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Published monthly by XMAG LLC.
Circulation: 75,000 per month at 200+ sites
Mailing Address:
818 SW 3rd Avenue, Suite 1324
Portland, Oregon 97204
Telephone: 503.241.4317
Fax: 503.914.0439
Email: info@xmag.com
Exotic Online: www.xmag.com

Publisher
XMAG LLC.

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THE BIRDS, THE WEEDS AND... ARE THERE SUCH THINGS AS DRAG KINGS?

Since I was a kid, things have changed a lot between communication, dress codes, sex and how we educate our kids about sensitive subjects. For me, it's been 20*-plus years since I had to rely on television, friends and my parents for information.

I remember as a kid, at random intervals, bits of education would come out of my parents' mouths at the dinner table (really, it was everyone sitting in chairs around the television). Our night would be fairly peaceful and my stepfather would make some odd proclamation, as if he were a god. One particular night, my stepfather rattled off some ridiculous, age-inappropriate statement about sex and I sat there wondering what the fuck it meant. Why was he telling me about erections? This is not a stepfather's job. Dear Mom, please step the fuck up. To be honest, as little as sex was discussed, bathroom things were discussed even less. I didn't know what diarrhea meant until I was 17. Why did I learn about periods from a classroom with 17 other girls in the fifth grade? Today, I'm so thankful for the internet, and if my daughter has a question, she asks me (or we Google it).

I recall an evening when my stepfather made a statement; something like, "A drag queen is a man who dresses in women's clothing." Because I wasn't a fan of his, I often wouldn't react or ask questions, so I just sat there and pondered what this meant on my own. I sat working this out in my head; thinking, if a man wears women's clothes, he's a drag queen, does this mean that if a woman wears men's clothes, he's a drag king? My ten-year-old self decided that, yes, a drag king is definitely a woman who dresses in men's clothing. Fast for-

ward 20*-plus years...I'm in Build-A-Bear Workshop with my eight-year-old daughter, discussing her new bear, who she decided is a boy bear. I ask her what clothes he should wear. I could see her thinking about it and she was contemplating between a purple sundress with yellow daisies and overalls. She decided that he would prefer the purple sundress with yellow daisies. I remember wanting to talk to her about gender that day, but I felt like it



would ruin this perfect moment. Her perfect mind and her just being her—open to everyone/everybear just as they are—not some constructed thing forced upon them. I just felt so happy that this wasn't a thing and talking about it might make it a thing and ruin this perfect moment.

I was also once told that marijuana was a gateway drug and that would lead to cocaine, heroin and prostitution. What I find funny is that my stepfather drank a lot and was a horrifically mean drunk. The saddest part about this, is that I'd seen him smoke pot too and he was pretty cool and chill when he did that. It was about this time

when I realized that my parents were idiots and I was going to have to figure out all this shit on my own. Earlier this summer, I was driving on the backroads with my daughter and she announced, "It smells like marijuana." I laughed and told her no, it was actually a skunk and it must have been hit by a car, which led to a long conversation about how animals die and what happens after you die. Then, we talked about religion and how she gets to pick what she believes in or doesn't believe in.

I also spent half of my childhood being grounded for my grades and, at the end of last year, I told my daughter that grades don't really matter. And, as long as she's making an honest effort to understand the lessons, that she won't get in trouble.

Today, we have open access to the internet. 20*-plus years ago, I didn't have access to the internet, which means I learned about most of the important things by watching TV, via a satellite dish the size of a VW Bug or by a set of encyclopedias, which happened to be missing both the *P* and the *W* volumes.

I know I make mistakes. I think I'm just trying to make less mistakes than my parents did raising me and I just hope my daughter doesn't think that a drag king is a real thing.

*30

Tiffany Greysen is a stand-up comedian and writer from Portland-ish, Oregon. She is a freelance writer for several humor publications. Her comedy is part advice columnist and part parenting guide...neither of which should be followed. You can find her on Twitter as @TiffanyGreysen or on Facebook by name.



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THE MONTHLY
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BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

Does anyone remember that old horror movie, *Children Of The Corn*? It's about a group of creepy kids, who are like Mennonite Murder Machines (there will be a \$5 surcharge if I find out you have used this as a band or album name) and they go around killing all the adults in a tiny Midwestern town, to appease a corn god, only to later be stopped by a random couple whose car breaks down in Creepyville.

It came from the pen of Stephen King, but don't worry—it was long enough ago that it won't remind you of the whiny, tepid crumb cake we know today. What's more important than this, however, is that Hollywood has milked King's 30-page short story into a series of not one, not two or three, but *nine* feature films—only two of them seeing an actual theater release.

Yes, that's correct. There are *NINE* *Children Of The Corn* movies (and one made-for-TV movie, which I won't count). Nine. All of them are sequels or prequels, too—no reboots.

So, with nine down, a hypothetically infinite amount to go and Hollywood currently losing money by the truckload (insert comment on *The Emoji Movie* here), I figured I'd offer some sequel ideas, to breathe new life into the franchise:

STRAIGHT-TO-VIDEO HARVEST

Children Of The Corn 11: The Children Of The Cornening

For this particular sequel to COTC, a couple break down in the parking garage of a huge skyscraper, which, due to unknown causes, shuts all the doors and windows, leaving them trapped with a bunch of murderous children, who occupy all floors except the very top, which has a sky bridge to an adjacent child-free building (and also has free snacks). They must race against time and a horde of homicidal urchins, in order to escape with their lives!

Children Of The Corn 13: Return To Corn Cavern

This prequel explores a sect of children who are possessed by a mystical corn demon—as with the first movies—but, it's set way back in cave-man times and corn grows in a cave for some reason. When a couple's legs break down in front of Corn Cavern, they have to struggle against the legion of what are, in fact, the very first *Children Of The Corn*.

Children Of The Corn 15: 2 Children 2 Cornious

Set in the street-racing circuit, the adult racers are slowly being replaced by children, who are murdering their way into the driver's seat. When a couple's dragster breaks down near the raceway, they must find out why all the cars are being secretly switched to corn-based biofuels. Oh, and also why everyone's getting kill-deathed.

Children Of The Corn vs. Leprechaun vs. Troll vs. Bride Of Chucky

The series' first "versus" installment, wherein 35 years of waiting for the

rights for all those characters to appear in one movie are finally realized, because all the studios have merged into one big studio at this point. Watch while feeling the dull sensation that this should have been made 30 years ago and that you pretty much only bought a ticket because they finally did it.

Children Of The Corn 18: First Corn Part II

Returning to its roots, this movie is a sequel to the third *Children Of The Corn* movie, but set in an alternate timeline. The premise is that a couple has their car break down in an isolated Midwestern town, but the twist is that the couple are children, the car is a Power Wheels™ and the town is an off-the-grid refuge for bible-thumping pedophiles. The children must escape using raw cunning, to avoid having their cornholes turned into *creamed* cornholes.

Okay, so, take note, Hollywood! I will also write scripts for any of these movies, should the brain-geniuses down there have trouble fleshing out some of the concepts.

Go eat some candy corn!

(Just kidding, that shit's awful.)

-WStM

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a writer, duct tape artist, prostitute refurbisher, genie speculator, rumpus manufacturer and retired rapper from Portland, Oregon. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook by name.

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BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

What Weed Needs

It's been, like, a grip since legalization. Or, maybe a bit? Possibly a minute. Either way, shit's been legal for long enough, that we shouldn't have to keep pretending it's not gonna stay that way. In Oregon, at least, we like to see ourselves as progressive. I mean, vegan strip clubs and gun-toting, married lesbians? I fucking love this place. But, it's not quite up to par, when it comes to cannabis. Here are a few things that any "legal" state needs, with Oregon being the most likely pick to lead the way.

Marijuana Strip Clubs Need To Happen

Folks like to bring up the sheer amount of strip clubs in Oregon, but too many of us take for granted the fact that we have the *best* (read: most relaxed) laws in the nation. Even in Las Vegas, you're not gonna get full nudity and shot glasses in the same place (within city limits). In Portland, on the other hand, it's no accident to encounter full-on, two-girl, sex shows offered alongside Long Island Iced Tea and rare steak. This is the America we will get, if Trump ever makes good on his "making great again" promise (don't worry—he won't).

