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nothing but the naked truth EROTIC BY JOHN VOGE

a bitch, but I had heard radiation and chemotherapy were even bigger cunts. It was time to turn that intrigue into initiative and get myself a medical marijuana cardmy disease had earned that for me. I signed up, filled out the paperwork and met with a doctor that sat behind a child's school desk, in a giant office that was completely empty, except for the collapsed stacks of cardboard file boxes piled in the corner. She took my blood pressure, offered me information on support groups, handed me a recipe for marijuana mac & cheese and signed off on my paperwork for \$200. I was on my way to getting legally high. Then the chemo started.

The weed helped with nausea and seriously inspired the appetite to maximum stoner munchies capacity. In between puking my guts out and nodding off on Oxy, I would feast on anything and everything for the first couple of weeks. Then it was time for 38 days of radiation...targeting my throat and head. Fuck me. The unbearable pain involved in swallowing came on fast and strong. Have a bong hit, I thought to myself, it helped with the chemo, I'll be fine. Um, no. Cannabis smoke in a bloody radiated throat is like sucking on a gas pipe. After losing about 25 pounds in a couple of weeks, it was time to revisit the weed thing again. The Oxy wasn't working out (hello, captain obvious) and I needed to eat, so why not just eat the weed? I had dabbled in making medicated cookies a time or two when I was a young stoner (before modern conveniences, like the Internet) but aside from that, I simply liked me some weed for smoking-and, that was all I had to say about that. But, since the smoke wasn't working out, I hit up The Mt. Hood Wellness Center and became introduced to medicated cookies, candy,

popcorn, cupcakes, candles, lollipops and tarts. I was in Weedy Wonka's Cannabis Candyland. I sampled them all, loaded up some supplies and headed for home. Within a couple of days, I was eating again. I had lost about 45 pounds during all that shit, and when you're sick like that. losing weight is a very bad thing. You fall over a lot and black out a few times a day, (sometimes in ridiculous places even.) But, from the first day of the asskickery that was cancer, until the moment the oncologist told me I was in comfortable remission and he wanted to start "seeing other people"...marijuana had become the Sundance Kid to my Butch Cassidy. Yeah, I know they died in the end, but they went out guns smoking.

And now, I've still got the card. Three years since that battle and it still helps. Sure, I don't need it as much or as often and I rarely consume medicated edibles, the body high from the experience really puts my dick in the dirt, so I don't choose edible as a high of preference, unless naptime is in the immediate future following consumption. But. edibles are what got me through the shittiest, most miserably-nauseating moments of my treatment and rehabilitation. I love you Mary Jane.

AND THEN, THIS HAPPENS – the day before we go to print...

Under the first draft of Senate Bill 1531 rules, the Oregon Health Authority effectively prohibits licensed state facilities from providing any sweet, medicated edibles to patients. This initial rule seems to incorporate a flawed interpretation of SB 1531. All of the debate surrounding the need to regulate medicated items during the legislative process, always revolved around the marketing of items towards children, just as Joe Camel is no longer an acceptable marketing tool for Big Tobacco and just as Colorado, and other jurisdictions have mandated. However, never has any medical

I'm going to take a break from the usual rant and focus on something I've had firsthand experience with for several years now-medical marijuana. When I first moved back to Portland in 2008, I was sincerely intrigued by the Oregon Medical Marijuana Program, but at the time, since I was somehow healthy back then, figured I would never be able to qualify for it. Friends told me how simple it was to develop a "mysterious chronic pain condition," that plenty of licensed physicians would happily sign off on-for a "nominal fee." Since I have never had a problem getting my ganja in the past (I knew people), it never really seemed all that big of a deal.

Then, all these wonderful things I wasn't allowed to go into, called dispensaries, started popping up here and there across Portland. Once again, the intrigue was getting more and more difficult to resist. Then I got sick—real sick. Cancer was cannabis dispensary state banned all sweet-cannabis-infused edibles, and this interpretation of SB 1531, is simply too broad and will harm too many patients.

Even before the Oregon Medical Marijuana Act was passed, there have been unregulated, unlicensed medical cannabis dispensaries operating in Oregon. Despite a lack of regulations, there has not been an epidemic of children consuming medical cannabis. Just as any other medicine, responsible parents understand the need to keep medical cannabis products away from children. By outlawing anything that may be attractive to minors, this rule is too broad and could eventually be interpreted to ban just about every medicated food product. Under this broad ban, glycerin tincture, even though it is relatively nonpsychoactive, could be banned as well, since its sweet taste could be deemed too attractive to children. Too many patients rely upon medicated edibles and this rule will only push patients onto the underground marketsurely against

the

APRIL

intention of our medical marijuana facilities law.

The Oregonian's Noelle Crombie reports: Oregon's draft rules state, that a dispensary may not transfer to patients marijuana-infused products "manufactured in a form that resembles cake-like products, cookies, candy, gum, or that which may otherwise be attractive to minors because of its shape, color, or taste."

The rules, drafted by Oregon Health Authority officials, will go into place next week, said Karynn Fish, a spokeswoman for the agency. Dispensaries, at that point, won't be allowed to legally dispense marijuana-infused items such as cookies and candies. She said the agency is accepting public comment on the draft rules.

The rules require childproof and opaque packaging, so the product isn't visible from the outside. If the product isn't meant to be consumed in a single serving, the package must be resealable. The packaging also may not feature cartoons "or images other than the logo of the facility, unless the logo of the facility

> depicts the product or cartoons, in which case only the

name of the facility is permitted."

This ban of sweet edibles will only harm patients who choose not to smoke cannabis or cannot due to health concerns. A lung cancer patient undergoing chemotherapy should not be forced to eat a medicated pot pie or meatloaf, when a sweet lozenge would be much more effective, considering the patient's extreme nausea.

Please send emails to: **medmj**. **dispensaries@state.or.us** and let the OHA know that sensible packaging and marketing restrictions will suffice. There is no need to harm patients by denying them effective medicine choices due to unfounded fears.

Your help in supporting this cause would be appreciated. There are people in the OMMP program, that don't have options available to them like bong hits, dabs or joints. I was one of them. And, because of medibles, I'm still here to see how breathtaking Portland looks in the sunny showers of April, three years later. Springtime is here, so stay green Oregon.

Enjoy all your naughtiest desires at the following events, brought to you by Oregon's finest clubs.

