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LADIES IN LINGERIE PARTY

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MONDAY, FEB 17

FETISH ENTERTAINER RUBBER DOLL

WEDNESDAY, FEB 19 & FRIDAY, FEB 21

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SATURDAY, FEB 8

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FRIDAY, FEB 14 OVER 30 VALENTINE'S TO FALL IN LOVE WITHI

FEATURE ENTERTAINER - STEELY

FRIDAY, FEB 21 HOSTED BY SAMEER

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SATURDAY, FEB 22 CELEBRATING 15 YEARS IN SALEMI FEATURE ENTERTRINER - RUBBER DOLL

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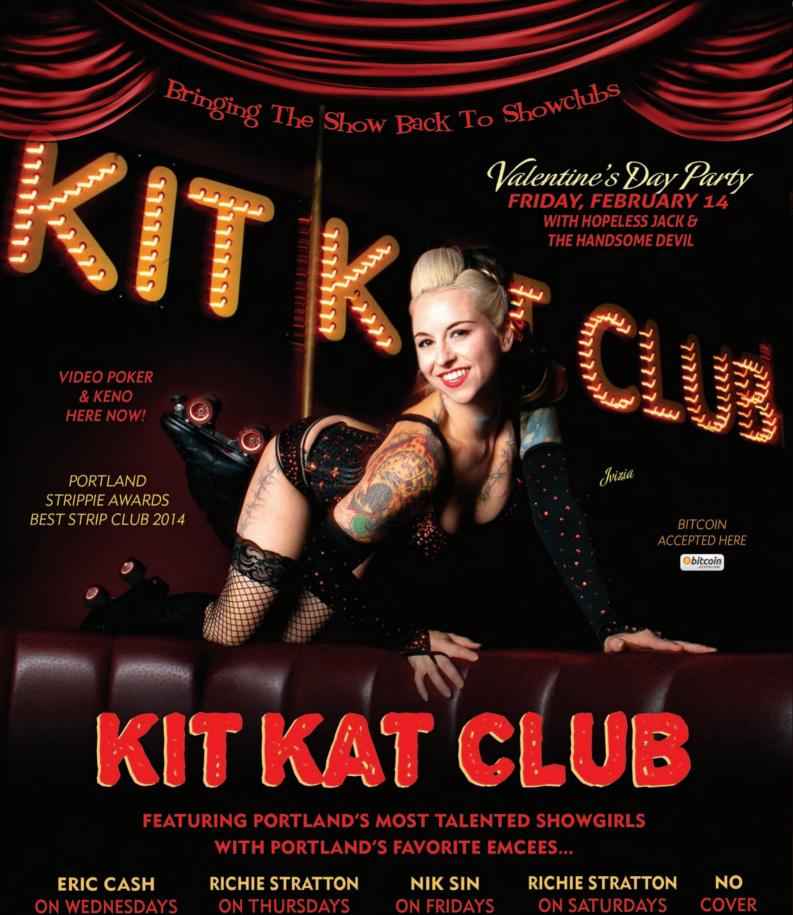
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exotic

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FEATURES



DARK DAYS IN STRIP CITY II

fallen heroes and how you can help page 20 by john voge



AN ORGY OF CHAMPIONS

suckin' & fuckin' in sochi page 22 by richie stratton



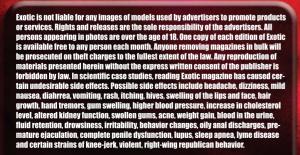
TALES OF COMEDY & TRAGEDY

throwin' down on fauxmenism page 44 by ray mcmillin



RISE OF THE MACHINES

future tech gets real scary page 48 by scarlet x



INSIDE STUFF

EROTIC CITY
ARTIST OF THE MONTH - CARNIE COUTURE
EXOTIC PINUP
EROTISCOPES
EROTIC MUSE
AUSTIN'S LIMITS
BLACK AMERICAN HISTORY PDX
TUNNELING INTO IMMORTALITY
PG. 20
PG. 24
PG. 24
PG. 41
PG. 42
PG. 50
PG. 50



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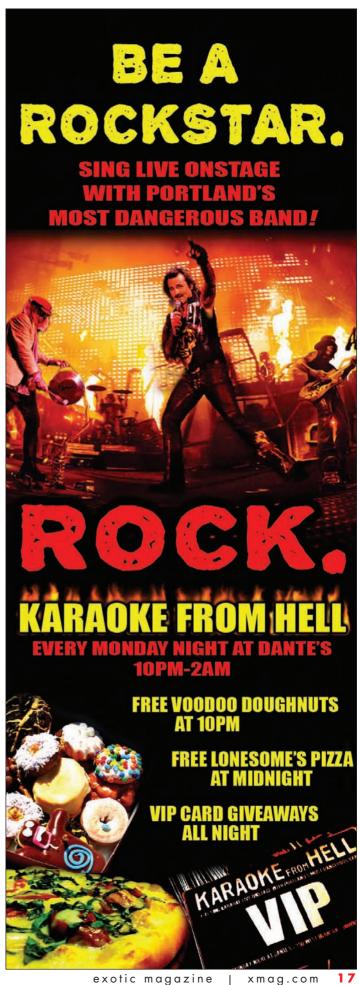
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nothing but the naked truth

EROTIC BY JOHN VOGE CITY

AN INDUSTRY UNITED

After putting together what was definitely one of the most difficult editions of Erotic City last month, I was very much looking forward to tackling some more light-hearted topics that trouble us in the industry—such as predicting dancer's menstrual cycles in correlation to Exotic deadlines or a slam piece on some douchebag who was taking pictures of strippers with his cell phone and defiantly posting them on Twitter (@Leighzus...your 15 seconds of infamy came and went, dipshit) until someone else came along and took it to a whole new level...

Bouncer, Brian Rizzo, was working the door at Mystic Gentlemen's Club last month, when a group of Hispanic men entered the club. While he was checking IDs, a male behind the group began making racial slurs and tried to intimidate them. After letting the group pass, Brian refused entry to the man and asked him to leave. This person left the club and tried re-entering a few minutes later, at which point Brian refused entry to him again and instructed him to leave. Brian Rizzo told other staff members that he had a bad feeling about the guy and wanted to keep him out because he seemed like trouble.

30 minutes later, the suspect returned wearing a new layer of clothing and a Halloween mask. He entered the property, walked in the door and shot Brian in the head. A second shot, directed at him missed, hitting the floor and causing fragments of shrapnel to ricochet, resulting in minor injuries to two people. The shooter then turned and calmly walked out the door. Mystic's second bouncer, Jonathan Baer, scheduled to start later that evening, had arrived at the SE Portland strip club a bit earlier than his 9pm start time and witnessed the incident. As Rizzo collapsed, Baer followed the masked gunman (Thomas Elliott Hjelmeland, 43) as he walked out. Fearing for the safety of customers and staff that were standing outside the door, Baer shot Hjelmeland multiple times as he reached for the club's outside door.

At press time, Rizzo is still fighting for his life, as he remains in a medically induced coma, in stable, yet critical, condition after undergoing multiple surgeries to relieve the pressure on his brain. Both Rizzo and Baer are heroes and we should all remember that all of our security staff works every day, putting themselves in danger (sometimes for barely minimum wage) to keep the rest of us safe. Our thoughts and prayers go out to Brian, his family and to all of the Mystic staff, patrons and entertainers who have been affected by the actions of this disturbed man.

The media shitstorm that surrounds events like these embarrass me to call myself media, when it associates me with the likes of the uninformed, speculative and judgmental media shenanigans I witnessed over the next several days. The impact of something like this, can be absolutely devastating to a busi-

ness in each and every way. Especially in Mystic's case, when they had already been under the deceptive glow of the media's spotlight multiple times in the past two years. Once the story broke on the shooting, the witch hunters gathered up their pitchforks and shovels, as they cursed for damnation and hellfire upon the adult entertainment industry for apparently "encouraging and inviting" this type of behavior into Portland. So, because girls dance naked in strip clubs, apparently, we all deserve to be shot by pieces of shit like Hjelmeland—as if he's some kind of redeemer, cleansing the Earth of the wicked? Wait a minute, Mystic is a Gentlemen's Club-where normal people with normal families live in normal houses and go to work to make a living. Bartenders, cooks, dancers, DJs, mothers, fathers, sons and daughters all work there—I'm even one of them. But, some of the public posts I saw on message boards throughout local media (such as KATU), absolutely sickened me. These alleged, pure and wholesome, god-fearing, hate-breeding "Christians" and Todd Scofield-types (look him up, total piece of trash-tell him the music pimps say hello), are almost as fucked up as the son of a bitch who put Rizzo in the coma.

