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OUR FETISH

nage 44

page 44 by helen shepard

GET THE FREAK ON

from tree rape to sadistic dentistry

NEXT-GEN WAR





WHEELS? rose city streets under siege page 54 by ray mcmillin

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(A few months ago, I wrote a piece titled "Politics N' Shit," in which I documented a local lobbyist group's attempts to pass legislation that would provide a hotline and resources to live entertainers, particularly those in the adult entertainment industry. Elle Stanger has been quoted extensively in online news articles regarding that story. The bill in question, was titled HB 3059 you can Google it and that's all the introduction you're going to get, without going to TalesFromTheDJBooth.com to read the article in question.)

tales from the dj booth

POLITICS N' SHIT (PART II)

The lobbyist lady who had asked me out for coffee to discuss human trafficking (not the first time this has happened, but with her, the context was less illicit) tipped me off to some "new legislation unrelated to (our) 'stripper bill." This turned out to be some less-than-exciting paperwork that meant employers (or rather, part-time managers accidentally hired from Craigslist, by otherwise upstanding strip club chains) of illegally underage prostitutes would be held legally accountable for their actions. Bo-ring.

However, during the aftermath of the Oregon HB 3059 live entertainer bill discussions, the waiting game began. In short, local congress is comprised of two branches that are intermingled with several committees—none of which has any power until the money is on the table. Enter the Bureau of Labor and Industries (BOLI). These people are to house bill funding, what Shark Tank is to people who go on Shark Tank; while they don't necessarily dictate laws of commerce, they have a large part in deciding whether or not something gets funded (and the spectacle surrounding their existence, is far from justified). In terms of what lobbyists on our side were asking for, the amount was chump change. Still, BOLI ended up being the end-all that would determine whether or not our bill to provide resources to bloody strippers and/or underage prostitutes was, in fact, worth funding.

Now, when something gets scrutinized for funding, this often results in previously-shadowed aspects of said thing becoming illuminated. For instance, let's just say that a stripper or two was suing a club on the grounds that they were denied wages, while being treated as a W-2 employee, and let's say that, while this was happening, another bill was floating around with the goal of providing a fringe group of independent contractors with benefits that are, in most cases, provided to workers of any classification (construction sites, for instance, often feature posters with information on who to contact if an illegal immigrant slips and falls on a lawsuit, while fixing a roof). At some point in the mix, BOLI was like, "Wait a minute, why aren't strippers being treated like W-2 employees and who in their right mind, would choose to get naked for a living, under a pseudonym, and want to be treated as an independent, cash-only contractor?" I'm assuming BOLI then discussed theories behind the flat earth and whether or not Dinosaurs ruled Alaska in the 1700s. Still, the issue of "wage versus contractor," was brought up somewhere in a room by members of BOLI and this discussion leaked.

Enter the Internet. Elle Stanger, a woman who I consider educated and wellversed, decided to post about HB 3059, the bill that will bring dancers such controversial changes as a box of Band-Aids or possibly a person to call if you get raped by "Rick The Booker" who just moved here from Florida, because they don't allow sex offenders to live within city limits. This discussion sparked a ton of intelligent replies, before being usurped by a handful of concerned morons (not morons because they were concerned, but morons because they refused to venture outside of Facebook and visit one of those fancy non-Tumblr websites full of shit like "information" and "facts"), who seemed convinced that the "stripper bill" we were pushing for would somehow result in the clubs requiring W-2 employee status of their dancers. Apparently, rumors were afloat and the water on the conspiracy river was just warm enough to swim in.

I decided to do research, and by research, I mean drugs with people who work in the State Capitol (and who won't be named here). Molly is a hell of a substance, and although I rarely use it (I can't stand the feeling of smiling at hipsters I know I'm supposed to hate, plus I used to DJ for groups of those people and molly turned me onto dubstep, so in a way, the drug is a trigger for my self-diagnosed PTSD), rolling balls with people in power is about the only way you're gonna get a hard-on while under the influence of MDMA. I wasn't doing it to get a boner, though—I was engaging in bad decision making to gain information and I gathered the fuck out of that information. From what I gathered, two things need to be made blatantly clear to anyone in the Oregon adult entertainment industry.

