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BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

KIDS SHOWS TEACH AWFUL LESSONS

Children's programming—even the educational stuff—has a nasty habit of teaching kids terrible lessons. I'm not talking about the factual lessons, like spelling and basic arithmetic, à la Sesame Street. I mean, media that tries to instill values, to moralize or to inspire confidence in the young ones, based on false pretenses. Instead of painting a picture of life as it is, the writers of pre-teen entertainment paint a picture of life as they feel it should be—and, there's definitely a disconnect from reality there. I'm not saying kids have to be told that the world's going to shit all over them from day one. But, I am saying that telling them explicitly that it won't, is perhaps just a tad misleading. With that said, I've got some great examples of Terrible Lessons™.

Be Yourself

Are you kidding me? This is probably the first thing anyone unlearns, as soon as they hit school or any other social environment. Many peoples' most horrible memories of childhood, probably revolve around early school experiences—and, for good reason. Children are mercurial, antagonistic and directly critical. You'll know very quickly, what the status quo is, as well as what is (and, is not) acceptable in this tribal culture. This phenomenon continues throughout your school career and into the real world. So, yes, if you want to get picked on at school, fired from jobs and ostracized by your peer group, then by all means, be yourself. A better lesson might be, "Be yourself, only when it doesn't matter who you are."

Your Honesty Will Be Rewarded

Sadly, no—the old lady never gives you a priceless antique for finding her dead husband's lost war medals. The rich guy doesn't give it to you anyway, when you give him back a wad of money he dropped. The bank doesn't let you keep funds that showed up in your account by their mistake, if you tell them. And, the boss won't hand out a promo-

tion, for admitting it was you who committed that anonymous fuck-up. In fact, off the top of my head, I can think of a solid dozen instances wherein it did NOT benefit the honest, and probably that many more, where being deceitful has proven advantageous. Hell, the Trojan War was won by the Greeks crafting an elaborate deception, in order to murder the fucking Trojans. Most of the time, you will not only go unrewarded—but, you will most likely be *punished* for your verity.

Violence Is Never The Answer

In the real world, violence is often the answer. Is it the best answer? No, not always. But, to say it's never the answer is patently absurd, when the entirety of human civilization and progress rests on the shoulders of war and conquest. That said, you can understand why they push this pretty hard in child-oriented entertainment. Kids don't know shit about shit, and telling them that violence solves problems will inevitably lead to them applying it when it doesn't. However, trying to shield people from reality for their own good



never works well and it'd be better to merely frame it in context. Why'd Spongebob sock Mr. Krabs in the dick? Well...he had shit coming. That's right, kids. He. Had. Shit. Coming.

Bad Guys Are Dumb, Ugly, Mean And Crazy

In real life, not only is the notion of "bad guy" rather subjective since life isn't black-and-white, but even people near-universally regarded as "bad," aren't usually hideous-looking, comically inept fools. Let's use Josef Stalin as an example: he was charismatic, cunning and competent. While he was about

as close as one gets to a real-life Cobra Commander (actually, that's probably Saddam Hussein) and certainly just as megalomaniacal, he was by no means a bumbling idiot, nor did he have a terribly grotesque appearance. Same with serial killer Ted Bundy, who was extremely sharp-minded and thought of as a charming, handsome person...in fact, this was *how* he got close to many of his victims.

Kids Can Fight Adults And Win

Hahaha...no. No. Just no. Contrary to what *Home Alone* and similar entertainment might lead you to believe, kid, you are not only physically outclassed by most adults, but mentally outclassed as well. If someone wants you got, they're going to get you, unless you run—and, run fast. I'm sure it's confidence-inspiring, to see "kid power" scenarios played out for your amusement. But, in the real world, children are just so much tender meat. The big negatory also goes to the old rambunctious-youth-defeat-stodgy-totalitarians trope, wherein the hip kids conquer a seemingly rule-crazy adult institution by breaking all those rules and showing their masters that life is fun in the end—a delightful fantasy, but we call adults who try that sort of thing "inmates." Life is not fun in the end.

The Power Of Heart Is Useful

Sorry, Ma-Ti, your power is worthless. Oh, you can use your magic ring to make colobus monkeys buttfuck each other? Great. How about by the time they get to you, after all the decent powers have been tried, just shut your hole and skip to summoning Captain Planet, okay? The writers probably had to do twice the normal amount of drugs when they needed to figure out how to work that garbage into an episode.

There you go. A fat sack of horrible things kids learn, as a biproduct of the crap they view. Suddenly, I'm finding myself wishing there was a cartoon for kids, where the bad guy is a smiling man in a nice suit, who encourages them to apply for a credit card and "just skip" reading the fine print (or, a polite, matronly woman who constantly encourages people to "think of the children," while advocating that individuals be disempowered in favor of authoritarianism).

Enjoy life.

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a writer, snack food inventor, digital media privateer, pumpkin hoarder, Shaq expert (Shaxpert) and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook as Wombstretcha The Magnificent.

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THAT TIME I TOOK SIX HITS OF ACID FOR MY FIRST TIME

BY JONAS BARNES



Hello there, loyal readers. Usually, I wet your loins with anecdotes about horrible chain restaurants or regale you with tales of dick pill adventures. But, April is *The Drug Issue* and I'm in recovery. So, this time, we're talking about some of the horrible drug adventures that I've been on. In my mind, the best way to keep your past where it belongs is to accept it and talk about it. Too many addicts are ashamed of their past and it ends up haunting them into a relapse. Well, I'm not one of those people. All of my drug-fueled fuck-ups led me to where I am today and made me the man writing this very article. So, are we going to talk about the time I took eight Percocet and survived? Nope, too sad. How about the time I took ecstasy and fucked so many times in one night that I almost had a heart attack? Nope, you guys really don't need to know that much about my sexual prowess. No, dear degenerates... today, we're going to talk about the first time I did LSD, because I took six hits my first time. For those of you who aren't in the know, six hits of acid is a whole fucking lot for your first time. And, with that being said, let's begin.

Back when I was 17, I went to a party at a buddy's house. Typical school party, you know? Drink underage, smoke some weed, watch some movies and maybe engage in some risky sexual behavior, if it came down to it. There were lots of black lights and beads hanging off shit, if you know what I'm saying. Like, Jerry Garcia's soul sprayed diarrhea all over the room. So, we order a shitload of pizzas and start busting out the beer and weed. At this point, I need to make a painful admission to all of you. When I was 17, I hated beer and totally loved Mike's Hard Lemonade (and,

you can eat my entire ass if you have a problem with that). It's an important detail, however, so I had to fall on that sword. Anyhow, the party was mostly dudes and two girls. One of those girls was a seasoned LSD aficionado, who wanted to drop six hits that night and asked the acid provider to drop sugar cubes with liquid acid into her drink. And, this is where the plot twists, dear readers...

The guy giving the acid assumed she was drinking the Mike's Hard Lemonade, because sexism was around then, too. She was not drinking it—I was. So, I walked into the room, finishing my delightful malt beverage only to be informed that I'd just chugged down six hits of acid. FUN TIMES ABOUND! They informed me of the mistake and told me to strap in for the roller coaster ride. About an hour in, I started to get tracers and colors became brighter but nothing crazy was happening. It was also at this time, that the guys decided to put on *Fantasia*—that's the Disney film that already looks like a goddamn acid trip. So, I watched this movie until the television started talking to me and decided that this wasn't the movie for me right now. I moved to a couch in front of a poster of *The Crow*, because I don't make solid acid decisions, apparently. So, after having a full-blown conversation with dead as fuck Brandon Lee, I was removed from the couch area, because I got insulted when he stopped talking to me and I was rather vocal about it. Listen, I don't do surprise drugs well, okay? Luckily, I calmed down quickly and we all laughed about it. Crisis averted! Or, was it?

At this point, I was craving the FUCK out of orange juice, because I guess that's normal

on acid. I decided that driving was a great idea, when I was in a frame of mind that allowed me to talk to a dead celebrity on a poster. SPOILER ALERT: it was a terrible fucking idea. Luckily, a more seasoned acid taking friend followed me out to the car, got in with me and immediately played *The End* by The Doors. You know what that song does when you're on acid? It bums you all the way the fuck out. It immediately makes you cry and think about repressed memories. It also makes you get out of a car and run back into the apartment, to get away from the Jim Morrison demons that just showed up. All those things happened and I'm reasonably sure I also pissed my pants. All bad, except that I didn't drive...I'd have surely died, if I'd have driven. Speaking of dying, I walked inside and went directly to the bathroom and took what I later learned was a two hour...shit? I dunno if I took a shit, but I do know that I looked in the mirror and that's the worst thing you can do on acid. Holy fuckleberries of Christ, did my face turn demonic in the mirror. 0/10...I do not recommend, even a little bit.

Shortly after the mirror from hell, I passed out near the peak of my trip. Being scared shitless by my own face makes me tired, I learned. Side note—falling asleep at the peak is bad. Dreams trip balls too, man! And, man, did my dreams trip balls. Apparently, I was screaming and sweating and even sleepwalked into the kitchen and pissed in the fridge thinking it was an outhouse. I woke up the next day, totally fine and not even remotely hungover. That was the last time I took six hits of acid.

Happy druggy April!

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TIPS ON DEMURELY SHOWING UP TO YOUR DATE WITH A BAG OF VIBRATORS



It's no secret; hookups can be a lot of fun, but they can also be complicated to manage. When you think you are ready for some serious sex and you've picked a potential new or repeat partner, do you dance around the sex question, or do you just jump tits-in, with a direct statement of your intent? This, most likely, will be determined by your familiarity with your potential (fingers crossed) sex partner(s).

Once the (re)introductory motions are complete and both partners are on board, there's the question of what to bring with you on your sexscapades and what to leave at home.

What To Leave At Home

"Big Purple" is just like the Hitachi Magic Wand, but rechargeable, purple, not so loud, packs a little less punch and is a bit smaller. This is the vibrator that you would never take anywhere, because it would be like taking an eight-slot toaster to someone's house for breakfast—a very aggressive way of pointing out that you don't think your host can make toast. It's actually just really rude. Although this isn't the best hookup vibrator, it's important to know about, because this will be your favorite vibrator. This is the one you use solo—the one that will never make you cry and the one that only slightly sticks out from underneath your bed.

"Purple Penis" is exactly what it sounds like. It's a penis with pretend veins made of soft—yet, firm—purple silicone. It's the one where, when you tried to point out to your hookup that you had been lovingly priming your vagina by abstaining, masturbatory toys and certainly not using anything internally, in order to give him the best experience, he ruined it by countering with information about what women prefer in regards to stimulation and internal vibration. You really just wanted him to appreciate a month's worth of effort and to see how nice and pristine your vagina was. Instead, he

misunderstood your point and explained your own body to you. Dildo vibrators are too much fucking conversation. Plus, this one also provokes size questions. It's just not worth the buzzkill. Leave it in the car.