TUE 1 - Kit Kat Club - "Statutory" Ray McMillin and 1HRx present, You Can't Do That On A Stripper Pole - The Seguel

FRI 4 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - White & Black Bash - Rose's Birthday Party

SAT 5 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Motocross Mayhem 2 - hosted by Miss Exotic Oregon 1st runner-up, Steely, with bikes, quads, Dirty Gurls & insane give-aways all night long

SUN 6 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Seamless Sunday with dual DJs, Go-Go girls, prizes & insanity

WED 9 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Naked Dodgeball

FRI 11- Spearmint Rhino - Alexis Amore XXX Adult Film Superstar

SAT 12 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) – Candyland - celebrate everything pink, sweet & yummy—with feature entertainer, Toxic Pallas Club - Dancer Contest with cash prizes **Spearmint Rhino** - Alexis Amore XXX Adult Film Superstar

WED 16 - Silver Dollar (Eugene) - XXX Adult Film Star Teal Conrad (also appearing Thu 17)

Club 205 - Covergirl Dance Contest

FRI 18 - Golden Dragon Exotic Club -DJ Dick Hennessy's 2nd Annual Bottomless Party - with a 43" flat screen TV raffle, free Voodoo Doughnuts, plus bottomless fun & games

Sunset Strip - XXX Adult Film Star Teal Conrad (also appearing Sat 19)

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SUN 20 - Pallas Club - Easter Egg Hunt with cash prizes

Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Easter Egg Hunt with prizes Sunset Strip - Easter 420 Party - with prizes & surprises Torched Illusions - 420 Party

Safari Showclub - Easter Egg Hunt & Party at 4:20

WED 23 - Lucky Devil Lounge - Portland Pin-Up of the Year Contest - open to all dancers - with \$600 in cash & prizes

FRI 25 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Jungle Party

Club Skinn - Naughty Nurse Contest sponsored by Black Velvet

Gems Gentlemen's Club - DJ Dick Hennessy presents the T&A Party with a \$1,000 grand prize

SAT 26 - Mystic Gentlemen's Club -2-girl Competition with \$300 in cash & apparel prizes - open to all entertainers **Sunset Strip** - XXX Night - with free porn courtesy of Taboo Video

WED 30 - Dream On Saloon - Wild Wednesday

ADVENTURES IN DESCRIPTION DES

Everyone has had some lackluster sex. The kind of sex, where your eyes don't roll in the back of your head, your toes don't curl, and an early morning meeting is fabricating in your brain. Not everyone has a laughably-bad experience, which stays hidden by shame, until that perfect amount of booze lets it be the only thing you can talk about. These are my favorite stories. Nothing is better than sitting around a couch at a party, while simultaneously cringing and busting a gut, over the tale of a good friend's bad time. I was at such a party last month. My friend's stories would have been safe in the fermented recesses of my brain, but thanks to my new trusty digital voice recorder, I can bring you two new adventures in bad sex. (In order to protect the identities of those involved, I will be using the character names from one of my favorite sitcoms.)



Phoebe was tired of dating freaks. Being involved in the fetish community, she has had her fair share of boundary-pushing experiences. At long last, she thought she had hit the jackpot of averages. His name is Chandler. Wearing an Oxford shirt,

Oxford shoes and khakis from the finest Sears in all the land, she could tell that he would be the plain cheese sandwich of her dreams. The first few times they bumped awesome, it was exactly what she suspected it would be—a perfect C+ roll in the hay.

Then, after a while of beige sex, Chandler throws out the ominous line "I might cum in a different way." That would be enough for me to run for the hills, but Phoebe, being an adventurous sort, wants to see where Chandler is going with that statement. The sex starts off with the peaks and valleys of a prairie. Chandler then pulls out of Phoebe and finishes in her belly button...but wait there's more...Chandler starts cumming in that different way he was talking about. Phoebe's jizzed-on belly is now getting soaked down with Chandler's pee. Personally, I don't know how Chandler would still have a penis at this point, but Phoebe rolls with it. Not being the first time she's been tinkled on, she closes her eyes and goes to her happy place. Phoebe would have stayed in her happy place too-if that second stream of urine hadn't come out of nowhere and onto her head. Looking up, she sees Chandler's roommate, Joey, joining in on the golden shower. Phoebe is now at her limit of unwanted urine-she jumps to her feet on the bed and tells Joey to "Get the fuck out!" Joey tries to explain that his room shares a wall with Chandler's and the two were fucking so loudly, it must've been

an invitation to join. Phoebe is more worried about the piss that got in her mouth, than Joey's lame-ass explanation. Phoebe restated her first demand. "Get the fuck out!" Joey finally took the hint and went back to his room. Phoebe cleaned up and went to her place. Oddly enough, Phoebe and Chandler continued dating after that, but after a few months, she had to break it off. It seemed that every time Chandler and Phoebe would hump after that, Joey would knock on the door and ask to pee on her head. What Phoebe wasn't sure of, and I was dying to know is, did Joey come in, sneak past Chandler and piss on Phoebe, or did Chandler wave in Joey to get in on the fun? The world may never know—but what we do know, is that is one shitty sexual experience.



The story Ross told me, truly shows the steely-eyed focus and undaunted determination that one man can have for the purpose of getting off. Ross was hanging out, getting a drink at one of his favorite little bars. I didn't get permission to tell the bar's name, but

one would assume that a lot of Gods hangout there.

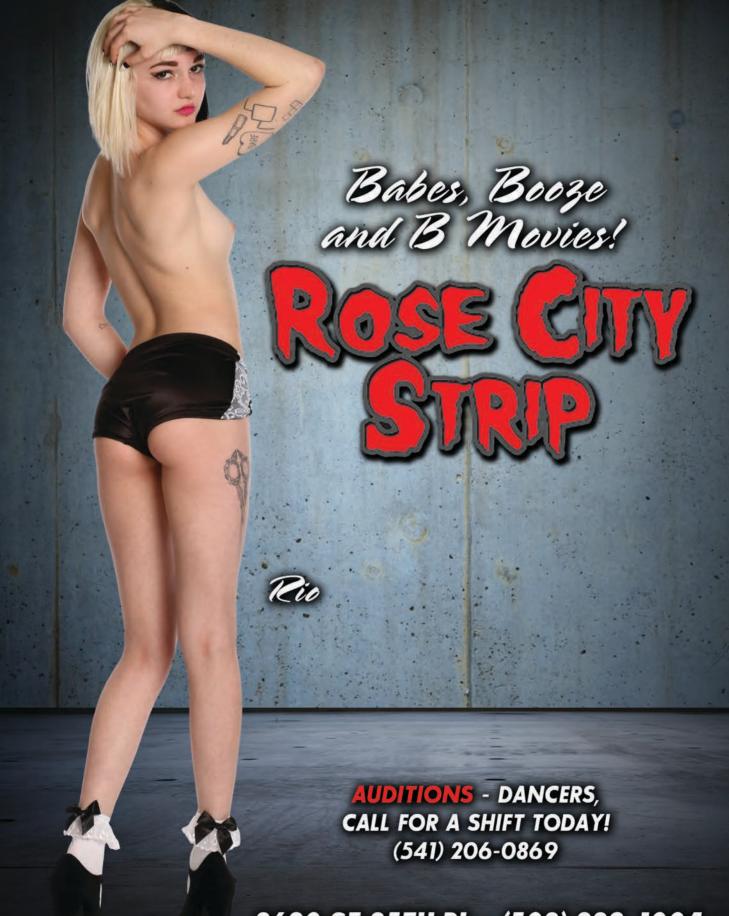
Earlier that day, Monica had helped Ross with his recently-crashed computer. While Monica was fixing it, Ross mentioned he'd be hanging out later and she should join him. Monica took Ross up on his offer and to sweeten the pot, she brought her good friend Rachel. The three had some drinks and Ross and Rachel started hitting it off. They talked about how she trains dogs and their mutual love for horror films. Eventually, Rachel brings up that they should go to her place. Eureka! As they head for her place and out of the dimly-lit bar, he notices Rachel has a lazy eye. Ross mentions in my voice recorder; "It doesn't matter or anything. I just want to paint a word picture."