So, in spite of my utter disgust on the dispassionate pieces of shit in the RIGHT wing, the events that have taken place since that horrible night at Mystic, showed me something else. In spite of any petty differences in this industry, if you fuck with us, we are united as one badass force to be reckoned with. The love and support for Brian Rizzo's recovery, has spanned the globe and all walks of life from Portland's adult entertainment and service industry, artists and musicians are coming together to say "thanks" to Brian "Hulk" Rizzo and



Jon Baer for their services in the industry and for keeping all of us safe. Multiple benefits and fundraisers will be taking place this month to help Brian Rizzo out with any bills and living expenses he will have while recovering from the brutal act that took place last month.

On Friday, February 7, Mystic will be hosting a fundraiser/benefit for Brian Rizzo with a \$6 tri-tip BBQ buffet, tattoo certificate giveaways, drink specials & more, with proceeds going to Brian's recovery. Then, on Thursday, February 27th at the Bossanova Ballroom, Mystic, Exotic and all of Rizzo's closest friends would like to invite you to the Rise Up For Rizzo Benefit, featuring live music with Delaney & Paris, Ditch Digger PDX and American Me, plus DJs Kellan, EKIM and Really, Seriously. Stop by the galleries to view the art walk and participate in the silent auction for the works of some of the most stunning artists in Portland and beyond, including, Jesse Lindsay, Ricky Gaspar, AmbeRed, Jessica Bivins, Stefanie French, Jim Spencer, Ashalynn Marie and more to come.

THE PDX SINDUSTRY GOES INTERNATIONAL

Several months ago, the word got out that the Wild Orchid was going through another transition. After Montego's was leveled a few years back, it was exciting to see the plush digs of the Wild Orchid rise from the rubble, as the SE club scene got a serious shot of class. Well, it just happened again.

With clubs in the US, UK and Australia, The Spearmint Rhino brand shows no sign of slowing down, as it opens its

brand new club in the former location of Wild Orchid. Join Spearmint Rhino for their grand opening weekend on February 20 through 22 with feature performances from 2014 Penthouse Pet of the Year, Lexi Belle. Spearmint Rhino sees Portland as a city with an exciting and adventurous energy—making it the perfect location for the newest Spearmint Rhino Gentlemen's Club. Recently celebrating their 25th anniversary since opening the first location in Upland, California, the Spearmint Rhino strives to bring the very best in world class adult entertainment and lifestyle to the Portland industry. Each club offers guests a personalized experience with the very best in local food and drink choices, unmatched entertainment and live shows, including adult film star performances.

Over on the other side of town in Milwaukie, another national chain has moved into the former location of the Dolphin I—the world famous Gold Club. As the fastest growing



brand of gentlemen's clubs in the country, the Gold Club is excited about their newest location here in Oregon. After stripping down the interior and completing a complete wall-to-wall remodel, the place is looking spectacular. Go see for yourself.

Stay tuned for next month's issue, when we get up close and personal with both of these clubs and take a clos-



er look at Portland from their perspective and find out what these two have in store for us.

FEBRUARY EVENTS

SUN 2 - Heat/Club 205 - Stripper Bowl Party with Xbox 1 & tablet giveaway (at each location)

Mystic Gentlemen's Club - Super Dave's Super Bowl Bash with free tri-tip BBQ, prizes & halftime entertainment

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Super Bowl Party with football competitions, prizes, food & drink specials

FRI 7 - Mystic Gentlemen's Club - A Fundraiser/Benefit for Brian Rizzo with tri-tip BBQ buffet, \$250 in tattoo certificate giveaways, drink specials & Jell-O shots

FRI 14 - Rose City Strip - A Valentine's Day Massacre with live music by Weregoat, Cemetery Lust and Slut Vomit with stage performances by the one and only Portland icon Malice!

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Cupid's Masquerade Ball with ladies in masks, dinner specials & special stage sets Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Ladies

In Lingerie Valentine's Party

Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) – National

Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) – National "I'm In Love With A Stripper" Day

SAT 15 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Feature Entertainer Steely (*Miss Exotic Oregon 2014* 1st runner-up)

WED 19 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) -Fetish Entertainer Rubber Doll Club 205 - Covergirl Dance Contest

THU 20 - **Spearmint Rhino** - Grand Opening Party with Penthouse Pet of the Year Lexi Belle

Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Fetish Entertainer Rubber Doll

FRI 21 - Spearmint Rhino - Grand Opening Party with Penthouse Pet of the Year Lexi Belle

Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Fetish Entertainer Rubber Doll

SAT 22 - Spearmint Rhino - Grand Opening Party with Penthouse Pet of the Year Lexi Belle

Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Fetish Entertainer Rubber Doll

THU 27 - Bossanova Ballroom - Rise Up For Rizzo Benefit - with live music, industry performers, art walk & silent auction

FRI 28 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) – Feature Entertainer Gigi Loren Skinn - Best Legs Contest

GUIDE TO OLYMPIC X IN SOCHI BY RICHIE STRATTON

You trained since you were an infant, perfecting your athletic discipline and forcing yourself to eat the strictest diet. Your coach and personal trainer have become closer than family, all to one day reach the pinnacle of your Olympic hopes and bang Apolo Ohno. It's no secret, that Olympic Village has become a sex haven like no other. If previous years are any indication, the 2014 Sochi Olympic Games should be no different. 45,000 free condoms were distributed during the 2000 Sydney games. That sounds impressive, until you hear about the 2008 Bejing Olympic Games, where 70,000 condoms were provided, all with the hilariously lost in translation "Faster, Higher, Stronger" printed on them. The best part of the . 2008 games was that 70,000 wasn't nearly enough for these top physical specimens. Pumped up and ready-toparty athletes required an additional 20,000 rubbers, after the initial supply was as exhausted as the gold medal winners' bedsprings. That's nothing in comparison to the last Olympic games in London, where 150,000 little latex international incident preventers where allocated through special dispensers. To put it in perspective, the London games gave out enough condoms for every athlete to fuck fifteen times. That's not even taking into account the Olympians fucking each other or impromptu water balloon fights. With the current Olympic Games costing more than the previous 21 put together, there will be a lot of hot beds on those cold Russian nights.

U.S. soccer team member, Hope Solo, talked to the press about her time in the village-estimating that 70% to 75% of Olympians are having sex during the games. Hope also mentioned her all night partying with Vince Vaughn and sneaking another celebrity back to her room. GOOOOOAAAAAL! Gold medalwinning Australian, Mark Russell, said the village is "the most testosteronefueled place on earth. People are releasing their frustration at the end of their event, so generally, that's when most of it takes place. Once your event's over, you let your hair down." With 86 nations competing this February 7th

through 23rd in 98 different events, there will be ample opportunity mend international bridges with athletic genitals. If what Mark says is true, athletes with events that end early in the games,

will be taking advantage of the five ring circus sooner than later. The luge finishes first on February 13th, giving them 10 fun-filled days for them to paint Russia redder. The next event to finish up will be on February

15th, that's the skeleton, so expect them to get boned. Wakka wakka.

The flying tomato himself, Shaun White, was quoted saying "It was bizarre to see the women's hockey team, because you'd imagine that they'd be big, tough, burly women, but they were pretty normal and cute, so I was just impressed. It's hilarious because Scotty [Largo] and I were just talking about this and it's just such a turn on to see everybody in their little outfits." That goofy looking ginger isn't kidding. Some of those lady hockey players will be creating plenty of frozen drool on the ice, from horny, vodka-soaked fans. So after Shaun is done flying down the half pipe, expect this gold-medal snowboarder to be naked body checking some vaj into the night. On a side note, I hope for the ladies' sake, that White does some manscaping. A redhead that doesn't trim up the meat and potatoes, looks like an elephant standing on its head while wearing a clown wig.

The Sochi Olympics isn't without controversy. Vladimir Putin, with his antigay law, isn't exactly known for his love of the L.G.B.T. community. That strikes me as odd, when a Google image search of Putin pulls up pics of the homophobe in shirtless cheesecake poses, while riding horses and fishing with other shirtless men. Personally, that seems gayer than a pillow fight in a glitter factory, but what do I know. With America sending openly gay athletes as a big middle finger to Vlad's draconian bigotry, know that every Grindr.com hook-up in Olympic



athletes both literally and figuratively, sticking it to the man.

