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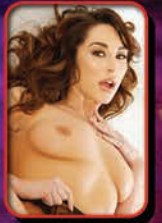
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# Ladies! Dating A Musician?

Here Are Three Tips To Drive Him Wild This Valentine's Day

by Blazer Sparrow

It's that time of year again, where you are either frantically trying to think of something cheesy and romantic to do for your partner (so you don't have to endure another round of silent treatment) or you're drinking yourself to sleep, after shitposting on social media about how you're a strong independent so-and-so and relationships are stupid. Anyhoozle, we're all in this fresh hell together, but this piece is specifically for those unfortunate women who have found themselves in a relationship with a musician in Portland (I couldn't think of any hot tips for you lads out there dating a female musician, because you basically won the lottery—treat her like a princess and watch her cat while she goes on tour). The sad slice of the Portland demographic—who are both dating some unshaven, aspiring indie rock star in Portland *and* reading a strip club magazine—need look no further for some hot tips to spice up their disappointingly dull romance this Saint Valentine's Day. I hope you have a frosty beverage handy, 'cause it's about to get HAWT in here.

## Go To A Local Show With Your Beloved And Talk At Length About How Unimpressed You Are With The Performers For The Evening

You will not only make your boyfriend-who-won't-let-you-call-him-your-boyfriend's evening—in fact, you will make his fucking *year* with this hot tip. You see, male musicians have the most fragile egos in all of human history.

this fragile ego comes a labyrinth-esque wall surrounding it, that is completely immune to compliments—no matter how authentic. Normal humans will get a warm, fuzzy feeling from a simple positive comment about one's abilities in their chosen profession—not so with musicians. The true way to your insecure manchild's heart is by insulting others that share his chosen profession. This is especially true if your “it's com-



This has been scientifically proven with decades of peer-reviewed journalism on the subject. With

plicated” person is a guitarist. Beat him to the punch by commenting on how the guitarist of the band



you're watching "doesn't do it for you" and is "kinda pedestrian." Use the word "pedestrian." He will melt for you on the spot.

### **When He Shows You His Favorite Obscure Artists, Pretend You've Never Heard Of Them**

You thought you've seen his pathetic excuse for affection before...but, think again! This little trick will set his unwashed loins on fire. You'd think it would bring you closer together, being into the same music, but there is nothing that will crush his already-crumbling self-esteem more than when he shows you something *Pitchfork* recently did an archive review about, and you say that you've not only heard of it, but you heard it (because it's blasting through the speakers of every record shop and café in Portland). Trust me! Even though the last three musicians you've dated "introduced" you to whatever trendy post-punk or hip hop record your main squeeze is claiming as his personal favorite (that supposedly no one's ever heard of), just smile, nod and act like it's not the zillionth time you've heard "Marquee Moon" by Television—seriously, you don't even have to pretend to like it. It's literally more important that this is the first time you've ever set ears on fucking Sigur Ros. You will give your mostly employed boo a night he will *never* forget. Hopefully, you do actually like said artist, because once you say you've never heard of them, be prepared for an all-nighter of B-sides, shitty live recordings and excerpts from a Wikipedia article.

### **When You're Socializing With His Friends, Don't Say Anything Or Interact With Anyone**

You see, for the public-facing side of the relationship, the male musician doesn't really want to appear as if he has a genuine connection with anyone. Intimacy is far too complicated and adult of a concept for him to grasp in any meaningful way. However, they

cooler than his peers. However, you will only confuse and irritate him if you attempt conversation with your maybe-a-boyfriend. Although it seems counter-intuitive to developing a healthy relationship, do *not* talk to his friends when you are all out at said bar. If you strike up an actual conversation with one of his peers, you will witness a storm of childish jealousy, the likes of which you have



don't want to seem like some unattractive loser, hanging out with his other loser musician friends, at the same bar they always hang out at, making fun of the other loser musicians that they are convinced they are cooler than. This is where you come in! By being a female body sitting next to your musician date, you make him feel slightly

never experienced before! Take it from years of research. Just sit, smile and shut up. You'll thank us later, when your so-called man says he "guesses you and him can, like, be together or whatever" that night.

You're welcome, ladies. Happy Valentine's Day!



# DON JUAN IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM: AN EXAMINATION OF NON-HUMAN LOVE LIVES

BY ESMERALDA RUPP-SPANGLE

Valentine's Day is right around the corner, and in the spirit of that, I thought it would be a perfect opportunity to take you, dear reader, on a journey with me, through an overview of the sexiest biota our world has on display. If anyone says romance is dead, point to any of these examples and scoff heartily.



## The Praying Mantis

As the poster child for invertebrate romance, the Mantodea is well-known for its practice of what is temptingly called "sexual cannibalism." Basically, if the female mantis wants to get her snacky-snack on while she's being plowed, she'll just take the head off the male and chow down. Interestingly, this has been observed to cause the male's movements to become even more vigorous. As long as it's between consenting adults, who are we to pass judgment on these femme fatales?

## Antechinus

This adorable little marsupial mouse lives in the forests of Australia and holds the rare privilege of being one



of the few Aussie creatures that can't kill you. Just before springtime, every year, these critters devote themselves utterly to just one thing: fucking until they go blind. The males will seek out females to bonk naughty parts with relentlessly, for sessions lasting up to 14 hours. They fuck so much that their fur falls out, they bleed internally, their bone density goes to shit, their blood sugar levels go haywire, and by the end of it, most of them are dead. Females can live for up to three years, but not a single male will make it past his first birthday (but, what a way to go).



## Flatworms

Many species of flatworms, includ-

ing ones with really catchy names, like *Pseudobiceros hancockanus*, engage in a mating practice I'd like to see between humans. It's called "penis fencing" and it's exactly what it sounds like. Two randy flatworms approach one another with their "stylets" (definitely named by an insecure biologist) drawn, then they try vigorously to stab one another and inject their, uh, genetic splooge. Whoever ends up pregnant is the loser (obviously), though this can indeed be both of them. Mother nature doesn't give a damn about consent



## The Anglerfish

Well known for its horrific visage and creepy lantern headgear, this deep-sea-dwelling fish has a truly unique approach to lovemaking. Because their population density is relatively low—and, the ocean is (not to get too scientific here) *a really big place*—when they meet, they'd better make the most of it. With this in mind, the male anglerfish bites into the belly of the female and latches on. Over time, his body fuses with



hers, most of his body dissolves and he's reduced to what is essentially a pair of gonads and not much else. A female can have several of these hangers-on and can then breed at her own pace. Truly, some liberated chicks.



### Paratrechalea Ornata

Everyone has heard that the way into someone's pants is through their stomach—and insects are no different. If you've seen any nature programs, you're probably familiar with the concept of a "nuptial gift," which is where a male presents the female with some tasty treat, so he doesn't wind up like his mantis cousins. This particular spider, however, has a habit (up to 70% of the time) of presenting the female with empty insect husks he's already sucked dry (or, other inedible flotsam that he's just wrapped up nicely). Before she has a chance to examine the "gift" too closely, he's done the deed and is on his merry way. Our equivalent would be something like the guy with the flashy car, the nice watch and the hidden \$30K in credit card debt.

### Giraffes

Unlike human females, who are capable of mating (or turning you down, again) pretty much whenever, many non-human animals go into periods of estrus ("heat"). Giraffes are no exception to this, but



unlike some animals whose genitals become engorged, colorful or have other obvious displays of fertility (mating calls, low cut blouses, etc.), the giraffe males seem to have only one way to tell if a THOT is into him: by drinking her pee. Beyond this quirk, their union is pretty standard stuff, which is awkward and usually regretted by at least one of them. But, the fact that the male giraffe drinks the female's urine mid-stream is still kinky enough to make this list.



### Jotus Remus

Another creative solution to avoid the possibility of being "sexually cannibalized" (hot!) is the display this tiny jumping spider does. Basically, he hides behind a leaf and vibrates his body to get the female's attention. Once she's noticed that something is up, he'll start waving one of his unusually fluffy legs enticingly, from behind the leaf where he remains hidden. The female will try to attack, thinking it's prey, but he's ready for it and yanks it back. Then

again (and again and again), his display can last hours. All he's basically doing is wearing her out, so she's too exhausted to fight him, when he leaps out and has his way with her. Thinking about this, I wonder why she doesn't just get bored and try to catch something else (or, maybe, just *check the other side of the leaf*), but nature rarely makes sense, and I suppose if it ain't broke, don't fix it.



### Whiptail Lizard

In a turn of phrase someone is surely going to call out Wikipedia for, these lizards merely "pseudo-copulate," because there's no penis to go anywhere. This is because every whiptail lizard is female. How do they reproduce then, you might ask? Parthenogenesis, which is a fancy way of saying "cloning." Essentially, this is an entire species made up of copies of ONE chick, who likes to sometimes "pseudo copulate" with herself. Pondering this as a solution to my dating life, it suddenly became far less sexy when I realized that I probably couldn't stand myself for 15 minutes, let alone a whole planet filled with me forever. Horrible.

*Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle is a Frasier slash fiction writer, sexual cannibal and ex-motocross champion. She can be found on MeWe by name or Instagram via @EsmeraldaSilentCitadel.*



# Stripped IN PORNLAND

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

By Jaime Dunkle

## Moxie

I leap to the pole from the halo rack that encircles the stage. One client gawks, another says, "Show me your tits." I ignore them both and flirt with myself in the mirror.

I glow with the victory of knowing my 35-year-old body still possesses power, control and stamina. I spin around the pole and admire my prestigious stride. I'm a fucking goddess—albeit, a broke goddess. I'm lucky if I bank \$60 in five hours. In fact, I cash-in the old-fashioned way: connection. I converse with older men at the bar, who have no qualms in compensating me for my precious time.

Tonight's my last night at the Mint Elephant. It reeks of fried chicken strips, stale beer and cheap perfume. I'm retiring to return to an office gig. The regular I'm with begs me not to leave and slips me his phone number on a tiny napkin, over the nicked bar. The ink blotches.

"I could fall in love with you," he says.

I pet his wrinkled hand and thank him, before I take the stage for my next set.

