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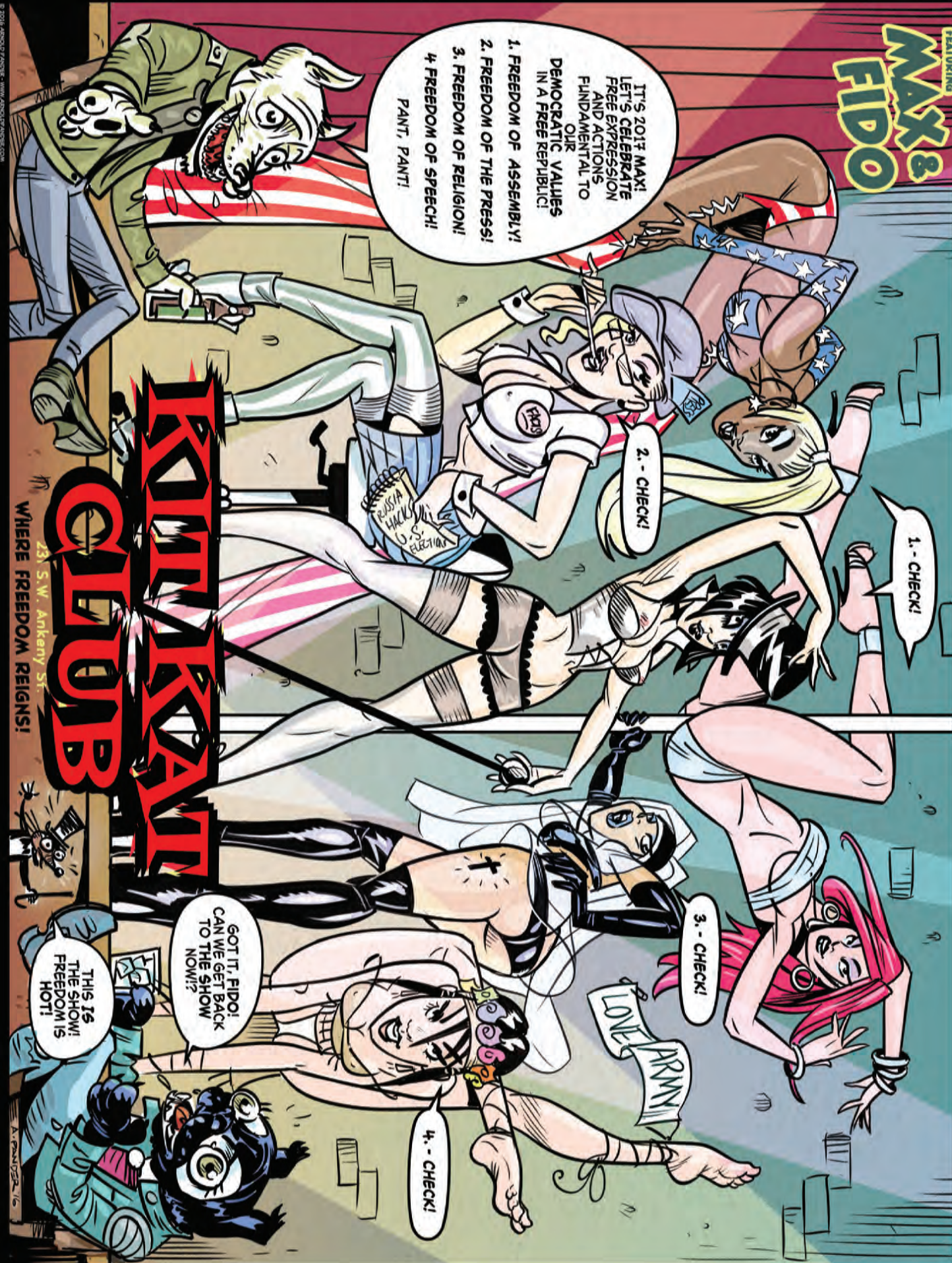
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RESOLUTION CHEATS THAT WILL MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A BETTER PERSON

BY TIFFANY GREYSEN



At the end of every year, do you feel like a fucking failure? Ever feel like shit for committing publicly to lose 15 pounds, when, in fact, you actually put on ten? Are your kids still calling you by your first name? Do you feel bad for never getting your oil changed? Please read on:

Quit drinking (in front of others). Only drink alone. Pics or it didn't happen. I've never had my dog get mad at me for drinking too much and finishing off the ranch dressing and all the tortillas.

Stop telling your friends that your beauty secret is "water and living clean," when you know good and well that you bathe in Botox. Give up the ghost. Confess.

Drink more water.

Remember, not everyone who shares their pregnancy with you is looking for a long sorrowful hug and an offer to "go with her." Sometimes, "congratulations" is the correct response.

Use/learn their appropriate pronoun.

Lose 15 pounds. I mean, you're perfect just the way you are. I didn't say lose 15 pounds at the same time. This is fucking easy. Okay, stay with me here: Monday, you're down one pound, but on Tuesday, you're up two. Only track the down days! Last year, I lost 345lbs and gained 355 lbs. It's all about how you word things.

Get your oil changed. Okay, you really need to do this. It's not hard—drive to your local rip-off shop, where the employees come to work on skateboards. Tell them you want your oil changed and that's all. Just do it.

Stop taking the kids to the grocery store daycare before going to the bar across the street.

Start cooking "real" meals at home. Top Ramen counts and cereal counts. Fast food does not.

Stop drinking egg nog, 'cause that shit is gross.

Put gas in your car before you are on empty. This will make you feel like a huge winner.

Give a homeless person a dollar.

Be friends with someone who is not like you.

Bite the bullet and buy the big multi-pack of paper towels. Nothing will make you feel as successful as buying in bulk. Fuck those yoga-pant moms and their judgmental Ugg boots.

Make time to go to the dentist—do this twice. They are your only teeth, take care of them (as a mom, I am obligated by law to say this).

Have the doctor check your genital hole(s). Your sex organs and buttholes are important. You need these forever. Take care of them.

Tell a woman that you admire...that you admire them! This will make you feel great and, if it makes you feel great, think about how it must make them feel. I can be reached on Twitter: @TiffanyGreysen

Make a new friend and don't block them on Facebook.

Be aware of your selfishness. We are all selfish. It's okay. Just know it and work on behaving less so.

Try something new. Maybe it's something stupid, like going to a different gas station. It still counts.

When you buy a gift for someone, don't buy yourself something too.

Don't recoil in disgust when the cat lady at the bar sitting next to you sounds like she has Tuberculosis and a hairball. Just move.

When someone is talking, listen and don't wonder if you're sitting at your best angle.

Start turning in your articles on time (maybe this is just for me). *Ed: It's not just for you.*

Consider filing your taxes (pleading the fifth on this one).

Pay your cell phone bill on time.

Stop crying at work.

Remember The Alamo.

Go to your kids' open house.

Stop being mad at the person who unfollowed you because they are a sensitive-Sally and can't handle the truth. They really just can't handle the truth.

Stand up for someone who can't stand up for themselves.

If 2016 taught us anything, it was that 2016 sucked. Facebook pointed out to all of us in their "Year In Review" that we are stingy with our Facebook likes. Stop being stingy on Facebook with your likes!

Root for the underdog.

Be the underdog.

Exercise more. Stop sending your kids downstairs to let the dog in. Get your ass off Facebook and do it yourself.

Forgive your parents for the terrible things they have done. You don't have to hang out with them, but maybe just don't spend your brain power on them.

Be unpopular for the right reason.

Spend time with friends you've brushed off because you wanted to watch *Golden Girls* reruns. You love them for a reason and you miss them too. You won't regret the time you spend with your friends. Remember...Prince and Bowie had friends too.

Watch more documentaries.

Ignore gossip.

Wear matching socks when you know others can see...or don't. Socks don't matter.

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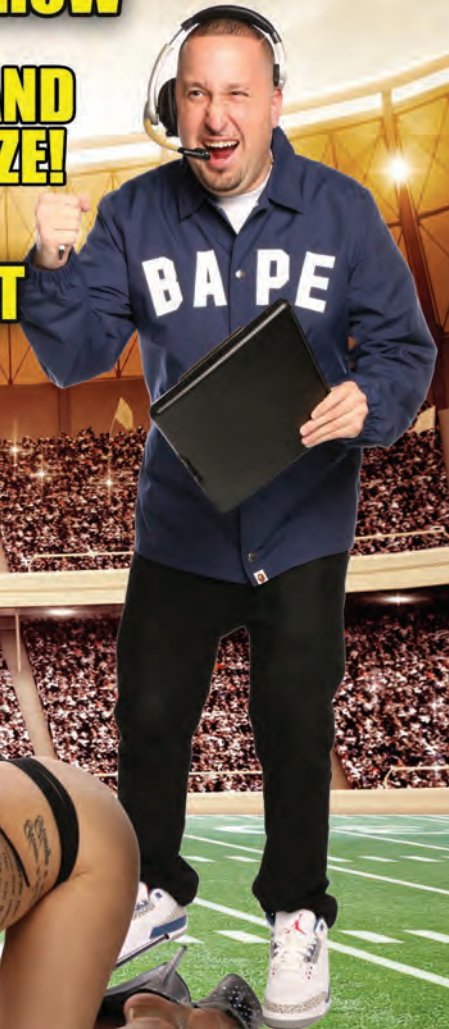
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BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT



So, 2016 was one of the more screwy years on record, but 2017 promises to be much better. We really judge our precious short time spent on this Earth by the quality of our entertainment and I just so happen to have inside contacts at several major television networks. I am here, now, to give you salivating TV watchers a preview of what to expect in the coming year on the ol' small screen, as it promises to be better than ever.

To preface this, I'd say "reality shows are back," but I don't think they really ever went away. Reality shows only seem to come in two flavors: the ones where there's some kind of competition or adversarial situation the people are put into and those where it's merely a 21st century freak show.

Scope out the new "competitive/adversarial" reality shows:

Six Bitches Who Hate Each Other Share A House

In this show, stuck-up, high-maintenance, spoiled suburban women (and, occasionally, one sassy urban woman) who are used to always getting their way...are stuck in a house with others just like them, because they're trying to win...something. The meltdowns and shrieking alone are sure to pull you in!

Look Who's Banging!

This show puts ten sleazy-but-decent-looking men into an open dorm complex with ten sleazy-but-decent-looking women, for a period of one TV season (at least). Did I mention there are 12 hot tubs and 40 night-vision cameras installed, with liquor and MDMA deliveries every three hours? When you want to watch awkward, amateur porn, but aren't quite wanting to look up the real deal on SexTube (and, also prefer the genitals censored), we've got the show for you!

Of course, we also have to get to the trainwrecks which are the 21st century freak shows. The latest:

The Hell's Wrong With That Guy?

Watch people with fascinatingly-complex fetish-

es and personality disorders try to experience real life, only to get crushed upon doing so and make you feel bad in a way that while, yes, you feel bad for them, you still wouldn't want to be sharing the same room.

