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ROUNDS 1-3
COVERAGE!

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OF THE IRISH

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FEATURES

THE CURIOUS TALE OF DURABLE MIKE
an unbelievable (but true) story of murder, incompetence, and absurdity
page 16 by Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle

IT COULD BE WORSE (THE GRATITUDE COLUMN)
let’s dig deep and find reasons to be grateful for p-town’s live music scene
page 22 by Blazer Sparrow

ORPHEUS: IN DREAMS, I WALK WITH YOU
part three in a series about a star-crossed love story that confronts addiction, the struggles of long-distance relationships, and death
page 36 by Elise Fontaine

THE PECULIAR PATRONS OF CATHOLICISM
there’s a saint for that, too… exploring the unique oddities of the many patron saints
page 39 by Wombstretcha the Magnificent

INSIDE STUFF

EROTIC CITY
SPOTLIGHT OF EVENTS
EXOTIC PINUP
EXOTIC MAPS (PDX/OR/WA)
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MEEMAW’S TURKEY DINNER ORIGINS
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Mike Malloy (1873-1933) was an Irish-born former firefighter, who found himself homeless, alcoholic, and an all-around ragamuffin in the Big Apple during the 1920s and '30s. He was known to frequent a nameless speakeasy that was tucked away in a seedy part of town, owned by one Tony Marino. A place where you could, for a nickel, buy glasses of “smoke,” which was basically just unrefined fuel alcohol. Somehow, Mike’s liver just kept chugging along day after day—an impressive feat, given that the consumption of poisonous liquor would kill some 10,000 revelers before prohibition finally ended.

One day, after some drinks and commiseration between the owner/bartender (Marino) and four other patrons (Joseph “Red” Murphy, Hershey Green, Daniel Kriesberg, and Francis Pasqua—a corrupt undertaker), a nefarious plot was hatched. Each of them needed money, none of them had a wealth of moral sensibility, and no one seemed to give two shits about poor old Mike. With the help of a less-than-upstanding insurance agent, the five of them took out a life insurance policy on Malloy, which would pay $3,500 (that’s a bit over $70k now) if, and only if, Mike died an accidental death. Marino then offered bottomless free drinks to Mike with the plan that the deeply alcoholic man would just drink himself to death if given free rein to do so. Mike apparently accepted the offer with an astonishing but unsurprising lack of skepticism.

After some time, it became apparent that this wasn’t going to achieve anything except maybe making Marino’s bar go bankrupt, so the conspirators (later dubbed “The Murder Trust”) decided to escalate their tactics and began adding antifreeze to his drinks. Mike barely batted an eye and just kept pounding back the free booze with all the gusto he’d had before and with no apparent ill effect. There’s been some debate as to how he managed to survive this, and though science likes to suggest that the ethanol in the booze blocks the absorption of ethylene glycol, which would otherwise be toxic, I prefer to believe that Mike was just made of stronger stuff.

After this failed to do the trick, the crew opted to try turpentine, which I’m sure, if you’re still reading, you can guess also didn’t work. After the turpentine, they tried horse liniment, which also did not stop the ironclad liver of Durable Mike. (I’m not sure which of them thought this would work and why or if they were just randomly grabbing things that looked vaguely toxic and making inventive new cocktails for Malloy to try at this point.) Eventually, they even tried rat poison, which somehow—again—Mike shrugged off as if it was nothing. The Murder Trust was getting rather annoyed at this point and decided to mix shots of pure wood alcohol (methanol) into his drinks. Again, no dice.

By then, I can imagine the schemers were feeling more and more irate and probably malicious, because here was when they opted to offer Malloy a helping of oysters soaked in wood alcohol—hoping this mixture of bad seafood and denatured delicious booze

THE CURIOUS TALE OF DURABLE MIKE
BY ESMERALDA RUPP-SPANGLE
alcohol would prove poisonous. It did not. Sometime later, they offered him a spoiled sardine sandwich mixed with carpet tacks and broken glass (alternately said to contain poison and tacks, and some even report the sardine tin itself was chopped up and included). Mike reportedly enjoyed the meal so much, he asked for another.

After what must have been a significant amount of frustration, the ne'er do wells decided to try a different angle, and so on one bitterly cold, snowy evening, after Mike had passed out drunk at the bar, they hauled him bodily out into a park and dumped several gallons of water onto his chest, assuming that it would freeze and be the end of hardy Mike. Unbeknownst to them, conflicting stories say that either a policeman found Malloy and hauled him off to a homeless shelter for the night or that the cold jolted him awake, and he stumbled off to a warm bed on his own. Either way, he showed up the next day to the bar, claiming he had little memory of how he'd gotten out there, shrugged, picked up a glass, and resumed drinking.