First, there is no official piece of legislation pushing for mandatory employee status of adult entertainers. In short, BOLI, who has as much legal say-so over strip clubs as the OLCC has over flavors of microbrews, is pushing to give dancers the option of employee status-to which, club owners can reject with a combination of the words "fuck" and "off," presented in said order. Much like the new marijuana laws are pushing for the option of dispensaries to provide recreational pot in addition to serving medical patients, the strong arm of the law, should not be confused with the long arm. Sure, the state will always be able to bend over the little guy and make us sing "Goodbye Horses," while the lotion falls out of the basket, but they don't need legislation to do this. Oregon has two-girl sex shows no less than five miles from grade schools and churches. If the regulators wanted to shut us down, they would have done so years ago. Fact is, Acrop has a good steak and the rest is history—Portland will always be Strip City, USA.

Second, molly burns if you snort it. Are you like, supposed to smoke it? Shoot it up? I'm not gonna take some pill sold to me by a kid in a fuzzy animal hat, who refers to every calendar date by stating its proximity to Burning Man. You kids have to work a little harder on your designer drugs—or at least give out instructions.

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377 BJ MCMAUGHT

Here in Portland, when we see people dressed in costume, we barely bat an eve anymore. In fact, we want to know where they're going! When it comes to the weirdness, I have always done my part, and after taking a few years off as Exotic's resident Bad Girl, I'm back at my antics and weirder than ever! This past year, I became a naughty professional clown!

I know you all want to know what exactly is a naughty clown? After guitting a dead-end job, I took that opportunity to dive fully off the deep end and became a clown! After all, I have always been goofy, funny, awkward and animated. I like to smile and make people laugh. Only with a mouth like a sailor and the wardrobe of a whore, no one was hiring me for children's parties anytime soon. I'm an entertainer, a performer, a prankster and a comedian-all rolled into one. I was already a pro at entertaining adults and who says clowns are just for children? This led me to dancing-I am a stripper clown with many tricks up her sleeve, only I'm not wearing any sleeves!

With my new, blossoming career has come a growing collection of props and costumes for ridiculous routines and farcical feature sets-as well as a bucket list of things I want to do as a clown. One item on this list-clown dating! This agenda led me to Tinder, because after all, it seems everyone is doing it. As if dating in these times isn't hard enough, try entering the world of online dating as a clown!

> First, let me start by saying, I swipe right on EVERYONE, because I like to spread positive energy. Second, let me state, just because we matched, this does not mean I am obligated to chat, meet, hang out, date or fuck! Is it the animosity of the

Internet that makes you feel so bold and brazen? I wonder if you would have the courage to say some of these things in person? I'm starting to realize why so many of you are single.

Let me take this opportunity, to break down several repeat questions asked of me online here...

Portland is an odd place—that's why we love it! A clown can be sexy. I'm not hiding anything. Hot girls make hot clowns. While I am a clown 100% of the time, I am not in clown attire all of the time. You wouldn't ask Ronald for a picture without his makeup, so stop asking!

I won't tell you a joke on demand-I'm not a stand-up comedian. I can't

show you a magic trick-I'm not a magician. I'm a clown. I can, however, show you my naughty bits, if you show me some money!

I don't want to fuck you, just because we both swiped right! And, is that really the way to start off a conversation? Not because Tinder says we are close to each other right now. Not even if you point out the fact that we have friends in common. That just means you know a lot of perverts. Just because I am a clown, doesn't mean I want to fuck every stranger on the Internet!

It is a weird feeling to be terrified and turned on at the same time. Many of you have admitted to being both scared and aroused. Just like people,

there will always be a few serial killers in the bunch. I'm not that kind of clown-I just want to spread the joy! Oddly arousing, isn't it?

