto his lap. The song ends. He hands her four twenty-dollar bills.

They exit. She touches up her makeup and changes outfits in the dressing room, and he pisses and splashes his face with water in the bathroom.

They meet at the bar again. He fondles his drink and she thumbs through her phone.

"Take my number," he says.

"I'm old school and don't integrate the digital world and my work," she says.

"Then come to my shop," he gives her a business card with his number and the shop's address on it.

She stares at him in silence and stuffs it in her purse. Best not to argue and just toss it in the trash later.

"I'm there all week."

"I'm here all weekend."

"I know. Where else would you be?"

"I do have a life outside of here," Rose says and squints her eyes in annoyance.

"Sure you do," he says in a monotone voice.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Don't we all have a story besides this one?" he reminds her of what she said earlier.

"Don't back-peddle," she says to combat his sly—yet, failing—negging. "I know what you initially meant."

"I meant you're a stripper and this is how you spend your time."

Rose ignores him and considers laying into him or hustling him for another \$80. The latter sounds more beneficial for her end goal of making money,

so she strategically waits for Sneaker Pimp's narcissistic impulse to double-speak to pass. He'll just deny the true meaning, in an attempt to confuse and dominate. Feeding into it is a trap she recognizes but keeps to herself.

Her water glass is empty. The ice has melted. An orange straw is all that remains.

"Are you ready for a real drink yet?"

Rose adjusts the sarong seat cover and calls to the bartender.

"Club soda and cran, please."

The bartender delivers it much quicker this time.

"Are you ready for a real dance yet?"

Rose licks the straw, puckers her lips and sucks a slow stream of the virgin concoction.

Sneaker Pimp stands and they return to the private dance space, for another intimate striptease.

When it's over, Rose counts the money she made from Sneaker Pimp and fans it out on the glitter-encrusted counter top in the dressing room. The business card pops out from the line of eight twenty-dollar bills. She crumbles it and throws it into the wastebasket. She hides in the dressing room and reads *Exotic* until the night rush pours in, so she can easily avoid the Sneaker Pimp and his backhanded remarks.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. Stripped will also be available in book form, eventually. For more info, go to JaimeDunkle.com or [@JaimeDunkle](https://www.instagram.com/JaimeDunkle). No creepers allowed.

EXOTIC
PINUP APRIL
2019



Ariana
From Reveal Lounge





TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH

BY DJ HAZMATT

THE TRUTH ABOUT DRUGS



Listen up, kids. It's time for uncle Ray to tell you all the truth about drugs. Some of what I'm about to say here may sound "un-cool" or "lame," but I'm an old man and I've been around the block several times. So, pay attention and learn some shit, you degenerate children...

Portland Drivers Could Use A Drink Or Two

They say alcohol limits inhibitions, so it makes sense for more assertive and outgoing communities to be opposed to driving after a few beers. Sure, the east coast is an obvious example. But also, take, for instance, Salt Lake City—they don't even have real beer at the bars and the Mormons are more aggressive than even the most stereotypical Portland panhandler. I imagine that drunk Mormons would be among the most aggressive and worst humans on the planet. So, it makes sense to keep them away from the blood of Christ in boxed and/or bottled form. But, Portland lacks any of the assertiveness found in even the most "Ayy, I'm walkin' heeyuh" of east coast cities, let alone S.L.C.

We're the city of oversensitivity, apologies and four-way stops at which transplants in Subarus have hand-waving contests to see who is more polite, while traffic backs up for miles and the bike shops continue to make money hand-over-fist, robbing people who do the math and realize that a unicycle ride would get them home quicker than a motorized vehicle. Imagine, if you would, if even a small portion of Portlanders lacked the inhibitions required for perpetual politeness and being aggressively non-confrontational. All I'm saying is that, in this circumstance, a few shots aren't necessarily a bad thing—why do you think there's no 3:00am rush hour, even though half of the people in this town work service industry? Shift drinks, that's why. Also, I've never been stuck behind a skateboarder in Portland—those drunk little shits can do

30mph uphill. Why? Pabst, that's why.

The Price Of Weed Has Collapsed, Leaving Thousands Of Honest Dealers Broke

Sure, the neighborhood weed store is great and we all love to support mom-'n'-pop shops. But, as far as the endless stream of billboards advertising high-end dispensaries, weed delivery apps and cannabis stocks? Yeah, they can fuck right off. We went from buying this shit behind the convenient store and risking a felony, to ordering dabs using our iPhones. At no point in the game were we given our libertarian fantasy, in which the sale and possession of weed was simply allowed to happen. So, like everything else that was once dangerous and now mainstream (punk rock, Four Loko, feminism, etc.), cannabis commerce and culture has become a snobby, elitist cesspool full of the *exact same people* who used to rat out weed smokers for selling drugs behind the convenience store.

From the small shops to the street dealers, not much has changed, except we went from illegal and profitable, to legal and broke. This is something that we need to pay attention to (especially if we work in or around the sex industry)—it's now cheaper to pay the fines associated with selling weed on the street, without a license, than it is to register as a cannabis distributor in California, Washington, Oregon or Colorado. There's a big difference between legality and freedom—the former is simply the latter, but without poor people.

Fake Tits Are Hard To Do Cocaine Off Of

At an after hours party years back, I was living the DJ dream. Yes, it's true—if you work in a popular club, even if you are a total dork, at some point, you'll end up surrounded by drugs, topless chicks and hard booze, in a shitty warehouse that rents out their space for cash on the weekends. One particular night at one such establishment, a cowork-

er of mine had decided to remove her shirt, lay down on the pool table and start railing out lines on her double-D tits. This, I thought, was my bucket list's wet dream. So, I took her up on the offer, for what turned out to be the nastiest, sweat-filled, goopy blob of blow I've ever had the misfortune of doing.

Not only are fake tits sweaty after their owner takes a few shots and dances to "This Is My Song" by Pandora Playlist, but they're firm and round, which means that half of the blow ends up in armpits. And, yes, there are guys who will be glad to do this, but no, I'm not one of them. Kids, I recommend that, if you want to do some blow off of a pair of tits, stick strictly to A-cups on bored women.

