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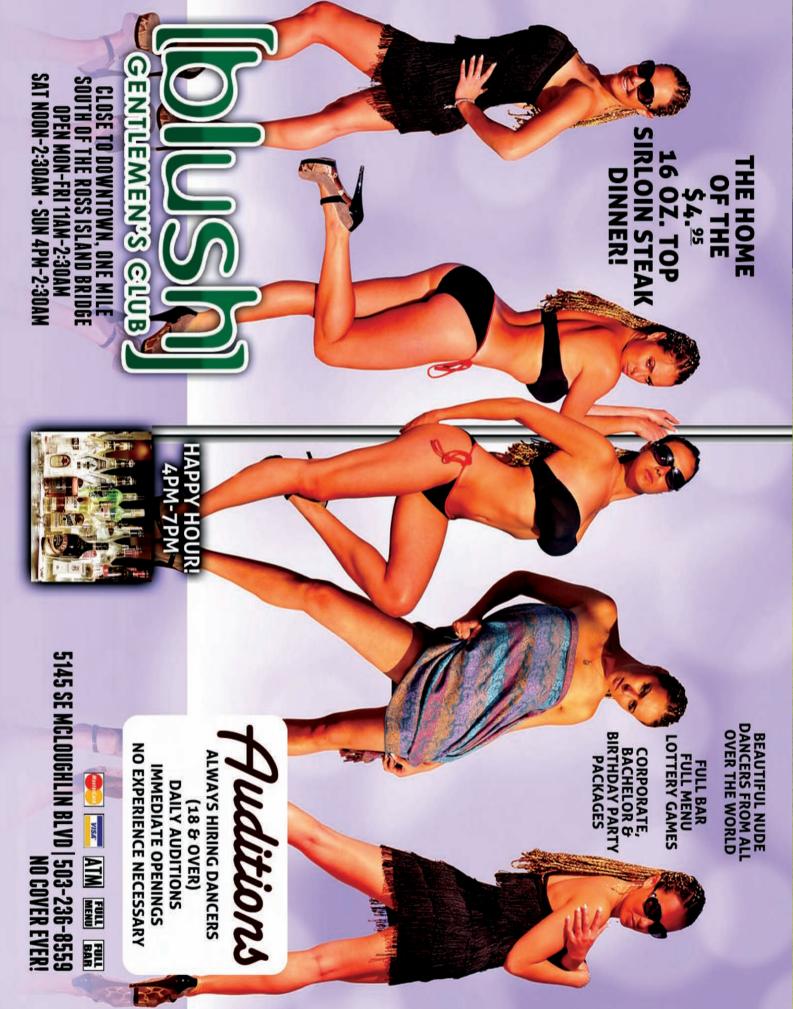
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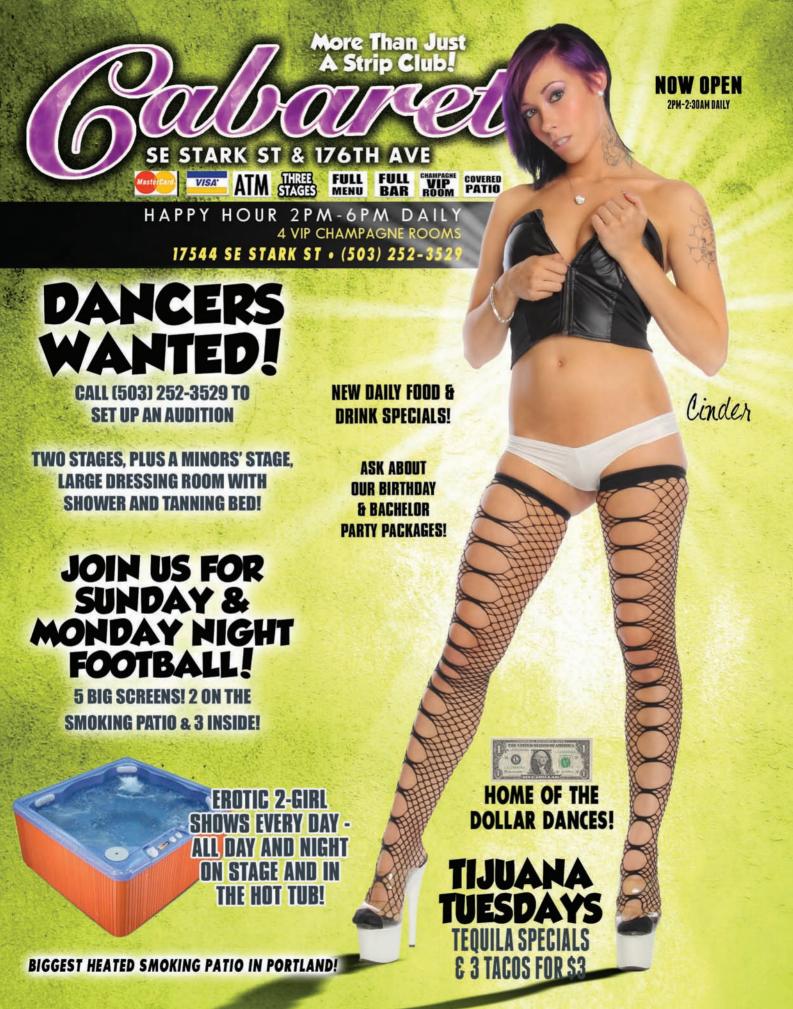
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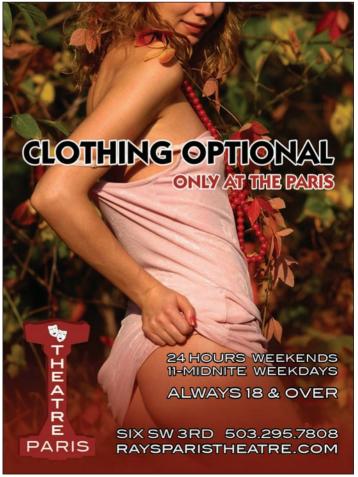