Next, the group tried killing Mike with Hershey Green's taxi—who hit an inebriated, stumbling Malloy at about 45 mph. He appeared to be dead, so off they drove, apparently victorious. For some reason, though, they couldn't seem to collect the policy they'd taken out, and a couple of weeks later, as they were trying to navigate the legalese of this matter, into the bar walks Mike. He'd suffered a number of broken bones but simply said:

"I'm dying for a drink!"

Finally, in February of 1933, the infuriated would-be killers hauled a passed-out Malloy to Murphy's room, jammed a coal gas jet hose into his mouth, and turned it on. This, finally finally, did the trick. Durable Mike was dead.

After a sensational trial, in which the killers tried every trick in the book to get themselves off, three of the four were found guilty of first-degree murder and sentenced to death by execution at Sing Sing Prison. Green was given 5-10 years for vehicular assault, after trying to mow someone else down who had a similar name as Malloy, with the idea it might be easier to kill them than Mike, while still collecting his insurance—a plan which also did not work. Additionally, a Dr. Frank Manzella was found guilty of the lesser crime of failing to report a suspicious death after accepting a bribe to sign a bunk death certificate.

All in all, the group spent an estimated $1,875 trying to cash in on the $3,500 policy, split five ways.

There are reports that at other times, they had additionally attempted to machine-gun him down, beat him on the head, or offer more toxic compounds, and though these claims carry varying degrees of veracity, the picture remains that Mike was indeed, as durable as they come. Maybe harder to kill than even Rasputin himself.

Who Mike really was, anything about his family and past has been lost to history, but today Mike rests in a cheap $10 coffin at Ferncliff Cemetery in New York, a testament to the strength of the Irish spirit to thrive and drink, in the face of all adversity.

Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle is an avid historian of all things seedy and criminal. She can be found on MeWe by name, the book of faces as Esmeralda Marina, or IG @esmeraldasilencitadel.
FALL P-TOWN HAPS

There’s no mistaking that fall is upon us, but despair not the unabating rain and cooler air—it’s the perfect excuse to be doing what you really want to do: watching your favorite entertainers perform in the warmth and dryness of your favorite industry refuge. Outside is overrated. You had all summer to enjoy it, and you probably squandered it away, inside. Or drunk. Or both.

You should also keep in mind that you have just under 60 days to party until the wheels fall off before making that same New Year’s resolution to not continue with your bender-ish (or binger-ish—whatever shoe fits, I’m not judging) ways… Now that I’ve planted the seed of urgency within you let’s get on with it.

The key to your mission, soldier, is the almighty Happy Hour. First off, let’s celebrate clubs that actually still have the 60-or-more minutes of jolly. What used to be tradition throughout the entire industry has certainly fallen to a paltry handful. So let’s hear it for Cabaret, Columbia Strip, DV8, and The Lounge! And folks, if you efficiently plan a trip across all four of these fine establishments, you can enjoy seven hours of said joy. Please enjoy somewhat responsibly, however, as cheer can turn to chunks at a moment’s notice, killing the entire vibe.

And yes, I speak as someone intimately familiar with the matter.

Now that you’ve mastered the art of happy hour stacking, you’re ready to mix in some extracurricular events like a free turkey dinner at Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport or Salem) on Thanksgiving evening and Sayla’s Pop Icons Birthday Party on Saturday, November 27 at Hawthorne Strip. Dressing up as Justin Bieber or Miley Cyrus is optional but highly recommended.

It’s not all about drinks and dinner, either. Adult Shop is doing it big with Black Friday every Friday in November. That’s right, folks, sales all month long on everything from bra & panty sets to earthly body relief gift sets and Sportsheets Saffron & Fun Factory erotic toys. Eva’s Boutique joins the sale party with 25% off overstock lingerie, 50% off Kixie Stockings, and they have an awesome selection of holiday candles, to boot!

Wrapping up this month’s sales and specials, we have Sexy November Nights at Taboo, complete with sexy seasonal attire and hot adult toys. Also, don’t forget that Fantasyland in Clackamas is always open for all your erotic needs at any hour!

MISS EXOTIC OREGON UPDATE

Can you believe that we’re already more than halfway through the competition?! Hopefully, you’ve made it to one or all the qualifier rounds thus far—they’ve been amazing, to say the least. Just an incredible level of talent! More performers have joined the pageant this year than ever in the history of Miss Exotic Oregon.