When they get to her place, it became immediately obvious that Rachel is a hoarder. Boxes and bags of things go from the floor to ceiling. Little pathways, riddled with petrified-poop land mines, lead them from room to room. Before coitus, Ross had to use the bathroom. That meant he had to navigate passed rickety trash towers and random floor hurdles, then lift the unhinged door and set it back down for privacy.

Finally, they go to the bedroom. After a few minutes of humping, Ross feels that he's being watched. Looking around, he sees the glowing red eyes of seven highly trained-attack dogs, growling and snarling all around the bed. All that Ross could think about is, "Please hellhounds, don't think I'm hurting your owner." Eventually, Ross has to ask if he's safe from these doggies, who clearly

don't understand what's going on—even though the humans were doing it in the style of the canine species. Rachel assures Ross he's safe, "Don't worry. These are just my boys." and insists he keep going. Ross would have suggested that they shut the door, but it was wedged open with trash. Eventually, they finish and both fall asleep. The next morning Ross wakes up to see that the dogs have not moved at all—shooting laser beam stares at Ross as he slept. Knowing he would be dirtier if he showered there, Ross left—ending his one night stand and the wonderfully- horrible story he told me.

If you have a hilariously-horrible sexual experience you'd like to share and maybe be one of the stories I use for adventures in bad sex, please email me a short summation of the experience to (BadSex@xmag.com)



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AUSTIN'S LINITS BY AUSTIN WILDE

e all know about dabs. Everyone smokes dabs. You take the goo, you light the torch thingy and you get extremely high. We know ALL about dabs...wait...what the fuck is a dab?

The latest fad in the marijuana kingdom really isn't all that new. But much like the e-cigarette, dabs are seemingly taking over. Does anyone smoke WEED anymore? I was first introduced to dabs in the backroom of a dispensary in North Portland on 420, four years ago. I took two hits and achieved a level of "high" that I haven't reached since high school. I sat, staring at the wall for a while and then I tried to go to work, where I fell asleep on the dressing room couch. What a blast! Since, I've encountered oils, shatter, wax and a whole slew of other dabrelated substances. Each has varying consistencies, colors and ease-of-use, but essentially, they are all the same. So, what is a dab?

Well, technically a "dab" is a small amount of any, usually somewhat moist substance... but, *these* particular dabs, are most simply put, the product of a chemical extraction (usually using butane, although some other solvents work as well) of marijuana. You then smoke this super concentrated biproduct of cannabis and the effects, as you may expect, are extremely strong...at least for a while. Hash oil is made by pushing liquid butane through a tube packed with crystallized cannabis buds. The resulting solution is a mix of concrete oils, waxes, cannabinoids, terpenoids and sometimes, chlorophyll. Now, without getting too science-y...butane is a nonpolar chemical, as are cannabinoids, which means that the liquid butane can easily dissolve all of the chemicals making up the part of the weed that has any psycho and physiological effect, and the resulting mixture is a liquid substance

that people then smoke with, or in place of, weed. A single dab hit is said to have anywhere from a 40-90% higher concentration of THC. The extraction process requires some special equipment and a space with ample ventilation. Unfortunately, most BHO is not made under hoods or in laboratories by professionals with safety standards. The majority of BHO available, is mostly made in backyards, motels, tool sheds, and apartments—with little more safety features than an oven mitt and a no smoking sign.

Hash oil is considerably more expensive by weight (at dispensaries a gram of BHO usually runs for \$30, whereas a gram of flowers will usually cost \$10), but where someone can usually only take about ten "hits" from a single gram of buds, one can usually get around 25 much more highly concentrated "hits" from a gram of oil. Apartment fires and butane inhalation aside, the masses are in love. It has become an integral part of contemporary cannabis culture. So, the question becomes...to dab or not to dab? You smoke less and you get higher what's not to love, right?

From my research, I gotta say...dabs are pretty fun. Anytime I've smoked honey oil, budder, earwax or shatter, I've enjoyed it. I am skeptical though. A lot of the butane is burned off during the extraction process, but it's impossible to get rid of all of the harmful solvents used to create the oil, which means I'm willfully smoking an extremely dangerous and harmful chemical. Furthermore, as one smokes more and more dabs, their tolerance to it elevates, meaning, it takes more and more oil to feel the effects—which is costly and frustrating, to say the least. Also, being as the hits are so strong, each time you smokes dabs, your tolerance to THC skyrockets. Each time, smoking requires larger amounts of oil, and I've heard, it often gets to the point where people are smoking so much oil in order to get high, that it completely negates the price-break theory.

Also, as the smoker's tolerance rises, their ability to feel the effects from smoking buds can totally disappear. No wonder so many people are smoking honey oil exclusively...they don't have another option! Also, as unpopular of a notion as it is, weed is addictive. When you consistently get high, having zero THC in your system can cause anxiety, headaches and irritability. Just as the high is more intense smoking dabs, the effects of not smoking (once you're used to it) are also more intense—which creates some anxious and angry stoners when oil is, for some reason, unavailable.

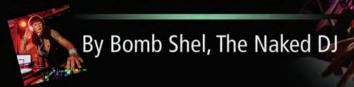
I also feel like dabs are not the greatest image for the marijuana-legalization cause. In many of its forms, BHO visually reminds people of heroin and many make comparisons that dabs are to marijuana as crack is to cocaine. None of this makes the conservative, non-stoner public any more comfortable with legalization.

Though it sounds like I'm harping on the stuff, I'm honestly not. As with anything, I feel like moderation is key. I can't afford to trade my addiction to weed for an addiction to dabs...and, I'm not too sure I want to. Breaking up those green, skunk-smelling, crystallized buds and smoking them are all part of a ritual that I'm incredibly fond of. As far as honey oil and me, I think I'll keep **DAB**bling, but probably only on special occasions and holidays! Happy 420, people! Smoke safe and have fun.

Austin Wilde performs at the Kit Kat Club Wednesday through Saturday and Dante's Sinferno every other Sunday.







THE MOST TITTILATING MOMENT OF THE MONTH

It's 4:20 in the morning—the club is popping, I'm still spinning records and my nipple hurts. My right nipple, if you must know, was bitten a wee bit too hard by one of our amateur contestants, at The Golden Dragon Exotic Club. Yes, my friends. This is the life of a naked DJ.