"Recreational" Limits Need To Be Eliminated

I am a huge fan of *not* taxing cancer patients for their medicine. Yes, we need to keep the OMMP program intact and medical marijuana should not be governed by the OLCC (this statement deserves its own section, but there's really not much else to say...we need an OMCC instead, as drunks are quite different than stoners). Still, what's the point in limiting THC content and/or quantity for "recreational" patients? What kind of "recreation" do you think folks are looking to have??? "Let's get not-that-fucked-up and pass out early" is not something that folks suggest to their friends, before hitting an outdoor music festival. Why should the uber-strength good shit be reserved for sick people? When I was, like...16 years old, my buddies and I asked bums to buy us bottles of

Everclear every single weekend—one pint of that shit can kill an elephant. Even a pink one. If pure alcohol is available at Bob's Liquor & Guns, why the fuck can't a person get fucked up properly off of weed-infused ice cream? If anything, legal "recreational" cannabis users are just gonna eat *more* gummy bears and dab *more* wax, in order to get a good head rush.

Edibles Need To Be Semi-Regulated

Speaking of medibles and gummy treats, "eat half and then see how you feel" is never a good suggestion—not for food, not for pussy and definitely not for weed-infused snack treats. The side of the regular-ass, THC-free Teddy Grahams box suggests that a serving size is exactly twenty-four edible bears. This is a product designed for the broke, unhealthy and poor, but it *still* finds a way to be like "here's what you're eating, you unhealthy piece of shit... slow down, or you will go overboard." So, why is it, that a bag of edible, cannabis-infused teddy bears, i.e. drugs, are given a serving size of "one to twenty pieces," which contain "about" and/or "up to" and/or "at least" X grams of THC? Dollar Tree snack food? Here's a federally mandated list of ingredients—complete with instructions. Gummy bears that get you too fucked up to drive? Meh, how about "this many" and we go from there? For fuck's sake...label the goddamn weed treats as if they were being sold in a grocery store.

Cannabis Needs To Be Normalized In The Media

There are Netflix documentaries featuring toddlers who cuss while describing how they murdered their parents for heroin. This is seen as fine, upstanding entertainment. But, aside from *Weeds* (which is just as guilty of making potheads look bad as *Cheech & Chong's Up In Smoke*), cannabis in the media is either portrayed alongside dumbass manchildren, or it's the subject of an overly dramatic exposé on the underground marijuana industry. We need more than Adam Sandler and Discovery Channel, when it comes to weed-ertainment. What's wrong with showing a sitcom couple lighting up a joint and passing it around, like a bottle of wine (shout out to *That '70s Show* for almost making this happen)? Fred and Barney used to take cigarette breaks. The most memorable sitcom from the '80s is about people in a bar, named after the bar and filmed *in a fucking bar*. Just once, I want to see a character light up a blunt and have it not be incorporated into the scene, outside of being a vehicle to keep an actor's hands busy. But, for some reason, cannabis still gets an "R" rating. Speaking of blurred-out pot leaves...

Dr. Dre Needs To Release Detox

What the fuck are we supposed to listen to while getting high, huh? Kendrick Lamar is fine and Outkast never gets old, but come on, Dre. It's been, what, fifty years since you released *2001*? I'm bad at math, but whatever...new Dre would be amazing. The last time he released a full-length album, weed was still illegal. Rapping about rolling up indo in public was *controversial*, for fuck's sake. Bouncing off my last point (regarding mainstream media accepting cannabis),



a Dre album comprised of lyrics that don't entirely revolve around weed would be, well, cool as hell to listen to while really high. The Doc would have to either act like weed's not that cool, opting for harder drugs to embrace instead...or, he'd just have to rap about going to CVS and the gas station. Either way, I'd recommend a sativa-dominant hybrid strain to accompany *Detox*, if it ever drops.

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xeroticcity

BY RAY MCMILLIN

Holy shit, what a summer...time for Halloween! The 13th falls on a Friday this year, so we're in for another awesome October. Pumpkin spice everything, spooky stripper haunted houses and free candy. What's not to look forward to? Oh, and *Miss Exotic Oregon 2018* is here. But first, the scariest thing I've seen all year...

Live Concert Review: Vince Neil At The Oregon State Fair

On Friday, September 1, Vince Neil played at the Oregon State Fair. Unfortunately, I was at the show and able to review it. What follows is a moment-by-moment recount of the evening. A cautious warning is given here; this may be the whitest thing you've ever read. Proceed with caution.

6:55PM - While standing in line for tickets, myself and a friend are offered free admission to the fair, courtesy of

a snack company whose name I forgot (and was supposed to mention here). Vince Neil, billed as "the voice of Mötley Crüe" is set to perform.

7:05PM - State fair security guards smoke cigarettes next to "NO SMOKING" signs, while giving seating directions to "VIP" ticket holders, who have been given standing-room-only "seating" on concrete.

7:10PM - Audience members in the free seating section are stroking their mullets and yelling at sweatpants-clad children. It is clear that white culture may exist after all.

7:15PM - The speakers on an empty stage begin playing Jules Winnfield's "Path Of The Righteous Man" speech from *Pulp Fiction*—an overplayed sample that did a great job setting the tone for a trite and predictable evening.

7:16PM - Vince Neil's band members—who will not be referred to by name at any point in the evening—assist Vince in a slew of intro songs, including "Dr. Feelgood," "Crowd Banter & Guitar" and "Dr. Feelgood (Reprise)." It is clear that Vince Neil has either forgotten (or simply stopped caring about) his lyrics, opting to focus on showmanship, bravado and energetic spins for the majority of his performance.

7:20PM - "Hey there, uhh...crowd, how we doin'?" It is clear that Vince Neil has no idea the name of the town (and, possibly the state) he his in. "You guys ready for a good time? We got all sorts of stuff for you tonight...we have some Mötley Crüe songs and some, uhh, how we doing out there?!" The band plays something that resembles "Wild Side."

7:25PM - Vince dedicates "this next

song" to the troops, before engaging in a mini-speech about how important the troops are. We are not currently at war. Vince mentions that his "...dad was in Veeee-it-naaaam," eliciting a mild reaction from the crowd, before continuing, "my uncle was in Kooooo-reeeahhhhh." The anticipated applause never arrives. "My ooooter uncle was in Day-serrrrr STOOORM." Mild response. I decide to chime in at the appropriate time, "And I was in Motleeeeyy Crrrööüüü!" This gets a bigger reaction from the rest of the audience than I expected. The band breaks into "Home Sweet Home," without the help of a piano or a video montage to make it good.

7:29PM - The crowd is now responsible for providing the majority of the vocals during a "Voice Of Mötley Crüe" concert, with the large portion being performed by the backing band. Vince Neil repeatedly extends the microphone stand toward crowd members, who remember just as many lyrics to "Shout At The Devil" as Vince Neil does.

7:32PM - Vince is winded, visibly confused and excited. The show is a mirror image of an ex-biker dad singing karaoke at the bar attached to a Chinese food restaurant. Without a shred of irony, Vince breaks into "Don't Go Away Mad (Just Go Away)," as dozens of people opt to leave the concert and explore the rest of the state fair.

7:35PM - A woman pulled from a 1987 music video brings Vince Neil

a guitar, which he then proceeds to use for approximately two to three strums, before letting it hang by his side and forgetting more lyrics to another Mötley Crüe song. Vince makes hooting noises, indicating that the guitar he is attractive. More people are walking out.

7:39PM - Vince Neil disappears, while



his guitarist begins a solo.

7:41PM - Vince Neil is still gone. Nameless Guitarist Guy steps to the mic, asking the crowd if they like Zepelin. The crowd responds affirmatively before the guitarist nods to the rest of the band.

7:55PM - The backing band finishes up the fourth of several cover songs, ranging from Led Zeppelin to Ozzy. These prove to be the best-performed songs of the evening. Nameless Guitarist Guy appears to have a bright future ahead of him (or a torrid past, but it's hard to tell).

8:00PM - Vince Neil returns to stage, much to the surprise of his band. As the band performs a montage of Mötley Crüe songs, Vince Neil's name-

less drummer decides to stand on his drum kit, using one leg, while spinning in a circle and hitting the snares to the beat. Tommy Lee is unavailable for comment. Vince continues to replace lyrics with hoots and grunts, which are indistinguishable from the racing pigs getting set up in a nearby location on the fairgrounds.