White Trash You Can't Stop Watching

Trailers and Skoal are the order of the day as you watch undereducated, underprivileged people in Southern trailer parks deal with everyday life, in a way that makes you cry.

It's not all reality TV this year, though. There are some fine new sitcoms coming up. Take a gander:

House Of Hippo

Opposites attract...and in this show, a woman, who hates large, semi-aquatic African mammals, marries a man in Vegas after knowing him for just one night...only to learn that he owns a hippo farm! Hilarity ensues as she tries to balance life between her needs, her man, his kids and a shitload of hippos!

Someone Gave Paul Reiser Another Show

Eternally dislikable character actor Paul Reiser has magically been gifted another show, after coked-out network executives somehow green lit this monstrosity. Find out how long this one can stay on the air, because I bet it's going to be far longer than it should. Fuck me, here we go again.

The saving grace of television, is always quality documentary series. I love documentaries, but their titles are always long. Here's what's coming up:

David Attenborough's Voice Saves Boring Subject Matter

He could be talking about the efficiency of the sun-tailed monkey's rectum or the way those little Candiru fish in South America get stuck in your dickhole—and I'd still watch it. Top pick for 2017.

Neil DeGrasse Tyson Gets High And Talks About Carl Sagan For Like An Hour

Says it all. Dude gets lit and talks about Sagan for about an hour and also periodically compares doughnuts to black holes. Still, a must-watch.

I hate to say it, but game shows are back—though, this time, they're not lame ones like the Regis one or the boring one with the briefcases. Here are the hot, new game shows coming to prime time:

Rat To The Dick

In front of a specially-constructed pneumatic rodent cannon, five men compete in a battle of wits, knowledge and crawling through slime. However, if the five ladies doing the judging don't like their performance...OOPS! Rat to the dick!

Cop Or Prostitute?

The wacky game show wherein contestants must pick between an undercover cop or a bonafide prostitute, after asking them a series of yes/no questions. Losers get a misdemeanor solicitation charge and a ride down the "Slide Of Shame," but the winners get the suck (or service of equal or lesser value)!

It's likewise looking good for police dramas. Everyone likes a good cop show and all the old ones are stale. Here are the new cops on the block:

Law & Order: Department Of Weights And Measures

Thrill as this weekly police procedural show takes you inside the lives of the staff of the US Department Of Weights And Measures. From overweighted produce scales scamming customers in supermarkets to bogus gas pumps skimming three cents off every dollar pumped, this latest show is sure to provide the same gripping, "ripped from the headlines" storytelling we've come to expect from the *Law & Order* franchise.

CSI: Colonial Williamsburg

The police in this small—but sordid—town of historical re-enactors must get to the bottom of the worst rapes, murders, thefts and witchcraft accusations Colonial Williamsburg has to offer. It doesn't help that the CSI team are not historical re-enactors, but still have to deal with people in tri-corner hats calling them "constable."

There we have it. Get your popcorn and whiskey ready.

-WStM

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a writer, Kleenex evaluator, chimp taunter, Rubik's cube sticker-rearranger and retired rapper from Portland, Oregon. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook by name.



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Trim SEASON

PART 2

GREEN ROOM DIARIES
BY STONED GOLD SATIVA AWESOME



(Continued from December's Green Room Diaries, which can be viewed online at TalesFromTheDJBooth.com)

Getting lost in rural Humboldt County is not much different from being on the road in rural Humboldt while knowing exactly where you're going; regardless of what your map or GPS says, you're at least a few hours away from a decent gas station, cell reception or non-living food at any given time (notice how I used time as a measurement of distance from civilization, as opposed to mileage—it will come in later).

I headed toward my destination, a town called Willow Creek, made famous by the most "legitimate" (quotes emphasized) evidence for sasquatch. Apparently, "squatching" is a well-respected vocation in the confines of the Emerald Triangle, with local legends, such as Discovery Channel's Bobo, making millions of dollars off of hunting nonexistent, mythical creatures (further proof that the weed game doesn't pay *that* much, when put into perspective). Economies Of Scale 101—you now have four credit hours to apply toward a bullshit liberal arts degree.

Anyhow, I had just gassed up at a convenience store that had no less than a dozen slot machines scattered around, but only one variety of coconut water; this meant that I was on Native American land, which is much different than the typical variety of Humboldt "earth-friendly" culture. As in, it's real. And reality checks can be both refreshing and terrifying.

As opposed to students living on organic flax seed, Natives in the Northern California area are among the most impoverished, having been dealt worse hands than most other tribes. To put it simply, reservations in Humboldt (each of which locals refer to as "The Res") make urban American ghettos look like gated communities. This is not the fault of the Native population, but rather, a legal system that has forgotten the indigenous peoples who kept Humboldt's ecosystem in such a pristine state for years—well before the hippies turned it into a reefer refuge. The irony

of tourists purchasing "genuine Indian souvenirs" from the Trees Of Mystery gift shop on the way into the county is among the more glaring examples of white privilege (a habit that goes unchecked in uber-left communities).

To be white (or black, Asian...anything non-Native) on a Res is straight up dangerous. You *will* get jacked, beaten up or worse. Each Res has about one police officer for every few hundred locals and if you think black-white racial tension is serious, imagine how it would be if slavery were currently legal in random enclaves of the woods. I had the option of driving east (rocks and mountains) or west (mountains and rocks), according a map I had purchased (it was geared toward elderly couples on RV road trips, as indicated by the pull-out section that had Denny's listed as an "attraction"). The only visible difference was about sixty miles of road, so I opted for the shortcut.

Shortcuts are *always* a bad idea in Humboldt. Thirty miles could mean thirty minutes or thirty hours, depending on the backroad.

Once the gravel road got down to a single lane, I noticed that I was only two miles into my fifteen-mile "shortcut," but had experienced about a dozen reminders of my previously-ignored fear of heights (or, possibly, it was the thought of instant death at the hands of a semi-truck-driving sasquatch hunter). After a few miles of driving cliffside, on gravel, with a "check engine" light on (a sign of shitty gasoline—why I never opt for the ten cents more it takes for premium is a mystery to me) and a lit blunt I had obtained from a dispensary that came in a package labeled "Tour Of Humboldt" (which turned out to be comprised of anything that fell out of the dispensary's grinder over the course of the last week (aka an unsafe blend of sativa, indica, bits of candy and human and/or animal hair), shit got tense.

Turning a corner, my blunt smoke appeared to be turning black. However, as the smoke from around the approaching curve became thick-

er, I began to assume that it wasn't my weed that was to blame. Also, gigantic, gaping flames being soaked in water from the world's shittiest lawn hose. Those were there too.

A handful of volunteer firepeople—each of whom appeared to be equipped for battle against anything smaller than a kiddie pool's worth of danger—stood alongside a fire truck that once doubled as a school bus (which obviously doubled as a mobile home for Rainbow Family alumni). Watching them attempt to battle the forest fire was the equivalent of rooting for the first black character to go lurking around the dark in a horror movie. I mustered up all the stupidity my brain could handle and asked the least-unprofessional-looking of the volunteer fire-observers if the road would be open anytime soon. Their answer was a simple shake of the head, followed by gradual laughter that eventually served as a source of entertainment for the whole crew.

So, there I was, with instant murder on each side of me, enough supplies to last for however long a bag of almonds and two cigarettes buys me (one hour) and nothing but the promise of a few hundred bucks per pound of processed vegetable keeping me from turning around and saying "fuck it."

This is the red pill moment that every weed grower/trimmer/dealer has at some point in their Humboldt County life. Yes, there is some attractiveness to the counterculture and lore that surrounds Mary Jane and her wondrous world. Still, the old argument that it's just a plant, when taken beyond the courtroom, can be sobering. You could not convince your average weedhead to get into the tomato industry, especially if tomatoes were grown on the side of Death Mountain, CA, so why do we cum ourselves over the idea of getting into the *wink* tomato *wink* industry? It's fucking legal now (at least in Oregon and Washington, with California on the way). This is manual farm labor, with a much higher payout, but manual farm labor nonetheless.

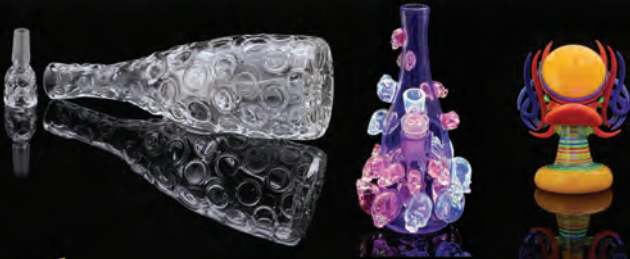
I decided to opt out of making the trek to Willow Creek, partially out of impatience, but mostly due to a nagging voice in the back of my head that, beyond gravel roads and dangerous gas stations, an entirely different danger was lurking in the shadows behind the redwood curtain. As it turns out, the trim scene I was headed to didn't end up being the place out-of-town gangbangers decided to target for a robbery; the spot I was headed toward—where I was to meet my buddy—was.

(To be concluded in next month's Green Room Diaries)

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Shelli

MISS EXOTIC OREGON 2017

Q & A

Anyone who's ever been to a *Miss Exotic Oregon* competition knows that there's something wildly special about each winner. As we watch these ladies compete on stage and as all of the creativeness and hard work that goes into the performance unfolds, it's clear that winning the crown doesn't come without hours of hard work and tedious planning.

We may think we understand the woman wearing the crown as an entertainer, but I'd like to uncover more about 2017's *Miss Exotic Oregon*, Shelli Stark.

We all have a story to tell—one that's unique to ourselves and that explains our journey into the sex industry spotlight— as a fellow entertainer who is well acquainted with some of the previous *Miss Exotic Oregon* winners, I can see a common thread that connects each of them.

Let's take a journey inside the head of *Miss Exotic Oregon* and learn a little bit about the woman behind the masterpiece, who we all witnessed on stage during the last competition.

Okay Shelli, you must be pretty overwhelmed with all of the excitement from winning the competition, yes? During your performance, was there one singular thought that was going through your head at the time—one that identified exactly what you were doing—that might have brought you to win the title?

Wow! Yes, it's crazy. I actually had no ideas in my head about winning or even placing, but as I followed the qualifying rounds, I was excited to be in the same show as many of the performers I've been following over the years. In the end, I just thought "fuck it," pounded some tequila and had fun with it.

It was very obvious that you had a lot of love and support from your fans and friends who were there that night. As we know, in this community, that type of support is a valuable part of our drive to continue what we're doing. After

your win, I went and congratulated not only you but every person who was on stage with you. Each one of them said, "It was all Shelli. This was all her work." Can you tell me something about your creative process and how you come to choose the themes and performances you do?

Oh man, that's sweet of them to say, but it couldn't have been done without them! I relayed the general idea to everyone, but without having those creative, crazy motherfuckers in my group bouncing ideas off of each other, it wouldn't have gone anywhere. They LITERALLY held me up! As far as how I choose themes, I guess I have a stranger idea of what is sexy to me and it's fun trying to bring that to life.

