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THE MONTHLY

COLUMN

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

20 HOLLYWOOD TRUE FACTS

This last year has been an unusual one, to say the least. Some of the industries which have been hardest-hit by various authorities' anti-virus policies are movie theaters, while consumer demand for media has gone way up during periods of state-imposed lockdowns and self-imposed quarantines. Yes, regardless of circumstances, people remain obsessed with movies, television and the various goings-on in the general wasteland that is Tinseltown. So, to scratch that itch, I present to you a handful of possibly obscure, but definitely true, facts about Hollywood.

- In preparation for the smash hit movie *Avengers: Endgame*, Robert Downey, Jr. completely removed all of his body hair, and when asked why by director Anthony Russo, he said he thought his character Tony Stark had lost it after being "zapped with a ray or something" during the events of the previous film. All of his hair was added back

using CGI techniques.

- Reality court show star Joe Brown, of *Judge Joe Brown* fame, was, according to a candid interview, "completely shitfaced drunk" for every episode, stating that he thought the effects of alcohol made him more personable as a TV character.

- Advances in science have led to the discovery of 32 new varieties of disease in the Olsen Twins.

- In 2020, a revival had been planned for the seminal sitcom *The Larry Sanders Show*, starring Garry Shandling, but it was put on the back burner despite fan support, as nobody had realized Shandling had died in 2016 and remains dead.

- The 1984 horror-comedy film *Grem-lins* was initially supposed to feature a "hilarious dick-sucking scene" involving one of the titular creatures. Direc-

tor Joe Dante has confirmed this in an interview, but will not provide any further details.

- Taking a cue from hit TV show *Seinfeld*, with its hidden Superman in every episode, the 2017 live-action adaptation of 1991's *Beauty And The Beast* features a hidden picture of a grinning Shaquille O'Neal in every scene inside the Beast's house.

- In 2018, Paramount Pictures was gearing up to make a biopic about the life of singer Tori Amos, but canceled the project at the last minute, when an executive pointed out that "nobody's going to want to sit through that crap."

- The director's cut of *Star Wars: The Last Jedi* features an additional 25 minutes of Luke Skywalker milking that creature and grinning.

- Online content distributor Netflix had attempted to partner with Dairy Queen for a promotional event during the summer of 2018, hoping to capitalize on the trending phrase "Netflix and chill." The promotion would have offered free Blizzard® frozen treats to viewers who watched particular





spotlighted content. However, Dairy Queen's executive team could not be convinced that the phrase could ditch its implied sexual connotations and dismissed the idea.

- In the first draft of Tim Burton's *Charlie And The Chocolate Factory*, the famed director wanted Willy Wonka (played by Johnny Depp) to reach into his pants and produce a number of tiny, crab-like creatures, which would be hurled at gluttonous Augustus Gloop in order to torment him.

- In the initial screenplay for the hit 1986 film *Top Gun*, Tom Cruise's character was supposed to have the call sign of "Baby Huey," but Cruise insisted it be something "cooler" and suggested "Ace Poppa." Director Jerry Bruckheimer is alleged to have rolled his eyes and suggested "Maverick," to which the excitable Cruise squealed in delight and acquiesced immediately.

- *Pulp Fiction's* incidental, leather-clad character of "The Gimp," played by character actor Stephen Hibbert, had a number of more famous performers scheduled to play the character. Among them were Brad Douriff, Tom Selleck and Val Kilmer, all of whom had to bail out at the last minute due

to scheduling conflicts.

- If you let him, actor Bronson Pinchot will talk for hours about his collection of Hummel figurines.

- Actor Jim Carrey was asked in 2019 if he would once again play the title character in a new *Ace Ventura* movie, and he agreed he would do so, but only for 50 million dollars and only on the condition that he be allowed to do the "talking butt" gag for 75% of the film's dialogue. Negotiations are still underway.

- The sasquatch costume from *Harry And The Hendersons* reportedly sold in a 2017 auction for 2.3 million dollars, to an anonymous collector who stated that he wished to use the elaborate getup for the purposes of "personal gratification."

- Actor Vincent Q. "Vin" Diesel has been approached to help out with a prequel to the long-running *Fast And The Furious* series of films, titled *Speeding Up And Getting Angry*. If he does, he will be digitally age-regressed to the age of 16.

- The eponymous horse in the film *Seabiscuit* (2003) was actually two men in a horse costume, with post-production effects being used to add details and improve on the crude "horse noises" made by the performers.

- If you don't stop her, actress Jennifer Tilly will belch the alphabet with remarkable clarity.

- On the set of *Spider Man 3*, actor and cut-up, Tobey Maguire, was known to ejaculate into the palm of his hand and randomly fling it in the faces of his unsuspecting co-workers, shouting "GO WEB GO" at the top of his lungs. This raunchy behavior lasted until actor Bruce Campbell broke into his trailer and took an "oatmeal and

bratwurst" dump in the bed, knowing Maguire liked to sleep in between filming scenes.

- An incident in 2020 saw actor and musician Jack Black cited by police, when his pet Orangutan, Stanley, attempted to forcibly mate with comic Louis C. K., as the pair passed Louis while having an afternoon stroll through their Beverly Hills neighborhood. Black's L.A. county ape license was revoked pending a hearing and Stanley was temporarily remanded to the Red Ape Rainforest exhibit in the Los Angeles Zoo, where his habit of eating Slim Jims has been suspended by disapproving zookeepers.

There's the list. Being the intrepid Hollywood reporter than I am, I will keep you all apprised of any findings in the future. For now, stay safe out there and enjoy life.

-Wombstretcha The Magnificent

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a door color analyst, semi-professional Dollar Tree shopper, writer and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at his website, Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on MeWe (and, begrudgingly, Facebook), as "Wombstretcha The Magnificent."



Kat

FROM
STARS CABARET
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FEATURES



FOR-RENTLAND

cheap, amazing and/or rustic offerings await you in the rose city
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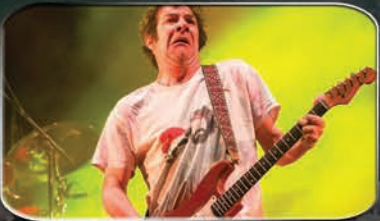
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HOW TO WRITE LIKE A PACIFIC NORTHWEST REAL ESTATE AGENT



BY ESMERALDA RUPP-SPANGLE

Despite the Plague™ sweeping our already slightly haggard-looking planet, people keep on doing the things they do. They may have to do them at a grudgingly maintained distance while donning customized masks, but they muddle through. They still bitch about grocery shopping, make grand future plans for travel that they definitely won't do (plague or not), let themselves go for any excuse and even sometimes move out from their ex's apartment, having to go it alone. Sometimes, they're forced to look for apartments that are available on a part-time, 7-11 employee's salary, and our job is to make something that skirts building code violations through bribery and intimidation sound like a great deal. Let's take a look at some shining examples from previous listings as examples, to help you become the best property management company professional or real estate agent you can be.

Here's a successfully rented tool shed/hovel in Maxx Methman's backyard:

"Huge, fenced, semi-private yard with gorgeous local blackberry foliage. Mother-in-law space with green-positive composting toilet. Hidden Portland

treasure. Furnished, but we recommend refurbishing (moving costs not included). Mostly quiet. Close to amenities including shopping, laundry, food, liquor and 'whatever you need' from Ricky down at the vacant lot. May need small repairs and fumigation (not included). Located in Lents, an up-and coming-

of this description can't be:

"Rustic, old-Portland Charm. Studio with optional amenities. Modular, eco-friendly space located close in. Walking distance to shopping and arts districts. Cute space, breezy, amazing natural lighting, low maintenance, ground floor, public transit a few feet away.



neighborhood. \$2000/mo + half of bills. First and last, plus \$600 security deposit."

One graduate of my writing program, expounding fancifully about a tent under the Burnside Bridge, convinced a prospective renter to take this place sight unseen. Legislation may be pending, but the undisputed poetry

Fresh air is not a problem in this modest but desirable spot. Great view of some jazzy street art. Perfect for artists or musicians looking to relocate. Close-knit community. Optional protection from local ruffians association available through 'Gary.' \$1600/mo +\$400 security deposit (Gary is additional)."

Here's a fine example of what I call

"Positive Imaginative Decoration" in a listing for a small shack with holes in its roof, somewhere between Linnton and Portland:

"Private outbuilding converted into a modern, space-conscious unit with energy-efficient skylights. Cute, upcycled industrial style shelving and lighting. 'Shanty Chic.' Pending structural investigation, this out-of-the-way gem will take your breath away. Short walk to the river, scenic Linnton-Mill Superfund Restoration Project and a diner we're not sure is still open. Boating nearby. A steal at only \$1975/ mo +\$700 security deposit. First and last due at signing. No haggling, this one is a true find." One success-minded agent sold this weird, rusty, bomb shelter in Battle Ground for the land's original owner "Mikey T.," who refused to pay for any updates:

"Truly unique opportunity. A hop skip and a jump from the Vancouver-Portland area, this unbelievable find is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. It features near-mint, vintage 1960s original furnishings and personal style for miles. Amazing modern-art/archive display of antique canned goods. Completely private, soundproofed space, perfect for 'getting away from it all,' screaming into

the void for hours or carrying out even the most gruesome murders in complete privacy. Spacious labyrinthine tunnels that end unexpectedly, many un-utilized rooms with no discernable purpose. Natural lighting is limited, but a lovely and original collection of Kitschy-classic lamps and vintage military style string lights give this singular space a warm, inviting glow. Make it your own! Moderate cave-in on the east wing. Pest control problem 'for sure' taken care of by Mikey last month. Minor corrosion and oxidation issues to be addressed by the buyer. A bit of a fixer-upper, but for the creatively minded, the perfect place to call your own. \$675k. Rent-to-own options available 'if you seem okay' from owner, terms may apply. Buyers insurance 'currently unavailable' due to negligible safety concerns."

A property management whiz and graduate of my unlicensed and unaccredited (but highly rated on Yahoo!) writing program came up with this colorful description of a hastily converted motel on 82nd Ave. and rented it within the day.