I’d like to congratulate all of our qualifying finalists, to date:

**Round 1**: Aqua | Cheetahs Cabaret, Phoenix | Cheetahs Cabaret, Thorne Bloodlust | Cheetahs Cabaret

**Round 2**: Lexi | Club SinRock, Belle Devereux | Hawthorne Strip, Heidi Ho Hunstman | X Exotic Lounge

**Round 3**: Remy | Firehouse, Hedonist Goddess | The Hott Boxxx, Lexi | Stars Cabaret Salem

(Check out page 44 to see photos of all the abovementioned finalists in action during their qualifying set.)

Don’t miss the last two qualifying rounds: Friday, November 5 at The Lounge and Thursday, November 11 at Cabaret. Then, fasten your seatbelt and get ready for one helluva ride at The Finals: Friday, November 26 (Black Friday) at Dante’s in Downtown Portland.

Happy Thanksgiving or Thankstaking—or turkey & yam day. Anything but Dallas Cowboys Appreciation Day, ‘cuz...
that’s where I draw the line.

Peace, love and cranberry sauce. We out!

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FRI 05 – THE LOUNGE
MISS EXOTIC OREGON
QUALIFIER ROUND VI

THU 11 – CABARET
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QUALIFIER ROUND VII

THU 25 – STARS CABARET
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FREE TURKEY DINNER

FRI 26 – DANTE’S
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For fuck's sake, how is it already Thanksgiving again? 2021 is literally almost over, and most of us are still trying to come to terms with 2020 even happening. The only thing these new '20s have been roaring with is a deafening cacophony of apocalyptic dread. Why are holidays even a thing anymore? Time doesn't exist. No one has any money. The only reason I realized Thanksgiving is coming is 'cause I had to think of a November theme for this issue, and I remembered my prior, hard-hitting journalism regarding the notorious ARK Music Factory. Thank you, Nicole Westbrook, for reminding me... it's Thanksgiving. I hope she's doing well.

In this more enlightened and history-literate era, it gets harder and harder to genuinely celebrate colonial propaganda and literal revisionism. Gone are the days of children's cartoon True-Meaning-Of treatments to federally mandated days off. We're smarter than that. Still, seasonal themes are fun (and required by my editor-in-chief).

[Editor's Note: Fake news. He chose a holiday theme on his own accord. Carry on...]

So, for the sake of content, I'll play ball. If one strips away the genocidal undertones of this random Thursday off, we can all get down with that concept of giving thanks. No harm there, right?

Now, after getting this far, I realized I write a music scene column, and I'm dealing with... Portland. Still, I take my job seriously, and although this took forever, I was able to set the cynicism aside and actually come up with sincere things to be grateful for in the local live music scene in this sad, wet, soon-to-be shantytown.

**It's Actually Pretty Cheap!**

Please don't @ me. I am well aware that the cost of living has dramatically skyrocketed since even I've been here. The poor folks who came here in the '90s are rightfully pissed off. If this was a peer-reviewed journal of any merit, I would include data of how the housing pricing has gone up in Portland at a faster rate than even the most infamous gentrified hellholes, but this is a magazine with tits that you grabbed for free at a porn store.

However, believe it or not, it is still relatively inexpensive for a city that still has some semblance of a live music scene. Yes, it is bad. But, it is not three grand for a fucking shoebox like Boston or San Francisco. There is still the possibility of a punk scene here because you could actually work as a barback and afford both top ramen and cigarettes here. Who knows, in a few years, if Apple moves in. Maybe those folks under the Hawthorne Bridge got the right idea.

**The Weather's Nice!**

Unless you're a fucking lizard and need to bathe in atomic radiation on a rock in the desert to be happy, the Pacific Northwest really does have the ideal climate. There are seasons here. There's green. More importantly, there's fucking water. That's gonna be a pretty important factor coming up, but that's for a later issue. From my travels and folks I've talked to, pretty much all American Hipster Backwaters are the same, so you might as well find one that has nice summers and some snow just for funzies, a few days in the winter. Sure, it rains a lot, but it's not 400 days a year like Seattle. And, although we do have a drought, it's not like a California drought. Sure, a city like New Orleans actually has a consistent, vibrant, live music ecosystem where you might get away with not having a day job, but have you ever been there in August? You'll die. If restaurants close for an entire month in the dog days of summer, that's nature's way of saying humans should not have settled there. For fuck's sake, most of the city is below sea level. All we got to worry about in Portland is an earthquake that'll level the entire town at some point.