The Best Drugs Are The Most Illegal

You know how that friend of yours, who never once gave off the impression that she'd ever do drugs, is now a junkie and in recovery? That's thanks to the seamless transition between doctor-prescribed opiates and cheap-ass street drugs, which do the same thing for a fraction of the price. And, what about alcohol? Coke makes you talk too much. Weed makes you laugh at dumb shit. 'Shrooms make it hard to drive. Molly makes you horny for the wrong people. Now, imagine if you took all of those negative aspects about each drug, as mentioned here, but also remove from them any and all positive medicinal, emotional or spiritual benefits? Well, you'd be left with alcohol, the only drug fully endorsed by every state in our country. It's odd, how you can self-exclude from casinos if you're a gambling addict, but when it comes to booze, I know actual bars that will take A.A. chips for drinks. Now, in comparison, LSD makes you a better person, often on multiple levels, but even typing that sentence is a Class C felony, so now I have to go turn myself in.

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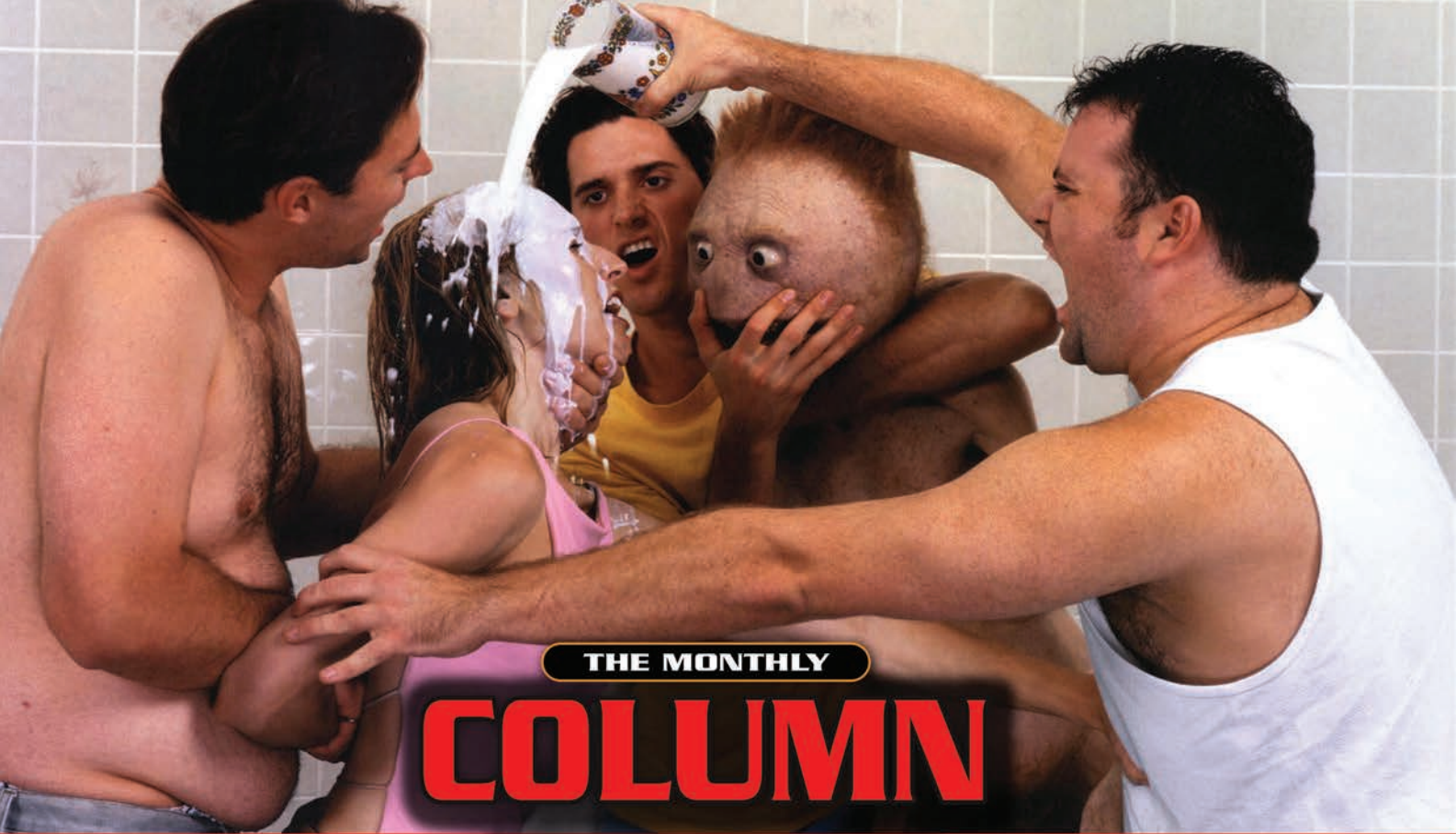
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THE MONTHLY

COLUMN

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

THE LEAST POPULAR PORNHUB CATEGORIES

PornHub, the world's premier pornographic website, receives over 100 million hits per day as of the end of 2018. They log and aggregate all the searches on their site and feature over 120 years—in length—of video content. The most popular searches tend to be boring and predictable, as most people are boring and predictable, even when they're alone, the shades are pulled and the pants are down. However, the *least* popular searches tend to be far more interesting. So, let's have a look at them and see what the least of us do with their "alone time."

All the below stats collected by proprietary methods.

Dolphin Molestation - I am unclear as to whether this refers to molesting dolphins or being molested by dolphins.

Non-Euclidean Reverse Cowgirl - Because, to hell with classical geometry in the bedroom.

McDonald's Shake Machine Co-splay - One party dresses as a shake machine and the other party (or parties) beat on them, trying to get them to produce fluids.

Crab Boatin' - Intercourse between two people who have so many lice, it causes their crotches to look like flesh-colored sleeping bags full of guinea pigs.

Office Depot Stockroom - Do you like toner cartridges being creatively misused? Well, here's your thing.

Gilbertizing - Normal moans and grunts have been replaced with shrill noises made by actor Gilbert Gottfried.

High Timing - Pornstars arrive on set ready to "git it on," but then, they smoke a few bongloads to the dome and end up just sitting around, playing video games.