Remember, when the torch lights, burning as it has since 776 B.C. in ancient Greece, we will once again truly come together as one world, to celebrate humanity and the spirit of competition. Don't feel bad for the athletes that don't set foot on that podium. While some won't win, chances are good that most everyone will score. That's right...figure skaters, ski jumpers and hockey players will all be exploring each other's rigorously toned bodies while the curling teams masturbate in the corner, sadly weeping in their beer. This happens mainly due to the fact, that to be on the curling team, you need the physique of a chain smoking, middle aged, bowler. Shuffleboard isn't a goddamned Olympic event in the summer games, so why the fuck is it that if you put shuffleboard on ice and add a couple broom pushers to clean it's path, all the sudden it's showcasing the best in the world? All it's doing is showcasing the speed and efficiency of a nation's janitors. The only way it would be possible to enjoy curling, is if the losing team had to take their fancy brooms and sweep up the arena after the event. Seriously, fuck curling.

To all the athletes going for the gold and representing this country—best of luck to you all. The nation will watch with bright-eyed enthusiasm, as you give it your all. Your losses will be our losses. Though you won't hear it, the nation will be cheering on home soil as you shine abroad. May your greatest dreams come true. Bring back that gold-and hopefully, nothing else.

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or years, she's been known across the industry as Ivizia and Miss Steak-one of Portland's hottest fire performers, as well as a legendary feature entertainer at Dante's Sinferno. In this month's edition of Exotic, Ivizia's alter ego, Jamie Leona, was able to take a break from her busy schedule and tell us about her extraordinary fashions that have graced the bodies of some of Portland's sexiest people. So step right up and enjoy some time with this multitalented entertainer and designer, as we enter the world of Carnie Couture—a fashion line that is just as eye catching as it is unique.



WHEN WAS THE FIRST TIME YOU KNEW YOU WANTED TO DESIGN CLOTHING?

My interest started as a teenager. I was a tomboy growing up—wearing mostly hand-me-down clothing, with the once-a-year-school-shopping trip mixed with ugly sweater gifts from my grandparents. I had no style, no fashion sense and was often made fun of for the way I dressed. Before the phrase "upcycled" came into fashion terminology, I was doing exactly that to my clothing in

high school. I was a goth/punk-rock chick wearing all black and accessorizing with as many spikes and studs as I could. I didn't have the option of shopping at Hot Topic for pre-made punk clothing. Back in the day, if you wanted to wear that style, you had to make it yourself.

WHAT DOES CARNIE COUTURE MEAN OR REPRESENT TO YOU?

Carnie Couture is the material outcome of my overactive imagination, portraying

color and playfulness combined with sex appeal. It can either tell the story of a character or simply make the wearer feel wonderful. My clothing is created for people who like to dress up and aren't afraid to be bold.

DO YOU PULL YOUR DESIGNS FROM ANY KIND OF INSPIRATION?

The inspiration for my designs comes from circus, burlesque, vaudeville and cabaret. However, I am also inspired by



the naked body and how I can create shapes and lines to compliment a human figure. I am taking a flat surface with limited flexibility and molding it into a form that is meant to be flattering and comfortable on the skin. Alexander McQueen is one of my favorite designers, while celebrity fashion icons include Liberace, Lady Gaga and Elton John.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE PIECE YOU'VE DESIGNED?

This is a very difficult question to answer, but my favorite pieces are the ones that are meant to be worn on stage. I have made costumes for Wanderlust Circus, AWOL Dance Collective, Garnish, as well as burlesque dancers and of course, dozens of strippers in Portland's sex industry. In fact, most of the ladies you see modeling my clothing are strippers.

HOW LONG HAS CARNIE COUTURE BEEN AROUND AND ACTIVE IN SOCIAL MEDIA?

I've had my Carnie Couture website and Facebook page up since 2009, although I operated my clothing business under the name Invisible Designs previous to 2009. I began my business in 1998, making renaissance and medieval gowns and cloaks. In 2001, I switched gears and began designing clothing for strippers around the Portland area. By 2007, I had found my niche and passion for making costumes for all types of performers, which led into my 3rd fashion show, appropriately named Dirty Circus, where I featured a colorful arrangement

of designs—some of which were made specifically for acrobats, contortionists and dancers.

DO YOU HAVE ANY NEW DESIGNS PLANNED FOR LATER THIS YEAR?

I have officially declared 2014 the "Year of the Onesie!" I'm extremely excited about the designs that I'm in the process of making right now. There are about 8 different onesie/bodysuit designs that I'm currently producing, but the design alterations are endless, so I'm able to create one-of-a-kind pieces within these variations. I've already had a lot of positive feedback about these designs and they are sure to be a hot seller this year.

AS YOU LOOK BACK OVER 2013, ARE THERE ANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS YOU ARE PARTICULARLY PROUD OF?

Looking back on 2013, I'm extremely satisfied at how many custom pieces I made that went on stage with local and international performers. I want my clothing to be admired, as well as portray the creative part of myself. Creating a garment is a multi-step process, which begins in my head and then onto paper, followed by collecting everything needed to create it, the labor involved and scheduling fittings, etc. It can be very arduous and extensive work. So, when I see these pieces on stage with the performer confident and beautiful in the costume, I feel extremely proud.

WHERE DO YOU SEE CARNIE COUTURE IN THE NEXT FEW YEARS AND DO YOU HAVE ANY CURRENT PROJECTS YOU'RE INVOLVED IN THAT YOU'D LIKE TO MENTION?

One of the greatest parts of this business is its ever changing nature. Each season is different, so I don't often get bored with my work. You can expect to see new jacket designs this fall and winter, and perhaps I will take a walk through fashion in history, before deciding what I will be creating for 2015. I've considered making my patterns available for sale to the public so anyone can dip their hands in the creativity as well. Or, I will run away with a circus and travel to faraway lands.

I KNOW YOU'VE TRAVELED A LOT OVER THE LAST FEW YEARS. HOW HAVE YOUR DESIGNS BEEN RECEIVED IN OTHER COUNTRIES?

I have performed in Finland at Turkkusex for three years with some other Portland entertainers who have also worn Carnie Couture on stage. I have also worn my designs on stage in Australia and Canada.

WHERE CAN WE FIND YOUR CREATIVE COLLECTIONS?

You can find Carnie Couture on Facebook and Instagram, as well as my website, CarnieCouture.com. I have an Etsy store as well, and often times, I'll open my doors for people to come in and shop before items are photographed or listed online.

















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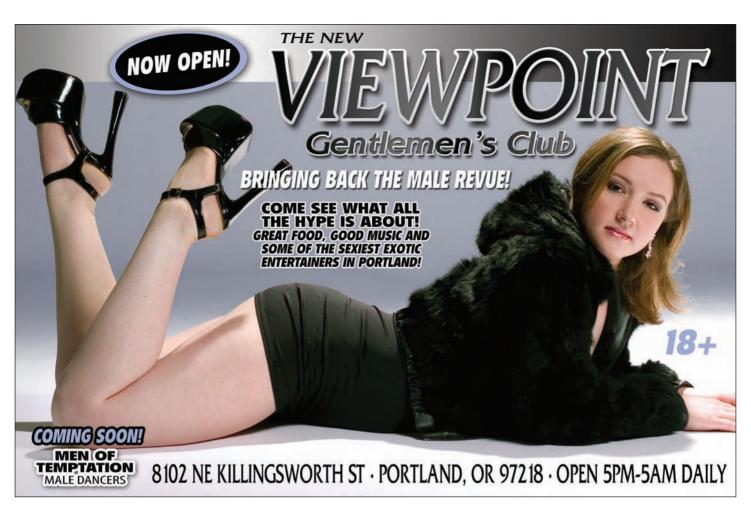
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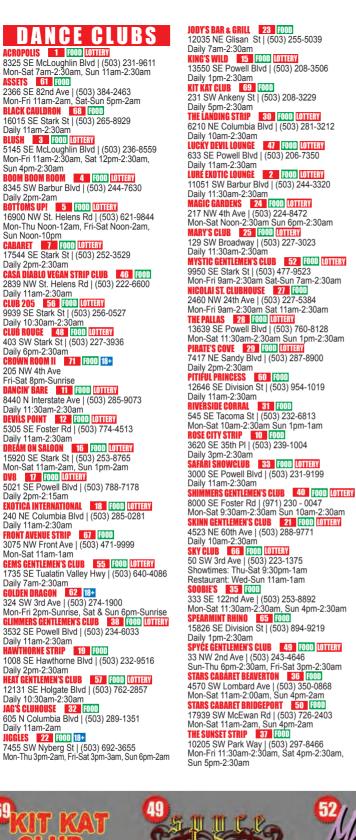
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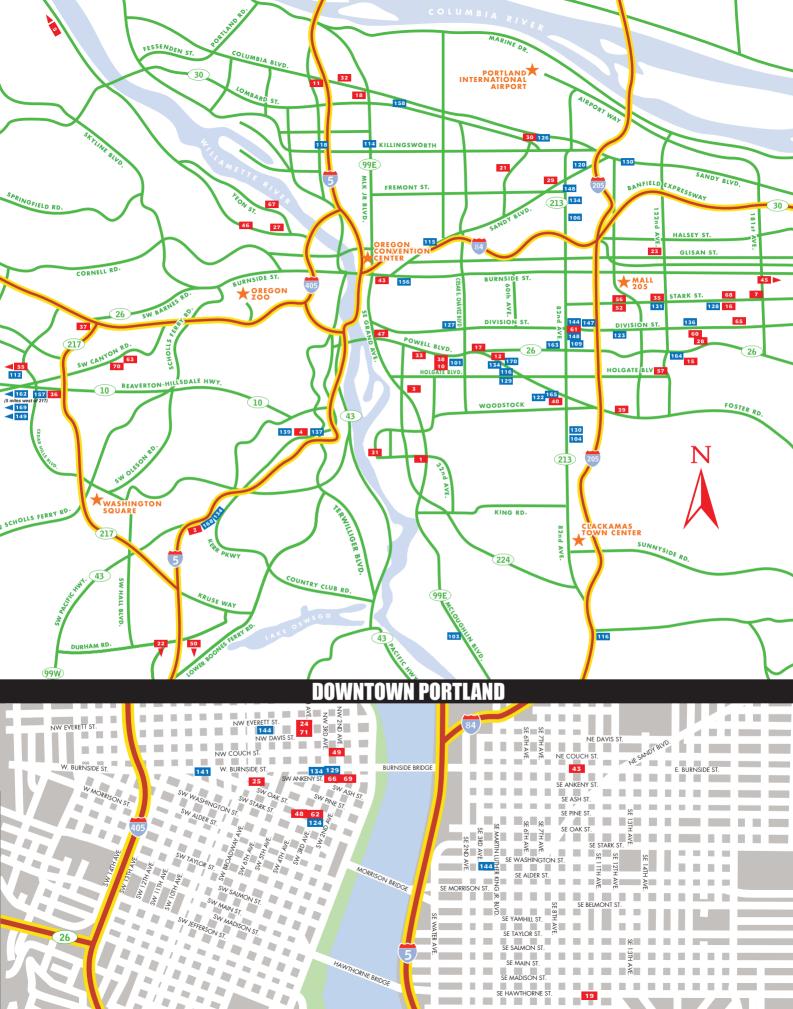