There I was on stage, standing room only, with two completely naked young ladies flanking me. To be totally honest, the contestant on my right (we'll just call her Bitch Tits McFarlip), had thrown her arms around my waist and was grinding her va-jayjay on my thigh. She was most definitely scoring points with the judges. Although, I have to admit, I was a little upset at the white snail trail she was leaving on my brand new black thigh-high's.

It's funny. Some nights, we'll get five or six amateur contestants and half of them are afraid to flash their boobies. Tonight was a rare moment, where both of our contestants wanted that \$100 prize money so badly, that they peeled off every stitch of clothing. There I stood with a perfectly shaved pussy to my right and a perfectly shaved pussy to my left. Had one of them been vajazzled, it would have saved me the painful tie-breaker that ensued. But alas, amateurs don't spend hours gluing bling on their V thing.

We always decide the winner of the amateur contest via audience applause, but tonight, we had a tie. So, some crazy fucker in the crowd decided that the only way to determine the winner was to see who licked whipped cream off my nipples the best. I have to say, it was strange—two naked women, sucking on my tits at the same time, in front of a crowd of people. One of us went home with \$100. One of us went home with a sore nip and everybody else went home with a hard-on! #Winning!

ADVICE FROM THE DJ

Strippers, don't let him fingerbang you in the club. Getting fingerbanged in the club will get you fired—unless, of course, it's done on stage by another dancer. I'd do it myself, but I don't wanna get your goo all over my records.

MUSIC NOTES

In the past four weeks, I've spent \$227.50 buying music online. I got on a R&B/Soul kick and downloaded damn near every song Aaliyah and Al Green ever recorded. How much I'll actually drop at the club, is yet to be determined, but I do enjoy a little Back & Forth every now and then. Reggae never really seems right in the room, but I did find a house remix of Bob Marley's Sun Is Shining by Jesse Rose. The Pegboard Nerds are my favorite EDM artist of the month, with Coffins, Bassline Kickin, their remix of Krewella's Live For The Night and High Roller making their way into my library all at once. My radio favorites included Loya/by Chris Brown, T-Pain's Up Down, Na Na by Trey Songz & Shabba (A\$AP Ferg), Locally, I went to purchase the new Pyrotense and realized our local hardstyle duo has 41 songs for sale on iTunes! I bought their Take This EP. It's not their newest one, but it's my fave! My most embarrassing musical crush of the month, goes to P.M. Dawn's Set Adrift On Memory Bliss.

FROM THE LOCKER ROOM

One of my favorite dancers offered some head scratching advice. According to "Pugsley Butstroke," those white, triangular makeup sponges that girls buy in bulk at Rite Aid, make for great tampon replacements. She shoves in six or seven and calls it good. When asked how she gets them out, "Like a baby," she said, "I just push."

THE BOMB'S RANT

Last week, a super talented local DJ, whom I respect a lot, asked me when my next show was. I told him I'd be spinning that Thursday at The Golden Dragon. His response was, "No. I mean your next real show." So, I ran off a few dates at some upcoming raves. That seemed to make him feel like I was still a real DJ. The same night, another guy, again who spins and whom I respect, proceeded to tell me, (like I hadn't heard it a thousand times before) that the guys in "the scene" think all this spinning naked nonsense is demeaning.

First, let's get something straight, gentlemen. I love you guys, but honestly, my girl parts have always been, and will forever be, a source of friction. It doesn't matter if they're covered or uncovered. It doesn't matter if you're my friend or my fuck buddy. The fact that I am a woman competing with you, always makes you feel weird. For example, when I was a kid, I played football with you fellas, up until you started tackling me, not because I had the ball, but because I had the tits. Thirty years later, it's still the same.

Secondly, all my shows are real shows—especially the four to six hour ones that pay me. WTF? For those of you who haven't been paying attention, despite the puff pillows below my neck, I'm a motherfucking DJ—I have been for longer than some of my critics have been alive (literally). If you think I just saunter into the club, strip naked and push play on gangsta rap all night, you're mistaken. Ya. I might do a cold drop occasionally, but for most of the evening, I'm mixing.

My dancers shake their ass to house and deep house, a little electro, trap, hip-hop and funk, dubstep, drumstep and the occasional DnB track. I'll go from 70 to 85 to 94 to 110 to 120 to 130 to 140 to 150bpm and back again, while announcing during the mix itself. And, I don't need your stupid little 1A, 7B key chart, to know what songs sound right together. I've played piano most all my life and I know my cycle of 4ths and 5ths. The club's gear is the best—Technics MK5 with the Rane 62 and I don't always use Scratch Live. Sometimes, I bring in my records.

On top of it all, I'm managing anywhere from 30 to 50 dancers a night, fielding questions and requests from the audience and MCing a variety of events from the stage. I do it all looking sexy as fuck. The way I present myself, what I wear and the shape I'm in, takes time, creativity, money, effort and BALLS. Plus, I'm on my feet, in heels, until the break of dawn. When even the most ardent partiers are at home, crashed in bed, I'm spinning. OK. Maybe two hot blondes are licking whipped cream off my nipples, but, as Doug E. Fresh and Slick Rick once said, "Also, if you didn't know, this is called The Show!"

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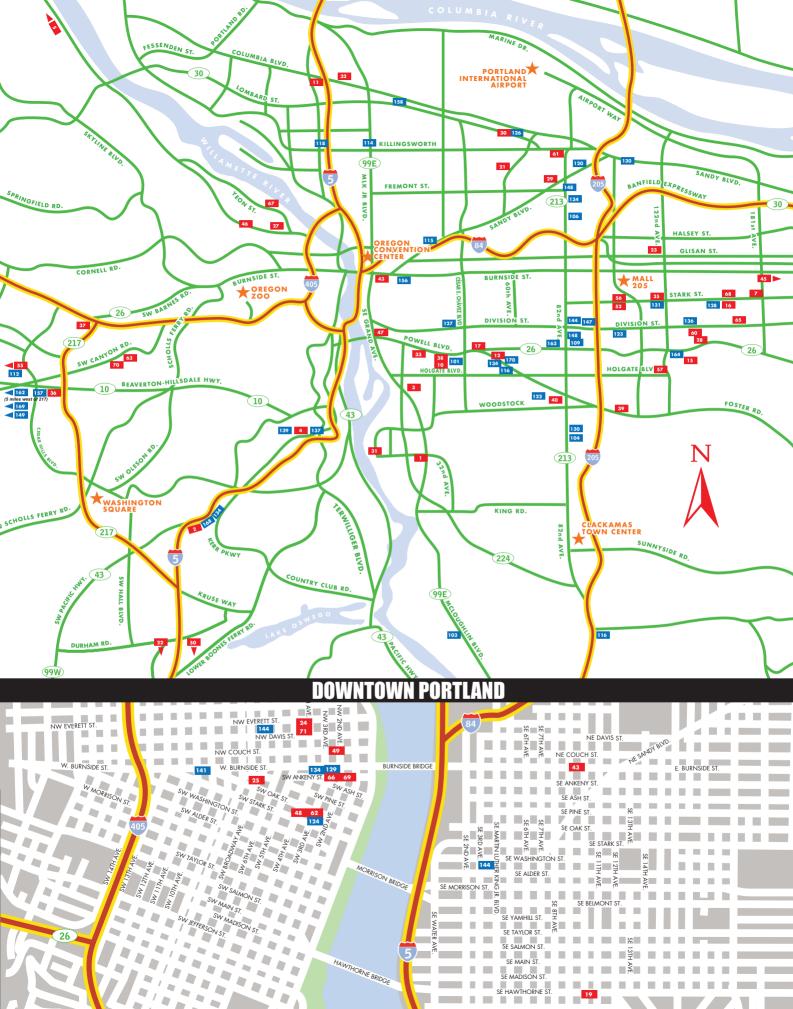
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When I first reached out to Exotic magazine, last year, about the possibility contributing a monthly advice column on sex, I wasn't working in a strip club. that time, I was working full-time as a sex therapist and had spent the last few years bearing witness to my wife's evolution as a performer and a stripper in Portland. Fast forward to today, and while I'm still doing sex therapy, I am now getting peer- reviewed research published, working on a book, traveling the country training other professionals and driving the change of sex-negative and discriminatory policies for a larger organization...and DJing at a strip club on the weekends. So, when Exotic magazine approached me about this column, despite now being so busy, it seemed like the next right action.