**It's Not In Texas!**

I've never been to Austin, and I'm already sick of it. I've heard all the good things. South By Southwest is legendary. People from England move there to start bands. I get it. There are entire downtown strips where each building is a club with a live band jamming away to an indifferent

Yes, "Keep Austin Weird" came before "Keep Portland Weird."

But, you know what Portland has that Austin doesn't? It's not in fucking Texas.
crowd. It’s a place where musicians can and do live without day jobs. It’s such a warm and nurturing music scene that it becomes a black hole for players where no matter how hard they try, they fall back in. Marc Maron says it best in his recent tour lampooning a musician from Austin: “Yeah, I’m back... so anyway.” Not trying to knock the city or seem jealous. We can hissy fit till the end of time about which city is “weirder.” Yes, “Keep Austin Weird.” came before “Keep Portland Weird.” But, you know what Portland has that Austin doesn’t? It’s not in fucking Texas.

You Can Coast!

One thing we can all agree on about musicians is that they’re lazy. Rarely on time, either! What Portland offers that New York and Los Angeles can’t is that you can be your true self here! The West Coast truly did become the Best Coast for music during the cultural revolution and beyond because it provided a safe haven for artists to escape the constant demand to “get a job” and “pay rent” on the East Coast, where only the bootstrapping hustlers could survive. Lazy, smelly hippies flocked to Haight-Ashbury to invent the hot mess we artists are stuck in today, but I dare you to find affordable housing within shouting distance of that neighborhood or the city in general. That dream of doing little and expecting less only survives in our soggy little city where the Willamette meets the Columbia. Plus, there’s no chance of actually getting roped into some real work here as a musician. I know heroin addicts in Los Angeles that are working full-time because there’s that much of a demand for session musicians. No such industry in Portland. If you just wanna get high and fart around with your friends, this is the last city along the Pacific Ocean where you can do so. Have you ever been on tour? Shit is exhausting. Even Seattle has famous record labels that might sign you and expect you to get your shit together. Portland just might be the only music hub where you can just be the annoying guy at parties who uses the “I’m in a band” line to pick up girls. You don’t even have to show up to practice half the time!
THIS ISSUE OF EXOTIC IS DEDICATED TO ALL THE INDUSTRY BUSINESSES THAT CONSISTENTLY SUPPORT US THROUGH THEIR MONTHLY ADVERTISEMENTS. WE WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO PRINT AND DISTRIBUTE THIS MAGAZINE WITHOUT THEIR SUPPORT.

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I’m pretty sure you’re all aware of what you’re supposed to be eating for Thanksgiving, that holiday where white people celebrate being, uh… and the rest celebrate, uh… food… sure. Anyway, you all know what you’re supposed to be shoving in your face that day. But, did you know just exactly where Grandma’s cornbread stuffing originated from? Or, how about that mincemeat pie your aunt tries desperately to get correct every year, even though you keep having to tell her that what she is really doing is shoving ground beef into a pie crust, with apples on top (a minor translation issue between King’s English and American vocabulary).

Well, since I bet your answer to both of those examples was “no, Hannah, I do not know where these foods originated from,” I’m going to give you some hard facts on the most popular foods eaten around the Thanksgiving table, TV tray, your lap, boob holster, or even standing around the stove. Enjoy.

Stuffing – It isn’t quite known when stuffing was actually first used. However, the first known written literature on stuffing as a food was found in the Roman cookbook, Apicius. In this cookbook, they go on to write several chapters on cooked meats such as lamb, fish, and flamingo. My guess is they were also the first to determine, “This bird will taste a lot better if I shove my hand up its ass with some vegetables and seasonings.” I am forever curious who was the first to shove their hand up the flamingo’s ass.

Pie – Pie is an interesting thing. I was going to go into the origin of pumpkin pie or some other specific pie, but those all turned out to be pretty boring in terms of historical origin. But since you’re wondering, Nancy Whitehouse found pumpkins laying about when they arrived on the Mayflower to the new land, said to herself, “I’m going to bash this to pieces, boil it and see what happens” (just like Grandma used to.) Nancy then went over to Carol’s cottage, where Carol was busy making really dry, horrid, crusty breads that definitely didn’t have maggots in them, and asked Carol if she could make a crust for this orange mush she had boiling. Unfortunately, that idea didn’t pan out because Carol was a bitch, and instead, they ended up eating the pumpkin mush with honey and milk inside the hollowed-out pumpkin shell. Mmmm-mmm.