"Small Purple" is the one that you should throw away, because it has negative memories attached to it. Maybe this was a favorite of your ex's or maybe a partner said something about one of your friends. Or, maybe they said something about one of their former partners. Or, worse, those two things were combined. If anything has upset you



enough, that you had to take more than ten seconds away from the moment to get your head right by taking the information, boxing it up in your mind and swallowing that chunk of cancer, then you need to toss it. Throw it away. And, fuck you, Small Purple and your stupid feelings. Even when nothing untoward was going on, those strong feelings are not worth ruminating every time you come across this trigger wand and want to orgasm.

Things To Take With You

"Purple Clam" is probably my favorite. It has a remote app where it can be controlled

from across the room (or across the country) from almost any phone. Sometimes, it can drop the connection. But, when that happens, it keeps the last strength and mode. This is only for partners that you really trust. This probably isn't the best vibrator, unless you really know the person.

"Other Purple" is your other favorite, much like Big Purple, but with a little less punch and a lot more mobility. This one fits in your purse and is small enough to wash in the bathroom sink. This one is ladylike as fuck.

"Baby Purple" is the bullet one that doesn't do much, but it looks cool and the other person likes it when they believe you're using it in the bathroom at work. You don't even have to use it or anything. Just keep it in your purse as a tease.

Another really sweet thing you can do for your hookup, is to let him know that you really like him, by letting him eat your pussy. Remember though, this is also the fastest way to a woman's heart. If you're okay with a bit of post-hookup blues, then go for it. The post-hookup blues are normal for most, though it doesn't get talked about a lot—you might have feelings of regret, or worse, you might self-torture yourself for weeks—wondering if you squirted or if it was pee. These feelings can be hard, because it takes a familiarity to fully engage in a successful hookup, where you can truly just have great sex. But, that trust and familiarity with someone also creates a space for feelings, which are often an unintended consequence of a "casual" hookup.

So, if you feel safe and you want to, pack your bags, set up a therapy appointment and enjoy yourself.

Tiffany Greysen is a comedian and writer from Portland-ish, Oregon. Her comedy is part advice columnist and part parenting guide...neither of which should be taken seriously. You can find her on Twitter as @TiffanyGreysen or on Facebook by name.



WHY YOUR BAR NEEDS A DJ

by Miss Tini

relax after hearing Beyoncé three times in a row, followed by System Of A Down and then The Bloodhound Gang. Sometimes, people purposely put on “bad” music to annoy their friends or to troll the bar on their way out, so that everyone is stuck listening to a solid hour of Nickelback. This is what happens when the music is left up to the people—the drunk people. They *think* they know what they want to hear, but they actually don’t. Also, if shitty music is playing, patrons might actually get up and leave. That means a bar is literally putting their business and livelihood in the hands of three-long-islands-deep Chad and Tiffany. Those jukeboxes should be banned. They help NO ONE.

Of course, you could have no jukebox and no DJ. Some bartenders select the music they play carefully. Let’s be honest, here—most don’t. It could be a quiet Sunday night, their bar is filled with couples talking, single folks having a quiet drink, mellow vibe and they’ll have death metal screeching at top-volume. Or, it’ll be a rocking Friday night with folks looking to party and they’ll have sad folk music playing. Sometimes, it’s not even deliberate. A bartender’s job is to serve drinks. The last thing they’re thinking about is the music. Often times, they’ll put anything on and forget about it. Everyone needs a drink, dishes need to stay washed and it’s the last thing on their mind, that the same album has played over and over for the last four hours.

Here’s where the DJ has their place: nothing is more relieving to a bartender than not having to worry about the fucking music for a certain amount of time. Countless times, drunk John will interrupt a bartender in the middle of a slammed service and ask them to play a song, for whatever reason. That means if I were to do that, I would have to make everyone wait longer for a drink, as I go over and search your song, play it, then find something else to put on after your song is over. Then, because I did it for you, I’ll have to do it for anyone else who asks, at any time. Fuck making drinks and keeping the bar clean, now I’m just playing songs—that is NOT what I’m paid for. If I tell you I don’t play requests or songs for anyone, then I’m met with an angry

patron who usually says I lost my tip because of it. When the DJ is present, it alleviates all of this from my plate. Blessed, blessed DJ... thank you. I need to get booze in cups.

There are bad DJs out there, mind you—pretentious, not reading the room right, entitled, difficult to work with, don’t transition between songs well, don’t promote or ask for way too much money. I’ve had a DJ show up and play “Like A Bridge Over Troubled Waters” on a roaring Saturday night—a guy who wanted \$300, a bar tab and a free meal, to literally play the same 15 records in a row—that’s way more than I was making and I’m doing the hard work. Those DJs don’t tend to last long. Sometimes, a bad DJ is worse than an internet jukebox. The right DJ can create an environment, start a party and bring actual business into your bar. The really good DJs even have a social media presence and a following. The professional DJ puts up with a lot—they have drunk assholes yelling requests at them, jerks bumping into their equipment and possibly spilling beers on it, not getting tipped and people feeling the need to grab at their records. Sometimes, DJs play their records for free, or just for some free drinks. They do it because they love the music and want to share it. Very little respect is given to that.



Here’s to the DJ and what they do. Thank you, for taking control of the auditory portion of an environment, which is huge—as integral as good lighting is in a bar, the music is of equal importance. Thank you, for not letting the people decide the music, for that power is too great for the masses. They think they want to hear “Macarena” three times in a row, but we all know that they absolutely do not. Thank you, for lugging your beautifully cultivated vinyl all the way to your destination (and, all the way back). Thank you, for working practically for free, to share your music with us. Some of us, working behind a bar night after night, couldn’t do it without you.

TIP YOUR DJ

The DJ is, in my opinion, one of the most under-appreciated people working in the industry. The gig rarely pays well—if at all. You have to promote, lug your records all over town, figure out how to set up (fingers crossed the bar has all the correct equipment and it works), then deal with drunks asking for requests (that are nowhere near the realm of the carefully selected program you brought). “No, Lindsay, I actually can’t play ‘Pony’ for you, even though it’s your birthday. I hope you can enjoy the selection I brought from my personal collection that I’ve been amassing my entire life, though.”

DJs do what they do, because they love music—no other reason. A good DJ will read the environment, asses the crowd and select songs accordingly. They will blend songs into smooth transitions, that make an enjoyable backdrop for people to hear while getting a drink, or will facilitate dancing and high-energy moments when the time is right. The DJ is overlooked by the average bar patron—mostly because every drunk person thinks they know what song or music should be playing. They are wrong.

If you’ve ever sat in a bar with an internet-style jukebox, you probably noticed that you didn’t have a good time there. What I mean is, even if you weren’t paying attention to what was being played, I assure you the cacophony of random music blaring out at random times and cutting over the house music crept into your subconscious and annoyed the shit out of you. It isn’t an enjoyable time to hear “No Scrubs,” sandwiched between Black Sabbath and Taylor Swift. No one can



How Prostitution Can Follow In Weed's Footsteps

GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

When you think about it, weed and pussy share a lot in common—they both possess an extremely acquired taste unique to their respective supplier, folks say neither one is addictive (but, everyone knows this is false), our readers are fans of both and you can find either one for cheap in certain parts of Vancouver, B.C. On the downside, both cannabis and coochie are associated with industries that, if left unregulated, cater to uniquely criminal (and, often dangerous) elements. Take, for instance, California's Humboldt County, where Mexican cartel gangs, dread-neck hillbillies and stick-up kids from L.A. have more influence over the local pot industry than the hippies and Democrat lawmakers could ever hope for.

Like the legal cannabis industry, areas where prostitution has been regulated tend to become tourist traps, simply because they are reliable, healthy sources for product. If you roll up to either The Bunny Ranch in Nevada or Herbal Whatever Remedy Solutions Hut in Oregon, you know that the product you're about to purchase has been tested, certified and verified to be free of mold, pesticides and syphilis. On the same front, if you cruise down 82nd Ave looking for the good shit, you might not like what you end up with. Further, industry gatekeepers are in charge of a bunch of women who are making far less than they're worth, and often subjected to harassment, abuse and forced to survive on bottled water and cocaine. I assume the same is true with prostitution.

So, it only makes sense that the next step for prostitution is to become regulated, taxed by individual states and made legal for consenting adults over a certain age. In fact, I'd go so far as to argue a case for a unique class of "medical" users—think of all the anxiety, PTSD, headaches and lower-back pain that can be alleviated with some good head from a stranger! Imagine streets littered with neon red crosses, decorated with reader boards, which remind passersby that "PUSSY IS MEDICINE" and that all top-shelf genetics are on sale during rush hour. The best part of my

year would be renewing my OMPP (Oregon Medical Pussy Program) card, after telling a shady-ass "doctor" about how much a good blowjob helps with my glaucoma.

But, the issue of the black market is always of concern...or, is it? I'm not gonna put myself on Front Street in this magazine, but *hypothetically speaking*, if I was a weed dealer and the product I'm offering from the backseat of my car is of higher quality (and lower cost) than the crap they're trying to pass off as 32% THC (ha ha, right...) flower at the local dispensary, I'm not gonna go broke. In fact, in a non-hypothetical sense, I know a literal ton of people who made the transition from backyard pot dealer to "botanical consultant," as soon as Oregon went legal for weed. Rather, if I'm beating the crap out of my pot plants or refusing to feed them the proper nutrients, it won't fare well for my customers or my product. In fact, the *only* markets in which you still find shitty, seedy brick weed, are in hard-no-to-drugs, super-illegal places like Utah (where good prostitutes—and, even porn—are equally hard to find). Speaking of, I recall a time when my buddy and I were looking for some smoke in Salt Lake City. After being offered everything from PCP to HIV at the local drug park, we were *finally* able to buy a sixty-dollar eighth of weed that looked like a granola bar—bonus points for meeting the only Hoover Crip in Utah, who literally pulled the last remaining marijuana in SLC from his Nikes, to get rid of the two pesky white boys who were probably cops (don't worry, we weren't).

"Sativa, you forget about one thing," you say. I know, I know...sex workers and weed growers are equally divisive subjects, within their respective activist communities. Depending on which feminist blogger you consult, prostitution is either a degrading, exploitative, capitalist, patriarchal concept that furthers the objectification of women at the hands of men, or an honoring, empowering, rewarding, female-driven industry that puts the power of a woman's sexuality back into her own hands. I mean, can't it be both? Cannabi-

sis is both a cure for cancer and a cause for it, depending on how much you consume (and, whether or not you use a lighter, yadda yadda). Weed is both an intoxicating narcotic responsible for teen delinquency and decades of terrible music, while at the same time, a great alternative to hard drugs and the reason that *40 Ounces To Freedom* still sounds good. I've only ever been to Planned Parenthood for reasons entirely unrelated to planning or parenthood. This is why both industries are morally, ethically and legally ambiguous—pussy and pot are each natural, yet dangerous. Both can cause a man to take risks he otherwise wouldn't, if not for absence of supply (and, I'm not talking dark shit like rape or robbery—I mean sitting through *La La Land* on a first date or buying stress weed from Mormon felons).

