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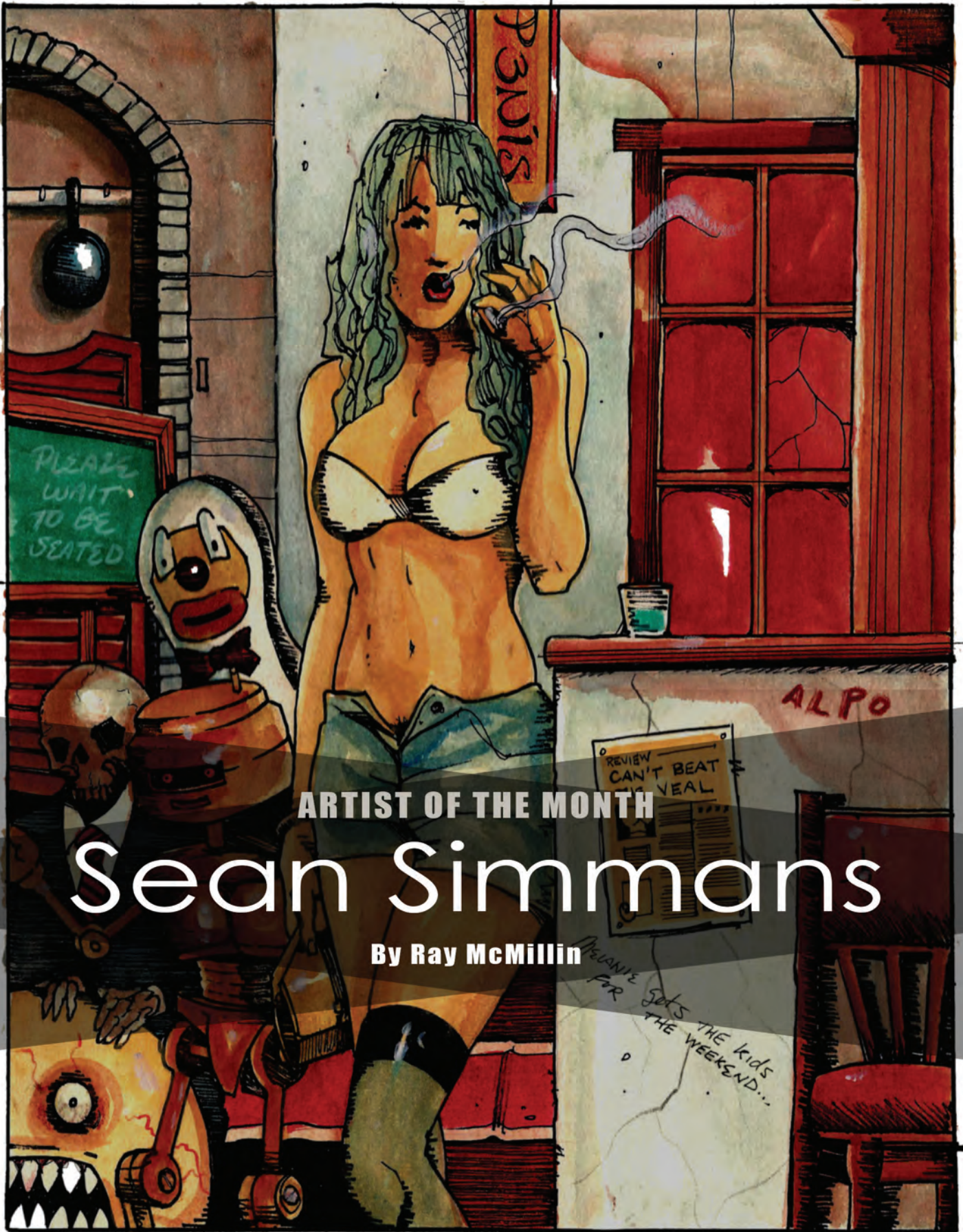
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ARTIST OF THE MONTH

# Sean Simmans

By Ray McMillin



Sean Simmans may be the most prolific artist you've never heard of (but, you have probably seen his work). Currently based out of Saskatchewan (and soon to arrive in the Northwest), Sean has worked with a surprisingly numerous amount of Oregon-based bands and small businesses, as well as having collaborated with Corvallis-based comedian and writer, Chris Riseley, to create the syndicated comic strip, Rizzo.



I met Sean through Chris, while seeking a cover artist and contributor for *Sauce-town*, a humor magazine I'm working with on the side—it's nothing near the scale of *Exotic*, nor did I anticipate a near-stranger from the internet would turn around a beyond-better-than-expected piece in less than a day. Since initially requesting his services, I've sent Sean random requests via text, ranging from a lake that is being filled with pizza sauce, to a comic version of underground rapper MC Lars—again, both projects were returned to me within hours.

So, we've established that Simmans is prolific, but what does his work look like? While definitely a bit "edgy" in some aspects, Sean's style is very reminiscent of late-'70s comic books, particularly the work of Robert Crumb and Gilbert Shelton. However, there remains a certain flavor about Sean's work, which puts him in a category a few notches higher than his influences—but he'd never tell you that.

I caught up with Sean via the internet, which also works in Canada (you learn something new every day). Regarding

his inspiration, Sean cites his father:

*"My father worked away in the bush, up north, when I was young. He used to bring home the comics that were laying around, when the camp dismantled, for me. Superman and the like...and fucking Mad magazine! The comics were fine, but Mad pretty much rotted my mind. I was about six. I started running comics in the local paper when I was fifteen, but ultimately took a real job mining and things stagnated for half a decade.*

*After I left the mining industry (and with all kinds of time on my hands), I started doing small press magazine covers and jpegs for sex web-zines. The early aughts were a boom time for me. I got back into comics when Chris Riseley and I created the Rizzo strip, and I'm sure we had at least seventeen fans."*

As far as reception, Sean isn't ashamed to admit it's been niche:

*"Most people don't get the comics. It's always been that way. As far as the art projects go, well...I now live in a fairly Christian region. There's a gallery here that has a pile of my work for sale. Business is not*



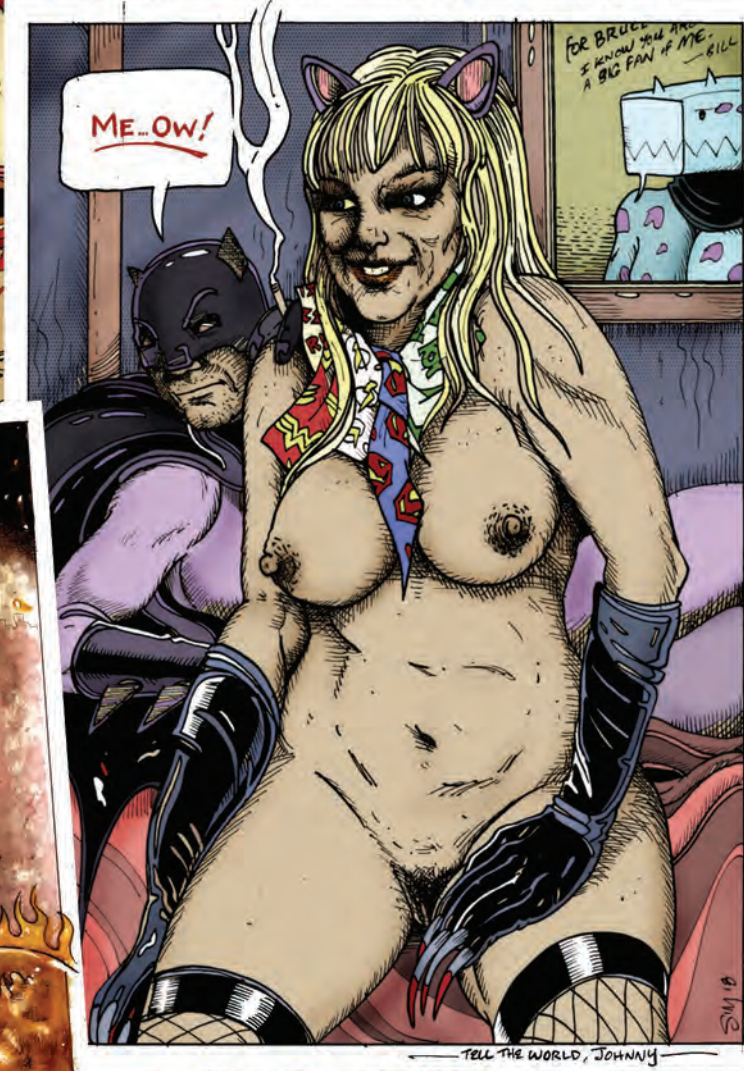
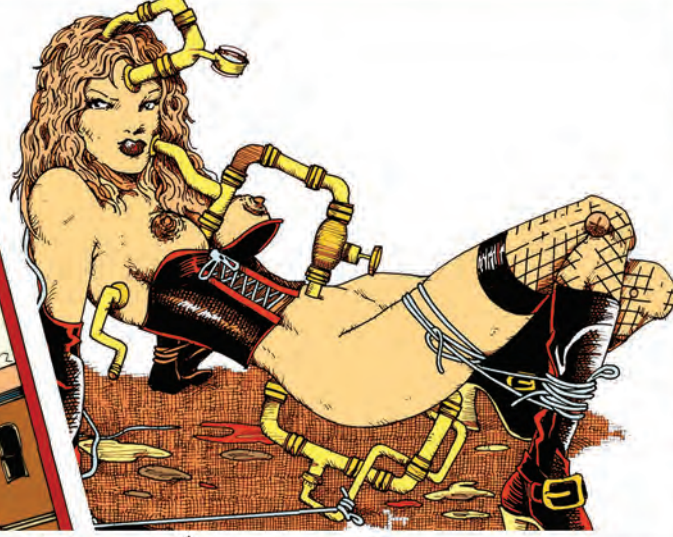
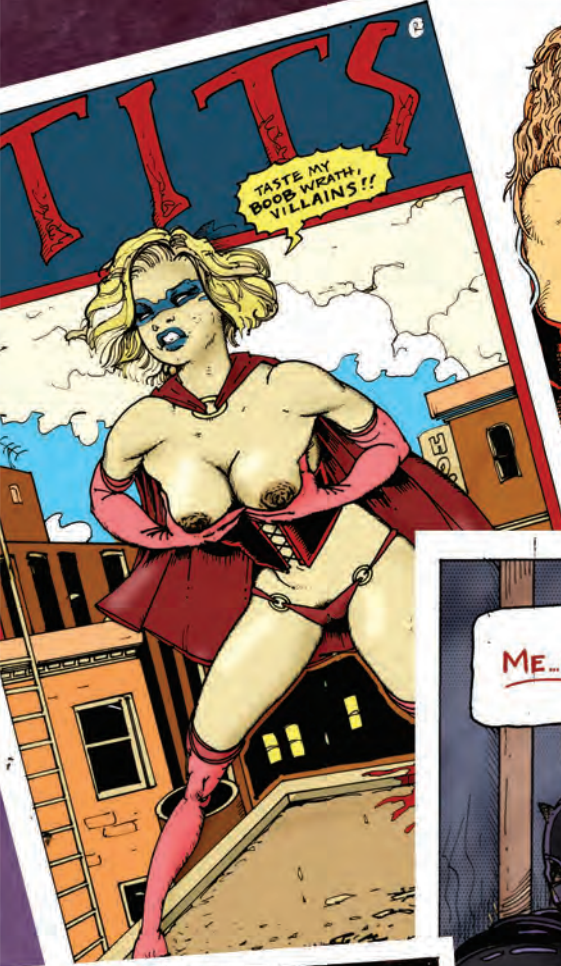
*booming, but it's slow and fairly regular. The cool people get it, but most folks here want paintings of wheat fields and moose. I'd say I'm a niche act. My friends dig it, but they wouldn't likely be friends, if we didn't have common tastes and similar world views. That's usually how friendship goes. Sometimes their eyes roll. Oh, Sean's on a roll with naked chicks in space helmets or with animals wearing pants, again. And, sometimes they have to slap me back down to earth.*