So, Pie. The first pies were predominantly meat pies (hence mincemeat, not mince) and were pretty much crust with some bits of fowl in them. You ate them like a lollipop because the legs were generally kept in the crust to be used as handles while eating. (Just try Googling this for an image; I dare you. You’ll end up hungry for potpies and still not have a relevant photo of this.)

Mac ‘N Cheese – Apparently, Thomas Jefferson was enthralled with pasta dishes after visiting France or Italy. Several sources go back and forth; you don’t care. He brought himself back a pasta machine, shoved it in front of his cook lady, Carol, who said basically, “wtf is this?” and was forced to learn the ins and outs of a pasta machine while learning how to also make pasta.

Carol, being the snotty wench that she was, was too lazy to manufacture long pasta noodles, so instead stuck with the small, curly things you see today. Ingenuity and laziness at its finest. True facts, just don’t quote me.

We can also thank Kraft for saying, “Hey bro, like, I guess the kids today are getting pretty fat, so like, let’s take out a couple of ingredients people can’t pronounce and replace them with saffron and some other plant that’s really just “plant derivative” and make us some orange cheese sauce. Just like the 17th-century cheese frauds. Good job, Kraft. Whatever, you know, it still tastes good. Two facts you can’t argue, American kids will al-
ways be fat, and Kraft’s mac & cheese sauce will always be good.

Turkey – Alright, so turkey. I really don’t know why people like turkey so much. I think it’s a pretty bland bird. Dry, even when you cook or fry it right, and pretty much just forgettable. In fact, for most Thanksgivings, I don’t even eat turkey. I go straight for the good stuff—bourbon. So, anyway... turkey. Fun bird, the turkey. Fun, dumb, and full of meat to feed an entire family. It’s said that turkey was more likely than not, not what was actually eaten at the “first Thanksgiving” (which, by the way... that whole pilgrim thing was actually not the first Thanksgiving… fun fact, look it up—this article is about food). Turkeys became synonymous with Thanksgiving after farmers started getting tired of the number of turkeys around their streets. Turkeys around every corner. Like penguins being a nuisance in New Zealand. Or castles being an annoying roundabout in England. In the beginning, you know, after the whole Native American thing where they decided to leave on their terms, there were over 10 million turkeys in America.

Who the fuck’s job was it to count 10 million turkeys? How did they know? Did they count the number of turkeys per square mile and go from there? Much like the count of licks to get to the center of a Tootsie Pop, the world may never know.

Either way, turkeys became the staple of Thanksgiving feasts due to over-population of the suckers, people getting tired of having to move them out of the way whenever there was a rainstorm (turkeys like to stare at rain clouds and drown themselves). Also, the fact that they were easily able to feed a large family (or even a normal-sized family, nowadays). This is why we don’t eat owls.

So, there you have it—a list of some of the most common food items eaten on Thanksgiving and where their origins started. Again, do not quote or try to source me. I’m right, and at the end of the night, you don’t care enough. Enjoy your bland turkey and eat all the orange “cheez sauce”—macaroni you can. Carol and Thomas Jefferson would appreciate it.

Hannah One Cup can be found foraging the ground for edible things like mushrooms, chicken legs, ice cream, and cheese. You might see her around the Midnite Mart grabbing a beer to go with her really dry turkey leftovers. She will show up to your Thanksgiving, if invited, so long as there is cheap bourbon and chicken (she will eat all the chicken skin).
Like I said earlier, dreams have a funny way of being real when someone dies.

I always wished to spend more time with Orpheus, ever since we met. He confessed to feeling the same and even tried to convince me to move to Canada a few times. It’s a shame that it took him dying for us to finally be together. Well, sort of.

Now that he’s dead, he visits me all the time, mostly in dreams. After a few months of panic, I think he figured out taking form in my dreams is the sanest and least painful way to communicate with me.

Living Orpheus loved it when I told him about being in my dreams. He always wanted to know what happened in them. These days, when Dead Orpheus shows up in my dreamscapes, I like to think he also watches me write them down so as to enjoy my interpretation since he can’t ask for me to tell him the details anymore.

Like last week, I know he peeked over my shoulder as I wrote about his most recent dream appearance. The hair stood on my arms and my neck. My ears tingled as I scribbled out the remaining impressions.