8:05PM - Vince asks the crowd how they are feeling. The crowd does not react. Vince responds, "That's what I'm talkin' about!" "Let's see if you remember the lyrics to this one." The crowd does not remember the lyrics to it.

8:09PM - Mötley Crüe-aoke continues, culminating in an apparent strike on the part of audience members, who are refusing to respond to Vince Neil's lyrical callbacks, such

as "Years gone by and we still kicking (silence)!" and "Must have broke those (silence)!"

8:15PM - Pig races at the other end of the fair draw several audience members, including me, to watch a much more entertaining spectacle. Sourdough Jack ends up winning, as I predicted he would. I should have bet on the pig races.

Rest In Peace To Our Friend, Fox

Last month, our industry lost a friend. Bouncer, club manager and all-around good guy, Fox, passed away. Due to the nature of this being an adult magazine, I will spare the personal details and his full name, with respect to his close friends and family. But, it would be dishonest, to gloss over the passing of someone who I've

never seen disrespect a dancer, abuse his position or, in any way, leave a negative impact on the Portland strip club scene. This is rare. Although the Portland industry is arguably better than other areas—in terms of humanizing dancers and avoiding “underbelly” stigma—we’re still shitlords from time to time. Dancers knock over drinks when hipster customers mouth off, DJs play Journey when dancers refuse to tip and, usually, it is up to a level-headed bouncer and/or manager to put said fires out. What I remember about Fox, is that his ability to extinguish said fires without remotely disrespecting anyone involved, was uncanny. If you want to get a good gauge of someone’s character, put them between two half-naked strippers during a fight. Anyways, I don’t know if you’re still reading this shit from the other side, but we miss you Fox. Cheers.

Miss Exotic Oregon Returns

On a lighter note, it’s that time of year again... the leaves turn orange, children are given free candy, adults dress up as the dead and, amongst all the fall chaos, a select team of expert dancers engage in the longest-running and most respected industry pageant in the region, *Miss Exotic Oregon*. Spanning several weeks, across multiple clubs (see the Club Spotlight section at the end of this column), this contest showcases the best and brightest of the Oregon roster. And, not only will the winner be handed a fistful of cash and crowned with the best title since “POTUS,” she will be given a cover shoot for this very magazine. There are roughly 1,134 strip clubs in Portland and all but two advertise with us. So, you can image, it’s not easy to get on the cover of this magazine. *Miss Exotic Oregon 2018* is your chance to make history, whether you are a dancer or someone who wants to support a dancer. And, even if you compete and don’t win the contest, you will be twice as prepared for next year. Join us for the only holiday tradition that matters—*Miss Exotic Oregon!*

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SMOKING / VAPE SECTION

WHERE ARE THEY NOW? SALEM...

BY RAY MCMILLIN

The following begins a series of articles in which I catch celebrities of yesteryear, performing at random venues in my hometown Salem. This happens more often than you would believe, not limited to the guest pornstars who frequent Firehouse or Stars. For some reason, lots of famous-to-semi-famous folks end up taking a detour through the center of Oregon's I-5 strip. And, for some reason, I usually bump into them.



PART 1: GREEN JELLÿ

A child named "Chaos" sleeps under the green room table, which is being used for the lukewarm pizza being picked at by a handful of punk rockers. Ten feet outside the door, roadies unload giant, cartoonish puppet heads, being held together by a combination of duct tape and the bodily fluids of the previous in-

habitants. On stage, a man named Marc sings a song about jerking off horses in Greece—his band is appropriately titled "Marc And The Horsejerks." Hours prior, I had my mixer set up on the table currently being used for a silver mannequin head; I was providing DJ services for an all-ages drag show. This is what Salem, Oregon looks like on a Sunday afternoon at Shotski's Eats. On this particular Sunday, we are getting ready for seminal '90s punk rock band Green Jellÿ (pronounced "Jello," as the umlaut removes lawsuits). I'm in the green room, picking at what appears to be actual green Jellÿ (left by a fan, so it was more a question of the substance's safety, as opposed to content), chopping it up with lead vocalist and ringleader for the band, William Manspeaker.

It's been long enough, that we can start recognizing which bands from the last decade of the twentieth century were able to retain staying power (and, which weren't). As I type this, "Don't Look Back In Anger" is playing inside the Applebee's I'm using for free WiFi. So much for the afterglow, Oasis. Other acts, however, have fan bases that have proven themselves permanent fixtures in the industry. '70s bands that still tour are considered classic rock—mostly known for their legitimate talent (Rolling Stones,

for instance). With the '80s, you've got the acts with bastardized lineups, that focus on the state fair and casino circuit—riding on the fuels of nostalgia (see my review of the Vince Neil show in this month's *Erotic City*). But, for some reason, even the biggest chart-toppers from the '90s exist scattered in a sea of similarly categorized one-hit wonders, who only come out for where-are-they-now documentaries. The only bands from the '90s (aside from rappers) that still matter, are gimmicky, theatrical acts. Rob Zombie, Insane Clown Posse, Slipknot, Mushroomhead...even Mindless Self Indulgence; if you wore a mask and pissed off your white parents between 1990 and 1999, your band is going to make the 90s Hall Of Fame at some point.

Straight outta this genre of theatrics-before-talent comes one of the most notorious acts to ever get sued by a food company: Green Jellÿ. I will go ahead and assume that folks are familiar with "Three Little Pigs," the band's biggest hit, and possibly lesser-known-but-equal gems like "Misadventures Of Shitman," "Bear Song" and "Anarchy In Bedrock." Green Jellÿ's two biggest accomplishments are having released the first (and, for a while, only) video-only album, *Cereal Killer*, (a cassette tape was released as a "soundtrack" to the music video VHS)

and approximately 247 former band members (two of whom are currently in Tool...the drummer, Danny Carey, who appeared on *Cereal Killer* as "Danny Long Legs" and Maynard, who voiced the high-pitched falsetto "chinky chin chin" pig). Between the imagery used for their album cover and the band's name, Green Jellÿ was sued by multiple snack food companies—a feat that most punk rock bands can only aspire to achieve.

I asked Manspeaker if there was a story that he'd like to share with *Exotic*...possibly one that he wouldn't want in print elsewhere.

In 1993, Green Jellÿ released a song, "Electric Harley House Of Love," in which they didn't just "sample" a riff from Metallica's "Enter Sandman," but they inserted a note-for-note snippet of it into their own song. After reaching out to Metallica to see if they'd like to be in the music video for "Harley House," Will was not only

met with a "No, thank you," but they were basically asked (told) to remove the Metallica sample from all future pressings and versions. Lars Ulrich-isms aside (this was years before the Napster fiasco cemented the drummer's status as "snitch"), it's kind of a dick move for a band as big as Metallica to shut down a semi-gimmicky punk band's attempt at tribute. I can guarantee our readers that if Green Jellÿ had obtained legal permission to use the riff (using lawyers and paperwork) Metallica wouldn't have even responded to Manspeaker's request to be in the video.

Well, karma's kind of a bitch and she seems to enjoy stalking Lars Ulrich. A few years after the Harley debacle, Manspeaker met a fashion model, who became his roommate. Seeing as how Manspeaker is a happily married man,

I did not bother asking whether or not this was a "roommates with benefits" situation, but regardless, a fashion model is living with a punk rocker—there is fun being had, of some variety. The fashion model informs Will that her ex-fiancé is none other than Metallica's own Lars Ulrich. It turns out, she still had his engagement ring and decided it would be funny if she gave it to Will, all things considering. Flash forward a few months and Manspeaker is drinking in some Hollywood nightclub, where Lars Ulrich just happens to be hanging out at.



Will approaches Lars and says, "Hey, you're Lars from Metallica, right? I'm Will Manspeaker from Green Jellÿ."

Lars appears to remember the lawsuit. "Look man, I'm really sorry about all that stuff years ago—it was our lawyers and shit. You know how they are."

Will responds, "Oh, man, don't worry about it. But, uhh, here...my friend wanted you to have this." With this, Manspeaker hands Lars his old engagement ring. A crusty Hollywood punk rocker, handing the drummer of Metallica a piece of the guy's broken heart.

Immediately, Lars Ulrich tears up and hands the ring back to Will, closing it into Will's fist, while holding onto it with both hands. "No. Tell her I love her. Make sure she knows that. I can't take this back."

"Okay, I guess," Will responds, before venturing off to enjoy the rest of his evening.