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Erotisch By Astrotory Ray

NOTE FROM THE ASTROLOGER: THIS MONTH, THE STARS ALIGNED IN A STRANGE PATTERN OVER THE EASTERN SKY. INDICATING TO ME A CONFIGURATION OF FIVES AND SEVENS IN WHAT APPEARED TO BE STRANGE ASIAN CHARACTERS, FOR THIS REASON ALONE, AND NOT BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN SMOKING ON THAT OG HYBRID, YOUR EROTISCOPES WILL BE IN HAIKU FORMAT FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY...

Aries

(MARCH 20 - APRIL 19) The ram is lonely. Okay, cupid. Let's do this. Inbox full of creeps.

Taurus

(APRIL 20 - MAY 20) Quit your day job now. Become a career loan shark. Reality show.

Gemini (MAY 21 – JUNE 20) Na na na na na Na na / Na na na na / Na Na na na / Hey Jude

Cancer

(JUNE 21 – JULY 22) Cheer up, crabby pants. Taco Bell stays open late. Cry in the drive thru.

(JULY 23 - AUGUST 22 You're pregnant. Congrats! Do you know who the dad is? Oh. Sorry. My bad.

(AUGUST 23 – SEPTEMBER 22) Worry destroys you. Therefore, worrying is fine. Because it's metal.

Toibra

(SEPTEMBER 23 – OCTOBER 22) Try something new soon. Like listening to Danzig. Oh wait, you do? Huh...

Scorpio

(OCTOBER 23 – NOVEMBER 21) Fuck yeah. Dabs 'n' shit. You can do this on your own. Go hippie meth lab!

agittarius

(NOVEMBER 22 – DECEMBER 2 Watch Office Space soon. Pretend you work at her work. Then go get more flare.

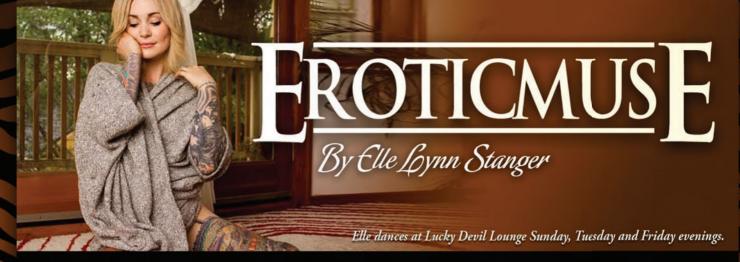
Capricorn
(DECEMBER 22 – JANUARY 20) Capricorns are dope. They're like the Kanye of stars If stars were assholes.

Aguarius

(JANUARY 21 – FEBRUARY 18) The water bearer. Not the water breaker, yo. Rush to the ER.

Pisces

(FEBRUARY 19 - MARCH 19) One fifty one rum. Malibu rum, pineapple. Make baby girl cum.



Our eyes twinkled in the firelight our bodies soaking in the crimson warmth of our surroundings. He looked deep into my eyes and ran a finger along the rim of his glass, finding it difficult to say the words. "I think it's time I start seeing other people. I can't do this anymore." I kept a quiet gaze on him and nodded gently. "I think that will be very good for you. But, if you decide to see me again, you know how to find me." The soundtrack to a Nicholas Sparks film played behind us, as the rain poured down upon our faces while we embraced. Just kidding. Tupac pounded over my ears and dollar bills were flying at the stripper on stage. I gave Customer X a polite goodbye hug and strode to the dressing room, deflated. "What's wrong?" asked Lily, as she bent to the mirror to inspect labia. "Oh. It's okay. I muttered. "I just got dumped...by a regular." It wasn't the first time and it won't be the last.

People have different reasons to walk into a strip club. "I figured I'd stop in on the way home." Or "I was bored." But what does that mean? There was nothing on television? You don't own a television? It's been heard many times by strippers, "I just came here to drink a beer and see some tits." Let's be honest—porn is free and beer is cheaper at home. What's motivating people to leave their homes? Humans, nearly all of us, need social interaction to be happy.

Evolutionary and biology experts, long ago concluded that socializing has always been very important for human beings, since being in a group was beneficial to survival. Scientists have determined that small doses of human interaction, reap huge health benefits. John Cacioppo, a neuroscientist at the University of Chicago, studied loneliness and social isolation for his 2008 book, Loneliness: Human Nature and the Need for Social Connection.

The health risks of social isolation was alarming; "Loneliness shows up in measurements of stress hormones, immune function and cardiovascular function. Loneliness also disrupts the regulation of cellular processes deep within the bodypredisposing us to premature aging." "In everyday life, play with the idea of trying to get small doses of the positive sensations that come from good social interactions. Just saying to someone, "Isn't it a beautiful day?" or "I loved that book!" can bring a friendly response that makes you feel better."

Emotional attachments that people form, are the reason for fascination. How many times have you had a favorite bartender or barista? Is it so different from having a favorite comedian or musician? The music created by a singer invokes emotion. The conversation shared by your hairdresser is a bonus to your snazzy new style. Who else has ever stopped in to their neighborhood pub to hopefully converse with their favorite server, and been disappointed to find them not working? That disappointment is a due to the disruption in the comfort sought. There are many types of attachment that people form and they are not simply sexual. People seek strippers for multiple reasons as well. The couple at the table is fascinated with the undulations in that naked stranger's body. That man at the bar, buying a drink and talking to another stripper, has an interest in the stories that she will tell him. The guy in the lap dance room seeks a gentle female touch and exhales softly as her cheek presses against his.

"I don't think that most of my customers aren't able to have relationships in the "outside world", says one stripper. "I'm excitement on-demand basically. You don't have to take me to dinner to see my tits. You don't have to worry that I'll tell my girlfriends your secrets. I won't ask to

meet your parents. I'm relatively safe as an outlet. I post my schedule, not only so that people can see me naked, but so that they can exchange money for companionship, flirting, or comfort.'

"I want you to have this," said one older gentleman who has been visiting stripper Nicole for two years. He handed her a bag of his deceased wife's jewelry. She handled it well and accepted it graciously. The man could have tossed the bag into the trash or donated it to be pawed over in a thrift shop, but it was important to him that she have it. For a man who had been widowed for years, he had found another type of feminine comfort. To Alycia, "I waited all day to talk to someone—to tell you what happened." said the younger man whose ex-wife had attempted suicide that day. He wasn't ready to tell his family about it—he wasn't ready for the onslaught of questions. So, he told his favorite stripper instead.