In the dream, he somehow perched himself on the nightstand near my bed and lovingly studied every part of my body as I slept. His body was too big to be positioned on the small bedstand, but that’s what he did, and it seemed completely normal. I felt him yearning to be closer to me; to touch my soft skin and feel the warmth between us. However, we had a problem: He had no body. When his ghost eyes scanned me from the bedside table, I gained awareness of his presence. I rolled toward his spirit that resembled him in the flesh, tricking me into believing the moment was real and that I was engaging with Living Orpheus. Little did I know, it was Dead Orpheus who smiled at me and caressed my head and cheeks. His tender longing shocked me awake within the dream. I matched his desire for intimacy and connection and then reached out for him to join me in my cozy bed. As I almost touched his hand, I remembered he was dead and that ghosts don’t have flesh or hands. I then woke up in real life, sad and alone, wrapped in blankets on my bed. I was also grateful Orpheus came to me and stayed with me long enough for me to know he was actually present. I sobbed through the deepest anguish until I gave way to the joy of knowing his love was so strong that it floated out of Hades and into my bedroom.

As I was packing old notebooks in my room, a tiny dream diary fell out of the box and hid under my bed. I opened it this morning to find dreams about Orpheus from when he was alive. All of them were marked with little neon flags so I could look back on them later. I think it’s a sign to share them here, so I will.

In the first dream, I was riding Orpheus, and both of us were in sexual ecstasy. He begged me to stay with him in Canada, and I surrendered to his request without hesitation. A lawnmower woke me up, but I was
able to fall back asleep, and Orpheus returned to my dreams. This time, he emphatically practiced presenting his thesis to me, which had something to do with the psychology of celestial bioluminescent squids, similar to the firefly squid. The difference was that these squids lived not only in the Western Pacific Ocean but also in space. An academic program finally accepted Orpheus's concept, about my safety.

That fall, I dreamed that Psychic TV played a show in Orlando at a park near a river. Annoying people were hostage-talking me in the bathroom. They wouldn’t shut up, and they wouldn’t let me leave. I could feel Orpheus on the other side of the river where the band was playing, so I promptly left the idiots to blab amongst themselves. I needed to know that he was really there, that I wasn’t just making it up, that I could sense his nearby presence. I crossed the river to find him. My plan was to ignore him once I found him, which is not anything I’d want to do in real life. He sat at a table with a little girl.

so he was in a delightful mood. As he told me about the squids from outer space and how they communicate, I saw a transcription of his research roll in the air between us, like film credits. Bright blue squids swam around us and through the scrolling words. Then, I awoke.

A month later, I had a semi-bad dream. I was in an office break room that had a bed in it. Orpheus arrived, aloof and distant. He was looking for someone else, not me. I drove to an abandoned boat ramp. The brakes on my car died, and I drove right into the freezing river. I miraculously got out alive and fine. Orpheus showed up again; this time, he was concerned about my safety.

“As I almost touched his hand, I remembered he was dead and that ghosts don’t have flesh or hands.”

His face was greyish and sunken in, and he was thinner than I ever saw him. Music memorabilia covered the table. “Come sit with me,” he said to me. “Look at all of this stuff I have to get signed.” This was odd because he wasn’t particularly a fan of PTV, but he used to own a record store. I followed Orpheus up a flight of stairs, and the little girl trailed behind us. She spat pink liquid into a small glass. I fetched her crackers and a glass of water from a bartender, who asked if I was Joan from last night as if Joan had done something terrible at the bar that needed to be punished. I showed him my ID, and he backed down. Orpheus and I conversed more, and then I woke up crying because I missed him so much.

I have no idea what any of this means, not really. Although, it seems a bit prophetic that Orpheus showed up as ill in that last dream I mentioned. It’s almost like part of me knew he was going to die in the near future. And yet, in the dream where I drove into the river, it’s almost as if his inattention drove me away, but his presence saved my life. In reality, his presence very much did because he showed me how to love unconditionally, and that has saved me from much turmoil. I’ve no profound commentary on the glowing space squids, but I do wish they were real. As real as it felt when Dead Orpheus watched me sleep.
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Let me preface this by saying that I’m not a Catholic, nor was I raised as one. I went to Catholic school in 6th grade before being expelled at the end of the school year. That’s about the sum of my experience with the subject, and I mean only mild offense to any Catholics who might be reading this. If you ask me, a Catholic sounds like a term for someone addicted to cats, but I digress.