So, just what do I mean by that? There are very few sex therapists in the United States. There are even less that have gone through the rigorous education and training required for formal certification. And, amongst this tiny group, there are still less who are sex-positive, kink-friendly, poly-aware and LGBTQ-affirming. My experiences being married to a stripper, made me want to do more as a sex therapist in supporting Portland's sex workers. But, my recent experiences working at an 18+ club, where so many baby strippers enter the industry, has left me feeling like I have to do more to help. I've been thinking about putting together something to distribute to dressing rooms at clubs that would provide answers to common questions new dancers have, and most importantly be something that truly empowers women new to sex work. With Portland being the Strip Club Mecca it is, I have no doubt this is not an original idea. Such resources may exist or be in development-I just haven't seen them. So, when I say "next right action," I mean that this column appears to be an amazing opportunity to reach sex workers and consumers, while offering sexual health information, without having to find funding or deal with distribution.

When I was able to stand by my wife in successfully transitioning out of stripping, I felt deeply inspired. It began a period of time, where my therapeutic work primarily consisted of working with women with significant trauma histories and chemical use problems. I saw an opportunity to be a safe male in the lives of women who had survived incredibly chaotic and horrific life experiences. Bearing witness to the strength, courage and healing of so many women, remains one of the most meaningful experiences of my life. So, what am I doing working in a strip club? Isn't that contradictory? It really isn't. The only thing more inspiring than my wife's exit from stripping was her eventual return to stripping from a conscious, empowered and sex-positive space. Earlier this month her picture appeared in WW's Strip Club Guide, where she fully came out—about not just being a burlesque performer, but also a stripper. Further, she made a comment dismissing the judgmental distinction made between burlesque and stripping. If we weren't already married, we would have been on our way to Las Vegas that night.

Many women, who are "new" to sex work, have unfortunately negative experiences as they find their way. It is my hope that I can be helpful to those who are having negative sexual experiences, both as workers and as customers. The reality is, that we all sell our bodies, sell our time and pay for sex. We need more voices of sanity to stand up to the ludicrous bullshit that passes as truth about sexuality and sexual health. Each month, I will answer a question posed by a sex worker and a question posed by a sex "consumer." I will make an effort to do this in a way that relies on scientific data, over personal opinion, whenever possible.

As this is the first column that will run, I'll have to come up with the first question myself...

Setual healing By John Lewis

WHAT DOES "SEX-POSITIVE" MEAN?

It can be defined a few ways. My favorite explanation is, that the only relevant measure of something being sex-positive is the consent, pleasure and well-being of the people doing it and affected by it. Some people describe it as all sexual expression that is consensual and safe. Consent and safety are both complicated. The point is, that what makes something healthy or unhealthy, generally isn't about any particular behavior being unacceptable, but other elements. For example—porn isn't bad, but looking at porn at the library or while operating a moving vehicle—maybe not so safe or consensual. Consent and safety will be ongoing themes for this column. The other major item of discussion, will be "sex addiction", or rather the spread of this belief that it is an actual diagnosis or disease. Don't misunderstand me, sex problems are absolutely real, but it is not because of sex being "addictive." This is far too simple an explanation and the data really doesn't exist to prove it. The addiction myth takes away our power over our own sexuality and it makes sex problems into individual issues, when they are actually complex systemic issues (family, relationships, culture) that don't happen in a vacuum. I'm writing a book on this topic, so it is unrealistic for me to debunk sex addiction within the closing sentences of this column, but it most certainly will come up again.

I like to think of sex-positivity as one element of "sexual health." To me, sexual health is a complex thing—it spans the physical, emotional, mental and spiritual dimensions of sexuality, and is perhaps best described as an ongoing process, instead of an ideal state of sexual being/functioning. I don't believe in abstinence approaches for sexual problems, but instead feel strongly about the importance of harm reduction. This means, rather than focusing on what we want to stop doing sexually, I encourage others to focus on creating more opportunities for what they do want.

Often, what we think of as sex problems, are actually communication problems. Many of the darkest parts of human sexuality, are actually issues that have far more to do with violence, than sex. In closing, if you're having sex problems in your life, what are the elements of your problem beyond the sex itself?

I like to think I'm a far better DJ than writer, so come see me Friday/Saturday/Sunday 'til midnight, at the Golden Dragon Exotic Club. Unfortunately, I can only provide guidance on buying lap dances while I'm at work.

Send your questions to JohnLewis@xmag.com











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ecorated as the most significant mystery in science, the human brain, is at the center of our universe. We eat, sleep, breathe and fuck because our brain tells us to. So, with this month's topic being drugs, I decided to dig a little deeper into the most complex, twisted piece of machinery we operate, or rather, operates us. Just how guarded are the theories of mind control through mind-altering substances? Let's start with the obvious—prescription and over the counter drugs. The hard candy of the adult world, has so many severe side effects, that it sometimes eludes me as to why anyone would risk the cure for the cancers soon to come.

The mired display of what your day should look like, riddles the commercial airways, as Ambien actors prance across the screen of late-night television-convincing the viewers that this product will indeed suppress your depression and thoughts of blood-soaked carnage. Don't mind the warning label that explicitly reads that you may experience sleep walking, confusion about identity, place and time, as well as sleep driving. That sounds pretty mind altering to me. Something that potentially makes me do weird shit in my sleep and takes away my ability to identify myself or my surroundings. Sounds like I'm already sleep deprived, when you put it that way! So, that's just the beginning, really, As of 2012, the CDC claims over 250 million prescriptions were made for anti-depressants to Americans. That's 250 million people, consuming a product that has a big, fat warning label that reads "may cause increased risk of suicidal thinking and behavior." If you are someone suffering from depression and traumatic incidents in your past, the last thing you need is a drug that's going to make you want to kill yourself.