*Chris has had to holler at me, to get my mind out of the gutter. 'What the fuck were you thinking when you did this? Are you trying to alienate EVERYONE?' It happens. When my wife and I separated, one of the last things she told me was, 'And, another thing, as a social worker and a feminist, I want to tell you that your work is sexist!' That's a slippery term, "sexist." Plenty of people think it's synonymous with misogynistic, but it isn't. I love women. I think they're better conversational company than men, generally. But, I also like it when they're naked. As I told my ex-wife, I draw a lot of dicks, too, ya know?"*

How does Sean Simmans describe his work? Well...

*"It's definitely a sloppy, self-taught aesthetic. I think it's called "outsider art." When I first went online with my work, in the '90s, one fella called my work 'childish and amateur.' I always wanted to use it as a blurb on a book, but I've forgotten his name. My father wanted to send me to a university for the fine arts (he was fairly supportive, despite knowing that my mind had rotted), but I chose to make babies and go nickel mining, instead. Kids are stupid. So, I have no idea what my shit would look like if I had been properly trained. I like it the way it is. It's unique, I've been told, often enough. Maybe that's a kind way of saying it's trash. My father said, in later times, 'If you look at any one of Sean's drawings, you will find a subliminal image of a man being raped by a wolf.' I wish that was literally true."*

You can see more of Sean Simmans' work at [SeanSimmans.com](http://SeanSimmans.com) or catch him on Facebook by name.



# Hawthorne Strip



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# Spice of Life



## ANTI-PORN GROUP RESPONSIBLE FOR STORMY DANIELS' OHIO ARREST

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Last month, porn actress Stormy Daniels was arrested and booked in a Columbus, Ohio strip club, after performing for her *Make America Horny Again* tour. Daniels—whose real name is Stephanie Clifford—allegedly “motorboated” an undercover police officer with her breasts. Daniels was arrested, booked and released, but charges were dropped the next afternoon. Daniels is presently involved in a lawsuit against President Donald Trump and his former personal lawyer Michael Cohen, which alleges that a non-disclosure agreement between Trump and Daniels is invalid. Trump allegedly paid Daniels \$130,000 to buy her silence for having sex with Trump, prior to the 2016 presidential election.

According to law enforcement, on the night of July 11, 2018, Daniels violated the Ohio Community Defense Act. Prior to Daniels’ arrest, the regulation—enacted in 2007—has never before been cited and is the result of legislation pushed through by an evangelical Christian group, Citizens For Community Values (CCV).

A non-profit group that monitors hate groups in the United States, the Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC), has labeled the CCV a hate group since the late 1990s. According to SPLC, “all hate groups have beliefs or practices that attack or malign an entire class of people, typically for their immutable characteristics” and it’s not the first time the Cincinnati-based CCV group has been in the spotlight.

In 1990, the Cincinnati Contemporary Arts Center opened a showing of controversial artist Robert Mapplethorpe’s photographic work. Mapplethorpe’s work featured nude and explicit sexual content. Both the museum and the museum’s art director were

indicted and charged with obscenity. It was the first time in the history of the United States that criminal charges were levied against a museum. A jury found both the Arts Center and art director Dennis Barrie not guilty. According to the *Smithsonian*’s online magazine, the trial and resulting attention “challenged perceptions of art, public funding and what constituted ‘obscenity.’”

At the time, the CCV began a very public campaign against the museum’s showing of Mapplethorpe’s photographic images. The organization sent thousands of letters protesting the showing, demanding the cancellation of the show and demanding that federal funding be pulled from the museum.

“It was a very significant, very well-orchestrated campaign against the exhibition, the Contemporary Arts Center and the Fine Arts Fund,” says Barrie at *Smithsonian*. “Suddenly, a national battle had landed in Cincinnati.”

The trial and outcome changed the landscape of Cincinnati. It was a win for the art world and freedom of artistic expression. But, it is worth noting, that the CCV was behind the entire campaign.

The same way the organization fought against an artistic photographic show at a respected arts center, it fought against strip club owners and dancers to institute its Ohio Community Defense Act in 2007, which prohibits, among other things, strip clubs from operating between 12am and 6am, as well as customers from touching dancers (and dancers from touching customers).

Regarding the recent incident in Ohio, prosecutors dropped all charges against Daniels, based on the event being her first time at the club (and how she couldn’t be con-

sidered an employee of the club, as the law only applies to regular or semi-regular dancers).

Columbus Police Chief Kim Jacobs apologized for the arrest.

“A mistake was made and I accept full responsibility,” Jacobs told *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

As for Ms. Daniels, she added another appearance at a second Columbus strip club as she continues her tour. She also tweeted her support for two house dancers from the Sirens strip club, who were arrested for the same alleged violation.

“Saddened to hear the other two dancers arrested with me last night did not have their charges dropped,” says Daniels on Twitter. “All tips from my stage performance tonight at Sirens in Columbus will go towards their legal fees. Come support the working women of this city!”

The Pacific Northwest enjoys some of the most liberal regulations in the country regarding sexuality and stripping. Oregon is the only state in the country that has a state constitution which protects “obscenity” under the First Amendment. It’s one of the reasons full bar and full nudity go hand-in-hand in Oregon strip clubs. And, thanks to the Oregon Supreme Court, live sex shows are also legal (providing no prostitution follows), dancers wear what they want and touch is allowed (according to club and dancer rules). So, a situation such as the one Stormy Daniels found herself in would most likely never happen here.

But, we should still keep an eye on those local evangelical Christian groups.

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# TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH

BY DJ HAZMATT

# RIDE HOME

We were leaving Longview, Washington, after a stand-up comedy show that resembled an episode of Jerry Springer, filmed in a patriotic-themed nightclub, which only played country songs that featured a verse by Ludacris. It was now-headliner (then-feature) Amanda Arnold and myself (the opener). We had just performed as guests on a show headlined by this dude named Junior High, who happens to be the only person I know who has a full-on pot leaf suit (and matching jacket), dates girls half his age and is proud to live in Longview. To this day, the dude is one of my heroes. But, he's about ten times the energy of the average person, so instead of being burnt out and ready to crash, we left the show feeling like we'd just seen Slayer.

Since Amanda and I were (and still are) usually a few notches down on the turnt-up scale, at least outside of the clubs, the Longview gig left us feeling like we were wired on energy drinks. So, with heart rate still high, we decided to bop into a strip club in Southeast, where I had worked at the time. There is something that is equally amazing and terrifying, regarding the life of a strip club DJ: no matter what time of day, regardless of whether or not you appear to be headed elsewhere, off-duty club staff (this includes DJs) are served roughly six times the amount of alcohol (per drink), than that of even the most faithful regular. So, after taking one sip of my "vodka, vodka, vodka and splash of soda water," I opted to give said drink to the closest patron. This is never a good idea, but it was even worse of an idea on this particular evening.

Flash forward a few songs and Amanda asks me if we're gonna head out. On the way to leave the club, we bump into (literally) the girl who I'd given my Twelve Loko (or whatever the fuck I was served). She was tanked and

took up a large area—kind of like a miniature Iraq—leaning against a brick wall, while twirling back and forth in the same manner that a joint would while being rolled.

"Hey hon'. Are you okay?" Amanda asked.

Drunk girl began to cry.

"Hon', do you need a ride home?" Amanda asked. I was driving. This was slowly going from kind, to inconvenient.

Drunk girl responded, "You guys are the best."

We were the best.

"Where are you staying?" Amanda asked, testing my patience.



"By the downtown Marriott. I'm in the Marriott. In downtown. At the Marriott. At downtown. By Portland. Not the airport. By Marriott."

"In the Marriott?" Amanda clarified.

"How did you know!?" drunk girl responded.

"Okay," I announced, "let's do this, if we're gonna do this."

Drunk girl loaded into the car. Neither Amanda nor myself are athletes, but we were each twigs, in comparison to the size of this girl—and, I'm not trying to body-shame here, either. She looked great and was attractive by pretty much anyone's standards—she was just Anna Nicole, Season 5, in terms of her proportions. I drove a Hyundai Elantra, with a backseat full of trash and magazines, so drunk girl decided to sit on Amanda. This prevented me from changing gear (or, putting the car in park) once we were driving, but hey, what's a quick drive over the bridge?

Well, here's what a quick drive over the bridge is, in terms of information that was volunteered to Amanda and I, by the complete stranger we were sent by God to save (that, or were punished with for reasons unknown)...

Some guy doesn't love her. He said he did, but he doesn't.

She was left at the strip club by a Blazer. In a Blazer? No, BY a Blazer. She knows all the Blazers. The hot ones, at least

We are the best.

No, really, we are the best.

Do we like the Blazers? Because, drunk girl is fucking two of them.

And, one of them is an asshole, who doesn't love her.

They met last night. She bought the hotel. She thinks.

Oh, that was the turn. Wait, no, we're still on this side of the river.

Do we know how amazing we are?

Nope, that WAS the hotel. Or, was it? Okay, it's coming up.

Rinse, repeat, remix and upload the above, for about a half an hour or so, until we finally just decided to ignore drunk girl's pleas of "No! No! It's the next entrance!" and found the proper parking lot for Marriott.