Now, this is why I appreciate a band like Green Jellÿ. Metallica probably has thousands of stories that involve celebrities, sex, drugs, deciding on which Great Clips to support, etc. But, that comes with fame. I have a shred of respect for Metallica, ever since they lost that award to Jethro Tull, but come the fuck on... Green Jellÿ wanted to sample your most overplayed song and you told them "no." I'm pretty sure that I heard "Enter Sandman" while walking through Nordstrom's the other day. That song probably makes in an hour, what Venezuela makes in a year. What are you gaining by literally refusing to be the butt of a joke? Your hair? Not much of that left, so why worry?

Back to Salem...the last of the opening acts, Headless Pez, wrapped up their own set, before stepping off stage and being asked by Manspeaker if "anyone in the building (knew) how to play an instrument." With this, the dudes from Pez got back on stage and performed as Green Jellÿ. Audience members were given puppet heads to wear, invited to come on stage and introduced as the "punk rock puppet army" (I had the honor of playing a pig, which is the next best thing to being a volunteer police officer for a day). Manspeaker opened the show with "Three Little Pigs," which is the equivalent of Skynyrd opening with "Freebird." I thought this was genius, as it was basically a "thanks for your money, fuck off" to anyone who showed up just to hear that song. Then, the performance went on for nearly an hour. I don't know how, but I got a broken ankle, and in what appeared to be a matter of seconds, the venue was returned to its prior, non-Jellÿ form.

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

MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 52 **FOOD LOTTERY**
9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523
Daily 11am-2:30am

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

RIVERSIDE CORRAL 31 **FOOD LOTTERY**
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ROSE CITY STRIP 10 **FOOD LOTTERY**
3620 SE 35th Pl | (503) 760-8128
Daily 3pm-2:30am

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

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

SHIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 40 **FOOD LOTTERY**
8000 SE Foster Rd | (971) 230-0047
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SKINN GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 21 **FOOD**
4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771
Sun-Thu 10am-2am, Fri-Sat 10am-1am

SPEARMINT RHINO 65 **FOOD LOTTERY**
15826 SE Division St | (503) 894-9219
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SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 49 **FOOD LOTTERY**
33 NW 2nd Ave | (503) 243-4646
Sun-Thu 6pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am

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

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

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XPOSE 70 **FOOD LOTTERY**
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Sun 12pm-6pm

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14555 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 652-2004
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3205 SE Milwaukie Ave | (503) 477-5446
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CATALYST: A SEX POSITIVE PLACE 171
5224 SE Foster Rd | (503) 726-9930
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CINDIE'S 109
8201 SE Powell Blvd #H | (503) 771-9979
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3137 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 239-6969
Daily 24 hours

1703 W Burnside St | (503) 295-6969
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10720 SW Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy
(503) 235-6969
Daily 10am-10pm

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

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

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

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

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

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

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4589 SW Watson Ave | (503) 574-4057
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10660 SE Division St | (503) 257-6881
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13355 SW Henry St | (503) 643-6645
20625 SW TV Hwy, Aloha OR | (503) 356-5624
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5226 SE Foster Rd | (971) 255-0133
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12963 SW Pacific Hwy | (503) 430-5140
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3533 SE César E Chávez Ave | (971) 271-7064
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69
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49
SPYCE
GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

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69
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23
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10
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3620 SE 35TH PL
503-239-1004

70
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10140 SW CANYON RD
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15
King's

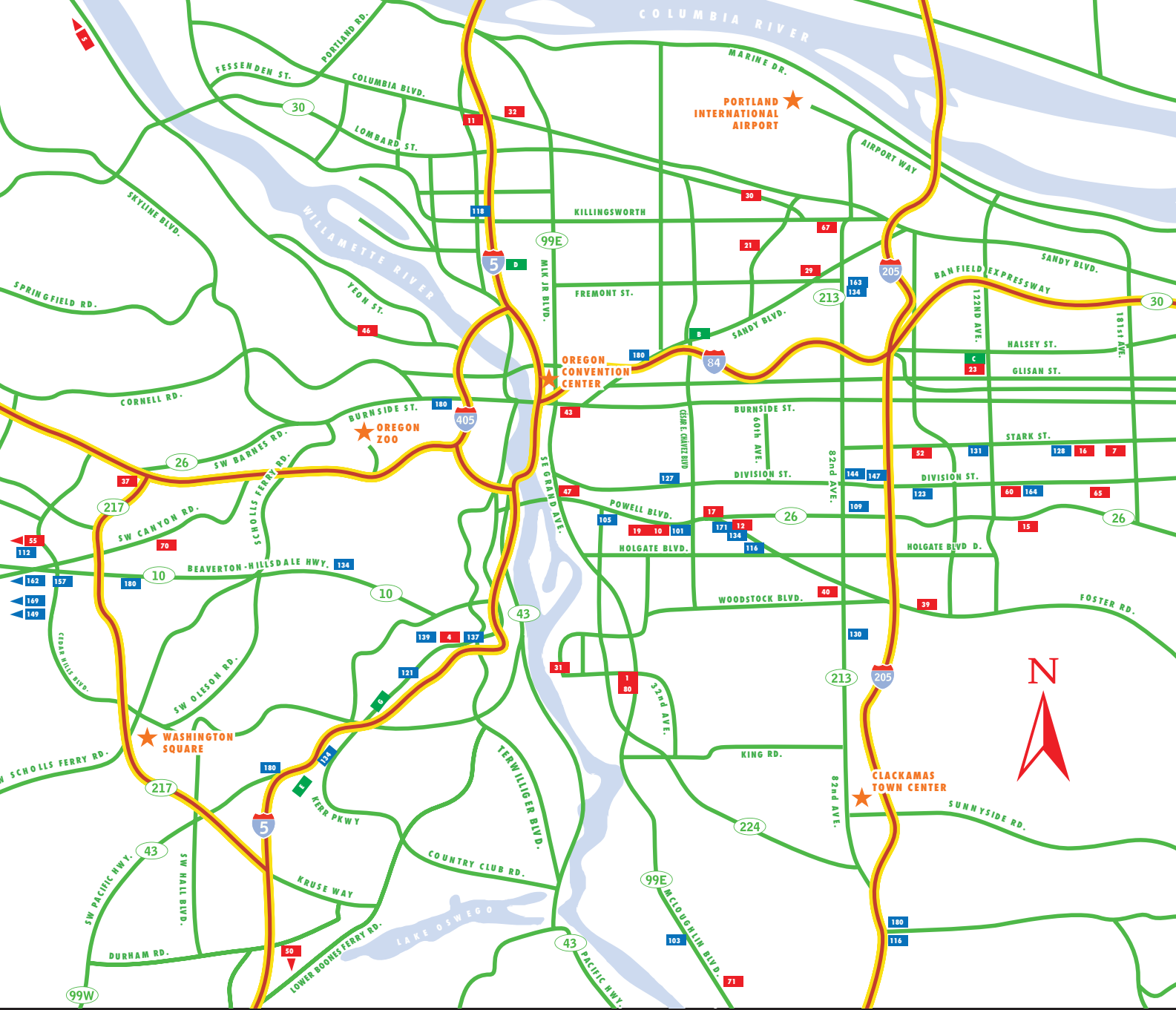
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Typical Slut

by Julia Laxer



THE JUMPER

"I want to bury my heart / like the dead except / in you." - S.L.

In the past week, I've met one woman and one man who were jumpers in the city of Portland—our city of bridges. The woman was pulled off and didn't "make it." She "messed up," she tells me in the uneasy night of Couch Park's shadows...

She is trying get treatment and keeps being denied a bed at the local hospitals. There are never

enough beds. She still has her hospital bracelet on, her right wrist bandaged.

And the man? I met him...on Tinder. In our first phone conversation, he told me how he made it. He made the jump. Without shame in his voice, he says he knew he'd live, even before he jumped. I ask him how he knew. He says he "had his shoes on," but I think it was more than laces and ties—way more than just luck. He says he spent the night in the drunk tank, after the search party found him.

He has the face of a young man, with a square, confident jaw. He is long, elusive and has a way about him. I cannot stop thinking about him.

He is sweet, too, in his eyes and he looks about twenty-four, if you gaze at him right—even though he's verging forty. His chin grows no hair—he is the eternal boy. He's lived through grunge, but you can't tell by

looking at him. All his stories are romances or tragedies. As we ferociously kiss in his filthy apartment, I can't conceive of his body falling. This man, wanting to die.