While everyone is busy arguing about gun laws and Trump tweets, I'm sitting here wondering why I can't roll up to Holistic Vaginal Remedies and get myself 1,920 ounces of Latin-Caucasian hybrid. In fact, the higher I get as I write this article, the more I realize that everything rappers in the '90s talked about is currently the subject of national debate, at least in terms of legalizing (or, making acceptable) certain things: guns, hoes, dirty money, chronic...I mean, are twenty-inch rims illegal? Holy shit...I think the weed is helping me out with my thesis, and arguably, the best case I can make in the current year: *not* legalizing prostitution is a racist attack on economically disenfranchised communities and it's a misogynistic, anti-woman choice for a society to outlaw it. Plus, if they come for our hookers, they're gonna come for our guns, too! There. Now both sides of the political picket fence can relate.

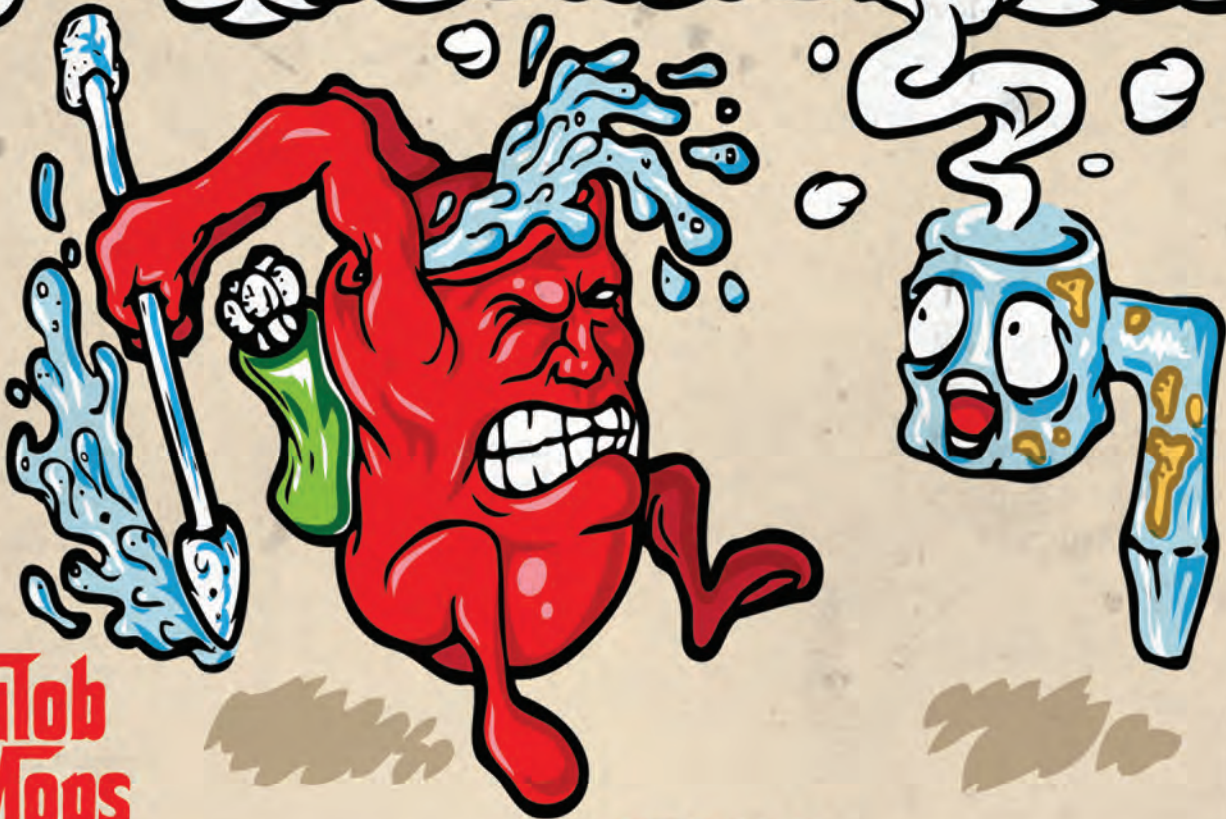
Either you're for prostitution, or you're an anti-gun, anti-woman, anti-free-market Mormon.

Wow. I think I just made a convincing fucking argument for once.

TORCHED ILLUSIONS PRESENTS

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Holy shit, it's sunny out in Oregon! Sure, it's still colder than an aging feminist on Valentine's Day. But, damn... that sun sure looks good. It's almost like the stripper of suns...you can see it, but you know that you're not allowed to touch it. It *appears* warm... it's definitely super bright but, will it be around in ten minutes or will it run off to California with a customer? Regardless, it's beautiful and it almost makes up for nine months of seasonal depression.

There's a shitload going on this month in strip club land. So, without further ado, let's get into things.

Polerotica Returns

Calling something "the best stripper competition in the area," is either a stretch or a blatant lie, considering that Miss Exotic and Vagina Beauty Pageant aren't exactly amateur events (well, not in the production sense at least). But, Polerotica (happening at various clubs throughout the area this month—dates and locations are included in the calendar that follows this column) is a multi-round event, that focuses on the one thing every club has (or, should have), that being the brass pole that can serve as a deterrent or an aphrodisiac, depending on the dancer.

Every year, you can bet that Polerotica will focus on what the name implies—pole skill. Yes, the contestants and feature performers will get naked (or, close-to-naked). Yes, there will be boxes of doughnuts, celebrity judges and Hypnox roaming around with a camera. Yes, I will probably stand by the door and talk to Bryan, because I'm deathly afraid of being hit in the face by a high heel. But, no, you will *not* leave unimpressed by any of the performances. I'm jaded as hell when it comes to strip clubs, mostly because

I've been working in them for over a decade. Still, year after year, Polerotica continues to be one of my favorite Exotic events. It's like the Olympics of Oregon strip clubs, minus all the boring events and performance-enhancing drugs.

As far as pageants and contests go, look...I like tattooed dancers, I enjoy themed sets and vaginal beauty is something I demand in the women whose boxes I eat from. But, *nothing* beats the basics. If you call yourself a "pole dancer," you better be ready to do just that. Guaranteed, attendees are gonna see dozens of dancers doing their best pole work at each round of Polerotica. And, the finals? It's all the excitement of election night, minus the violence, Facebook arguments, tears and accusations of racism (that stuff often comes *after* we announce a contest winner, but never before).

And, yes, I'm kidding about the standing-by-the-door-with-Bryan part—say hello when you see me at one of the rounds and I will buy you a beer (at some point...it depends on the price of Ethereum at the time).

Introducing DJ Pussyfoot

While out on the town in Salem the other night, I met up with Vagina Pageant founder and all-around good guy, DJ Dick Hennessy, for a quick drink at Sugar Shack. First of all, let me just say right now that Sugar Shack is worth the visit. The location—which was formerly home to a different club—is pretty much the only thing that remains the same. With an upgrade in dancers, DJs, drink selection and the best damn patio in town (complete with a stage), Sugar Shack is definitely a step up from what one would expect in South Salem.

Anyhow, I asked Dick about his latest promotional venture, which involves

a character named DJ Pussyfoot (peep the ads in this issue—you'll find him). In contrast to the traditional Portland-area strip club DJ format, Pussyfoot dons an L.E.D. mask that distorts his announcements into a robotic-sounding voice. In addition to aural stimulation, Pussyfoot utilizes lighting, air guns and a variety of Vegas-style effects to present a unique style of show that you definitely haven't seen yet. According to Dick, Pussyfoot's real identity is "completely anonymous," which makes sense in more ways than one. I always thought a strip club DJ with a DJ name was kind of a dorky idea, as most customers don't really come to the club, just to watch some dude in a Dead Kennedys shirt eat tater tots while scrolling through Facebook (sorry, DJ Jared). The only reason I go by "HazMatt," is because I earned that shit—I was the only staff member at The Big Bang that would clean up after a mess. But, when you are running a full light and sound show, complete with naked women and the endorsement of DJ Dick Hennessy, you get a cool name.

Check the calendar listing below this column for dates to catch the DJ Pussyfoot shows, alongside DJ Kegels and DJ Dick Hennessy, this month at Fifth Avenue Nightclub, Club SinRock, Spyce and Sugar Shack.

Portland Dancers Don't Age

There are not one, but two "Dirty 30" birthday parties for Portland-area strippers happening this month. On Thursday, the 19th, Gold Club hosts Riley's party, while Katja celebrates her birthday at Hawthorne Strip on Saturday, the 21st. Why am I giving this a mention in *Erotic City*? Well, for one, these ladies look like they are *collectively* 30 at best, but on their own...Jesus Christ in a ballgag on Easter, they are smoking hot! There is something

to be said about the Portland strip club lifestyle. We're not exactly Atlanta, in terms of getting fucked up on lean and surviving on fried food, while trying to maintain a figure in the blistering heat. Quite the contrary—whatever Oregon dancers eat (probably vegan food), smoke (most likely weed) and drink (I'm guessing coconut water) acts as an anti-aging serum. If you don't believe me, just peep the ads in this issue. Portland strippers get carded well into menopause, even though pasty, Oregonian twenty-somethings working food carts and bookstores seem to age a decade each year. Go ahead and check these ladies out, before another decade goes by and they start to look 22.



Stormy Daniels Comes To Stars In May

Next month, the one and only Stormy "Stained Presidential Dress: The Sequel" Daniels will be appearing at all three Stars Cabaret locations. As if you needed another reason to go to Stars, May will mark the first time that a celebrity famous for a "DNA dress" will

grace the strip club stages in Oregon (and, thank fuck for that, because Monica's looking a bit shabby these days). Please, for the love of god, don't ask her the obvious questions, if you get a chance to see her. Also, avoid dumb jokes. Better yet, just relax and soak in the presence of greatness.

Political talk aside, it's really, really cool to get the chance to be two degrees of separation from the latest White House sex scandal. I mean, personally speaking, I'd tip anyone Trump has had sex with—or produced, as an act of sex. The guy is a piece of shit, but man, does he surround himself with some fine ladies! I know the folks at Stars read this column, so let me just say two things—first, thank you. You're doing god's work. Secondly, if you ever get the chance to book Ivanka Trump, I will split the booking fee (and, I'm sure DJ Dick Hennessy will help promote). The closer the feature entertainer is to our nation's capitol, the more likely I am to overdraw my account in support. Sex and politics go together like money and corruption (hell, they make a great foursome).