"Apartments under new management. This affordable, truly special one bed, one bath space is in one of the few 'un-

discovered' neighborhoods in Portland. Close in to great shopping, dining, and some parks that must be somewhere around there. Small business opportunities available via 'Hangman's Lending Corporation, Ltd.' available in Unit 2, 'Andrew the pimp' in Unit 6 and 'Kathy' at the front desk. Active and vibrant neighborhood, easy to find due to the giant, neon sign out front that sometimes works. 'Great' local food and bars. Carpeted, kitchen appliances 'work fine' if you kick them. Regularly fumigated, those are absolutely not bedbugs. Cable, heating, and A/C included in the price! Furnishings available upon request. Nice lighting, great feng shui. Must sign Release Of Liability, NDA, and Life Insurance Transfer form upon signing. \$1500/ mo. No first and last! \$800 nonrefundable cleaning deposit."

Last on our list of exceptional examples of creative writing for the professional slumlord/real estate huckster is this truly verbose performance of literary flourish that's "strictly true," despite what they might tell the judge. It may have just been a trailer near Gresham, but it was rented out by one of my most successful graduates to date, at the asking price, sight unseen.



"Private furnished manufactured home on a shared lot. Incredibly welcoming, gated community with a down-home feel. Lots of charm and local flavor. Great opportunities for customization and improvement. Brand new updated security system. No reason. Cute, original appliances, septic system is shared and service is not included in the price. Fun space with novel hide-a-bed and shower/mycology lab. Amazing natural pest control from 'Lin-



da's Cat Cooperative' in the lot down the road is available for a nominal charge. Alternative medicine from 'Spazzy Joe' can be found if you just stand outside for a while. Close to public transit, shopping, several hip 'motorcycle clubs' and tattoo parlors. Up-and-coming to be up-and-coming, this out-of-the-way nook has a surprisingly active night life. Culturally dynamic, must be seen to be believed. \$2000/ mo + \$500 space rental. First and last +\$900 security deposit. Lease agreement minimum two years. Don't let this one get away!"

While this may wrap up my list for today, don't let these be the last. With my instruction, you can learn to rent or sell virtually any leaky backyard shack, creepy, spider infested basement or hole in the ground that someone's dogs dug. Enroll today in our master class and become the soulless monster you were destined to be.

Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle is available on MeWe and Facebook by name or Instagram @SilentCitadel...and, boy, does she have some exciting new properties to tell you about.

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Re-Re-Re-Opening News

Well, here we are again, making one more attempt at this “new normal” shit that’s been kicking every business owner in the area while they’re down. And, like Rocky Balboa, the clubs just keep getting back up and refusing to give in. A very, very special “thank you” and “you rock” goes out to our advertisers, current *and* past (we know times are tough and will still be here for you, when your books are back in the black).

Since we have last hit the press, some good news has come from the transition into 2021. Taboo Video has a new location on SE Stark (at 148th), Guilty Pleasures has a new Asian-Mexican fusion menu, Cheetahs is keeping Salem happy after dark and several clubs have adapted to outdoor patio and/or technicality adoption to keep their doors open. Meanwhile, movie theaters are afraid to open and your favorite band is still postponing gigs. The Portland adult industry deserves a medal (or ten) for refusing to die—it’s like the child of Betty White and Keith Richards, mixed with Al Jourgensen’s blood and oil from a Subaru.

Now, onto some housekeeping and curtain calls...

...You’re Cool, I’m Out

For the bulk of the last five years, I have had the absolute pleasure of being given the “editor” title at *Exotic*, and, to be blunt, working for the only adult publication to have survived decades in the Portland (and surrounding) area(s) has been nothing short of an accomplishment. Helping to organize and put together this magazine has been an interesting voyage and I’ve learned more than I could have ever hoped to at Portland state—until you’ve been up at the crack of dawn, arguing with your co-workers about whether or not “buttplug” is hyphenated, I’m not sure if you can call yourself a supervisor of journalistic integrity.

With that said, I planned on leaving my duties as editor for *Exotic*, back in November (on completely good terms, unrelated to anything or anyone affiliated with the mag-

azine...explanation below). However, due to Fuhrer Kate Brown’s monthly cycle not seeing its shadow by press time, we were unable to get a December issue out before clubs were re-re-closed. So, while I have already moved on from my gig as editor (I currently work at an alpaca farm, or at least that’s what I’m telling our readers), I felt it was important to help with transitioning the “December-Slash-January-Slash-February-Slash-March-Slash-Okay-I-Guess-It’s-April” issue that you are (hopefully) holding in your hands.

If all goes as planned, the “new” editor will actually be an older editor—one who trained me. Think of it like the Bush years, if W. had come before his daddy. Or, maybe like an Old Luke Skywalker versus Cool Black Guy From The New Movies dynamic.



However you chop it up and hide it from the bouncer, my “replacement” will be a familiar face who knows their shit. Ooh! Sam Adams and Ted Wheeler. That’s the example I’m looking for. But, without all the underage dating or catch-and-releasing of violent adult toddlers (who hide behind the banner of activism in order to throw tantrums—that gig is for writers, of whom I will remain among).

On that note...there is a lot of speculation as to whether or not “Ray is right-wing” or whether or not politics has anything to do with my decision to bail from pretty much

anything that requires visiting downtown Portland. And, I will say this once and only once: I remain a die-hard, *classical* liberal, complete with “No Step On Sneak” tattoo and gay neighbors whose pot I guard with an AR-15 while they’re away.

In 2004, when I started writing for *Exotic*, I was a free speech advocate who promoted self-ownership, all genders, the entire “kink” spectrum, feminism-by-pre-2010-definition, anti-racism, anti-fascism, anti-statism and pro-small-business attitudes. NONE OF THAT HAS CHANGED. Rather, I’m choosing to disassociate from the people who only *claim* to be in favor of the liberal traditions I’ve outlined here—I’m done with fake, sycophantic, narcissistic, overwhelmingly white, rich, arrogant, smug and otherwise forgettable human beings who have turned Portland into their own personal litter box, because their parents (excuse me, daycare staff) never told them “no.” I’m also done with the gigantic, leftist asterisks that comes next to every basic moral stance that used to be commonplace. “Well, technically, blue people can’t be racist toward green people and it’s okay for some genders to hate other genders, because systems of power and the patriarchy and...” Stop. This is why no one wants to pay off your college loans. Buzzwords are not a substitute for a heart or a spine. Remember the gay-bashing, puritan, overly religious bigots of the ‘80s and ‘90s? Congratulations. They’re back, just more “tolerant” and “inclusive.” Remember, kids—it’s still boot licking, even if you switch to the left foot.

I’m down for the *actual* cause. I totally acknowledge, for instance, “white privilege.” The thing is, I just think the phrase also applies to mobs of Caucasian youth who smash windows and burn down black-owned businesses, while claiming to be “allies,” because they’re doing it to “fight racism,” knowing damn well they won’t even catch an hour of community service for terrorizing their neighbors over an election loss from 2016 (of note, Trump paid absolutely zero taxes for the time he spent in the heads of his biggest critics—and some of them haven’t even evicted the guy, because a “progressive” city government won’t allow it).



eroticcity spotlight

SAT 10

**GUILTY PLEASURES
ONYX'S BIRTHDAY PARTY**

FRI 16

**STARS CABARET (SALEM)
TAX RELIEF FRIDAY**

SAT 24

**GUILTY PLEASURES
SCOTT'S BIRTHDAY
EXTRAVAGANZA**

WEEKLY

**VICTRESS
24-HOUR WEEKENDS**

DAILY

**CABARET
HAPPY HOUR 11AM-5PM**

DAILY

**DV8
HAPPY HOUR NOON-3PM**

If Portland wanted to fix racism locally, it would start with burning down the New Seasons on MLK and move on to the McMansions on Alberta, currently owned by transplants who displaced black residents and replaced them with signs that say they matter. There's no confederate flags or MAGA banners in the yards of gentrified Portland neighborhoods—if any type of white supremacy is to blame, it's of the left-leaning, woke variety. So, no—I'm not a conservative, just a disenfranchised liberal who is sick of watching any credibility my camp has earned be tossed out the window in exchange for a few social media brownie points and a shot at dating the hairy girl in the A.C.A.B. shirt. The arrogance and hypocrisy of *my own peers* has caused me to walk away from the faux-activists, who feel that throwing a brick into an Apple store is the same thing as refusing to move seats on the bus or giving a speech about racial unity. I'd rather be surrounded by under-educated rednecks than over-educated, elitist nu-liberals—you can't feed a family on platitudes about how Dad's business was destroyed for a good cause.

Basically, I haven't changed a bit. Portland has. And, when it's time to go, it's time to go. I am no longer able to give to *Exotic* (or any remaining Portland institution) the love it deserves, any more than I'd be able to promote an ex-girlfriend's OnlyFans account. The Rose City really smells like poo-poo if you spend too much time in it. On a positive note, this industry (and, to some extent, this magazine) is the only remaining beacon of genuine, old-Portland "weird." If it weren't for the strip clubs, porn stores, music venues, The Roxy and variety shows, I would have bailed years ago. I fully support and back the Portland nightlife scene and I will until my dying day. However, I'm taking my own advice, so to speak, and giving up my platform to someone who currently deserves it more than I do. Now, if only the dirty white kids in black hoodies would do the same, instead of burning down Reo's Ribs or torching a church that provides shelter for the houseless.

Cheers, folks. Thanks for the memories. Here's to a fantastic 2021.



HARSHING YOUR MELLOW

GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

It's April, which means that, on the 20th (4/20), stoners will celebrate being stoners, pot stores will have sales and cannabis will get its very own St. Paddy's Day. And, as a daily (hourly) cannabis user, I feel authorized to make the following statement: the idea of a pot holiday in modern times (or, at least seeing said holiday as edgy or hip) is kind of cringe. Here are a few reasons why.