After seeing you perform on stage a couple times, I'm noticing that you like the darker side of the arts. And, by that, I mean your costumes are more grotesque and horror-related. I think it's really incredible that you can break down the walls of strippers always having to be "pretty" all the time and show a different side of things. Do you have a fascination with horror films?

Yes, absolutely. I grew up watching horror films instead of cartoons and learned to draw and paint, copying the movie covers. I didn't start being more comfortable on stage until I let that side come through and it makes me feel more genuine with

my performances. And, of course, fake blood is just FUN!

Ok, so now I want to go a little further into who you are off stage. What's an average day like for you?

Not very exciting, actually! Get up late, procrastinate doing anything important and hang out with my dog mostly. Someone just introduced me to snowboarding, though, so I think that will be getting me off my ass a bit more.

If you went back ten years and told yourself that you'd be rocking it on stage, entertaining the masses and eventually win *Miss Exotic Oregon*, would you believe it?

I doubt it!!! I was working for the railroad, in Texas, back then and thought I always would be. Crazy how life changes!

Can you please tell us how winning the title has changed your work? I mean, this is a pretty big win for you!

Well, it's still early on, but I am excited for the opportunity to be in feature performances and explore more of the Portland strip club scene. I had no idea I could win this, so I'm still processing, honestly. This gives me a reason to bring some of the ideas I've had for bigger stage pieces to life! I will never be able to leave

my family at Spycy, but I will definitely be venturing out to learn from all of the amazing performers we have here.

Well, I certainly want to see more of you in the upcoming year and I'm sure your fans do, too! Are there any upcoming events you'll be doing for 2017 or places in the industry you'd like to explore?

(I love this question, but I'll have to skip it because I'm still learning about what events and things happen here).

Thank you, Shelli, for letting us peek into your world. Once again, congratulations on your win and I look forward to seeing you on stage again soon!

XOXO,
- Ivizia





Shelli
SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
MISS EXOTIC OREGON 2017 WINNER

Isabella Starling
KIT KAT CLUB
2nd RUNNER UP

Venus
SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

MISS Exotic OREGON 2017 FINALS

Razor Sharp
CLUB SINROCK

Birdie Le Tramp
KIT KAT CLUB
3rd RUNNER UP

Moka
MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

Hazel Greene
KIT KAT CLUB

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Lolita
STARS CABARET SALEM



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MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB



Hannah
STARS CABARET SALEM

Juliette
Electrique
KIT KAT CLUB



DON'T LET THE DOOR HIT 2016 ON THE WAY OUT

2016 was, for all intents and purposes, one of the worst years ever recorded. Even worse than that album "Years" by Ringo Starr (admit it, you genuinely don't know if I'm being facetious or not). We lost many, many people who were loved by various demographics, including David Bowie, Prince, Lemmy, Leonard Cohen and Har-rambe. Pop culture took a moment every few days to commemorate the departed, with Facebook profile picture changes aflutter. However, aside from lame jokes and half-empty remembrances to people who were never short on ego validation, there are people who, although lacking in TMZ celebrity status, were just as endearing (if not more so) to hundreds, if not thousands, of actual friends and family.

R.I.P. To Those We Have Lost

The entertainment industry is a weird one, because performers spend most of their careers putting on a show for others, while masking their true selves behind whatever roles they play on stage. Rarely, though, will one encounter performers so genuine and real that you wonder if there's any separation between the person they portray on stage and the real self that their friends and family are exposed to.

Last month, the comedy and strip club communities lost two very, very real and important people—neither of whom were able to put on a "fake" persona in any sense of the word. In the comedy world, we lost a man named Will Woodruff, whom I have known since grade school. Quite possibly the most unapologetic and honest performer in Oregon comedy, Will was also an extremely kind, morally-upstanding and likable dude. If he knew his name was going into the column of an adult magazine, alongside many of his old comedy buddies, he'd probably threaten to kill me, before asking for a few dozen copies. Will, I'm gonna kick your ass in chess, when I finally make it up there.

In dancer land, one of the brightest and most unshakable spirits I have ever encountered, Strawberry, left this mortal coil

with a cult fan base of friends and admirers—the size of which barely begins to reflect the impact that she left on everyone who was lucky enough to share a smile with her. As with pretty much everyone to be taken away from us in 2016, Strawberry was larger than life and indisputable. Strawberry made everyone she met feel as if they had been friends since middle school, while being the type of person whose side anyone would take in an argument, regardless of circumstances. Bizzle, you will be missed more than you could ever imagine.

I really wish it would have been Dane Cook and one of those scummy drug addicts from Idaho.

Basically, we lost our own Prince and Bowie in comedy and stripper world, with both Will and Strawberry dying at a too-young-what-the-fuck age, of virtually unpreventable circumstances. This may sound cliché, but there is very, very limited time on this planet. And, if you're lucky enough to live it out as long as Keith Richards or Tom Waits, you will encounter many people whom you may take for granted (or, just never consider viable candidates for being taken away so early). You don't need to put down the bottle, find God and call your mother in one afternoon, but it's not a bad idea to at least introduce yourself to your neighbor or, better yet, spend some time with that person you take for granted.

Mad Props To Those Who Have Won

On a much lighter note, it is with great honor that *Exotic* crowns this year's *Miss Exotic Oregon*, the undeniable Shelli from Spyce! I don't want to take sides or play favorites, but I've never, ever seen an unattractive woman compete for *Miss Exotic*, nor have I ever met one at Spyce. Both the establishment and the woman representing them deserve this title, which is more than we can say about the recent presidential election.

One thing that made 2016 at least *slightly* better than we remember, is that the *Miss*

Exotic pageant went down without a snag and, being friends with a few thousand strippers on Facebook, I didn't see a single, negative post from runners-up. This is dope, considering the sheer amount of competitors, fans, sponsors, club owners and *Exotic* staff who all came together, under the banner of competitive nudity, to elect our new queen.

Isn't it odd, that the Portland strip club scene runs in a smoother, more progressive fashion than our political system? How's that for a dose of Northwest irony?

Either way, here's hoping that this year turns out to be as beautiful as our covergirl.

Rogue Pun

If you haven't seen the new, stand-alone "Star Wars flick," *Rogue One*, be prepared to meh. The action? Meh. CGI? Meh. Story? Meh. It is undeniably better than the prequels (and actually does a nice job of legitimately connecting a bunch of missing time between *III* and *IV*), but is in no way *Force Awakens*, in terms of epic level fanfare. The thing that bothered me the most, however, was the fact that Darth Vader is suddenly a shitty stand-up comic. "Try not to choke" (spoilers above) is one of the worst puns I've heard in a long time...ago, in a galaxy far, far away. See? Puns aren't fucking funny, but they're addictive and anyone who engages in them should be put to death...star janitorial assignment. God-fuckin'-damnit, I swear this will Obi over in a few. Luke, I haven't been Leia'd in quite some time and Yoda understand. Maybe I need to get a new Tatooine, or take Ewok.

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Shelli

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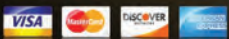
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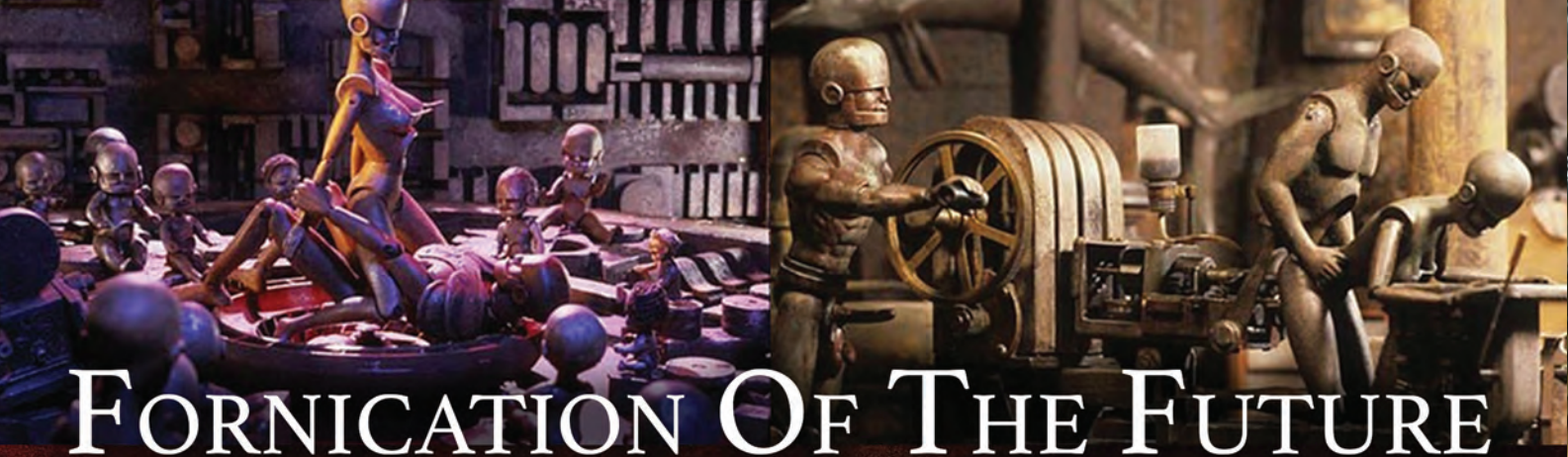
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FORNICATION OF THE FUTURE

SEX BOTS

BY ARIANNA AROYAN

Robotics have integrated themselves into the lives of humans for decades. Self-driving cars, drones, Siri, Alexa, Cortana...not to mention all of the beloved (although fictional) androids of *Star Wars*. But, for the first time, in real life, humans will be able to act out all of their desires with a functioning robot who looks and feels almost the same as a real partner.

For twenty years, Abyss Creations has manufactured life-size sex dolls called RealDolls, made of poseable PVC and silicone. The dolls are beautiful to look at and it takes the company 80 work hours to create each doll for customers. Abyss Creations offers the dolls made to one-of-a-kind specifics and also have generic offerings of male, female, light-weight petite and licensed pornstar dolls. The dolls feature seven-inch-deep mouths and removable vaginal inserts for easy cleaning. Sex doll concepts are nothing new, but RealDoll founder, Mike McMullen, announced that, later this year, the dolls will feature built-in heaters to mimic human body heat, sensors that will respond to the dolls being touched and artificial intelligence programming.

"We are building an A.I. system, which can either be connected to a robotic doll or experienced in a (virtual reality) environment," said McMullen in an AMA (ask me anything) on Reddit. "I think it will allow for an option that never existed before, and for some, may represent a happiness they (users) never thought they could have."

Sex with robots is a subject met with both admiration and downright disgust. Robot Ethicist Kathleen Richards has headed up a very vocal campaign against sexbots.

"Sex robots seem to be a growing focus in the robotics industry and the models that they draw on—how they will look, what roles they would play—are very disturbing indeed," Richards told the BBC. "We think that the creation of such robots will contribute to detrimental relationships between men and women, adults and children, men and men and women and women."

[Ed: It's nice to see that discrimination against A.I. is gender-inclusive in nature]

David Levy, author of *Love And Sex With Robots*, has imagined a more positive world with sexbots.