This leads me to my next answer. I would like to clarify that BJ stands for Bundle of Joy. Get your minds out of the gutter! Just because your therapist told you to fuck a clown, doesn't mean I'm that clown! My recommendation to get over your fear of

clowns is just face your fears with some immersion therapy-get a lap dance from a hot naked naughty clown. Have you ever seen a clown's vagina?

You are right, when I don't reply to your first four creepy messages, the next logical step is to send four more! And, when I don't answer because I'm busy or just don't want to, then yes, you are right to get an attitude with me-that will totally make me want to date you! Extra credit points go to the gentleman that couldn't let his eight unanswered messages go-he then had to text someone we had in common and spread the crazy.

When it comes to "Richard," unless I specifically ask for one, the answer is no! Never!!! Absolutely not!!! Unsolicited dick, will lead to public shaming and penis pictures sent back! This phenomenon leads me to a question of my

Edit

1 \$ 73% 7:47 PM



BJ, 30 less than a mile away Active just now

Clowns need love too! Likes balloon animals, cotton candy and the tears of grown men. Professional naughty clown. Are you down to clown?

FB and IG: @BjMcNaughty

own-do you like being blocked?

To clarify my intentions, I would like to publicly say yes to friendship, maybe to dating and NO to casual sex with you! One thing I definitely am not is a hooker-wishful thinking perhaps? So, no, I will not have sex with you for money dressed like a clown!

When a clown has to tell you to stop being creepy, you're probably pretty fucking creepy! Just saying...

This has been both a fun experiment

and interesting research at the same time. Ultimately it was this article that led me to Tinder, but it turns out to be an awesome source of entertainment and a great promotional tool. My future holds more fun, more appearances, more friends, more followers and more Tinder! I will continue to fulfill my life with frivolity and festive foolishness! And, while I am only looking for friends at this moment, I am open to more with the right creep.

Currently, you can find me weekly at the Kit Kat Club, Casa Diablo and Dusk 'Til Dawn. I am also available for parties, because nothing says party like a clown! But remember, no funny stuff! You can contact me on Facebook or Instagram @BJMcNaughty.

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SPECIAL GUEST JUDGE

The Weird, Wild, Wacky World Of Weed. GREEN ROOM DIARIES: BY SATIVATORY RAY

Recently, this column has been quite "heady" pun neither intended, nor regretted. I also write for a humor rag (Savage Henry Independent Times) and their staff absolutely loves it when I bring copies of Exotic down to Humboldt, because they're not used to reading about strip club culture... plus, they prob-

ably jerk off to the ads, while on the grow hills—but, who am I to assume? Because I'm so used to being immersed in long-form diatribes related to strippers, I often forget that not everyone knows strip clubs can have sequels, midget emcees or donutsponsored vagina contests. On

the same note, I've failed to provide a decent dose of easy-to-digest material for Exotic, because I'm so used to submitting the fun stuff to S.H.I.T. In short, I'm turning this column into an equally weed-friendly format, because people who don't smoke don't read it and people who do, don't want Moby Dick: Dabs Edition. End off-topic introduction—begin article.

Here is a far-from-comprehensive list of weird shit you can do in or around Oregon, now that weed is legal. I'm sure some of you are like, "But Ray, you still can't smoke it in public." Like hell, I can. Watch me. And when I do, I enjoy some super weird shit, such as:

Enchanted Forest (Salem, OR)

A comedian visiting Salem said, "Enchanted Forest is what Walt Disney would have done if he only had



\$1,200." | envision it as the product of some disgruntled white trash parent's "fuck you" to the cost of taking little Trevor and that bitch Tammy to a real amusement park, when he can just build one right the hell here in Salem. Either way, going to this place not under the influence of marijuana,

is probably the worst idea since carob chip cookies. It's like being inside Marilyn Manson's brain, if he decided to teach summer camp to a group of specialneeds children during the Renaissance era. From the weird employee kiosk located near the top of the water slide, serving no obvious purpose, to a live-theater show that is more Rocky Horror than Mother Goose, Enchanted Forest gets a Ray-plus review.

Marsh's Free Museum (Long Beach, WA)

I dated a nineteen-year old a few years ago, so we were always looking for things to do that didn't require her to be of drinking age. In Oregon, this often meant going to far-off lands, such as Washington.