These are not isolated incidents. Since our patriarchal society still considers a male display of emotions as weakness, some men feel more comfortable in a therapist-like setting of a private room not emasculated by the half naked sex worker.

Customer X ended up meeting a woman in the "outside world" shortly after they are now married with a tiny infant. He visited the strip club with his buddies once, I gave him a friendly wave and inquired politely about his family. The small amount of money that he formerly spent on stripper companionship had been replaced by something more personally fulfilling. Yet, both were necessary, but for different stages in his life. I am truly happy for him. Isn't that the saying, it's better to have been tipped and lost, than to have never been tipped at all?"

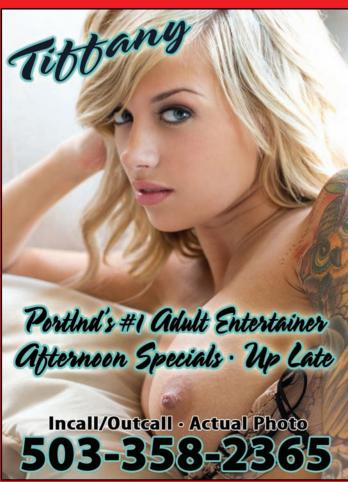


















I Started A Joke

Late last September-ish, Ryno, a local man-about-the-comedy-scene, invited me to be a guest on his "Stand-Up Sit-Down" radio show. At the time, I had not even considered myself to be a comedian. It was strange for me to be invited on a program that, as explicitly stated by the title, featured "stand-up" comics, but Ryno had a logical motive. The other quest, Will, was an actual comic who had supposedly become the target of "local hipster feminazi shenanigans," before subsequently losing a series of comment wars and internet arguments in the process. Ryno felt as if my ability to turn being a self-righteous asshole into an art form (combined with my job titles of porn columnist and titty bar DJ), would be a welcome perspective to Will's situation.

In short, Will (a fluffy, socially awkward, kind-hearted dude) had made a joke during an open mic that, for all intents and purposes, forced the audience to use a chess metaphor to understand the punchline. Responding to the groan of the audience, who was reacting to a bad pun being forced on them, Will made the offhanded remark, "this is what we call joke rape." Within a quarter of a menstrual cycle, the local Jezebelbloggers-in-training took to the witch hunt that follows any utterance of sexual assault (regardless of context) by a straight, white male. Will was painted to be a windowless-van-driving predator, one who sells child snuff films to terrorists for Bitcoin, by much of the Portland comedy scene. One particular blogger, I will call her "Barbie" (being the leastfeministy name I can think of), outed Will for condoning "rape culture" ad nauseam.

Strangely enough, I remember being in

high school with Will. Saving space for the rest of this rant, let me just say that Will was bullied. I don't remember much about the guy, other than he was the fat kid from chess team. The fact that he was continuing to be ostracized by the popular kids, decades later, got under my skin. Even more so, it enraged me that the bully was some college fauxminist, one who co-opts (or "Macklemores") the struggles of others, for purposes of selfish, attention-seeking validation of an otherwise artless craft. Between my time working in strip clubs, crisis centers and mental health facilities, I have encountered survivors of the most tragic, inhumanely disgusting acts of sexual assault. This new wave of "don't shame me for my tight shorts" neo-feminism shamelessly (no pun intended) discounts and invalidates the struggles of women who have actually been raped, pimped, trafficked or killed. This Barbie bitch was not only bullying Will, but she was doing so using the whole "rape culture" rhetoric that is responsible for silencing actual survivors, so that attention whores can have their fifteen minutes of "Don't Be a Dick, Rush Limbaugh" Internet time.

It was time for Barbie to meet Ray. In a strange turn of events, I decided to get into the stand-up comedy game (for entirely unrelated reasons) and, conveniently enough, had ditched the "Statutory" from my name (repeat last parenthetical statement). Keeping my eye open for Barbie, I hit a few mics she was reported lurking at and, while wearing a Broncos sweater while mumbling through a joke about how porn is damaging to men (because dildos turn us into objects), a random hipster girl in the audience turned to her fellow comics, threw her arms up, ran down the restroom hallway in a fit of "OMG WTF" scene-making, forcibly ironic laughter. I finished the mic, left, and

without time to light up a cigarette, I was approached by another comic.

"Dude, what did you say to make Barbie freak out," he asked. "I was taking a piss and I heard her all the way from the bathroom. Whatever it was, nice job man."

Bingo.

I did my research and found out that this was not only the same chick responsible for the witch hunt against Will, but her entire M.O. surrounds a blog with titles like "Don't Be a Dick, Internet" in which she hastily (read: first year creative writing style, a la "the beautiful, shiny, velvet sun entered the rectangular window") recounts her latest exploits in self-victimization. Whether acting as the escrow service for Jesse Jackson, by outing other white hipsters for using the "N-word" (which is actually spelled "nigger" or "nigga" and does not lose either intended meaning when hyphenated and abbreviated by white liberal bloggers looking to offend indirectly, instead of assuming that their black readers are capable of critical thought, like I do), or comparing something uttered by Glen Beck to the act of forcible sexual penetration.

My rational self was encouraging to write an objective, thought-out email to this (ahem) public figure who listed her (double ahem) public email on a public blog (tied to a free public paper). Instead, I got shitfaced and opted for an immature, dry, style parody of her blog and composed an email detailing how much of a victim I was because I was "heckled" at an open mic. In short, I re-wrote her weekly column from the perspective of, well, another victim. However, to make sure that Barbie opened the email, I



made the subject line read "Looking to Book Out-of-Town Comics" and baited her ego. I did not get a response to the email (which will be published at TalesFromTheDJBooth.com by the time this magazine hits the streets). Barbie's thousand-or-so Facebook friends, however, did get to read my email to her, as she had posted it to her (ahem... private) page, out of context and with no background other than "this guy sent me an email."

My Facebook inbox blew up with white knights (boys from the scene) who come to the rescue of helpless damsels in distress (a slightly more effective method of date rape than drugs), including one who called me a "cunt" (that's their word, bro) and an established L.A. comic who proceeded to engage in a fifty-comment-long flame war with a Doge troll. Less than twelve hours had passed, before my boss from another magazine in California had received an email (publishing that one too...) from one of Barbie's minions, claiming that I had been "exhibiting potentially violent and threatening behaviors (toward) the Portland comics," how I supposedly "took (my) beef to Facebook, whereas Barbie had not" (ay motherfucking hem) and had "alienated (myself) multiple times in the comedy scene" (after having done only three mics, two of which were among friends). A final email from Barbie to my other, other editor, claimed that she was "afraid for her life." Knowing that when shit goes down, I whip out tears and run the opposite direction, the editor politely responded "Ray Ray be cray cray, if you're afraid for your life, you should call 9-1-1.

One email, folks. That was the extent of my violently, intimidating pillaging. Now, I could go on about how gaslighting and victim-blaming are methods used by rapists and woman beaters, but something tells me that is another column's worth of material. In short, the point is that I became the new Will. I can, to this day, walk into any of the hipsterish open mics in Portland, Eugene, hell... Seattle or S.F. even, and get a face full of passively

aggressive stink eyes from anyone with a man-purse. And this is exactly what I wanted, because, as of a few hours after January's deadline, I have yet to have a single, real-life negative face-to-face interaction, bombed mic, meltdown or otherwise career-jeopardizing incident (and readers of this magazine know that I specialize in that shit). Plus, for every dirty look tossed at me by some castrated PC douchefuck, I have at least five "fuck yeah, right ons." Owners of clubs, female comics who are actually survivors of reallife sexual assault, random people I have never met...they're all asking me to jump on their bills, because I "called out that blogger chick on her bullying."

Here's the really really fucked up part. I don't have anything against this chick. nor would I feel comfortable knowing that anything I said or did resulted in actual alienation or intimidation toward anyone, anywhere. And, especially not over a difference of opinion...hell. mv entire writing career is built off of starting pointlessly petty debates over stupid shit. But, when someone is practically panhandling for victimhood, I like to be the high heel in the taint that gets said person to wake the hell up. In this case. I grossly underestimated said person's ability to not only gauge sarcasm (or style parody) directly aimed at their own, easily-identified style, but a so-called comedian and opinion columnist's ability to swallow a mere spoonful of the overprescribed sugar pills she sells to the masses in the name of "sexual politics."

I honestly hoped for a response email, maybe one that said "you're a dick, dude, but I get your joke... ha ha.... fuck off." Instead, I leveled up about two years in the comedy scene ("...you're doing comedy now? I didn't know until folks were cursing your name in the green room at the sold-out show the other night....want on my next show?"), learned quickly that the comedy scene in this town takes itself way too seriously ("...if you make it big here, you might get to go to L.A. and start over..."), made a handful of enemies and about a hundred new friends-slash-contacts.