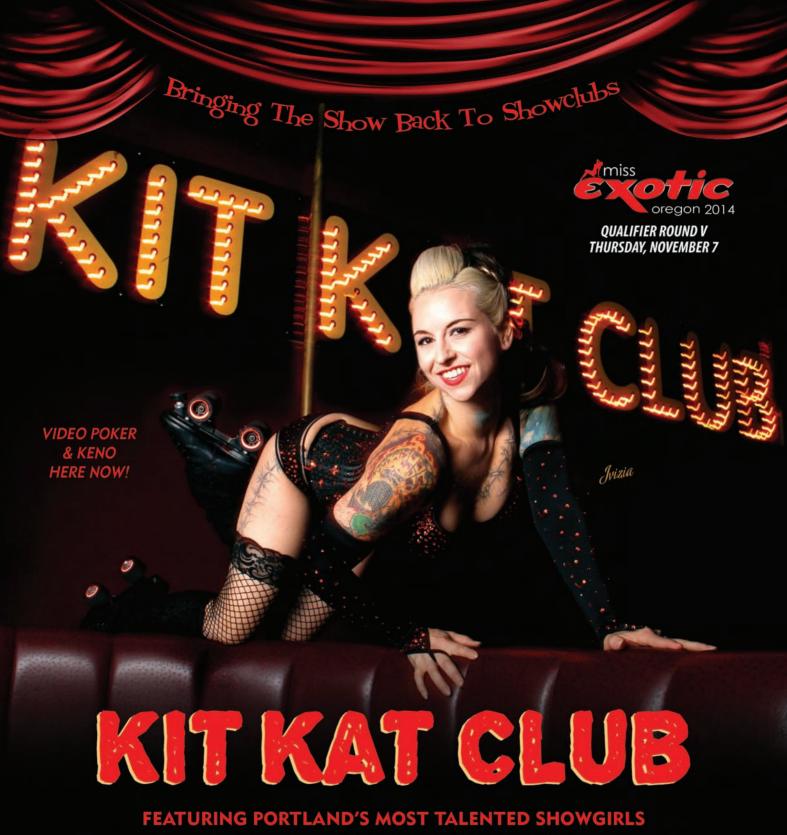
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MISS EXOTIC OREGON

our finalists in the flesh (thus far) page 30 photos by hypnox



THE GLUTTONY OF GMOs

devoured by monsanto page 44 by scarlet 13



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keepin' it naked in the northwest page 50 by austin wilde

BORK, BORK

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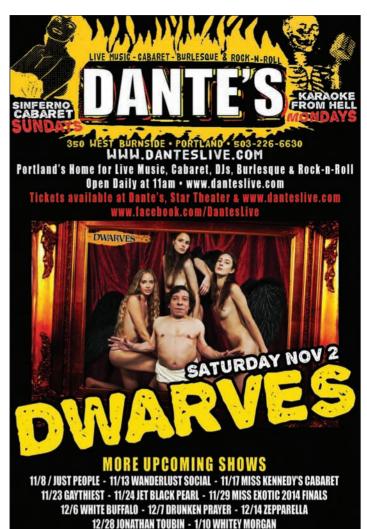
















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nothing but the naked truth

BY JOHN VOGE

NO, THANK YOU! Yeah, I said it. Everyone else is so damn thankful this month, I had to step back and just say no to thanking anyone or anything. Actually, I've got plenty to be thankful for, but at this particular moment in time, I think the only thing I'm gonna be happy about, is when this particular deadline is over. And then, I will simply thank myself for another job well done.

Until then, it's time to kick off another fun-filled installment

of *Exotic*'s longest-running column...EROTIC CITY!
First-confirmed sightings of this column were discovered in June of 1995, when it replaced an event/news guide called T-Bar Notes—but since the pages were printed on papyrus back then, they were too difficult to scan and unavailable for viewing on Xmag.com. Erotic City's debut, was a quarter page "column" on the inside front cover— which showcased listings of wet T-shirt contests and cheap steaks specials showcased by the handful of clubs that were actually open, in a fledgling strip city. In the *Exotic* of 1995, the only clubs a PDX strip club noob would recognize by name would be The Acropolis, The Dancin' Bare, Club 205, Jody's, Mary's, Magic Gardens and Sassy's. Industry dinosaurs might remember names like Dooley's, Mama Mias, Club Cabos, CJ's Webb's Pub. The Bank, The Backswing, The Calbos, CJ's, Webb's Pub, The Bank, The Backswing, The Calico Cat, Club 122 and The Kasbah. But these fallen purveyors of poontang were unable to stand the test of time as we marched into the 21st century. By 1996, Erotic City was replaced on the inside cover by Carnal Knowledge (a personal rant by then publisher Frank Faillace) and bumped up to first



a half page, and eventually a full page guide of event listings.

I had just joined up with Exotic, as we marched into the new millennium, when I was first brought on to play delivery boy (though, I'm pretty sure, I was only hired because I had been falsely accused of roughing up the publisher of an Exotic magazine wannabe). At first, it just seemed like I was the team mascot that had been kidnapped by the rival team. But, my duties and dare I say, responsibilities, continued to increase. I was the sales guy, photographer, distribution department, and eventually, editorial contributor by the end of 2000. My first editorial assignment, was being given the honorable duty of the Gentlemen's Club Events & News section of Erotic City, which had swelled to a full page. I considered it an honor to be writing for a magazine, even if I wasn't credited for it. Not to mention, it's more fulfilling than you can ever possibly imagine, to deliver hard hitting journalism, such as, "Even though Wildcats in Beaverton is the home of Kitty, Miss Nude Oregon—take it from us, the place really sucks... POPSICLES that is! You guessed it, this month brings us the return of The Great Popsicle Suck Off."

Yep, that was some poetry right there, wasn't it. I wrote that shit. I continued on this path for another month or two and begged until I got a half-page column called Tales From Spookyville (which you can still unfortunately read online—I'm not gonna tell you what month, find it yourself.) After a few months, one of the editors got in a fight with another editor, which indirectly led to me taking over Erotic City in its entirety—which would simultaneously absorb my Tales From Spookyville col-

umn, as well. Not only did this allow me to write about exciting things like lingerie modeling shops and porn stores, but it gave me a few hundred words to spout off about other things which I deemed "topical" in the industry. Like, my drunken stripper girlfriend, personal battles with whatever drug problem I was dealing with, insulting clubs that threw me out for trashing their patio and other abusive behavior-while using the column like an axe to be grinded against my enemies. Somehow, Erotic City swelled to a whopping 2 pages! I continued to make Erotic City my personal equivalent to a Facebook status for three more years, before I finally burned out, blacked out and disappeared to get myself clean in Seattle in 2004 (note: getting clean in Seattle... not such a good idea). Viva Las Vegas took over Erotic City

during this time, but after a year or two, I got pulled back into a joint-venture with *Exotic* in Seattle's *Underground* magazine, where I penned a column called The Downlow, (a.k.a. Neurotic City) which was nothing but a Northern version of Erotic City. Viva eventually moved onto other endeavors soon af-

version of Erotic City. Viva eventually moved onto other endeavors soon after, and somehow, Erotic City became my cross to bear once more. *Underground* failed after 4 years (as all things involving fun eventually do in Seattle) and I ended up back in the Rose City as *Exotic*'s editor. So wait, that means

I have up to 12 pages to fill with what-

ever I choose? God help us all!