To pour a little salt on that wound, it doesn't stop with the pharmaceuticals controlling deeply depressed adults, our children have become a long-term field study. Kids being fed psychostimulants, like Ritalin, to help curb potentially nonexistent disorders like ADD and ADHD. Ritalin is a widely- distributed drug, prescribed to young children for attention and hyperactive disorders. It has also become a drug that has a very high potential for abuse amidst our youth, as it produces a speed-like effect to the user. Today, Ritalin is being prescribed less in the US, due to a rise in suspicious deaths, though it still remains on the market today.

This is just a taste of what the FDA approved for human consumption. It goes even more below-the-belt when recent studies show that BPA (a chemical used to make epoxy resin and polycarbonate plastic products, like water bottles and baby bottles) is responsible for mind and body alterations. That's right our babies' pacifiers and bottles fall into the category of mind-altering substances. Only now, are they starting to make more BPA-free options available, but the fact of the matter is, BPA alters brain development and behavior. And, no one takes responsibility for these problems. It's a wash with the higher-ups, as they pull the items from the marketplace for a time and then restock the shelves after the media is done throwing names around. Who's the bigger monster now-the scurvy drug addict on the corner or the one peddling products that warp your childrens' minds in the department stores?

Now, aside from the obvious "scripts" and plastic-resin-mind-wash, you have the illicit drugs (like LSD and a rainbow of designer drugs), hot off the chemical-compound train. The frightening stuff is obviously what they are cooking up in the medical laboratories. We've been altering our state of mind with mystery substances ever since we squeezed ourselves out of the primordial tube of life. That isn't new, but what is, happens when the common trend goes from numbing the pain to just not feeling it at all. In June of 2013, a report led by an Emory University researcher, showed that SR-8993 (a drug that acts on the brain's opiate receptors), can prevent a fear memory from forming. If we can block our fear receptors, why stop there? Oh, we didn't! A recent article in Popular Science talks about "spotless minds," where researchers are wiping little white field mice's memories clean and maybe soon, even humans. Next, they will block our pain receptors and start building our brains on the outside of our bodies. Speaking of brains outside of bodies, that leads me to our last mind-control drug-arguably one of the scariest. Scopolamine, also known as "Burundanga" is harvested from flowers that grow on shrubs, in areas like Ecuador and Columbia. Scopolamine is the kind of drug that causes severe memory lapse and renders the user a virtual puppet. This is the drug they use on you, when you wake up in a dirty bathtub the next morning, with a letter posted to you telling you to seek treatment in the next five hours, for the kidney you're now missing. The locals, indigenous to where this plant grows, say that some have friends that have never come back from their trip on the drug. They walk the street with vacant eyes, mumbling meaningless banter. Others, have accounts of lost material possessions, by unknowingly, but willingly allowing, their abusers to manipulate them into helping load up their entire household, then waking up to find an empty flat. So powerful, in such a low dose, this is also a drug that is extremely hard to come by, and most won't bother with trying to hunt down a source, because of the grave consequences. As a nation, when we lose control, we lean heavily onto our substance abuse problems, in an attempt to make painful memories of vesterdays go away. But, with drugs as powerful as these, we now have the ability to detrimentally warp our minds beyond our own imaginationmore than we have ever originally perceived to be possible.



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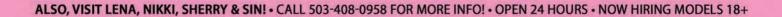
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drug edition

The dawn of a new era is upon us, with the decriminalization of our favorite recreational drug, marijuana. Cannabis has become much more than just a recreationally-controlled substance— it is now projected to make a heavy impact on the economies supporting the use and public sale of this once illicit drug. With legalization now coming to fruition, it makes one wonder what other advances we are embarking on in the years to come. What kind of new drugs will be knocking on our door in the near future? Well, my friends, I have a small window to open, but it cast a rather long and dark shadow. As a nation, we are pretty strung out.

Americans under the influence of some kind of mind-altering substance, we are unquestionably suffering from a massive "substance abuse" problem. However, Illegal substances are not the only contributor to this long list of abuse. There is another parallel problem that could arguably be just as severe. The rapidly increasing number of people taking medically-prescribed drugs is staggering. But, the accessibility, along with the purity of these "legal highs," has doubled. A virtual smorgasbord of chemical compounds is right at our fingertips, where ordering the latest designer drugs off an Internet menu is the hot new craze.

Designer drugs have been around for awhile— synthetic derivatives that



have been tweaked a molecule or two to produce, more often than not, a psychoactive effect. These are not true lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD) drugs, however and can have rapid and devastating effects. Our ability to order these legal highs over the Internet has started a trend in "psychonaut" modern chemists or virtual "Walter Whites." These chemists can change their strain, once the governments catch on to the new mutation, and put out an equally powerful product within business days of the last product being criminalized. Now, when I say a powerful product, allow me to bold print it when I say **powerful**. Let's take the powder 25i-NBOME aka "Smiles," already reinvented in the marketplace to become NBOH, after being ousted in the UK market. 25i-NBOME was originally created to help trace the biochemical pathways in the brain that may play a role in schizophrenia and depression, but has been packaged and re-labeled as a "legal high." A single

gram of 25i-NBOME and NBOH contain up to 10,000 doses. Perceptively, if you snorted a gram of 25i-NBOME, it would be like snorting a Mack Truck up your nose and you'd experience the scene in Pulp Fiction, where Mia mistakes the heroin for cocaine. Unfortunately, many have fallen prey to the same mistake and suffered immediate convulsions and seizures, often followed by death.

All in all, I see a common trend in these custom designs like 2CB, MXE, 2C-E, 3C-Bromo-Dragonfly and Meow Meow. They are all psychoactives and are much stronger than their predecessor LSD, can last longer and

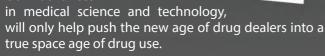


it takes extremely little of the substance to acquire the desired high. I believe, this alone accounts for the increase in overdoses and bizarre incidents involving the designer drugs. For instance, a college student in the UK stabbed his mother and then cut off his own penis while tripping on Meow Meow. If that's not a little off-key, then I don't know what else constitutes as fucked up drug side effects.