Some Drunk Girl Throwing A Bottle Of Hot Sauce At A Bartender In Eugene Is Considered "Strip Club News" So I Better Report On It

Look, I've been trying to up the local coverage for this column. Although it's technically good news that our clubs aren't like Florida (gang shootings and lost monkeys were the trending topics this month—I'm not joking), news produced as a result of Oregon strip clubs is damn near impossible to find. Thanks to the hard-working staff of KVAL in Eugene, area readers are now familiar with the story of 21-year-old Kristen Rachelle Lester.

You see, Kristen was a lost soul, who

discovered that strip club bartenders are allowed to cut drunk white girls off, if they're visibly intoxicated. Since Kristen was drunk, white, entitled and unable to process the idea of being told "no," she reacted by hurling a bottle of hot sauce at The Nile bartender, Name Omitted (not gonna bog her family down with any more search results under "strip club hot sauce incident"). The story does not end here, however, as a customer reportedly followed Kristen out to her car after the hot sauce incident, only to smash out her headlights with a bat. This guy also got charged with a crime.

...and the story ends there.

What the fuck, KVAL? Where's the journalistic integrity? Why was the dude with the bat so angry? Perhaps, Kristen threw the last bottle of Cholula, which is a tangy and enjoyable addition to any order of onion rings. If this was the case, the man with the bat should not have been charged with a crime. Why did this even make the paper? Because it happened in a strip club? That's some whack shit, KVAL. People throw bottles of hot sauce in all sorts of environments. One time, I threw some Tobasco at a pastor because I needed an Eminem lyric. If you're gonna try and make strip clubs look bad, at least include a stock photo of some cop cars and caution tape.

I Had No Idea What Torched Illusions Just Advertised, But It Looked Cool As Fuck So I Found Out

On Saturday the 14th, way-more-than-a-head-shop Torched Illusions is presenting "ISO-Elation," from 4pm until "whenever." Food and drinks will be served and the names Salt, Darby, Voorhees, Cowboy, Ryno and Arty appear on the poster, in addition to a dozen or so more. I was gonna plug

this as a rap show or EDM event, but then I did some fucking research, because I'm technically a journalist. It turns out, these companies are various glass, dab rig, dab mat and otherwise wax-tastic organizations that produce products for heads and...do I still have to pretend to say, umm...tobacco users? Nah, it's Oregon. Buy shit from our advertisers that will help you get lit as fuck! Screw the other guys—anyone who does business with *Exotic* has to be smoking the best of the best.

So, it turns out, ISO is just the latest in elite cannabis terminology. CBD? THC? Chemicals you get from weed. ISO? Isopropyl alcohol. As in, one of the chemicals you use to make super pure, amazing concentrates from dank nugs. Thus, I can *only assume* that "ISO-Elation" is a get-together to promote the consumption and production of cannabis concentrates, and that Torched Illusions is having an event to celebrate how fucking fantastic it is, to live in a state where you don't legally have to worry about being open about dabs. And, yes, before anyone says anything, that thing that Millennials do with their arms, is a half-assed Hitler salute—to "dab" means to hit the fucking rig like an adult and enjoy some shatter.

Speaking Of 4/20...

Look, I'm gonna go right out and state the obvious—weed has been legal for quite some time. In fact, I just ate a professionally manufactured peanut butter cup, infused with enough THC to kill a horse, from a package with a bar code and wrapped in a pink bow (thank you, Dr. Jolly's). I really don't understand why we need to keep making a big deal out of 4/20.

Okay...I know that I almost cost us half our readership, but hear me out—weed is fantastic. Everything about cannabis is fantastic. Shit, even hemp is fantastic (and, I *hate* the people who

rattle off facts about oil and paper, as if they're the first dipshit to ever find out about George Washington's plants). But, it's no longer counter-culture. Like alcohol, I fully support those who produce high quality, local product. But, also like alcohol, I don't vibe with people who consume the cheap stuff, wear their favorite brand on a shirt and use holidays as an excuse to enjoy life. Paddy's Day? Please...I'll get tanked up like the Gaza Strip on a Tuesday, because I'm awesome and I do awesome shit. The only folks getting fucked up because it's a holiday are amateurs and addicts. With all due respect to addicts, the amateurs kind of make you look bad for wearing a costume with the sole intention of puking on it, while yelling at a Lyft driver.

So, with that said, I say we turn 4/20 into a different holiday—one that stoners shall call "Friday" (this year). We shall watch *Friday*, while smoking blunts, but not because it's the 20th day of April. No, no, no...we shall smoke blunts and watch *Friday* because it's Friday. That's all. And, on Saturday, the 21st, we shall smoke blunts and watch *Airplane*, *Half Baked* or maybe a computer screen, because some of us work from home and not all stoners are apathetic sloths. We shall continue to support our local dispensaries and head shops, not because we only smoke weed for one week during April, but because we smoke weed every day, all day, some days or just whenever we want.

On a related note, I drank boxed wine while wearing all-black for St. Paddy's Day. How's that for Irish?

China Bans Funeral Strippers

In international news, it is no longer legal to hire strippers for funerals. How the fuck is it, that the Chinese are literal light years ahead of us in damn near everything? I mean, I figured "China Has Funeral Strippers" would be a

good sub-header, but no...by the time we even hear about such an awesome thing, it's already been banned. And, as history has proven with such things as Google, Facebook and Bitcoin, if China bans something, it means that it's about to become *extremely popular* in the west. Trust me...*trust* me, if funeral strippers come to the U.S., Portland will have four or five competing services to accommodate the newly imported industry (all of which will go under, as soon as the S.F. geeks create an app...I'm thinking "Mournr" or "Cassket").

For those of you who haven't had the fortune of making it rain on a loved one's casket while a half-naked teenager in schoolgirl attire gyrates to K-Pop, funeral strippers are exactly what they sound like. In Chinese culture, literally everything is good luck. Thus, it only made sense for the Chinese to start hiring exotic dancers to draw larger crowds at funerals. This is, and I quote, "believed to be good luck for the dead" (*Some Chinese Website*). I'm not sure whether or not the pastor giving the eulogy is also responsible for DJ services ("...he was a great man, loved by many, Sapphire on stage, Amber on standby, and as the lord taketh..."), but it's fucking China, so anything goes. Yes, that is a child in the blurry photo located below (I don't think you're allowed to take cellphone pics at a strip club funeral). So, I figure if there's not an age limit at stripper-enhanced funeral services, the chances of a priest announcing Sexy Priestess, while Judas Priest plays, are pretty good.

Excuse me...the chances of seeing this *were* pretty good. Chinese officials have now put out a bounty on funeral strippers—offering a reward for anyone who can report one. Say what? Make extra money by crashing funerals in search of pole dancers? I don't know about you, but "plane ticket to China cost" just landed itself a spot in



my browser's search history. What a fantastic career opportunity—secret shopping at erotic funerals with the sole purpose of ratting out pole dancers. Be glad I still have my job at *Exotic*, or I'd be lurking around at your grandma's wake, with a pile of ones.

Oregon To Ban Smoking From All Club Patios And Outside Seating Areas

We all know that the state recently raised the cigarette age to 21 (shout out to all my underage dancer friends...it must suck to go three years back in time when shopping at the 7-11). This is fine for those of us who are of drinking age. But, what most Oregonians do *not* know about, is a small portion of the recently passed legislation, which bans cigarettes from bars, strip clubs and anywhere with a patio that is not a private club. If you want to smoke a cigarette, you must now be thirty feet from the establishment—end of story. No more smoking patios, no more sneak-a-toke dive bars with outside seating...nada. If you want to enjoy alcohol and nicotine at the same time (legally), you must now do so in the privacy of your own home, while penning a column for the upcoming issue of *Exotic* and trying to think of an April Fool's joke that only people who actually read the article will get.

eroticcity spotlight

THU 5 – MYSTIC – POLEROTICA ROUND I

THU 12 – 5TH AVENUE CLUB – DJ PUSSYFOOT ESQUIRE

**FRI 13, SAT 14 & SUN 15 – KIT KAT CLUB
KIT KAT COMICON IV**

SAT 14 – STARS CABARET (SALEM) – POLEROTICA ROUND II

SAT 14 – STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT) – CASINO NIGHT

SAT 14 – TORCHED ILLUSIONS – ISO-ELATION

WED 18 – CLUB SINROCK – DJ PUSSYFOOT ESQUIRE

**WED 18 – SILVER DOLLAR (EUGENE)
LACEY RAIN & SIMONE DANALUSTROUS**

THU 19 – THE GOLD CLUB – RILEY'S DIRTY 30 PARTY

**THU 19 – THE FIREHOUSE (SALEM)
LACEY RAIN & SIMONE DANALUSTROUS**

**THU 19 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
POLEROTICA ROUND III**

**FRI 20 & SAT 21 – THE SUNSET STRIP
LACEY RAIN & SIMONE DANALUSTROUS**

SAT 21 – STARS CABARET (SALEM) – COSPLAY NIGHT

SAT 21 – CABARET – 2ND ANNUAL PURPLE RAIN PARTY

**SAT 21 – HAWTHORNE STRIP
KATJA'S DIRTY 30 PARTY**

FRI 27 – SKINN – CONTEST NIGHT

**FRI 27 – THE NIGHT DEPOSIT & SUGAR SHACK (SALEM)
DJ PUSSYFOOT ESQUIRE**

FRI 27 – TOMMY'S TOO – DAISY DUKE CONTEST

SAT 28 – CLUB SINROCK – POLEROTICA ROUND IV

SAT 28 – DREAM ON SALOON – SUPERHERO NIGHT

Sadie & Shawna



EAT OUT



TWO SINGLE BOSS BITCHES PUFFIN' AND MUNCHIN' THROUGH LATE-NIGHT PORTLAND!

NECTAR

CANNABIS

Drugs! This month's *Exotic* theme couldn't be more perfect to bang out our first late-night food review. Of course, we have to get started with the basics... WEED! So, we headed to our nearest dispensary, Nectar. First off, Nectar has 11 locations throughout Portland—all open until 10pm. That is convenient as fuck! Not only do they have an extensive product menu, their budtenders are highly knowledgeable and the customer service is top-notch. An ATM transaction later and we're off on our adventure, with a few pre-rolls in one hand and an eighth of flower in the other. Got a light?

www.NectarPDX.com

Can't go wrong with pizza. Especially after smoking out in the car, with your BFF. After copious amounts of tits and giggles, we proceeded to Baby Doll Pizza. Travis Miranda's punky, New York-style pizzeria has all of your late-night needs covered. This place is open 'til 3am on Friday and Saturday! The three levels/atmospheres each have a choose-your-own vibe. You got the quick-service pizza counter, sports on the big screen in the dining area with a few pinball machines and a moody, candlelit bar (formerly Bonfire). Definitely a good casual date spot. Our slices were less than seven dollars for the two and drinks were very reasonable and well-made.