Car in park. Door unlocked. Amanda pushes upwards on drunk girl, drunk girl falls out of vehicle. I laugh. Amanda gives me a look. Drunk girl is on sidewalk. Amanda looks at me again, as if to request, "Agree with whatever I'm about to say, okay?"

"Hey hon', do you need help getting into your room?" Amanda asked drunk pavement trainwreck Blazer side-chick girl.

"Yes, please, here's my keys."

Keys. This girl had a stack of hotel cards that was thicker than my wallet. And, yes, we tried all of them, once we found out which floor she was on. Sure, it took a few floors, but this lady's room was obvious—there was a literal pile of breadcrumbs leading up to it—a giant suite overlooking the city. Who was this chick? We didn't know. But, she was apparently loaded.

"Thank you guys soooooo much," drunk girl announced, as she flopped face-first on a bed that had not been serviced by the maid in some time.

"You're welcome," Amanda said.

"Yeah, I think it's time to go," I attempted to add, but with this, Amanda yanked on my arm, pointing at the floor. I shit you not, there were *stacks* of hundred-dollar bills, just falling out of the drunk girl—out of her purse, her pockets, whatever else she had that could serve as a makeshift billfold—cash was everywhere.

"Dude," I said. "Are you sure you're okay like this? Do you have someone you can call?"

And, with what I thought was a genuine step toward us leaving this girl in a somewhat safer-than-not state of being, drunk girl replied, "FUCK HIM! HE'S A PIECE OF SHIT!" Then, she began to cry and asked if one of us would cuddle her.

Amanda and I both gave each other a look—the same look that we'd give each other if we were doing our best to entertain a room full of people who were doing their best to make sure we were on our toes—except this time, it wasn't hecklers or a dead bar...it was a pile of flesh and cash, asking us to cuddle.

"No," I said.

"Ray! Don't be mean," Amanda replied.

I whispered loudly, "I am. Not. Cuddling. With moneybuckets."

"No, asshat, be nicer."

"Okay, please, I don't want to cuddle with you, thanks? You're drunk and this is technically rape in at least six states."

"I don't mind," she replied.

I did.

Drunk girl had her boobs out by this point. Then, her phone rang. It was clearly "HIM" and we didn't want to leave, just yet. And, alas, it was worth it (at least for the laughs).

After about two minutes of drunk girl arguing with what we only assumed was her



boyfriend, a sugar daddy, a client or a Blazer, she handed the phone to us. "Here," drunk girl said. "You guys talk to him."

I took the phone. Then, Amanda immediately took it from me. I don't know if it was some sort of rational, female instinct, but she handled it like a pro.

"Hello? Hello. Hi. We're the random strangers that your girlfriend rode home with, after she was overserved at a rowdy strip club full of tourists and hipsters. She's currently half-naked, laying on a pile of cash and my friend here, a DJ who goes by 'Statutory Ray,' is the one whose car we drove over in. Do you perhaps love this girl or maybe want to see her again sometime? Then, ya know, how about getting down here to the Marriott?"

His response? Well, not only was it clear, firm and loud enough for me to hear while standing next to Amanda, but it was cut and dry...

"I don't know her," the man on the phone said. "She's not my girlfriend. We met last night, under similar circumstances, and she's been calling me all day. I'm calling her back because she keeps texting me nonsense. As in, literal nonsense. It's 2am."

Although Amanda and I could hear this dude, drunk girl couldn't. She had already begun to pass out on a pile of dead presidents and boob. So, Amanda responded like a boss.

"Okay, so you'll be here in an hour?"

"No, fuck no! I'm not coming down," guy-on-phone said.

"Great, she'll see you then."

"NOOO! I. Said. No."

And, with that, Amanda hung up. "He's on his way hon', sleep tight." She slid the phone into drunk girl's armpit-boob-cash-purse region and we walked away slowly, with Amanda giving me the "Shhh...baby's sleeping" gesture. We put a pile of hotel keys on the dresser and left Anna Nicole Smirnoff to her own devices (literally and figuratively).

The ride out of the parking lot was silent, but Amanda broke it.

"We're good people."

"Yeah," I responded. "I guess. I'm just not into hooking up with chicks who are passed out drunk."

"No, not that." Amanda replied. "We should have robbed her. And—we didn't. I know you're above date rape, but come on dude, you know damn well you counted that cash."

And, I did. There was at least (not kidding) ten grand or so, floating around on the floor. This woman will wake up, half-naked with her money, with little-to-no recollection of how she got there. I only hope that if you're out there, drunk girl from Marriott, and you're reading this, please visit the closest strip club and toss them a few hundred bucks. It's called karma. That, or maybe consider putting down the booze for a bit.

*TalesFromTheDJBooth.com*



# BACK IN MY DAY

## GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

Earlier today, I was too lazy to walk to one of the seven marijuana dispensaries located within a two-block radius of my apartment. So, I ordered online and it was delivered in less than an hour. I realized just then that, yeah, I'm getting to that age where I can sit you kids down and tell you about the olden days, back when you had to pick seeds out of flat, brown weed, after purchasing it on street credit, from a pedophile outside of a 7-11.

### There Were Two Types Of Weed In The '90s

First off, in 1996, there were only two kinds of weed: Mexican dirt weed and "killbud." The latter was anything you'd get in a dispensary today and it ran for anywhere from fifty-to-sixty bucks per eighth. Sure, there were several different strains, as illustrated by High Times and such, but no one knew what was what. Plus, the good shit was judged on things that honestly don't matter much, such as whether or not the bud had red hairs, if it was sticky or not, etc. Today, you can get a dry, no-stick, totally green nugget that will put you in a coma, but back in the '90s, everything was part of the external sale. Unless, of course, you were purchasing the first type of weed I mentioned; Mexican dirt weed is not a term that is meant to imply "dirt" quality, nor is it racist—it literally originates from the ditches ("dirt") of Mexico. Cartels stand near the roads—next to the ditches this shit grows in—and they guard it. That's all the tending that said garden receives. It's brown, full of seeds and back in the day, you could grab an ounce of this crap for eighty bucks. Yeah, that's still very, very expensive by today's standards, but if given the choice between an eighth and a half, or an entire ounce, high school kids tend to buy in bulk.

### Shady Dealings Meant Shady People

This brings me to my second point: buying weed was shady for more reasons than the obvious. Yeah, you had to score it like you would score a street drug today, but some after-the-fact reflection draws attention to some pretty sketchy activity. In retrospect,

the people who were selling weed to us, were selling weed to kids in high school. Yeah, it was Salem, so we'd all moved on to community college and/or the Juvenile Detention Center by sixteen, but the point still stands—we bought drugs from people who had no problem meeting up with teenagers. And, more often than not, these weren't exactly members of the neighborhood watch. Either we dealt with gangbangers who were related to someone in our group (it wasn't until I was much older, that I realized 13th Street and 18th Street weren't the names of the roads our dealers lived on) or we dealt with the uber-creepers, who wanted us to hang around and watch videos with them after we bought weed.

Locating someone by phone often involved a pager, a series of "pound sign" (hashtag) codes (911, 420, etc.) and a serious, mafia-level stance toward anonymity. Every weed dealer in the '90s was convinced that the Feds were tapping their phone. Out of this paranoia, came the middleman, and the middleman's middlemen. By the time you got an "eighth" of killbud or an "ounce" of the Mexi shit, it was at least a gram (or ten) under weight. Back in the day, we'd call this getting "ripped off," but now that I think about it, those two or more middlemen were splitting half a bowl among themselves for commission.

### Weed Turned Kids Into Drug Dealers

Beyond the sketchiness of locating weed, the process of actually paying for the shit was even harder. High school kids are broke, so we'd often "front" (borrow) weed from dealers. And, what did the dealers do when you asked for an eighth of killbud or an ounce of Mexi? They'd give you an ounce of killbud or a pound of Mexi, then tell you what you owed, which meant you had to either sell the weed or pay for it yourself. So, pretty much any kid buying pot became, at one point, a weed dealer. I remember being in possession of a pager, that to the best of my knowledge, had been through at least six other people. The

number still worked and I had no idea how, so I used it to slang herb until I got caught by the cops (and, ironically, charged for a tab of fake acid, which was part of a prop for some home movies we were making). I had passed the drug pager on to a buddy and I'm pretty sure it still works to this day—possibly getting #420#911 texts in a dumpster somewhere.

In addition to the ups and downs of dealing drugs while attending public high school, there was also the issue of working for people who smoked a lot of pot. I don't like to admire the crack people, but their whole "don't get high on your own supply" rule seems to be something weed dealers could learn from. Keeping in mind, I haven't touched Mexi bricks in over two decades, I was at a strip club *last year* and ran into a dealer from Salem, who was convinced I still owed him money for some weed. So, I asked and he told me "six grand." Last I checked, I fronted out fifty bags, one at a time, so I politely (while shaking) told him and his handgun that he mixed up his Rays. "Which Ray are you?" he asked. "Dave's friend," I replied. "Ohhh...shit. Man. I got you guys mixed up." Mexican dirt weed, at that. Glad I'm not dead.

### In Conclusion, I'm Too Old For This Sativa

So, you kids these days with your pens, dabs and edibles, getting pot delivered at 9pm by some app on your iPhone 23...you have *no idea* what it was like to purchase weed in the '90s. And, to an extent, we had it worse than our parents did. Yeah, '70s weed was shit, but to quote pretty much any old fuck who pretends to have actually attended Woodstock, "even the cops were smoking it." Meanwhile, in 1996, there was, like, this one dude who was rumored to have had a medical marijuana card ("doctor's note"). Even worse, Dr. Dre and Snoop had to blur the weed leaves off of their hats and necklaces, while rapping on MTV—it was that illegal. By the way, did you know that MTV used to play music videos? Goddamnit, I'm old.



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I don't know about Portland, but it's currently seven hundred and sixteen degrees in Salem, where my home office is located. Since our water may or may not be safe to drink, I'm sitting on about fifty bucks worth of hobo cash (empty water bottles), thanks to boxes of clean Aquafina that I purchased during the algae scare. However translucent my piss happens to be, though, any more than two bong hits puts me to sleep, allergies are on fleek (did I do that correctly?) and there is a two-hour span between three and five in the morning, during which time it's cold enough to sleep with half a sheet. Because of this, I've allowed somewhat of a flu dream to take over this month's column. I thought long and hard about what the fine people of Portland and surrounding areas want out of their *Exotic*. I also thought of the children, their future and our future as a whole. In the end, I realized that it is my duty, as a responsible editor of an adult publication, to convince your daughter to say "fuck college, get naked."