Marsh's Free Museum, home of "Jake, The Alligator Man," is a place that inspired one of the weekly, "How the fuck did I end up here?" moments I was having during this era of my singlehood fame.

Marsh's is more a gift shop (crystals, incense, tacky gifts, shit that fat ladies attach to their minivans, etc.) than it is a museum (occasional crap strewn

about with a small postcard under it complete with illegible handwriting describing what it's supposed to be), but the back room has this "something was recently taken down for being racist" feel that transports visitors from a small beach town in Washington, to a crazy lady's attic (if said crazy lady was the survivalist Nazi guy from Falling Down).

Unofficial Midget Colony (Scotts Mills, OR)

Just a few miles east of Salem, south of Estacada and north of Silverton, there's a town called Scotts Mills. It's a small town, with a very little population, but get this: those were really bad puns about midgets. Yes, Scotts Mills is famous for having a population that doesn't just refuse to grow up, they can't. Yet, there is not much documented information about the Scotts Mills little person population (there you go, Midget Rights Activists), even though the suggestions from a non-tailored Google search prove otherwise:

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These lil' fellas aren't out there like those Roloff jerks, soaking up the television fame and raking in that cold, hard dwarf dollar. The Scotts Mills midgets prefer to live in peace, which is why I'm calling them out in a magazine with a circulation of 75,000 plus. The only verifiable online information regarding Scotts Mills, is from what appears to be the sole news source with the guts to cover this story— Northwest Disc Golf News. From one author's forum post regarding Scotts Mills, OR:

"Should you get tired of disc golf, there are like ten different waterfalls in the area, and the people at Dakota will direct you there. Camp Dakota is in Scotts Mills. The grocery store in the town of Scotts Mills has midget employees. I make a point of visiting the Scotts Mills Midgets every time I go up there. I sorta doubt that Dakota will ever have baskets, but I hope they will!"

Here's an even cooler fact—those italics appear as is, in the original post by NWDGN poster Kris Hagner. It's official, midgets are cooler than disc golf. I know this will be a controversial, hot-button issue discussed by stoners for years to come, but the verdict is official.

Other Weird Shit



The Oregon Vortex (Gold Hill, OR) - You can literally watch shit roll uphill here, but you've gotta sneak away from the tour quide to do it.



99-W Drive-In Theater (Newberg, OR) - This place is rural America's hospice. It's an inflatable, aboveground movie theater.

Woodburn Dragstrip (Woodburn, OR) - The You-Tube videos of near-fatal crashes at this place are sorted by month and year. Watch one in person for two cans of food.

UFO Festival (McMinnville, OR) - Listen to anti-immigrant hillbillies discuss the possibility of life on other planets and how we can welcome them to Earth.

Shakespeare Festival (Ashland, OR) - A bunch of "creative types" who are employed, clean and attractive. Possibly the weirdest entry on this list.

Oregon School for the Blind (Salem, OR) - Go see their haunted house in October. Blind American children are like our version of those creepy Japanese twins with the dark hair.

TALESFROMTHEDJBOOTH.COM





Sincity

EMBRACING THE WEIRD

I guess, I've always been weird. When I first got to Portland in 1998, the whole "Keep Portland Weird" thing hadn't really ramped up yet. I suspect Voodoo Doughnuts may have been the "roofie" in the weirdness cocktail that would soon sweep the Rose City. But, back to the point, more about me and my weirdness.

Back in the late-80s, I sat bathed in the red light of the Mitchell Brothers O'Farrell Theater, surrounded by four of my closest weirdos, as we watched 2 girls fuck each other with a Snapple bottle. My buddy, the bachelor, asked the girls how much extra it would cost to have them fist each other. To be honest, I was uneducated with the term "fisting" at the time. Would these lubed-up tarts soon be engaged in slippery fisti-

cuffs for our amusement? The alpha-tart informed us that latex gloves would be required to perform said "parlor trick." Funny, they didn't wrap the Snapple bottle in latex, but I digress.