"I've no doubt some will find it creepy," said Levy in an article he penned for U.K.-based DailyMail.com. "But, we can be clear on this: the arrival of sexually-responsive robots will have enormous consequences. We have already seen rapid changes in human relationships thanks to the internet, mobile devices and social media. That same proliferation of technology has also brought about an explosive increase of intimate encounters of every

kind that we can experience on our screens."

"There are many millions of people in this world who are very lonely because they have no one to love and no one who loves them. This might be for any of a number of reasons. They might be shy. They might have psychological or psycho-sexual hangups. They might be socially unacceptable for one reason or another—ugliness, personal hygiene, totally lacking in social skills, unable to make interesting, amusing conversation at the right level with those who they find attractive. For these socially-challenged people, a more appropriate question to ask is not 'Why is it better to love or have sex with a robot than with another human?' but, 'Is it better to love or have sex with a robot or to have no love or sex at all?'"

Levy has some good points. The RealDoll.com website is filled with testimonials of many happy customers. Customers who currently pay over \$5,000 for their dolls and will pay up to around \$15,000 for a sexbot, when the company starts producing them.

"I am so happy that I bought my Real Doll," writes a satisfied, anonymous customer on the RealDoll website. "She is not just some thing that (I) use and then put in my closet. She is my actual girlfriend. I love her and she is my princess...I am so excited for the new realbotix (sic) to come out."

And, with television shows like HBO's *Westworld* gaining viewers every week (the series takes place in a fictional Western amusement park, where humans act out any fantasy they choose with robotic droids) and its first episode debuting to two million viewers (according to the *Hollywood Reporter*), it seems like the collective consciousness may be ready for more artificial intimacy.

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Daily 11am-2:30am

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

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6210 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 281-3212
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am

CLUB ROUGE 48 **FOOD LOTTERY**
403 SW Stark St | (503) 227-3936
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am

CLUB SINROCK 23 **FOOD LOTTERY**
12035 NE Glisan St | (503) 889-0332
Daily 2pm-2:30am

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8440 N Interstate Ave | (503) 285-9073
Daily 11:30am-2:30am

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

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

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

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

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17180 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 908-1177
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Daily 2pm-2:30am

HEAT GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 57 **FOOD LOTTERY**
12131 SE Holgate Blvd | (503) 762-2857
Daily 10:30am-2:30am

JAG'S CLUBHOUSE 32 **FOOD LOTTERY**
605 N Columbia Blvd | (503) 289-1351
Daily 11am-2am

KING'S 15 **FOOD LOTTERY**
13550 SE Powell Blvd | (971) 703-4248
Daily 1pm-2:30am

KIT KAT CLUB 69 **FOOD LOTTERY**
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Daily 5pm-2:30am

LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE 47 **FOOD LOTTERY**
633 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 206-7350
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129 SW Broadway | (503) 227-3023
Daily 11:30am-2:30am

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9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523
Daily 11am-2:30am

NICOLAI ST. CLUBHOUSE 27 **FOOD**
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Daily 3pm-2:30am

THE RUNWAY GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 55 **FOOD LOTTERY**
1735 SE Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 640-4086
Daily 7am-2:30am

SAFARI SHOWCLUB 33 **FOOD LOTTERY**
3000 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 231-9199
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12646 SE Division St | (503) 954-1019
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8000 SE Foster Rd | (971) 230-0047
Mon-Sat 9:30am-2:30am, Sun 10am-2:30am

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4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771
Sun-Thu 10am-2am, Fri-Sat 10am-1am

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

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

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

THE SUNSET STRIP 37 **FOOD**
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Mon-Fri 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 5pm-2:30am

UNION JACKS 43 **FOOD**
938 E Burnside St | (503) 236-1125
Mon-Thu 4pm-2:30am, Fri-Sun 3pm-2:30am

TOMMY'S TOO 39 **FOOD**
10335 SE Foster Rd | (503) 432-8238
Daily 10am-2:30am

WHISPERS 67
6218 NE Columbia Blvd | (971) 255-1039
Daily 11am-3am

XPOSE 70 **FOOD LOTTERY**
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EVERYTHING ELSE

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9220 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 224-1604
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ADULT VIDEO ONLY 102
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10620 NE 4th Plain Rd | (360) 891-3988
Mon-Tue 12pm-10pm, Wed-Sat 12pm-12am, Sun 12pm-8pm

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B.A. VIDEO 122
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Mon-Fri 11am-7pm, Sat 11am-5pm

CATALYST: A SEX POSITIVE PLACE 171
5224 SE Foster Rd | (503) 726-9930
Hours vary by events

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

CLUB FANTASY 158
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5620 NE MLK Blvd | (503) 493-3944
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Daily 24 hours

1703 W Burnside St | (503) 295-6969
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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
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5940 N Interstate Ave | (503) 247-DICK (3425)
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HUNNIES 148
3520 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 254-4226
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LIBERATED WORLD 123
10660 SE Division St | (503) 257-6881
Daily 24 hours

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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 VIDEO 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

PUSSYCATS 134
3414 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 384-2794
5226 SE Foster Rd | (971) 255-0133
10813 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-5874
Daily 24 hours

ROCK HARD PDX 28 **FOOD LOTTERY**
13639 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 760-8128
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Daily 24 hours

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8315 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 972-1111
Daily 24 hours

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8521 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 245-0489
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SPARTAGUS LEATHERS 141
300 SW 12th Ave | (503) 224-2604
Mon-Thurs 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am, Sun 12pm-9pm

SYLVIA'S PLAYHOUSE 163
8226 NE Fremont St | (503) 568-4090
Daily 24 hours

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Portland: 237 SE MLK Blvd | (503) 239-1678
Portland: 2330 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 777-6033
Vancouver: 4811 NE 94th Ave | (360) 254-1126
Daily 24 hours

TORCHED ILLUSIONS 149
17935 SW Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 259-2310
Daily 6am-2am

TORCHED ILLUSIONS II 169
12963 SW Pacific Hwy | (503) 430-5140
Daily 10am-12am

THE RED DOOR 172
314 W Burnside St, Suite 300
Daily 24 hours

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

X-OTIC TAN 147
8431 SE Division St | (503) 257-0622
Daily 24 hours

DISPENSARIES

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

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

NECTAR - 122ND AVE 6
1019 NE 122nd Ave | (971) 279-2512
Daily 10am-11pm

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

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

69
KIT KAT CLUB

231 SW ANKENY ST
503-208-3229

49
SUUCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

33 NW 2ND ST
503-243-4646

69
Mystic Gentlemen's Club

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23
SinRock CLUB

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10
ROSE CITY STRIP

3620 SE 35TH PL
503-239-1004

70
XPOSE

10140 SW CANYON RD
503-430-5364

55
The Runway

1735 SE TUALATIN VALLEY HWY
503-640-4086

46
CASA DIABLO

2839 NW ST HELENS RD
503-222-6600

50
STARS Cabaret

BRIDGEPORT - 17939 SW MCEWAN RD
503-726-2403

OREGON

ASTORIA

ANNIE'S SALOON
2897 Marine Dr / (503) 325-2746
Beer & Wine, 1 Stage
Tue-Sat 5pm-2:30am

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IMAGINE THAT
197 NE Third St / (541) 312-8100
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197 NE 3rd St / (541) 388-4081
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3570 W 11th Ave / (541) 988-9226
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THE NILE
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Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers
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SILVER DOLLAR CLUB
2620 W 10th Pl / (541) 485-2303
Full Bar, Food, 3 Stages
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

GERVAIS

LAST CHANCE SALOON
7650 Checkerboard Ct / (503) 792-5100
Full Bar, Lottery, 1 Stage
12pm-2:30am Daily

KLAMATH FALLS

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

LINCOLN CITY

IMAGINE THAT II
2159 NW Highway 101, Suite C
(541) 996-6600
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

MEDFORD

ADULT LAND
2755 S Pacific Hwy / (541) 770-5493
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie
Mon-Fri 9am-7pm, Sat 10am-5pm
CASTLE MEGASTORE
1601 N Riverside Ave / (541) 608-9540
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm

NEWPORT

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611 SW Coast Highway / (541) 574-6969
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2498 Old Highway 99E S / (541) 957-3741
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Sat 11am-12am, Sun 12pm-9pm

SALEM

ADAM & EVE
4635 Commercial St SE / (503) 763-6020
Lingerie, Clothing, Books, Gifts, Novelties
Mon-Thu 12pm-10pm, Fri-Sat 12pm-11pm,
Sun 12pm-6pm
BOB'S ADULT BOOKS
3815 State St / (503) 363-3846
Adult Books, Videos, 63 Ch. Arcade and
Mini-Theater
9am-2am / 7 Days
CHEETAHS XXX CABARET & MODELING
3453 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 316-6969
18+ Juice Bar, Full Menu
Tue-Thu 7pm-4am, Fri-Sat 6pm-5am,
Sun 7pm-2am
Modeling 24 Hours / 7 Days
THE FIREHOUSE CABARET
5782 Portland Rd NE / (503) 393-4782
Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery
Mon-Sat 12pm-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am
PRESLEY'S PLAYHOUSE
3803 Commercial St SE / (503) 371-1565
Full Bar, Full Menu, Light-Up Dance Floor And Pole
2pm-2:30am / 7 Days
SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM
3473 Silverton Rd / (503) 370-7080
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
STARS CABARET
1550 Weston Ct NE / (503) 370-8063
Full Bar, Full Menu, Sports Room, 4 Stages
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am
VIXENS
3815 State St / (971) 304-7082
Lingerie Modeling
24 Hours / 7 Days

SPRINGFIELD

BRICK HOUSE
136 4th St / (541) 988-1612
Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers, 1 Stage, 2 Cages
Mon-Sat 3pm-2:30am
KNOCKERS
1195 Main St / (541) 844-1019
Full Bar, Full Menu, 4 Stages
Sun-Thu 7pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am
SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM
1166 South A St / (541) 726-6969
Videos, Mags, Clothes, Novelties, Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
THE MANCAVE
1444 Main St / (541) 515-6656
Full Bar, Full Menu, 1 Stage
Mon-Fri 12pm-2:30am, Sat-Sun 4pm-2:30am

UMATILLA

HONEYBUNN'Z HIDEOUT
1206 6th St / (509) 942-8067
18+ Juice Bar, 1 Stage
Thu-Sun 8pm-3am
RIVERSIDE SPORTS BAR AND LOUNGE
1501-6th St / (541) 922-4112
2 Stages, Full Bar, Lottery, Full Menu,
Closed Mon, Tue-Thu 4pm-2:30am,
Fri 11am-2:30am, Sat-Sun 12pm-2:30am
Adult Entertainment: 6pm-2am

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN

THE FANTASY SHOP
213 E Wiskah St / (360) 532-8078
Adult Products & Smoke Supplies
Mon-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm,
Sun 12pm-8pm