### How You Should Spend Your Summer Vacation: As A Stripper

Have you ever thought about stripping? Well, not to sound like an ad for a used car sale during a holiday weekend, but summer is the absolute perfect time to consider a career as a dancer. In addition to the obvious surge in income, local celebrity status and health benefits, there are several reasons why any female living in Portland should at least try stripping out during amateur night.

First of all, summer months are off-season for schools (including most colleges, save for those year-round students who are too freaky to strip—and for all the wrong reasons). Summer is also a time during which people—especially those who are stuck in Portland all winter—take off for vacations, day trips or just decide not to leave the house, be-

cause anything over 90 degrees in Portland qualifies as a weather emergency in which residents cling to their A/C like the hopes and dreams they had before moving to Portland. This means, if you're worried about running into a classmate, teacher, stepfather or the like (and, you shouldn't be—if they're in the strip club as a customer, they have just as much explaining to do as you, the contracted employee), the chances of seeing someone you know are at their absolute bottom during summer months.

Speaking of absolute bottom, there are several clubs (none of whom advertise in *Exotic*, don't worry), that will allow literally anyone to strip. These are great places to take your first shot at dancing. While semi-dangerous in terms of staph infection risk, gang activity and other on-the-job hazards, these "dive bar" type clubs (and, I don't mean in the ironic sense of the word—it's not a true "dive" if there's a door guy) will allow you to work out all the kinks of being a new stripper, without having to do so in front of a crowd, off-duty *Exotic* staff or the teacher-slash-uncle you were trying to avoid in the last paragraph. Hell, even as a DJ, I started at the lowest rung possible—the club I worked at is now closed, but at the time, good DJs were allowed to move "up" to the establishment's sister club, Pirate's Cove. Now, I love the Cove as much as the next person, but let's not go pretending it's gonna be featured on *Gentlemen's Clubs Of The Rich And Famous* any time soon. So, at one point, even DJ HazMatt considered a one-and-a-half stage club an upper tier on the career ladder (again, it was, and I'm mad grateful to have been there before gracing the mics at bigger establishments). As a baby stripper (this term sees no age, by the way, so, yes, you're a baby stripper if you just started dancing at 30), the last thing you want to do is start in the big leagues and work your way down to your appropriate skill level. A "neighborhood dive bar" type

of strip club will help you work out the newbie kinks. Plus, the regulars at small clubs are often a lot cooler than the folks who frequent the busy spots (partially, because small club regulars often get stuck doing the job of security and, often times, DJ).

Okay, so we've established that it's a



great time to start stripping and that you probably want to do so at a semi-dive spot that's not located in the heart of Portland, but what about dancing? What if you've got no rhythm, no ass and no taste in decent club music? Well, fear not, because lots of the other girls dancing in Portland are white, just like you—the indie-music-loving, assless Becky. And, much like I use the word "white" instead

of “Caucasian” (or, better yet, “black” instead of “African-American”), the term “dancer” is often a souped-up euphemism, used as a substitute for the supposedly ugly (but, actually just functional) word “stripper.” Well, that’s what you do—you strip. Dancing is secondary. Yeah, you may be “African-American,” but your grandparents were born in Oregon



City, so “black” is the word for your folks. Same logic applies to the term “pole dancer.” Hell, some clubs don’t even have poles or dancers. There’s a reason we have competitions like *Polerotica*—actual, impressive pole dancing skill is rare enough that it’s rewarded with cash, cover shoots and fame. But, do you just wanna be a stripper with a customer base by,

oh, next weekend? Learn to talk to lonely men. Learn to share attention with other drunk girls (mainly, the ones who are customers). Learn to lie harmlessly (“Yes, I like your drawings, weird art guy who tips to smell my feet...”). If you can master these three skills, you can strip. And, if you’re an attractive woman who has been drinking in bars for over a year and is still single (in the “not married” sense of the word), you’ve probably already mastered these skills.

So, after a few successful *months* (not days) of stripping at Shady Dave’s Pole Barn And Lotto, step your game up and audition at a club that advertises in our magazine. Some clubs, such as Bottoms Up, allow walk-in auditions (I think...call 503-621-9844 for exact details), while others work with booking agencies, such as Rose City Booking, in which specific clubs book by corresponding text message numbers (text 503-347-3267 to audition for Rose City Strip or Dv8, or 971-258-6071 to check out Desire). Keep in mind, that all of the clubs listed in this paragraph (except for Shady Dave’s) are probably anticipating that you have at least some experience as a dancer—the kind that strips—but, it never hurts to allow good looks and confidence to substitute for an up-to-date LinkedIn profile.

Lots of people will tell you that stripping is degrading. Most of these people are broke, covered in soccer mom stretch marks and up to their neck in credit card debt. You tell me, which is more degrading? Showing off parts of your body, while being protected by security, bikers, other dangerous regulars and a pair of heels that wouldn’t make it past the TSA, or reminding person after person that their order can be up-sized for an additional thirty-nine cents, before trying to sign them up for a club card membership? Oh, and that second job pays a taxable fifth what stripping does. The stigma is bullshit. Further, I’ve dated a few

strippers and most of them are pretty slow to heat up, in terms of sex stuff and feelings. On the contrary, the chicks who work coffee carts will usually be down to raw dog before the intro theme to *The Office* stops playing during Netflix-and-oh-I-guess-we-just-skip-the-chill. If you want your parents and friends to *think* you’re a thot, become a stripper. If you want your friends and family to *know* you’re a thot, just apply at Dutch Bros.

All I’m saying, is that the outfit you’re wearing to Coachella should help you earn a few hundred dollars—not cost you a few hundred dollars—especially when you’re the center of male attention due to your “necklace,” your “chest personality” or your “cool, V-neck Misfits shirt with nipple holes.” The difference between a gold-digging skank and a professional stripper is that a professional stripper knows who she is—she’s a salesperson—and the art of sales isn’t always a respected one, but it pays. If you’re a decent person on the inside, there is nothing wrong with showing off your outsides. And, Portland is the best place to get away with being a “stripper on the side,” while holding down your other job at the sick kid’s hospital or mayoral campaign. Chances are, the fictitious barista (band name dibs) I bashed as an example of a real-life-thot *also* dances on the side, so now I’m another 1,000 words away from an apology. I stand by my words, though—stripping is rungs lower on the degrading-job triangle than volunteering for free at a feminist bookstore or working for pay at a Communist coffee shop. It’s Portland—stripping is as normal as smoking weed after you turn 40.

### Goodbye Mystic, Hello The Venue, Club Play Pen On Standby

The building formerly known as Mystic is now The Venue. I bring this up, because readers may be wondering how a brand

new club can have a "Fifteenth Annual Bikini Bike Wash," so that's how. Without completely shilling my favorite spots, it's hard to complete this column, so I'll just go ahead and say it—The Venue is the *best spot* for those of us who are busy, a bit anxious around naked women and afraid of being too far from home. Last point first, The Venue is located exactly

work downtime, The Venue is called just that—"The Venue." How's that for an ambiguous credit card billing statement? Go ahead and "work late" this week. Happy hour 'til seven, lunch specials during lunchtime.

Down the way, up the freeway and around the bend, Club Play Pen is still

## Club SinRock's Vault Lounge Is Fucking Awesome

I've been to SinRock a few times, have had a crush on last month's ad girl for years and cannot argue with any establishment that advertises good strip club food (seriously, the Acropolis knows what they're doing). With that said, I'm not gonna lie—I had yet to check out SinRock's private, V.I.P. room, Vault Lounge. SinRock management and DJ Dick Hennessy were showing me around the club, which is a damn nice establishment, but I was legit stunned with what SinRock has to offer behind the closed double doors near the smoking patio. The Vault Lounge is an entirely separate club-within-a-club, that can be rented out by private parties. HDTV, leather couches and a private stage are one thing, but the private smoking patio is what sold me. I don't know how many times I've been enjoying the privacy of some friends, ten barely legal strippers and a bucket of PBR, only to have to step out into the parking lot or a busy-ass patio, just to enjoy a smoke. It sorta kills the Vegas-in-Portland fantasy. So, while I expect our readers to see "private couches, stage and television" as a good enough reason to rent out The Vault for a night, I'm just happy that they built a private smoking patio. Small victories deserve attention, even in close proximity to obvious greatness (and restrooms, the private dance area and a semi-private bar).

## Congratulations To...?

Both the *Ink 'N' Pink* and *Vagina Beauty Pageant* contests wrapped up last month, but not before this issue went to press. So, to see who took the *Ink 'N' Pink* crown, visit Xmag.com (click on the banner for the new site, if you enjoy raw text and safe-for-work, social-media-friendly images with pixelated titties) or Facebook.com/XoticMag. To see who won the "Vag Pag," peep VaginaBeautyPag-



in the middle of the Southeast Portland grid. It's just as easy to hit 181st for some Gresham fun (I have no idea what that would be, so just humor me here), as it is to hit the waterfront, in terms of distance from The Venue. Anxious around strippers? Go cool off next door at Falco's regular-ass, no-pole-having bar—every strip club should have one of these attached to it. Sometimes, you just need to chill out with a beer, some food and a MegaTouch machine, between hour-long lap dance binges and *Exotic* events. Plus, for the busy professional, who is too tired to come up with a series of excuses for the wife and kids, regarding where said professional spent his after-

*currently* closed, thanks to fire damage and all the fun stuff that comes with re-opening after an unanticipated disaster. But, the owners would like to let everyone know that they *will* be re-opening—it's just taking a tad longer than expected. So, make sure to keep your eyes peeled, while you're cruising up and down NE Columbia Blvd. Once you see that "now open" sign, make a mad dash to the front door and be the first person to get a private dance after the grand re-opening—just make sure you're in Club Play Pen and not some other NE Columbia Blvd. business that does not support the nude arts.

eant.com or follow Dick Hennessy on social media. Unlike other elections, we have no prior knowledge as to who the winner is, but once again, Bernie Sanders came up a little short this year, so don't expect him to take first in either contest.

### **It's Bikini Car And Dog Wash Season!**

On Sunday, August 12th at 1pm, bring your dog to Devils Point for the 12th Annual Bikini Car And Dog Wash. It's exactly what it sounds like—if you're one of the thousands of Portlanders who has a dog, or one of the dozens who has a car, Devils Point dancers will be ready, in bikinis, with soap on deck. Plus, the event proceeds will go to benefit Family Dogs New Life, a no-kill shelter (this means that dogs on the receiving end of your charity will be given good homes, instead of being put down or forced to live in a box). Does this event really need my co-sign to draw folks? It's a damn good idea, for a damn good cause. Besides, if I need to add anything here to convince you that a clean car, happy dog and bikini-clad Devils Point dancers are a good way to invest in a Sunday afternoon, you're not human.