Now, on the top of the food chain, is a brand new designer drug, cultivating a new fan base and bearing an iconic logo, "Nintendo." Widely distributed in the European club scene, these pills contain a large dose of MDMA, with a little of whatever the chemist decides to shake on top. Much like the Autobots and Decepticons of the ecstasy world, these guys know how to brand a product to make a grand entry into the melting pot of our ever-changing iconic drug culture. Staying true to the times, we have to find new ways to supersede our old highs and create stronger, faster and more efficient drugs. So, it's my hypothesis that, the future, swiftly approaching, will lean even more heavily on the world of developing medicine. I surmise that we will learn and attach more modern medical methods to our addictions, like a system currently in place for targeting diseases and ailments like cancer. Introducing a treatment through the use of nanoparticles, could create a system that can be delivered orally and absorbed through the digestive tract—allowing patients to simply take a pill, instead of receiving injections as they currently do. Moving

into a future where everything is more compact and portable, we seem to strive for technologies that are smaller and less detectable with faster absorption rates, along with a stronger

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Being out of Portland (thank you for all the love last month, by the way) means that I don't have to write this column under the pretense that I may lose a gig, depending on whether or not my boss at the club likes what I have to say. And, aside from catering to the industry and readership supporting Exotic, I'm no longer obliged to water things down, being that I work four-hundred miles away, in a county best known for marijuana and guns. Say goodbye to Vaguely Passive-Aggressive Anecdotal Tales From The Better-Not-Say-That Booth and welcome to the new style...



TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH RAY MCMILLIN

So, there I was, smoking the crack. Holy shit... they aren't lying about how good this stuff is... Wait. Perhaps, this is a good time to back up and fill in some details.

So, there I was-not smoking crack and just doing the ol' college radio program at KPSU. My co-host on the One-Hour Pharmacy show, Dr. Sanity (aka Wombstretcha) had proposed that we do an entire episode dedicated to crack cocaine. Not, like, in support of the drug or anything. Just...'crack' themed. See, a week earlier, the actor who played the dad on Alf, had been caught (and photographed) smoking rocked cocaine in a hotel room with a prostitute. We were, at the time, using this photo for promotional purposes. No one understood what crack had to do with 1HRx Radio, so we just let the carriage guide the horse. After the crack edition had aired, Wombstretcha and I realized that we had never actually smoked the stuff ourselves. Thus, we agreed to toss the crack rocks into our bucket list and that was that.

A few weeks later, we were still virgins to hard drugs. Sure, we consumed anything allowed inside the Oregon Country Fair on a semi-regular basis, but the good ol' Whitney rock had not yet been introduced to our bloodstreams (or lifestyles). One particular evening, we were sitting around in thenghetto apartments (39th near Gladstone), frying balls on LSD (a completely natural substance) and listening to German industrial music. For some reason, the sounds of Laibach and acid-laughter attracted a transient to the door. Insert here, every stereotype of "crack smoker" ever portrayed in a feature film (or sketch comedy show) a black dude with randomly-assigned clothing from the free bin, skinny, huge eyes, small beenie and mismatched shoes.

The crackhead stuck his neck through the door. "Hey guys, do you smoke?" Hell yes, we smoke.

Cigarettes, weed, you name it. "Come on in, duder."

It was at this point, that our new associate sat down on the couch, took off his coats and emptied out on to the table what appeared to be a fanny pack containing the entrance to Narnia—a small set of hardware tools, three giant rocks and a crack pipe.

Then, our neighbor lit up his crack like a thong on fire. "Excuse me, sir," Wombstretcha interjected. "Is that...cocaine?"

"Yeah," Random Crackhead on Couch answered mid-puff.

Wombstretcha continued, "Is that ...by any chance, 'rocked' cocaine?"

"Yeah, you want some?" Fuck yes, we wanted some. We were high on acid, with cancellable plans (if any at all), what's a little crack gonna do to the hallucinations and uncontrollable appreciation for the muted *Aeon Flux* in the background, if not enhance it? This was pretty much all the forethought we required. The crackhead passed the crack pipe to us. We hit the crack and it was consumed.

Let me just say this right now, without any exaggeration— crack cocaine is fucking awesome! Should you do it? Probably not. After all, we were both instantly addicted (surprise), but thankfully we were too high on acid to find more of it (let alone muster up the strategic means with which to do so without looking like, well, crackheads on acid). KMFDM sounded amazing, food (which we didn't have) sounded disgusting and for once in our lives, we were actually asking the homeless guy for shit (and not the other way around). Life was good for a few, short-lived blood rushes to the cranium.

So, there I was, smoking the crack. Holy shit... they aren't lying about how good this stuff is. People toss around the terms "cracked out" or

"like crack" without having any idea just how enjoyable the stuff actually is. Sure, it was basically manufactured by the Regan administration as a means of flushing the inner cities with a lethal, life-destroying substance that put a disproportionately disturbing amount of black men behind bars (who served far more time than their powdered white counterparts for the same amount of the substance). Still, it's fucking awesome. Yeah, the shit tastes like the tin man's menstrual blood (side note: the tin man is actually a woman, just watch Wizard of Oz after a few hits of Leary blotter and it becomes clear that the 'quy' is merely a post-op robot). But, it was the best high ever. The kind of high that makes you think, "Hey, maybe I shouldn't have eaten all that acid, because this is some really enjoyable crack cocaine" before getting on line and Googling 'where to purchase crack in S.E. Portland.'

What, if anything (besides a home-clippered haircut and an ashtray full of Newports), did I take away from this experience? The knowledge that crack cocaine is just fantastic. It's no wonder that people get addicted to it, and if I ever have the chance to smoke some again, I'm taking out a loan and just riding the crack boat through the entire month of February. The shit is amazing. If there was a Yelp page for crack cocaine, I would give it an unapologetic five stars. On the downside, it's surprisingly hard to find good, clean crack cocaine.

Anyone know where to get any?



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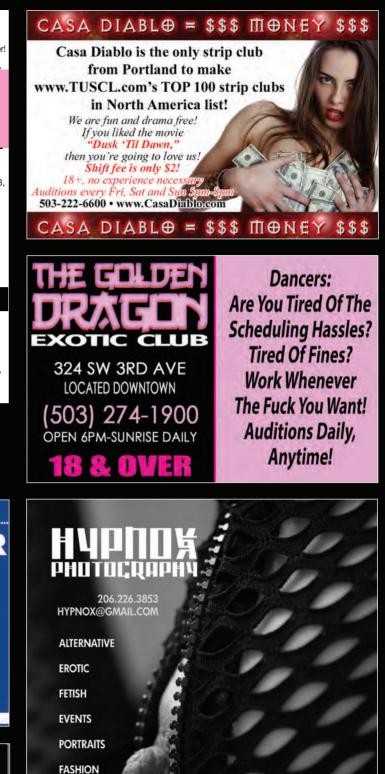
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ZONBIE JESUS JESUS VS STORES

By Richie Stratton

Finally, two holidays combine to make one super holiday. The international pot smoking holiday, 420, falls on the same day of the birth of Zombie Jesus, Easter—and, what a fine combination it is. Both holidays involve getting together with friends and family, watching a parade, eating tons of candy, participating in unnecessary art projects and looking for hidden treats in the garden. All the sudden, that whole thing about egg-laying bunnies makes more sense than it ever has. Not since 2003 and not 'til 2025, will this happen again, so take advantage potheads. You finally have the opportunity to be as stoned as Aunt Gertrude is on her pain pills at the dinner table.