Perhaps, I should have written that email sober. I have a history of saying shitty things over the Internet while intoxicated and my satire-slash-style-parody was blurry at best. So, here goes, take two at my parody of that one chick's column from the blog part of that paper thing.

Don't Be a Pussy, Feminist Bitch!

Oh. Em. Gee. I cannot BELIEVE that there

are still people DICK SHAMING in 2014. I am soooo sick of VAGINA CULTURE permeating every aspect of my life. The other day, it was a foggy night (oops... I guess I should have said night, tee hee) and some beautiful, proud male friends of mine suggested I let my voice be heard. But alas! There was a wild Femichu afoot (I am SUCH a nerd...I have like twenty Pokemons), causing angry vaginallycharged scenes whenever anyone who identifies as a man (she H-A-T-E-s the L-G-B-Ts who go under the knife). Insert here a hastily-interpreted theory from my course on Men In History class. RIGHT!? So, anyways, I'm like, the next Rosa King and I stood up for the oppressed MINORITY known as men and took to direct action, only to be SHAMED by a promoter of VAGINA CULTURE. I was then gaslighted, VICTIM BLAMED and outed as a straight man (I planned on coming out as Hetero on my own time. thank you very much!!!). Logically inconclusive and overgeneralized ending to PETTY RANT. Pfft. My half-black exchange student roommate is SOOOO gonna hear about this next time we go for vegan coffee in our gentrified MLK-area neighborhood.

If you're reading this Barbie, I'm still waiting on that email. It takes a big person to apologize, but it takes a bigger person to respond with a stylistically unique, scathing character assault wrapped in a "we can still respect each other as opinionated extremists with columns and mic time" tortilla. We're gonna see each other sooner or later—and there is nothing cooler than opposing views who can shake hands and respect to disagree. You bullied my friend— I returned the favor. Pull your head out of your gaping gash and take a breath of realworld air...feminism is about access to reproductive health, reduction of violence against women and actual, mathematical equality (including empowerment). Your endorsement of self-appointed and magnified victim culture asserting that chess jokes lead to rape, completely discounts (and sickeningly endorses, however indirectly) the real causes

of sexual assault; hatred, blind assertion of power, disrespect of a proposed weaker sex...basically your column. Holla!

TALESFROMTHEDJBOOTH.COM TWITTER: @STATUTORYRAY

"I'd really like to see you outside of the club sometime."

How To Date A Stripper

It's the battle cry of the pursuing patron.

Any dancer, who has ever worked so much as a single shift at a strip club, has probably had customer attempt to take them home. It's no surprising, that after a night of flirting with an attractive woman, watching her strip her clothes off on stage and possibly being caressed in a VIP room, that a customer would want to get more intimate with her on a personal level. But, I've noticed a phenomenon: customers aren't simply coming to the club and finding themselves unexpectedly falling for one of the dancers. People are setting out and hitting the strip clubs, looking for a date.

This strikes me as incredibly odd. Being a stripper does not guarantee that I'm attractive, single or even good in bed, and yet, strippers have been stereotyped to be a dating trophy. If you want high social standing with the bros, mention a stripper girlfriend and you may as well have produced the head of a unicorn.

As a dancer, I've been the subject of much unrequited love. It's one of my least favorite aspects of the job. I don't enjoy having to turn someone down after spending my entire evening trying to build them up and make them feel confident and sexy. I want my customers to leave feeling good about themselves and wanting to come back. My curiosity and frustration on the matter inspired me to do a bit of research. The misinformation and stereotypes that are being put out there were even more staggering and ridiculous than I would have imagined. There are entire step-by-step guides on the subject of acquiring stripper girlfriends. I read advice on the best time of the night to approach the dancer at work, tips on which type of clubs are the most likely to employ date-worthy dancers, and all types of advice on whether or not tipping and buying dances from the stripper who has your interest, will help or hinder your cause. Nearly everything I read was completely wrong.

If I wanted to date a firefighter, I wouldn't research different neighborhoods, pick slow or peak hours and then set fire to my house. Even if someone single, attractive and worthwhile did show up to fight the flames, their attention and intentions would (and should) be elsewhere... such as where their job description and experience has trained it to be. Sure, they may be attractive, strong and fighting to save my life and earthly possessions, but unsurprisingly, they would be there for a purpose other than dating.

No, if I want to date a firefighter, I should go to the gym, sign up for a first-aid or search-andrescue class, scope everyone there, and when I meet someone that says, "Hi. I'm a firefighter" I should then ask them out. Perhaps, along the way, I would meet an architect who I am infinitely more physically and mentally attracted to anyway.

It's a truly perplexing concept to choose a partner solely off what they presently do for a living—then resolve to meet and court this person at their place of work, during their shift. No wonder men are given such props for accomplishing this task. It's an absolutely absurd endeavor.

I don't even understand why someone would want to date a stripper. Don't get me wrong, I love strippers. Some of my favorite people in the world are (or have been) strippers...but, this is a truly unique career in several ways and doesn't naturally lend itself to a healthy relationship environment. First, stripping is the job of a young person. Although they are certainly out there, many girls are not stripping past their mid-thirties. Our bodies fail us due to aging and injury, and at some point, all of us will need to find something else other than taking our clothes off to support ourselves. Setting out to date a stripper is like setting out to date only women who were Girl Scouts as children—it has very little to do with where their lives will be headed. Curiously, I found absolutely zero guides on how to attract and date real estate agents and dental assistants, who used to be dancers.

Furthermore, any romantic partner of an exotic dancer has to feel extremely secure in themselves and their relationship. Dating someone who makes their money flirting with, dancing for and taking their clothing off for other people can be a difficult exercise in trust and communication. A person, who seeks approval from their peers through the career of their intimate partner, is not the type of person with enough self-confidence to date a stripper...nor is the person perusing online men's magazines for dating tips and tricks.

We are young, hyper-sexualized, highly sought after people engaged in short-lived careers that are almost certainly transitional periods in our lives...and people want us for their mates.

If you're lonely and want to get laid—go to a bar. That is where the other lonely people wanting to get laid will be. If you are seeking a mate and not just a one-night-stand, go out and engage yourself in something that interests you and meet like-minded people. If you're looking to drink, look at naked women and be entertained—go to the strip club.

Austin dances at the Kit Kat Club Wednesday through Saturday nights and can be seen performing at Dante's Sinferno every other Sunday.





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The future. Where are we going and just how fast are we getting there? Questions and answers that circle back to become more questions and answers. Yet, we see some of our newest freedoms, including mobile media and cell phone communications, which have taken some of the largest leaps and bounds-advancing so fast that we can hardly keep up with each year's next edition. So, my question is, where are we going with the more, off-the-radar technologies? The ones we might hear about briefly on the evening news and then the subject is never brought up again. I wanted to find out who is supporting what projects and how far we've come in actually making these new, futuristic devices a reality.

RISE OF THE MACHINES



If you click on Boston Dynamics website, you get a general overview of where we're going with the new wave of military-style robots. They have designed such creations as Big Dog, Cheetah, Petman, Atlas and Sand Flea. All robotic devices, geared towards taking homo-sapiens out of dangerous or hard-to-maneuver situations, while giving us twice the hauling power and endurance, while even outdoing us in speed and agility, in some cases. The intimidating exterior of these robots speaks for itself. I can only imagine, what one of these would look like with automatic weapons mounted to its frame. Or even worse, they could even engage in chemical and viral warfare without consequences or damage, as they are not organic life forms. The articulated bodies and autonomous features bring each new robot closer and closer to where our morality stops and begins. We are in a virtual arms race, that has each country gunning for the



latest and greatest technology. Even though a vast majority of the general public is uneasy with the idea (...we've all seen the Terminator movies), developers are heavily funded by groups like DARPA, and each new generation of robots, is far superior to its predecessor. There are already initiatives on the table, from scholars like Wendell Wallach, who is also a consultant at Yale's Interdisciplinary Centre For Bioethics and co-author of Moral Machines: Teaching Right From Wrong. He has proposed an executive order from the President of the United States, banning the use of autonomous killing machines. Wallach believes his proposal should be applied to international humanitarian laws and taken seriously, as too many ignore the issue—viewing it as too far out or too futuristic. I don't know Wendell, I think I just saw a news report where a U.S. drone missed its target in Yemen and killed what was believed to be a wedding party. It looks like the future is already upon us. It's where we're taking it next, that will decide our fate as a nation.