## eroticcity spotlight

**FRI 3 – STARS CABARET (SALEM)  
BLACK & WHITE BIRTHDAY PARTY**

**THU 9 – THE FIREHOUSE (SALEM)  
MISS NUDE USA 2017 BAMBI WILDE**

**FRI 10 – SUNSET STRIP  
MISS NUDE USA 2017 BAMBI WILDE**

**SAT 11 – MIKE BRASS'S MAIN ATTRACTION  
AFRO-CARIBBEAN WET BASH**

**SAT 11 – THE SUNSET STRIP  
MISS NUDE USA 2017 BAMBI WILDE**

**SAT 11 – STARS CABARET (SALEM)  
THE HUNGOVER  
(DJ PUSSYFOOT & DJ DICK HENNESSY)**

**SAT 11 – THE VENUE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB  
15<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL BIKINI BIKE WASH**

**SUN 12 – DEVILS POINT  
12<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL BIKINI CAR & DOG WASH**

**FRI 17 – GUILTY PLEASURES  
THE HUNGOVER  
(DJ PUSSYFOOT & DJ DICK HENNESSY)**

**SAT 18 – DREAM ON SALOON  
'80S NIGHT**

**SAT 18 – STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT)  
LUAU PARTY**

**SAT 25 – PUSSYCATS  
DJ DICK HENNESSY'S PRIVATE PARTY**

**FRI 31 – MIKE BRASS'S MAIN ATTRACTION  
THE HUNGOVER  
(DJ PUSSYFOOT & DJ DICK HENNESSY)**

**FRI 31 – TOMMY'S TOO  
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- CASSOW EXPERIENCE**  
SAT, AUG 18 · 9PM-CLOSE
- GENTLEMEN QUARTERLY**  
SAT, AUG 25 · 9PM-CLOSE  
COGNAC TASTING · SUIT AND TIE EVENT
- PUSSYFOOT FRIDAY**  
FRI, AUG 31 · 10PM-CLOSE



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**\$1.<sup>50</sup> PBR &  
\$3 JACK AND COKES  
EVERY MONDAY AND TUESDAY  
ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT!**

*Siren*

**AUDITIONS - DANCERS, TEXT FOR A SHIFT TODAY! DEVIN (503) 347-3267**







*Jade*  
from Club SinRock

**EXOTIC**  
PINUP AUGUST  
**2018**

*Akira*  
Stars Cabaret  
(Salem)

*Maze*  
Twisted Sisters

*Shelby*  
Acropolis

**exotic**  
PRESENTS THE RETURN OF

# ink 'n' pink

PHOTOS BY **HYPOX**  
PHOTOGRAPHY

*Zelah*  
Pandemonium  
Kit Kat Club

*Mary Jane*  
Reveal Lounge

*Savannah*  
Spyce Gentlemen's Club

*Maria Knox*  
Dream On Saloon



*Morgan*  
Club SinRock

*Marla*  
Grind

*Isabella*  
Rose City Strip

*Litty LeRouge*  
Kit Kat Club

*Phoenix*  
Acropolis

*Mason*  
Pirate's Cove

*Mileena*  
Club SinRock

*Blazer*  
Kit Kat Club

*Arial*  
The Gold Club



THE MONTHLY

# COLUMN

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

## TRAVEL TIPS FOR SUMMER

Summer is here, after seemingly forever! Time to dip out and go for some R&R\* in a far-off land. However, before you can plant your feet at some Relaxation Destination\*\*, you first have to survive the journey there. Don't worry—these travel tips will see that you get there, more-or-less alive.

When flying, always check in early. Due to the nature of modern passenger aviation, travel experts advise arriving two-to-four hours early. I say that's not enough. You should arrive early enough to drink at—and get kicked out of—every bar in the airport. This could be upwards of a week in larger airports, so bring comfortable footwear and at least two magazines.

Road trips are great for capturing a feeling of independence and setting your own itinerary. However, the biggest reminders that your independence is an illusion are children...which is why some very progressive states have recently passed laws allowing for the transport of children under 12 in ASPCA-approved travel carriers on a secure roof mount—consult your local government websites to see if your state is one

of them.

When at the beach, soliciting strangers to pee on you because of your “jellyfish sting” only works once (plus, they will wise up and drive you off, if you ask multiple people—especially all at once). When not at the beach, it doesn't work at all.

Some people are giving up traveling and staying home on their vacations. Any wise vacationer knows that travel is very manageable and will shun the “staycationers,” to the point where they must successfully travel (and return), in order to be able to interact with their community again.

Remember: if there isn't a specific federal law against doing it on an airplane, you may do it. The laws forbid things like smoking, tampering with smoke detectors and vaping, but they do not specifically prohibit removing your pants, sumo wrestling, eating a whole jar of pickled eggs or having your kids sell band candy.

In first-class seating, you may be fitted with a Yoganator™, but for those flying coach, try this simple exercise: extend

your legs and press your knees, one at a time, against the seat in front of you as rapidly as you can, while humming “The Battle Hymn Of The Republic.” This will help you to relieve tension and help calm your fellow passengers, as well.

It is common for people to advise you to travel with a friend—to keep the mood light. But, traveling with an *enemy* keeps you on your toes.

When on a cruise, they may not allow you to bring your own food or alcohol, forcing you to patronize overpriced buffets and bars. However, they are forbidden from disallowing baby formula or medications, so it's worth your time to see how much vodka you can fit in a jar of Similac. Pros will float Vienna sausages in the vodka, for a two-in-one taste sensation and a double stick-it-to-the-man.

Most anything of a reasonable size is permitted through airline security checkpoints, if it is in a resealable clear plastic bag. Put everything in resealable clear plastic bags. Your pens, your wallet, your passport, loose pills, various white powders, cigars, keys, hopes, dreams and fantasies. In fact, if you're

not entirely clad in Ziploc® bags, you may not be allowed to board your flight.

Before flying, that not-particularly-shadowy arm of government intrusions, the TSA, will often conduct full-body sweeps using high-tech millimeter-wave scanners. There used to be the fear that your nude body—clearly visible on their screens—would cause TSA staff to burst into spontaneous fits of vicious masturbation, as seen on that one episode of *Dateline*. Not anymore, however, as they've since been mandated to turn the scanner clarity down to the point where if they want to jack off to your image, it's remarkably difficult.

If you are “randomly selected” for a more intimate search by the TSA, be sure to do your best impression of Disney's Goofy while talking to them and bleat out a violent “A-HYUCK,” when they feel up your crotch.

If you've ever considered one of those things where you “do like the pioneers did” and travel the Oregon Trail in a covered wagon, don't. Just drive your car to the stops along the way and take pictures with the folks passing through in wagons. People on Instagram will never know that your butt didn't go numb while riding a wagon pulled by flatulent oxen for 18 hours a day.

Wi-Fi is often available for cheap—or free—on many airlines, ships and trains. This affords you the perfect opportunity to take hilarious real-time “reaction videos” of your fellow passengers when you scream, “OH MY GOD, WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE” at a random juncture.

Sex tourism now requires a sex passport. You can still get one at the post office, though.

Travel is not just about being in a place—it's also about the memories you create while getting there. Remind your kids of this, when they point out, as kids often do, that you're somehow miserable—no matter where you go or what you do.

There you have it. If you follow my advice, you'll go from a travel zero, to a cool-as-ice travel hero.

Have a safe trip, wherever you go.

-WStM

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a professional disappointment, hockey pants enthusiast, pay-per-view jousting pro-

moter, writer, and retired rapper from Portland, Oregon. He can be found at [Wombstretcha.com](http://Wombstretcha.com), on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook as “Wombstretcha the Magnificent.”

*\*Rage and Rumpshaking.*

*\*\*Not a song from Schoolhouse Rock, unfortunately.*



# STRIP CLUBS

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

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

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

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

**CLUB ROUGE 40** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
403 SW Stark St | (503) 227-3936  
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**GRIND 65** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
15826 SE Division St | (503) 206-4851  
Daily 4pm-2am

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

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

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

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

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

**MIKE BRASS'S THE MAIN ATTRACTION 15** **FOOD**  
13550 SE Powell Blvd | (971) 703-4248  
TBD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**SKINN GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 21** **FOOD**  
4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771  
Sun-Thu 11am-2am, Fri-Sat 11am-1am

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# EVERYTHING ELSE

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

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

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

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

**EYE CANDY FASHIONS 171**  
19255 E Burnside St | (503) 665-8222  
Tue-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun-Mon By Appointment

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**TORCHED ILLUSIONS II 169**  
12963 SW Pacific Hwy | (503) 430-5140  
Daily 11am-10pm

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

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

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

# DISPENSARIES

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

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

**NECTAR - MISSISSIPPI 8**  
4125 N Mississippi | (503) 206-4818  
Daily 10am-11pm

**NECTAR - SW PORTLAND 8**  
10931 SW 53rd Avenue | (503) 477-8800  
Daily 10am-11pm



17544 SE STARK ST  
503-252-3529



3532 SE POWELL BLVD  
503-232-9516



403 SW STARK ST  
503-227-3936



12035 NE GLISAN ST  
503-889-0332



15920 SE STARK ST  
503-253-8765



17180 SE MCLOUGHLIN BLVD  
503-908-1177



231 SW ANKENY ST  
503-208-3229



9950 SE STARK ST  
503-477-9523



8345 SW BARBUR BLVD  
503-477-6628



3620 SE 35TH PL  
503-239-1004



33 NW 2ND ST  
503-243-4646



BRIDGEPORT - 17939 SW MCEWAN RD  
503-726-2403



10205 SW PARK WAY  
503-297-8466



10140 SW CANYON RD  
503-430-5364



## OREGON ALBANY

### ADULT SHOP

3404 Spicer Dr SE / (541) 812-2522  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
24 Hours / 7 Days

## ASTORIA

### ANNIE'S SALOON

2897 Marine Dr / (503) 325-2746  
Full Bar, 1 Stage  
Tue-Sat 5pm-2:30am

## BEND

### IMAGINE THAT

197 NE Third St / (541) 312-8100  
Videos, Mags, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts  
24 Hours / 7 Days

### STARS CABARET

197 NE 3rd St / (541) 388-4081  
Full Bar, Full Menu, Beautiful Dancers  
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 4pm-2am

## COOS BAY

### BACHELOR'S INN

63721 Edwards Rd / (541) 266-8827  
1 Stage, Full Bar, Full Menu  
Mon-Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