Cannabis Is Legally Closer To Alcohol Than It Is Underground Subculture

If your mom is able to smoke weed that she purchased in a strip mall with a debit card, it's no longer rebellious to smoke it. Fun, yes. Oppositional? No. The pot leaf—a once-forbidden symbol of rebellion and anti-establishment sentiment—went from being blurred out of Snoop Dogg videos to being sold on posters at the toy store. It's even a fucking emoji that comes bundled in any app your ten-year old kid asked you to install. And, yes, it was hella dumb to ban a leaf, but it's equally stupid to be like, "LOOK AT THIS BAD ASS LEAF AND FEAR MY DISRESPECT FOR AUTHORITY."

Unless they live in Utah, anyone with

a pot leaf tattoo may as well have a beer bottle inked on them. Again, I'm a stoner. I'm smoking Elephant Ears Kush right now (this shit is fire, by the way). But, the only thing that my weed habit is currently jeopardizing is the ability to get this article in on time. So, the bad-assery points are as useful as an expired Dutch Bros stamp card right now.



Pot Doesn't Need Its Own Holiday—Other Holidays Need Pot

Which would you rather have: one day a year in which to celebrate getting high for getting high's sake, or a couple dozen days of the year in which people are just as encouraged to get baked

as they are encouraged to get drunk? Think about it—if alcohol had its own holiday, would it be socially acceptable to get shitfaced on Easter? I don't think so. Rather, we have absorbed alcohol into the casual traditions of other holidays, leading to things like egg nog and the 1:30pm D.U.I.I. So, why not incorporate weed into every holiday, just like booze? For Halloween, kids would get full-sized candy bars. Super Bowl halftime shows would be enjoyable again. Fireworks displays would start a few hours late, lasting well into the night. And, at Thanksgiving, your aunt's cranberry casserole wouldn't get cold. I can't think of a single holiday that wouldn't be more awesome, if everyone was just expected to get stoned.

Marijuana Culture Has Become Too Mainstream (And Has Nothing To Do With Its Roots)

Like anything produced by brown people with soul, only to be appropriated by college-aged whites in the Northwest, cannabis culture has been all but abandoned, in exchange for the commercialization of "pot culture." And, just like tobacco, cannabis will soon only be used for its lowest-common-denominator factor (as in, you don't see a

lot of American Spirit smokers consulting with their ancestors during their tobacco meditations). Supposedly, THC and CBD can do everything from cure cancer to make The Grateful Dead sound good, but let's just forget about that and focus on 42% off e-cartridge sales (if you download the app) at a "pot store," that looks more like an Apple store than the actual Apple store.

All I am saying here is that pot has become as commercialized and watered-down as rap music and left-wing activism. And, this is to be expected in a culture that prioritizes getting "fucked up, man" over honoring any of the actual culture associated with Get Fucked Up Day. For instance, St. Paddy's Day, which is basically the alcoholic's 4/20, has fuck-all to do with Irish culture and...well, let me back up—it has everything to do with *actual* Irish culture (alcohol, violence and casual racism), but fuck-all to do with the cleansing of snakes from a Catholic homeland, thanks to some dude with a magical flute. St. Paddy is no Santa Claus, at least when it comes to popular lore.

It's Fucked Up To Party While People Rot In Jail For Partying

In previous columns, I've drawn attention to the disgusting, not-the-good-kind-of irony associated with free weekly papers promoting the latest locally owned, cannabis-infused, food-cart-slash-karaoke-bus that appeals to pasty hipsters, while at the same time, reserving zero editorial space to address the issue of folks still sitting in jail for getting caught with a gram at a Floater concert back in the day. That, or completely forgetting to bring up the story of how cannabis made it to Oregon, much of which is littered with racist, anti-immigrant, pro-oil-and-paper-industry history. But hey, if *The Willamette Mercury's* top picks for BI-POC-owned dispensaries include at least one "Latinx" mention, no harm, no foul, right? Seriously, fuck your vegan, cannabis-infused, ice cream substi-

tute and the Prius it was delivered in. Until every single cannabis criminal is freed, the word "progressive" should be reserved for insurance quotes. While we're at it, same goes for full-page features on the best tiny homes to buy for summer, while the rise in Portland's houseless population continues to dwarf that of the stock market and Bitcoin combined. In fact, now that I think of it, Portland isn't progressive at all and this weed is really fucking with my head...damn sativas. I better stop typing now, before I point out overwhelmingly Aryan racial demographics in local "anti-fascist" circles or correlation between murdered black teenagers and the lack of taxpayer-fund-

land is "tear down the elk statue to get back at centuries-old crimes by our ancestors" woke. If that's the case, then you can't just slap a "colonization is bad" bumper sticker on a zero-emissions vehicle, while opening an upscale "cannabis gallery" in the former location of a black church, that was forced into debt after the third family from Sonoma moved into the neighborhood, complete with "In This House We Believe In Smug Liberal Platitudes" signs, gender-neutral rescue animals and a lawn jockey statue with a "Black Lives Matter" shirt stenciled onto it. It doesn't fucking work like that. A city's level of "progress" isn't measured exclusively by the number of bike lanes,



ed first responders. Ahh, Portland...so quirky and weird, am I right?

...In Conclusion, As Always, I Blame Nu-Portland

I know I'm being Captain Buzzkill here, but I'm just a lowly smoker who remembers catching a felony for an ounce of pot in the parking lot of a former strip club that has since been turned into an upscale dispensary. So, yeah, it's bitter old man shit to rant about everything wrong with you kids being on my grow lawn, but the last time I checked, Port-

woke murals and gay mayors. If Portland is going to offer drone-dropped dabs sponsored by trendy tech startups, we need to make sure that a person caught selling a joint within a thousand feet of an unattended school faces no more jail time than, well, a corporation selling \$20 grams, a thousand and one feet from that same school.

Happy 4/20. I plan on getting outside because, well, you just got done reading this shit. I need to chill out. See you all at the lake...where it's still illegal to smoke weed.



Upcoming Cancellations For 2021

by The Woke Mob

Due to an email from a person who has read our magazine once, Tales From The DJ Booth has been canceled until further notice. As part of his punishment, DJ HazMatt has relinquished this space to progressive voices that shall remain anonymous.

Okay, so, like, it's the current year, okay? We've already taken down the big dogs, such as Pepe Le Pew, Speedy Gonzalez, Dr. Seuss and that guy from *The Apprentice*. But, as we sit here idling in our Volkswagens while smoking American Spirits and listening to John Lennon, we can't help but wonder, what sort of Nazi-endorsed, pro-colonization, wife beater will pop up onto the radar next? So, it's our duty to present to you, the virtuous reader, our list of to-be-canceled celebrities.



Sebastian The Crab

So, there's Ariel, a teenage girl with a rare condition that—in addition to making her lower half smell more like fish than

other girls—hinders her ability to walk. Then, you've got Eric, the poster boy for white saviorism and patriarchy-endorsed concepts of masculinity. What's the only thing stopping Eric from sexually assaulting teenage Ariel in an attempt to reconstruct her body to fit an "acceptable" standard of having two legs? That's right—a rape apologist named Sebastian, who uses song and dance to pressure Eric into kissing Ariel. The song made famous by Sebastian, "Kiss The Girl," does not contain the word "consent" once. Not one fucking time. How about "Ask The Girl" or "Wait For The Girl To Make The First Move," huh? Add Sebastian to the list of Disney characters we'd rather not meet in an alley after dark (or a frat party, for that matter).

Barbie

Talk about unrealistic beauty standards—white skin, blonde hair, eight inches tall with no nipples and a removable head? That sounds like mini-Hilter's wet dream, if you ask us. Little girls need strong, positive, healthy role models like Cardi B and pre-weight-loss Adele, not plastic figurines with irresponsibly unattainable body proportions. Barbie is representative of oppressive white standards of beauty *and* she promotes the objectification/decapitating/microwaving of women.

The Angel Soft Baby

If you haven't already noticed, the idea of being "soft, ivory and angelic" is a problematic western belief system, rooted in white supremacy and the idea that only

light-toned toilet tissue should be used to wipe clumps of fecal waste from one's anus. Why isn't there any black or brown toilet tissue? Is it possibly because people are afraid to trust the dark-colored butt paper? "But, I have no idea whether or not my ass is clean, unless I can look at the last wipe tissue and make sure there's nothing left." Uh-huh, whatever you say, Adolf. We all know why people use Angel Soft: the allure of the pure, white baby on the packaging of poop chute cleaner is basically the ideal Aryan child. Besides, what's wrong with the Scotts?! Too dark for Drumph's America? Put simply, anything above one-ply is hate.

Yosemite Sam

Come on...this guy has got to be racist. A gun-toting, redneck, cis white male, who enjoys harming innocent bunnies, while showing blatant disregard to the indigenous land on which he recklessly fires his illegally sawed-off shotgun? Show us a cowboy-hat-laden dude with a red beard and we'll show you a four-hour internet discussion about how the Confederate flag isn't problematic (or, at the very least, a guy hiding behind an iron cross avatar, who knows a suspicious amount about runes and Viking culture).

Rosarita

A Latinx, female-presenting refugee on a can of beans, which are only consumed by white people. Need we say more?

Drake

Okay, before releasing the same song

300 times, “rapper” Drake portrayed a homophobe named “Jimmy,” who appropriated non-able-bodied culture in a television show called *Degrassi: The Next Generation* (whose title appropriated *Star Trek: TNG*, a show that appeals to neurodivergent youth). What hap-



pened was, Drake bullied a gay student until the gay student, [name redacted to avoid doxing from the far-right], got sick of it and popped a cap into Drake/Jimmy’s ass, leaving Drake/Jimmy in a wheelchair. And, do you know what Canadian-born Drake decided to do with the attention he received after becoming paralyzed from his hate crime? He appropriated black gangster culture and has made a living ever since, embracing urban/ethnic stereotypes while dancing around stages in what is clearly an attempt to mock the few remaining non-able-bodied people who looked up to his *Degrassi: TNG* character. Oh, and he’s collaborated with Eminem, a homophobic, coulrophobic rapper who has openly attacked—among other things—his own mother’s cooking (note: Eminem will never be canceled, because he came out against Trump, thus rinsing himself of two decades’ worth of promoting rape, murder and violence, exclusively targeted women). Was this part of “God’s Plan,” Drake? We think not.