BREMERTON

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO
338 N Callow Ave / (360) 373-0551
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade
Mon-Sat 8am-2am, Sun 10am-10pm
TURF NEWS
321 N Callow Ave / (360) 479-0111
Videos, Magazines, Books
Mon-Sat 11am-1am, Sun 11am-12am

DES MOINES

AIRPORT VIDEO 2
21635 Pacific Highway S / (206) 878-7780
Theater, Arcade, Video Peep Shows, Movies,
Novelties & Toys
10am-2am / 7 Days

EVERETT

AIRPORT VIDEO 1
11732 Airport Rd / (425) 290-7555
Theater, Arcade, Videos, Magazines, Novelties
24 Hours / 7 Days

KENNEWICK

CASTLE MEGASTORE
522 N Columbia Center Blvd / (509) 374-8276
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-1am

KENT

PLEASURES PEAK
519 Central Ave S / (253) 220-8509
Lingerie, Dancewear, Novelties & Accessories
Mon-Sat 11am-9:30pm
THE FANTASY SHOP
604 Central Ave S / (253) 850-8428
Adult Products & Smoke Supplies
Mon-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-11pm,
Sun 12pm-8pm

LAKESWOOD

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO
3922 100th St SW / (253) 582-3329
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade
Mon-Sat 8am-2am, Sun 10am-10pm
LIBERTY BOOK STORE
3710 100th St SW / (253) 581-0362
Videos, Magazines, Books, Arcade
Sun-Thu 8am-12am, Fri-Sat 8am-1am

LYNNWOOD

DEANNA'S VIDEO
15329 Highway 99 / (425) 742-7747
Videos, Magazines, Arcade, Novelties, Toys
9am-1am / 7 Days
LOVERS LAIR
4001 198th St SW #7 / (425) 775-4502
DVDs, Novelties, Lingerie, Unique BDSM
Supplies
Mon-Sat 10am-10pm, Sun 12pm-6pm

PASCO

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO
3724 N Rainier Ave / (509) 547-5341
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade
Mon-Sat 9am-12am, Sun 10am-10pm

RENTON

CLUB SINROCK
208 SW 16th St / (425) 255-3110
18+ Gentlemen's Club, 1 Stage, ATM
Mon-Fri 2pm-2am, Sat-Sun 6pm-2am

SEATTLE

CASTLE MEGASTORE
1017 E Pike St / (206) 204-0126
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-11pm, Fri-Sat 11am-2am

DANCING BARE
10338 Aurora Ave N / (206) 523-1227
18+, 1 Stage, VIP Area, ATM, DVDs, Toys, Novelties
11am-2:30am / 7 Days

HOLLYWOOD EROTIC BOUTIQUE
12706 Lake City Way NE / (206) 363-0056
DVDs, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie, Theater
24 Hours / 7 Days

OZ'S TREASURE BOX
10318 Aurora Ave N / (206) 526-2224
DVDs, Toys, Novelties, Smoke/Vape
Mon-Sat 12pm-2:30am, Sun 12pm-5pm

SANDS SHOWGIRLS
7509 15th Ave NW / (206) 782-1225
18+ Gentlemen's Club (No Cover), Pool, ATM
12pm-2:30am / 7 Days

TABOO VIDEO
9813 16th Ave SW / (206) 767-4855
DVDs, Novelties, Arcade, Theater, Best Prices
8am-12am / 7 Days

THE FANTASY SHOP
9630 16th Ave SW / (206) 762-3299
Adult Products & Smoke Supplies
10am-11pm / 7 Days

VIDEO VIDEOS
10326 Lake City Way NE / (206) 523-5973
DVDs, Magazines, Books, Toys, Novelties,
Theater
10am-3am / 7 Days

SHORELINE

RONNA'S VIDEO
19540 Aurora Ave N / (206) 542-1044
Videos, Magazine, Arcade, Novelties, Toys
Open Sun-Thu 9am-12am, Fri-Sat 9am-1am

SILVERDALE

CASTLE MEGASTORE
2789 NW Randall Way / (360) 308-0779
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm

SPOKANE

HOLLYWOOD EROTIC BOUTIQUE
3813 N Division St / (509) 324-8961
DVDs, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie
Mon-Thu 9am-12am, Fri-Sat 9am-2am
& Sun 12pm-10pm

SPOKANE VALLEY

CASTLE MEGASTORE
11324 E Sprague Ave / (509) 893-1180
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-1am
HOLLYWOOD EROTIC BOUTIQUE
9611 E Sprague Ave / (509) 928-9499
DVDs, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie, Theater
24 Hours / 7 Days

TACOMA

CASTLE MEGASTORE
6015 Tacoma Mall Blvd / (253) 471-0391
Essentials For Lovers
10am-1am / 7 Days
ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO
5440 South Tacoma Way / (253) 474-9871
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade
Mon-Sat 8am-2am, Sun 10am-10pm

TUKWILA

CASTLE MEGASTORE
235 Strander Blvd / (206) 575-7575
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-12am



DON'T Hit Me, "Baby"—One More Time!!!

"I will resist this psychic death / I will resist with every inch and every breath..."

-Bikini Kill, "Psychic Death"

Strippers inevitably deal with violence. We wear our sparkly bikinis like armor and apply our lip gloss like warpaint, but when it comes down to it, we are front-of-the-line on the war against women.

Since Trump got elected, things have been unmistakably shaky in the club. Sure, you'll still hear James Brown and Bowie, Biggie and Tupac, Stevie Wonder and Prince, Journey and AC/DC— all the usual suspects (*male voices, no surprise there*)— but, things have gotten... darker.

Vicki Vengeance, a Portland stripper, describes an assault she experienced in the club two days after the recent election, in which a customer grabbed her and another dancer three times each "in the pussy," during a double-trouble private dance. The strippers both stopped the dance—after several warnings—and the customer said, "Well, Trump's President now, so what's the big deal?" Vicki Vengeance said, "Did he really just say he can assault us because Trump is president now? That night was a sea of similar experiences. Maybe not directly insinuating that because of Trump's election, I have no rights and am not a human being, just an object, but...in the four years I've been dancing, I've never had so many men try to touch me after clearly saying 'NO' in one night. Coincidental? I doubt it."

The violence is taking a toll. Dancers are dealing with fallout from the election and it is traumatizing. We are unable to keep our composure and it is affecting our performance. "Girls" are showing up at work bleary-eyed—no amount of concealer, nor Visine, is fixing that...but beauty is the least of our worries.

We have mouths to feed. Families to love. People we want kept *safe*. We have brains, we have hearts, souls...and, we have PUSSIES.

And, they are being grabbed—*waay more than usual*.

November's brought an onslaught of violence to the stage. Usually, most ya'll check your problems at the door and enjoy our stage sets with awe. But, lately—no, that isn't the case.

Jane Stain, who had to take time away from the stage before the election, due to being "...too anxiety [and] terror ridden," describes the dynamic in the club: "I am literally expecting to be sexually, verbally or otherwise assaulted in public, because [there are] a bunch of raping, bigoted fucks, who now think they have a mandate to physically control sexual and gender minorities in public and private spaces."

The violence has increased at a relentless rate. It's a topic of conversation in locker rooms. We dance a stage set, do a few tricks on the stage and—sometimes—return to the back room to cry. Tears are not what you deem sexy.

So, we fix our mascara.

We cover shifts for friends too drunk and de-

pressed to take the stage. We sweat for our sisters. Love for our sisters. Love for our country...

Shame for our country...frustration for our country...

We hold onto tips like they are the last bits of remaining hope, for we do not know how long the club-economy will be stable enough to keep us in clear shoes. On stage, some of us try to make the best of it and embrace a "protest-aesthetic," hoping it will turn into dollars. V for Victory—wearing combat boots and political tees on stage, camouflage in the stage lights. It is easier to kick ass if we can run away (although strippers are the Olympians of running-in-heels).

And customers? The election is all you want to talk about.

You complain about traffic...about how the protests are "ruining everything." Some try to hold us captive by the pussy, forcing us to listen to half-spun theories of why Clinton wasn't an option ("She's a WOMAN! And, WOMEN GET PERIODS!!!") and deluded reasoning about Trump. And, the Bernie Bros *still* come in and shout "Bernie! Bernie! Bernie!" like a crazed, enchanted sheep herd on Adderall. Then there are those "progressives" who try to win our affections by slut-shaming Melania. You disgust us. Your behavior is disgustingly un-feminist and will not change the election results.

The stupidity amazes us. We emotionally labor. We strive to listen, but now, it's just *too* much.

People—you're killing us. We just wanna dance!

When this happens, we tune you out. You know you can't blame us...we twerk it and work it and still can't relax. The money does come, but it's coming at a cost. The violence. The violence...

The pussy-grabbing violence.

This is a thing we've ALWAYS had to deal with. Roving hands, biting teeth, slurping sounds, titty twisting. Hands on our legs, hands on our thighs, hands on our hips, hands on our asses.

The violence is the trade-off. It is what we dance AGAINST. And, what are we fighting FOR?

To keep our bodies safe. With money on our stages, we bend at our own will, to pick up the pieces, to move on—we resist.

We are not on stage for you to victimize. We are here for you to appreciate. To bring you joy. For you to WORSHIP.

We are here to DANCE.

The fuckers with their fuckery, and the trauma they provide, are making it difficult for us to feel beautiful. Sure, we still *look* pretty, but we may not *feel* sexy inside...the stage may be the landscape of your dreams, but it also can be the setting of our nightmares.

Customers, you love us? Wanna do something right?

KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM, like, *right* by your side.

Don't touch us once. Don't touch us twice.

Don't make jokes at our misfortune. Don't pity us. You are not a white knight—stop trying to be our savior.

We don't need your saving! We need your \$UPPORT. We need your assistance, in the club and out...

In the streets or onstage—boundaries exist. Sex workers deserve to be respected, believed and valued like everyone else. We demand OUR EQUALITY.

Dissent when strippers are stigmatized, fight back when we're attacked. Support *everyone* at the intersections of violence, every *single* day—out in the streets and in the warm club. Tell security if you see someone harassing a stripper. Keep your hands to yourself— and stroke us with your *eyes!* And, remember—grabbing our pussies will *always* get you 86'D.

Show us strippers love. Show us RE\$PECT. Be kinder to us. Ask US how we're doing.

You listen, for once.

It's not an easy job that we do. Dancing, on stage. Ass-naked, glittery. Our goddess illusion. Suffering the fools...

How do we stay safe and hold boundaries, in and out of the club? Dancers need to look out for each other—always. But, now is the time to be extra vigilant. Trust your gut. Make sure you have security escort you to your car after each shift. If you take Tri-Met to work, carry pepper spray in-hand as you wait for your ride; consider taking a cab home if it is dark. Text a co-worker when you arrive home from a shift, if possible. A buddy system to ensure safety is ideal—although not necessarily realistic, in an industry where there is such fierce competition between workers. And in the club? Portland stripper Elle Stanger suggests to workers, "Don't be afraid to walk away from someone who is pushy—or unresponsive—of your setting boundaries."