Erotic City was, is and will always be my first love in literary engagement. When I came back to Portland in 2009, I was determined to breathe some fresh air into the pages of Exotic, and Erotic City. I wanted to sharpen the edge of the content again. Statutory Ray had only been on board for about a year at this point, and his brilliantly-cynical wit along with a fresh take on old topics, was an inspiration to me. So, I guess right now would be my chance to call bullshit on my opening paragraph and bust out with exactly what I'm thankful for. I'm thankful to all our readers and advertisers that have kept us around for more than 20 years now. I'm thankful to all the Exotic editorial contributors, past, present and future. Be they strippers, Macks, DJs, musicians, stoners, junkies or porn store clerks— they all are a part of Exotic history. A history that will be available online for the rest of time, or until the Internet dieswhichever comes first.

One last thing. Now that I've already sold out to the "theme" of this issue, I've got one more thing I just have to get off my chest, that just so happens to tie into the celebration of gluttony that is Thanksgiving. Portland strip clubs are truly unique in many ways. We have al-



cohol, gambling, tasty food and full nudity all in one place. There is not one single state in the country that can offer you this. But, seriously guys, just because you can get all these things in one place, doesn't mean you should indulge in all of them at the same time. My first day as a Portlander back in '98, it was my goal to try and visit every single strip club in one day— I failed. Halfway through my adventure, I walked into Jody's, grabbed a cocktail and settled into the rack with a stack of ones for the buxom beauty in front of me. She crawled up on the rack, straddled my shoulders with her legs and peeled off her panties. And, that was when it hit me...fish and vinegar. I backed away from the girl, both repulsed and confused, until I looked next to me and saw the redneck sitting at the rack, gobbling down a plate of fish and chips the lunch special of the day.

First, I would like to plead with the proprietors of all the fine clubs we have here in Portland. We appreciate the great deals on filet mignon, but I think I'd rather breathe in the nasally-aggressive aroma of hot wings, while I'm watching a game at the local sports bar. Consider this; if it smells like dirty feet or moldy vagina, it probably shouldn't be on your menu. Excessive use of vinegar, fish, blue cheese, garlic, onion, cabbage, broccoli & brussel sprouts are a recipe for disaster, when combined with a side of poontang.

Lastly, and certainly not least, to the customers. Yeah, you, the guy sitting at the rack with the fish and chips-what the fuck are you thinking? The rack is also known as a tip rail, not a dining table. It's worse than crackers in bed. It baffles me, how frequently I see the occasional buffoon drop his plate on the rack as he commands the dancer to put her finger up her ass for a dollar—all the while licking the Frank's Red Hot Sauce off his fingers. Don't be this guy. I'll thank you later.

In the meantime, don't miss the momentous conclusion to Miss Exotic Oregon 2014. There's one more chance to qualify for the finals on Thursday, No-

vember 7th at The Kit Kat Club, where the last two finalists will be selected. Then, it's on to the Wildcard Round at Mystic Gentlemen's Club, where up to 16 previously qualified entertainers, will get a second chance to secure the 4 wildcard spots in the finals. And finally, we'll give you the ultimate reason to be thankful, when all of our finalists will come together for the Battle Royale of the finals at Dante's on Black Friday, November 29th—where Miss *Exotic* Oregon 2014 will be crowned at last! You're welcome!

N 4 – Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) -Madden Football Finals

🚹 6 – Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) -Daisy Dukes Mechanical Bull Riding Competition

17 – Kit Kat Club - Miss Exotic Oregon 2014 - Qualifier Round V - Join Exotic and help us choose the last two finalists and one more wildcard contestant, to compete at the finals for \$5,000 in cash, \$3,000 in prizes and the cover of Exotic's January 2014 edition.

DN 11 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) -Veterans' Bash

🖁 – Mystic Gentlemen's Club -The Ms. Mystic Revue sponsored by Ciroc Vodka

THU 14 – Mystic Gentlemen's Club - Miss Exotic Oregon 2014 - THE WILDCARD ROUND!!! Join Exotic and 16 sexy wildcards, competing for the 4 remaining spots in the finals for \$5,000 in cash, \$3,000 in prizes and the cover of Exotic's January 2014 edition.

ED 20 - Club 205 - Covergirl Dance Contest

28 - Pallas Club - The Pallas Showclub Reboot Party with special performances by 2-time Exotic Covergirl Jackie plus, complimentary VIP food served at 8pm

28 – Stars Cabaret (all locations) Free turkey dinners while they last (open at 4pm)

FRI 29 - Dante's - Miss Exotic Oregon 2014 - THE FINALS!!! Join Exotic for the biggest night of the year, as 16 finalists compete for \$5,000 in cash, \$3,000 in prizes and the cover of Exotic's January 2014 edition.

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In November 2012, Nightline Investigates featured a look at the massive criminal business that is child pimping, or sex trafficking in Portland. The beautiful city that we are proud to call home, is famous for having the "most strip clubs per capita" in the US and last year was determined to be the most promiscuous city by OkCupid, spawning the nickname "Whoregon". Most anyone reading these words already knows these things, but the sensationalism of our city probably titillated Middle America. The Nightline segment opened with a familiar sight—shots of a 82nd Ave. street sign and high-heeled female figures walking down a dark street. The concerned narrator continues, "On any given night, the street is littered with prostitutes...and strippers.'

In October, the Oregonian reported on the high number of sex offenders living in Oregon, and this past summer, there were half a dozen ads that appeared on TriMet buses, with the woman's scarred face and the words, "Sex work hurts. Victim's advocate, Esther Nelson, speaks on Nightline detailing horrific instances of gang rape, branding and abuse, to which the narrator quickly replies, "Why here?" Nelson answers, "Portland has over 100 strip joints and massage parlors... We have an exceptionally vibrant sex industry that's considered legitimaté...The sex industry is actually built on the exploitation of vulnerable people." No, lady, McDonalds is built on the exploitation of vulnerable people.

The danger of making sex work synonymous with sex trafficking, is that this leads people to believe that all strippers are being coerced, recruited, organized and managed by pimps. This narrow view pushes away any possibility of a tolerant or understanding of the adult entertainment industry, which some performers have worked so hard to achieve. A woman practicing pole tricks, is not synonymous with a child or teenager being forced to blow strangers.