Tom Hanks

Sure, this seemingly impossible-to-cancel celebrity is treated like the cool step-father that Mother America never settled



down with, but what most people don’t know is that his son, Chester “Chet” Hanks, is a card-carrying white rapper of the wankster variety, one that pretends he is from the hood, when his dad is Tom Fucking Hanks. That’s right—Tom Hanks has an adult child named “Chester,” who typed the phrase “fuck ‘yall hating ass niggaz” on Instagram and no one seems to have noticed. “But, why not cancel Chet?” That’s a damn good question. You know why we can’t cancel Chet Hanks? Because Chet Hanks isn’t a fucking celebrity—but, his dad, Tom Hanks, *is*—and it was the sperm of Tom Hanks that turned into Chet. So, by default, Tom Hanks should be canceled to pay for the sins of his N-bomb-spewing, white rapper of a son. Thankfully, Chet Hank’s debut EP, *Black* (a tribute to his father’s best film of a similar name), has been shelved. And, if it ever sees the light of day, we’re coming for Rita.

The Frosted Mini-Wheat

Yeah, this guy:



We’re pretty sure he’s up to something... we can’t quite tell, but that look in his eye screams, “I know I’m toxic and white, but I *just don’t care*.”

Ted Bundy

Although we’re definitely not the only femmes with Bundy love, Netflix star and sex symbol, Ted Bundy, is supposedly guilty of murdering at least one woman, according to *allegations* made against him by bitter and unmarried true crime author, Ann Rule. We’re pretty sure “Dreamy Theo” is innocent, but, just to be safe, we put him on this list so Ann will stop emailing us.

The 19th Amendment From Schoolhouse Rock

Yeah, that’s gonna be a “yikes” from us. Oof. How about we reduce every accomplishment granted to women *by* men into a caricature that completely overlooks the actual history of women being allowed to vote (which was a direct consequence of horny, racist farmers in Wyoming bribing chicks with property rights*)? Should we really pretend that a really corny song-and-dance number from the days of non-digital animation is enough to make up for centuries of oppression? Why is this even allowed to be a thing??? And, no, we’re not talking about any of the consequences associated with the *actual* 19th Amendment (such as emotional reasoning that nullifies the purpose of a two-parent household, thus creating a vicious cycle of dependent criminals with no male role models being put through a revolving door of prisons and parole offices), we mean the cheesy cartoon character from *Schoolhouse Rock*. Trust us, if YouTube takes down the last remaining video clip of this problematic little floozy, women will be able to return to the coal mines and front lines in no time.

References:

*WyoHistory.org/Encyclopedia/Right-Choice-Wrong-Reasons-Wyoming-Women-Win-Right-Vote

EXOTIC
PINUP APRIL
2021





Kat

**FROM
STARS CABARET
BRIDGEPORT**

W O K E

PIANO LESSONS

BY ED LAWRENCE

Anyone who's had to suffer through piano lessons as a child remembers the challenging first step of learning to read music. Mercifully, beginner's sheet music keeps it simple, starting you out in the key of C to avoid sharps and flats. If you memorize about 20 or so 'line and space notes,' you could learn simple songs, before having to deal with extra complexity.

That could all change, if Professor Sheila Burkbee has anything to say about it. Her reason? "Too many white keys."

"Children are susceptible to all sorts of social shaping cues at a young age. Some are easy to detect, but

others are much more subtle," explains Dr. Burkbee, Professor of Humanities at a prominent New England university, who teaches starter piano lessons in her spare time.



"All beginners' piano books start you out in the key of C-major, where the entire 'do-ray-mi' scale consists of white keys. It's easier to read and play—no sharps or flats to

contend with. But, it also excludes black keys in the process. Where's the diversity in that?"

"This has to be nipped in the bud if we expect any social justice going forward," she continues. "One day, you're a little kid avoiding black piano keys, and the next thing you know, you're all grown up and burning a cross on someone's lawn."

Dr. Burkbee has taken the initiative of transposing familiar children's piano songs to include lots of black keys. Her collection of tunes, *Woke Beginner's Piano: Experiencing Keys Of Color* debuted to mixed reviews. "Sure, it's a struggle to get through

Mary Had a Little Lamb in D-flat, or *Happy Birthday* in F-sharp, but there's a higher purpose here. Either we're serious about diversity or we're not," she maintains.

Dr. Burkbee's crusade to stamp out systemic piano racism has encountered some push back, even from like-minded colleagues, who suggest she strike a compromise by using keys like F or G, with one flat or one sharp. Dr. Burkbee is having none of it. "I know tokenism when I see it," she replies dismissively.

"Admittedly, I've seen some attrition among my student group," which fell over 85% within a week of having to deal with the new approach. "But, they're just gonna have to take one for the team."

Dr. Burkbee's enlightenment is apparently infectious. Assistant Professor of Mathematics and master-level chess player, Anthony Numerate, wants to change a fundamental rule in the millennia-old board game.

"In chess, white moves first. If I have to spell out why this is symbolically racist, brother, you've been asleep for the last few decades!"

for yellow, three for brown, four for red and five for black. The player with the highest score goes first. Easy-peeezy."



Professor Numerate also takes issue with substituting a coin toss to decide who goes first. "All a coin toss is going to do is maintain the status quo. It doesn't compensate for hundreds of years of racial injustice." Instead, the professor has laid out a more "affirmative" solution. "Each player is assigned a score from one to five, based on their skin tone; one for white, two

"If there's a skin tone tie between the two players, okay, then we can go with a coin toss," Professor Numerate continued. "I considered layering in a second-tier determiner, like household income, education attainment, net worth or something like that, but that seemed a little ridiculous."



by Blazer Sparrow

HOW TO KNOW WHICH DRUG IS RIGHT FOR YOU (BASED ON YOUR ROLE IN A SHITTY LOCAL BAND)

Friends! It's been so long!!! I don't even know what year it is and I'm all out of blow. Luckily, it appears the clubs are opening up. So, once again, our humble little rag answers to the call to be stuffed back in shelves for you lovely patrons to jerk off to and find out about what I hope will be a slew of exciting events that may or may not be happening around town, depending on them case numbers. Fingers crossed—after you wash your hands, of course.

During the plague year, it's been hard trying to come up with my branded sardonic scene criticism since... well, there is literally no scene. I fell back on my insufferable music nerd tendencies and, luckily, our merciful and generous editors-in-chief have let it slide. Still, I feel like I got hired for a reason and that was to talk shit about the live music scene here. Obviously, there are still no shows to observe and scoff at, but I anticipate all those special little darling hipster basement bands are just itching to get back out there. Before we (yes I'm

one of you assholes) interrupt these poor patrons' cocktails, I think we need to take inventory of what coping mechanisms we picked up during our time in lockdown and make sure that everyone is only partaking in a substance that is right for them.



As long as we're making people deaf, we don't want to be sloppy about it. Not everyone in the band can be so blitzed they make Fat Mike feel uncomfortable. Sure, we should all have a sexy habit of some sort, but it's gotta jive with our role in the band. Obviously, everyone in the band is a func-

tioning alcoholic, so there's no point in having just one of you be *that* guy in the band. I would actually recommend against it. Having the one too-drunk guy in the band is just unbearable for everyone involved.

Use this as a handy dandy guide to know which drug is right for you.

The Singer/Lyricist: Acid, Mushrooms & Most Other Psychedelics

I hate to be the first to tell you this, but you probably aren't the wordsmith you think you are. My best guess is you don't even know what iambic pentameter is. I'm sure you've been through enough breakups to know how to describe how sad you're feeling in a neat way, but let's not go pretending your lyrics will be collected for a book of poetry at some point. Yet, there is hope yet for you, attention whore. Blast your mind out of whack and just keep a journal nearby, to make sure those death trip fever dreams are at least partially articulated. If people don't understand

your lyrics, they'll pretend to so they feel like they're intelligent or some horseshit. However, I highly recommend only fryin' up your noodle *off-stage*. You do not look or act as cool as you think you do when you're trip-pin' balls onstage. Trust me.

lions of sold copies of Fleetwood Mac records should be reason enough. Just as the bassist needs to be in the groove, the drummer needs to push it along without any question of why he should or where it's going. The true workhorse drug for the work-

I think if someone is going to be ing their face in the repetitive hyper-powered go juice, it might as well be the drummer.



**The Bassist: Weed, Cannabis Or
The Devil's Lettuce (If You Grew Up
In A Christian Household)**

The best way to stay in the pocket is to get your ass Velcro'd in there. I'm not saying the bassist in a band always has to be a root-note playing wallflower hanging around stage left, but I think if you're gonna go H.A.A.M. on something, pot is your best bet. It'll only enhance your contribution to the overall sound. If you're setting the pace, mood and literal tonal structure of the song, I think it makes the most sense to just get baked, set a course and drive.

**The Drummer: Blow, Snow, The
White Lady...Muthafuckin'
Cocaine**

I think time has proven over and over that this is really the best option. Zil-

horse of the band, one would think that coke would lead to a frantic, chaotic mess of a drummer—but, that same "one" has clearly never done blow. Refer back to my last April drug issue, with *Exotic* singing the praises the white powder has had on music.



**The Guitarist: White China, Black
Tar, Something To Enjoy The
Silence, A.K.A. Heroin**

Nobody likes dealing with a junkie, but if one of you beautiful bastards is going to do it, I highly recommend it be the sorry excuse for a bandleader that is usually the guitarist. There is no better way to tamp down that bloated, throbbing, veiny, pulsating ego that every guitarist on the face of this fucking planet has. History has shown it doesn't really effect their playing and keeps them content during the off-season. Shoot up and shut up. You're welcome, other band peoples.