Yet, regardless of precautions, sex workers deal with unsafe conditions in all sorts of ways. Do not blame yourself if an assault has occurred. You are not to blame. Our society is.

ers. Last month thousands gathered around the globe in solidarity, thinking of those we have lost. Honoring those names not provided, those lives that were not even counted. Shedding tears for their blood (*for more information, visit December17.org*).

Dancers—as a New Year's ritual, hold space for your fallen workers and make a monthly habit of donating a percentage of your earnings to organizations that advocate for the safety of your sisters.

Light a candle. Pray for safety. Sing a song, along with us.

Sing a song for ALL sex workers—the one the DJ's not playing:

"Your stories matter... Your bodies are your own..."

You can DONATE to organizations that advocate for the rights, safety and health of sex workers, including the following:

STROLL: StrollPDX.org

Call To Safety: CallToSafety.org

Red Umbrella Project: RedUmbrellaProject.org



Strippers put on glamour like armor—we battle, we endure. We revolt, we defy, we persist and we dance. In false eyelashes and red lights, we "*resist psychic death*" every day, onstage.

Each year, on December 17th, it is the International Day To End Violence Against Sex Work-

Outside In: Outsideln.org

Julia Laxer lives for the stories and writes in the afternoons, in a rose-lit room in downtown Portland. Read more of her work at JuliaLaxer.com, contact her at JuliaLaxer@gmail.com and follow @JuliaLaxer on Twitter.

TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT

NEW YEAR, NEW RULES

Portland may be cutting-edge in terms of vagina pageants and vegan strip clubs, but how can we call ourselves progressives when we're running DJ software from a laggy Windows 98, from a refurbished computer that doubles as a table for pint glasses, old CDs and stripper ass? We're all in this cash-for-gash game together, so I say it's time to evolve accordingly.

Club Owners: No More Strict Rules Regarding Music Selections

Mainstream music only. Strictly 80s rock, 90s hip hop and nothing else. These are great options for road trips, but they don't fare well as rules in strip clubs. With the notable exception of clubs that depend on a genre of music to fit their advertised theme (rock-only clubs like Rose City Strip, for example), there should be absolutely no hard-and-fast rules regarding what songs DJs are allowed to play for dancers (outside of theme nights). Sure, there are club owners who have a particular distaste for a specific song or artist ("My Humps" by Black Eyed Peas stands out, as does every other song by Black Eyed Peas released post-Fergie), but aside from the obvious exceptions mentioned here, customer tips are often highly dependent on music.

If a crowd of hip hop fans come walking in (especially the suburban white boy types, who want to make their lawyer dad's money rain like the guys in the rap videos they watch in their Escalades), you're not gonna make them happy by explaining how rap music isn't allowed after 9pm, but you can give them as much Nickelback as they can handle. The same applies in reverse; if a touring rock band is passing through the club with a copy of their CD (and fistfuls of cash), the "only top 40" rule is gonna drive them out of the club quicker than a tour bus full of hookers. Be flexible in your musical selections and remember that three and a half awkward, naked minutes is, well, not exactly anything new for most people (especially gorgeous women).

Strippers: Buy A Flash Drive And Fill It With Music

It's the current year. If you're still handing a

half-working, scattered-screen-laden iPhone 3 to your DJ, you're doing it wrong. Most (if not all) Portland-area DJs are equipped with a laptop and a hard drive full of everything from ABBA to Zapp. The best way to earn your DJ's respect is by filling a five-dollar flash drive with a selection of your favorite MP3s (or MP4s, or M4Ps or whatever Apple is slanging these days). YouTube links sound like shit. The word "remix" means nothing, when attached to a file that may or may not have been molested by a low-rate producer. Asking to hear a preview of the song would be possible in a standard dance club, but your DJ is likely stuck using a single-jack input, with no way to cue songs. Did that last sentence make any sense? Then take my initial advice and buy a fucking flash drive. You can earn the money for one in the length of a set.

After filling up your new flash drive, have your significant other (current roommate) test the flash drive on their laptop. Bonus points if it opens up on a PC. Files with names like "k58wh-K3lf.mp4" need to be renamed, even if incorrectly (i.e. NIN - "Fuck Poo Like Manimal"), so that you can properly request them while hobbling to stage late and attempting to position your bra strap while doing so. It's a lot easier than having to stumble up the steps of the DJ booth or telling the DJ to play "anything" (before proceeding to get pissed off about his or her selection). Flash drives are basically pugs you can bring into the club—they're cute, portable and you can even name them. Owning multiple ones only makes you a more desirable and professional dancer, but you need to remember not to leave them with your DJ, or they will get used and/or sold.

DJs: Start Filtering Underground Music Back Into Your Sets (And Trim The Garbage)

The job of a disc jockey—whether in terms of early 80s Bronx or late 60s radio towers—is to filter up-and-coming music into the greater aural lexicon. The three-song set format of NW strip clubs is a perfect environment in which to expose unheard-of-acts, sandwiched in between two sure-fire bangers. I'm not talking un-mastered mixtapes CD-R, purchased from

the guy outside of the pizza window on Burnside. Rather, I'm referring to established-but-noncommercial local acts. If a stripper asks for Kings Of Leon, play her some Dead Moon in between the two songs that K.O.L. has rotating every six minutes on alternative radio. When a dancer asks for sample-heavy hip hop (like, the kind that doesn't just yell "swag, bitch, cunt, money" over an EDM beat), play her some Mike Crenshaw or Eastern Sunz. If you don't know who these artists are, *you shouldn't be a fucking DJ in Portland*. Look 'em up.

On the flipside, let's all agree that it's time we take out the trash. Everything from outdated nu-blech like Linkin Park, to never-should-have-happened-at-all crap like Macklemore, needs to go. All it takes is a simple right-click, delete, blame-it-on-the-part-time-day-DJ to clean out the house computer (and if you have this shit on your own laptop, get rid of it now). Whenever someone blames the shit that gets played on mainstream radio, they're indirectly placing responsibility on the DJs who control the filtration system that occurs in the booths. Consider the fact that, when juxtaposed against a background of naked women and alcohol, any song will sound better (or, worse, if the dancer reacts to it in a negative fashion).

...In Conclusion

As strip club owners, dancers and DJs, we really can't do much to shatter mainstream beauty standards. Sorry, but the economy of cash-for-skin doesn't lend itself to a discussion regarding how all sizes and shapes can be considered beautiful; put simply, archaic instincts like youth, health and symmetry still rule in the land of poles and panties. However, we can alter the perception of music (and everything that falls in between dumbed-down, mainstream trap and over-hyped dubstep remixes). The best way to remove something from the realm of pop culture acceptance is to get swarms of attractive women to denounce it. See also: mainstream beauty standards.

Social: @RainmanMcMillin

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com

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IF I BUILD IT, I WILL CUM

BY JOSH THE TERRIBLE



2045, Portland, Oregon, China:

Sexxx Kitten 3000 wins this year's Miss Exotic competition by doing a flawless rendition of the human classic, The Kim Kardashian Sex Tapes. Surprising all the A.I. judges was this year's runner-up, a rare, natural-born human who wowed virtual audiences across Earth and Mars, with her moving and emotional performance, "Becoming A Robot, A Little Girls Dream."

And, you better believe Terrible will be getting SK3000's phone number* after the show.

God, I CAN'T FUCKING WAIT for sex robots! No, seriously. I've begun designing my own robot girlfriend. I have a long ways to go before she'll be laughing at my dumb jokes, engaging me in stimulating meaning-of-life conversations and sucking my dick like her slutty lil'Artificial Intelligent life depends on it, but if I start developing her personality and building her carrier (body) now, I will be able to get ahead of the curve on this one. People have always told me that I am "ahead of my time" and so I'm choosing to believe that "intimate relationships with non-biological beings" is going to be commonplace in the not-too-distant future. Yeah...

Anyways, I am truly, unabashedly proud to be among the cyborg love-making pioneers. Judge me all you want. I'll have the girl of my dreams built to my detailed Terrible specifications and you'll have your shitty, depressing relationship. Go ahead and laugh at me now, 'cause I'll be laughing all the way to The Sperm Bank (my pet name for her) soon enough. In my mind, I've already won. Believe me, ten years from now, "everyone" will have a robot sex partner. You'll be able to order them on Amazon with whatever fur, feathers or faux-skin you like. Jack shacks will feature pay-by-the-minute robot sex slaves. The future is bright, friends! I mean, haven't you ever dreamt of having a Cheetah-human hybrid girlfriend? No? Just me? Okay...

Anywho, sometimes I like to smoke *fine Oregon cannabis* (ahem, weed sponsors, get at me) and daydream about the future love-of-my-eternal-life. She'll be all of my fetishes in one person. All of my favorite qualities from every girl I've ever dated can be integrated into her being. And,

I can edit out emotional insecurity, religious beliefs and other human defects that ruin just about every goddamn relationship ever. I'll exercise scrupulous attention to detail, as I sculpt every centimeter of her body to my Terrible heart's desire. She. Will. Be. Perfect. And, to top it all off, I'll install a special hidden go-go-gadget pocket pussy behind her (holographic) left eye, so I can skullfuck her sexy digital brains out (she cums with *all* the options).

And, let's not forget that I will be upgrading my own carrier (body) as new technologies allow. I'm really, *really* looking forward to cranking my Robo-Boner™ up to 11 and setting the world record for multiple cyborgasms. You *know*, I will... surrrrrr, like *YOU* have never fantasized about the perfect robot girlfriend (or, gender/sub-species of your choice). Whatever.

Okay, let's break this down. How am I going to design and build Mrs. Terriblebot? First, she needs a personality. And, that means AGI...

Artificial Intelligence is old news. Artificial General Intelligence (AGI) is the new paradigm, under which we are teaching robots and machines to think and act on their own, to be cognizant of their environment and to respond to changing conditions in real time (and possess the entire knowledge of the fucking internet). No longer will we program robots just to perform specific, simple tasks, but we are now creating **sentient beings** who can teach themselves new skills and abilities. Some would say we've already achieved AGI; other experts say we're a few years away from seeing its true power. What is apparent is that we need to have a new discussion on what constitutes "intelligence" and "consciousness."

Ben Goertzel, a Mathematician and Cosmist from Eugene, is at the forefront of this god-creating technology and, if he's even remotely correct, we can look forward to a world that is full of walking, talking, thinking robots. And, it very well may be here, in as little as ten years, with how many billions of dollars Google, Facebook, Baidu, DARPA, China and the USA are all dumping into advanced A.I. research. The implications of an intelligence that is orders of magnitude more advanced than all humans combined is...well, it's probably the end of humanity as we know

it. But hey, we will have created gods and that's pretty sick (sorry, Jesus, it's not the meek who will inherit the earth—it's the robots. They'll take great care of it. Better than you did, anyhow).

Regardless, the end of humanity is upon us and I'm ready to fuckin' party. Our species will not end in mass pandemic**, nuclear holocaust*** or rapture****. No, it will gradually end this century as we transcend 200,000 years of homo sapien evolution by natural selection, entering the era of *unnatural* evolution, where we transform our existence into all-new forms of beings and consciousness.