Probably the scariest of the machines, in my opinion, started when nanotechnology became not so scifi and is so dominant in our society, now that virtually millions are walking around with the technology in their hands without even knowing it. That new smart phone and tablet you bought this Christmas have P2i nanotechnology attached to it. What does it do you ask? Nothing like eating your flesh or scanning your brain yet-but it does provide an invisible nano-coating that repels liquid from your phone. Originally developed by the UK's Ministry of Defense, this little nano bite is now available on a commercial scale and is probably in your pocket as we speak. And, since we're on the subject of smartphones, let's just delve right into that massive media succubus, YouTube. The videos we've seen of future smartphone concepts aren't too far from reality. The crafty developers will continue to find ways to make our PCs, Laptops, iPads and tablets obsolete in the next few years, with brand-new paper thin devices with holographic image displays and laser keyboard projection on physically transparent phones. These options are not likely on the horizon for the iPhone 6, but eye tracking, facial recognition, wireless charging and a phone that adjusts its volume as it moves away from your ear, are all rumored features of the next gen. What





once seemed farfetched is not so out of this world anymore. And the tech we scoffed at two years ago, is now being held in our hands and at our fingertips every day.

CAPTAIN PLANET



With that little tidbit out of the way, I'd like to turn your attention to a subject that's barely even been breached, Geoengineering. This highly controversial issue has sparked interest, from scientist all over the world, who are concerned with the effects of global warming. Last year, a massive (and illegal) geoengineering project went underway off the shores of Canada backed by controversial businessman Russ George. In July of 2012, George infuriated environmentalist and civic groups by dumping more than 100 tons of iron sulfate into the Pacific Ocean, in a technique known as ocean fertilization. The intention of the project was for the plankton to absorb the carbon dioxide and sink to the bottom of the ocean—resulting in seeding the ocean's floor with life.

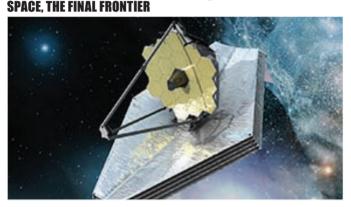
Presently, scientists are debating whether or not iron fertilization can even lock carbon into the deep oceans, and to date, there is no evidence that this project has actually worked. Other scientists believe that their particular solution is cloud brightening—the seeding of marine stratocumulus clouds with copious amounts of tiny sea water particles, resulting in longer lasting, larger clouds. This essentially creates a more reflective cloud, which cools down the planet faster. Even though these sci-

entists are ready to proceed with this project, they need



international support to start this project legally. More than likely, the reason both strategies have failed to receive legal support, is because they spark such controversial side effects to the environment, which many argue, will do more harm than good.

Another scientific approach less likely to have such drastic, negative side effects is a common answer to a fast-growing carbon-emissions problem, the Mangrove tree. This is a tree that virtually grows on every coastline in the world and has a unique ability to suck carbon out of the atmosphere. Mangrove trees (often called Cthulian trees because of their large "tenticular" roots) pull out 4 times the amount of carbon than regular trees do and can survive in extreme conditions. Unfortunately, over the last 50 years we have seen a 30% decrease in their numbers. which could be effecting the accumulation of greenhouse gases. If we were to propose a way to save the deforestation of these trees and plant more of them, we might begin to see small changes in those greenhouse emissions.



Stephen Hawking says the only way for humanity to survive the next millennium is to colonize space. The scary thing is, he's probably right, at least within the next 1000 years or so. Or, could it be sooner? On December 5, 2013, Sara Seager, a planetary scientist at MIT, said at a House Committee on Science, Space and Technology, that this is the first time in human history, we have the technological reach to find life on other planets. The Kepler mission identified more than 3,500 potential planets outside Earth's solar system— including 10 that are Earth-sized and lie within their star's habitable zone. Astrobiologists believe our most optimistic estimate for finding life, would be within a decade, using the James Webb telescope. A large, infrared-optimized space telescope expected to launch in 2018. The growing attention to the space race has become more predominant this year on a global scale, as well as nationally, with our own President signing off on additional funding. With private investors and entrepreneurs, we'll see more companies like SpaceX popping up around the globe. SpaceX's key goal is to develop reusable rockets— a feat that will transform space exploration by delivering highly reliable vehicles at radically reduced costs. The company was founded in 2002, by Elon Musk, to revolutionize space transportation, with the ultimate goal of enabling people to live on other planets. On Dec 3, 2013, SpaceX successfully completed its first geostationary transfer mission—delivering the SES-8 satellite to its targeted 295 x 80,000 km orbit. SpaceX has become so proficient at what they do, that they have secured million-dollar contracts with NASA for commercial and satellite launches. So, whether or not it's 10 years or 20, we're looking at our abilities of advancement beyond our own planet as a definite and not a maybe anymore. Now, if we could just nail down dark matter, we've got it made! Or do we?







PORTLAND BLACK PANTHERS FOUNDER KENT FORD



PORTLAND MAYOR TERRY D. SCHRUNK



PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE ROBERT F. KENNEDY



oday, the 1960s have become represented in the American memory through the psychedelic counterculture that proclaimed peace, love and optimism. But, the truth of the matter was, that the 1960s were among the most intense decades in American history. Millions of Americans saw ghastly images on television every night of the war in Vietnam while violent demonstrations and assassinations of revered political leaders were becoming alarmingly common. Even President Lyndon Johnson lost faith in his abilities to lead the nation, as it became an intensely worrisome time for all Americans—especially, those of whom were black. It was then, that Huey Newton and Bobby Seale empowered their communities with the formation of the Black Panther Party-which would eventually establish a chapter in Portland, which would hold the city just as accountable as anywhere else in the nation, in confronting its own prejudices.

Though the Pacific Northwest has always had one of the lowest African American populations of anywhere in the US, black people have been a part of Oregon history since its discovery. One of the first, York (the slave of William Clark of the Lewis and Clark Expedition) had been instrumental with the diplomacy of Native American tribes. Among the first laws that Oregon passed after reaching statehood. were exclusionary acts that discouraged freed slaves from taking up residence in Oregon. Though not a slave state, the Oregon legislature displayed no overt economic or moral opposition to slavery.

By the early 20th century, racist underlining in the state grew with overt political influence of the Klu Klux Klan. Fueled mostly by the Klan's anticatholic motivations, the size and influence of the KKK in Oregon was the largest outside of any former confederate state.

Oregon's most substantial boom of its black population came during World War II, with Portland attracting employment for blacks in the Kaiser shipyards on the Columbia River. Lack of available housing led to the creation of Vanport (an unincorporated community north of Portland) which had been quickly developed of poorly constructed housing units. By the end of the war, the predominately black populated Vanport, became Oregon's second largest city. In the summer of 1948, torrential rains had surged the Colombia River to flood the city of Vanport—virtually destroying it overnight and displacing most of the state's black population.

By the early 1960s, construction of Memorial Coliseum had relegated Portland's black population to the Albina district. Mayor Terry Schrunk was criticized by the community for his blatant disregard of the city's black population, as its needs would be ignored continuously throughout his administration.

As the 1960s progressed, Portland's black population would eventually receive individual support by one of the eras most predominate advocates for civil rights, Presidential candidate Robert F. Kennedy. Kennedy campaigned through Oregon during the 1968

Democratic Primary and made it a point to visit the Albina district, his strongest delegation of black voters. Kennedy had also retained a fair amount of animosity for Mayor Schrunk, who because of ties to organized crime, testified before him on a Senate rackets committee a decade earlier. This caused Kennedy to be seen among solidarity to the black community and against the political policies of Portland City Hall. Senator Kennedy would go on to lose the primary in Oregon that May. Less than a month later, he would be assassinated in Los Angeles.

While driving near the corner of Shaver and Union Ave. (now MLK), Bay Area transplant, Kent Ford, watched as the police aggressively broke up a back-alley dice game among a group of black teenagers he'd been acquainted with. While the police officers' backs were turned, Ford attempted to sneak a friend of his out of an unlocked patrol car. When the police saw this, they psychically attacked Ford and arrested him. With the help and funding of students from Reed College, Ford was acquitted.

A few years earlier, in Ford's hometown of Oakland, California, college students Huey Newton and Bobby Seale organized a black community defense group from their frat house. Adorning black leather jackets, dark sunglasses and openly brandishing firearms, the Black Panther Party, became a reckoning force throughout the United States, by intimidating their opposition and empowering their supporters. As their newsletters and reputation spread through the nation, the group became visible in every major city. Ford used his experience with the police, as a reason to establish a chapter in Portland.