And, then, just days after meeting the man I call The Jumper, he and I meet a woman—another jumper, who attempted—at Couch Park. Two jumpers in the darkness.

During my first conversation with The Jumper, he said he'd show me the exact spot where he jumped. I needed to see—I couldn't imagine ankles standing on the cement barrier, above the wire trappings of the bridge's suspension—all the negative space.

Listening to his words across the telephone line, "I'm not crazy...I'll show you..." I imagine the bridge and the alluring, cool water. I imagine him taking me to the bridge to show me, like he promised...

He drives and parks by the bridge. We get out, walk to the edge—the water—I am transfixed by the water, too. Then, I look back to him—climbing, then standing tall, silhouetted against the great sun and I'm confused. Solar glints in my eyes, like tunnels of heat and I'm dazed. He stands tall above me on the bridge—and jumps.

Yet, there's no descent and my gaze is brought upwards. Wings. Floating. And, he is gone. No splash. Not even a sound. Like I never even knew him, maybe...

Down the road behind me is his busted-up Mercedes from 1979—the car he says "is the best car ever." Beige and beautiful. Leather dirty. Like him. Mother. Fucker. Cracked windshield. Irreverent, free. The windshield reflects the sky's insouciant clouds, sherbet sunsets. Industrial bridges, the chaos of buildings, cranes. The broken skyline. My reflection.

Falling in love in Portland? It's never easy. Having a heart is never easy to claim—especially having a heart broken. Being left. Behind. And, falling for someone who is already broken, so broken. A broken mirror they're gazing in and they can't see their square jaw or their determined nose...or, even their eyes?

The Jumper's wife left him for another man. Took his son and left. A week later, he was on the bridge. The bridge found him—reckless.

I can't imagine this woman who left him, because all I know is that she's gone. The gone woman...the goner.

I imagine this bridge, his bridge, but I cannot find the crack—the space at the part of the sentence where he gets up there and jumps—because I cannot even imagine him falling. And, all these bridges are temptations—end it, fall to the sea, drown in the river...

The Jumper thinks he's a failure at everything. "Career, marriage, health...the only thing I haven't gotten wrong yet is father-

hood." But, was he thinking of his son when he was driving down that road, as he saw the bridge, veering in on the horizon? As he parked the car and walked to the edge? Climbing and standing—then jumping?

Where was his son then?

I realize he is a father. Gone mom, gone son. I imagine what it means, being a daddy...having a son. I try to be even sweeter now. I've had loss, too. I was once almost a mommy, too, gone past. Gone years ago, but I still carry that softness in my belly. That mommy reminder, gone.

The Jumper kisses like a man consuming his last meal. In every moment with him, I feel alive—devoured. Needed.

He is floating. Falling. Jumping.

And, I don't even know which bridge he jumped from.

How do I find this ending? He said he would show me, but, he didn't.

He says, "Ask me. Ask me anything."

So, I ask him hardly anything at all.

I love his books and Ikea couch. His apartment smells dingy, but I don't care. Toys on the ground, I push out of the way as I kick off my shoes. Only happy people clean, organize...care. Wine spills on the carpet as we talk. We hang out, we mess around. He is hard and throbbing and I am wet, but only want to fuck his mind. It is all a big tease.

"I've done bad things," he says, sucking on a cigarette.

I ask if he's ever killed anyone. He laughs and says, "Maybe? I don't know...Maybe? I don't think so...maybe one of those times I drove really fast and cut in-and-out of traffic, maybe somebody behind me got in an accident, maybe got killed. I don't know. Maybe? I don't think so...But, you never really know. What do you do? You never know how you affect someone."

Couch Park is beautiful in the dark, night time lights, lit-up—we are spot-lit.

I just met you. The Jumper. You're The Jumper and I want to jump, but...but, I'm not ready and you're not ready. So, I say to you, "Let's not talk to anyone. Anyone. It's been a weird week for me and everyone always wants to talk to me here. Let's just talk to no one."

We sit on the steps, under the elm and no one is around, except for one soul on the other side of the park. We laugh, we kiss and make

out—because, that's what we do these days.

...even though it's only been a few days.

Since we met, I feel like I know you.

Needle Park. In the dark. Night time. Night thoughts. We are spot-lit. Luscious, balmy air.

A woman walks up, listless...listless, 40 ounce rolling against her, as she sits down on the steps beside us. "I need help," she says. "I don't feel safe." She is wavering.

"What can we do?" The Jumper asks.

"I tried to jump," she says. "I tried to jump. But, they pulled me down. The St. Johns Bridge, it's the highest one, you know? They pulled me down, they pulled me down...they pulled me down."

My hair stands on end and The Jumper nods. I try to imagine her petite, swayed neck, as she craned down on the rushing Willamette below, but I can't. She is too tiny and broken already.

Her ice-blue eyes stare back, glinting. Pupils, dilated.

I give The Jumper my phone and he calls a suicide hotline for her—he knows the number by heart. She speaks to them with a barely-there voice while the moon plays games with us. She talks to a faraway voice, who sends for someone else; always someone else to "fix" "the problem." And, right then, I want to give him everything. Even though I know it's cracked.

Yet, after we leave, there is no doubt.

"They pulled me down, they pulled me down."

She needed us to listen, under elm leaves...our fallen bodies. The Jumper's eyes fix in on mine. The night's dark sky weighs above us.

Silent pavement. Breeze, breeze, breeze. Swing through the trees that hang low—willow.

Crazy alive. We are all crazy-connected-alive. Shadow static—all of us. And, our city is burning...

...thinking of all this, reminds me of summers in Georgia and how erratic we'd all be as the heat heated up and we were just sweat and bones and bodies.

Hot pavement, magnolia-rotting-sweet stench, gasoline sweat...humidity brain. Brimstone.

Cocaine. Traffic. Shootings on the freeway. Crackheads dancing in and out of lanes on every Peachtree St., the name of all streets in Atlanta; Peachtree-Peachtree, the city of Dirty-Dirty. Crazy-Crazy.

I was landlocked in Georgia—gridlocked in Georgia. The city wore me thin with its obsession with status and capital. Hustlers. Everyone cruising for a ticket out, a ticket up—a wet taste of salvation. Atlanta was gridlocked, stuck like my soul. Gridlocked and landlocked. Humid and hot and, yet, my heart was dry.

No holy waters...

And, in Portland? Our city of bridges? There is a lot of crazy, intense energy out here. People—not just Tri-Met buses and restaurant A/Cs—are breaking down. People. Breaking down.

I broke down for three consecutive summers in Georgia. That line about the devil? Coming down to Georgia? Well, I almost wrote it. At least, I know the handwriting.

Oh, Portland. The devil descends upon our city in heatwaves, depleting us beyond where we can take it...

And that water? Down there? The Willamette's fluid-smooth, gently-rocking, glistening, cool-cool water? That water down there? I know it looks beautiful. From up here, it truly is seductive. It is. But, just don't jump right in. No swan dives, cannonballs. Keep your shoes on. Feel the distance—penance between you and the tide. Waves beneath waves...it's not a welcome shock that you seek.

"He's lucky," she said. "He's really lucky. When you jump, every single bone breaks. You are crushed...every single bone...he is really, really lucky."

I see The Jumper, in the electric light of Couch Park, past midnight, dancing with pale green fronds ripped from the hazelnut tree. He is high and alive...doesn't even know he is dancing with green wings.

I look back at her, her boozy body leaned, the half-drunk 40 ounce...her listless-listless. "I know. You're right. That's what I tell him, but he doesn't listen."

She is checked out and he is dancing—an angel, proving it to me.

Julia Laxer lives for the stories and writes in the afternoons in a rose-lit room in downtown Portland. Read more at www.JuliaLaxer.com and send love/hate mail to @JuliaLaxer



Stripped IN PORNLAND

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

By Jaime Dunkle

THE BAR(E)TENDER

Ian and Sam entered the elongated, narrow strip club. They both reached out for furniture to keep balance in the dark tube. The buzz hit 'em. They rocked and wobbled through the corridor, as if on the deck of a submarine. Sam got serious and whipped around, hair in his face and eyes bulged. He grabbed Ian by the collar of his plaid shirt.

"It's the fucking bat cave," he said.