The Mighty Dicks - Very small hockey gear adorns some of porn's most practiced pricks, in what turned out to be a rather unpopular effort to cash in on nostalgia.

Yakety Sex - Sizzling scenes play out in high speed, to the tune of "Yakety Sax," also known as the music from *Benny Hill*.

Cooze Cruise - This genre follows various entitled MILFs, as they go on vacation at sea. It documents their innate dissatisfaction with everything and constant complaining, instead of sex.

Australian Rules Foreplay - Steamy couples meet up in dark rooms, unaware of whom they are with, and when the lights are turned on, the room is full of spiders!

Indian Advances - These keywords bring up footage of all the women who are turned on by hairy Indian uncles asking for "bobs and vagene." There's something like six whole seconds of footage.

Ninja Style - A mysterious man in black enters a room, to discover a lovely and willing co-ed. Then, BAM! A puff of smoke fills the screen and our lady is left with a confused expression—and semen—on her face, while the man in black is nowhere to be seen.

Fudge Packers Union - Burly, hairy men alone in a warehouse sweat and grunt all night, as they box up chocolate confections to be shipped in the morning.

The Devil's Onion Ring - A man dressed like Satan tries to bargain random people, from off the street, to have sex in exchange for a 400 pounds (181.4kg) of onion rings.

Anus McPenis - This video series follows a man named Anus McPenis throughout his daily life, which consists of no sex and mostly repeatedly (and, unsuccessfully, due to a cruel judge) filing for name changes.

Presto Log - Heavily greased porn-stars spend time drinking Sterno and eating stove pellets, in order to see if they can have flammable poop.

Clown-Eyed Joe - Regular porn, but with a disapproving clown face in the corner of the screen that stares at you for the length of the video.

Bigger Bang Theory - This parody porn is as unsexy as its source mate-

rial is unfunny, but instead of a laugh track, it features a sex noise track.

Mike Tyson's Eat-Out - These disturbing film clips feature boxer Mike Tyson trying to talk sexy, during a series of allegedly erotic acts.

Cramberries - Amateurs attempt to shoplift produce, using only their genitalia.

Judge Judy And Sexecutioner - Judge Judy lookalikes get pounded in their leathery end zones.

SpongeBob SquarePenis - Square pegs in round holes. Kids love it.

Amish Ride Or Die - Hours and hours of hot butter-churning. Literal butter-churning. Mmmm, those calloused hands...

genderfluid twentysomethings saying, "Are you okay with me removing your shoes/kissing your cheek/taking off this sock? What about this one?" This continues until, no, in fact, the other sock is too much and both parties end up just leaving abruptly.

InfoPorn - It's regular porn, but Alex Jones narrates and breathes heavily into the microphone the whole time.

So, there you have it. A list of the LEAST popular searches on the world's largest porn site. This is the bottom of an already scummy barrel and the research here meant digging pretty deep. If any of these items sound arousing to you, then I don't know what to say...except, possibly, "Thanks for being the best of the worst."



Baby Back - A man and woman try to have sex, while the gentleman sings the Chili's "Baby Back Ribs" song without stopping.

Wonkaland - Standard porn, but at the end, a group of Oompa Loompas come out of nowhere and sing songs about the perils of getting jizz on the furnishings.

Consent Wars - Just 40 minutes of

Enjoy!

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a toilet paper critic, cow poker, corn connoisseur, writer and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook and MeWe by name.

STRIP CLUBS

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

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

CLUB 205 56 **FOOD LOTTERY**
9939 SE Stark St | (503) 256-0527
Daily 11am-2:30am

CLUB ROUGE 40 **FOOD LOTTERY**
403 SW Harvey Milk 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-1:30am

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

DESIRE 18 **FOOD LOTTERY**
535 NE Columbia Blvd | (971) 339-2198
Daily 3pm-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 11am-2am

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

GRIND GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 65 **FOOD LOTTERY**
15826 SE Division St | (503) 206-4851
Daily 2pm-2am

GUILTY PLEASURES 28 **FOOD LOTTERY**
13639 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 760-8128
Daily 1:30pm-2:30am

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

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

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

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

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
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Mon-Sat 10am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-1am

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3620 SE 35th Pl | (503) 760-8128
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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
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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 11am-2am, Fri-Sat 11am-1am

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

THE VENUE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 52 **FOOD LOTTERY**
9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523
Daily 10am-2:30am

THE WHISKEY CLUB 24
818 SW 1st Ave | TBD
Mon-Sat 6pm-2:30am

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

X ULTRA LOUNGE 35 **FOOD**
15 SW 2nd Ave | (503) 790-9090
Sun-Thu 7pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 4pm-2:30am

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 SUPER SHOP 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

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

EYE CANDY FASHIONS 171
10412 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 771-0080
Tue-Sat 12pm-8pm, Sun 12pm-5pm,
Mon By Appointment

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

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

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

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

PINK KITTYS 172
314 W Burnside St, Suite 300
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

SECRET RENDEZVOUS 136
10518-B NE Sandy Blvd | (971) 279-2940
Daily 24 hours

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

SILVER SPOON 139
8521 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 245-0489
Mon-Sat 10am-7pm, Sun 11am-5pm

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

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
Mon-Wed 11am-1am, Thu-Sat 11am-3am,
Sun 12pm-12am
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

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17935 SW Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 259-2310
Daily 6am-12am

TORCHED ILLUSIONS II 169
12963 SW Pacific Hwy | (503) 430-5140
Daily 11am-10pm

THE VELVET ROPE 101
3533 SE César E Chávez Ave | (971) 271-7064
Thu 8pm-2am, Fri-Sat 8:30pm-4am,
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3350 NE Sandy Blvd | (971) 703-4777