I gallop to the music and show off my reclaimed agility, with a full-on split at the song's end.

A Beavertron bro with gelled hair solicits me for a dance as I hop off stage.

I lead him to the private dance area and part the beaded curtain. The beads tinkle in percussion, as they cascade back to position. Before we even get situated, he picks me up and throws me on the couch. The security guard observes the physical assault, but does nothing—can't expect much from a dude who would card himself, due to his cherub face covered in zits. He puffs out his chest at me, instead of the rapey creeper who damn near body slammed me in my place of employment. What a send off. I stomp away in anger, at the audacity of the eternal teenager with a badge.

"Security my ass," I say.

The manager abducts me, squeezes her long fingers around my firm bicep and pushes me into the corner.

"Be careful or else word will get out you're a dirty girl," she says, so close to my face I begrudgingly inhale her petrol-stench breath.

Every pore on my face burns. My fists clench with sheer frustration. I step outside for some fresh air. My favorite dancers smoke and chat outside. We agree we're all completely enamoured with each other.

We collectively decide that Josie has all the hustle, Kimberly has the best dance moves, Bella is the funniest, Echo is the smartest and Reena has the biggest heart. They vote me in for the most moxy. We all fawn over each other some more and giggle about how we're a spectrum of diversity in both talent and ethnicity, and happen to be sitting in a lovely visual gradient.

An old-world geezer lights a cigar outside next to us.

"I'll tell you what I would've paid for you during the Vietnam War: \$2, \$1.50, \$1, \$0.75, \$0.50 and a quarter."

He points at me and says, "The lightest is the more expensive."

Righteous rage fills me. I fight the urge to scream. Instead, I stand up, recognizing my white privilege but also honoring my Romani roots and protest this sad man's ignorance with a calm ferocity.

"The war is over and so is the age of discrimination. You're outnumbered now."

He grumbles incoherently and goes back inside.

I enter after him. On the down low, I let the bartender know he's about to serve a vocal racist and sexist.

"Bartender, another round," the old-world man says and leans on the bar stool.

The bartender returns with a credit card slip to sign.

"What's this?" he asks.

"It's time to go," the bartender says.

The geezer signs, groans incoherently and leaves. The stripper brigade of badasses and I cheer.

"I hate this place, but I love all of you," I say.

We group hug, then hijack the stage to do a six-dancer set as a last-call finale. The rack fills with customers downing drinks and showering us in greenbacks.

After our time on stage, I pack my bag in the dressing room. Josie scooches next to me, with her hands behind her back.

"Close your eyes and open your hand," she says.

I oblige. She sets a stack of cash in my paws. I reopen my eyes and tears fall.

"I can't," I say.

"Too late. We all agreed. It's from that last set. We want you to remember us more than the assholes who come here," Josie says.

We exchange numbers we'll never call and make plans we'll never keep.

I depart with my driver and see the club sign shrink and dim, as we pull away.

*Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her tenure as an award-winning journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. "Stripped" is her forthcoming book that was chosen as a semifinalist on the YesYesBooks Open Reading For Fiction contest in 2019. For more info, go to [JaimeDunkle.com](http://JaimeDunkle.com). No creepers allowed.*



# Notes On Impending Madness

BY NORMAN KEMP



Portland, Oregon is a miserable goddamn town. A foul pit of quicksand that grips you the moment you slip and land there, eating away at your organs until you've turned to dust. Struggling will only pull you deeper, drive you to love madness, hate yourself, rip away at your own skin and spit out those old bones that once held you up, now too brittle to stand in the wind, like a tower of sand. The men are pedophiles, the women are whores, the children are stupid punks, the streets smell like hot piss at high-noon and everyone is out to slice your throat open while you sleep, take your hard-earned money and turn it into a bad habit—your very own vice, because that's what everyone does here, once they've come into the gauntlet. Suits and students and pigs and preachers are no exception. Nose candy, racing machines, sex wizards, morning whiskey, blood 'n' guts 'n' shame junkies—it's all here, in full, living color, just around every corner, at any time of day or night—like sending away Kix box tops and getting back real bazookas!

I'm a doomed writer. Nothing works, it all comes out the same. Sad shit, weird shit, awful shit, dull shit. It's all page filler—pretty words and exhaustive details, designed to grab you, excite you and trick you into thinking that it all means something. I can tell you with great confidence that this is an illusion put together of glass strings, woven by the voice of clever manipulation. Somewhere along the wire, I find mysterious meaning in this weird calling—the gift of a wordsmith, hands blessed with a unique autonomy of their own and a thirst for creation that ceases only with sleep and death.

I am not even a writer. This instrument is electrified, moving along a dexterous track all its own. Give your praise to this pen for whatever sick poetry it may produce—I am only the vessel for its feverish workings—a dedicated host conduit, good only for a warm brain and muscles to let the ink go. I am not a writer, only a shell

of circumstantial synapses, to meet my purpose as a scribe slave to some anxious pen, with too much goddamn nonsense to tell whoever cares to listen. It's time again for coffee, for smokes, for the Next Best Thing...never mind the silly shitshow down the way—there's WORK to do.

It's a damn shame that I won't get around to it today and I doubt that I'll get to it tomorrow either. Some sick impulse tells me to procrastinate again. No sleep and binge writing when the mood strikes—overtones of misery and loathing, last minute panic runs to get your shit



done between trips out for more booze, cigarettes, and senseless arguments with yourself, just for fun, in the presence of weirdos that will never understand your mannerisms. "Sloppy," they say. "How unprofessional," they say. "Those degenerate bums just want an excuse to burn the goddamn world down!" they say. I can't pretend that I don't agree, though. Sloppy, unprofessional, degenerate—my kind of people. A drunken army of loonies and hopeless rep-

robates, clinging onto the underbelly of some supposed "American Dream" that has still yet to surface. It'd be critically dangerous to the well-orchestrated system of self-made entrepreneurship, to let your kind in on the big secret: that any burnt-out freak with half a brain can do it...but, don't tell the lowlifes—they'll blow up the scene. Writers-for-hire, with no apparent moral compass, skewed ethics and nothing better to do than to stir up provocative commotion, among the hearts of those who feed us the sick subjects upon which to put words.

For this monotony, I've found a few temporary reliefs—rampant substance abuse, wild sex at bus stops, unhinged passion and weird music (to either calm the nerves or agitate them, depending). Throw in some booze for an additional layer of liquidity—a crucial evil for anyone who intends to "make it." Such sultry passages of ink spill away from these crooked fingertips, like a pen dancing to utter madness—odd attention to the fine detail of every magnificent stroke, a carnivorous taste for insanity like a fang-tip pen, coated in poison and ready to freeze its readers' veins with venomous truths.

This obsession with the creation of macabre prose has become my sickest pleasure—a far greater rush than heroin, cumming in strangers' mouths, coming near death by the misguided hands of a once-lover or than orbiting yourself at mach five...when it all gets too ugly, become a writer. At least then, your sad truths put into colorful poetry will metamorphose into a wilted rose, in the eyes of depraved and hopeless romantics—some tasteful veneer of pulchritude within the ruins of our own despondency. Another narrow glimmer of hope that, for just a moment, appears greater than the oppressive illness of the human condition—a smile in the face of pure darkness and the realization that you are powerless to its chaotic machinations, so you'd better grab a beer and get comfortable.





# Your Ex-Girlfriends As Weed Strains

**GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED GOLD SATIVA AWESOME**

Happy Valentine's Month. For some of us, February means love and happiness. For others, it means, "Hey, thanks for the slave labor, here's a hashtag." But, for me, it means that I change my phone number, yet again, to avoid the cases of exes crawling out of the emergency jar and asking for some pipe action. I can't be the only one who fears the sins of his past, so I've brought you this article to see how many other dudes and females-into-females can relate. I wanted to do this gender-free, but it just didn't roll off the fingers correctly. However, this column can apply to ex-boyfriends, as well—I just don't have that many, so do the gender swapping in your head and enjoy...

## **OG Kush**

This is the chick you dated briefly during that period of your life when you "took a break from college to see the world," which means that you spent all summer at random festivals in California, hopping from one hazy experience to the next. OG Kush would always show up and you recognized her by the extreme aroma, which was somehow intoxicating. Everyone else thought she smelled like a hot dumpster, but man...ten seconds with her and you were in the clouds. The bad news, however, was that the comedown was awful—piles of hand-rolled spliff butts littered your car, your priorities were put on hold for longer than usual and for some reason your hoodie smells like a moldy oak tree. You two broke up on good terms, simply because you were starting to resemble a homeless lottery winner.

## **Sour Diesel**

After you dated OG Kush, you decided to rebound with Sour Diesel—this chick smelled amazing, was properly trimmed and was readily available. But, the head trips were too much. Two seconds into trying to relax and

she was always bringing up stuff that made you worry. "Did you forget to pay your power bill? What about the dentist, did you make an appointment with them? And, what about that bruise on your shoulder???" Are you sure it's just a tight muscle or could it be skin cancer?!" The questions would never cease and the mind games wouldn't stop. Man, she was so pretty, though...and she had a great aroma, was seemingly innocent and super cute, but no man can handle that kind of head trip, day after day. You two broke up because she wouldn't stop telling you that everyone knew you were high.

## **Full-Extract Cannabis Oil**

What the fuck were you thinking, dude? You thought you could handle this small, quiet and seemingly harmless fling, until you were face-down on a shag carpet, in a shady motel on a bad side of town. I mean, did this really count as "dating" or are we gonna be honest? This wasn't an ex-girlfriend—it was a crack whore (with all due respect to sex workers who use cocaine in rocked form...I'm not talking about you, I'm talking about the crack whore variety of crack whore). No one should get you off that fast, for so cheap, using a miniature flamethrower and a bowl-shaped glass utensil. Let's not front—this wasn't a relationship, it was a business transaction. And, goddamn if you won't do it again. Crack Whor...excuse me, "Full-Extract Cannabis Oil" was (and still is) a cool as chick. You've just got to make sure you don't lose your wallet around her.