While there is no universally accepted definition of sex trafficking, Wikipedia regards it as "physical or sexual coercion, deception, abuse of power and bondage incurred through forced debt." Wikipedia is, however, kind enough to draw the distinction from stripping, described as, "which the performer gradually undresses, either partly or completely, in a seductive and sexually suggestive manner."

I was curious as to whether Nelson's sentiment was regarded by Portland's law enforcement as the gospel truth. I reached out to someone who would know best, and spoke with Detective Brendan McGuire, of the Portland Police Bureau, who works in the Department of Minor Victims of Sex Trafficking.



Elle: In a city with so many legal and regulated adult businesses, do you feel that Portland officers would agree that there is a distinction between adult sex work and sex trafficking.

Guire: I would say PPB officers are able to make the distinction between legal strip and dance clubs and sex trafficking. As one gets more involved in investigating these sexual exploitation cases, one begins to realize there is, however, definitely a link between forced prostitution and the adult entertainment industry in Portland. This link is not one of cause and effect. It does not involve clubs recruiting juveniles to dance, or even knowingly allowing them to work there. It does not involve (generally) club owners/managers forcing juveniles or adults to work as prostitutes or to push them into prostitution from stripping. It does, however, often involve strip clubs (a couple are very well known for this) being used as recruiting grounds where pimps find girls (generally adult) to work for them. Clubs are also often used in the "breaking" process for underage girls. Pimps will either get girls fake IDs to get them into a club(s) or, as in a recent case, a promoter/booker got a 15-year old girl into working at a club. The stripping becomes a step in the process of "turning out" a girl or making her prostitute. I can think of at least 4

juveniles with active cases right now, that were at one time, stripping in local clubs.

Elle: So, the pimps are essentially poaching an otherwise legitimate and legal business.

McGuire: The environment of the legal adult entertainment industry in Portland is one that gets exploited by pimps—who compel juvenile and adult girls into prostitution through force, fraud, or coercion. Because this industry thrives to the level it does here in Portland, this exploitation becomes an increasing problem."

Elle: How often or rare is a strip club 'busted' for having underage dancers?

: I don't know of any clubs ever "busted" for having underage dancers. Clubs and lingerie modeling operations have been investigated as prostitution enterprises, but I don't know of any cases simply involving underage dancers. While it is a concern, I feel the higher priority for focusing our limited resources is on the pimps profiting from these girls and the johns who provide the market foundation for the industry.

Elle: It's been my opinion that law enforcement and the adult entertainment industry could truly learn a lot from each other and cooperate for better community policing, since there are a few paral-

lels between our chosen professions; working with people who are intoxicated, stressed or under duress, and often times finding it useful to deescalate and use conflict-resolution skills. What are your thoughts?

McGuire: In answer to your final question, I can see some benefit to the cooperation you mentioned. I think the greater opportunity would be to see if we could come up with ideas to make the legal adult entertainment industry in Portland less prone to exploitation by traffickers.

It seems that, in the case of strip clubs and sex trafficking, those few pimps that infiltrate an otherwise innocuous business are unrelated to the customer sitting at the tip rail. It is another example of an extremist individual affecting an institution. Public schools and shopping malls are not inherently bad because of the handful of gun-wielding maniacs who arrive with the purpose of killing innocent humans. Camp counselors molesting kids, doesn't mean summer camp isn't a worthwhile tradition and a Jif salmonella outbreak doesn't mean you'll never again eat peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Pimps using strip clubs for their trafficking doesn't make stripping the problem. But, until Americans realize the distinction, we will continue to see the fear mongering on dinner-time television.



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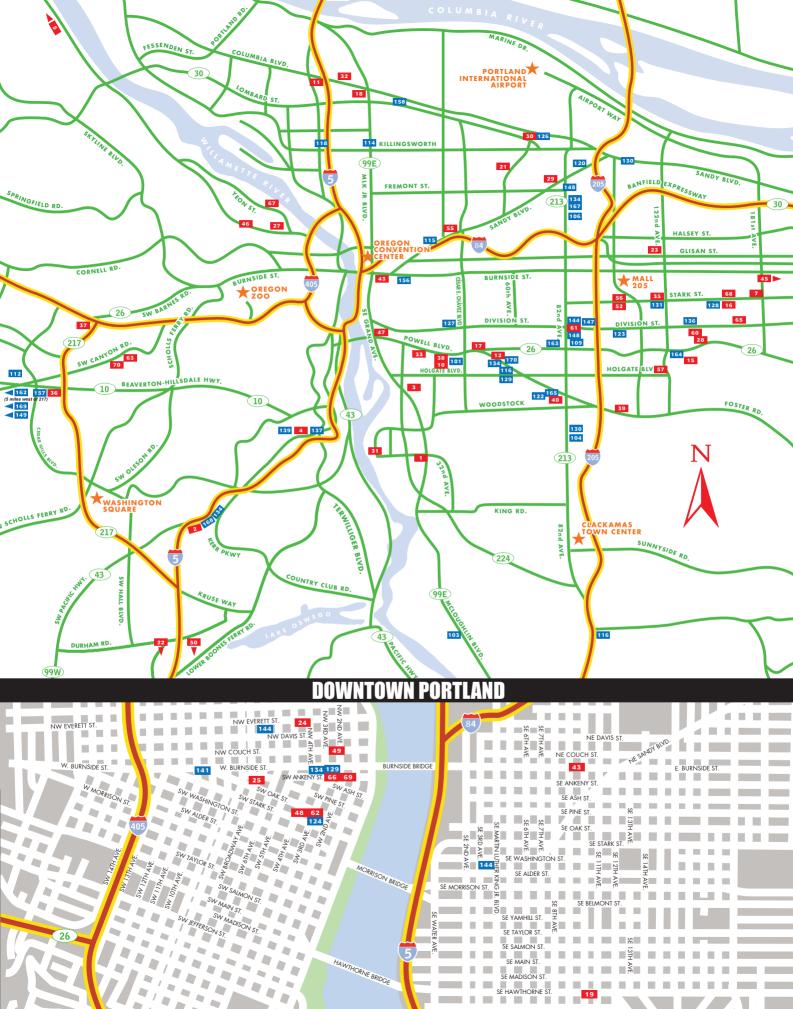
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1843 NE 3rd St / (541) 317-9723 Videos, Novelties, Lingerie, Books 24 Hours / 7 Days

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CORVA

ANUIT SHO

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EUGENE

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720 Garfield St / (541) 345-2873 Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,

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24 Hours / 7 Days

3340 North Pacific Highway / (541) 776-9964 Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Clothes Mon-Thu 10am-9pm, Fri & Sat 10am-10pm, Closed On Sundays