NECTAR - MISSISSIPPI 9
4125 N Mississippi | (503) 206-4818
Daily 10am-11pm

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



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403 SW HARVEY MILK ST
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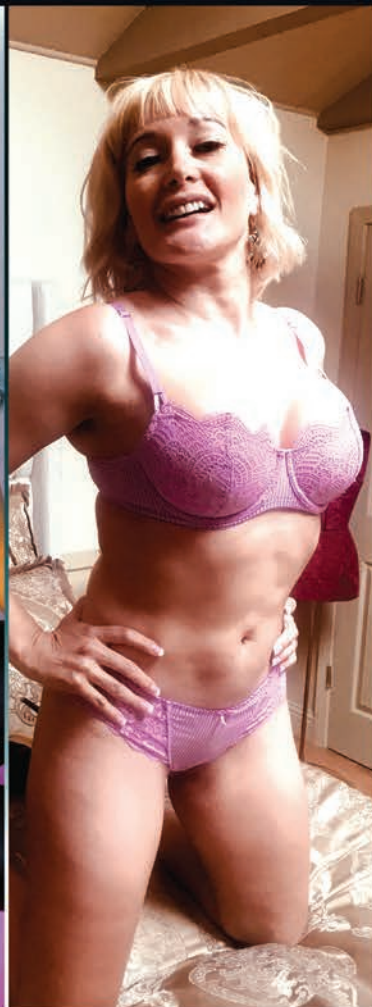
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BY ESMERALDA RUPP-SPANGLE

FUTURISTIC PHARMACEUTICALS

When we think of drugs, we often think of the illicit. But, a drug is, by its very definition, “a medicine or other substance, which has a physiological effect when ingested or otherwise introduced into the body.” It’s true, that some drugs are more fun than others. Remember that shameful time in middle school, when you tried snorting powdered Advil? No? Was that just us? Regardless, they all have their place. We’ve cashed in all our favors with friends in pharmaceutical development and marketing this month (it’s just one guy named Toby—we bought him a six pack and a pizza to butter him up), to get the inside scoop on what upcoming medicationally marvelous things we can expect in the next few years. Here’s what he had to say.

Coulrophobanate

Everyone we know these days is freaked out by clowns. Is it cultural conditioning? Perhaps, it’s our discomfort in finding spherical red noses sexually enticing? Or, a disproportionately traumatic memory about when a guy dressed in a clown suit who murdered our family? I mean, really, at this point, it hardly matters. What does matter, is that clowns are distressing. Coulrophobinate can help. Never feel irrational terror again, when you see a colorful, silk ruff covered in blood. May cause dizziness, fatigue, sleep murders, juggalomorphosis, hysteria and hallucinations. Do not take if you’re currently using MAOI inhibitors, blood thinners or one-a-day vitamins shaped like clowns.

Toleratitol

You want to be on the cultural and social bandwagon. All your friends have become SJWs and you feel morally deficient, because it just doesn’t make any fucking sense at all to you. Try new Toleratitol. It’s guaranteed to cause self-righteous indignation at even the vaguest whiff of any opinion that does not align perfectly with your own. Fit in with your friends and finally “get” *Huffington Post* articles. Side effects may include a desire to stand in the rain holding homemade signs, being blocked by about half your friends on social media (and, silently resented by another quarter), hives in the shape of Bernie Sanders’ head, loss of “inside voice” and possible veganism. Talk to your naturopath/homeopath/witch doctor/whatever-quack-you-prefer before staring Toleratitol.

Autismocil

This marvelous, new vaccine against autism is a wonder of modern science. It’s packed with all-natural ingredients, like dihydrogen monoxide, ginkgo fruit extract, colloidal silver, pure, good intentions, powder-charged crystals and a proprietary blend of aromatherapy oils. It’s blessed by a nondenominational spiritual guidance counselor and costs only slightly less than the mortgage payment for your upscale, craftsman home. Side effects may include a vague sense of cognitive dissonance and severe itching.

Okaytronite

The major benefit of new Okaytronite is that it has very little potential for abuse—unlike many other mood-altering drugs. While it does cure depression completely and totally, its side effects include profoundly malodorous sores, genital deformations and alcohol intolerance—all things that (we, at least) would rather be depressed than deal with.

Youthantromax

Everyone is always excited about new and promising anti-aging medications, and this revolutionary pill is no exception. Within hours, you’ll see wrinkles vanishing and the glow of your youth returning. Grey hairs fall out and are replaced by healthy, pigmented strands. Saggy balls and floppy breasts lift by themselves back into their ideal positions. Youthantromax may cause a slough of all the terrible things you forgot about your youth, such as mental confusion, angst, poor decision-making, severe acne, bad taste in everything, not being able to talk to girls, invasive, unwanted hard-ons all the damn time and a seriously misplaced feeling of indestructibility.

Evolvatrex

This fascinating experimental drug forces your DNA to evolve at a rate 100,000x faster than the normal rate. What’s the next step in human evolution? Pretty soon, we’ll each find out for ourselves. Results vary, but often include reduction in back pain, higher intelligence, resistance to emotional stressors, heightened physical fitness, better eyesight, longer lives, faster reflexes, sexual endurance/performance improvement, resistance

to most disease and better skin. Most laboratory results are extremely positive and the Evolvatrex scientists assure me that the rate of metamorphosis into hideous monsters is almost negligible.

Somnumnulla

So many of us live hectic existences that leave us with no time for recreation. We lament how few hours we have in the day and often end up depriving ourselves of much-needed sleep, to complete the tasks our lives and obligations require. We take dangerous stimulants that cloud our minds and harm our bodies. Here, for you, is Somnumnulla—the only true anti-sleep aid! Somnumnulla doesn’t just keep you awake, it entirely removes the need for sleep!!! Now, you can go to work, finish your taxes, clean your apartment, make dinner and still have time for that alien conspiracy group. Side effects may include—but, are not limited to—addiction, depression, excess salivation, violent outbursts, waking nightmares from which there is no escape and, occasionally, hives.

Futurasil

If you could see your future for the next week, you could succeed in ways you can hardly imagine. Our team has formulated this physics-bending, probability detection chemical compound to help you get ahead in life. Though not totally accurate, your chances of picking a winning lottery number are exponentially increased after using this drug. There do not appear to be any temporal side effects, yet. The chemists and physicists who developed this miraculous substance assure us it’s safe for...well, there’s this one crazy scientist guy who keeps blathering on about “liquefying time” and “Chronometric collapse,” but he’s just been taking too much of his own medicine. Side effects include occasional brain melting, hysteria and depression.

Toby assures us that this list is completely accurate and he’s generally a pretty solid guy, so this is probably at least 60% true.

Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle is an artist, writer, lizard person and vehement flat-Earther. She can be found on MeWe by name or Instagram as EsmeraldaSilentCitadel.

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CANADA BORDERCROSSINGS

BY NORM ALGUY

BY CHRISTIAN RICKETTS

In what I don't want to say was a long time ago, in a place that feels like far, far away, I was once a terrible, terrible drug dealer. I lived near the border and there was a place just across it, that would sell me beer and crappy food, for a price that was so low that I couldn't believe.

I was a broke-ass college student, just 19 at the time. But, 19 meant beer was legal. Strip clubs, too. Everything legal in Canada was open to me...what more did I need?

Other than drugs and money, I had it made. While I had a job that paid barely above minimum wage, I was having a lot of fun. And, sometimes, I was crossing an international border to do so.

So, one time, as I was finishing off the last chunk of rice in my dish and ordering my third beer of the afternoon, I struck up a conversation with a guy. I was about to ride my bike back to America, but needed a smoke first, anyway. We started talking about music we liked, then somehow, it came back to the age-old topic of getting high.

As we were smoking bowls in his van, the guy asks me if I like ecstasy. I mean, it seems like a dumb question, because who doesn't want to start down the path of getting into some serious drugs, in a stranger's van, in a restaurant's parking lot in a foreign country? If that's wrong, I don't want to be right. The good news is, I was wrong.

He just wanted me to ride home—to a foreign country. And, he wanted me to stuff a bunch of pills into my bike's frame. That's easy enough, right? Because that all was so easy, I made sure to let him know that I'd have to go hit up my roommates for some more cash, since I only had enough for lunch, beers and the tip.

Of course, this guy was a professional and I hadn't yet lived through the financial crisis of 2008, so when he said I could do this with no money down, I was all in. All I had to do was come back to get more pills, take

them home, sell them and come back with his cash.

Now, I know I've said I was a terrible drug dealer—and I was. The problem wasn't that I was using my own stash (I mean, I was, but that wasn't the big problem) and it wasn't that I had to sell enough to cover the costs (that was easy). Rather, the problem was the border.

The first time I rode my bike across the border, it was a really windy day—and that was good. I would have been sweating bullets if not, but as I recall, I was a sweaty mess anyway, by the time I was at the border crossing—a border crossing I had used enough times not to worry about it. Was I nervous? Hell yeah.

That's when I saw the familiar face of a student from my college, who had some classes with me. It turns out, he had a part-time job working as a border patrol agent. That he recognized me was even better, because he somehow bought my bullshit story about getting beer and lunch and laughed off my joke, about how I hoped I wouldn't get a DUI for riding a bike across the border after a few drinks.



That all went fine. According to plan...if I had been smart enough to have a plan.

The problems, they came later. For a while, everything went according to the plan I was making up on the fly. I rode my bike over the border, I used the same border crossing at the same time every week and everyone knew who I was. I was just Norm, just riding my bike across an international border

to subvert the laws that say you have to be 21 to consume alcohol. Cheers! Just ignore that my bike disassembles easily, please.

The problem was that, one day, as I'm leaving class, someone asks me if I can hook them up with some E. Of course, I can. By then, that's how I was paying for my books, food, tuition, etc. I kept a day job, but holy crap...I was a bad salesman. "I know if you take two of them, you'll be fucking high!" That's not a way to sell drugs. You're supposed to give away coffee mugs and shit, too.

So, I'm talking about selling some ecstasy to my classmate, when I realize that Mr. Customs And Border Enforcement is standing right there.

I was terrible at selling drugs, because I sold them to the fucker who let me into the country with them. That's like sticking your dick in the mashed potatoes—just because it sounds like a good idea at the time, well... you'll regret it, eventually.

I didn't go to jail (for that), but holy shit did it fuck with my income, when I realized that the next time I crossed the border, I might have to say "hi" to a guy who owed me \$60 for some narcotics.

I'm sure there's a lesson here. Maybe, it's that you shouldn't don't do drugs. I doubt that was it. Don't sell drugs? Probably also not it. I bought a shitload of concert tickets and paid my rent and tuition for a while from selling them. Don't smuggle them? Probably a bad idea, now. Before 9/11/01, crossing the border was like going to Taco Bell. Maybe it's don't buy drugs from a shady guy in a van in a fast food parking lot in a foreign country, while hoping that the guy at the border isn't a classmate that's buying drugs from you? That seems oddly specific, but if it comes up, it's not bad advice.

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The Drug Seeker

W. BILL CZOLGOSZ

My God, why have you forsaken me?"

- Jesus

When that filthy Nazarene cried out to Heaven, he wasn't inquiring after Yaweh Sabaoth (a war god), whether he'd been simply forgotten about, hanging up there on that Roman cross, for so many hours in the Judean heat—rather, as churchgoers and Stones fans know, he was calling into question the entirety of his own belief system.

"Have I been wrong about everything?" and "What was I thinking?" and "Holy shit! I really fucked things up!" J.C. was 33, after all, and he still had a good six or seven years ahead of him. And, what tattooed Juggalo or rabid Star Wars fanboy won't have similar doubts, when their own golden years approach? Full disclosure—I once dropped about \$2,000 on O/T Lego. Then, I gave the whole set to my grandkids, as soon as I'd "built" it all. They mostly busted it up, before choking on the small pieces, because they were many years shy of the age recommendation.

I seem to recall an early Simpsons episode, where Comic Book Guy lamented, "Oh, no—I've wasted my life!"

The alcoholics who arrive late to Bill W's 12-step program wrestle with similar demons. They start off with, "Well, I'm only two steps from my grave, my spouse is dead and I'm dying with stage IV pancreatic cancer, so what's the point of getting sober?" And, whether they're 65, 75 or 85, they're told, "It's never too late to make a fresh start!" or, the meme-y update, "It's never too late to become the person you were always meant to be!" Some

of them even believe it (or, claim that they do).

I like alcohol. I like cigarettes and coffee, too. But, my preferred drug of choice is drugs.

I busted my L-5 vertebrae when I was 26, working deep underground as a jack-leg miner. Christ, we abused ourselves down there, trying to earn that sweet, sweet production bonus! And, I did earn it for a time, but then suddenly found myself sitting at home, drawing a (small) disability pension, learning about fledgling dial-up internet porn and developing a promising codeine addiction. This was not my fault—I merely needed relief from the discomfort of bone spurs, sciatica and an avulsed disc. But, also, codeine gave me a lingering daytime buzz that fucking rocked.