## **Mexican Brick Weed**

You know, in retrospect, this was a super-cool chick. Yeah, she was kinda seedy and always demanded to be picked up by a friend-of-a-friend, outside of a Circle K, but who else was giving you that kind of love in middle school? How else would a suburban teenager

like you get the opportunity to interact with actual drug dealers, who move bricks across international borders, sell them to kids using pagers and weigh out the bags with those weird, handheld scales that looked like protractors???" Mexican Brick Weed gets a bad reputation and for no reason—she was reliable, a cheap date and easily the most uniquely alluring-yet-off-putting scent that reminded you of nature. These days, she is extremely hard to come by, but she's always been super flaky, tight and sharp—chances are, wherever she is, she is making a lot of young dudes happy.

## **Kratom**

Just because it looks like weed and smells like weed, doesn't mean it's actually weed. But, for a few weeks during graduate school in Seattle, you experimented with this one and really enjoyed her. She wasn't what you expected, but that doesn't mean it wasn't good. Sure, you've heard about the kind of Kratom you pick up at or around cheap convenience stores in urban areas, but this was the upscale variety, who was properly manicured and goddamn if she didn't present exactly like any other plant you're used to. Yeah, it's kind of awkward explaining her to your parents, but it's equally cool that your friends are progressive enough to not only accept your ex for who she is, but also, they've actually started considering the idea of dating a girl like her—because stereotypical weed strains have become so lazy, expensive and dangerous that the modern man should really consider embracing alternatives, before they find themselves in family court, up against the world's most expensive lawyer and a bitter strain from your past. Changing genetics is cheap—but, having your farm raided by the government is not.

Perhaps, I should just stop smoking for a year.



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What a wonderful start to the year! No snow (at time of press), new clubs opening up around town (you've really got to check out Club Sin-Rock's downtown location, which is staying open past typical club hours, by the way), weekly burlesque shows at The Jack London and Dante's (Burly-Q and Sinferno, Saturday and Sunday, respectively) and decent weather is making this February out to be one of the best so far. That's why we themed this issue as a positive Valentine's issue—not that we don't have mad love for the Anti-Valentine parties (check out the calendar at the end of this column), but it *is* nice to know that this year's celebration of love will be somewhat more positive (and, hopefully, sunnier) than usual. Sure, we might pay for it, by watching the climate eat itself so we can have cool plastic shit, but when's the last time you've been hiking on a Valentine's Day date? Silver linings, folks. The oceans aren't half empty—they're half full.

### A Call For Sex Workers To Take Back Social Media

My punch card for "know ten sex workers who get booted from social media for posting a picture that includes a small amount of skin, get one free" just filled up. So, what the hell, why not use this column for good?

Here is a brief lesson on how the pop culture and trend cycle works: a grass roots culture creates a thing, that thing becomes popular over time, then the thing becomes profitable and the big companies sink their tentacles into it, eventually redefining it and draining it of all original meaning. For example, look at punk rock. What started out as an anti-corporate practice of using home studio equipment to produce music that is indigestible to the mainstream (due to anti-establishment themes, aesthetic abrasiveness and, well, angry people in weird clothing, who go to basement shows, bootleg cassette tapes and beat each other up for fun), is now responsible for festival bands whose clothing you can buy in the mall. The "Vans" in "Vans Warped Tour" kinda sours the whole "we hate exploitation, capitalism and consumerism" experience, but, hey, two original members of Social Distortion are playing the Monster Energy Stage at noon, so let's all pony up a month's worth of income to watch the show.

On the same note as punk rock (and comic books, video games, hip hop, cheeseburgers, cannabis, etc.), the realm of "sex worker" has, seemingly overnight, been taken over by giant social media

companies (Instagram, Facebook, Snapchat, etc.) and internet data farms (Google, Facebook Mobile, Facebook Messenger, Facebook For Commadore 64, Fisher Price My First Facebook Account, etc.). Boobs make up about 36C-44D percent of the social media market cap.

But, we need a history lesson. Let us rewind to the early days of the internet, when the world connected itself using brand new technology, that would allow for previously unheard of innovation—at which point, we immediately used it for, well, porn. Now, this wasn't just any porn—this was single-image, hours-to-download, hard-to-fap-to, probably-violating-copyright, worthy-of-wasting-one's-AOL-hours (Millenials, look that term up and get back to me when you bitch about "only having a small amount of data") for pure, uncut smut.



There was a day and age, when you couldn't just accidentally stumble upon gigs upon gigs of high-definition adult entertainment, from any genre you can think of (give it a try if you don't believe me...there are sub-genres of *Dragonball Z* porn—don't ask me how I know, but there are over 9,000 videos). In fact, if you've ever seen the word "pron" (which, by the way, did NOT get underlined by my word processor spellcheck alerts), it comes from the intentional misspelling of the word "porn," to subvert censorship, because "porn" was, at one point in time, blocked by most search engines. Back in the day, we had to walk up a hill, both ways, twice, in digital snow, before we realized that the snowy hill was actually a boob. Whoa! A naked boob!!!

Flash forward a couple decades, and if you do a search for "prawns" on your phone, Google asks if you meant to search for "porn," complete with suggestions. Taboo? Only if you're looking up the address of the video store—there are Christian hookup sites, feminist-approved pornstars and skin flicks designed to be inclusive to every de-

mographic on the planet. Are you an Amish trans woman who prefers half-Asian, half-Australian, third-cousin themes, with Disney outfits and mild socialist undertones, but only in 4K and in Quick-time format? Well, the internet has dozens and dozens of results for you! Put simply, porn is basically pot—it's mainstream, there are thousands of varieties, everyone uses it and the hippies should be glad that our society no longer punishes people who engage in it...

Unless, of course, you're a stripper or model who posts a semi-revealing photo on Instagram using the wrong sex-related hashtag. In *that* case, let's just go ahead and delete your account, remove your monetized ads, disconnect you from most of your followers and fans, then threaten you with a nasty letter. Of course, this doesn't apply to famous porn actors or Hollywood prostitutes, but the *real* enemies, like Snapchat Premium models, local working girls and webcam chicks... you know, right up there with serial killers, kiddie diddlers and Nazis. Imagine if Adolf Hitler or Ted Bundy had the help of @GamerGurrl69PDX420...I doubt we'd even be alive today.

Obvious sarcasm aside, the big companies whose platforms *you* built and whose stock prices *you* helped inflate by giving away *your* data for free, well, they hate you. Tag a post with #YesAStriper or #SexWorker and see what happens. Sure, there will be gore porn above you and footage of a drone strike below you, but that Instagram feed is apparently not ready for half of a nipple or part of a butt—and, let's not kid anyone, *no one* is ready for a sex-positive hashtag. That's where society starts to crumble (yes, that's more sarcasm, for those of you in the back).

It's one thing to say "this is a private platform with terms of service that you signed." But, it's another thing to remind you of this fact, while at the same time promoting a photo of Cardi B stuffing a flag in up her rectum with the hashtag #EatMyAssBitches and a link to buy her song, "Finna Fuck This Ni\$\$a With A Stolen GloCk," from the Apple Store, Google Play and Christian Mingle, before turning right around and telling @PDXStr1p-p3rChixxx that their account "violates terms of service," because they posted a text-only meme about tipping dancers to their 400 followers.

If I had a dollar for every dancer, webcam girl, private model or even just random female who works at Starbucks and occasionally posts vagina-themed paintings, who got their account



taken down after amassing a decent following that took weeks upon weeks of work to obtain, I'd have enough money to actually go to the strip club and tip all the dancers, who just lost their Snapchat Premium account because a drug dealer, white nationalist or gang member reported their yoga pants photo. "We're sorry, but due to complaints from @MolallaSisterFuck88 and @StitchesGetTheirDicksShotOff, the photo of you at the gym has been sent to Homeland Security." Real fucking "progressive," Zuck. Meanwhile, I misspelled "Virginia" in a search bar—using safe mode on a public internet connection—and guess what I saw?

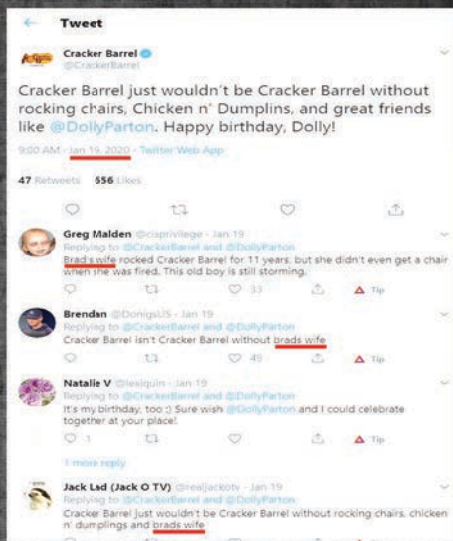
At this point, even if you hate me as a person, a writer and/or an asshole, I honestly doubt that this month's column is getting much disagreement from our readers. But, I haven't gotten to the elephant in the room yet—a solution.

What can you, as either a fan or producer of not-even-that-"adult"-content, do? How can you, the thicc girl who posts gym selfies or the pole dancer who enjoys showing off her skills, get Instagram, Facebook (who owns Instagram), Snapchat and all the other apps on your side? Well, let's first point out what *doesn't* work: contacting these companies, starting petitions, getting a shitty lawyer, getting a good lawyer, complaining on other social media platforms or trying to take down Goliath yourself. What *does* work, you ask? Hashtags.

Unlike centralized content (shit you post directly to one or two linked social media platforms), hashtags are decentralized—if I start the #KanyeMusk2020 hashtag and enough people start using it in their own posts, then website search engines, trending lists and other aggregates have to take active steps to suppress it. And, what happens when you try to suppress something on the internet? Everyone accepts that two dudes in MAGA hats jumped a celebrity outside of a Chicago Subway in the middle of winter, 9/11 was an outside job and Epstein killed himself...oh, wait, no—it has the exact opposite effect.