1113 Progress Dr / (541) 608-9540 Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Clothes 9am-1am / 7 Days

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CONSPIRACY X

tenaciously tread a thin line, as I breach this next subject during a time of vear when we tend to indulge and treat ourselves to homemade goodies and objectively tasty beverages. A festive season, when anything bacon often results in the owner of said bacon losing their last piece to a doeeyed child. But, as the author of this column, I must continue to be the bearer of unpleasant news each month. If you want happy rainbows and sparkly unicorns, I'm afraid you've come to the wrong place. It's time to quit buttering up the intro with deliciously savory thoughts of pork fats and sweet treats and sum it all up for you with one word that can deflate the cheer right out of your holi-

days...Monsanto. Monsanto is a megalithic monster—spewing money, tragedy and global corruption. Every one of us, whether we realize it or not, have been supporting this monstrosity by innocently purchasing products they manufacture, without even realizing who or what our dollar is support-Since 1996, Monsanto's biotech has served and produced more than 2 trillion meals worldwide with wellknown distributors like Coca Cola, Betty Crocker, Nestle, Green Giant, and Frito Lay. I know that I have personally eaten products from every single one of these distributors my whole life and I'm sure the number of children

with school lunches packed full of the stuff is staggering.

On Saturday, October 12. 2013, 50 countries and 500 cities gathered by the thousands to permanently boycott GMOs (genetically modified organisms). Why is this getting so serious and suddenly receiving so much attention so fast? Because we're acknowledging years of being poisoned by corporations who are making money off the sales of these products. The American Academy of Environmental Medicine has warned the public to avoid genetically modified (GM) foods, stating "There is more than a casual association between GM foods and adverse health effects. There is causation." A large number of studies and incidents have implicated GM foods in a wide variety of health problems, including accelerated aging, immune dysfunction, insulin disorders, organ damage and reproductive disruption. The (EPA) Environmental Protection Agency considers Glyphosate (a broad-spectrum systemic herbicide used to kill weeds) on its own to be relatively harmless and lacking in carcinogenic effects. however, combined with any metabolic products, the results can cause death of embryonic placentas and umbilical cells in vitro even in very small concentrations. In short, not only is it affecting our bodies now— it will continue to do so in the genetic makeup of our children.



The real kicker comes from GMO regulators, Nancy Podevin and Patrick du Jardin of the EFSA (European Food Safety Authority), who discovered the Gene VI. This extremely controversial and viral gene is used in plants like corn and soy (just to name a few) and essentially the primary dangerous elément contributing to this whole mess of GMOs in the food chain. These viral genes incapacitate specific anti-pathogen defenses, and in doing so, execute their primary function to disable the host, which in turn facilitates the pathogens invasion. Being that some human and plant viral genes interchangeable, this could cause either gene to become susceptible to viral fragments from one another. What it boils down to, is that accidentally inserting any viral gene into plant sources or food supplies, would cause potential harm to its constituents. The lack of prolonged studies and involvement of farmers yielding GMO crops has not provided enough short-term evidence to take it off the market. However, scientists warn that any product with such a huge uncertainty is most likely going to yield toxic results in the long term.

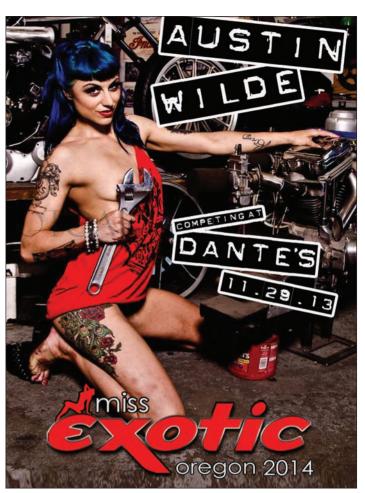
It's starting to sound a lot like we're being experimented on as human quinea pigs to me. Huge uncertainties surround the outcome of testing on the products and foods we're consuming. It really makes you question what else we've eaten, drank or absorbed, that is potentially causing us harm. At this point, it becomes a matter of complacency. Do we stand and fight? Or, do we just put our heads down and drudge through the aisles at Wincolistlessly throwing item after item into our carts. Take the time to stop and look at the label. look at the manufacturer of the product and actually take pride in the fact that we care about what happens to our bodies and our children's' future. Do we let monstrous giants like Monsanto (the creators of controversial toxic chemicals like Agent Orange, Roundup and industrial coolants like PCB) become the top producers of our food chain? Do we let politicians in the White House who formerly operated and stood on Monsanto's payroll, sit in the FDA, USDA and EPAs pocket? I'm sorry but if a dirty back alley hooker told me the dollar bill in her ass crack tasted like cotton candy dipped in marshmallows, I wouldn't eat it...would you?

Join the 241k on the March Against Monsanto Facebook page and keep up to date with how we take back control at Facebook.com/MarchAgainstMonsanto.

For more info on how to avoid food products with GMO's, go to RealFarmacy.com for a printable list of Monsanto-owned food producers or Buycott.com.









l want you to imagine yourself at a dinner table, sur-rounded by close friends and relatives. Now, visualize a rounded by close triends and relatives. Now, Visualize a truly mouthwatering, perfectly-prepared feast. What is your first instinct, Aries? Is it to carve out a slice of the turkey and pass it to your handicapped grandpappy? Of course not! follow any and all urges you have this month, even if they involve diving face-first into mashed potatoes or engaging in a binge-eating contest with the fattest member of your family. You will be rewarded by a lack of invites come Christmas time and thiss to Olive you can spend more money on cocaine and trips to Olive

Your stubbornness can be cute at times and irritating at others. However, your hard-headed nature becomes downright dangerous as you challenge the abilities of a Native American blackjack dealer by accusing him of stacking the deck because he has to spend his Thanksgiving working in Spirit Mountain Casino. Avoid this type of scenario by gambling online.

(*fennival* [May 22 - June 21]

While constructing your charts for the month, I became caught up in your name. Gemini. Jeh-mah-nai. Geminigeminigemini. Suddenly, the free app that I use to assist me in writing this bullshit died, without warning, in traffic-followed by two more people who died without warning, in traffic. I encourage you to take in the message passed down through me from the stars: spend the fucking dollar and don't bother with the free app. It could save a life.

[JUNE 22 - JULY 22]

Bad news Cancer, it looks like cancer...well, not really, but don't you think it's kinda fucked up that your sign is called "cancer," when none of the other signs are named after diseases? I mean, it would be worthless to become suspicious and emotional right before visiting long-neglected family members for the holidays— particularly those who you see less and less as the years pass. But, still...you should be at least a little bit pissed that no one gets Sagittarius from a hooker or Taurus from a dirty stage.