That said, I find the trappings of it all to be interesting, and I especially like the whole concept of patron saints. For nearly every circumstance, there’s someone in the last 2,000 years who’s been selected to represent those involved as a kind of divine advocate if you seek their aid.

For example, St. Jude the Apostle is famously known as the patron saint of lost causes. This is ostensibly because he got confused or even conflated with noted Jesus-betrayer Judas due to their similar names. He wanted to set himself apart via good works or charity by jumping in to help pretty much anyone who’d ask for anything, no matter how ridiculous. So, if you’re a Catholic, you would send a prayer his way before any undertakings where the odds are stacked against you. I’m told he won’t help with playing the lottery or trips to Vegas, though.

My aim in writing this article is to point out some of the more interesting or unusual of Catholicism’s many, many patrons (there are thousands) and describe how they got these jobs. Oh, and as for how one becomes a saint, well, here are the criteria:

1. Be Catholic
   Yup, you gotta take the Holy Dip and be baptized into the Catholic Church—no real surprises there. Basic membership counts: you do not have to be a priest or fill any special role in the church, though this does seem to help you get fast-tracked.

2. You have to live a life of exemplary piety
   Yes, that’s right. You have to be a fuckin’ model Catholic. You don’t have to have always been one, though. Catholics famously love sinner-to-literal-saint stories, so you can do some really rotten shit before you turn your life into a saintly one.

3. Perform miracles
   This is the hardest of the list for anyone casually wishing to pursue sainthood after reading this article. Miracles are anything benevolent achieved outside of normal human means. Healing the sick, resurrecting the dead in a non-necromantic way, finding the impossibly lost, turning things of little value into things of greater value, and making statues bleed (or cry), are all classic examples of miracles that count. Also, you have to perform two of the fuckers, and have witnesses who’ll tell the church you’re legit.

4. Die
   This is the easiest of the list and the most disappointing because you can’t flex your sainthood while still alive. You have to be dead for at least five years before they’ll even consider canonizing you. They do give you bonus points if you’re a martyr for Catholicism, though, so try for that. My guess on starting points would be somewhere in the Middle East, where someone might actually kill you for being Catholic. Or, possibly the Protestant part of Ireland, but I don’t think they do that so much anymore.

Now, let’s watch them go marching in:

**St. Joseph of Cupertino**
No, not Cupertino, California, but rather a small town in what is today southeast Italy. Joseph was known most for his alleged feats of levitating his body during religious ceremonies. So much so that, as a monk, his superiors kept moving him from monastery to monastery, given that crowds would follow him whenever they learned of his whereabouts so as to see the floating friar. He was also mentally retarded. Thus, he is the patron saint of the developmentally handicapped and (presumably due to the levitation) also the patron of air travelers, astronauts, and other aviators.

**St. Scholastica**
Twin sister to famous monk and also-Saint, Benedict of Nursia, Scholastica got into god stuff at an early age and went on to live a monastic life. Whereas her brother founded the famous Benedictine Monks, she founded the...
less-famous Benedictine Nuns. Why they’re still named for Benedict and not Scholastica is anyone’s guess, but my personal hypothesis is that it’s for marketing purposes. So, she’s the patron saint of nuns in general, as well as school, reading, books, and convulsive children for reasons not adequately explained, which is why she makes the list.

St. Brendan the Navigator

Brendan was an Irish monk who had set out on a legendary sea journey, which is just something people did for entertainment back in AD 500. He went off in a boat with some pals to actually go find the fucking Garden of Eden, searching the North Atlantic for it and allegedly bumping into a bunch of islands along the way.

His dubious story goes that he and his buddies pulled up in their boats to a very small island one Easter morn and went to do religious shit and eat breakfast. Once they started a fire, however, they realized they were atop the back of a very large whale. This caused some upset, as their breakfast was ruined, and their island was trying to leave. This is why he is the patron saint of whales. No, not whaling or otherwise dealing with whales. Whales, period. Full stop. Strictly 4 my W.H.A.L.E.Z. Additionally, he’s the patron of carrying canoes over land, so if you ever need portage, he’s got your back there, too.

St. Fiacre of Breuil

Fiacre was another Irishman given over to the priesthood and was known in his life for being an exceptional gardener and practitioner of herbal medicine and is the patron of both gardeners and herbalists as a result. This may correlate with his supposed miracles of healing, given that medicine of the age was basically “let’s say some prayers and hope you don’t die,” and so anything even slightly more effective than that was seen as the lord’s divine hand. It’s a pretty easy connect-the-dots puzzle.