BABY DOLL PIZZA

2835 SE STARK ST.

We opted for the Italian sausage, caramelized onion and garlic slice. These well-sauced pies have an amazing, crispy, charred crust. They also offer bottles of house-made spicy marinara, perfect for drowning your garlic knots. Our only regret was not purchasing Baby Doll Pizza sweatshirts. We'll be back!

LUCKY DEVIL Lounge

633 SE POWELL BLVD.

Who doesn't love this Portland mainstay? After smoking a few bowls of Agent Orange, Shawna's utter insistence and voracious craving for "The Mac & Cheese" led us to Lucky Devil. From the sexy Tiny Tuesday dancers, to the swanky smoking patio, this upscale lounge is a great place to enjoy the ultimate stoner comfort food.

Although the bar was busy, our order came quickly and the portions were mighty generous. Sadie's first time enjoying the rich and creamy mac (made with penne, local Tillamook cheddar, jack cheese, garlic, and Sriracha) was so fucking good, you could hear her cherry pop! We paired it with an order of steak bites. Cooked to perfection with sautéed onions, mushrooms and a savory red wine sauce, with a loaded baked potato to boot. Mmmm...

As avid tequila drinkers, we were 'lucky' to finish off the evening with a taste of El Tesoro Reposado, a single-barrel tequila from the hills of Arandas, Jalisco, Mexico. The barrel was hand selected by the owners of Lucky Devil and is exclusively available at Devils Point and Lucky Devil Lounge. You don't want to miss out on this. A treasure, indeed!

WAFFLE WEDNESDAYS

REVEAL LOUNGE · 8345 SW BARBUR BLVD.

Check out Sadie's Pink 'n' Black Waffle Shack pop-ups every Wednesday in April, at Reveal Lounge. Come get your fix! Also, follow her meal prep and catering business on Instagram at @SadieCooksPDX.

Pink 'n' Black Waffle Shack



Shawna (Shawna@Xmag.com) is Lead Designer and Production Manager at Exotic and Owner of Vida Creative. Sadie (SadieCooksPDX@gmail.com) is a Personal Chef and owner of the Pink 'n' Black Waffle Shack. Both are Portland natives, major stoners and rarely turn down invites to fancy dinners.

Babes, Booze and B Movies!

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EXOTIC
PINUP APRIL
2018



THE CHRONICLES OF

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ESQUIRE

ME
FIFTH AVENUE
NIGHT LOUNGE

SPYCE
-GENTLEMEN'S CLUB-



THU, APRIL 12 - 5TH AVENUE NIGHT CLUB @ 10PM-MIDNIGHT
SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB (UPSTAIRS) @ MIDNIGHT-2AM

WED, APRIL 18 - CLUB SINROCK @ 10PM

FRI, APRIL 27 - THE NIGHT DEPOSIT (SALEM) @ 10PM-MIDNIGHT
SUGAR SHACK (SALEM) @ MIDNIGHT-2AM



CO-STARRING
DJ DICK HENNESSY

  **DJPUSSYFOOT**



exotic



Where Does Your Band Fall On The Drug Use Spectrum?

BY BLAZER SPARROW

Despite much evidence to support the contrary, not all rock bands are composed drunken, chain-smoking heroin addicts. Okay, a good portion of them are, especially in the Pacific Northwest in the '90s. But, that's neither here, nor there. The point is, like everything else, it's a spectrum. Most of you will fall somewhere near the middle, but some of the more obnoxious of you will lie towards the ends. Now, I am in no way saying drug use inhibits or cultivates good music. Frank Zappa made several great records and he just got off on coffee, cigarettes and cynicism. Meanwhile, three of my all-time favorite albums, Sly & Fam's *There's A Riot Going On*, Bowie's *Station To Station* and Oasis's *Be Here Now* were made while so high on cocaine, that the recording process was hardly recalled by all involved parties. That being said, drug-free bands are just as insufferable as drugged-out bands. Behold, six types of bands on the spectrum!

Hippie Jam Band

These guys will literally take everything under the sun. Those white guys with obnoxiously long dreads and tie-die leggings aren't just stoners. Guaranteed, they partake in every hallucinogen known to science, along with every possible combination of MDMA. Cocaine and alcohol are just a given at this point. Such an unchecked consumption usually leads to pointless, eight-hour songs consisting of uninspired noodling, an allergic reaction to everyone showing up on time and some weird sense of entitlement when dealing with the venue staff. More than likely unemployed

Crust Punk

Strangely enough, not as much drug use as the hippie jam bands. Honestly, just a lot of beer and cigarettes, with the occasional black tar or white china. Due to lack of funds, the crusts also get creative (smashed up Adderall cut with

a food stamp card, when no one can afford coke.) They also usually show up earlier than the jam bands. Prone to heated debates about uninformed politics and always looking for a place to crash. Otherwise, decent company.

Indie Alternative Hipster Dance Blah Blah Blah

Don't let the button-up shirts and clean haircuts fool you—these guys are gacked out of their mind. If it's not cocaine, it's molly, sassafras or something in between. Definitely not as drugged out as the crusts. But, surprisingly more under the influence than those smelly stoner rockers. Weird, right? Despite being in the middle of the spectrum, these guys are probably the most entitled group of the bunch. You're not Arcade Fire or LCD Soundsystem—get over yourself! But, first...you got any blow?

Stoner Metal

Even with the word "stoner" in their name, these guys are honestly one of the tamer groups on the spectrum. Besides some healthy now-legal cannabis and lots of PBR, your average stoner rock band probably only indulges in the occasional psychedelic trip every now and then. Hell, some of those long-haired, bearded dudes have kids and own houses. Who knew tattoo school would pay off, right? The only real bumper is the smell, which is usually a combination of B.O. and that familiar green aroma.

Underground Hip Hop

Contrary to your favorite karaoke lyrics, these guys do not "sip champagne when (they're) thirsty." Such folks are millionaires with platinum records. On the local level, you're really just dealing with Hennessy and blunts. And, honestly, not as much bluntnage as the stoner rockers. Have you ever heard of an hour-long rap track, literally about smoking dope? I

thought not. If they consider themselves conscious hip hop, then they're more than likely completely sober. The one exception would be the weird emo rap scene on the east coast, where they mostly just worship at the altar of Xanax, but I'm hoping this fad will fizzle out as quickly as it fizzled in.

Screamo

Speaking of the emo revival (I guess we're on the fourth wave now), I hope we see more of these bands blossom from suburban white high schools—in all their black-nail-polish-and-swiped-bangs glory. I'm going off of the all-but-dead-mid-'00s craze, but these cats are probably underage and too scared to try anything too hard. Sure, they get their older sibling to buy booze (and, if they just turned 18, they'll be smoking constantly), but beyond that, they're too scared to venture beyond a Whip-It from the porn store. Lack of experience with drugs also leads to a lack of experience in general, which makes such groups probably one of the worst to deal with—unless they're adults, in which case, why the fuck are they in a screamo band?

Straightedge

No drugs, no alcohol, no sex, no hair...no fun (and, in some cases, no other races) Trust me... if a band says they are clean, that doesn't necessarily mean you're booking good, clean fun. You could be inviting a mosh pit that quickly turns into a punch-and-stab fest. If the band says they're Christian, you're in even more trouble, 'cause they're gonna beat you up with the "A-OK" from Jesus. Expect long monologues in between songs about brotherhood, unity and commitment. Also, if you're so much as seen smoking a cigarette, expect to get whooped on. Great for birthday parties.

DRIVING HIGH ON ANGEL DUST

BY BRAD COX



The year was 1998. I had just been arrested for my very first gun felony, which would have been October-ish. I was a sixteen-year-old and all I really thought about was making money (and smoking weed). Of course, in the midwest, we had the age-old, “find the weed man” problem that I think we all dealt with (assuming you aren’t a Tide-Pod-eating Jackalope millennial). Before you start posting on Facebook about how your mom was right all along, they really weren’t “lacing” weed with other shit then—and, they aren’t now, either. No one is ever going to give you extra drugs for the same price, unless sexual favors are involved (or, as in my case, you have friends who want to watch you act a goddamned fool).

I had a routine back then, where I would show up for school to kick it with the homies by the lockers, then leave when the first bell rang, to do whatever delinquent shit was on the menu that day. Most days, I’d come back for lunch (a man has to eat, after all). On this particular day, I met up with my friend Jeremy at lunch and we peaced out to go blow some trees on his back porch. What I didn’t know at this point, is that he had picked up a bag of PCP from another homie at school and put all that shit in the weed we were about to smoke. It was winter in Indiana. So, by the time we finished my artfully rolled blunt, the sun was already dipping and nighttime was well on its way.

I didn’t really notice anything amiss, while we were smoking the thing. It was the same shitty Mexican brick weed Jeremy’s cheap ass always bought, so it already tasted like shit anyway. We planned to go to this girl’s house after we smoked. So, when we finished, we got directly into my car (a sexy, shit-brown 1977 Ford Granada) and started the 30 or 40 minute drive to homegirl’s house.

We were about 15 minutes into our drive, when the drugs took hold.

We were on a pretty empty road with corn fields on both sides—nothing else. Indiana is famous for its complete lack of shit to look at that isn’t fucking corn. I still didn’t realize I was on a whole other kind of high, because PCP sneaks up on you—it’s a sneaky little fuck like that. At this point, I just assumed Jeremy’s shitty weed was significantly less shitty this time and I was super-wicked blazed (see millennials, I don’t hate you...I have adopted your vernacular).

It was a while after my “I’m way too high” realization that off in the distance I saw what I was completely certain was the biggest tree I’d ever seen in my fucking life. We’re talking Northern California, dinosaur tree size. Like that one that has a tunnel, so drunk guys in their 50s can drive through it. I was still per-



ceptively pretty far from the thing, so I kept driving the same speed, until I got into firing range. I still hadn’t mentioned it to Jeremy, comfortable in my assumption he saw it too, because it was definitely a real physical tree that was actually there...like, in real life. So, why would I mention it?

As I got close to it, I slowed to a crawl and eventually stopped right in front of it. It was at this juncture that Jeremy piped up with, “Why the fuck are we stopped in the middle of the road man?” Which, from my perspective, was a pretty stupid question, as you can imagine. I was absolutely aghast, when I said,

“Because I don’t want to crash into that huge fuckin’ tree!”

I was even more shocked, when he looked me straight in my face and said, “What tree?”

“That fucking gigantic fucking tree right the fuck in front of us, man!” was my reply—quite annoyed by now, as you can imagine. His reply hit me, like uncontacted tribes must take seeing an airplane for the first time. It was so far outside my accepted concept of reality, as to be completely incomprehensible.

“There’s no tree man,” he said quite frankly. “There’s definitely a tree man...it’s one of those giant Redwood Sequoia motherfuckers. It’s like a hundred feet tall, dude,” I said.