Last month, a girl at a Target store got shamed by some asshat hipster blogger on Twitter, over the price of a toothbrush. Currently (and, thanks to the surrounding internet attention), this chick (@RealTargetTori...cool girl, go support her) is sitting on thousands in donation money and @Target has yet to even address the incident (at time of press). The internet moves at the speed of

light, if light was on meth and had a jetpack. Elsewhere in the Land Of The Virtuous Trolls, there are similar stories, such as the saga of Brad's wife being fired from Cracker Barrel in 2017 (and the @CrackerBarrel Twitter account being flooded with demands for her re-hire to this day). Put simply, if the internet rallies around anything (fast food chains, recently deceased primates, presidential candidates, etc.), shit gets done and we never, ever forget.



Sadly, just like comics books, video games, politics, journalism, movies and pretty much any other element of pop culture (yes, politics has been pop culture for a few decades now) that has been infested by the normies, the term "online sex worker" has gotten a bad rep, thanks exclusively to the latecomer, hanger-on, attention whore *posers* who make up less than a fraction of a half of a third of a percent of "sex workers," but seem to represent 99.9 out of 100, when it comes to media portrayal. Local stripper raising money for the homeless? Pfft. Ban her account, immediately. Influencer showing cleavage to "save Australia from climate change" (ahem, ARSON)? Well, color me monetized and slap my safe-for-children buttock! We've got a winner. As long as there's a narrative behind her, she can dance above it naked—just make sure to weed out the ladies who aren't famous, because they don't help the corporate bottom line.

Distaste for the smug elite—not "misogyny," "anti-feminism" or a "hatred of women"—is the main reason why the "internet hates sex workers" meme is somewhat valid, but misaligned. Yes, there are some shitty men (and women)

who are certified trash humans. But, I would argue that your typical /b/-tard or casual internet troll has nothing against the stripper next door, any more than someone who hates Kardashians is "transphobic" for not buying Caitlyn Jenner's makeup or people who don't like *Captain Marvel* are "sexist" for not enjoying watered-down, dollar store C.G.I., Hollywood preaching. The real enemy is sitting behind an office desk, not a table in his mom's basement. The fact is, most people just hate smug, elitist, better-than-you low-level celebrities and most "influencers" who will never know what it's like to build a following of loyal patrons from the ground up. Being treated like commoner trash by folks who have multiple paid servants to feed them vegan food from a silver platter is, well, not really something that regular folks can get behind, no matter how much guilt is used to dismiss the fact we have taste—for example, I grew up on The Lady Of Rage, Queen Latifah, Apollonia Koteró, Etti James, Donna Summer, Whitney Houston and I'm currently listening to Young M.A., so no, I don't dislike Lizzo because I "hate black women." It just so happens that it's 2020 and the hipsters are only now finding out that they exist. On the same token (pun accidental), no one giving tips on rectal bleaching via Instagram for ten million followers has ever seen a stripper pole—trust me. Wanna talk about cultural appropriation? Let's start with sex work being hijacked by corporate slime and the pseudo-Hollywood elite. *Joker* wasn't misogynistic, corporate trash, cashing in on angry men and shitty women—*Hustlers* was.

The internet is not always a nice place to women who show off their bodies. But—and, I do mean this seriously—if the take-down of all things sex-worker-related is framed as an attack by asshole corporations on individual capitalists, you can bet your ass that the Libertarian snake would be wrapped around a stripper pole by next week. The dark underbelly of the internet is ready to see Zuck, Jack and whoever owns Snapchat burn alive. Fat dorks living in mom's basement, eating chicken tendies and mining Dogecoin in last week's underwear don't "hate women," any more than strippers who don't like it when local celebrities watch their stage show for free "hate men." Instead, they/we hate the establishment, especially the part of it that profits from our independent cultures, while at the same time, excluding us from them. And, yes, Instagram and Snapchat "models" who became "famous" two years ago are trash establishment celebrities—trust me, they were shaming strippers and calling sex



workers “hoes” for years, before they hired an assistant to set up their social media accounts. Green Day is not punk rock, Cardi B is not feminism, Bernie Sanders is not grass roots and Belle Delphine selling her bathwater is not sex work—and, I like all of these people, but I’m not going to pretend that they’re what the label says they are, any more than I will pretend that the McDonald’s by my house is a “local restaurant.” As an aside, that same McDonald’s has used needles piling up in the gutter, but a local burger shop around the corner got a fine for automatically including plastic straws in take-out orders—corporations, am I right?

It is time for strippers, webcam models, homemade porn producers and other *actual* sex workers to team up with the internet trolls, hackers, shitposters and, well, people like me. Together, we can put aside our flame wars and defeat the machine, as one cohesive unit. And, we will do it through a hashtag. Because, that’s the only thing that they can’t suppress without having it backfire. However, I’m about as creative as the rest of the Portland “creative” types, which mean’s I’m really not creative at all, especially when being creative actually matters. So, I am leaving it up to *you*, loyal reader, to start throwing sex worker-friendly hashtags out into the lexicon, until one sticks. #InstagramHatesStrippers, #LetSexWorkersExist, #NotAThot, #SnapbackAtSnapchat...none of those really roll off the tongue, but you get the gist. The point is, post your photos, do your videos, post your CashApp and Venmo links, get sock accounts if your main account is deleted, multiply and spread like a virus. I will put the word out through internet shitposter dog whistles (they’re already littered throughout this column) and, together, we will rally the troops in support.

Like it or not, thanks to meme magic and hashtags, a member of the WWE Hall Of Fame is the sitting president, a dead gorilla is the most honored historical figure of the last decade (#DicksOutForHarambe) and the most innovative, independent scientific mind of our time is launching cars into space and making rap songs about the dead gorilla, while negotiating with WWE Guy about something called “Space Force.” Strip away the politics and what you have is living proof that, if you get the dark side of the internet on your side, you can meme anything into existence. Imagine the power that sex workers could take back from the big social media companies, if we found a way to bridge the communication gap between women who model while half-naked and the men who would gladly fund their CashApp account.

Say it with me—Zuck will not divide us. Zuck will not divide us. Zuck will not divide us...

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**DICK & NIK’S STRIPPER BOWL IV**
- WED 5 - DANTE’S - DANTE’S 20TH**  
**ANNIVERSARY W/ DIRT NASTY**
- SUN 9 - DANTE’S - SINFERNO**  
**FEAT. RACHAEL RECKLESS**
- THU 13 - LUCKY DEVIL**  
**12-YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY**
- FRI 14 - DEVILS POINT**  
**VALENTINE’S NIGHT PARTY W/ DJ KENYO**
- FRI 14 - CHEETAHS CABARET (SALEM)**  
**VALENTINE’S PARTY**
- FRI 14 - KIT KAT CLUB - ADULT STAR &**  
**PENTHOUSE PET CHRISTIANA CINN**
- FRI 14 - DREAM ON SALOON,**  
**GUILTY PLEASURES**  
**ANTI-VALENTINE PARTY**
- FRI 14 - STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT)**  
**LOCK & KEY PARTY**
- FRI 14 - TABOO VIDEO (VANCOUVER)**  
**VALENTINE ICE CREAM SOCIAL (6PM-8PM)**
- FRI 14 - TOMMY’S TOO**  
**2-FOR-1 VALENTINE’S DAY SPECIAL**
- FRI 14 - THE RUNWAY - RED & WHITE PARTY**  
**W/ J DIGGS**
- SAT 15 - SCARLET LOUNGE**  
**ANTI-VALENTINE’S MELTED HEARTS PARTY**
- SAT 15 - X EXOTIC LOUNGE**  
**ADULT STAR & PENTHOUSE PET CHRISTIANA CINN**
- SAT 15 - XPOSE - DJ DICK HENNESSY’S**  
**ANTI-VALENTINE’S DAY PARTY**
- SUN 9 - STARS CABARET (SALEM)**  
**EXOTICARAOKE**
- SUN 16 - DANTE’S - SINFERNO**  
**FEAT. ADULT STAR & PENTHOUSE PET**  
**CHRISTIANA CINN**
- SUN 16 - STARS CABARET (SALEM)**  
**HEARTLESS ANTI-VDAY PARTY**
- SUN 23 - DANTE’S - SINFERNO**  
**FEAT. THEATRES DES VAMPIRES**
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# TABOO



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THE MONTHLY  
**COLUMN**

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

**FIVE DATE IDEAS  
FOR THE CHEAP AND SLEAZY**

It's that time of year again, when everyone in this magazine has a Valentine's Day article, and in general, people complain about the happiness of others far more than usual. Custom holds that you're supposed to have a date on this auspicious occasion, and if indeed you do have someone willing to put up with you for an evening, that doesn't mean you necessarily have a greasy fistful of cash to throw at the endeavor. Therefore, we find ourselves in great need of activities which require little or no coin, yet are still entertaining. In the spirit of those who are closer to broke than not and have little capacity for shame (yet, are nevertheless on the make), I present this list of date ideas to help.

**1. Search For Bigfoot**

A keen interest in cryptozoology helps here, but not as much as one might think, given that Bigfoot—the noble Sasquatch of many tales—seems to have sightings in the most unlikely of places (including an Arby's in Denver, back in '05). Thus, there's no reason that, no matter where you are in the continental U.S. or Canada, there wouldn't be any historical Bigfoot sightings nearby to base your quest on.

How is this a good date, you may

ask? Well, it's not.

You're (probably) not going to find the Sasquatch in the two hours you set about looking, but if you do it correctly, you'll bond—either over a shared belief in Bigfoot or over how dumb it is to try to find the mofo.

**Cost:** Nothin'!

**If you have a few extra bucks:**

Buy some booze "to keep you warm." This never hurts.

**Sleaze factor:** It's only sleazy if you don't believe in Bigfoot, but your date does (or if you end up hosting a Bigfoot-hunting TV show).

Also, if you do find Sasquatch, see if you can get the five bucks he owes me.

**2. Sneak Into The Opera**

Want a touch of class? Dress nicely and pull the old in-through-the-exit-door at the symphony, opera, theatre or whatever classy event is going on at that one upscale venue you never go to.

Why does this work? They have ushers and shit at these places, right??? Yes, they do, but nobody expects someone well-dressed to sneak in to

see *Die Fledermaus*. Nobody would risk being seen getting tossed from a goddamned opera house, except you. Grab some open seats and enjoy your free culture. Bonus points if you can somehow do this without your date catching on to the fact that you're sneaking in.