Speaking of easily connected dots, he also legendarily distrusted and disliked women and is the patron saint of people suffering from sexually transmitted diseases. Hmmm, I wonder what happened there? He is also the patron saint of people with hemorrhoids and/or fistulas, which also seems like an easy correlation to make. I bet he didn’t sit down a lot, given the historical lack of Preparation H. He is also claimed to be the patron of taxi drivers, though, curiously, the church does not recognize him as such. Hemorrhoids and STDs, sure, but taxi drivers? That’s just too much for the Vatican.

St. Drogo

Drogo began life around AD 1105 and was a child of wealthy parents, having been adopted by a family of Flemish nobles after his mother died giving birth to him and his father some months before. Eventually, his adopted parents told him how his mom died, and like a good Catholic, he immediately felt overwhelmingly guilty about this circumstance well beyond his control.

He gave his inheritance to the poor and wandered around as a penitential pilgrim, owning naught but the clothes on his back. In his early twenties, he developed a “debilitating and disfiguring” hernia. I can’t even imagine what has to happen for a fucking hernia to disfigure you. Either way, his appearance started frightening the townsfolk, so the solution the church had was to build him a tiny cell with only a small window to get food through, making it that nobody could look at him. Thanks, guys.

He spent the rest of his life (some 40 more years) without any human contact, except for people asking him for prayers through the little window. He is the patron saint of ugly people, bodily ills, and hernias. Oh, and coffee shop owners, despite living before the prevalence of coffee in Europe. Go figure.

St. Julian the Hospitaller

Julian lived during the time of Jesus, around the transition from BC to AD. He actually met the guy or so says scripture, anyhow. Some motherfuckers had wrecked up his house, and so he didn’t want to charitably let anyone else stay there, as he had been doing for pilgrims until Jesus just randomly stopped by and talked some sense into him. And, Jesus spake, saying, “let not these motherfuckers of violence and vandalism wreck your good nature; let people crash here again,” and so he did.

Oh, but before all this happened, literally the day before, he killed his own parents in the bedroom. Ostensibly by mistake, having been told by the same motherfucker who wrecked his house that the people sleeping in the bedroom were fucking his wife. What an asshole. So, Julian grabs his gladius and straight merks them in their sleep, only for his wife to tell him after he walks out, “oh, hey, be quiet, your folks stopped in, and they’re asleep in there.” Oops. Apparently, the Jeeze
didn’t care much about that because Julian was *real* sorry, so he forgave Julian because that’s his schtick. That’s why Julian is the patron saint of murderers. He’s also the patron saint of clowns in another of those “huh?” moments. Either way, we know who Gacy was prayin’ to.

This one is a bit of a departure because the focus here is not on this saint’s patronage but rather the fact that he was a *dog*. A greyhound, to be specific. The story goes that a 13th-century French knight, who shall remain nameless, went out hunting and left his infant son in the care of his trusty hound because babysitters are expensive, and fuck ‘em.

When this knight returned from the hunt, he found the nursery in chaos with the cot overturned, the child missing, and the dog covered in blood. The knight did what anyone would do if they thought their babysitter murdered their child: he pulled out his sword and decapitated Guinefort. A moment after, he heard the child’s cries and realized he was under the flipped cot, safe and sound, next to the carcass of a viper, which had been slain by the dog. Upon realizing his mistake, he followed knightly logic and nicknamed the dog’s corpse down a nearby well, covered it with stones, and planted trees around it, making a shrine to the poor creature.

After a little while, the locals began venerating the dead pooch as a protector of infants. This worship persisted throughout the ages, and that led to Guinefort’s patronage as a savior of babies. However, the church frowned on this, and to this very day, nearly a thousand years later, they actively suppress the saintliness of the noble canine, though Guinefort is still prayed to by faithful child-havers and dog-lovers alike.

It should be noted that I have not specified all the patronages of the above-mentioned saints, as your average saint has at least a half-dozen things attributed to them. I’ve only touched on the more unusual ones in their saintly portfolios. If you really want to know more, you can do a web search on any of their names and get that information. I don’t know why they all get so many, given that there are quite literally tens of thousands of canonized saints. You’d think they could specialize a bit, but what do I know?

Have a good Thanksgiving, and try not to get martyred—unless that’s your deal.

-WStM

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is not even close to being a saint but is a mouthwash connoisseur, ghetto apothecary, writer, and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at his website, wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @wombstretcha503, and on MeWe (yay!) and Facebook (boo!), as “Wombstretcha the Magnificent.”
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