The Black Panthers were unique in the fact that they openly allied with white supporters, after Huey Newton suggested the formation of the White Panther Party. The alliance was especially real in Portland, as Ford strongly distanced his chapter from any anti-white ideology the group had become falsely associated with. The Portland chapter of the Black Panthers was like most others across the country—providing free breakfast to children in the black community, as well as medical and dental centers for people who couldn't otherwise afford them.

After the Kent State shooting and the escalating war in Vietnam, Portland activist groups posed a high security threat to President Nixon, who planned to be in town to speak at the 1969 American Legion convention. This attracted strong monitoring from the FBI of subversive political groups in Portland, especially the Black Panthers. With the full cooperation of city hall, Mayor Schrunk and the FBI began demanding that local restaurants stop donating food to the Black Panthers' breakfast programs— threatening to initiate a campaign of harassment for those who didn't comply. Radio station KGW had been monitoring police scanners and repeatedly called the Black Panther headquarters, asking them if they were aware of any plans of a potential police raid.

On the afternoon of February 19, 1970, Portland Police officers Stan Harmon and Ralph Larsen were on their way to return a ten-year-old shoplifter back to the custody of her mother, when they drove past the Black Panther headquarters on Union Ave. There they saw Albert Wayne

Williams, a former police informant who had a petty larceny warrant out on himself. With the ten-year-old girl still in the car, the officers recognized Williams as a wanted fugitive and held him at gunpoint. The police then pursued Williams as he dashed back into the office to retrieve a .303 Enfield rifle, while they called for backup. Accounts from both sides of the story contradicted one another, as witnesses testified that Williams fired a warning shot into the roof while police maintained he'd misfired as he aimed for the police officer, who subdued him by shooting him in the right arm and lower abdomen. The police held back an unruly crowd that had gathered in front of the Black Panthers' office, as a riot ensued from the disturbance. With time being a factor in Williams' escalating critical condition, he was taken by ambulance to the area's second closest hospital, in hopes of further discouraging any demonstrators from showing up. The next day, over 200 demonstrators showed up at city hall to voice their opinions on the police's continued harassment of the Black Panther Party. Kent Ford himself took the stand in front of the city council—unleashing a profanity filled verbal assault to Mayor Schrunk, while referring to the Portland Police Bureau as "racist pigs." Though Williams would go on to recover from the shooting, the lasting impact had increased tension between the city and the Black Panthers. Portland's White Panther Party used the incident to fuel the disdain they held for military recruitment that began that same week on the campus of PSU. The FBI had linked the group to an attack on an armed forces recruitment center with a Molotov cocktail, later charging members of the group with federal offenses.

As time went on, racial issues in Portland hadn't remained what they were in the 1960s, but that didn't mean they disappeared. More recently, Portland's black community has been faced with issues regarding housing discrimination, as well as economic gentrification of what were once predominately black neighborhoods.

It may never be known, whether or not racism will ever end in the United States. But, as Robert Kennedy, the national figure who once championed Portland's black community, famously stated, "What we need in the United States is not violence or lawlessness, but love and wisdom, and compassion toward one another, and a feeling of justice toward those who still suffer within our country, whether they be white or whether they be black."



THE FLOODING OF VANPORT IN 1948 DISPLACED MOST OF OREGON'S BLACK POPULATION

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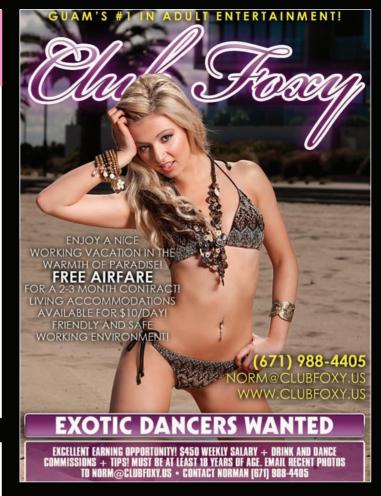
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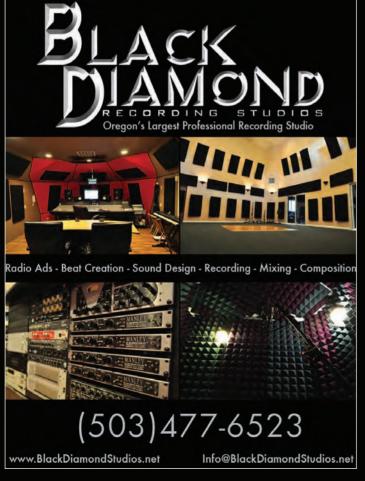
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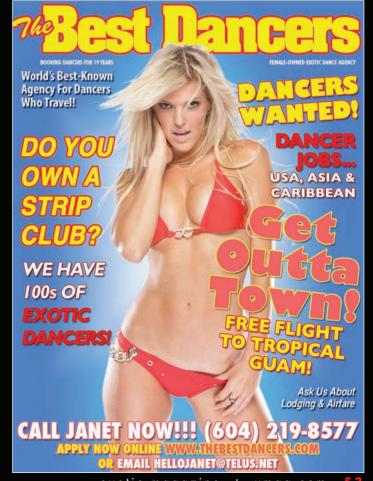
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uman beings have portrayed their want to live forever, since some of the first great works of literature, like The Epic of Gilgamesh. In the past, the mythic fantasy of immortality has always seemed just that—a silly fantasy. Not anymore. Billionaire futurists are extremely interested in extending their life these days, and maybe yours too. With the great majority of baby boomers settling into senior citizenship (which is still at a static 65, remarkably), it's no surprise that the impending fear of death has lead to a sudden influx in the monetary interest of discovering the Holy Grail of immortality.

In addition, current research and advancement in anti-aging fields (for example, gene therapy and nanotechnology) has awakened the dream of immortality in many scientific minds. Pair this with funding from billionaire baby boomers and we may just have a recipe for success. A perfect example of this is Google's recent announcement that it would be entertaining the study of living forever with its backing of an ill-described mysterious research company, Calico (which seeks to address "the challenge of aging"). Other charitable organizations, like SENS Research foundation, "seek to transform the ways the world researches and treats age-related disease." While researching longevity is at the forefront for most futurologists, issues regarding the ethics of death are still only whispered about and completely undefined. According to the American Journal of Clinical Nutrition, we've already extended life expectancy by approximately 20 years in the past century, due to various technological advances in the medical field. People just don't die early anymore. Modern medicine, even with its flaws, has been ridiculously successful at keeping people alive longer than ever before. With long lives—comes overpopulation.

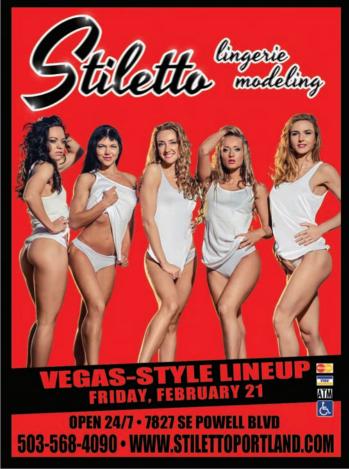
Class and poverty are another prevalent ethical concern surrounding the possibility of immortality. The rich usually have lives that they want to continue, while the poor generally take shelter in religion or ideological beliefs, that extend their immortality into a paradigm which seems more pleasing than normal life. This rich/poor gap is currently exemplified as; the wealthy have the option of Cryogenics, which can costs around \$200,000, while the poor are still struggling with access to proper health care.

Other ethical dilemmas surrounding immortality need to be addressed. Can we afford to live longer and is there an appropriate age for humans to undergo therapies involving longevity? According to the US Department of Health and Human Services, "The elderly (age 65 and over) made up around 13 percent of the U.S. population in 2002, but they consumed 36 percent of total U.S. personal health care expenses." Over 10 years later, it is estimated that 10 percent of the population (mainly the

elderly), consume about 65 percent of health care costs. Could our economy withstand a mass of 70-year-olds living an extra 50 years? How about this normative idea that there is wisdom in all elders? How many wise elderly people have you met in your life? Imagine the uproar of dispelling things like the myth of age-related wisdom.

Many serious ethical issues surrounding immortality need to be addressed parallel to the advancement of age-defying technology. American's just don't talk about death enough. The line that defines what it is to be "alive" and what it means to "live," generally seems to be blurred and hushed even in most intellectual conversations. However, there is a bit of hope, like The Immortality Project at the University of California, Riverside, which has recently received a huge 5-million dollar grant for research and seeks to discover ideas and information about the following questions: whether, and in what form(s), persons survive or could survive bodily death; whether, and to what extent, persons' beliefs about immortality influence their behavior, attitudes and character; why, and how, persons are (at least pre-reflectively) disposed to believe in post-mortem survival-whether it is in some sense irrational to desire immortality. What is more terrifying to you, living too long or dying too young?









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