You have a bad, bad habit of taking things personally. The best way to get around this obstacle, is to not obsess on eliminating anything and everything that gets in the way of your happiness— particularly not those who try to take custody of your kids and move to Texas with some piece of shit hippie they just met at Burning Man. It would definitely be a bad, bad idea to consider how few local deputies the small town of Lubbock has on duty during holiday breaks, and taking it one step further by visiting your brother Ron who lives in Mexico... Leo? You there?

BY ASTROTORY RAY Erotisco



COTOBER 24 NOVEMBER 22)

Fuck a Capricorn this month. There is one out there named "R_" who totally just realized he's never been in bed with a Scorpio. This needs to be fixed, stat.

You celebrated Halloween this year like a champ. A diabetic, GMO-laced, child-scaring champ who left her doors open for goddamn anyone on a Thursday night, before a long weekend of debauchery in the biggest booze-stricken metro area on the West Goast. You should be fucking ashamed of yourself, Virgo! What the hell were you thinking?! Don't blame the stars when you finally get sick or mugged. Blame yourself and then get some rest. You have a lot of worrying to do before the family flies in to visit and those ulcers won't make themselves.

(SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23)

You are a perfectly-balanced individual... so balanced, in fact, that your body has become the subject of discussion amongst the nutrition-conscious cannibals lurking outside the hut. No, this is not a metaphor for being too concerned with your appearance to undergo a serious and objective self-evaluation regarding life choices or reevaluating the social circles that are sucking you dry. The stars are, in fact, telling me that there are actual natives in the bushes, waiting to consume your flesh for dinner. Run.

Remember Sag, the more partners you have, the more presents you're gonna be forced to buy in December. Spend this month doing what any self-respecting player would do and go Jewish. It's really not that hard, and if you think a week's worth of presents is going to cost you a lot, remember that "Jew" is also a slur for cheap. And, since it is okay for in-group members to use slurs that apply to their own demographic, become a Jew now before the trend gets hot next month. Save money, meet a nice Jewish girl and get throat. Notice how I didn't say "head." Trust me on this.

apricorn

If you have to choose between using your lottery winnings to get that penis reduction surgery you've wanted for some time, or to fund a new hospital for blind and retarded children of tsunami victims, take the high road and learn to live in bigger pants. A large shaft can be hidden in loose jeans, but children are the future. Do what's right.

HAUARIUS [January 21 - February 19]

The stars are telling me that you are bored. Which is, like, fucking crazy because stars aren't supposed to talk. Where did I get this shit, you ask? Saturday Market. Yeah, the Natives used to smoke it all the time, but now it's pretty illegal. Dh, I don't know. Fifty, sixty bucks for a weekend's worth. Try Reed College, if you can't find any at the Saturday Market. But, yeah bro, the stars are actually talking to me. Holy shit. You need to try this stuff.

(FEBRUARY 20- MARCH 20)

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THANKSGIVING IS MISUNDERSTOOL

When you think of the American Thanksgiving holiday, it probably conjures up images of turkey and pumpkin pie, and stories of pilgrims having a massive feast with their new native pals on some cold winter day and not starving. Football games, stupid parade balloons and myriad other traditions for the holiday that, unlike Halloween, is only marginally effective at keeping Xmas

crap out of our faces.

While it might seem like a nice thought to sit and reflect on all the things going right in your life, the whole "giving thanks" concept is completely the wrong thing to do, in the face of what actually happens when we get down to business in late November. I think we should start calling it "Domination Day" and here's my case for why.

NATIONAL LEVEL

From a historical standpoint, (well, after those cold and hungry settlers had digested) it seems like there was a lot of destiny to manifest and the his-tory of things for the next few hundred years was comprised of them asserting dominance over the bulk of the continent. Even contemporarily, now that all this "being a country" crap seems to be locked-in pretty tightly, the fundamentals of how this country does business are pretty outstandingly dominance-asserting. I'm surprised nobody's yet tried to get a federal budget to build the world's biggest mobile penis statue, with the goal of parking it next to other nations and pening on them with an elaborate and peeing on them with an elaborate series of hoses and pumps. As a country, we get the joy of acting unilaterally and rolling the fuck over anything we want, pretty much whenever we feel like it and for any reason whatsoever. Yeah! That's how steak is DONE, bitches!

PHILOSOPHICAL LEVEL

So, then, what do the things people actually do on "Thanksgiving" have to do with giving thanks? Outside of

possibly some lip-service to the notion, (usually before eating the biggest meal of the year) not much. Everything else is some kind of contest. The football games are, of course, a struggle for dominance on the ol' gridiron. Eating? I've known people to fast before dinner on Turkey Day, so they can cram as much crap down their gullets as is physically possible. Dominate the plate! Traffic is a race, and if you've ever tried to get a last-minute item at a grocery store, then that can be akin to all-out war. I swear, I've seen grown adults nearly come to blows over the last can of pumpkin pie mix. Thankful for what you got? Yeah, unless you need more, then it's time to THROW DOWN!

CULINARY LEVEL

By Wombstretcha the Magnificent

The eating truly defines the socalled Thanksgiving holiday. If nothing else, people usually eat on this day and they usually eat well. Even hobos can get turkey, potatoes and gravy at the various hoboterias in urban areas. The home game, though... that's where this ish gets fierce. People go to extraordinary lengths to outdo others, or at least themselves, in the kitchens of the land. A struggle for dominion over every stomach in the household! Haven't we all heard at least one highstrung housewife complain that if some little thing isn't just so—that it was all for naught? I know I have and my hands were too full to administer a pimp and/ or bitch slap at the time. But why would someone say such a thing? Because they are locked in some kind of conflict, real or imagined, with the clear goal of

conquering dinner!

We also find that this is the time of year where things like the "turducken" come out to play. If you don't know, that's a chicken stuffed inside a duck, his is these stuffed inside a turkey. which is then stuffed inside a turkey. Now, if you try and tell me that's not an extreme expression of man's dominance over the animal kingdom, I will

tell you that you are gravely mistaken and possibly pee on you. So, now that my case is outlined, I think we should start petitioning Con-

gress or something.
While we wait to get this business formalized, we shouldn't be getting sloppy. The stakes need to be raised again and again—as it's good for the national character. That said, here's an idea for those who want to step up not just to another level, but another REALITY!