Ian glared at Sam, then flicked a lighter right in his face. He added the fire for effect. But, really, they couldn't see shit. Sam shrunk back a few steps. The flame danced in Ian's thick-rimmed glasses. He was bigger and more intimidating by default. Sam paused, squealed and spun back toward the bar, away from the door. The flame flickered against dark brown walls, hardly illuminating the jaunt. They scaled the long hallway; long for a tiny strip club, anyway.

Before they reached the bar, "The Gambler" by Kenny Rogers played on speakers bolted to the wall, with wires exposed in a mess no one bothered to hide.

A petite woman, wearing jeans and a flannel, plopped her tush on a four-by-eight wooden box and smoked a Marlboro Menthol 100. She undid her messy bun. Smoke rings puffed toward the empty, adjacent bar. Bare feet dangled from the unpainted block.

Ian and Sam sat in ripped and duct-taped stools at the bar.

The smoking woman slunk behind the counter. She set the burning cigarette in an ashtray and propped her scabby face on her vein-y hands between them.

"We only got Hamm's—tallboys or drafts. What'll it be?"

"Two..."

"Drafts," Sam said, cutting Ian off.

"Actually," Ian said. "One each; a tallboy for me."

"Where's the booty on duty?" Ian asked the bar(e)tender. He wrapped his tattooed hand around the 24-ounce can. He leaned over and eyeballed her bare feet. She smiled. Her bottom right front tooth missing.

"I'll go get her; go sit at the rack," she said, as she set his change in 16 one-dollar bills next to his beer.

He tapped the stack on the plastic-coated bar. He went and sat at the rack.

Patsy Cline's "Crazy" played over the poorly installed speaker system.

She cruised over, slowly, smoking a new cigarette, still barefoot, sans jeans, in her underwear and bra, with the flannel unbuttoned, rolled up and tied in a knot at her navel. Her ribs poked out.

"Oh shit, you're the bartender, disc jockey AND stripper?"

"Well, lookie here...we got a smart one," the bar(e)tender said. He took one last puff and snuffed her half-smoked ciggie.

Sam stayed at the bar and gawked at the make-shift stage. She caught him. He peered at the sticky floor. "Honey, you can come up here too."

"No, he can't, 'cause he doesn't have any money," Ian said.

She wasn't even dancing and no one cared. Ian pointed behind her, toward a stained shower curtain, fastened to a rod with silver rings, strung from two dirty ropes, nailed to the ceiling. A single, lonesome chair rested between it and the wall.

"What's that supposed to be?" Ian asked.

"That's where I go to get wet," she said, then

cackled.

Ian's stomach gurgled. They both heard it. He could swear he smelled mold, but was convinced his mind was only fucking with him, since there wasn't an actual shower where he studied the sad chair, through the discolored shower curtain hanging from the rusted rod nailed to the ceiling with tattered ropes.

The song ended. Lou Reed's "Walk On The Wild Side" popped on next.

The Bar(e)tender stood up and shook her titties in his face. She untied her flannel and took off her bra. Ian put down a dollar. She squeezed her B-cups and picked up the single, lonesome banknote with her boobs. She turned her back to him, sat on the rack and attempted to pump each ass cheek to the slow beat, but her ass was too skinny and it just sort of shifted ever so slightly from side to side.

Ian tipped another dollar, swigged his Hamm's tallboy and motioned for Sam to bail with him.

"Have a good one," he said to the bar(e)tender. He left three more dollars.

"You too, hun," she said.

Sam murmured on the way out onto Southeast 82nd Avenue.

"What are you mumbling about over there?"

"This is where strippers go to die," Sam said in a high-pitched voice.

Ian shook his head in agreement and got into the car.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. For more info go to JaimeDunkle.com or [@JaimeDunkle](https://www.instagram.com/JaimeDunkle). No creepers allowed.

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Spice of Life

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

HOW WEED CAN HELP YOUR SEX LIFE

Unless you've been living in a cave, you probably already know that Portland has the most strip clubs (per capita) than any other city in the United States. There is no shortage of beautiful, desirable women in this city—you are holding this magazine, after all. So, there's no question that Portland has a strong sexual libido. But, sometimes you may need a little helper to get things wet or hard. Cannabis can aid in a number of mental and physical ailments and, when it comes to a low sex drive or just breaking the ice, smoking a little weed can go a long way. Researchers at the University Of Buffalo even found that couples who smoke weed together were less prone to committing violence against each other. And, it also aided in intimacy.

Since the 1970s, researchers have been studying the effects of cannabis on sexual performance and desire. Studies done in the 70s and 80s both confirmed what cannabis users already knew: marijuana acts as an aphrodisiac, when used before having sex and also increases desire for sex. Today, there is even a whole line of cannabis-infused products devoted to sexual arousal and satisfaction. This year, GQ named Foria Pleasure the "sex product of the year." This product is infused with coconut oil and cannabis and claims to "awaken arousal and heighten sensation for women, making orgasms more intense, fuller or easier to access." The company that manufactures Foria Plea-

sure also claims it "helps promote natural lubrication, reduces pain and tension and creates the relaxation necessary for sensual experiences or restorative rest." Foria even offers a cannabis suppository, specifically designed for anal play.

According to AllBud.com, the Columbian Haze strain is often used for low sex drives, due to its ability to create "feelings of uplifting and arousal, along with happiness, creativity and euphoria." According to the site, the flavors are minty, spicy and sweet...with a hint of lemon. However, AllBud advises caution when sampling this strain, since it can cause "paranoia in some smokers (and) it's not for the weak of heart."

Online cannabis resource site, Leafly.com, also offers recommendations for lovers who might need to smoke a little in order to relax into pulling the sheets back. And, the site also allows users to post comments about certain strains that help them out. Popular strains for site browsers include Green Crack, Hindu Skunk, Danky Doodle, Granddaddy Purple and Atomic Northern Lights.

HerbCo.com reports other strains that have been known to increase sexual desire and sensation are Asian Fantasy, Skunk No. 1, Flo, Super Lemon Haze, Sour Dream, Skywalker, Blue Cheese, Chocolope, Afghan Kush, Godbud, Alas-

kan Thunder Fuck, True OG and Strawberry Kush.

Lisa "Mamakind" Kirkman, cannabis activist and author of *Sex Pot: The Marijuana Lover's Guide To Getting It On*, stated in an interview with AlterNet that some of the best strains for sex are Blueberry, Fucking Incredible, Burmese Fucking Incredible, Matanuska Thunder Fuck, Voodoo and Afghani Bullrider.

While there are dozens of amazing strains out there—and, it's true, research confirms cannabis has a positive effect on desire and arousal—it's also worth noting that studies also concluded, when it comes to weed, less is more. Low sex drive and motivation have been known side effects of heavy cannabis consumption and smoking too much sometimes leads to paranoia—quite the opposite of sexy.

Smoking weed with your romantic interest doesn't automatically mean your partner is going to drop their pants, but it's worth heading to the local dispensary for some pre-date aphrodisiacs that could help you and your partner both relax, forget about politics/war/global warming/financial stress/etc. long enough to remember how good and healing sex is and can be. Because, sometimes you just need to get stoned, forget and fuck!



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Fear & Safety In The First Circuit

This essay is the first of a series based on the suggested writing assignments in Antero Alli's The Eight-Circuit Brain.

Timothy Leary's eight-circuit theory maps intelligence and experiential knowledge. Robert Anton Wilson expanded the model and Alli developed it into an exploratory practice. The eight circuits are (C1) physical survival; (C2) emotions and boundaries; (C3) symbolism, speech and concepts; (C4) friendships and fictive kinship; (C5) pleasure; (C6) intuition and the energetic body; (C7) spirituality and synchronicity; (C8) the void and the astral.

Each of the essays in this series will explore a specific circuit. This particular one is a meditation on C1. Physical survival lives in the first circuit. It's the anchor that secures us to a collective tangibility via health, employment and home. The following story is a description of a real-time event, whereby I experienced actual threat and fear to my physical being, as well as a perceived threat and fear and how I coped with both.

She left a condom on my doorstep. I slammed the front door and stormed over to my then-boyfriend, then I threw the contraceptive on the bed. "What the hell is this?"

He laughed and shrugged, wearing a Mac Dre T-shirt. "Maybe it's your crazy neighbor."

I phoned her mother and the landlord. I was 28 and irate, but I wanted to be somewhat mature about a resolution.