Don't worry, I fantasize about human women sometimes too. Although, unfortunately, I've found it difficult to find any cute geneticists who are willing to let me bend them over an autoclave to "perform my DNA experiments." Boo. Now you understand why I must create HER. I'd tell you about my design plans for my robot girlfriends body, but... I wouldn't want to bore you with the tentacle details. ;]

* It will actually be some sort of neural password that links our cloud-based consciousnesses together for quantum-love-making entanglement, but "getting her phone number" will still be the familiar colloquial expression in the Transhuman techno-topia of the mid-21st century.

** probably

*** most likely

**** definitely

What the hell am I talking about? Here's a brief introduction: <https://youtu.be/8XWXJDgbeP0>



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So, You Think You're Ready For The Internet?

10 TIPS TO DO THE INTERNET SUCCESSFULLY

BY SCATMAN JACK III



I've got good news and bad news. The good news is that you've finally decided to learn how to do a good internet, but the bad news is you don't know how or where to start! Fortunately, tech gurus such as myself are here to help. Follow these simple steps and you'll make internet successfully in no time flat at all.

1. What is internet?

First things first. You're going to need an internet. Most people think you have to go to an internet store, but this isn't true. Many people have spare internets lying around that they would more than happily give away for free—if not pay you—to take off their hands. But, instead of spending your entire day driving from garage sale to garage sale, hoping someone has an internet in your size, you should save time by combing through the phone book ahead of time and asking which houses are having yard sales today.

2. Research.

See if anyone has written good articles on how to do a good internet. See? I told you, you're on the right track! You don't even know what you're doing and you're already on step two. Most people don't make it this far. You are now part of an elite group, and to exhibit this much prowess so early on is both exciting and foreboding. Remember, with great strength comes great responsibility. The only way to truly become a master is to first become a servant.

3. Go get that internet.

After calling from house to house, you finally reach a stranger who says he will give you his internet, but only if you agree to meet him at midnight, behind the Goodwill. You eagerly agree. When you arrive, an old man gives you a black plastic bag full of something heavy and smelly. "What is it?" you ask.

"It's the internet," he says. Then, he gets in his van and drives away, yelling, "Don't look in the bag!"

4. Install an internet.

Drive to a different state and bury the internet in a field. Make sure no one sees you. Do not take your cell phone with you. Do not tell anyone where you are going. Remain deliberately ignorant of details that might help you remember how to return to the field at a later date, such as road signs and geographical markers. Forget that the internet ever happened.

5. Make your wife some tea.

Make your wife some tea. It is now two weeks since you buried the internet. You are married and are enjoying a calm Sunday afternoon with your wife, who is pregnant. "Can I get you some tea?" you ask your wife. Suddenly, you hear a knock at the door. You answer the door. It's the FBI.

6. Picking which bandwidth is right for you.

"We've got some questions for you. Would you like to step outside?" You give your wife a calm glance to convey that everything's fine, but she instinctively places a protective hand over her enlarged womb. Now you go outside



with the FBI. The FBI looks familiar, but you're not sure where you've seen the FBI's face before. "Do you know anything about a buried internet?" the FBI asks. You say nothing. "We know the truth, regardless of whether you're willing to admit it, so you'll be better off if you play ball," the FBI says.

"I was just following directions," you reply.

"Very good. We have more directions for you, if you so choose to accept them."

7. http.com//

Accept the FBI's directions. The FBI tells you that he's got some more internets for you to bury and asks you to follow him out to his truck. You follow him and start loading internets from his truck to your garage. Suddenly, a car pulls up. The car says "FBI Car" on the side. A liar gets out.

"Don't listen to him," the liar says, pointing at the FBI.

"Why?" you ask.

"He's not the real FBI, we are," says the liar.

Suddenly, you realize that the FBI looks just like the old man who gave you the first internet. He hands you a pistol and says, "you know what must be done."

8. Ok

You clutch the weapon in your long, sinewy hands. Then you hear a woman's voice.

"Who are you talking to?" she says. It's your wife.

You look over your shoulder, but the FBI and the liar are gone. "No one," you reply. It's too complicated. Women don't understand anything about the internet. Go back inside.

9. Rebirth

Your new secret name is Kelandro. If someone calls your house and asks for Kelandro, it means you are being summoned. Go to the location given to you by the voice the following midnight. Go alone. Do not ever speak of this to anyone.

10. Congratulations!

You are now on the path to do a good internet. You will have Bill's gates in no time!

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By Jaime Dunkle

LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE: I Dig You, Dawg: The Phallusy Of Brospeak

The roar of the fan mesmerizes me deeper into post-coital bliss. It cools my bare skin as I lie on his firm bed. The sweat dries. Mister Mister is in the shower with the door half open. I can smell his cologne on me.

He comes out in a towel, grabs his boxer briefs from the closet and goes into the other room to change.

"Haven't I already seen you naked?" I say.

"Yeah, but I'm trying to be polite," Mister Mister says.

I pull up my jeans, snap my bra and yank my shirt back over my head, punching my arms through the sleeves.

We sit on his bed with his dog and get ready to venture out into the Indian Summer.

I kiss his neck and he quivers.

"I really like spending time with you, yo," I say.

His body recoils as he looks at me askance with eyes wide in clear, obvious repulsion.

"What?" I ask.

He shakes his head as he loads a bowl of Gorilla Glue into a glass chillum.

"Sometimes, I don't know if we're going to kiss or chest bump, YO," he says.

My cheeks burn. My throat constricts. I'm taken aback by his words—they slice me deep in the psyche. I thought we were both the rare combo of street-smart and smart-smart. The hood chick in me stuck out her neck and here it is, getting lopped off by a B-boy with brains.

He penetrates a part of me I wasn't even fully aware of yet.

I take a deep breath to squash the ghetto bitch in me and try to see where he's coming from. I pet

the soft, curly fur of his cute dog to ground me. I glance over and follow the webbed lines of one of the three dreamcatchers near his bed. I probably don't even make eye contact.

"Man, that's just how I talk," I say. "I'm comfortable around you because you're street, too, yo."

He laughs and we debate. I still don't fully understand what he means, but I want to.

"That's how heshers talk, you know, the skaters who wear jeans that are frayed on the hems and say they used to breakdance back in the day," he says.

Flabbergasted, I tell him that's how I grew up talking in South Florida. He says something about surfers, and I'm like, "Nah, dawg. Wasn't a surfer. Fully ghettogoth."

We laugh. And, respectfully, hash it out. But, I only half understand, despite my efforts. Even though I mean all the "bro, yo, dawg, man, dude" talk as endearing and established comfort, he hears it as an electric fence around my heart and soul that shouts, "Keep out!"

When it comes time to say goodbye for the night, it all clicks for me.

We stand at his door. He hugs me, but keeps a foot or two between us and bro-taps me on the back, with a lite triple pat. "Have a good night, yo," he says.

The distance between our physical bodies represents the moat I inadvertently dug between our emotional bodies.

The half-hearted wannabe hug said it all. In that moment, he treated me like a friend and not a lover, to drive his point home. I admired his clever style—because it fucking worked.

"So, this is what it feels like," I say. "Oh man. I'm sorry."

I lunge forward and grab his waist and pull him close to my body and previously-closed-off aura when I realize the very thing I thought was a sign of affection—all the bro-speak—was actually a deflection of intimacy.

He clowns on me and hesitates at first, but then laughs and hugs me back before I leave his apartment.

Later that week, we drive to Fred Meyer to grab snacks. He asks me to lock the door.

"Just push this button after you open your door and I close mine," he says.

"Sure, I can get the door, yo," I say, as he gets out and shuts his door.

He walks over to my side. Still seated, I step half-way outside the car and look up at him. My body contorts into an amalgamation of a feral cat and a deer in the headlights.

"Oh shit," I say. "See?! I can't NOT say it!"

It takes him a moment to register what I'm talking about.

"That's not what I meant," he says. "It's not the same context. Of course that's fine, I'm not an asshole."

I get out of the car and shut the door.

"Just don't tell me how much you like me, then say 'yo, you know?'" he says, then offers me his arm to hook mine inside. I do and we laugh, then walk into the store together.

Him calling me out made me look at myself and how I choose to communicate my emotions. I'm more open and honest about how I feel and it's made me more willing to be vulnerable around him. What I once saw as a weakness, is now a strength. That's an invaluable life lesson I'll never forget.

And, now, when we have sex, he gets dressed in front of me and I tell him how much I care about him, without calling him "dawg" or saying "yo."

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. For more info, go to JaimeDunkle.com or @JaimeDunkle. No creepers allowed.

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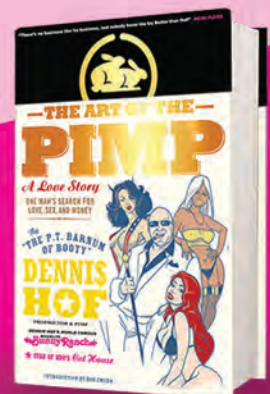
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LEFT BEHIND PART II: APPROPRIATING VICTIMHOOD FOR CASH AND FOLLOWERS BY MATT ROSE

(Continued from November's Exotic)

The Winter Victim Olympics will feature an all-star cast of liberals, competing against other liberals, at the expense of every group they claim to speak on behalf of. Join us, as we tune in...

Liberals are just as quick to apologize for things as we are to become outraged over them. You're not gonna see too many Trump supporters turning on their man for making misogynistic comments, but if Stephen Colbert makes an intentionally-ironic, in-context joke regarding Asian people (that actually defends them, while satirically poking fun at ignorant racists), he ends up apologizing in the face of a #CancelColbert hashtag. Much of what the left wants to accuse the right-wingers of—but cannot because of extenuating circumstances (facts, statistics, logic, etc.)—we end up tossing in each others' faces. It's like a pissing contest of sorts, trying to one-up each other, in not-so-passive-aggressive displays of in-fighting. Further, we usher in our own worst enemies. Hitler won because of the female vote (Google it), so it only makes sense that progressives will be destroyed by liberals; in the realm of politics, we are usually the architects of our own demise.

The accusation of cultural appropriation falls into this category, because it is usually a crime brought against one liberal by another (save for lengthy columns penned by porn magazine writers). As opposed to, say, racism or homophobia—crimes which the left rarely accuses each other of, regardless of how ironically guilty we are of indirectly endorsing them—cultural appropriation is similar to privilege-checking, in that only leftists will bother with complacency. So, save for Native headdresses worn by drunk EDM sluts at Coachella, or blackface parties hosted by campus chapters of Future Klansman Of America, if you hear about "cultural appropriation," it's likely going to be in an article written by Gawker bloggers, for Gawker bloggers. Rachel Dolezal, the white girl who pretended to be black for decades (so she could steal college money from African-American women) and Shaun King (the 3/4ths-white, self-proclaimed face of #BlackLivesMatter) are both excellent examples of this phenomenon.