Yes, for those who truly want to win the kitchen competition for life, the medieval French had a recipe for a secret game changer that will make a turducken get up, start crying blood and run out of the room, leaving everyone at the table with a static scream locked on their faces.

They called it a "rôti sans pareil" - a "roast without equal" and it consists of:

'A good olive stuffed with capers and anchovies, marinated in virgin oil, then put inside the body of a garden war-bler." The hell? Warblers are tiny, oh wait, there's more... we're supposed to stuff that inside a finch, which is shoved into a lark, which is jammed into a thrush, which is crammed inside of a quail, which is smashed into a lapwing, which is forced into a plover, which is pumped into a partridge, which is stuck into a woodcock, which is wedged inside of a teal, which is shoehorned into a guinea fowl, which is squeezed inside a duck, which is rammed into a chicken, which is crushed inside of a pheasant, which is loaded into a goose, which is placed delicately into a turkey, which is lubed up and savagely thrust inside of a bustard (which is something like an old world turkey and is also big enough to fit a new world turkey inside it). And then, as if there might be room for anything else, the French recommend fill-ing in the gaps with "figs, sausages or any good, savory stuffing."

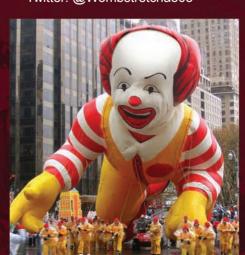
Me? I'd cover that whole thing in na-

cho cheese.

So, this year, perhaps do away with the notion of being thankful for what you have, and focus instead on what you don't and how best to get it. See you at the dinner table.

Wombstretcha.com

Twitter: @Wombstretcha503







ince November is the time for us to give thanks, maybe now is the time to ask ourselves... what are we thankful for, again? After a long brainstorming session, filled with perky, pink nipples and clapping asses, the answer dawned on me—I'm thankful to be a stripper in Portland. I love stripping. I immerse myself in fake tits and fat asses. I count ones, drink vodka and cranberry and hate the smell of warm vanilla sugar.

This industry is my home. But, what makes the stripping industry in Portland so much better than in other cities around the US?

There is a plethora of reasons, first and foremost, Oregon has better protection of freedom of speech than even the Federal constitution. Article 1, Section 8 of the Oregon Constitution is often referred to as our "freedom of ex-

pression provision," because it protects not only the right to speak of your beliefs and opinions, it also lets you perform and express yourself freely on any kind of platform which extends to arts as well as religion and politics. The federal constitution, on the other hand, more protects the political and religious rights and customs of citizens. There is a large and completely vague gray-area in the US Constitution that allows for lawmakers to censor certain forms of expression as "obscene" and therefore, illegal. Oregon's constitution, however, states "No law shall be passed restraining the free expression of opinion or restricting the right to speak, write or print freely on any subject whatsoever; but every person shall be responsible for the abuse of this right." What does that mean exactly? It means that, in Ohio, you could go to jail for selling hardcore

porn—but in Oregon, you can't even be charged with a crime. It means that, in Oregon, we can have strippers, fully-nude, showing off their bedazzled butt plugs and no persnickety ass-hat in a suit can tell us otherwise. There is one rumor regarding this subject, abound in Portland that needs to be cleared up—it is NOT perfectly legal to walk the streets nude. I know, I know, "But, what about the NAKED BIKE RIDE!" Full public nudity (hitting the pavement with your balls in the wind) is only allowed in circumstances in which permits are acquired, or in instances of protest, I found this out the hard way recently, during a stern talking to with an Ankeny Alley police officer, after streaking with some coworkers downtown. Oregon is, however, a "topless state" and nipples can be shown freely at all times.

Why else is Oregon so fun to strip



in? Patrons and dancers can drink together at the club! While you may legally be able to marry your homosexual-lover while smoking a doobie just across the bridge in Washington, you can enjoy a fully-nude lap dance with your Jameson on the rocks in your hand, here in Portland. Oregon happens to be one of the few states that pens to be one of the few states that allow alcohol to be served in strip clubs. There are a larger number of states that allow drinking in the clubs, but most come with the stipulation that there cannot be full nudity where alcohol is served. I guess the theory here, is that greater nudity = greater temptation for wrong doing, so the poor sinner must choose between his or her vices. Oregon has no such provisions on the Oregon has no such provisions on the enjoyment of congruent indulgences. In fact, Oregon also does not have any specific contact laws. While the direct physical contact of nude-genitalia in exchange for money is considered prostitution, Oregon has none of the 6-foot-distancing rules that many estates have distancing rules that many states have on the books and laws are extremely liberal on what can happen between dancer and patron, when there is a thin layer of denim, spandex or polyester separating genitalia. In fact, many lap dance rules found in the city, are stricter in individual clubs, than what is actually allowed for legally.

Oregon also doesn't force their dancers to purchase permits or licenses, nor are we subject to background checks. One of the perks to stripping can be the anonymity. You make your money, the government isn't privy to your every move and they don't have their hands in your pockets before you're even paid. As a stripper who makes undocumented cash every night he or she works, they can then decide exactly how and what will be reported to the government (or if she wishes to have her profession documented at all). States that require registration at all). States that require registration and licensing (while possibly smarter and safer in some respects) can put a damper on our monetary and professional freedom. This bureaucratic bullshit is exactly what makes dancing while travelling so difficult sometimes. The first few days after you arrive at your exotic dancing destination must be spent shelling out cash standmust be spent shelling out cash, standing in lines and filling out paperwork. In fact, there is much controversy currently surrounding legislation in parts of the country that require strippers to pass STD checks (especially HIV) before being granted a license to strip. This gets hairy, because it implies that the strippers would be in danger of passing on these diseases which also assumes that these dancers would be engaging

in prostitution, which is already illegal in these states—making the health test law extremely discriminatory.

law extremely discriminatory.

Portland, Oregon is truly a Stripper Mecca. We are home to more strip clubs per capita than any other city in the US and we rank 5th among the most tattooed cities (which means, if you like looking at INKED naked ladies, like myself, you're in an even greater spot). You're less likely to get hassled by picket lines and protests from the religious right because Portland is the LEAST religious city in the country, with only 32% of its citizens claiming to identify belonging to a religious belief system (this of course does NOT include patrons of the 24-hour Church of Elvis, which would most certainly skew the scales). Besides, if you're a perv living in Oregon, you're going to have to spend quite a lot of time in the strip clubs, because with the 3rd most rainy days of any other city, the titty bar is one of the only places that you can be certain to find women shed of their fleeces and scarves—warm and dry enough to expose their naughty bits. This is Strip City baby, and I'm damn thankful to be here.