She ascended the stairs to her mother's apartment above mine and shouted at me on the way up, "Nasty bitch!"

She was a minor, so I ignored her and called her mother, again.

My ex went to work at the Chevron gas station two blocks away. Lake Worth Beach and its warm Atlantic Ocean waves, only a mile in the opposite direction.

Nightfall came. I locked my car and approached my front door, across the faded shuffleboard path and through the grass. My neighbor and four of her female friends descended the stairs that were kitty-corner from my ground-floor apartment.

"Don't be talking shit about me to my mom, bitch," she said, as she stomped down the stairs with her acolytes in tow.

"I only told her what you did," I replied in an even voice.

"And, I told you to keep my name out your mouth, bitch," she said.

Her friends swarmed behind me in the courtyard.

"I didn't talk shit," I said.

She waddled in front of me, flexed like a chicken—ready to peck. I clasped my hands behind my back, because I refused to fight a minor.

Two girls grabbed my arms on either side of me. They tugged me to the ground. I tried to squirm out of their clutches, but two more dragged me down. The embittered teen mom pummeled the back of my head and face—ten times in a row. I literally saw stars and sheets of red-and-black static. A high-pitched ring deafened me.

They let me go. I slumped to the concrete—bloodied and bruised. I gathered my strength, hobbled into my apartment and called the police.

"I just got jumped."

"Help is on the way."

Help? That's laughable.

I texted my ex.

"I'm coming home," he replied.

I dabbed the blood from my face with peroxide in front of the mirror and recoiled at the rapid swelling.

My ex screamed outside, "No one fucks with my girl!" Glass smashed.

I ran out to him roaring next to her street-parked car and saw the 200-pound concrete Weatherstone ashtray urn from the bank across the way, lodged through its obliterated windshield.

"What did you do? But, the cops are on the way."

"No one fucks with my girl."

I retreated back into my one-bedroom apartment and rehearsed what to tell the police.

A cop-knock cacophony increased the ache in my skull. I opened the door to The Man and stepped back outside into the warm Florida night. My psychotic neighbor and her gang of dolts yelled over each other, telling another officer that I had attacked all of them first.

It didn't matter that I was the only one with a swollen face covered in abrasions. They outnumbered me. No witnesses fought on my behalf. They ganged up on me again, this time with the cops on their side.

"I want to press charges," I told the cop. He leveled with me. "You can't prove they attacked you, so the charges will go both ways," he said, without a shred of remorse for my plight.

Another cop frisked my ex against the car.

"I had nothing to do with the windshield," I said and pointed toward the mess of glass. The cop rolled his eyes at me.

I was rendered completely powerless. He was ready to arrest me—he was ready to arrest us all. I had already endured physical violence and, now, I was about to contend with the threat of losing my freedom. It didn't even matter I had chosen to be a pacifist and not engage in the fight. I should've hit her back, since it didn't matter that I hadn't. Anxiety ate through my entire being, devoured me whole, on the spot and spit me out. I was going to face time in jail because these scumbags jumped me. How is that justice?

The cop convinced me to drop the charges, since we'd all go to jail and I'd have to hire a lawyer to fight the cretins and their bullshit story. My ex agreed to pay for the damages and avoided arrest himself.

My body quaked, as I seethed with rage and choked back tears of injustice. My reflex was to snuff the anti-pathology and scorn, to avoid further escalation. I could give into the hostility that humidified around us, but I refrained and retired to my apartment instead. Exhausted and deflated from the physical beating and fear of jail.

Once inside, I threw the condom in the trash and laugh-cried at the absurdity I had just endured.

Intention doesn't mean squat in this world; my attempt to thwart violence backfired. I almost got locked behind bars, even though I didn't participate in the fight. Because we live in a society where she who has the biggest mouth (and, the most minions) wins.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her tenure as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. For more info, go to JaimeDunkle.com or [@JaimeDunkle](https://twitter.com/JaimeDunkle). No creepers allowed.

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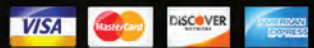
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TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT

WILL THE FBI COME AFTER US NEXT?

On Saturday, September 16th, at roughly 2pm EST, Detroit rapper Violent J of Insane Clown Posse addressed thousands of people who were gathered in Washington, D.C. at steps of The National Mall. "Taking away someone's right to an opinion is the same thing as sewing their asshole shut," J proclaimed loudly over a large sound system. Fifty years after Dr. King's "I Have A Dream" speech, the struggles of a divided nation are being addressed en masse. However, this time, it took a clown.

Scheduled on the same day as the right-wing Mother Of All Marches, an AntiFa counter-protest and a wedding, the Juggalo March On Washington was easily the most well-organized, morally upstanding and literate of the three rallies (I cannot speak for the wedding, but I assume it involved at least one drunk bridesmaid starting a fight). Not surprisingly to myself—but clearly unexpected on the part of non-Juggalos—Violent J focused on the topic of discrimination, emphasizing that their cause has nothing to do with music or the fans but, rather, the rights of people to not be discriminated against. The insane clown even went as far as to say that he would march for the rights of "two dudes to marry," but also, would march for "the right of a red-neck to keep his neck red." On the other side of the block, teenagers in hoodies threw rocks at old men, who responded by waving American flags and screaming racist epithets.

Clowns, ladies and gentlemen. The clowns were the reasonable ones. Are we taking notes yet? I want to make sure the history books don't skip over this chapter.

I know that *Exotic* doesn't need another article from Ray about Juggalos, but like J said, this has little to do with Juggalos. What happens when they come for sex workers? For those not in the loop, the FBI classified anyone who identifies as a "Juggalo" as a gang member—next to organized criminal enterprises including MS-13, Bloods, Crips, Tumblr Feminists, etc. If the FBI can make it illegal to be a mall-rat with a CD player in the '90s, (who decided to get a Hatchman tattoo on a whim) they sure as hell can come after people who get naked for un-taxed income. Even the media is beginning to set things up for this scenario; whenever a shooting, DUII or stabbing oc-

curs anywhere near a strip club, the headline leads with the words "strip" and "club." Compare this to any other type of business. I saw a dude get popped in front of a Starbucks once. Sure, it was an Oakland-area Starbucks, but I don't recall a "Second Coffee Shop Shooting" news story. The bottom line is that *classifying groups of people for purposes of discrimination is still a thing*. You can access every known fact ever recorded, using a cheap-ass device that most people carry in their pocket (this is how I found out about the Juggalo March), but we haven't breached the "get off my lawn" era.



Orwellian redefinition of terms like "fascist" have been bastardized by (well-meaning) useful idiots. In reality, fascism is quiet. It lurks in the fine print. Who fucking cares if a bunch of rednecks want to wave around a Confederate flag? That thing was probably made in China, and when Jeb and Earl finally get around to reading the history texts, perhaps the trend of waving a losing team's flag will die down. Same goes for the extreme left—every generation has an angry, rebellious and over-the-top group of folks who don't see the irony in trying to beat love into strangers using mace and trash can lids.

The real "fascism" occurs when things stop being up for debate. In a literal sense, one could say that things like math, science and even mortality operate under a "fascist" set of rules, in that they are firm and unavoidable rules. But, when social constructs (meaning "government," not "everything seen as problematic by regressives") enact firm and unavoidable rules, you get things like Juggalos being labeled a gang. We will see another backlash against the sex industry in our time—this happens in waves. Whether it will come from radical-right-wing traditionalists, or radical left-wing regressives, is anyone's guess. That's just the distraction, though. The FBI put together a list of gangs based on the reports of police departments that need more funding.

What is currently happening in Portland, in terms of police funding and public support for armed officers?

So, there's my reasoning. Any marginalized group that can be seen as tangential to criminal activities can (and probably will) end up on a list somewhere. What happens when "stripper" becomes a note on your file—one that can be used to profile you during police stops, violate your probation, get you fired from your day job, etc? We meet at secret clubs after 2:30AM to drink booze after hours, play poker and refer to ourselves as "industry" like some sort of...gang?

One more thing...

I always find it funny, when groups that are inclusive enough to transcend race, class, gender, sex and age form under another banner or identifying label, said banner or label becomes a target. I really don't mean to compare strippers to Juggalos, but if you think about it, there is more diversity under the roof of a Portland strip club than there is outside of the club's doors. Should the sex industry all come together to "whoop whoop" as one, will we all be profiled? DJs, writers, bouncers, bartenders, promoters, that guy Jed, minor dancers, veteran dancers and, well, dancers...we are up for the chopping block soon. They might attack stoners first. Hopefully, they go for the hipsters. But, "first, they came for the Juggalos...and I was silent."