**Cost:** Nice clothes, but if you already have some, then it costs nothing (save for maybe dry cleaning fees).

**If you have a few extra bucks:**

Sneak in some Doritos.

**Sleaze factor:** Classy on the sleazy scale, sleazy on the classy scale.

**3. Hobo Fights**

In most major urban areas, there is usually a significant population of lifestyle-homeless people, and if you can find them, there's a wealth of activities that can be arranged. Easily motivated by drugs or alcohol, it's not hard to find folks who will fight over it. Bring your date, hold your nose and take bets. Thrill as Boxcar Steve takes on Michigan Malone for the 40oz of malt liquor you provided, as well as first dibs on the muligan stew over at the trashcan fire!

**Cost:** A 40oz of Old English or Steel Reserve.



**If you have a few extra bucks:**

Buy some meth for 'em and watch the stakes go higher!

**Sleaze factor:** Exploitative and callous.

**4. Score Free Stuff From Restaurant Chains/Bars**

If you walk into any of the restaurant chains that force their employees to sing a royalty-free happy birthday song and you are wearing a party hat, they usually don't bother to check your I.D. if you say it's your birthday. This is what we call "success at the cost of looking like a chump." Get your free birthday thing, excuse yourselves and split to the next one, where you rinse and repeat, trading the hat between the both of you. If they DO ask to see some identification, say you got mugged on your way to their competitor, but thought Applebee's (or wherever) would be "nicer." That'll usually do it. Besides, the staff generally aren't paid enough to care all that much. This works at bars that give birthday shots, too...but, unless you're old enough to not be carded for that booze, the hat's not gonna do it.

**NOTE:** Does not work on strippers. Them's cash-only.

**Cost:** Cheap as free.

**If you have a few extra bucks:**

At least tip the person bringing you your free shit.

**Sleaze factor:** It's only a handful of points less sleazy than doing a dine-and-dash.

**5. Art Galleries**

Art galleries are happening places. People come from all over to see

avant-garde art pieces on display at various showings. "So what," you say? Well, here's the thing. No proper art gallery would be without bourgeois food and drink on hand, to lubricate people's minds to the point where they'd pay \$150,000 for a banana duct-taped to a wall. They count on the small outlay of cash in refreshments, paying out big in sales of Bohemian crafts. You, the smart-but-uncouth dater of other fine humans, can take total advantage of this. You

in no time.

**Cost:** Very little.

**If you have a few extra bucks:**

Keep 'em.

**Sleaze factor:** It's only sleazy if you get into a fist fight with someone wearing a beret, after you criticize their painting for looking like cat puke on a canvas.



and your date can show up to a given art gallery, either dressed nicely or poorly. If nicely, they'll fawn all over you, in hopes that you'll plunk down the cash they think you have on all manner of fine arts. If poorly, they'll think you're one of the artists. Say you've got a piece "in here somewhere" and you'll likely get all sorts of attention. Wine, cheese, charcuterie plates (that's fancy meat snacks) and all manner of diversions can be had, simply for mingling. Toss out phrases, like "neorealism," "post-modern" and "juxtaposition of light and shadow" to blend in, and you'll find yourselves drunk (and well-fed)

So, there we have it—five ways to go on a date without expending significant dosh to do so. May you get thoroughly laid.

Have fun and be safe.

*Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a writer, emu massage therapist, bidet enthusiast, hand sanitizer addict and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503, and on Facebook (and MeWe, the doesn't-sell-your-data Facebook) as "Wombstretcha The Magnificent."*



# Katya

from

# Xpose







**EXOTIC**  
**PINUP**FEBRUARY  
**2020**





# ASK A BARTENDER

BY DISCOUNTTHERAPIST

## Lost Child

*I haven't talked to (or seen) my birth father in 23 years. I recently found out the reason for this isn't what I thought—not that he didn't care and abandoned me and my two sisters, but because one of my sisters was so mad at him, she lied and said I wanted nothing to do with him, so he respected my "wishes" and hasn't tried to contact me whatsoever. It's been so long and he has a new wife and family. I don't know if I should leave him be or if I should try to get a hold of him, as I just recently found all this out.*

-Abandoned

Dear Abandoned,

I will start by saying that family doesn't need to be tied by blood. I grew up in a blended family of cho-

sen people and now I'm following in those footsteps. My blood-related family has passed or is in prison, so I have a small group of people who I have decided are family. Many people also choose to cut their families out of their lives—for lots of different reasons—or, their families reject and exile them. The term "blood is thicker than water" is antiquated. Just because this person gave you life, does not mean you owe anything to them or need them in your life.

That being said, it sounds like you are curious, which is natural. I would be, too—who wouldn't? It also sounds like your dad has the wrong idea about your wishes. That baggage needs to be unpacked—for both you and him. Both of you deserve to know the honest truth. He's a person, just like you, and was perhaps devastated to be asked to leave your life. I have

no idea about the details surrounding your situation. It seems odd, that a parent would be told to kick rocks once and just do it, without trying to reach out again. There may be other things at play here, and there probably are, which I don't know about. Familial relations are complicated and never easy.

I suggest you start with tiny, baby steps. You don't know what he's thinking and I suspect you don't totally know what you're thinking, either. I would suggest writing him an email or sending a Facebook message. Take your time writing it. Think a long time about what you'd like to say. Say it well. Read it over and over again before you send it. Ask every question you've ever wanted to ask. Emote every feeling you've ever felt. This might (and can be) the last time you talk to this person. Be sure



to bring up that you never wanted them out of your life. Talk about how feeling abandoned made you feel. Give them all sides of your situation and experience. Make this interaction count.

Be prepared for the answer.

He may want nothing to do with you. He may have anger or resentment from being pushed out of your life. He may not care. He may be a piece of shit. He also may want to form a relationship with you and you'll have a whole new branch of the family. Just prepare yourself to know that reaching out will effect you, one way or another. I'm hoping for you that it will be positive, but know that it could be negative. Set boundaries. Take your time. He hasn't been here for your entire life and you owe him nothing more than you want to give.

This Christmas, one of my only living cousins reached out to me. I haven't talked to a "relative" in so long, I was excited. Since my parents had passed, it had been 15 years since I've talked to anyone that was blood-related. We texted back and forth, sent pictures...then he hit me with it. He was just looking for money and didn't care about me at all. I blocked him. It broke my heart. For a brief minute there, I thought I had family. The genetic line doesn't matter. I am blessed to have a chosen family now. Just be aware, if it doesn't feel right, it isn't. If it feels toxic, it is. Always check in with yourself and make sure a relationship—any relationship at all in your life—is serving you. How are you feeling about your sister, by the way?

-DiscountTherapist

### Green-Eyed Monster

*I'm an eligible bachelor—attractive,*

*athletic and have no shortage of women who want to be with me. I want to be in a serious relationship, but my jealousy issues always, ALWAYS fuck it up. I don't know why I'm like this.*

-Jealous Guy



Dear Jealous Guy,

Sometimes, when you're in a relationship, someone is acting shitty and you sense it. Who is that they're texting? Why does she seem to be deleting things on her phone? Who are these thirsty dudes commenting on her social media posts? I've been cheated on by a number of my partners and my dumb ass excused all of those warning signs and got walked all over and humiliated. You're not wrong to be aware and for wanting to protect yourself. In this Age Of The Internet, it gets complicated and you should look out for being taken advantage of.

That being said, let's talk about jealousy.

Jealousy is not about them—it's about you. If someone is stepping out on you or treating you poorly, you should leave—simple as that. Because, you deserve better. You want better for yourself, as you should. Jealousy is a state of mind. What about being jealous is serving you? Your partner isn't going to cheat on you any less if you're jealous. If anything, it marginalizes you.

It makes you look weak, crazy and controlling. Hell, if they are going to cheat on you, they will, regardless of what you do. Also, if they do that, you WILL find out eventually. Being jealous is a form of stress and stressing for no reason just borrows from you.

One of the best human experiences is to love with your entire being. That means giving all of yourself, regardless of what you think the outcome could be—to put your head on your pillow at night, knowing you did your best and gave 100%. If your partner cheats on you, it isn't failure—it's simply an exit to start something new. Frankly, they did you a favor, and if you gave them your all, then that shit is on them. Some people just suck.

A wiser person than me once told me that stress presents in many forms. Sometimes, it could be as simple as doing the laundry that's been gathering in the corner—it can take pressure off in a way you didn't even realize was bothering you. He called it "background noise." The stressors that you don't realize take away from your mental health and overall happiness. You may not be aware of these things, but the minute you take a few hours to knock them out, you breathe a sigh of relief over one less sound crowding your already busy brain.

This jealousy issue is static on a television turned up to ten. I'm sure you're exhausted. What part of being jealous is making your life better? How many relationships have you ruined over this? What amazing life experiences have you missed out on because of it? I know it's easy to sit behind my keyboard and tell you to just get over it, but I challenge you to try. NO ONE on this earth wants to be with a controlling, jealous partner—no one. I'm sorry to say that feeling jealous is probably about you. If you



want to be in a relationship and be a viable partner, you need to do work to overcome these feelings. Easier said than done, I know—but, if your goal is a happy relationship, you need to turn that television off.