Easter, we all know, is the celebration of the resurrection of Jesus. That's why we decorate eggs and hide them for kids to find, so they can burn off the sugar-high they're gonna have from shoving tons of peeps and jelly beans down their throats. Makes complete sense, right? In fact, everything we do while celebrating Easter, must've been thought up by people who were stoned out of their minds.

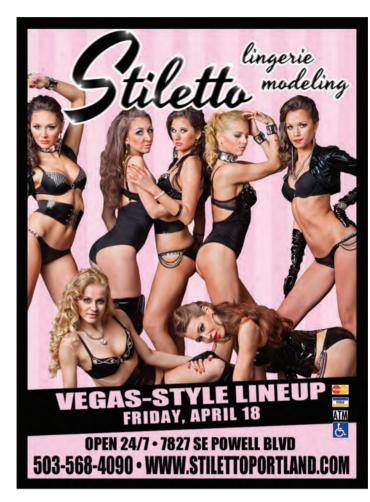
When I noticed that these two holidays would meet this month, it made me curious to know where the term 420 came from. How did April 20th become so popular as the pot smoking holiday it is now and why is 4:20 the best time to get baked? It's gotten so popular, that Colorado had to replace the mile marker 420 sign with a mile marker 419.99 because hippies kept taking it. Sorry to disappoint you, but it has nothing to do with Bob Marley's birth or death, (born February 6 and died on May 11). It is not the police radio code for marijuana smoking, though 420 is the Las Vegas Police radio code for homicide. There are 315 known chemicals in cannabis, so that's not it. Yes, April 20th is Hitler's birthday, but why in the hell would that be the reason a bunch of hippies decide that 4:20 is the perfect time to chief up? That'd be just as effective as smoking on 11/12, to celebrate Charles Manson's birthday.

Oddly enough, where 420 actually came from, was a bunch of high school students from San Rafael, California that called themselves "The Waldos," back in 1971. I know, I thought it was bullshit too, but after extensive Googling, it turns out to be accurate. They have papers, a flag, and a bunch of other keepsakes with 420 written on them which marks the first times in history that we know of. These students would meet after class, at 4:20, to smoke out and look for a mystery pot field in the Point Reyes forest. They were given a map by a friend's brother-in-law. While the brother-in-law was in the coast guard, he went into the Point Reves forest and planted a secret pot crop. When he left, his map found its way into the hands of The Waldos. In the halls at school, to avoid being busted by the teachers, The Waldos would exchange a glance and mutter the code "420 Louis," which means, "Meet me after sports at the Louis Pasteur statue for smoke and treasure hunting." Waldo Steve would drive the group, while hot boxing his '66 Chevy Impala, into the woods to go herb hunting. Sadly, search as they might, The Waldos never found the field of daydreams, but the code stuck. After a while, the code just meant: "Are you high?", "Wanna get high?", "Can you get me high?" or "Hey, we're high!" The code spread rapidly, thanks to The Grateful Dead. The Dead moved to Marin County, during the time The Waldos were on the hunt. As members of The Dead would start side projects, they eventually got to know and smoke out with these kids. In fact, some of The Waldos even became roadies for the legendary jam band. After spreading like a weed (wink) through the Deadhead community, 420 exploded to become the international code, time and holiday in celebration of marijuana—even the leading weed publication, High Times, bought 420.com in the 90s.

I get the whole Easter thing. I come from an extremely W.A.S.P.-like family (White, Anglo Saxon, Protestant). We did Easter up right. I always had a full basket of sugar-rotting goodness and a solid Easter egg hunt. Though I always thought it was odd that the Easter Bunny would hide the eggs all the kids decorated. It nagged me every year, 'til eventually, I asked my Mom in front of the extended family, "So, is the Easter Bunny, like, stealing our eggs, shoving them up his butt and then pooping them out in the hidden spots? This is a way-gross holiday." It was at that point, I was informed that I would no longer be allowed to participate in the Easter egg hunt. Like I seriously wanted to look for secondhand rabbitass-eggs from some weird bunny with a weird fetish anyway?

After that, I became an adult and I could drink with the family. That smoothed things out, 'til drunken petty squabbles would break out when the kids were off searching. As a pretty hearty weed smoker since my teens, the fighting always seemed ridiculous but also increasingly fun to watch when I was high. Now, to celebrate both holidays together I'll grab a little help from Grandma's favorite brownie recipe and add a little something-something from my blonde, dreadlock-sporting cousin Chad, (I'm totally kidding. I have my own guy). Now, the only squabbling will be from the children—because the adults ate all of their candy.

Have a fun and happy 420 Easter everyone!



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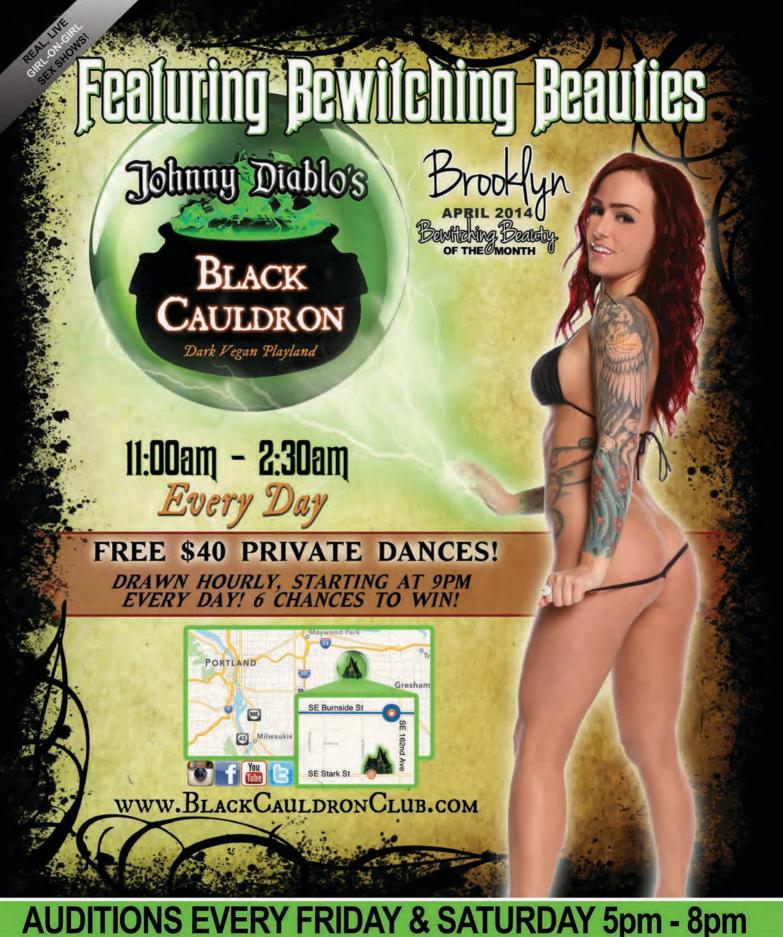




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