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Pitiful

by Brad Cox

I moved up the street from the place about five years ago. I still remember driving south on Division and seeing the sign for the first time: The Pitiful Princess. As I drove by, I knew that this place and I would have a deep, soulful connection. I was living near 131st and Division, right next to a head shop and a market owned by an angry older couple, who didn't speak English very well at all.

Things were just as hard then. Money was always tight, trying to survive with a Portland address, even before the rent crisis took hold. The lady and I would often argue. We were younger then—more susceptible to stress and expressing ourselves with anger. Who the fuck am I kidding? I was. She just never did put up with my shit much.

The first time I walked in the door, the place was mostly empty. There was a guy with no shirt on in the corner, at a lottery machine, with a cute, skinny blond on his arm for the shift. There were two stages about fifteen feet from each other; the place was tiny. Why two stages? I don't know, but on each stage was a half-naked woman, sitting on the edge of the stage, texting. The music wasn't too terribly loud, so, I figured this would be a good place to cool down. Her and I had got in another blow-up about this or that, and I needed time (and a drink).

I walked up to the bar and an extraordinarily polite young man wearing a shirt collar and bow tie came up and asked what he could get me. I looked up at the chalkboard sign where the daily specials were written, I said I'd have a PBR and a rum 'n' cola. It didn't take him long to get them,

since the PBR was in a can and I was the only thirsty guy there. I turned from the bar and saw the best seat in the house. A weathered, old, blue easy chair at a table right between the two scantily clad young ladies texting. It was a comfortable chair. I enjoyed the soft texture of the worn arms. I drank my drinks, being left completely alone, as I politely tipped each girl now and then. There were three curtains in the back corner—two were dark and lit like you'd imagine a room in a brothel to be lit (but, not a nice brothel, mind you). The third was brightly lit from behind and sheer—I could see and hear everything going on in there, as I sat, drank and typed up another entry into my growing body of work about getting drunk and depressed.

There was a girl in there, crying. I don't know why she was—I'd never be so impolite as to acknowledge I had been aware of it. It struck me deeply, through both the irony and the reality of where I was...where she was, where the young barman with the bow tie was. I was in so much pain when I walked in and as I numbed it with cheap booze, menthols and titties, there she was—in the place I ran to, feeling her pain too. I tipped her extra the rest of the night.

They had this fenced-in area you could call a patio, if you wanted to be fucking liberal with the word. But there were tables, a roof and ashtrays. That was enough for me. I went through a rotation of a round of drinks and a smoke out back. Every so often, one of the girls would flirt and talk to me and, of course, I'd offer them a smoke and a tip for their attention.

After a while, I ran out of money and I was getting pretty hazy, so I started the walk

home. It was summer, but it was late and there was a cool breeze. I lit another smoke, as I walked the couple blocks home; one hand holding the cigarette, the other hand holding a pocket knife. I don't know what I thought they were going to take, though. The chubby one got all my money anyway.

She was asleep by the time I got home, so I tried to be quiet (which isn't quiet when you're drunk—it's "drunk quiet"—but, I didn't want to fight in the morning, so I tried, despite my clear disability). The dogs whined loudly as soon as I walked in the door, so I put down my phone and other nonessentials and lit another smoke, before I put them on their leashes and staggered them down the stairs. They seemed to take forever and that cigarette seemed to be a forever smoke.

I eventually found my way into comfortable clothes and onto the couch. I didn't want to disturb her by drunkenly falling into bed and grasping for covers. The dogs laid down and I eventually passed out.

We made up the following day. I was hungover as hell—I think she figured that was punishment enough. We spent the day eating leftovers and watching a TV series we loved. It's funny to think, how sometimes we look back and wish things could be regular bad again.

Either way, that time and that place are gone. Someone else bought the place and changed the name to something else, in addition to vastly improving the club and bringing it up to Portland strip club standards. But the old place, in not-so-distant, Old Portland history, was still a pretty good place to lick my wounds and ease my soul.

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The Honey Harvest

by Anna Suarez

The winds delivered notice to the earth, that autumn was on its way. Though the summer-long drought prevented the autumn harvest, the summer breathed its last breaths. The hot sun spread a temporal caress along the ferns—golden in depravity.

The village along the Rose Coast flourished, with clear blue waves and the high volumes of eroticism baptizing the land with its cries. Along the inlet, rose-colored rocks ornamented the natural beauty of the land, justifying its name, the Rose Coast. autumn brought the final explosion of joy, before the falling of the leaves in winter. At the start of the season, the villagers held an annual harvest. The farmers collected the final crops and the lovers caressed each other—dropping the sweetest honey to fertilize the ground.

The arrival of autumn only drove the villagers to fear—no crops for the winter—lovers experiencing the harsh void from no one to caress. Images of making love in tall grasses, with the sun at its peak haunted all in their dreams. The wealthy voyaged across the sea to fill their souls with love again. The unlucky ones were forced to lie suspended in their grief.

Lying along the inlet, amongst the glistening rose rocks, Cora longed for the sweet touch of a lover. Dipping her fingers in the healing salt-water, as she caressed herself—all she felt were the limits of her touch. Her lips craved the bitter-sweetness of a mouth and the suspense of being taken—her many lovers no longer desired her touch, as they were shipwrecked in grief.

Praying to the heavens for a miracle to surpass grief, a glistening, iridescent light separated two clouds. From that light, beauty beyond the earthly realm, immersed her in warmth. As the angelic beauty descended into earth, she admired every inch of his form. His skin was a luminous shade of bronze, sparkling with every speck of light. His hair long and dark, but with the most stunning green eyes. As his feet pressed against the array of rose rocks, she knew with every pulsation in her body that she wanted him.

He held in his hand a golden pitcher with elaborate carvings, which she discovered was filled with fragrant angelic oil. Pouring the oil in between her breasts, across her stomach, following the path of her pelvis to her thighs, he admired her unearthly beauty. In his eyes, she was the most celestial being he has ever seen.

The oil warmed her body more than the sun has ever done, because it absorbed deeper than her skin—into her soul.

Through the pleasure, she confronted feelings of confusion as to who this divine being was.

He studied the confusion in her face and replied almost as if she asked the question herself.

With a warm expression, he softly whispered, “You called upon me to caress your grief away.”

Her full mouth swollen with desire, she no longer cared to ask questions. With all of her inhibitions washed away by the sea, she welcomed his soft hands to spread the oil across her full breasts and shapely thighs, until his eyes gleamed at the rosy seashell in between her thighs. He could smell her fragrant honey and he succumbed to her magnificence.

His hands memorized every crevice, every line and every mark. His lips molded into the missing piece in between hers, forming as one, like pottery. Her cries sounded more enchanting than a choir and he was more eager to pleasure her with his holy mouth along her vulva, the more she cried out.

Drowning in the divine weight of pleasure, they came together, separating all the clouds with radiant light. In a daze propagated by the immense pleasure, Cora closed her eyes. As she opened her eyes, the most beautiful agony grew inside of her.

Her sweet angel was gone.

Convinced the experience was merely an illusion, Cora cried more than she has ever cried. She mourned the transience of such a gentle touch. Her cries did not perish, almost as if she was climaxing once again. There was praise and then there was lamentation. Releasing the pain from her being, she continued to cry. The more she cried, the darker the sky grew. Crying harder in the darkness, she felt a single drop of rain on her nude back. It was followed by a heavy downpour, which moistened the earth. The rain fell so heavy, the ocean swelled over her and she welcomed the embrace of the sea—her only primordial lover. Cora surrendered to the ocean, giving herself to its mysterious floor.

What seemed like minutes later, Cora found herself enraptured in the heavens. She was surrounded by colors of rose, gold and ivory. Fluffy clouds surrounded her as a floral perfume filled her senses. Beside her was the angel who would give her everlasting pleasure.

Everlasting honey.

The rain brought growth to the land and so the harvest began. The villagers exclaimed with love making, feasting and singing under the golden autumn sky. They worshiped Cora as the goddess of the harvest. Her passion grew the plants dampened with honey.

The eternal flow of honey from lovers, angels and flowers shield the earth from all grief.



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