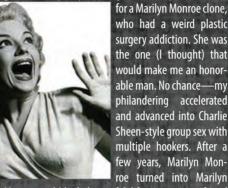
Much to the chagrin of my ex-wives, I had an early addiction to strippers—good thing they didn't know about the hookers. For the first few years, I managed to keep my dalliances within the seedy walls of the various porn palaces San Francisco had to offer. Especially the New Century, which had a blow-ya-first,

charge-ya-later policy—such an improvement over shaking hands. But, by the time I was 23, I started to realize I had a problem. That was when I got really good at it!

Closer to home, I eventually discovered the only strip club

in Sonoma County, California—Everybody's Talking! A tattered shack of a building, in an industrial area of Santa Rosa that looked like it had been built using the blueprints of Porky's (minus the surrounding swamp). Don't look for it now—someone finally torched the place for insurance money, I suspect. But, before it burned down, I had sampled the wares of some of their finest. I banged my first conquest in a church parking lot (it was on her way home), until she eventually decided to invite me into her home, when she informed me, "Don't worry, my husband's not here." This was news to me, but hell, I hadn't told her about my wife either. But, she had lied to me, her husband was home—jerking off in the closet, as he filmed me banging his wife. Upon discovery of the unwelcome spectator, I got dressed, called them both a couple of weirdos and left.

What exactly is weird? For all my depravity at the time, I was pretty vanilla in my sexploits. I knew I was a little twisted, ok, maybe a sex addict even. But, I wasn't weird, right? I eventually scored the "holy grail" at Everybody's Talking and left my second wife



roe turned into Marilyn Manson and I bailed out of California to visit a friend who had just taken a job in Portland—home of "more strip clubs per capita than anywhere else in the US of motherfuckin' A." I went back to California, sold most of my shit, packed up a Ryder truck and headed to Portland, where I experimented with short-lived careers as an Internet escort, one ridiculous excursion as a male stripper in Alaska, a "pornstar" and porn photographer.

But, it never seemed that weird to me. Maybe a little depraved, but not weird, right? Sex isn't weird,

so what exactly is it that makes us so weird, outside of a mural that demands we keep it that way? Weird is Portland's buzzword to label it as something special or unique—unless you're in Austin, Texas they think they have the

lock on weird. If those redneck weirdos ever want to have a Weirdness Olympics, I'm sure Portland would prevail. With headlines like, "Someone Is Merciless-Iy Attacking Portland's Power Lines With Dildos," being almost commonplace, I'm pretty sure that it just doesn't get any weirder than the Rose City. So, let your freak flag fly Portlanders! Own your personal weirdness with pride and just be you—welcome home.

WILLAMETTE WEEKS'S BEST – STRIP CLUB EDITION

It's kind of weird when a "mainstream" publication, like *Willamette Week*, wades into the waters of our adult industry, but it can also be somewhat entertaining as well. The polls are closed and the results are in, as *WW* unveiled the winners of their annual "Best of Portland Issue." Rather than bore you with who has the best falafel or kombucha, we'll just go ahead and focus on their results within our twisted, little family. The following is presented, as published in *Willamette Week*.



Pixie - *Devils Point* - Portland's most popular stripper, graces the stage at Devils Point—long known for especially acrobatic dancers. We weren't able to catch Pixie in person before press time, but it's safe to say she knows her way around a pole.

Runner-Up — Elle - *Lucky Devil Lounge* Honorable Mention — Sasha Meow – *Kit Kat Club*



Sassy's - Somewhere between watching the acrobatic maneuvers of a heavily tattooed dancer and sipping on one of the 30 craft beers on tap, you'll realize that Sassy's isn't just the best strip club in town. It's one of Portland's best bars, period.

Runner-Up — Devils Point

Honorable Mention — Casa Diablo



Acropolis Steakhouse - We like to think of Acropolis as a five-star steakhouse, where people just happen to also take their clothes off. Also, see: salad bar. Wait, salad bar?