## CORVALLIS

### ADULT SHOP

2315 9th St NW / (541) 754-7039  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
Sun-Thu 10am-12am, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

## EUGENE

### ADULT SHOP

90 Holeman Aly / (541) 688-5411  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
24 Hours / 7 Days

### ADULT SHOP

720 Garfield St / (541) 345-2873  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
Sun-Thu 10am-12am, Fri-Sat 10am-2am

### ADULT SHOP

86784 Franklin Blvd / (541) 636-3203  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Arcade, Novelties,  
Lingerie  
8am-12am / 7 Days

### B&B DISTRIBUTORS

710 W 6th Ave / (541) 683-8999  
Videos, Arcade, Clothing, Novelties, Viewing Room  
24 Hours / 7 Days

### CASTLE MEGASTORE

3570 W 11th Ave / (541) 988-9226  
Essentials For Lovers  
Sun-Thu 11am-11pm, Fri-Sat 11am-1am

### THE NILE

1030 Highway 99 N / (541) 688-1869  
Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers  
Mon-Sat 12pm-2am, Sun 3pm-12am

### SILVER DOLLAR CLUB

2620 W 10th Pl / (541) 485-2303  
Full Bar, Food, 3 Stages  
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

## GERVAIS

### LAST CHANCE SALOON

7650 Checkboard Ct / (503) 792-5100  
Full Bar, Lottery, 1 Stage  
12pm-2:30am / 7 Days

## KLAMATH FALLS

### THE ALIBI

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

## LINCOLN CITY

### IMAGINE THAT

2159 NW Highway 101, Ste C / (541) 996-6600  
(Downstairs When Entering From Highway 101)  
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts  
Sun-Thu 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

## MEDFORD

### ADULT LAND

2755 S Pacific Hwy / (541) 770-5493  
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie  
Mon-Fri 9am-7pm, Sat 10am-5pm

### ADULT SHOP

261 Barnett Rd / (541) 772-5220  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
24 Hours / 7 Days

### CASTLE MEGASTORE

1601 N Riverside Ave / (541) 608-9540  
Essentials For Lovers  
Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm

## NEWPORT

### SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

611 SW Coast Highway / (541) 574-6969  
Videos, Magazines, Multi-Channel Arcade  
24 Hours / 7 Days

## OAKLAND

### ADULT SHOP

726 John Long Rd / (541) 849-3344  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
Sun-Thu 8am-12am, Fri-Sat 24 Hours

## ROSEBURG

### FILLED WITH FUN

2498 Old Highway 99E S / (541) 957-3741  
Novelties, Videos, Arcade, Toys, Magazines  
Mon-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri 10am-12am,  
Sat 11am-12am, Sun 12pm-9pm

## SALEM

### ADULT SHOP

155 Lancaster Dr SE / (503) 585-8288  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
24 Hours / 7 Days

### ADULT SHOP

2410 Mission St SE / (503) 763-3556  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
24 Hours / 7 Days

### ADULT SHOP

3113 River Rd N / (503) 390-4371  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
10am-12am / 7 Days

### BOB'S ADULT BOOKS

3815 State St / (503) 363-3846  
Adult Books, Videos, Arcade & Mini-Theater  
9am-2am / 7 Days

### CHEETAHS KKK CABARET

3453 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 316-6969  
18+ Juice Bar, Full Menu  
Tue-Thu 7pm-4am, Fri-Sat 6pm-5am,  
Sun 7pm-4am

### DIZZY'S SMOKE SHOP

1051 Commercial St SE / (503) 585-0050  
Mon-Fri 12pm-8pm, Sat-Sun 12pm-5pm  
4823 Commercial St SE / (503) 385-1564  
Mon-Fri 10am-9pm, Sat-Sun 10am-6pm  
21+ Head Shop & Gift Shop

### THE FIREHOUSE CABARET

5782 Portland Rd NE / (503) 393-4782  
Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery  
Mon-Sat 12pm-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

### SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

3473 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 370-7080  
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade  
24 Hours / 7 Days

### STARS CABARET

1550 Weston Ct NE / (503) 370-8063  
Full Bar, Full Menu, Sports Room, 4 Stages  
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am

### SUGAR SHACK GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

3803 Commercial St SE / (503) 371-1565  
Full Bar, Full Menu, Light-Up Dance Floor And Pole  
11:30am-2am / 7 Days

### VIXENS

3815 State St / (971) 304-7082  
Lingerie Modeling  
24 Hours / 7 Days

## SPRINGFIELD

### BOBBY'S VIP ROOM

1195 Main St / (541) 844-1019  
Full Bar, Full Menu, 4 Stages  
Mon-Sat 12pm-2:30am

### BRICK HOUSE

136 4th St / (541) 988-1612  
Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers, 1 Stage, 2 Cages  
11am-2:30am / 7 Days

### SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

1166 South A St / (541) 726-6969  
Videos, Mags, Clothes, Novelties, Arcade  
Mon-Tue 8am-12am, Wed-Sun 24 Hours

### THE MANCAVE

1444 Main St / (541) 515-6656  
Full Bar, Full Menu, 1 Stage  
Mon-Fri 12pm-2:30am, Sat-Sun 4pm-2:30am

## THE DALLES

### ADULT SHOP

3506 W 6th St / (541) 298-1874  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
Sun-Thu 10am-12am, Fri-Sat 10am-2am

## UMATILLA

### RIVERSIDE SPORTS BAR AND LOUNGE

1501-6th St / (541) 922-4112  
2 Stages, Full Bar, Lottery, Full Menu,  
Closed Mon, Tue-Thu 4pm-2:30am,  
Fri 11am-2:30am, Sat-Sun 12pm-2:30am  
Adult Entertainment: 6pm-2am

## WASHINGTON

## ABERDEEN

### THE FANTASY SHOP

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

## BREMERTON

### ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO

338 N Callow Ave / (360) 373-0551  
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade  
Mon-Sat 8am-2am, Sun 10am-10pm

### TURF NEWS

321 N Callow Ave / (360) 479-0111  
Videos, Magazines, Books  
Mon-Sat 11am-1am, Sun 11am-12am

## DES MOINES

### AIRPORT VIDEO 2

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

## EVERETT

### AIRPORT VIDEO 1

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

## KENNEWICK

### CASTLE MEGASTORE

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

## KENT

### THE FANTASY SHOP

604 Central Ave S / (253) 850-8428  
Adult Products & Smoke Supplies  
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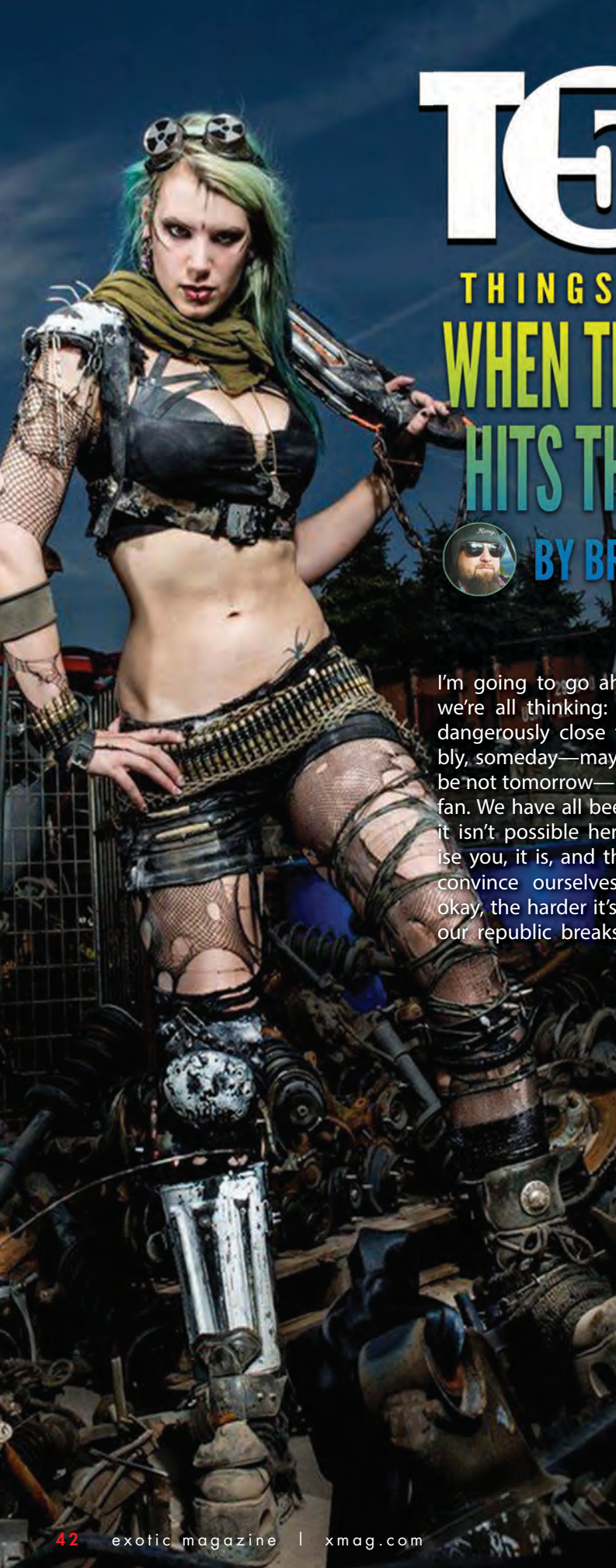
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# TOP

## THINGS TO DO WHEN THE SHIT HITS THE FAN



BY BRAD COX

I'm going to go ahead and say what we're all thinking: the shit is getting dangerously close to the fan. Inevitably, someday—maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow—it's going to hit that fan. We have all been raised to believe it isn't possible here, but I can promise you, it is, and the longer we try to convince ourselves it's going to be okay, the harder it's going to be, when our republic breaks up, like your par-

ents when you were in the ninth grade. You remember how well you took that, right? Don't worry though, because uncle Brad is here again, with some bad advice.

### 1) GET STONED AND ARMED

The first thing you have to do is get liquor and weapons (bonus points if you can find cocaine and hallucinogens). Seriously though, you don't want to get captured by cannibal rape gangs, do you? Because being sober and unarmed is how you get captured by cannibal rape gangs. The liquor is for the day-to-day, the cocaine is for when you see a fight coming and the LSD is for when you see that a fight isn't going your way. You might as well be tripping balls, while they're eating your balls. So, if you're one of those gun-hating, bleeding heart liberals, then I guess you should get good with a sword or learn to run really, really fast. Because they have guns and have been eating a lean, human protein diet.