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I am not an easy person to work with. Succinctly put, I am a loud-mouthed, judgmental, quick-triggered, obnoxious, easily-offended, quick-to-offend, no-filter, blame-happy narcissist who hates entitled scenesters for taking the exact same resources that I feel have been owed to me since birth. Former employers, roommates, probation officers, baristas and clients who share nothing in common, possess one explicitly-stated exception—the ability to agree that Ray is sort of an asshole.

Yet, here I sit, content with life and visibly unscarred from the damage typically associated with self-destructive thirtysomethings, residing in a city whose love for cocaine and donuts overshadows the narrowing window of cultural potential that exists only in hypotheticals and intentions. It is a miracle I haven't yet been on the news for something to the tune of "aggravated arson," or worse, started a family of chickens and empty Pabst cans with a fugly hipster girl in Southeast. Why am I still alive? How am I able to pay rent? To whom do I owe at least ninety-percent of my taxable and federally-legitimate income? This industry and the people who inhabit it.

Now, before you get all smug and assume I'm talking about you, don't. I need to make a clarification regarding the hangers-on, "friends" (quotes emphasized) of the owner (two letters off and wrong club, but nice try), summer strip camp transplants who go back to Michigan as soon as they are forced to work a mid shift, ex-club-DJs who assume bikers and gangsters like Skrillex, pretty much any regular with an adjective for a nickname and ninety percent of dancers named after minerals not associated with weddings or anniversaries. You guys can skip right past this column, as you thumb through it in front the busy waitress station and/or empty tip rack you currently inhabit.

To the strippers (yes, I can use that word—I have a pole pass), bouncers, bartenders, barbacks, DJs and truly-ap-

preciative customers... thank you! Although this column is typically reserved for scathing generalizations regarding the latest subsection of hipster Portlanders that pissed me off this week, I decided it would be best to roll with a genuine Thanksgiving theme this month. No, I'm not going to rape your daughters and slaughter your parents, after selling you a blanket made from small pox. Gonna save that shit for Christmas.

Dancers, thank you! For letting me refer to you as strippers, for allowing me to have meltdowns in the dressing room while you're trying to count ones, for pretending that I didn't just forget your request, for the twenty-plus-dollar tips you give me after a C-plus attempt at DJing and for giving more of an average fuck about my day than the people I sleep next to. For those of you that I have slept next to, thank you for not being scandalous, back-stabbing, cockhungry, two-faced harlots, like the rest of the women in Portland. I'm not being scandalous at the control of the women in Portland. I'm not being of the women in Portland. I'm not being control of the women in Portland. I'm not being of the women in Portland. I'm not being the work of the women in Portland. I'm not being the work of the wo sarcastic here, either. To those of you who were able to temporarily lower your self-esteem long enough to give the Raycoaster a few rides, you are among the most honest and patient women around. Most importantly, though, to the dozens of dancers who have helped me keep game face during breakups, dead friends and other inconvenient days. in which Ice Cube would have eaten a handful of hog before shooting his AK into a random crowd of girls that he

wanted to dig out—thank you!

Security, thank you, as well! It has been a childhood dream of mine since well before I was born, to be given a microphone and a posse. You guys are the closest thing I have to this and I would estimate that about half of your shift is dedicated to cleaning up the messes made by shit DJs say and dancers do. Thank you for tossing out transplant art students who think it's okay to touch the dancer, just because she shares the same genitalia. Thank you for making sure that the dancers capable of kicking my ass, don't actually make it around to

doing so. Thank you for keeping the naked safe, the drunk functional and the clueless informed.

Bartenders, fuck you guys. I'm an al-coholic and cannot take ownership of my own actions. Therefore, fuck you all.

Cocktail waitresses, cooks, barbacks and DJs, you guys deserve the biggest thanks for being the backbone of the most unappreciative crowds in town. Waitresses, thank you for finding creative and effective ways of using the edge of your tray to slice through intoxicated crowds of entitled manchildren, to bring cans of Olympia to art students for tips smaller than those found in boxes of bris clippings. Cooks, thank you for not only catering to my specific baconrelated menu amendments, but for actually playing good shit in the kitchen. There is something truly special about being able to step in the back for a few seconds of GG Allin or Alex Jones, while the rest of the establishment is forced to listen to Drake bitch about his problems over a fifty-thousand dollar beat Barbacks, thank you for knowing how to change a keg while standing on one foot and handing three Red Bulls to two bartenders at the same time. Yes, they're all mine. Sorry about that. DJs, thank you for letting me into the club.

Last and least, thank you to Exotic magazine for putting up with an array of awkwardly-arranged, Oxford-commalaced, topically-inappropriate, egocenmay-as-well-be-Facebook-posts from a writer who still hasn't met a single deadline in over five years (I'm totally kidding, other writers, they make me say this shit to be funny). Bryan and John are like the not-gay live-in roommates that I wish I had, or at least I did that one time I ate all the leftover acid from the Skinny Puppy show and couldn't find the remote to change the channel away from Perfect Strangers.

Oh, and thanks to the Native Americans for not returning the favor just

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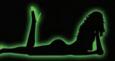
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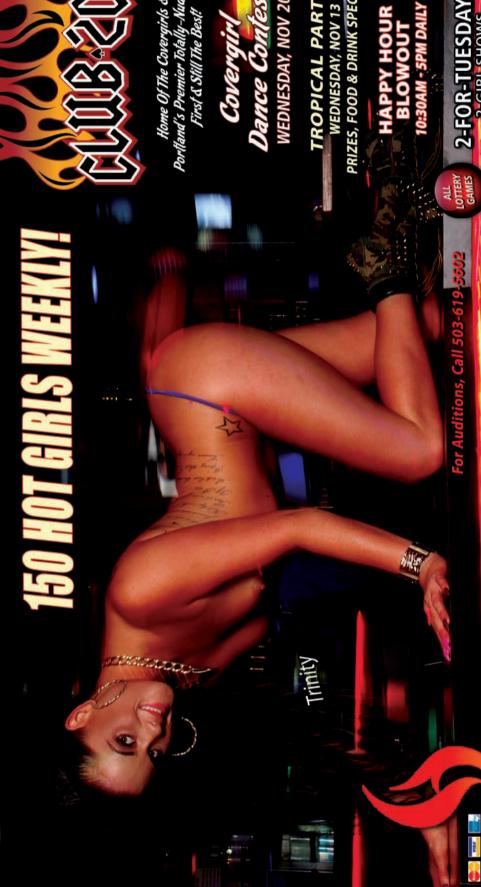
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