I moved westward, pursuing weird and artistic dreams, and quickly discovered that new cities meant new doctors—and, new doctors weren't quick to write out prescriptions for opioids. My file had a black, stick-on dot affixed to it, which told the attending nurses and physicians that I was a "drug seeker." When I finally did land a doctor who was willing to see to my needs, I told him, "I'm not even offended by the label—I AM a drug-seeker, for fuck's sake. I am seeking drugs. Let's have 'em."

In the nebulous in-between time, I did not go to the streets—where so many of my peers have found themselves—but, to the "Cold & Flu" aisle of my local department store. I purchased copious amounts of Benalyn and Ny-Quil—those things are the best! Combined with the aforementioned cigarettes and coffee, and in time, codeine, these items transformed me into a creative tour-de-force. I would stay awake for three or five days at a time, illustrating comics, painting masterpieces and filling my hard drive with dozens of manuscripts.

In fact, my first three published novels (and, two graphic novels) were produced during week-long pharmaceutical binges (anyone remember NA-NO-WRI-MO? I churned out 50,000 words in the first thirty hours). I placed short stories in at least twenty small-press horror anthologies, between Halloween and Christmas, in one year. I was also directing art for two periodicals and producing a daily comic strip. I was a juggernaut of awesomeness! I was positioned to become the greatest living artist of all time!!!

Then, something terrible happened—I married my second wife.

I won't disparage the woman (much), as she had plenty of excellent attributes—as well as a personality that meshed with mine—

but, she simply did not dig the pleasures of pharmaceuticals the way I did. Therefore, my cough syrup consumption dropped through the floor and my artistic output went with it. By this time, too, I had graduated to 90mg of morphine per day (to get me off of codeine), so she petitioned my doctor to whittle that down to a fraction. All this, it should be noted, while she was gorging on SSRIs and mood stabilizers to make herself less psychotic during her bipolar swings (hint: they did not help).

"You should probably quit smoking, too," she told me eleven-hundred times.

Shit, I tried turning her onto T.H.C. edibles, just to chill her out. She took too much—on her first try—and spent the night "in hell," never to use them again. Of course, I caught shit for making sure all the leftovers got consumed. I don't even like THC. But, fuck if I'm going to let stuff go to waste.

I did eight years like that, sleepwalking through a drugless marriage, punching a clock to earn a living at an ordinary day job, because God knows I wasn't producing enough sale-able writing and art to keep the lights on. The wife went to school—extremely part-time—or, she just stayed in bed, feeling either manic or depressed, depending on the day.

We slowly killed each others' spirits. I became uninteresting. She became unfuckable.

Then, we got divorced. Fuck her.

So, here's me, on the cross, just like Jesus was. I find myself wondering if my life was a lie. Am I a happy person when I'm not carelessly using opioids? No, assuredly not. Am I reaching my full potential when I'm not drowning in cough syrup? Again, no. Am I a better human being when I'm straight? Fuck, no.

"My God, why have you forsaken me?" That's me, hollering.

I recalled that ol' A.A. mantra, "It's never too late to become the person you were always meant to be." Like any hollow, lo-cal mantra, it can be adapted to any mindset. My life has not been wasted! I'm meant to be a person who gobbles morphine, and Tylenol-3, and ZzzQuil, and Gabapentin, and Reactin, and Zopiclone, and maybe a bit of Percocet, now and then...

That shit is the tits!

It must be working for me, too, because I knocked out this fucking article in twenty-two minutes.

Thanks for watching. I'm W. Bill Czolgosz.

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THE NARROW SPECTRUM OF IDENTITY POLITICS: WHY THE FAR-LEFT AND ALT-RIGHT ARE SO SIMILAR

BY MATT ROSE

"We have both kinds of music—country and western."

A photograph emerged a while ago on social media, portraying two allegedly Islamic men dangling what was said to be a gay man, over a building, somewhere in a war-torn country that we're probably bombing for oil. The photograph went semi-viral, and both Racist Robby and Woke Wendy (names changed to protect Facebook users) were out in full force. Robby rotated between anti-gay and anti-Muslim comments, as was to be expected. "Who cares, these are just [slurs] tossing a [slur] off a building for being a [slur]?" Typical piece-of-shit response from a piece of shit. However, Woke Wendy's comments were equally disturbing, as she suggested that the two Islamic men were actually "attempting to stop the gay man from committing suicide."

In reality, the photograph was of two modern-day extremists who follow an ancient belief system, preparing to throw a man to his death, because of who he has sex with. As someone who removes identity politics from my moral compass, this is not hard to see. Most people are with me here.

But, because the photograph lacked a clear, identity-politics-friendly narrative, cultists from the alt-right and far left had a hard time processing what was actually going on in the photograph—if Racist Robby were to attack the Islamic men, he'd be forced to defend the gay man. On the same token (pun intended), if Woke Wendy were to defend the gay man from being the target of a hate crime, she'd be seen as "Islamophobic," which is a big no-no in the far-left circles.

So, I am proposing that identity politics—both of the left-leaning and the alt-right-or-whatnot variety—are not only erroneous when practiced by any side, but

virtually identical in nature. Beyond the history of sharing the exact same arguments against, say, certain types of movies, video games and music, if stripped down to their basic components, i.e. personality defects, Racist Robby and Woke Wendy share more in common than not. Don't believe me? Here are five things that cultists on both sides of the identity politics aisle share in common...

Tribalism And Conspiratorial Belief Structures

Okay, this one is simple, but we've gotta start with the basics.

Racist Robby thinks that his tribe, "white people," are superior to other tribes, which is why he hates other races. Woke Wendy also thinks that the white people tribe are superior to other races, but she takes it one step further and includes people with a dick, at the cost of swapping pride for guilt. Thus, her "tribe" becomes "anyone who opposes the straight, white male." Both of these two perspectives rely on a tribal mentality to begin with, but the roads diverge in two very different directions.