STRIP CLUBS

ACROPOLIS 1 **FOOD LOTTERY**
8325 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 231-9611
Daily 11am-11pm

BOTTOMS UP! 5 **FOOD LOTTERY**
16900 NW St Helens Rd | (503) 621-9844
Tue-Sun 12pm-11pm

CABARET 7 **FOOD LOTTERY**
17544 SE Stark St | (503) 252-3529
Daily 11am-11pm

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-11pm
215 W Burnside St | (971) 339-2972
Daily 2pm-11pm

CLUB TEASE 21 **FOOD**
4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771
Tue-Thu 11am-11pm, Fri 11am-9pm

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

DESIRE 18 **FOOD LOTTERY**
535 NE Columbia Blvd | (971) 339-2198
Daily 12pm-11pm

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
Sun-Wed 11am-12am, Thu-Sat 11am-2am

DV8 17 **FOOD LOTTERY**
5021 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 788-7178
Daily 12pm-11pm

THE GOLD CLUB 72 **FOOD LOTTERY**
17180 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 908-1177
Daily 12pm-11pm

GRIND GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 65 **FOOD LOTTERY**
15826 SE Division St | (503) 206-4851
Daily 2pm-11pm

GUILTY PLEASURES 28 **FOOD LOTTERY**
13639 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 760-8128
Daily 12pm-11pm

HAWTHORNE STRIP 19 **FOOD LOTTERY**
3532 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 232-9516
Daily 1pm-11pm

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

LUST LOUNGE 15 **FOOD**
13550 SE Powell Blvd | (971) 279-4244
Daily 2pm-11pm

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
Mon-Fri 2pm-2:30am, Sat-Sun 4pm-2:30am

RIVERSIDE CORRAL 37 **FOOD LOTTERY**
545 SE Tacoma St | (503) 232-6813
Mon-Sat 10am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-1am

THE RUNWAY GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 55 **FOOD LOTTERY**
1735 SE Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 640-4086
Daily 2pm-2:30am

SASSY'S 34 **FOOD LOTTERY**
927 SE Morrison St | (503) 231-1606
Daily 10:30am-2:30am

SHIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 40 **FOOD LOTTERY**
8000 SE Foster Rd | (971) 230-0047
Daily 10am-2:30am

SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 49 **FOOD LOTTERY**
210 NW Couch St | (503) 957-5293
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-11pm, Sun 4pm-11pm

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 11am-9pm

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

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 #115 | (503) 224-1604
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-11pm

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
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BLACK DIAMOND RECORDING STUDIOS 172
1424 SE 162nd Ave | (503) 477-6523
Daily 7am-9pm

EYE CANDY FASHIONS 171
10412 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 771-0080
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FANTASY FOR ADULTS ONLY (5) 180
3137 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 239-6969
Daily 10am-10pm
1703 W Burnside St | (503) 295-6969
Daily 12pm-8pm
15536 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 203-6969
Daily 12pm-8pm
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

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
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6712 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 384-2373
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10660 SE Division St | (503) 257-6881
Daily 24 hours

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13355 SW Henry St | (503) 643-6645
Daily 24 hours

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

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

PUSSYCATS 134
3414 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 477-7019
5226 SE Foster Rd | (503) 208-3768
10813 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-5356
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

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8226 NE Fremont St | (503) 568-4090
Daily 24 hours

TABOO VIDEO (4) 144
Downtown: 311 NW Broadway | (503) 227-3443
Daily 10am-10pm
Portland: 237 SE MLK Blvd | (503) 239-1678
Daily 10am-12am
Portland: 2330 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 777-6033
Daily 10am-2am
Portland: 14712 SE Stark St | (971) 888-5159
Daily 8am-12am
Vancouver: 4811 NE 94th Ave | (360) 254-1126
Daily 8am-10pm

TORCHED ILLUSIONS 149
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

TRUE'S LINGERIE SHOPPE 170
3376 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 964-3732
Mon-Sat 12pm-5pm

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

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7303 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 788-3354
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9663 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-7462
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1
ACROPOLIS

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503-231-9611

7
Cabaret

17544 SE STARK ST
503-252-3529

18
Desire Lounge

535 NE COLUMBIA BLVD
971-339-2198

17
DV8

5021 SE POWELL BLVD
503-788-7178

180
FANTASY
For Adults Only

6440 SW CORONADO ST
503-244-6969

116
Fantasyland
ADULT SUPERSTORE

16016 SE 82ND DR
503-655-4667

28
GUILTY PLEASURES

13639 SE POWELL BLVD
503-760-8128

19
Hawthorne Strip

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158
Just Bliss

6712 NE SANDY BLVD
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134
pussycats
PRIVATE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

10813 SW BARBUR BLVD
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50
STARS
CABARET

17939 SW MCEWAN RD
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162
Sylvia's
PlayHouse

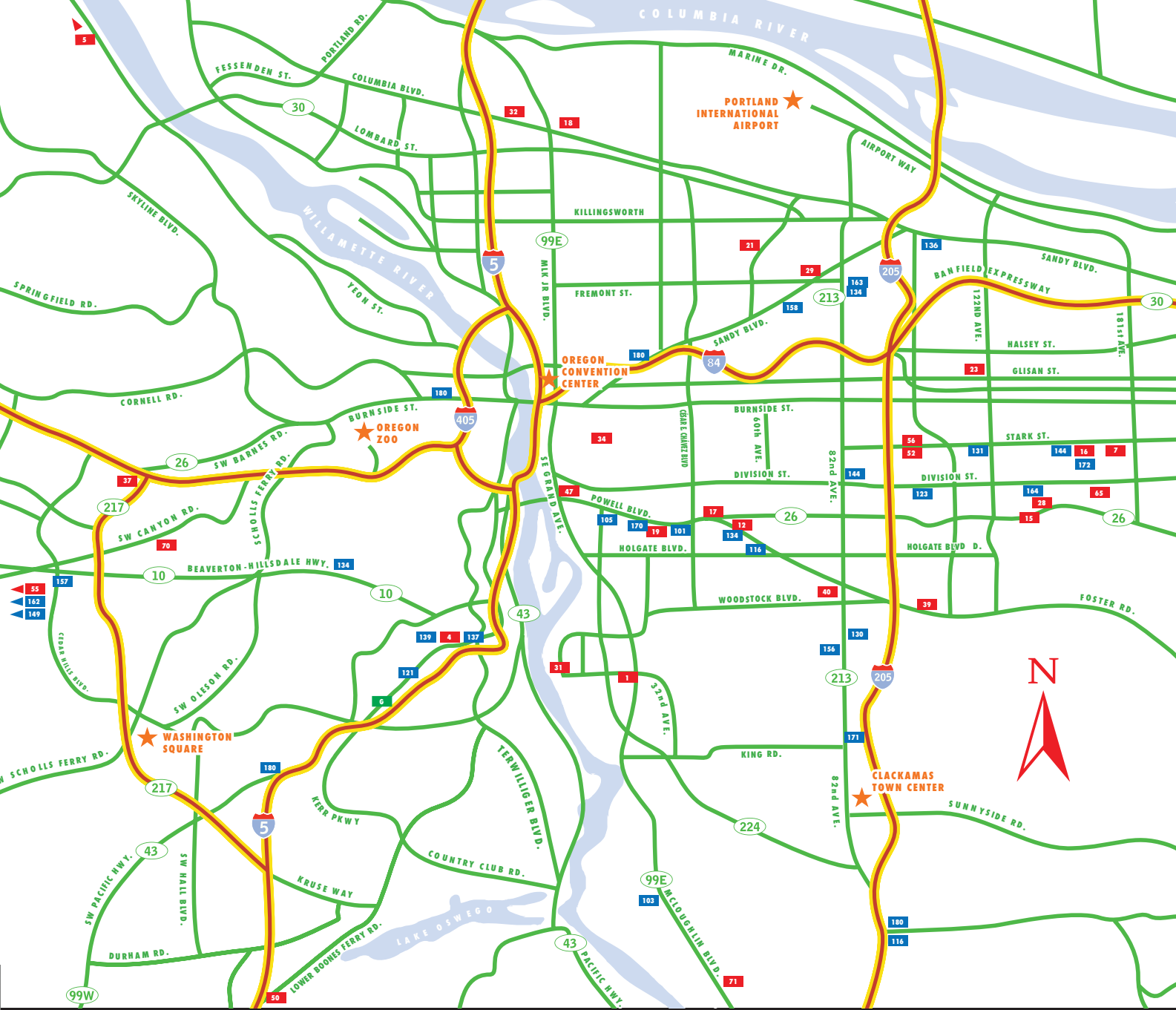
8226 NE FREMONT ST
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144
TABOO

2330 SE 82ND AVE
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Victress
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ASK A BARTENDER

BY DISCOUNTHETHERAPIST

They say a bartender acts as a therapist. I decided to make it official. My only credentials are listening to hundreds upon hundreds of people's problems, over more years than I can admit. Let me wipe the bar down for you, put down a fresh coaster, then pour you a drink. Pull up your stool and tell me all about it. Remember, I've heard it all. If you have a question, please email Discounttherapist@yahoo.com. You will remain anonymous. Also, you get what you pay for.

No Sex

I love my boyfriend, but he decides when we have sex—he and he alone. It doesn't matter when I want it. I end up taking it whenever I can get it. Sometimes, we go weeks without it. Other times, it's three times in a day. When I try to talk to him about it, he gets angry and won't. What do I do?

- Living Sex Doll

Dear Living Sex Doll,

There is nothing more frustrating than dealing with a partner who has control issues, which is what it seems we are dealing with. You can't initiate sex, only him? Maybe that works for your dynamic, but it sounds like it doesn't and you're frustrated. I know I would be upset, if someone was holding my head down and calling all the shots. Men will argue and say this is how it has been for years or "Now you know how it feels." Well, guess what? Women have sexual needs too.