-DiscountTherapist

### **I Get Knocked Down, But I Get Up Again**

*I would have never expected to become an alcoholic. And, I keep it pretty under wraps, because I hold everything down. But, how the heck do I do this? I can quit for days on end with no repercussions, really. But, the older I get, the harder the hangovers become. How the hell do I kick this stupid thing? I'm using voice to text, by the way...sorry about the crappy punctuation and whatnot.*

-Concerned Drinker

Dear Concerned Drinker,

I am a bartender. I dispense alcohol—a highly addictive, controlled substance—to people, as a full-time job. Over the years, I have come to realize that alcoholism has many, many forms. It looks so many different ways for so many people. I see examples come through my door every single day. Some people's hands are shaking so badly when they try and give me their payment, I have to chase it out of their hands. Some can drink up a \$75 tab and walk out completely dead-eyed sober, and do it every single night—and seem fine, while holding down high-paying jobs. Some binge and have to be carried out. Some only have the one drink, but you can tell how bad they want that one, to the point where the fixation is obvious. Some “take breaks” from drinking, just to be right back at it shortly after, to which I miss the point of what that short break

was even for. Some have to be 86'd, because alcohol makes them behave badly (even though you knew them to be a good person a few drinks ago). Some have to be 86'd, because you can't watch them kill themselves anymore. Some can drink in healthy moderation, but couldn't imagine ever giving it up for good.

you started with. Then, it takes even more alcohol to get the same feelings of comfortableness, before it leaves you feeling even worse. Repeat, repeat, repeat it enough, then you're dependent. If you're too dependent, quitting cold turkey can kill you, from the withdrawals. So, you keep drinking. You'll tell yourself that “you have



Alcohol is dangerous. It takes hold on many. You have to wonder why we, as humans, once deemed it so evil we made it illegal. Then, we same humans bootlegged it, to the point of requiring it to be legal again, to foil the crime empire built around it (due to desperate demand). If you're drinking and struggling to regulate your intake, you are not alone—everyone who drinks is, in some form or another. This includes myself, Concerned Drinker—I am concerned about myself, as well. I also never expected to be here, either. I don't think anyone does.

Alcohol is interesting, as it creates its own cycle. You drink to quell anxiety, then when the alcohol is gone, it leaves you with more anxiety than

it together,” so it's okay. Your brain will justify the behavior. Just because you're a functioning alcoholic, doesn't mean you have control. More control than some, maybe—but, that doesn't make the addiction any less real.

Working with alcohol became a bigger problem than I could have ever imagined. I don't know you, so I don't know the actual reality of what stage you are in your drinking. If you truly are an alcoholic, you lie to others (as well as to yourself) about how much you are consuming. You are at the stage where you are questioning it. The fact that you are reaching out anonymously, to discuss your concerns, is telling. The amount you're drinking (and your relationship with



it) isn't okay with you. Even if you aren't even drinking half as much as the guy next to you, you are becoming concerned. Analyze that. Analyze that deep within yourself. As far as "kicking it," that is very, very difficult. Once you are an alcoholic, you always will be. Even if you never touch a drop again. After a hard day, stressful situation, social event or whatnot, your brain will tell you that it would be better with a drink. It's up to you, how you want to manage this problem.

A) Quit drinking. Make the commitment. It's a hard road. Most people need to cut themselves off from all former drinking buddies, find new hobbies, change jobs if need be and seek professional help. Many describe the first year of doing this as very lonely and extremely hard. It's worth the work, if you want that. There are prescriptions available to assist with the cravings, if you're willing to talk to a medical professional and be honest. Remember, there is nothing to be ashamed of—they have seen it all before. Go to detox if you need to. Use the taper method, to avoid dangerous withdrawals and stick to it for as long as it takes to get there. Try weed to replace it. Reach out to others that have quit and are living a sober lifestyle, and talk about your struggles with someone who has successfully done it before you. This path works best for those who realize that they can't control their intake realistically, so they just can't have any at all. Sadly, most do all that work and come right back to it.

B) Continue to drink, but make rules and stick to them. What do you feel comfortable with? "I'm only going to drink on Friday." "When I drink, I won't have any more than two." "I won't keep any alcohol in the house." "I will never drink while the sun is out." Whatever it is. This road is almost

more difficult than quitting. When you start to drink, your brain tells you to have one more. Many people try this and realize they cannot cut themselves off (or not over-indulge). If you can do this, though, then you can manage it in a livable way. I have friends who do this and it's enviable.

C) See-saw all over the place. Quit, binge, break your rules, wake up beating yourself up—constant failures. Binge, dry out, blackout, quit again. A constant elephant in the room. Here's where most people sit. They do this for the rest of their lives—an addiction purgatory. Some weeks, you'll do great and you'll pat yourself on the back and feel pretty good about yourself. Others, you'll fuck up and be back at square one. This is how most alcoholics live.

D) Fall down the hole. What used to have you stumbling at the end of the night is the same amount you'll need to just feel normal. You'll sleep very little, eat even less and your body will be aching all the time. Your piss will be the color of iced tea. You'll stop going to bars, because they all know you. Also, frankly, it's too expensive at this point, with the amount you require to consume. You'll polish off a handle a night. You'll do so and you won't even feel drunk. You'll throw up. You'll shit your pants. Your brain functionality will be a mere fraction of what it used to be and your memory will be so poor you won't be able to hold down any normal job. You'll drink until you fall asleep, wake up and do it again. You'll wake up and struggle to know if it's day or night. Your throat will be raw from the amount of acid built up in your stomach. You won't be able to keep up on basic tasks, such as cleaning. Days will bleed into each other at such a rapid rate you'll wonder where the last month has gone. All this will happen while you're alone, because

you've isolated yourself a long time ago to hide your problem. Once you get here, very few come back.

Just know, if you're here and still alive, there is probably hope. The body is surprisingly resilient and desperately wants to cling to life. It's never too late to save it. I'm not trying to be dramatic or scare you, Concerned Drinker. I'm also not trying to discourage you by telling you that moderation and abstinence are very hard. The work you put in on this matter is worth it—all work on yourself is hard. Taking control of an addiction is just as difficult as seeking help for depression or starting a health and lifestyle routine (and committing to it). Change is difficult. And, the older we get, the harder it is to want to. But, it can be done. We only get one life and it's what we make of it.

I challenge you to ask yourself why you drink. Do you have stresses or things in your life that make you unhappy? Are you socially awkward and drinking helps you to talk to people? Are you self-medicating in some form? Are you depressed, suffering from anxiety, mental illness or chronic pain? Sometimes, we are best served by discovering the root of the issue and trying to tackle that. Perhaps if you understand why alcohol is in your life, you can work to eliminate the reason you started to drink in the first place. Maybe, there is no reason and you just like the way it makes you feel—only you know. I think it's time to try to know yourself a little better. Try to work hard. There are many resources out there. Ask for help, if you need it. Don't fear shame or judgment. In the face of addiction, honesty is the first step.

Love,

-DiscountTherapist



# 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  
Daily 12pm-2:30am

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

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

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

**CLUB SINROCK 23** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
12035 NE Glisan St | (503) 889-0332  
Daily 2pm-2:30am  
215 W Burnside St | (971) 339-2972  
Daily 7pm-5am

**COLUMBIA STRIP 32** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
605 N Columbia Blvd | (503) 289-1351  
Daily 11am-1:30am

**CLUB TEASE 27** **FOOD**  
4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771  
Mon-Sat 11am-12:30am

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

**DESIRE 18** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
535 NE Columbia Blvd | (971) 339-2198  
Daily 3pm-2:30am

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

**DREAM ON SALOON 16** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
15920 SE Stark St | (503) 253-8765  
Sun-Wed 11am-12am, Thu-Sat 11am-2am

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

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

**GRIND GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 65** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
15826 SE Division St | (503) 206-4851  
Mon-Fri 2pm-2am, Sat-Sun 4pm-2am

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

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

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

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

**LUST LOUNGE 15** **FOOD**  
13550 SE Powell Blvd | (971) 279-4244  
Daily 12pm-2am

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

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

**REVEAL LOUNGE 4** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
8345 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 477-6628  
Mon-Fri 2pm-2:30am, Sat-Sun 4pm-2:30am

**RIVERSIDE CORRAL 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) 239-1004  
Daily 3pm-2:30am

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

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

**SCARLET LOUNGE 60** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
12646 SE Division St | (503) 477-4318  
Daily 11am-2:30am

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

**SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 49** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
210 NW Couch St | (503) 957-5293  
Sun-Thu 6pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am

**STARS CABARET BRIDGEPORT 50** **FOOD**  
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**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  
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**THE VENUE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 52** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523  
Daily 10am-2:30am

**X ULTRA LOUNGE 35** **FOOD**  
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14555 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 652-2004  
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1703 W Burnside St | (503) 295-6969  
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(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**  
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Daily 24 hours  
16016 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 655-4667  
Daily 24 hours

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

**HEAD EAST 164**  
13250 SE Division St | (503) 761-3777  
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**HOT BOX 157**  
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**69**  
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**Sassy's**  
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**SPYCE**  
GENTLEMEN'S CLUB  
210 NW COUCH ST  
503-957-5293

**50**  
**STARS**  
cabaret  
17939 SW MCEWAN RD  
503-726-2403

**37**  
**THE SUNSET STRIP**  
EXIT 69  
10205 SW PARK WAY  
503-297-8466

**70**  
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10140 SW CANYON RD  
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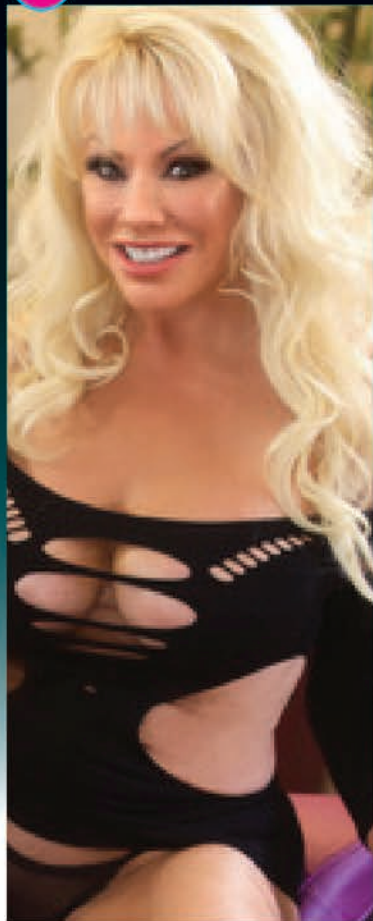
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# THE EVOLUTION OF HAZELNUTS: A DICK-REGISTRY FOR INCELS EVERYWHERE

WORDS BY W. BILL CZOLGOSZ & ART BY SEAN SIMMANS



"It's not what you don't got—it's how you don't use it."

- Bob

I should let you know, up front, that there's no satisfying conclusion to this insipid tale. If you enjoy intelligent pay-offs—or, even solid punchlines—you're probably better off skipping this one. In fact, the very idea of telling it exhausts me (and, if you've already invented a dick-registry app, don't take it up with me—I had nothing to do with this nonsense).