For Robby, well, he's a well-documented stereotype that we've all become familiar with. Of course, he prefers to stay with "his own" and turns every discussion toward the topic of white supremacy, how "blacks are ruining things" and/or "immigrants taking jobs." Pretty basic stuff you can get from any Ignorance & Things corner store. Robby sees every white person as part of his tribe, even though most whites have never shared any more than three words with Robby, which are usually "fill on regular" or "Camel Lights, please." Robby believes that no white man can do any wrong, unless he's gay/non-Christian/liberal/etc. However, Robby is also the dictionary definition of "failure" in nearly every aspect of his life,

but more on that later.

Wendy, on the other hand, is a similar-but-different type of separatist. She believes in a never-ending totem pole of hierarchical oppression that looks eerily like Robby's, right down to the a person of a specific race and gender (straight, white guy, in this case) on top. However, Wendy feels as if anyone who *isn't* part of Robby's tribe (the oppressors) are part of her tribe (the victims). Wendy believes that no woman/person-of-color/non-hetero-white-male can do any wrong, as their circumstance is the fault of the white-male-hetero patriarchy. Wendy further hammers this point in, with buzzword-laden concepts like "internalized racism" or "systemic oppression" to justify the presence of people who don't toe the tribal line, i.e. black Republicans or gay Christians.

Regardless of the tribe, both Robby and Wendy rely on portraying their tribe as the most oppressed, in order to sustain their narrative. To do this, both parties rely on their own respective conspiracies, whether it be "Blacks and Jews" or "Straight White Guys and Republicans." This brings us to our next element, known as...

Victim Narrative-Colored Glasses

For the bigot on the right, this is a pretty easy phenomenon to identify because it's so obvious. Bank closed for MLK Day? "Blacks taking everything." Bank closed on Veteran's Day? "Good on the bank for supporting the troops." Gang shooting in Compton? "Blacks ruin everything." Mass shooting by a white guy at a movie theater? "This has nothing to do with race." Cop shoots unarmed black teen? "He should have just obeyed the law." Cop arrests white meth dealer? "Don't you have bigger problems to be taking care of?" Rinse and repeat, as this is pretty basic ignorance that

you can find at any flea market that sells knives and flags.

Now, for Woke Wendy and her friends, it's the same shit—but, a remastered version, updated to be more inclusive of women and minorities. Didn't get the job? "This place discriminates against women." Got the job? "Women are naturally better at this job than men." Movie starring black actor gets low reviews? "Racism." Movie starring white actor gets great reviews? "Racism." Mediocre movie starring a boring woman gets less-than-stellar reviews? "Rape culture." Swedish police tell women not to go out late at night, due to sudden spike in sexual assault from immigrant population who shares none of the same values as the hosting country? "Cultural enrichment." Weekly report of powerful man being accused of sexual assault by someone he met once in an elevator ten years ago? "False reports are rare. Believe all women." Video footage on six dozen cameras of Johnny Depp's wife beating the absolute shit out of him, without a drop of fighting back from Depp himself? "There's probably more to the story and we should hear both sides before rushing to judgment."

The takeaway here is that both Robby and Wendy see themselves as victims, and like CNN or Fox News, they can each see the exact same thing and report two vastly different conclusions, to fit their own, unique victim narrative. For instance, if Donald Trump found a cure for HIV, Robby would be offended that Trump "pandered to the homos," instead of building a Mexico wall, while Wendy would take offense that Trump is "STI status shaming" people with AIDS, by suggesting they need a cure. Neither side would be like "Yay, no more HIV!" because, well, each have...

A Lack Of Knowledge Regarding Science, Genetics And Biology

Racist Robby believes that white people should only breed with other white people, in order to keep white people white and "supreme." Sure, science proves how, when interracial couples breed, weak genes get bred out of the pool, and from an evolutionary stance, race mixing is how we left caves and ended up in air-conditioned offices. Yet, there Robby is, fucking his third cousin and expecting to give birth to a "superior" baby. Beyond that, computer simulations have shown, that the most attractive model—male or female—out of a group of photos of models from various ethnic back-

grounds is, you guessed it...a photo morph of all the other models. Whether according to physical science or social science, race mixing is not only safe, but *beneficial* to the "superiority" of the children that it produces. I put quotes there, because I'm not really implying that attractive people with good genes are "superior" to others, but if we're using Hitler logic here, then everything Robby has heard is wrong. Inbreeding bad, Nicole Richie good. That's just facts, when it comes to genetics.

Woke Wendy's approach to beauty standards and gender roles is just as narrative-dictated as Robby's, but it relies on an entirely different set of delusions to dismiss biology. Wendy believes that a secret club of cis white men decide what is considered attractive, before brainwashing other men into believing this and forcing women to adapt in the process. Wendy also believes that men give a fuck if a woman wears the same outfit for two days in a row or sweatpants on a date, and that men, not women,

a thriving market for women-under-thirty speed dating or a season of *The Bachelor* dedicated to Jeff from the vape shop.

Instinct says, to every type of organism in the history of time, that (most...not all, but *most*) males desire fertility, while females desire resources. While this is basic and simple for most people to understand, it's "hate speech" to Woke Wendy. Right off the bat, she brings up "transphobia" and "heteronormativity," which is ironic, because the "not all" argument is considered a trigger to her, in any other circumstance. Wendy uses ten percent of the population as a smoke-screen to dismiss the remaining ninety percent, the latter group she actually belongs to. Further, this would only demonstrate that Wendy hasn't read up on the studies, which show that gay people actually echo the data associated with straight people of the same sex—if you wonder why there's a joke about lesbians moving in on the third date (pooling of resources) or why gay bars are full of over-sexed men who appreciate



are the ones pushing expensive lip gloss and fake nails. Now, for a dose of reality—beauty standards may be disproportionately pushed by companies that exploit the sexuality and insecurity of women (which is caused mostly by other women), sure... that's called marketing. But, standards of what most straight guys find sexy haven't really changed since, oh, ever. Hip-to-waist ratio goes back to the dinosaur days. A woman's ability to reproduce is reflected in her physical appearance. Most men find signs of youth and fertility attractive for the same reason that most women find signs of resources attractive. This is why there's not

smooth skin and tight butts (youth and fertility), it's because science, genetics and biology are real (Wendy also doesn't pause to think about how transphobic it actually is to deny trans people the right to associate certain hormone treatments with certain genders—but, that's a topic for an entirely different column).