I know this is controversial. Suggest to him

that you take a lover. That way, the pressure will be taken off of him. That, I'll bet, will scare the ever-loving shit out of him. He probably doesn't realize how easy it is for you to find someone else—someone who isn't selfish and doesn't use sex as a tool. Masturbate right in front of him. Don't let him touch you. Don't even let him see you, go do it in another room. Then, when he wants his sex three times a day, decline. The other option is to leave this immature and self-centered person for someone more in tune to your needs. He certainly seems to want you to be to his. You're not just a series of holes and you have a right to choose when your needs are to be met.

Of course, no one owes anyone sex. Everyone has the right to have a dry spell or stress. These are trying times. The fact you say that you can't initiate or decide is the problem. You are the queen of your castle. Stop letting him storm it.

Food

My partner and I have been living together for over a year. All they want is meat. I was a vegetarian before and a pescatarian later. I don't want to have to make two separate meals, but he won't eat so many things and it's frustrating. I usually end up making a meat meal and I just end up eating the sides. How do you cohabitate with someone that has a completely different food desire?

-Domestic Partner

Dear Domestic Partner,

That's a hard one. I know I wouldn't want to make two separate meals. Picky eaters are frustrating. I grew up in a household where you ate what was given to you—no "ifs," "ands" or "buts." I'm over it now. I throw food out and they can eat it or starve. My dad was an extremely picky eater, to the point where growing up, my mom would cook a dinner for him and a separate one for us—every night. How exhausting.

I think you have two choices. Either go the separate meal route—just so you can eat what you would like to have—or demand he do the same. Guess what? We're having fish and vegetables! You could also trade off cooking. He makes what he wants for both of you one night and then you cook what sounds good to you the next. I have no patience for people who just decide they won't eat stuff (unless it's an allergy, of course).

It's difficult right now, during the pandemic, because you can't just go to a restaurant or bar and choose whatever you want off a menu [ED: this statement may or may not be applicable at press time, but it could be again sometime in the future, depending on the mood of our elected officials]. We had to revert to the old school, cooking for the entire household—and not everyone has the same tastes. We have to meal plan, grocery shop and make sure we didn't forget ingredients. Remember, there's always takeout, if having the meats is too overwhelming. Hopefully, this all ends soon.



MY PRESIDENCY

BY ED LAURENCE

My fellow Americans, today I am announcing my candidacy for President Of The United States for 2024. I would like to take this opportunity to share with you why I want to be President and to give you an idea of what my administration will be like.

I'm not gonna lie—my main motivation for being President is the pension. Presidents receive a pension of \$200,000 per year. I'm in my fifties now and I've worked in private-sector jobs my entire adult life, so I do not have any traditional, defined-benefit pensions coming to me. 401K? Yeah, but I kinda underfunded that. \$200,000 a year is just what I need. Shit, that's over 16 grand a month!

My presidency will look refreshingly different from previous administrations. For example, I will not be attending any inaugural balls. I go to bed around nine and, besides, I'm not into dressing up and going out

drinking all night long with a bunch of people I could take or leave. The First Lady will attend the inaugural balls in my stead. They're right up her alley. She can really put it away.

My first official act as President will be to replace "Star-Spangled Ban-



ner" as our national anthem with "America, The Beautiful." Not just any version of "America, The Beautiful," though—the Ray Charles version.

I'll be following my predeces-

sor's lead and will avoid the annual White House Correspondents' Dinner. That's the event where a ballroom full of news media pricks get together to roast you, but you're supposed to be a good sport and just sit there and take it. Then, the next morning, they all wake up and go back to tearing your ass apart for another year. I'll be sending the RSVP on that puppy back, with the 'regrets' box checked, along with a little handwritten "Go fuck yourself" in the margin.

Don't look for me at the Kennedy Center Honors either, until they award the music accomplishment part to The Bangles.

In my first few months, I'll solve all of the problems of the country. This will be easy, since the solutions are readily available in most barrooms across this great land of ours. Believe me, I know.

Presidents are not kings, however. I'm pretty sure kings get even bigger pensions! Plus, you get your own jester. As President, I understand I will have to work with Congress to get my policies adopted. The solutions I will advocate are all mainstream, so I'm confident they will resonate with the general public, the House and Senate. Once in a while, a recalcitrant Congressperson may disagree with an occasional proposal, here or there. Then, I'll just send the secret service guys over to kneecap the son of a bitch. It's called building consensus.

As President, I will spend a lot of time with the heads of major corporations. Many of these CEOs have memberships at Augusta National and I have always wanted to play there.

But, the rubber really meets the road in tense, international situations. America's leadership in the world is constantly being challenged. Fighting an entire army puts our soldiers in harm's way. So, I figure it would be much more efficient to just whack the bad guy's

leader. You know who's really good at that? James Bond! One of my first orders as Commander In Chief will be to recruit and train about a dozen of these guys. As far as I can tell, they seem content to work for a company car and an unlimited expense allowance. I think they're mostly in it for the pussy.

I will save money on travel during my administration. A lot of the travel the President does involves raising funds for reelection, but I'll only be serving one term. Why just one term? Because, it turns out the pension is the same whether you serve two terms or just one. So, what's the point of working four more years???

Related, I will not be using Air Force One. I will fly commercial airlines, saving taxpayer money in the process. Besides, Air Force One doesn't get you any frequent flyer miles and my old lady likes to travel, which we'll be in a position to do when I'm retired, with that fat pension rolling in the door.

I also won't be doing the annual State Of The Union speech. You

might say, "Hey, what about the constitutional requirement to do so?" It turns out that there's no requirement that the update be given as a speech, smarty pants. In fact, for much of our country's history, it was pretty much mailed in. President Wilson was the first to turn it into a speech, probably because he was a college professor and you know how much those assholes like to hear themselves talk. After Wilson, succeeding Presidents followed suit. Well, I'm undoing that. All it does is screw up everybody's television watching schedule. My written State Of The Union message will be simple and the same, all four years of my administration: "You want to know what's going on? Try reading a fuckin' newspaper!"

The happiest day of my Presidency will be Inauguration Day. Not the one where I get sworn in, but the one where my *successor* is sworn in. Look for me on television. I'll be the guy in the background with a big, shit-eating grin on my face, because pensions for outgoing Presidents kick in at noon that day. Ka-ching, baby!





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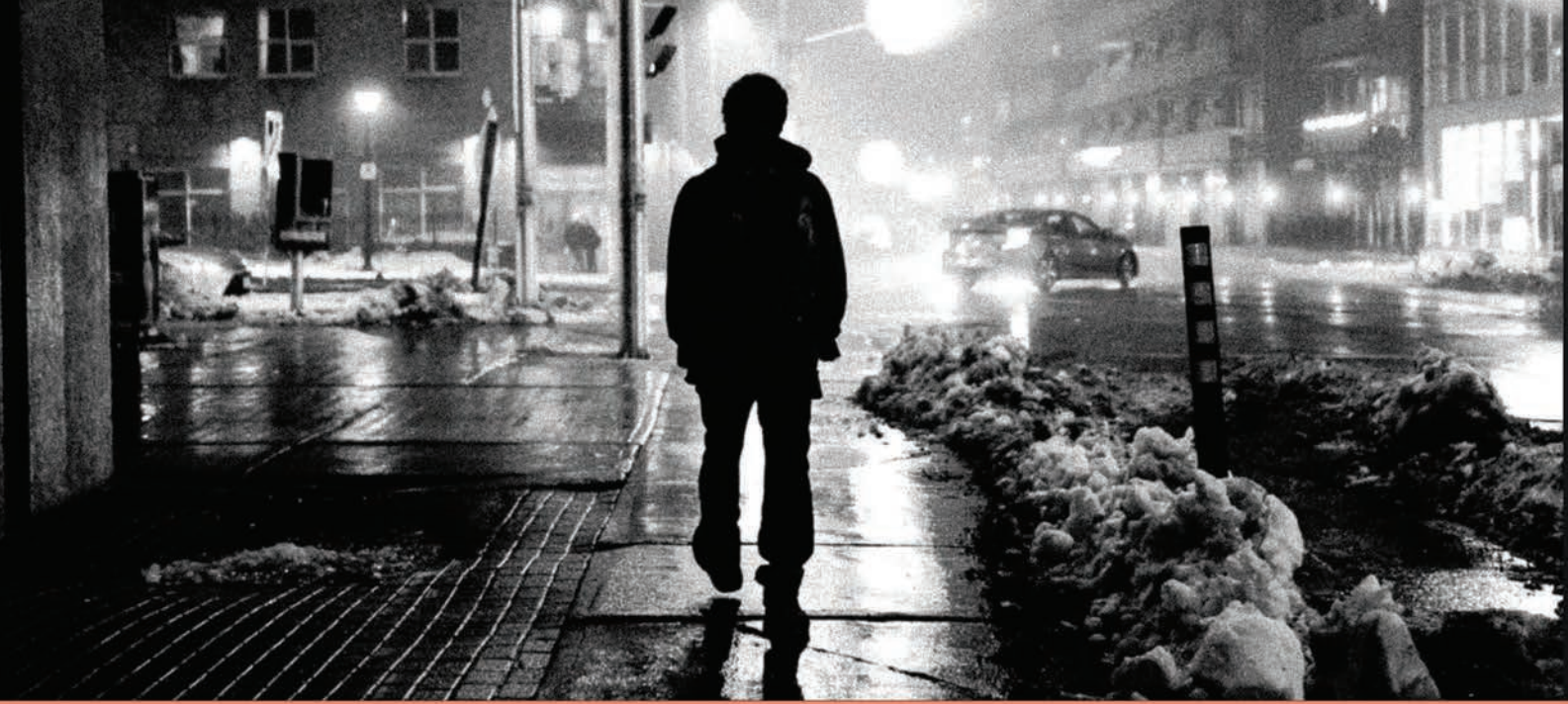
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DEAD LEAVES IN THE SUN: PART 6 BY CM BROWN

(Continued from the November 2020 issue of Exotic)

"Tell me something good, Dean," Henley said, as he slumped into the cubicle, with phones ringing themselves crazy around him.

"Still just voicemail, sir."

"That damn lunatic has run off the continent. I fucking knew it," he said, before punching the desk and going to get more coffee.