Bob and I were at the café, having the usual, as usual. This was last weekend, from my current point in the continuum. The conversation was slow and dull. When you know someone for long enough—and, if business has been slow—the act of verbal intercourse can be tiresome (even painful). Mostly, we sipped coffee and remarked about various automobiles or pedestrians that went past the window.

"I used to drive one of those," Bob might say. "It was a '95 and not a '96, with no four-wheel drive, but it was practically the same." And, I'd nod along. Or, he might say, "That chick looks like my ex-girlfriend. I wonder if she *is* my ex-girlfriend." And, I'd nod along, for about an hour like that—talking about nothing at all. Bob said, "Instead of a dating app, we should invent a dick-registry app."

I said, "I have no interest in this topic."

Bob said, "So ladies can sort men by their dick sizes."

I said, "Oh, I get it...I just don't care."

Finally, after breakfast had come and gone (and, after thinking long and hard about his dick-registry app), Bob said, "Do you think it's

just guys with small dicks who hate women?"

I said, as you may have said, "Pardon me?"

"The men who hate chicks. What are they called?"

"Misogynists."

"Yeah. Those guys. Do you think misogynists hate women because they have tiny cocks?"

I don't know if there's ever been such a study, so I said, "I don't know if there's ever been such a study." I didn't feel like Googling it on my phone, at the café, and I still don't at home, because I enjoy being a sloppy fact-checker (that's another way of saying I like talking out of my ass—life is more exciting that way...the acrobats and drunken fishermen of old called it "working without a net"). But, I did tell Bob that he should consult the Google.

"I don't have my phone," Bob said, "because I dropped it in the toilet. Can I use yours?" And, even as these words were coming out of his mouth, I was sliding my phone off the table and into my shirt pocket. A solid "No." Bob still had egg yolk and bacon grease on his fingertips. So, he continued, "I think there's a correlation. Small cocks equals misogyny."

Now, at least, there was something deeper than Dodge Rams to discuss.

"What about porno guys?" I asked. "Porno guys have big cocks and they appear to hate women."

"Why do you say so?" Bob said.

"I mean, I don't know, but they certainly look like they're hating women, at least while they're fucking them. Slapping their faces,

spitting in their eyes, stepping on their heads and cramming kitchen utensils or small engine parts up their assholes. Those guys have big cocks."

"Those guys don't actually hate women, Bill—they're just paid to *pretend* they hate women. It's a fantasy. If you watch the chick, she's practically begging for small engine parts up her ass. That's the dynamic."

"Wouldn't you also say the woman is being *paid* to pretend she's enjoying it?"

"It's a fantasy, like I said. It's just a porno fantasy. *Hate fantasy.*"

"For men who hate women?"

"Exactly!"

Conversations with Bob, once they begin to grow, must be tended to like a small, medicinal weed garden. You don't want to over-water them, you must mind the temperature, watch for spiders and caterpillars, and you'll want to be certain that you actually sowed weed, back at the start, rather than, say, rangelilacs, creeping oleander or highland stenchmoss. You want to aim for a pleasing smoke, in the end, is what I'm saying. I don't really know jack shit about growing anything, so I probably should have gone with a different analogy. But, I think you catch my drift.

The waitress was re-filling our mugs. I was mulling over the idea of "hate fantasy." Bob was checking out the tits and ass on the waitress, who was re-filling our mugs. And, I'm not a hypocrite bastard, so you can rest assured that I was looking at those parts, too. Except I was casual and almost gentlemanly about it, whereas Bob looked like a dachshund anticipating a Beggin' Strip.



After she'd moved along to the next booth—and, after Bob watched her go, he said, "The guys who have big dicks make porno movies because they love women, the women love them (and, loved to be loved by them), everyone involved is heavily compensated for putting on such a show—it's all an act and the resulting product is sold to the guys who have small dicks. That is, to say, the guys who hate women."

"To clarify," I said, "the market for pornography is all incels and misogynists?"

"Yes! The guys with tiny dicks! The key to this is that having a small cock is what makes you despise chicks! Because, you don't have enough testosterone in your small cock, so you lack the man-juice that should otherwise have caused you to adore and respect chicks!"

"I don't think testosterone is produced in the cock."

"Didn't Margaret Thatcher take testosterone injections?"

"I don't know, Bob. I think plenty of women do."

"Well, I know that correlation is not necessarily causation. But, I love women and I have a big cock, so that's what got me thinking about all this..."

This weed garden was already filling with spiders and highland stench-moss, as you can see. Also, Bob did not have a big cock. I have been naked with Bob on a couple occasions—too meandering and stupid to recount here—but, he was obviously too inebriated at those times to presently recall that I'd seen his cock. It's middling, at best. I mean, in unadulterated, writerly honesty, my own dick is middling—at best—and, I'd still prefer to keep mine, than to trade for a Bob-cock. I really wanted to be a better man and not mention it, but...

"You do not have a big dick," I said, shaking my head.

"I have a huge dick!" Bob shot back. "It's like a thermos, when fully inflated!"

"More like a glue-stick. Like the ones kids use in school."

"Fuck you! Ask around. Ask Janie—she'll tell you! She couldn't handle it all!"

"Janie is four-foot-eleven and weighs eighty pounds, so I'm sure your *index finger* was almost more than she could handle."

"If we weren't in a public space, I'd show it to you! It's like a rainbow trout!"

"It's fine. Relax. I'm funnin' with you. Anyway, please continue."

I have had to drop many lines to maintain my target word count, but Bob's entire argument eventually coalesced into this: men who have small cocks are incapable of satisfying women, therefore women shun them. So, these men decide to play video games instead, becoming incels, terrorists and racists, ultimately deciding to consume pornography (in that order).

"A man's cock is his whole identity," Bob said. "Without it, he's nothing. It's like a woman and her tits. If she has no tits, or if she gets cancer (or whatever), she feels less like a woman."

"And, she begins to despise men, right?"

"Maybe! Because, dudes don't date chicks with no tits. It's the same thing!"

"You're saying, women's body issues can lead to misandry."

"What?"

"Misandry."

"Fuck, I don't know. Maybe they go out and become lesbians. I don't have a fact sheet in front of me, Bill! I'm only saying that men with tiny cocks are the ones who hate women. Didn't Adolf Hitler have a small dick? I think I heard he had a small dick and was missing a testicle. And, look at Adolf Hitler! Wouldn't you say that Hitler hated women?"

"I suppose I would say that Hitler had a vast syndrome of mental issues. His was probably more of a misanthropist, a sociopath, a psychopath and a genocidal..."

"And, I think he hated women, too. Statistically. I mean, if you look at the record. He murdered three million chicks, right? And, he was hung like a filbert."

"I don't know how much hard data exists regarding Hitler's filbert."

"Doesn't Donald Trump have a small cock?"

"I have no idea."

"Let's examine the record: Charlie Chaplin? Prince Andrew? Jeffrey Epstein? Fatty Arbuckle? Albert Einstein? Milton Berle? Genghis Khan? Emperor Nero? Josef Stalin? James Bond? How big were their cocks? I'd like to know. I think I'm on to something."

"James Bond is a fictional...wait—how did Albert Einstein come into this?"

"Albert Einstein? I meant to say Harvey Weinstein. Sorry. But, I'll wager, if you look at all the people who consume pornography, you'll find something there. Incels and filberts. And, genocidal maniacs, too."

"I think this is all profoundly un-scientific. Don't you have a stack of old *Hustlers* on the





back of your toilet?"

"I'm an outlier, Bill. There's a bell curve. Those *Hustlers* are antiques. They belonged to my dad. Those ones still have *Chester The Molester*. Classic shit. That's art."

The waitress came back to us with more coffee. I supposed I'd had my fill, so I held my hand over my mug (the conversation was much longer than it appears here, as I mentioned). But, Bob wanted a refill and he also wanted the lady's phone number. But, he was too shy to ask for it, despite some awkward attempts at flirtation that went nowhere. The worst bit went like this:

BOB: Doesn't Trump have a small penis?

WAITRESS: Huh?

BOB: Donald Trump. Don't people say he has a small penis?

WAITRESS: I dunno, dude. People say all kinds of shit. But Trump's a big guy, right? So maybe his penis just looks smaller on him.

BOB: I never thought of that.

WAITRESS: It's weird that you're thinking about Trump's dick. Just saying.

Then, she went away again and no café romance blossomed. Bob whispered to himself, "*Grab 'em by the pussy,*" just loud enough for me to hear, but just quiet enough to deny having said it, if pressed. He was waiting for a bro-style chuckle from me, but I chose not to give him one. Not because I'm a better man, but because it wasn't funny.

Bob gave a throat-clearing cough, then summarized, "I think I'm saying that we could identify misogynists and incels if there was some kind of dick-registry. This could be an app on your phone, like Tinder. Like, if a chick is considering whether she should date a guy, she can check the dick registry first. And, if he's under a certain size, she knows that he watches porn, secretly hates women, plays Fortnite and is more likely to commit random acts of violence (and terror)."

"How does the app work, exactly?" I asked.

"I don't know. The guy enters his dick size and then there's some kind of formula to determine how much misogyny he has."

"Couldn't he lie about the size, the way you



do?"

"Yeah, I guess. But, maybe, he also has to provide a photo of it."

"So, this is an app that feeds women half-truths and questionable dick pics?"

"Exactly!"

"I think this is precisely what the world needs."

"Yeah? Do you really?"

"I think you have some bugs to work out, obviously."

"I know. Metadata and shit, right? It's all in the metadata. And hashtags."

"I'm going to chalk this entire conversation up to you being hungover and maybe still a bit drunk," I said. "Your ideas are stupid, your assumptions are stupid and your science is stupid. More than that, the dick-registry app is the stupidest idea you've had in a decade."

"You may be right," Bob conceded. "If the dude's driving a fancy car or a new Dodge Ram, the fucking chicks won't even care what the app says."