So, the point here should be pretty clear—both the white supremacist and the radical, woke left completely ignore biology, as it threatens their ideology. Hey, that rhymed! More importantly, though, the idea that the world should behave in accordance.

with one's own skewed view of it, is a sign of...

Projection

Racist Robby blames all of his problems on hypothetical "illegal Mexicans stealing jobs" and won't move to the city for work, because of "black people committing crime." Yet, Robby's driver's license is expired and he has no problem selling meth for a living to avoid paying taxes or child support. Thus, he is up in arms over "illegals." This is called projection, i.e. the act of seeing assumed (in this case, negative) qualities in others that reflect one's own shortcomings. Instead of owning up to one's own failures, it's simply easier to take out resentment for said failures by focusing on the failures of other groups. So, Robby hates minorities because he assumes that, like him, most people will naturally resort to crime and working the system. In reality, a black stockbroker threatens Robby's existence far more than a gang banger does, because the former challenges Robby's racist beliefs. Robby will go back and forth between "black people are dumb criminals" and "that computer programmer only got hired because he was black" in two beers' time, demonstrating that projection, not logic, dictates his hatred of non-whites.

Woke Wendy, on the other hand, is ashamed that she has it so well. So, instead of projecting her own shortcomings onto others, as is the case with Racist Rob, Woke Wendy projects the oppression of others onto herself, in an attempt to *deflect* or downplay her own privilege. It's no wonder that white, liberal activists are among the whitest, most well-off and homogenous demographics—guilt is a bitch. So, Wendy is suddenly a "victim of the system" that's holding back "women everywhere." Thus, Wendy aligns herself with *[insert literally any marginalized group here]* and their struggles, further cementing a bond between her and those she wishes to siphon oppression status from. Capitalism is evil, of course, as Woke Wendy would have had a *much* better childhood, had she grown up in the ghetto, with a single mother and limited resources. To Wendy, being part of the victim class allows her to avoid oppressor status—such a scenario allows Wendy to sleep at night...the same way that socialist politicians who fly private jets and drink Starbucks openly demonize the idea of capitalism.

Both Wendy and Robby are self-hating failures who project their own internal shortcomings onto others. Robby simply hates

achievers...excuse me, minorities, while Wendy hates anyone who looks like her dad...excuse me, white guys. This is due to a severe...

Lack Of Nuanced Or Real-World Experiences

While Robby is a racist who is convinced that Mexicans are a bigger threat than the tweakers two doors down from his own house, part of this comes from a lack of real-world experience. Robby has clearly never lived in L.A.—a place where many documented Mexican immigrants vote Republican, just like Robby does (this also confuses Wendy, but we'll tackle her in a second). This is part of the reason that Racist Robby refuses to leave his bubble—in short, reality often disproves stereotypes. Every racist has "one of the good ones" for a "black friend," without realizing that said black friend is actually more representative of black people, as a whole, than what their bigoted ideology has taught him. Even people who defy stereotypes at the expense of their own people (i.e. fat, lazy Asians or sober Irish people) don't exist to Racist Robby, because everyone is supposed to fit into their assigned stereotype.

Woke Wendy also suffers from this, but from the other side: she assumes that every member of a minority group is an innocent angel, until they are introduced to the evil, white male patriarchy. So, while the white supremacist is wrong to believe that all black people live in ghettos and belong to gangs, it is equally ignorant for the woke-and-ignorant Woke Wendy to assume that she won't get car-jacked if she drives through the east side of Detroit with her car window down, blaring Macklemore and waving at "people of color" from her pink BMW. Further, when Wendy decides that she is a strong ally to the black community, thanks to her #BLM stickers and Obama shirt, she is *shocked* to learn that certain members of the black community don't vibe with her anti-Christianity attitudes. Wendy also doesn't have a way to explain why debris from the institution of slavery is still harming the black community (it is). At the same time, however, she willfully ignores the residual harm caused by Democrats, who went door-to-door in the post-civil-rights era, trying to break up black families in a sleazy attempt to obtain voters (they did).

Beyond basic tribalism, both the alt-right and the far-left are guilty of not even understanding the tribes they align themselves with. Redneck Robby speaks on behalf of

the working class and unions, while collecting unemployment and/or going job to job, getting fired for "dumb shit" or because the boss is a *[insert ethnic slur here]*. Meanwhile, Wendy endorses "opportunities for minorities" from the comfort of her \$100,000-per-year dorm room situated two blocks from the ghetto, which she shares with an Asian man who had to score ten percent higher than his classmates on admission tests, because of measures to ensure "equal opportunity" that are endorsed by Wendy and other progressive students. Neither Robby nor Wendy realize that they are, effectively, in the same group(s) as the opponents to their supposed causes. This leads Robby to blame "illegals on welfare" for his situation, while Wendy is busy taking opportunities from the "people of color" she claims to support.

Much like Racist Robby believes that "If it ain't white, it ain't right," Woke Wendy believes that "If it ain't white, it needs to align with every one of my values and political beliefs." Whereas Racist Robby sees his black friend as "one of the good ones," Woke Wendy has blocked at least two gay Jews from Twitter for being "alt-right Nazis." Basically, both Racist Robby and Woke Wendy believe that *[insert group here]* are all great people, but *[insert a different group here]* are to blame for the world's problems, because neither one has ever left their bubble.

In Summary

This list would be nine pages long if I wasn't trying to fill up space between ads for strip clubs, in a magazine that shouldn't be printing political rants. The bottom line is that I see no difference between Nazis and SJWs, far-right and far-left, the racist kid from the auto parts store and the granola girl at Whole Foods...you get the gist. Yet, I never get a chance to let them know, because each of these kids does their best to keep the outside world at bay. "No Coloreds Allowed" and "Comments Are Disabled For This Video" are the same shit, in my book. Whether someone is a self-identified bigot, or someone who identifies everyone else as bigots, the bottom line is that identity politics is fucking cancer. Hatred is hatred, regardless of whatever flag you're wrapping it in.

If this column offended you, good—it was meant to. Otherwise, thanks for reading.

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