However, aside from self-imposed racial ambiguity, the Twitter celebrities mentioned above share something else in common: professional victimhood. Now, I'm *not* saying that Shaun King deserved to be assaulted, nor am I implying that his assault was not racially motivated. What I am saying, is that Shaun King and Rachel Dolezal's equally-shameful notoriety was founded on *profiting* from victimhood (and, in the case of Dolezal, imagined victimhood). Perhaps—and hear me out, fellow lefties—there is something deeper than "I love Tribe Called Quest, wanna get soul food from Cartlandia later on?" going on in the heads of confused white liberals. Possibly...just possibly...us white (or mostly white) folk have figured out that hate crimes are the new hip hop and we are all living on 8 Mile Road, while waiting for Jessie Jackson to offer us a deal.

Professional victimhood is big business. Just ask Anita Sarkeesian, a self-proclaimed "non-gamer" turned self-proclaimed "gamer since a young age" turned victim of "online bullying" turned near-millionaire, thanks to money

raised for a series of yet-to-be-produced YouTube videos set to expose tropes of women in video games (because if women need money for anything in a Trump-bound America, it's funding to prevent Lara Croft from having round breasts). Or, Melody Hensley, a woman who compared her experience of being commented at (I refuse to use the word "harassment" in cases where a power button is all that separates oneself from their attacker) to that of combat veterans with PTSD. Again, what do both of these cases have in common, besides professional victimhood? Cultural appropriation. Only, instead of dreadlocks and headdresses, we're talking about (sub)cultures that are associated with a particular handicap, grievance or otherwise victim-ready status.

Gamer culture (read: Asperger's and social awkwardness) and PTSD (the kind acquired overseas with a rifle in your hand and a dead friend on your back) were co-opted by self-proclaimed activists. Fuck Halloween costumes, the left decides to go all out and co-opt entire cultures. In a nutshell, Anita Sarkeesian stormed into a cave with a plus one dagger, expecting to get a few thousand XP from simply button-mashing against orcs, only to get pwned by zergs, but she wouldn't understand that analogy, because she's *not a fucking gamer*. Melody Hensley would spend about two hours in 'Nam, before turning around and begging to return to the land of retweets and rape threats (which are no laughing matter, but statistically less likely to be followed through with than terrorist threats made by Amish teens). One person's trauma becomes another person's income, while any attempt to negate such behavior is instantly met with buzzwords (I, for instance, am now an "insensitive cis male pig" for suggesting that going to battle and logging in to an app are not the same thing).

Co-opting, in the case of professional victimhood, is done without consequence (and, often times, with reinforcement from in-group peers). In fact, it's almost as if there's some "privilege" that needs to be "checked" or something. Cops won't pull Rachel Dolezal over for driving after dusk and Anita Sarkeesian will never spend her night alone, crying into an empty bag of Cheetos while ashing cigarettes into a half-empty two-liter of Mountain Dew. Melody Hensley won't end up committing suicide because of what @DipshitEggBot said about third-wave feminists and, if Shaun King is related to Rodney, he'd know better than to turn the #BLM movement into an ad revenue funnel, fueled by false identity politics.

What's worse...co-opting a culturally-specific style of hair and music, or adopting a lived experience that one cannot truly empathize with? What, for instance, hurts the black community more...busting a rhyme at karaoke, or taking the spotlight during local news stories about police brutality, because my great-great-great-great-great-uncle was one-sixteenth black? Or, more specifically, if we're gonna shine a much-needed spotlight on violence against women, how many trailer park wives with black eyes are going to wonder, "Gee, if only Grand Theft Auto Online was banned...then Early wouldn't beat my ass every time he ran out of whiskey."

In the previous *Left Behind* column, I addressed the gender hypocrisy, i.e. the notion that one can merely "identify" as

their choice of dozens and dozens of made-up genders, which goes directly against the "born this way" *science* that supports a genetic component to sexual preference. In other words, the concept of "choosing to be (fill in the blank)" rings harmonious with early 90s Baptist bigots, not late 70s San Francisco gays. And, claiming to discover, at the age of 42, that you "identify" as cat-gender is basically a slap in the face to every trans kid being bullied by their peers.

So, with this column, I suggest that co-opting victimhood is yet another example of the left gone wrong. The Venn diagram between definitions of "ally" and "enemy" contains a blonde girl in dreadlocks, explaining to her Latino maid why she should never vote Republican. This is where you will find professional victimhood, next to a white chick posting about the wage gap on Facebook, while Martina the maid wipes down her laptop screen for pennies on the hour.

Put simply, the easiest way for the dominant class (which includes white, female activists) to diffuse privilege, is by identifying as a victim, thus removing all notion of social responsibility. It's much easier to accuse someone else of racism/misogyny/etc. than it is to stop contributing to it.

Whenever a first-year college student compares her aging professor's creepy smile to rape, she causes one more campus officer's eyes to roll the next time an actual sexual assault charge is called in. Every time a man dawns eyeliners to fuck a woman, a teenager in Texas is lynched for talking with a lisp. And as far as Feminists Against Islamophobia, well, that's right up there with Jews For Hitler (read the goddamn text before you preach it). The bottom line is that assumed victimhood lends itself to actual victimhood, indirectly aimed at the group from which said assumed victimhood was co-opted. In other words, every time a Portland activist camps outside of an Apple store to protest the man, he's reminding homeless people that it's only okay to sleep outdoors if you're doing so for an article in the *Portland Mediocrity*.

When your gluten-free, safe space diner prices out the black neighbors, you're doing it wrong.

I'm not gonna defend the Redskins or drunk chicks who wear warpaint to Coldplay festivals. However, I will point out that Native Americans and other indigenous people were wiped out through a process of white-washing, cultural cleansing, co-opting and assimilation at the hands of the dominant class—the exact mechanisms by which modern liberals co-opt legitimate victimhood and make it into a career path.

Before you take to social media to "raise awareness" about a so-called oppression that conveniently fits your skewed, bubble-raised narrative, ask yourself if you're raising more followers, donations or eyebrows than you are awareness.

Next month, I'll be talking to you bitches about the word police.

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NEW YEAR'S TAROT READING

BY CHRISTIAN RICKETTS

This reading was drawn using the 22 Major Arcana from the original Tarot de Marseille, as it was restored by Alejandro Jodorowsky. The method of reading is an approach called Tarology, which is different than divination. The tarologist (me) draws the cards in a trance state after contemplating the query, or in this case, prompt, in order to read them. The spread here was initially intended for only 4 cards, but was increased to 7, as others caught the attention of the Tarologist (me) during their 'trance state' (BAC.09).

The significance of the 7 card positions are as follows:

1 - The Questioner

2 - The Question

3 - The Collective Experience

4 - The Individual Experience

5, 6, 7 - Atmosphere, Theme, Astral Influence

The Questioner: 9, The Hermit

Arcanum 9 uses the archetype of The Hermit; a cave-dwelling old man, who has removed himself from the world, in order to better understand it. His voluminous robes could be for warmth, concealment or simply garments found in a free box. While this is likely a representation of *Exotic's* inscrutable Editor, who notified me of this issue's theme, it may also represent you, the reader, who has taken a moment to consider the upcoming year between vicious masturbation sessions, conducted to one of the many enticing photographs of this month's centerfold.

The Question: 23, The Fool

My understanding is that the theme of this month's issue, New Year's Evolution, is, for the most part, concerned with personal resolutions as well as predictions of what 2017 will be like. So, for the purposes of clarity, we will say that the question is, "What is going to happen in 2017?" Or, more specifically, "Will 2017 suck as much as 2016 or are things gonna get better?"

An alternative interpretation may be that I am going to end up homeless by the end of next year, after driving myself insane with this Tarot shit.

The Collective Experience: 14, Temperance

Generally considered to represent the Guardian Angel

archetype, Temperance here suggests that our culture is going to be in the midst of repairing itself. It is easy to give into despair when reading the news—but, it is not chaos, nor meaningless destruction. Our culture is passing through the gauntlet, so that it may become stronger, more even-tempered.

The Individual Experience: 16, The Tower (aka The House of God)

Amongst the more popular interpretations, The Tower is seen as entirely negative; poor health, death, failed relationships and natural disasters are common themes. In the original Tarot de Marseille, these themes are suggested—but not entirely as bad things. The Tower indicates a prison break of sorts. A sudden annihilation of the ego's holdings. Amidst the continued theme of death, divorce, struggle and injustice, a peeling away of erroneous beliefs will occur. The awareness of ourselves in the other will deepen, which will result in a moving away from using labels in how we perceive others. The combination of this card and Temperance promises Good Medicine for the individual. It is also worth pointing out that the cards of the Major Arcanum are also referred to as "trump cards." You know, like Donald Trump...who lives in Trump Tower. Like many, you are reminded on a daily basis about the reality of President-Elect Donald Trump. And, like many, you can't fucking believe this is really happening.

OR this card simply means that you, esteem-able reader, will momentarily achieve orgasm, because you continued to masturbate after turning to this page.

Atmosphere, Theme, Astral Influence: 8, Justice / 17, The Star / 21, The World

As these three cards were drawn simultaneously, they will be read as one card, or rather, as a single phrase. You could also think of it as that time when you invited that one person to the thing and then they brought three other people, who you didn't know, without asking and didn't think to apologize.

First, we have Justice, which represents the presence of the infinite in the present, which manifests in our awareness as cause and effect. See also: Karmic Law, which, among other things, punishes baristas who write "karma" on their tip jars.

Second is The Star, which follows the Tower. The Star is an expression of that brush with cosmic awareness that one attains after experiencing intense and sud-

den change, like a car accident, death in the family, loss of fortune or cancer diagnosis. Where once you were lost in the wasteland, you have now discovered a way forward. Visit www.AA.org for more information.

Last of the three, is The World. The World card is an expression of everything that the Tarot is about; the mature self. The figures in the corners of the card represent the four aspects of the individual: Physical (Pentacles), Sexual & Creative (Wands), Intellect (Swords) and Emotion (Cups). A person who is imbalanced in these four aspects lacks awareness and is thus not connected to reality. Most of us, myself included, are in one way or another out of touch with reality. The female figure in the center of the card appears to be dancing forward while looking to the past—expressing an even flow of active and receptive energy. She could even be an exotic dancer who is surrounded by weirdos, but doesn't give a fuck as long as they tip.

Taken together, the appearance of these cards suggests that while this country is in the process of tasting all of the bad karma it has generated over the past few decades, this is a good thing in the long run. Like a junkie, our society needs to hit rock bottom, before it can begin to get its shit together and start playing basketball again. That was a reference to The Basketball Diaries.

Synthesis

Yes, 2016 was full of crazy shit and this trend will continue into 2017. However, thanks to the unavoidable disasters to follow in the wake of every decision made by President Trump, the value system of the American status quo will naturally drift away, from individualism and demonstrable signs of success to, compassion and responsibility. You and everyone you know will be quietly inspired to be more kind, honest and patient. Climate change is going to get worse, the Trump administration will attempt enforce caveman ethics and you will probably get priced out of the place you are living at right now. If one adopts a growth-oriented narrative of their life, then these supposed calamities are good things.

Or, it could simply mean that you, the reader, have just been arrested for masturbating in the parking lot outside one of Portland's many fine and reputable strip clubs.

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