### 2) GET TO THE HIGH GROUND AND OUT OF THE CITY

The problem with cities is, well, everything. But, in this specific circumstance, it's a shooting range for the soldiers, when they first come in to "preserve order." Do you really think Homeland Security didn't notice you sharing all



those anti-government memes? Trust me, Fucko, you *are* on a list—a list you don't want to be on—so, unless you've never used a computer or a cell phone to express discontent, you need to get the fuck out of the city and you need to do it now. I'm so very serious—there is definitely a list and we're definitely on it. You don't think they built all those FEMA camps just for Mexicans, do you? Also, spoiler alert...there are not enough camps for all of us, but they have plenty of plastic coffins (even cute, little baby-sized ones). So, run as soon as you hear the emergency broadcast system telling you to stay calm—that's precise-



ly when you need to lose your shit and run like you're on fire. Because, if you don't, they might actually set you on fire (which is a bonus for the cannibal rape gangs, 'cause, ya know, BBQ ribs).

### 3) LEARN TO SURVIVE

Now is the time to acquire the skills that taking the bus to your non-profit job hasn't taught you. Do you know how to purify drinking water? Do you know how to forage for food? Do you know the basics of gravity-fed irrigation? How about how to wire solar panels? No? I didn't think so. All of the shit



you know is useless after the National Guard locks down the cities and there aren't any grocery stores or Walmarts. Most estimates put the supply of food at two weeks after civil unrest breaks out. My favorite part, is it won't matter how much you have in the bank—because the banks will be nationalized and your pretend money won't even buy you steak sauce, for when you start eating your neighbors.

### 4) AVOID YOUR HEARTSTRINGS

The thing about a post-apocalyptic America, is that all that compassion you and your friends on Facebook have been pretending to have will immediately go away, as soon as people start looting and raping each other. Humans are animals, and even worse, we're animals who can use tools. You would think that a hurt little girl needs saving, until I tell you that little girl isn't hurt and her clan are hiding behind that guardrail, to pillage you from stem to stern. See, we are evil creatures, who already use other humans as tools, and there are consequences to that, after the shit hits the fan. What do you think will happen, when those consequences are gone? Nothing good—the answer is, nothing good at all.

### 5) BRING BOOKS, AS WE MUST REBUILD

The human race has reset several times since we've been abandoned on this rock, by God or Aliens or Alien Gods. We have always had to pretty much start fresh—I mean, building-fires-and-inventing-wheels fresh. When the smoke clears and two-thirds of the population are gone, there won't be a Google anymore. You'll be using smartphones as doorstops, if we've figured out how to make doors again, yet. So, bring some books when you run. Maybe, this time, we can learn from our mistakes. We probably won't—the cannibals will probably use the books for kindling in the fires they are cooking our kids. But, we have to have hope—all societies are built on hope. This one is pretty much out of it, but from the ashes of our great experiment will rise another one. I sure hope the new, great experiment has flying cars and hoverboards. Who knows? Maybe Elon Musk can save us from ourselves—before he peaces out to Mars—to avoid what we are already doing to ourselves.



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## JONAS DOES PORTLAND

BY JONAS BARNES

# The Summer I Strip Clubbed With My Dad

Oh boy, do I have a summer story for you guys this month.

Before I get into the grisly, sordid details of this trip, I need to give you some background on my family. My mom gave birth to my human bowling ball of an ass in Portland and it's been one of our favorite places all throughout my life. My stepdad was also a fan of Portland, and had met my mom there, before I erupted out of her vagina (this was also when my mom was also not stripping). The point being, is that Portland was in my life way before I ever lived in the city and my pops knew all about the strip club scene of yesteryear.

Somehow, however, we never made the trek down there to swim in the seas of sin as dad and son...that is, until I fucked my life up and had to move back home after I was 21. I was older, could drink, had my own thoughts and was also quite the scumbag, so I could definitely hold my own with the old yellers. By this time, we had a new neighbor and friend of my stepdad, named Marcos. He was a car mechanic, charismatic and knew his way around a good smut den. And, holy shit, could Marcos drink tequila—coincidentally, also my stepdad's favorite drink—they bonded over this, while I was homeless, prior to submitting to life and moving back home.

We decided to take a family vacation to Portland with my whole family, plus Marcos and his son. We're talking four teenagers and four adults, all packed into a minivan, going from Eastern Washington to Portland—that trip will make you want to fucking drink and party. My parents are also members of whatever cool kids' club Embassy Suites has, so they always go to those hotels for a thing called a "Manager's Reception" (which is just

a dumb euphemism for "Hey, the drinks are free in the lobby for these two hours, so get shitfaced..."). So, me, my pops and Big Marcos got nice and drunk for free, and had my mom drop our big, saucy asses off at the first stop of our night (per Big Marcos' request), which was The Double Dribble. If you don't know this place, good for you. It's since closed down and for good reason—it was a fucking armpit. It was a sports bar with a single stripper stage, pole and bar (and floors) covered in various \$1 beers (and, definitely cum). Our first dancer was on her last night before going on maternity leave. She was a whole lotta pregnant and that was the signal for me and my dad to go play a round of pool, while Marcos got her life story. In hindsight, a very pregnant dancer broke the ice of a weird-ass father and son strip club adventure quite well. After her and her fetus finished a round of songs, Marcos ran over to fill us in on details we gave negative fucks about and we left as quick as possible.

My mom was long gone and we were on our own. We told Marcos he was fired from strip club suggestions and moved down the road, to a place that has changed ownership a bunch (I forget what it's called currently). Anyway, we went in there and it was 1,000% better than the dumpster we were just in. But, the real fun happened outside. We left after a few dances and called a taxi. Once we got in the taxi, we told the guy driving we wanted to go to the famous Acropolis. The driver was old and surly as fuck and he knew we were not locals. So, he looked over the seat and said "Acrop', huh...you boys looking to have fun or just see some titties? Acrop' is for tourists. I'll take you to a newer place," and before we could say anything, Marcos loudly obliged. My dad and I immediately assumed he was taking us somewhere in

the bowels of nowhere, to charge us \$150 in cab fare. Well, we were assholes, because he didn't do that at all.

Where did he take us, you may ask? Well, our new best friend and all four of his old man teeth took us to one of my now all-time favorite clubs. This place is one of my favorite places on earth. My dad was unprepared for it and almost hyperventilated as soon as we walked in. I was more than happy with this and Marcos couldn't contain his happiness. We loaded up on bills and had a hell of a time for the good part of the two hours there, but here are some of the greatest hits of the night...

My dad admitted that he'd give anything for a night with a dancer (something I'm sure they've heard numerous times), Marcos bought a dance from two dancers at once and I've never seen a bigger smile on that man's face, a dancer pulled a bill out of my dad's mouth using only her vagina (impressive), I made friends with a bunch of dancers (which made my dad jealous), I bought my dad a lap dance that he'll remember forever, and finally, Marcos got to have a scissor-sister encounter on stage (and, I'm almost positive he was close to a heart attack from excitement). There was more, but I don't kiss and tell everything.

My mom picked us up—in a minivan—at the bottom of the parking lot. We fell into the car, made one final drunken trip to a Jack In The Box, we all pissed in a bush in the drive thru, ordered "taco nachos" (which we all agreed was a bad idea) and woke up throwing up so hard that we were in tears. And, if that's not what father and son bonding is in Portland, then I don't know what is.



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# BACKYARD BARBECUE FAUX PAS

(AND... HOW TO PREVENT THEM) BY MRS. JUNE RODGERS



Everyone loves a barbecue. Sometimes, though, the jungle juice flows a bit too freely and Uncle Todd ends up regurgitating the canapés into a flower pot or getting overly friendly with one of your guests. It may not be possible to anticipate all possible disasters for such events, but with some prudent planning, you too can mitigate fallout from a summertime gathering.

Firstly, consider it prudent to include things on your invitation that you might not need for a wintertime celebration. For instance, “Please avoid wearing only a Speedo this year—I don’t have a pool, TODD,” printed in embossed cursive on the bottom, can add both an elegant flair and a preventative measure in one fell swoop.

Do make sure that you get plenty of disposable partyware. Paper plates and plastic forks may not seem environmentally conscious these days, but you can get biodegradable options in a range of tasteful colors and styles. This almost goes without saying, but it’s an important step to remember, because a yard full of broken glass or ceramic is easy to prevent with this one easy step. Party stores also carry fun decorations for your outdoor event: balloons, streamers and favors of all shapes and sizes. Just remember, the more you get, the more you must tidy up! Adding a trash or recycling bin within easy access for your guests is a nice touch, but you know Todd won’t use it, so expect to clean a bit no matter what.

Make sure to check your guests’ dietary considerations before you shop for groceries. Allergies are a paramount concern, of course, but these days, it seems like everyone has some new food fad they’re into: veganism, vegetarianism, paleo, gluten-free, raw food,

Keto, Atkins, macrobiotic or whatever the kids are doing these days. It’s nice to respect all preferences, if possible. Foods that everyone can agree on can be hard to find, so make certain you include a little something for as many folks as you can. Asking people to specify what sorts of things they can and can’t eat with the RSVP is a great way to cover all your bases. Also, make sure to remind Todd that “ass only” or “pussy only” aren’t real dietary restrictions and to please stop bringing it up all the time.

Good etiquette for summertime parties shouldn’t impede a fun afternoon. However, if certain guests have an inability to maintain their dignity when intoxicated, some helpful measures to take ahead of time might include marking Todd’s cup or making sure you are serving the alcohol, so when he comes to ask for a refill, you can top it off with apple juice and Nyquil (since we all know, after the first cup, he doesn’t even know what’s in there anyway). When he inevitably falls asleep under the shrubbery, you can just make sure he’s comfortable and enjoy the rest of your party. You may also absolve yourself of guilt, if you choose to call the drunk tank wagon for him once he’s asleep—should your other guests find his vomit-stained, immobile, hulking body under your bushes to be upsetting.

Dehydrated or overheated party-goers are never at their best. It’s important to make sure there’s plenty of shade and ice-cold water available for them. If you don’t naturally have a shady area in your yard, fun, stylish party canopies can be rented—or purchased—with ease. It can also be a delightful and inexpensive option to put your hose sprayer or sprinkler to the “mist” setting and aim it into the air near—but, not at—your deck or patio.

Make sure Todd’s already passed out if you do this, unless you want a repeat of last year’s public nudity debacle.