“Nope, no tree man. Also, this might be a good time to mention all the angel dust I put in that weed we smoked. You’re trippin’ that tree bro. It’s definitely not there. You need to drive through it, because we’re stopped on a highway arguing about an invisible tree... about to actually die from getting hit.”

“Okay, I’m willing to accept that you roofed the weed, because you’re a fucking asshole. But, I am certain you are the one hallucinating a lack of tree. You smoked that shit too, man.”

“Seriously man, just hit the gas and drive through the tree—it’ll be fine. There is no tree!” he said, sounding like that creepy fuckin’ kid in *The Matrix* with the spoon.

“Okay, man, but if I fuck up my shit because you can’t see this fuckin’ tree, I’m whoopin’ your ass for real” I said, as I pushed my foot down on the gas pedal.

Screaming like a fucking child the whole way through, it turned out he was right—there was no tree. I was just geeked-out on PCP and I ain’t been right since.

STRIP CLUBS

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

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

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

CASA DIABLO 46 **FOOD LOTTERY**
2839 NW St Helens Rd | (503) 222-6600
Daily 2pm-2:30am

CLUB PLAY PEN 30 **FOOD LOTTERY**
6210 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 281-3212
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GUILTY PLEASURES 28 **FOOD LOTTERY**
13639 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 760-8128
Grand Opening April 20

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RIVERSIDE CORRAL 31 **FOOD LOTTERY**
545 SE Tacoma St | (503) 232-6813
Mon-Sat 10am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-1am

ROSE CITY STRIP 10 **FOOD LOTTERY**
3620 SE 35th Pl | (503) 760-8128
Daily 3pm-2:30am

THE RUNWAY GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 55 **FOOD LOTTERY**
1735 SE Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 640-4086
Mon-Wed Noon-1am, Thu-Fri Noon-2:30am,
Sat 4pm-2:30am & Sun 4pm-1am

SCARLET LOUNGE 60 **FOOD LOTTERY**
12646 SE Division St | (503) 477-4318
Daily 10am-2:30am

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EVERYTHING ELSE

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

ALL ADULT VIDEO 103
14555 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 652-2004
Daily 24 hours

ARMCHAIR FAMILY VIDEO 105
3205 SE Milwaukie Ave | (503) 477-5446
Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm

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

EYE CANDY FASHIONS 171
19255 E Burnside St | (503) 665-8222
Daily 10am-8pm

FANTASY FOR ADULTS ONLY (5) 180
3137 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 239-6969
Daily 24 hours

1703 W Burnside St | (503) 295-6969
Daily 10am-3am

10720 SW Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy
(503) 235-6969
Daily 10am-10pm

15536 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 203-6969
Daily 10am-Midnight

6440 SW Coronado St | (503) 244-6969
Daily 24 Hours

FANTASYLAND (2) 116
5228 SE Foster Rd | (503) 775-0094
Daily 24 hours

16016 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 655-4667
Daily 24 hours

FAT COBRA VIDEO 118
5940 N Interstate Ave | (503) 247-DICK (3425)
Mon-Fri 6am-3am, Sat-Sun 24 hours

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

HEAD EAST 164
13250 SE Division St | (503) 761-3777
Sun-Thu 10am-9pm, Fri-Sat 10am-10pm

HOT BOX 157
4589 SW Watson Ave | (503) 574-4057
Mon-Sat 11am-10pm, Sun 11am-9pm

LIBERATED WORLD 123
10660 SE Division St | (503) 257-6881
Daily 24 hours

MR. PEEP'S / MR. PEEP'S TOO (2) 162
13355 SW Henry St | (503) 643-6645
20625 SW TV Hwy, Aloha OR | (503) 356-5624
Daily 24 hours

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

PARADISE ADULT SUPERSTORE 126
14712 SE Stark St | (503) 255-9414
Daily 24 hours

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

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

PUSSYCATS 134
3414 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 384-2794
5226 SE Foster Rd | (971) 255-0133
5141 SW Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy | (503) 245-4393
Daily 24 hours

SHEENA'S 6 SPOT 137
8315 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 972-1111
Daily 24 hours

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

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

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

TABOO VIDEO (4) 144
Downtown: 311 NW Broadway | (503) 227-3443
Portland: 237 SE MLK Blvd | (503) 239-1678
Portland: 2330 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 777-6033
Vancouver: 4811 NE 94th Ave | (360) 254-1126
Daily 24 hours

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

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

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

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

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

DISPENSARIES

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

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

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

NECTAR - SW PORTLAND 1
10931 SW 53rd Avenue | (503) 477-8800
Daily 10am-11pm



17544 SE STARK ST
503-252-3529



2839 NW ST HELENS RD
503-222-6600



403 SW STARK ST
503-227-3936



12035 NE GLISAN ST
503-889-0332



15920 SE STARK ST
(503) 253-8765



17180 SE MCLOUGHLIN BLVD
503-908-1177



231 SW ANKENY ST
503-208-3229



9950 SE STARK ST
503-477-9523



8345 SW BARBUR BLVD
(503) 477-6628



3620 SE 35TH PL
503-239-1004



33 NW 2ND ST
503-243-4646



BRIDGEPORT - 17939 SW MCEWAN RD
503-726-2403



10205 SW PARK WAY
503-297-8466



10140 SW CANYON RD
503-430-5364

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LAST CHANCE SALOON

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KLAMATH FALLS

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Lingerie
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Lingerie
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ADULT SHOP

2410 Mission St SE / (503) 763-3556
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,
Lingerie
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Lingerie
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**TALES FROM THE
DJ BOOTH**
BY DJ HAZMATT

NON-CUSTOMER STRIP CLUB PATRONS: A FIELD GUIDE

Customers are the backbone of our industry, second only to the physical backbones inside strippers (particularly, Polerotica competitors and any dancer who can hold herself upside-down, while holding a stripper pole). Yet, not everyone who hangs around the strip club is considered a “customer,” at least by the very definition of the word—a customer is someone who spends money. A patron, on the other hand, is any person that the fire department would acknowledge during a head-count for capacity violations. With the exception of staff, the average Portland-area strip club is usually about 50-75% customers, at least in my experience. Here is a semi-exhaustive list of those who fall under the “not a customer” umbrella. Some are good, some are bad and, well...some will never go away (just like cold sores).

BOB

Every club has a Bob. In fact, most Bobs are actually named “Bob,” or some variety thereof (Robert, Bobby, Rob, etc.) and all of them are the exact same person, more or less—white, middle-aged, round-ish (not quite fat, but in no way fit) and monotone. Bob usually hangs around the smoking patio, at least when he’s not halfway nudged in between the waitress station and bar well. Even though he’s useless by all definitions of the word, a small harem of strippers

usually flocks to Bob, for some unknown reason. You see, Bob is broke as fuck. Not only does the dude come into the club with empty pockets, but he always has a sob story to justify his lack of presence at the rack: dying mothers, sick uncles, runaway daughters and ex-wives all make an appearance in Bob’s seemingly endless, drab stories.

I have a theory, that at one point in time, Bob was a paying customer. See, Bob’s money was coming in from his boring-ass, overpaid state job, every week until (*insert tragedy here*). At this point, Bob’s life fell apart slowly, like the career of an upper-echelon Wayans. As his friends and family became more distant, Bob decided to turn to Cystale Diamond and Rosetta Stoner—a veteran mid-shifter and her baby stripper cousin—for emotional support (since financial support is off the table). None of the dancers have the heart to tell Bob that he’s really nothing more than a drain on their income, nor does the bar staff, simply because *someone* always ends up buying Bob a drink (which he will sip for three to four hours, in between sharing the world’s most bland anecdotes and asking random dancers if they can give him a ride home, even though said home is no longer in Bob’s name).

SLEAZY PROMOTER GUY

Who the fuck keeps letting this dude in the

club? And no, I’m not talking about genuine, strip club affiliates, such as DJ Dick Hennessy or Kenny Mack. Nah, I’m talking about White Boy Tyrone, with his pile of mixtapes, burned to a medium that no one under thirty has any ability to play in their car or home stereo system. Or, EDM Chester, whose stack of glossy flyers will undoubtedly be used to chop, rail and promote cocaine to any dancer who appears to have underage friends outside of the club. I mean, these assholes should know better. Even in movies, where strippers are openly giving blowjobs to coke-dealing mafia bosses, sleazy promoters are still portrayed as trash. If this were immigration-era Boston, promoters would be the Irish of the club scene.

The bigger question is, who goes to their events? I’m baffled as to why anyone would spend a few hours—let alone an entire weekend—at The Gorge, listening to under-produced and over-simplified dubstep remixes from DJs who bought their first mixer last December. But, if you *are* a mover and shaker in the spend-daddy’s-money-on-molly circuit, why wouldn’t you already know about the next dozenteen events happening in the electronic music and date rape scene? Fuck, even when I was a DJ at the most uncool clubs in town, I was invited to at least eleven raves a week, by class-ass strippers and people I’d actually trust to take care of me when the drugs took

over. Why on God's green, flat earth would you take a lead from some kid sporting a blinking visor, tank top and Monster Energy Drink tattoo?

VIDEO POKER TAMMY

"Can I get another Old Fashioned and some fries with ranch?" Tammy says as she thumbs through her purse for another stack of soon-to-be-lost Franklins. "What time do you guys close?" she asks. "Not for another twelve minutes," a tired and patient bartender is legally required to state. Tammy, who smells like cigarettes and perfume (even though she quit smoking a few years ago, shortly after Pat died), returns to a dark, sectioned-off portion of the club for another few rounds of Lucky Leprechaun. Meanwhile, the last dancer on shift sits, fully clothed, next to a pole, while texting her boyfriend, "I'll be a few minutes late tonight." Within minutes, Tammy loses another month's worth of rent. Well, that's life. Time for another early shift at Shari's...better ask the bartender to call the laggiest, cheapest taxi company from Vancouver, WA to pick her up. Tammy's dinner is forgotten about shortly, before being consumed by the bouncer.

THE OWNER'S WIFE

Okay, now this one definitely does not fall into the "shouldn't be allowed in" crowd, but she is very much a factor when evaluating club attendees. If you're thinking of hitting on the MILF who seems to be super-friendly with the bartender, don't—she's banging the owner (and, is likely living on his paycheck). The Owner's Wife lurks around the club during shift transitions, to best observe the maximum number of staff, all of whom are twice as scared of her as they are the boss. By pissing off the owner's wife, not only are you jeopardizing the club, its staff and other, paying patrons, but you are guaranteeing yourself an ass-kicking from the bouncer (who's fucking her when hubby is out of town).