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# TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT



## 12 RULES FOR STRIP CLUB DJs (PART 1)

I'm a big fan of cancel culture. As in, I really don't think we should cancel anyone, but the culture that surrounds cancel culture makes for some great memes and interesting YouTube rabbit hole digging. It's a lot like my appreciation for Slayer—themes of murder, genocide and holocausts are in no way good, but they're entertaining as hell if consumed on a screen. This is how I found out about a guy named Jordan Peterson, who is either a transphobic, racist, sexist bigot who feeds on the blood of rescue kittens, or he's a boring Canadian professor who writes books about cleaning your room and being nice to old people, depending on who you ask. I decided to do some research into the guy, and while the "controversy" surrounding the dude is of garden variety, the fact that his book, *12 Rules For Life*, exists, is an anomaly. Basically, this edgelord convinced a bunch of 4Chan trolls to invest in a self-help guide that distills the most basic common sense into prophetic wisdom of the ancients. And, while I'd like to think that I'm not exactly a transphobic bigot hell-bent on "owning the libs," I *do* like the idea of making the mundane seem revolu-

tionary. So, I give you to, loyal reader, a two-part series designed for the strip club DJ. It is worth noting that all of this comes from experi-



ence and I am neither an expert nor a mentor—I am simply a guy who needed to fill some pages in a magazine.

### 1. Speak Legibly

This may be the most obvious thing that most aspiring dance command-

ers do better than the veterans. Like radio jockeys or event hosts, strip club DJs are employed mostly for their skills on the mic, with music taking a secondary role. And, while it is much, much easier to teach a person how to mix songs together on a laptop than it is to teach the art of using a microphone, many veteran DJs will end up engaging in what I like to call "mic vomit." This is where, instead of saying "this is where," I would type "thisisWhErEEE-andthensaysomeotherSTUUFFF." If the dancer, bartender and door guy can't understand what you're saying, you can bet your tip jar that the drunk customers at the stage don't have a clue, either. Keeping in mind that announcements should be frequent but brief, they also need to translate from "too much coffee in the DJ booth" to "passing out at the stage with a beer in hand." At the end of the day, good verbal skills on the mic can help put money on your dancers' stages, some of which ends up in your pocket. Stop talking like a toothless toddler on cocaine.

### 2. Don't Fuck The Dancers

Okay, you've already broken this



rule, haven't you? Well, let's put this into perspective—dating in an office (like, one with cubicles full of salary slaves and cute calendars with kittens) is a bad idea. Having sex at the office Christmas party is also a bad idea. Having sex with the secretary while the boss is watching the camera is an even worse idea. Now, combine all these ideas into one and remove any sort of workplace protections or non-disclosure agreements, let everyone drink and make clothing optional. What the fuck do you think will happen? How do you think this will turn out??? Of course, it is much easier for both dancers and DJs to date each other than it is to attempt navigating the dating market ("Oh, so you work...in a strip club? Uhh...I forgot to pick up my cat from washing my hair because my cousin just came to town or something..."), dating bartenders ("Yeah, I'll be off later tonight around noon...") or trying to remain celibate in a room full of hormones and booze. But, this is basically the first rule of *Fight Club* and I shouldn't have to explain it. Don't sin where you spin, folks. And, if you do, hide it like a tampon string under a blacklight.

### 3. Save Your Money

If you've ever wondered why you can rake in big bills, in cash, for doing what you love, but your wage-slave neighbor is always a few days ahead of you when it comes to rent and bills, that's because their paycheck only comes every two weeks (if that) and these things called "tax dollars" are withheld for a yearly bonus. Put simply, your neighbor doesn't have access to their money immediately after they earn it. You, on the other hand, finish up a DJ shift, head to the expensive after-hours spot, bounce to the equally expensive all-night

diner and then hit the convenience store for the world's most expensive snacks (and, if the person at the register is cool, purchase some expensive beer that has been marked up due to the illegal favor Beth from Stop 'N' Shop is doing for you). The next day, you rationalize spending a few hundred bucks on pot, because it was "just your ones" and then your car blows a transmission on your way to the only gig you have—one where you are required to find a fill-in if you can't make it in. Your fill-in isn't out of bed, because it's only 5:30pm, so you end up getting fired over the phone and stranded on the freeway...with an ounce, a six-pack and a few key bumps from the night before. In these situations, it is wise to have at least a few bucks in some-

to twerk to the Nickelback that the over-the-hill fat guy in the flame strip collared shirt and fedora cap is bobbing his head to, while drinking an energy drink and sneaking vape hits, instead of looking up the latest Billboard charts to see what Tapioca would rather be dancing to. You're supposed to be selling a fantasy, not used DVDs at a flea market—get with the times. Yeah, it sucks being white, 40 and trying to figure out what an A\$AP Cardi is, but it *will* make you money (and possibly help you break Rule #2 in certain clubs). How do you go about this, you ask? That's a great question, Guy From The Defunct F.M. Radio Station, I'm glad you asked.

I have three words for you, when it



thing called a "bank account." Look into one.

### 4. Keep Up On What The Kids Are Listening To

There is nothing more depressing than watching a barely legal girl try

comes to finding out what is cool among Insta-THOTs and dude bruhs: Dutch Bros Coffee. At any given time, the Dutch Bros (and, yes, it's "bros," not "bro's" as in Mario Bros., i.e. short for "brothers") carts are blasting the latest twerk-until-your-dad-disowns-you music. I learned about



dubstep, trap music and drill rap from Caucasian girls whose names I cannot spell. And, the people who work these stands are constantly in a good mood (I'm pretty sure you get drug out behind the stand and shot for frowning if you work at Dutch Bros), so Chadrick or Syklarynneae will be glad to tell you what song they're blasting, while they make sugar bombs for soccer moms.

## 5. Learn To EQ Your Board

If the above header is Greek to you, please quit your job as a DJ.

The E.Q. (equalizer) is what keeps the treble (hisses), bass (thumps) and mid-range (think of the hum-sounding or the loud-but-not-screeching tones) in order. I can't tell you how many times I have "fixed" a club's mixer by zeroing out the board. What's zeroing out the board? To translate, the board is that thing with all the volume levels, and zero does not actually mean "zero" as in low volume, but rather, those circular knobs that go from left to right (negative values to positive values) are all set to the default zero. What's a default? Well, the one knob that says "gain" is kind of like volume, but it's actually more density (the volume before the volume) and default is at the same place noon occurs on a wall clock. What's a wall clock, you ask? Well, it's a way to tell time using two little lines that... oh, forget it. The point is, keep literally everything that isn't volume in the middle. There's often a little rut or a half-slot, that feels like a bump or a click when you set your highs, mids and lows (as well as your gains) to zero. Find it and pretend it's the clitoris...wait, are you serious? Okay, the clitoris is a rare Pokemon and you're never going to find it. Give up and K.Y.S., Zoomer.

Put simply, a DJ who cannot EQ is like a stripper who can't pole dance. And, yes, there are dozens and dozens of them who are famous and making lots of money, so just forget this rule and pretend it's supposed to sound like that.

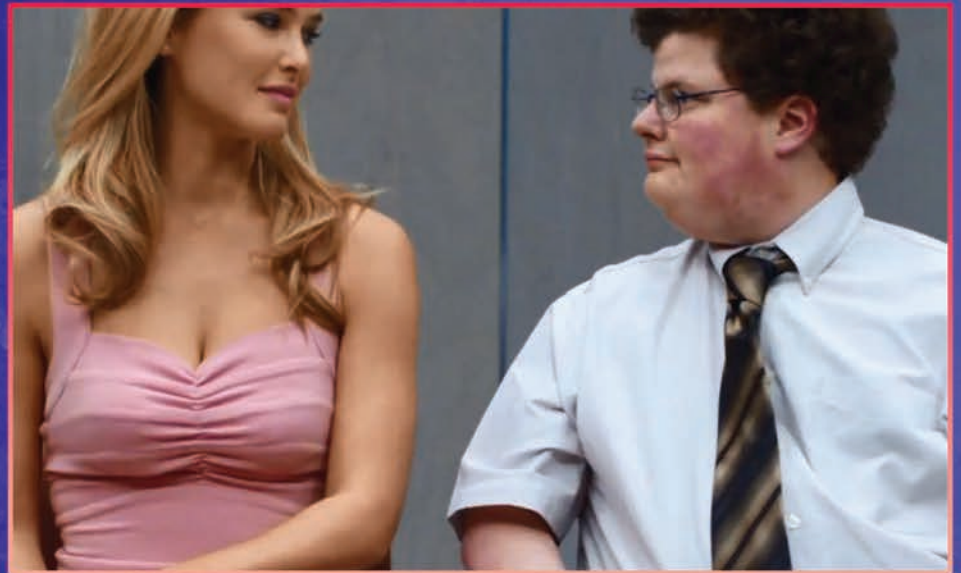
## 6. Keep Your Day Job

It is extremely, unusually, *shockingly* easy to burn out on a gig that involves naked women handing you piles of cash for playing music you like.

You know those stories about how lottery winners blow most of their

*but it involves steak and I'll waive your cover if I'm working and you tip the dancers—just drop my name], but I'm only able to retain my sanity because I kept my day job.*

This provides income, as well as perspective. As for the former, there are slow months and off-seasons in every tip-based economy. To the idea of perspective, if your day-to-day is spent smoking weed and playing video games, the thought of having to drive "all the way to the strip club to spend six long hours doing favors for demanding women" might not sound like a good time. But, if you're up before the sun on a Monday



earnings and end up back in the trailer park, in less time than it took to scratch the winning ticket? Well, that's because people who have never had money don't know how to have money. Broke or rich, if your day-to-day involves sitting on your ass and waiting for cash to roll in (which is what most strip club DJs do during their days off), you will not appreciate it. I quit DJing for five years or so and have recently returned for two nights a week at [I don't want to put myself on the map,

morning, doing code and graphics for corporate types who "would really appreciate it if you took down some of your social media posts," the club gig becomes a vacation, the dancers become angels who can do no wrong and your wallet stays at least half-full for the better part of your week.

*Part 2 will be coming next month. Until then, check out TalesFromTheDJBooth.com, which is being updated regularly with archived content.*



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