Since you must let people into your house to use the restroom now and then, make sure any tempting valuables, dangerous items or special trinkets are stored away (or locked up). It’s not a sign of distrust, just prudence. This way, Grandpa Joe’s urn can’t be broken (again) and no one can shoot themselves in the foot. Easily mixed up items like keys or jewelry can’t go “missing” and “accidents”—like a certain uncle leaving his “mark” in the corner of your bedroom—won’t be of concern. If you’re especially flush with cash, you can even rent a port-a-potty to streamline things—just do make sure it’s chained down securely and can’t be easily tipped over.

Look, you know Todd will be there. Warn people, especially your female friends. If you don’t invite him, he’ll come anyway. You can’t call the cops, because mom will throw a fit if you do and you must have this party, because, at this point, everyone expects it and you can’t let them down. Just buckle in and do your best.

Lastly, gift bags can be a playful addition to any social event and a little bit of labor on your part can really demonstrate that you went the extra mile for your friends who showed up, despite the fact that they all knew he was going to be there.

- Mrs. June Rodgers

*Mrs. June Rodgers is a housewife, mother and aspiring interior designer. Her greatest wish is to have a party without Todd being there. She enjoys red wine and the occasional romance novel.*







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# 3 REASONS You Should Not BE A MUSICIAN By Blazer Sparrow



DJ Hazmatt had a piece last month, about all the wonderful ways you can use your strip club DJ skills outside the club. And, really, this can be applied to any skills you have on a turntable, that aren't rudimentary. Seriously, weddings are a good way to make bank from so many angles—not just as a DJ, but as a photographer, caterer, property owner, floral arranger...you name it. 'Tis the ultimate American hustle. And, equipment-wise, you don't even need an impressive record collection—just an internet connection and something to spin on. There are miniature turntable and mixer combos that can be folded up into a suitcase these days. I know—my friend will bring it to get-togethers and DJ. These aren't parties, mind you, just five or six peeps drinking PBR and shooting the shit. It's awesome.

See, A DJ can find a home anywhere, and besides extensive music knowledge, there doesn't have to be a huge investment (unless you're really going old school with two turntables, a mixer, speakers, legit headphones and actual crates of records). But, while trying to think of all the ways a lowly musician can make use of their so-called "skill," I came up short. If it's not inconvenience, it's irrelevance. As awesome as live drums would be at a rap battle, they are a bitch-and-a-half to lug around. Also, if you bust out an acoustic guitar at a party and start singing, you're an asshole—end of story. Instead, here are three reasons why you shouldn't even be a musician in the first place.

## Yer Wallet

Seriously, this cannot be reiterated enough. Becoming a musician—or worse, becoming passionate about it in any way—is nothing but a huge money-suck. Unless you're content with the ukulele or the triangle, it's gonna be an investment. You could say this about any hobby, really, but I would argue that music really is the gift that keeps on taking, when it comes to draining any and all expendable income you have. It's a habit worse than cocaine, because as soon as you get better, you're gonna want to upgrade your shit, buy new shit or expand on the shit you

have. Even as a DJ, you'll find yourself pouring grocery funds into speakers that are just slightly better than your old ones. You could just use a bunch of classic drum machine samples downloaded for free on the internet or you could save up for three months and blow two grand on an actual Roland TR-808 (not making this up, find one cheaper and let me know—I want one).

It doesn't matter if you can recreate all those sounds with an app on an iPhone, you'll find yourself wanting the real thing. Guitarists and bassists are royally fucked. Even if you're happy with your crappy main ax, you'll find



yourself pissing a hundred dollars a pop away on new pedals to make your shitty playing sound less so. Further, cymbals are more expensive than you realize. Although, a cheap Yamaha can recreate most of your favorite vintage synth sounds, just wait until you come across a little bit of money, then watch it immediately fly away, 'cause you need an actual Fender Rhoads, an actual Wurliitzer and an actual Moog. Oh, don't forget renting rehearsal spaces, unless you're lucky enough to have a basement that doesn't offend the neighbors. This is also all just pennies, compared to the Benjamins you'll be suckered into blowing on recording time.

## Yer Love Life

I kid, I kid...there are musicians out there who are able to maintain healthy relationships. They're either successful or they stopped

playing music. And even then, I feel the cruel muse has tainted them. I don't mean to generalize. There are probably musicians out there who just do this sort of thing for fun, so they can be the asshole that busts out an acoustic guitar at parties. If you're good enough and practice enough, you can actually make a few dollars playing cello in the orchestra or something and compartmentalize your passion into a little side hustle, while still being emotionally available for someone.

But, more likely than not, you took up music because of some far-fetched pipe dream that, odds say, will never be fulfilled. This is a recipe for disaster, when you throw romantic liaisons in the mix. Not only does music suck up a lot of time and money (see above), but also a lot of emotion, if you're doing it right. This can definitely give the wrong idea to whatever unlucky soul is fucking you—or, God forbid, dating you—at the moment. My advice to musicians is to at least date other musicians. Then, you both sorta...get it. You've both sacrificed everything for this intermittent complete fulfillment and you'll also understand each other's occasional moodiness. If you have to explain to your partner why you're buying another guitar when you already own five, it's not going to work out.

## Yer Sanity

This could probably be said about anyone attempting a career in the arts. Don't do it! It's not worth it! There's enough to live for! But, in all honesty, if I were to give any solid advice to anyone who wanted to play music, I would first say, "don't." If they insisted, I'd seriously warn them that, besides suffering heavy losses in the above two bullet points, this third one is equally susceptible. There's no such thing as talent. It's just time and effort, and it takes a lot of time and effort to even fake being good musically. Just like any other skill, it asks a lot of you. But, unlike the bazillions of dollars and eons of time it takes to be a doctor or lawyer, there is absolutely no guaranteed return for all your hard work learning to play the electric banjo. There are ways to make a living, but they are like navigating a swamp at night without a flashlight, while someone is yelling at you the whole time for some reason. What's worse about music, is that it's something we all choose to do, because we really want to. There is some strange, sublime fulfillment that we get out of it. But, ultimately, unless you're at the right place at the right time, or literally have a flashlight for that swamp, it'll always be just a ridiculously expensive hobby, that drains you emotionally and mentally. Collect stamps instead.

Blazer out!



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*This story is based on true events and nothing has been done to protect the identity of anyone. The title was originally intended to be a play on "A Kid In King Arthur's Court," which was a play on "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court," but I couldn't make it work.*

When it was my birthday again last month, I went to a strip club and had fun. I drove there in a big van. I like going to strip clubs, because they have Nice Girls there who smile at me, even though I am staring at their bodies all the time. Outside of strip clubs, they have the Mad Girls, who I don't like. The Mad Girls are mean when I stare at them or other girls. When they are mad, I feel bad, but not really. At the strip club, I am safe.

At the strip club, I look at the Nice Girls and their boobs. The boobs don't have milk yet, but that's okay—milk is for babies!

It was in the city of Austin, Texas—I got lost and almost drove into a field full of bugs and bums. Earlier that birthday, I was planning on drinking alone, but then my friend, Drugdealer, invited me to a strip club and that was exciting. He was there already with Beard Friend and that guy's lawyer. I was

shouting about nothing and looking at the Nice Girls. Beard Friend was excited about an Instagram post of his going viral earlier that day, so he felt like a boss. The lawyer had the cranium of a murderous cave person and he kept getting up and going back to the VIP area to have sex with Nice Girls who were very nice.

When I sat down and looked at all the Nice Girls with their clothes off, I knew I was having a good time. I attempt eye contact with the Nice Girls and there is one who I project all of my irrational neediness onto. She



Carla said, that for \$300 dollars, I could "touch everything" and I assumed this meant sexual intercourse, but I said "no," 'cause I'm afraid of commitment.

*I was 34 and a half, but now I'm 35.*

One of the Nice Girls was very young and wasn't good at walking in high heels, so Drugdealer and I laughed, because we're bastards. Drugdealer decided to make her his Strip Club Girlfriend, because she seemed innocent and lost. Then, Drugdealer wanted to make her his real girlfriend and kept asking for her phone number, so he could selfishly complicate her life.

Being too cheap to pay for VIP Room access, I stayed in my rolling chair and laughed at what I perceived to be a brilliant compromise between the sexes. But, whenever I laugh, I feel brain pain from the Mad Girl who lives in my head. I paid Portland State University to put a virtual Mad Girl in my brain.

Mad Girl gets super extra mom mad, whenever I lie at parties about having read and understood Judith Butler. She wears box-framed glasses and carries a large pair of

## A MANCHILD VISITS AN AUSTIN STRIP CLUB

told that the lawyer would pay for everything. So, I drove there recklessly, because I expected something new and exciting to happen. I like it when older men pay for stuff. Older women, too!

When I went into the club, I had to pay a \$25 cover, then a jock touched my whole body—like I was a horse. The building was full of black light and construction workers, sitting in identical cushioned chairs on wheels. It's a fact—in Texas, they don't sell alcohol at strip clubs, so you have to bring your own booze. If you want a soft drink, you have to buy it from a dirty old man, who looks like he only listens to classic rock.

All of the construction workers there had Mexican beer in buckets of ice and they didn't tip. Construction workers don't like it when you look at their faces. If they could talk, they would probably say, "Hey, pal. I'm here to think about sex. Get in my way and I'll kill you!" Some of these men are younger than me, but they seem older, because I'm scared of other men.

I found Drugdealer, Beard Friend and the lawyer, all sitting together, high on ecstasy,

BY CHRISTIAN RICKETTS



gets to be Strip Club Girlfriend for the night. I met Strip Club Girlfriend when I looked at her butt and then her face. Her real name was Carla and she was from Cuba. Carla reminded me of sex, but didn't speak American good. I started to think about what our children would look like and what my family would think of her. I had a boner. Carla sat on my pants and knew the Boner was there, and I gave her money 'cause that's the deal. When in Rome!

rust-colored scissors. The glasses represent the withering judgment of the men, while the scissors represent castration of the male libido. In Icelandic mythology, she is described as Ice Whale Woman and she eats adolescent boys who haven't been circumcised. I'm the *real* victim!

I went outside and saw a homeless kitten. Then, after worrying about it, I felt like a good guy. If only the Nice Girls inside the former DMV knew that I liked homeless cats! That started a mind movie, about an amalgam of all the Nice Girls I saw that night, wanting to have casual sex with me all because I like cats. I had a boner.

Speeding back to the Air BnB in my big van, I had to limp up the stairs, because my pieces hurt. I wanted sex! I started jacking it like a boss and eventually won. In the mind movies I used, the Nice Girls were randomly swapped out for each other within a general narrative of sexual availability, as well as a lack of criticism for how I am as a person.

I like strip clubs! I think they're nice!

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