Another element of The Owner's Wife is that she is constantly changing form. Much of the time, the owner of the club will be married to someone who replaced last year's wife and is about five to ten years younger. This means, even if you met Carol From Albany at Club Name Obviously Omitted last year, you should not go running your mouth about her to Jenny Who Turned 21 On Tuesday, because the latter could easily be the owner's new version of the former. Be warned, The Owner's Wife often moonlights as a stripper. And, if she's not the new, upgraded version of last year's model, you

might accidentally get up and walk away from the rack when she hits the stage on a weekend night, having confused her for a day girl. Again, this is another very, very dangerous move.

"UNDERCOVER" O.L.C.C. PEOPLE

The Oregon Liquor Control Commission is an unnecessary, fascist Gestapo, run by child molesters, unapologetic racists and former cast members from *Glee*. Because they are hated by literally everyone in the industry, the O.L.C.C. is forced to send "undercover" agents into bars, strip clubs and weed shops, to ensure compliance, with the assumption that underage partying or over-intoxication is on par with child porn or terrorism, in terms of societal harm. Further, Oregon bars are required to have something like sixty-two items of hot food, ready to serve at all times, because everyone

fucking obvious they are? Well, here's a fun trick: walk up to their table *completely sober* and vomit all over it, apologizing profusely before grabbing your car keys and running for the door. As long as you're not actually drunk, you're not posing a threat to the bar—but the O.L.C.C. assholes won't know this and they will likely spend the next six weeks or so wasting their efforts on a bad lead. Of note, one of their former higher-ups was convicted of a D.U.I. a few years back.

DESTINY'S BOYFRIEND

Technically, boyfriends of dancers aren't supposed to be hanging around the club. But, for some reason (*good blow*), Destiny's Boyfriend is cool. So cool, in fact, that he spends more time behind the bar and in the office than the club manager does. I mean, who is this guy (*coke dealer*)? Why do all the other dancers seem to love him as much



knows that cans of Pabst and shots of well whiskey are best served at 2am with prime rib and pasta (and, don't forget, your bar can skirt this requirement with a microwave and an adequate variety of Doritos—technically speaking, lukewarm, cool-ranch-flavored nachos are a separate item from lukewarm, nacho-cheese-flavored nachos).

Now, I say "undercover" in quotes that are arguably way, way too small, because O.L.C.C. moles are more obvious than white, undercover cops in '80s films. On any given Friday night, go downtown Portland and visit one of our fine strip clubs. Look for the table of non-tipping, coat-wearing, sunglasses-sporting thirty-year-olds who are drinking water, soda and juice. Notice how

as Destiny (*cocaine*) and, how is he so cool with both the biker gangs *and* the gang-bangers (*seriously, the shit is barely stepped on and makes your whole face go numb*)? In fact, didn't Destiny break up with him last month? Doesn't she work at another club? Fuck, it's getting late. If only I could find someone with a little pick-me-up...guess I'll play Destiny's Boyfriend a song or two for **sniff** free, before reminding the customers to **sniff** tip their staff. Hey, does anyone have any gum?

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com



Wow! Who could be skeptical, in the face of such irrefutable evidence of God's existence?! You might say, "That's just one person. She is probably a delusional drug addict." But, dozens of people are coming forward with accounts of posts just like this one! Incredible. Could this be the second coming of Jesus Christ? We can't say for sure, but it certainly is exciting to think about! Some things just cannot be explained away by science, history or logic. Share if you believe in God and trust that he will answer your prayers while fixing everything, so you don't have to!

**Modern Day Miracle?
This Woman Found Jesus Christ
In Her Facebook Feed**



Loving social media is certainly nothing new. But, what if it loved you back? Not romantic love or the love of a friend, but the unconditional love of your lord and savior. Strange, but True-Jesus appeared to this woman in the form of a Facebook post. Check it out!



Opinion: Do A Shot With Me, Bro



by Kyle Saamus, Ski Instructor

Just do a shot with me, bro. This is my last night in town for a while and I just want to get a little crazy...for old time's sake. I know you have to get up in the morning and your girlfriend is hounding you to get back to her, but just do one shot with me, bro. What's your poison? Remember when we used to order Jägermeister and Rockstars and call them Mick Jägers? I'll down some Jäger, bro. It's your call, I know you don't want to get too wasted on account of your DUII a couple of years back. And, although you're taking a cab home, you're still a little shaken from the incident and want to take it easy, regard-

less. I get that. See! I know you too well, bro! Which is why I know you're going to regret it if you don't do this last shot with me. Goldschläger's tasty...mudslides...greyhounds...whatever's clever. I know, I know. The amount of alcohol you consume is affecting your relationship, sex life and you're constantly experiencing some pretty heavy mood swings. I basically hooked up a microphone in your headboard and I hear all of your bedside conversations. I really care about you, bro! I only do it because I want to help! I want to help you get fucked up and forget about your problems with Kelly and Jamie, and your mixed-up feelings about Stan. It's cool, bro! Just take this last shot with me, we'll get outta here, become blood brothers, form a suicide pact, howl at the moon and kiss. Kiss what? Kiss the sky! Low and behold, your old buddy Saamus had a joint and some mushrooms on him this whole time! Who loves you, bro? Who loves you? Your mom doesn't. She told me. We've developed an intimate relationship, and when I'm holding your mother in my arms post-coitus, she really opens up to me. Guess she doesn't love you. Something about a mistake and wanting a girl. I love you though, bro. It puts a strain on your mother and I's deep, romantic relationship, but I refuse to give you up. Let's do this shot, grab some burgers and get the fuck out of here. What do you say? Cheers. Here's to friendship. To love. To brotherhood. I love you, bro. Pound it.

**Breaking Stereotypes:
This Male Feminist Is Just
Fronting To Get Pussy**



This inspiring young man is making a difference in women's lives—some that haven't even been born yet. The most amazing part? He does it while leading an exhausting double life. Meet Vince Timbaum, sociopath. He lies about caring for women's rights and issues, as it suits him in the dating world. Wow! So courageous! He even goes so far as to quote Ani DiFranco lyrics and Gloria Steinem articles, if he thinks it will help get a girl in the sack. Not only does he not care about feminism, he also doesn't care about any of the women he sleeps with! Incredible! All this time and effort spent, just to ejaculate. Truly remarkable! Talk about destroying stereo-



types. Vince just took everything you thought you knew about male feminists, dribbled it the full length of the court, took off from the free throw line to deliver a backboard shattering tomahawk jam and posterized the stupid look on your face with it. Now, we know what you are thinking...a club sandwich with avocado sounds amazing right now. But, you're also thinking to yourself, wouldn't Vince eventually get caught? What would happen if the truth were ever discovered? We'll never know! Because Vince never sticks around in anyone's life long enough for that to happen! Uh, can you say mic drop? Mind equals blown. The face of feminism is changing every day, so look out world! Share with someone you know that is stuck in the past!



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Der Traum

by Katharine Coldiron

"His idea," she would later repeat to herself. His idea. "He'd said, if you want to, we could try one of those clubs sometime, those weird ones, where you can put on a blind-fold and become a glory hole or get up on a stage to be pelted with eggs and orange soda. I don't know, I've never been to one, y'know. But, maybe we should try it. Maybe that would help. Know what I mean?" Like he had to convince her of something morally unsound.

He didn't do any of the research, though—it wasn't his browser cache to clear. She hunted, she gathered. She even did drive-bys, casing the joints, trying to determine seediness levels from black-painted exteriors and obtuse, one-word names: Velvet. Endure. Heartthrob. Eventually, she settled on Der Traum. They had sleeping beauty rooms.

"What's that?" he asked, over breakfast.

"One person pretends to be asleep, the other person comes in and..." She twirled an et cetera in the air with her index finger.

He swallowed some eggs. "Anything?"

"I think so." She got up for more coffee. "Anything's okay with me, if it's you who comes in the room."

"Is that something you'd want to try?"

She shrugged carefully. "If it sounds good to you."

"I guess it does," he said. "But, we could just do that here, in our own bed. You said this place is \$150 an hour."

"There's a special atmosphere there," she said. She added skim milk and barely a pinch of sugar. "They described the rooms, like the wedding scene in *Phantom of the Opera*."

"There was a wedding scene in that?"

Still facing the cabinet, she rolled her eyes. "When he takes her down into his lair? All those candles?"

"There's no wedding then."

"He puts her in a wedding dress."

His knife screeched on the ceramic plate. "But, there's no actual wedding."

"For fuck's sake, Chad."

"So, the rooms are, like, Gothic? With candles and red satin?"

"Yes. That is the point." She sipped the coffee and tilted her head back. The hem of her hair brushed the valley of her back.

"Cool," he said. "When?"

She looked over her shoulder, her nerves electric. "What? Just like that?"

"You want to argue about it some more?" He rolled one shoulder blade up, over and down. "Yeah, it might be fun. Shake things up."

"Well, if you think so," she said.

Inside the nondescript black street front of Der Traum, they descended velveteen stairs—the color of the plastic jewels in her earrings. Bass beat all around and under them—slow, like the opening of *Dark Side of the Moon*. A window, like a box office, faced them at the end of a short hallway. Tiny LED lights offered the feel of insignificant spotlights, one hollow of light after another.

"Wilkommen in der Traum," said the man behind the glass. He sported tribal neck-stretching bands and a naked shaved head. "Ihr Name?"

"Chad and Andie," she said.

The man offered a narrow, stingy smile. "Danke." He did not consult anything or even seem to move behind the pane of glass, but a door to the right opened out of a matte black wall. The hallway on the other side of the door was red, like the stairs.

"Sich amüsieren," said the shaved man, and grinned.

At the end of the red hallway was a close, low-ceiling rectangle, fogged with dry-ice smoke and the accompanying ozone stench. The room contained a dozen high-legged

tables and a back bar. People in complicated garments milled about. The lighting imposed a simian brow on all occupants. Behind a tiny, dark podium stood a tiny, dark woman with a pierced septum. "Wilkommen," she said, although her accent was nothing to the shaved man's. "Bar or room?"

"What?" he said.

"Here for a room or just to mingle?"

"A room," she said. "Chad and Andie."

"Gut," said the tiny woman and produced a skeleton key attached to a garish orange rabbit's foot. "13F. Upstairs to the left. Don't open any of the other doors."

"No," he said.

They went to the bar for gin and tonics. They settled at a table near a party of three—two men and a woman. The woman, her head bowed, wore a green studded collar and leash. Before her was a glass of water, no ice.

"How do we do this?" he said.

"I'll go to the room," she said, over the knocking of her heart. "You come in ten minutes later, or so. I'll pretend to be asleep, and then you, you know, do what you want."

The sharp-suited man holding the leash tugged briskly and the woman's head snapped up. Andie's lower belly clenched.

"How will I get in?"

"What?"

"If you use the key, then lie there 'asleep,'" he said with air quotes, "how will I get in?"

"It's not a self-locking door," she said and held up the skeleton key. "I'll just leave it open."

"What if someone else comes in?"

"They won't."

He took a long draught of gin, his Adam's apple bobbing.

"Are you alright?"