The bra results had come back with nothing and his so-called detective was MIA. He sipped his coffee and for the millionth time regretted the last time he quit smoking.

That damn Crawford. He had been one of the best in the squad, back in the day, before he took up the bottle with purpose and started talking back—saying the wrong words to the wrong people, before those people handed him a box

for his personal effects.

Every once in a while, he'd show up out front of the building—after a long night out—barely standing and shouting a very creative array of well-informed obscenities, before being escorted to a cab or the tank. Henley couldn't blame him, really—this job takes a lot of a person, which was why Crawford had been a good investment in the first place. His life, the bits that could be gleaned from his mottled legal record and late-night phone calls to Henley, in which Crawford would go on at length about nothing in particular—his drink-addled diatribes and sarcasm orbiting a thinly veiled darkness that lay at the center of his insomnia, was complicated and durable. He was a narcissistic masochist—a kind of obsessive paradox of a man—that constantly sought to destroy the only thing he cared about: himself. And, on top of all this was an intelligence, intuition and situational sensitivity that worked to keep him alive in dire moments, gained him access to untouch-

able places and people and allowed him to just see and do things that no one else could. There was always going to be a final crash, however, and Henley had a sinking feeling that this might be the time that Crawford didn't get back up.

He considered the dregs in his Styrofoam cup and went back to Dean's cube.

"What's Harrison working on?"

"I think he's on vacation, sir."

"He ever been to Alaska?"

"Sir?"

"Nevermind, let me know when he's back on the clock."

"Yes, sir."

Henley took the rest of the day off for personal reasons.

Detective Jon Harrison was still hear-

ing the waves sigh against the sand, still seeing the pelicans circle and dive the ocean as he went through security, going back to work the next Monday. The seagulls were still yelling at each other when he sat down at his desk and opened his computer. He felt like sighing with those waves when he opened his email and saw 1,170 unread messages. He went to get coffee and when he came back, Henley was waiting for him.

Detective Jon Harrison considered walking right back out that door, but sucked it up and felt bad for all the little fish whose end was a pelican's gullet. He unholstered his weapon and said "sir?" as he sipped his coffee. Harrison took his coffee with an obscene amount of sugar, that he would go to his grave believing was reasonable, as addicts and other people of excess eventually bargain themselves into believing. He always had sugar packets crinkled and spilling in his pockets to spike his coffee with, rather than face the incredulous faces of smug baristas and colleagues. Sometimes, he would simply scoop some of the spilled pocket sugar discreetly in his hand and palm it above the cup when no one was looking, rather than go through the process of opening a new packet. After the first few times of doing this, petty things like pocket lint and pubic hair no longer bothered him.

He continued to sip his coffee and waited for Henley to make the first move.

"How was the vacation?" Henley asked, trying his best to sound sincere.

"I'll tell you Captain, it was strange. I've been to the coast countless times in my life, but this time there was something different. The air smelled different, the wind felt different—even the colors. Sometimes, I could swear there was this light hint of blue over everything, like a pastel gauze or something..."

"Great, great. Listen, I know you and Crawford had a kind of thing back in the day."

Harrison sipped more coffee.

"Thing?"

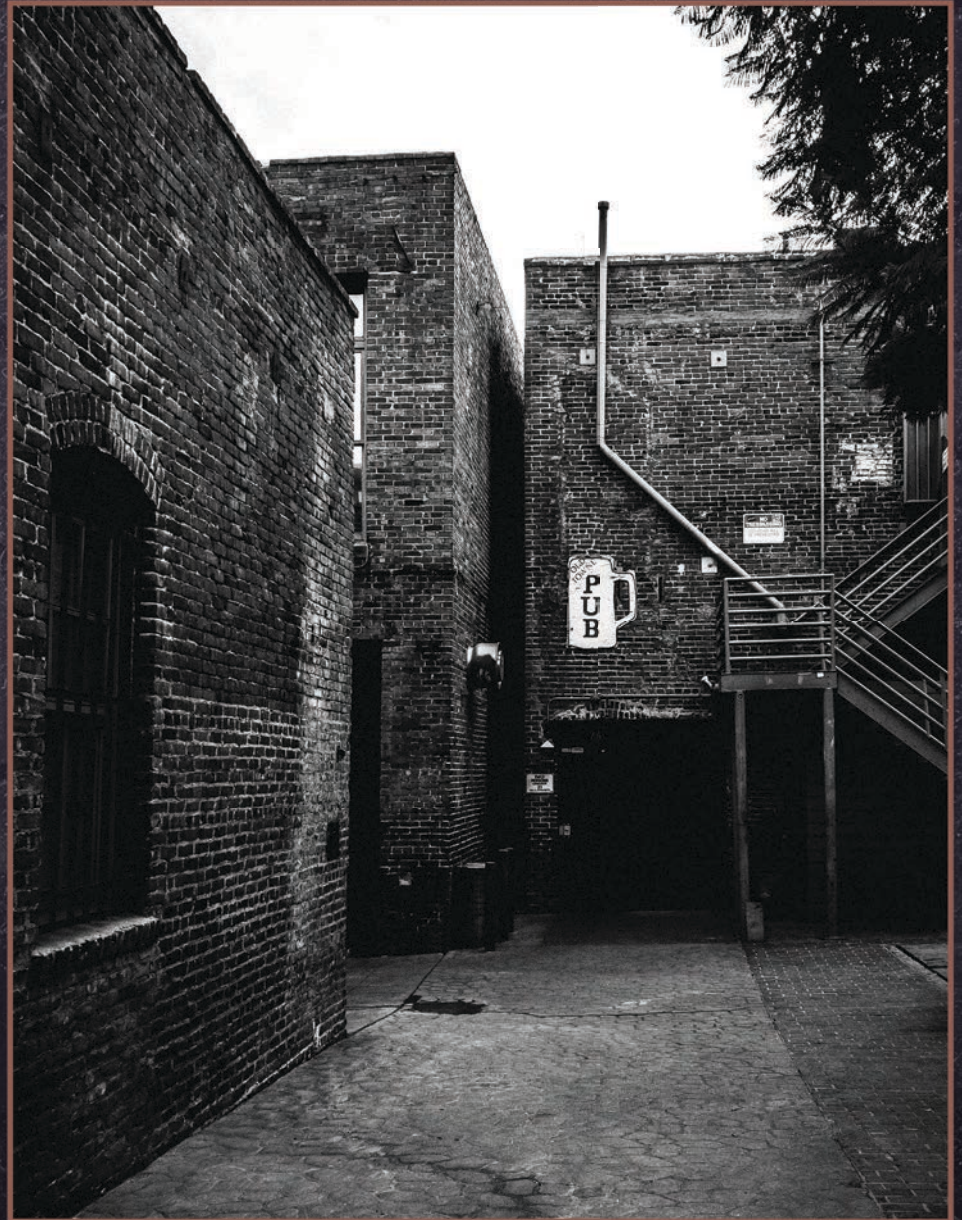
"Oh, you know, partners I guess."

Partners. That was cute. If anyone could say they were Crawford's "partner," they

Henley groaned and sat down.

"I was in a corner Harrison, I swear," he said, leaning over his fat paunch and spreading his palms upward in innocence.

"Uh huh."



were either six feet under or six hundred miles away. Why were they talking about Crawford?

"Here's the thing, Harrison...I, uh, I brought our man in on a case."

"Beg your pardon, sir?"

"And now..."

"And now, I'm cleaning it up."

Henley's mustache drooped in resignation briefly, before he regained himself.

"You're doing what I assign you to do.

And, what I'm assigning you to do is find him."

"Find him?"

"Find him."

Harrison sipped some more coffee and his teeth began to ache.

Henley gave him the rundown of the plot so far and there was little of it that tugged at Harrison's heart strings. A case as cold as a bachelor's fridge. A Crawford off-leash. It was impossible for an average person to imagine the depths of what Crawford could get into on his own recognizance. And then, here just poor old Harrison, fresh from the coast, to sort it all out. Pelicans were hideous, prehistoric creatures up close, but when they glided along the waves at sunset, they moved like spirits on the water. It had been too cold to go in beyond his ankles, but he had splashed some of the seawater on his face. It did him a world of good at the time.

Harrison headed home as soon as he could tell no one would miss him, with a briefcase full of bullshit. He watched the

telephone poles swipe past the window of the train as a visual metronome. He thought about things like the wrinkled bowl of tangerines in the break room no one touched, the single green leaf browned at the edges, now curled on the linoleum tabletop. How long would that leaf last untouched? The air-conditioned break room was a kind of dead leaf mausoleum, where the rate of decay slowed to a point indiscernible. The telephone poles whoosh whooshed by, counting off some kind of distance traveled, some world apart that would never be experienced, but only passed by—only wondered at, as the space between points A and B. Fat lines of graffiti bounced around cement dividers. Occasionally, the train would run parallel to the highway where, for several seconds, a car would pace him—the driver and himself exchanging glances of bewilderment, before their paths diverged as quickly as they met.

Harrison's apartment was on the second floor of a three-story complex, that had thus far withstood the gentrification circus poling up all around it. It had probably started as a week-by-week motel, until being upgraded with a two-burner

electric range and an avocado-colored refrigerator in each unit. Those units now clustered together above the claustrophobic parking lot in an anxious—yet resigned—posture, toward the seemingly inevitable Imminent Domain notice. Harrison patted his pockets, locked the car and wheezed his way up the iron staircase. It had the little oval teeth grip patterns, that tore at the knee and ankle flesh of any tenant or guest unfortunate enough to stumble on their way up. He unlocked the deadbolt, frowned at its ease of turning and went inside, where he had forgotten to leave the A/C on. All of his vacation luggage was half unpacked and sprawled around the living room, sand-making figurines on the anemic carpet. Harrison told himself he was just keeping a little of the beach with him. He dropped everything and grabbed a 20 oz bottle of Diet Coke from the fridge, before plopping down on the sofa and just plain sitting for a while. Sweat seeped all over until the A/C found its footing. He breathed deep and remembered to drink his Coke, instead of taking a nap.

Fucking Crawford. He groaned, set the Coke on the coffee table and retrieved



his briefcase in a series of smaller grunts and groans, then pulled out the files. He flopped them down next to the Coke with a flourish of defiance no one would see. He started to brood and glare in the little muggy room all by himself as the A/C whined. It wasn't fair and things were never easy. Fucking Crawford.

It was the first time in his career Harrison had a clear docket and room to breathe, when Crawford first sauntered into his life. Somehow, the guy had made his way up the ranks like a prodigal son and no one could quite say for certain how. There were rumors of him being the one to land Savelle, but anything regarding that fugitive might as well have been cryptid conjecture. What Harrison did know for sure was that Crawford was never once, in their entire time together, even close to being nice to him. He was an asshole. He never missed an opportunity to be an asshole. It was impressive in its endurance. Crawford's off-hand remarks about Harrison's gut and lack of shape, the fact that he was always struggling to keep up, etc., had summoned little twitches in Harrison's brain. Surfacing the faces of all the bullies in his life, from the playground to his parents to his bosses. Harrison had many disorders and Crawford had managed to agitate them all.

He opened the folder of the three Does and flipped through them. Crawford would have started with the girl, so that's where Harrison started. She was young, blonde and dead as dead—no signs of Alaska from the autopsy photos. He moved on to Jon Doe One—also young, a mess of red curls here and there on the head, where it hadn't been hacked off with scissors into a sort of mohawk that had no chance of ever being hired, anywhere. Jon Doe Three was a street kid, no doubt about it—long, greasy hair, stick-and-poke face and knuckle tattoos that would require further research, though Harrison had the feeling they didn't mean anything beyond the usual county jail code. Three dots for suicide watch, a tear for a fallen friend, etc.

Harrison went back to stare at Jane again and picture himself as Crawford staring at Jane. He stared for a while, as the sun went down beyond the blinds, while the A/C complained and the sand moved discreetly—and insidiously—along the carpet from his pacing, tracing a record of his standing and sitting, coming, going and working its way into areas that would remain untouched until the cleaners came, after he was long gone.

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BY ANDY NORRIS

I drive for a Portland-based taxi company that's been driving Oregonians around since World War II, when the billionaire class first used communists and fascists to try and destroy America.

You know the taxi company I'm talking about—you've seen our black-and-white checkered cabs, haven't you? We're the company you don't use, because you don't actually believe in "local." Instead, you've chosen to be enslaved by the billionaire class and the Lyft or Uber apps that they turn on and off, depending on how they want to control your movements. Ice storm? No ride. COVID-1984 flare-up in your neighborhood? No ride. Blackouts? No ride.

Radio Cab will pick you up and not dictate when (or where) you are allowed to go. Actually, we might not pick you up, because you're an idiot who you let the battery die on your phone, with no charger, no cash and no way to pay for your ride. Sorry!

By 2023, General Motors will no longer make cars that run on gasoline. Every car they make will be electric, connected to the internet, run by apps and the software they own (not you) and they will have total control of your movements. And, you'll love it. Do you know how I know you'll love it? Because, you are already their slave and loving it.

I drove my cab throughout the entirety of February's ice storm. The company made a decision to service only our regular account customers—mostly non-profits—instead of all you Uber or Lyft supplicants, begging for rides because your billionaire masters wouldn't turn their apps on. There will be

more about your willing slavery and your upcoming life of hell, as this here tale unfolds.

So, I'm driving, I get a call and I see the lady, my fare in taxi parlance, waiting at the end of her frozen driveway. And, here I come, spinning and slipping down the street. The thirty-something, longtime Radio customer, whom I none-the-less had never met, gets inside. She's looking to go to the store and back. Near the end of the pleasant and snowy ride, almost back at her house, she says, "What do you think about all of all this COVID stuff?" And, I'm thinking, "What the hell? We're almost back at her house." So, fuck it—I just unloaded and answered her question as honestly as I could in the short amount of time we have left together.

"I think it's a mostly benign, genetically-engineered virus, designed to kill off mostly old and already sick people, that has been (and is still being) released worldwide by Rockefeller-type billionaires, along with the new Big Tech billionaires, in order to reduce the global human population, while simultaneously enslaving the survivors further as they replace most of us with robots, all in an attempt to create their version of Utopia."

I look in the rear view mirror at the woman and she's just sitting there, thinking. I'm waiting and waiting for a reaction (mostly for shits and giggles, because I don't give a fuck what she or any of you think about my truth-bomb). Does she think I've lost my mind? Who cares! Most of you have already lost your minds, so at the very least, touché motherfuckers!

Then, finally, calmly and thoughtfully, she

says, "Huh. I've never thought about it like that before."

And, I'm still watching, waiting and smiling. And, she's all there, thinking and considering.

So, I say, "What about you? What do you think about all this COVID stuff?"

Do you know what she says? Get this shit! Wrap your little pea-brained minds around this shit!!! She says, "I don't think the virus exists!"

Ha ha ha! Can you fucking believe it? She doesn't think the virus even exists! Ha ha! And, I'm thinking to myself, "Well, fuck! She's probably right! Nobody seems to know what the fuck is going on with anything anymore, so why the fuck not? The virus doesn't exist! That sounds just about god-damned perfect actually! Ha ha ha.."

I chuckle and laugh out loud. Then, I ask, "Why do you think the virus doesn't exist?" And, I'm not mocking her, because for all I know she's goddamned right. So, what does she say? She tells me both of her sisters are nurses and that the hospital administrators have been telling them since day one to mark as much as possible as COVID. Hey, why the fuck not? 93-year old died of a stroke? Nope, COVID! A loved one finally died of Leukemia? Nope, COVID! Third heart attack get him? Nope, he tested positive for COVID, so mark it COVID! If a key point of all of this is the shutdown and the destruction of our lives (and the economy) as we knew it, in order to usher in the new tech-based billionaires' utopia, why the fuck not?

She gets out and I drive on, off to pick up the



next victim of the billionaires' utopian agenda. Because, like it or not, we're all being victimized by them. And, until more of us wake the fuck up and talk about it, outing the totalitarian fascistic scum running this dystopian hell, we will continue to be victimized. Once you speak up, you are no longer letting yourself be a victim. We all know that, so let's stop being victims, okay?

I get a call originating downtown and head on in. At one point, the only drivable portion of road was a new bike lane that nobody ever uses, because the new bike lanes were never meant for bikes—they are meant for robotaxis and robo-deliveries. My hunch is that former City Commissioner Steve Novick, former Mayor Charlie Hales and most of the others know about this bike lane scam, but they are happily on their knees for the tech billionaires, with jizz dribbling down their greedy, narcissist chins. They don't give a shit about you—you're just someone they look in the eye and lie to every four years, in order to get your vote, so they can keep sucking tech cock and screwing you over.

So, I'm driving down the bike lane that isn't really a bike lane and a PSA with Anthony Fauci's voice comes on the radio. Anthony fucking Fauci! The master criminal himself!!! The only person on earth who is more of an attention whore than Donald Trump. But, unlike Trump, Fauci is a cold and calculated killer. I invite you to read an article from *Newsweek*, dated April 2020, detailing how Fauci wanted Obama to sign off on him doing gain-of-function research stateside. What was the research? Fauci wanted to figure out how

to get bat Coronavirus to effectively transmit to humans! Ha ha ha!!! That's right, you pea-brained motherfuckers, you read it correctly. But, Obama said "Nope, you ain't doing that shit here." So, what did psychopathic serial killer Fauci do? He took the \$3,000,000 of C.D.C./W.H.O./U.N./Rockefeller money and moved the project to a bio weapons lab in Wuhan, China Bet you didn't see that one coming! It couldn't be more in our faces, people.

I finally reach empty, graffiti-covered, disgusting downtown Portland and I'm driving past all the boarded-up windows and snow-covered tents with bat-shit crazy junkies huddled in sleeping bags inside, with needles



hanging from their arms and "KILL ALL COPS," "FUCK12" and "ALL COPS ARE BASTARDS" spraypainted all over the place. I'm waiting and waiting for these idiots, BLM'ers, Antifa fascists and the pure narcissist scum in City Hall to do the math and realize that SPEWING HATE AT COPS + REDUCING COP BUDGETS = MORE DEAD BLACK KIDS.

But, they won't do the math, because then they will be forced to acknowledge that their arrogant and childish violence, combined with their acceptance and promotion of violence, has the exact *opposite* effect on the world than that which they intend. And, if they did the math and realized the truth, they might feel kinda dumb (and nobody likes to feel dumb). So, we'll just keep killing, instead. I know, I know.....some of you are already trying to find me on social media, so you can scream and cry and get me canceled. Try as you might, you woke fucks can't cancel me, because I don't exist in cancelable form. So, why don't you fuck off and engage an actual enemy instead?

The taxi customer downtown was a no-show—a "person in crisis" getting a paid-for ride to a local psych ward. So, while they were apparently still walking crazily around dead, dying and now frozen downtown Portland, I decide to call it a day and go to what has been by far the best club in Portland during this contrived, anti-scientific shutdown scam: a strip club named Desire. The owner follows all of the unscientific rules (so Governor Brown-shirt's gestapo doesn't fine him) and has created a super fun scene on the outdoor patio, complete with a small, portable stage and several blasting jet heaters.

And, now, I'm hanging with one of the most beautiful women I have ever met, a Jamaican woman hip to the COVID-1984 scam. Common ground! I have somewhere to go with this woman and that somewhere is that place we used to call "reality." And, as she leans into me and I breathe her in, as I run my hands down her warm, smooth arms—as she shows me a video of an amazing dinner she cooked the other night, as I start massaging her calves and her feet—I take in a deep breath, look into her eyes and think to myself how lucky I am to be alive.

Andy Norris is a writer and filmmaker living in the Pacific Northwest. His film about strippers in Portland, The Dancer Diaries, was woked off Prime and is now available on Vimeo OnDemand, as well as Tubi TV.



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
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