"Yeah, sure," he said.

"This was your idea." True, but she shouldn't have said it. It dangled in the air.

He brushed his mouth with his fingers. "I thought it would help."

"It might," she said.

"Go on up, then," he said. "If it's what you want."

Sweat had beaded around her temples. Her eyes kept straying to the woman in the collar. She had pearly black skin and wore no shoes. Andie wondered if she was working out some psychological-historical issue, or if this was just what she liked. She wanted to touch the woman's face and bathe her feet.

"Alright," she said. Chad moved her drink closer to his own as she headed for the staircase next to the bar. She passed the woman in the collar, who did not look up. She smelled like hair products Andie had never used, creams and unguents with powers beyond her ken.

The hallway was full of 13s – 13A, 13B, 13C. A tall person in black fiddled with something on a table between doors some yards away, the lighting too murky to see what or who. The wallpaper was shiny red satin, with jacquard black velvet patterns.

13F had a big, black bed, muted red carpet and preposterous candelabra. The windows were painted over and curtained with heavy fabrics. Andie couldn't stop noticing things. She heard only the clock-like basso pulse—no neighbors. Her palms began to sweat. ,0,,

She undressed quickly, draping her dress over a Savonarola chair. A black polyester curtain was bunched above the huge mirror over the bureau and she unfurled it for Chad's sake—he did not think he looked dignified whilst fucking and angled their own dresser mirror away from the bed. From time to time, she bumped her toes on the odd edges.

Under the silken sheet, feather-light, she tried without success to quiet her heartbeat. The sheet maddened her nerve endings. She reached between her legs (God, she was *sopping*), but it seemed beside the point, somehow, or she was too keyed up to cum. So she counted her breaths and looked at the red/black jacquard ceiling. Where would you even get such wallpaper, let alone in such quantities?

The door. She lay still. Still. The lock tongue clicked in its chamber.

Footsteps...fabric rustling...him breathing.

Shoes shucked off. Her eyes shut. Casual, not squinched. Still. Still. Her cunt flamed. Quieter footsteps. The bed shifting. She loosened her neck, let her head roll a little. The sheet removed. Warm hands on her body. She stifled a shiver. Exploring, up and down and around and over and down. And down. And between. She tried not to rise to him. He moved like a masseur, his hands cupping her skin, even as they passed over it. He lifted her knees up and over, shifting her to her side to caress her back—a thick, hot bolt shot down her spine. The way he *handled* her. Her body a doll's.

He came to the other side of the bed, stroked her face and plucked a strand of hair away from her mouth. He rubbed her lips with a thumb—gentle at first, and then pressing—the movement of wiping lipstick off. Her lips parted her teeth, and his thumb invaded her mouth. His other hand moved star-like up her outer thigh, the way she liked. The muscles in her vagina ached.

He shifted closer to her on the bed and drew her knees apart. She lolled onto her back, lazily. Her every cell buzzed. His thumb still occupied her mouth, but the angle changed—the bed's center of gravity telling her that he was before her now, not to the side. His hairy legs brushed her inner thighs. Here it was. Here it was.

Just as he plunged inside, his scent caught and held in her nostrils and the red tangle of her thoughts calcified. Both his aroma and the fine pressure of his cock informed Andie all at once that it was not Chad on the bed with her. His girth and shape were different and he smelled earthier—less like Nordstrom's cologne and more like something you couldn't get from a bottle.

God. *God*. He pulled out and thrust in again, harder, in no hurry—she bit down on her scream. A protest bubbled up, told her to open her eyes and stop this stranger from fucking her, but her lax and fiery body did not listen.

His next thrust shoved her, lifted her chin and hips. She came, fiercely. He lifted her arm and arranged it across her face. Beneath it, she breathed as quietly as she could. Kept her face still. Still. Still.

It went on, for how much longer, she could not say. His pace remained excruciatingly powerful, until finally he came, with a near-imperceptible grunt, and withdrew. He closed her legs for her and placed her hands together on the flare of her ribs. Through the spin and tumble of her sensations arose the urge to open her eyes and see this man as he dressed. What his hands looked like. His face. She denied herself. The door. The lock tongue clicked in its chamber.

She lay still for several more minutes. Her sweaty palms made the skin of her abdomen itch. Her pussy leaked indiscriminately. She tried to worry about STDs, but couldn't find it in her. She felt emptied out, clean, peaceful. She wanted chocolate cake.

Andie wiped herself with a standard white hotel towel she found in the side table and dressed. The mirror had been uncovered. She gazed into her eyes, unblinking.

Chad stood at the same table, a third drained gin and tonic, keeping the other two company. The tiny dark hostess stepped away, just as Andie walked up, and Chad made a check-you-later-babe gesture with three fingers and put that hand in his pocket. For a moment, Andie wondered if the last half-hour had been a figment of her imagination and she'd only been gone for a few minutes, while Chad ordered another drink.

"Hey," she said.

He jumped—a jolt of marionette strings. "Hey! What happened?"

"I don't know," she said. "What happened?"

"I went up to 13F, but it was empty," he said. "I sat on the bed and waited a while, but you didn't come."

"Huh," she said. "Me too. I went to 13F and got undressed and waited for you."

"How can that be?"

"Did you go up the wrong stairs?"

He gestured. "There's only one set."

"That's really weird," she said. "Maybe there are two 13Fs? And, the other one was unlocked for some reason?"

"Maybe," he said vaguely and drank. His eyes skated around the room, settling on her only once in a while. "It's weird. And it's too bad, we spent all this money, for both of us to sit in a room and wait."

"Yeah," she said. "It's a shame." The collared woman had moved to another table. She glanced at them, once, and to Andie, her eyes were a mirror.

They went home and fucked, vehemently, insatiably, staying up too late. They ate Ho-Hos, drank decaf coffee in bed and fucked some more. They could barely look at each other and made no conversation. There was nothing to say.

69b

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TOP

CONSPIRACY THEORIES

BY BRAD COX

I must have mentioned before that I am fucking crazy. But, in case you forgot, here's a reminder: I am fucking crazy. That isn't necessarily a bad thing all the time. Sometimes, it can be a real benefit, especially when it comes to figuring out the fuckery that is the government. These dicks just think we are all sheep, am I right? Well, I'm not your sleepy sheepy anymore! So, for all the rest of my woke-as-fuck people, here is my *Top 5* that covers my all-time favorite conspiracy theories. Enjoy, my brothers and sisters.

1) The KFC...I Mean, JFK Assassination

This was my very first conspiracy theory. When I was just a young lad, I watched a show about JFK on The History Channel and it was clear as day to me that it was an inside job. The fact that people even considered that some shaky former marine pulled that shit off on his own was insane to me. In fact, I'd even go as far as to say that the cover story was a harder conspiracy to swallow than the truth. And, the truth is, of course, that the CIA killed him, in association with the letter Q...I mean the FBI. Holy shit, I'm high.

2) The Hollow Earth

Now, this one has a few angles you can approach it from. Considering the word count I'm working with here, I'm only going to tell you about one of them. A man named Admiral Byrd led an operation which was officially named "The United States Navy Antarctic Developments Project," unofficially called "Operation Highjump." This expedition happened between 1946 and 1947, and it was fucking huge. We are talking about dozens of carrier-sized ships, hundreds of planes and a metric fuck ton of 1947 dollars. It is steeped in mystery, and since then, basically no one has been allowed to venture more than a few

miles into Antarctica. In fact, there is a universally accepted international treaty, banning any country from developing the continent...the whole fucking continent. This treaty has never been challenged and every time it comes up, it is without question reconfirmed. The treaty was just recently reaffirmed in 2016 and has existed since 1959. Admiral Byrd claimed, in his diary, to have entered a hole and gone inside the earth, where he saw amazing and terrifying things. Today he is considered a fucking crackpot. But, in 1946, he was the best of the best our Navy had to offer. In my opinion, I feel his statements and videos are credible, as did the U.S. Navy at the time.

3) Aliens!

Since the 1940s, we have been inundated by alien conspiracies, although, like the hollow earth, I can really only cover the basics here. What people say (and, by people saying, I mean insanely credible whistle-blowers, such as the former Canadian Defense Minister Paul Hellyer), is that the government has covered up the existence of aliens, so that they can control the world, through access to superior technology. This includes time travel, cloning, faster-than-light travel, parallel universes, etc. People like me have spent most of their lives waiting for what we term "disclosure." This, oddly enough, is actually happening now, with the Pentagon admitting they spent millions of dollars investigating UFOs and releasing gun camera footage from an Air Force plane, showing them intercepting a legit UFO (or UAV, depending on how you want to say it). There is an overwhelming amount of evidence that, even prior to this admission, makes this one of the most widely accepted conspiracies in the world, with more than half of the U.S. population believing in aliens visiting the earth.

4) The Illuminati

A man named Johann Adam Weishaupt founded the real Illuminati on May 1st, 1776. He was a German philosopher and formed the secret society in the Electorate Of Bavaria. He took the name "Brother Spartacus" in the order. Historians believe that other se-

cret societies, such as the Knights Templar, Freemasons and Rosicrucians are all a part of the modern Illuminati. Conspiracy theorists believe The Illuminati is more of an umbrella term, used to describe the hidden hand that has guided human history. The Rothschilds' role in modern banking and political development does very little to discourage this idea and a lot of people who mention the order are certainly talking about the Rothschilds (and not literally The Illuminati which officially disbanded in 1785).

5) The Flat Earth "Theory"

It occurred to me that so far this article hasn't been particularly funny. To remedy this dire situation, I thought I'd round out this list with B.o.B's favorite conspiracy...flat ass, motha-fuckin' Earth. I'm not going to give you facts about this one, because, let's face it, there aren't any. There are, however, a smidgen of vaguely compelling bullet points. First, they all claim you can't see the curvature of Earth from an airplane. I recently flew to Las Vegas, and trust ya boy, I saw the fuckin' curve. Secondly, they think that Antarctica is the edge... like, it's a wall. And, that wall is magnetic south. Which would make magnetic north the center or...north pole. Some of these folks also think that there may be an infinite number of adjacent flat, Earth planet things, which ties up nicely to the parallel universe thing—bonus points for creativity. The real problem here is how fucking convincing their YouTube videos are. So, just don't look this one up, okay? I don't want to lose any of my loyal readers to that shit show.

The thing I want to impart here, is we are told to believe certain things and discouraged to believe others. Hell, even I discouraged believing in a thing in this article. We have, as a culture, controlled our perceptive reality with ridicule. Just last year, everyone who believed in aliens was considered at least wrong by mainstream culture. Turns out, we've been right all along, and for whatever reason, it's time for them to talk about it. Intelligence and curiosity are no longer considered useful, and that is a very bad thing for civilization. Question everything is the way of the samurai. Be a fuckin' samurai.



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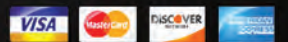
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