Runner-Up — *Casa Diablo* Honorable Mention (tie) — *Lucky Devil Lounge* and *Sassy's*



Winner: Amy Snyder (*Devils Point*) - Amy Snyder is many things. She's a fashion designer. She's a go-go dancer. She's also just been voted the best bartender in Portland! Roll on up to Devils Point and find out what she's slinging tonight!

NICOLE ANISTON APPEARING AT

FIREHOUSE CABARET, SUNSET STRIP & TABOO VIDEO

stripcity spotlight

FRI 7 – SAFARI SHOWCLUB – FETISH PARTY

FRI 7 & SAT 8 – SPEARMINT RHINO ENTERTAINER OF THE YEAR – TASHA RHINO

THU 13 – KIT KAT CLUB LIVE MUSIC WITH THE FABULOUS MISS WENDY

SAT 15 - CLUB PLAYPEN - BIKINI LUAU PARTY

SAT 15 - PALLAS CLUB - 80S PARTY

SUN 16 – DEVILS POINT 9TH ANNUAL BIKINI CAR & DOG WASH

THU 20 – KIT KAT CLUB LIVE MUSIC WITH ERIC & THE REAL MCCOY

THU 20 – FIREHOUSE CABARET (SALEM) XXX FILM STAR & PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR NICOLE ANISTON

FRI – TABOO VIDEO (VANCOUVER) XXX FILM STAR & PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR NICOLE ANISTON

FRI 21 & SAT 22 – SUNSET STRIP XXX FILM STAR & PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR NICOLE ANISTON

> SAT 22 – THE RUNWAY ONE-YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY

SAT 22 – DREAM ON SALOON BIKINI CAR WASH

FRI 28 – MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB END-OF-SUMMER BASH

SAT 29 – ROSE CITY STRIP MISS METAL 2015 CONTEST WITH LIVE METAL

SAT 29 – SAFARI SHOWCLUB SUMMER SEND-OFF PATIO PARTY & BBQ

SAT 29 – STARS CABARET (SALEM) WELCOME TO THE ISLANDS LUAU PARTY

EXOTICPINUP2015 AUGUST

Sabrielle From Club 205





OREAR ANNIVERSARY Party SATURDAY, AUGUST 22 @ 8PM

Contests, Prizes & Lap Dance Giveaways!

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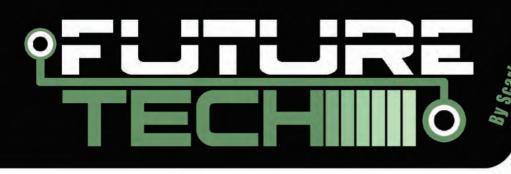


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Charlie



NUCLEAR-POWERED GPS TRACKERS



Chip-Scale Combinatorial Atomic Navigator (C-SCAN) is very unique—it would allow precise navigation without a GPS signal, by measuring atoms from nuclear decay. This allows the good guys to find the bad guys, even if GPS tracking is being blocked. Say, like, in a nuclear submarine hidden under the ocean somewhere.

CAMERAS WITH EYES FROM EVERY ANGLE



While still in the baby steps of processing how to get the camera to see an area from every angle, DARPA is imagining a tool that is used in video games and movies. This camera would function like it was viewing a room from every angle, in every direction—a 3D scene, but in real time.

INTELLIGENCE GATHERING ROBOTS THAT EAT PLANTS FOR FUEL



The Energy Autonomous Tactical Robot is not just an unmanned automaton—it is planned to become a machine that will be completely self-sufficient in wartime scenarios. By eating plants and converting them to energy, this new tactical robot would also be capable of stealing enemy fuel when necessary.

SUPER FAST, LIGHTWEIGHT AUTONOMOUS VEHICLES



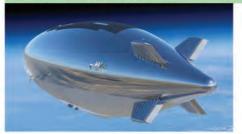
The Ground X-Vehicle looks like a life-size adult version of a remote control four-wheeler. Soldiers would have the ability to control it directly or select a destination and focus on the intelligence the vehicle provides. Either way, the vehicle would initially decide how to deal with incoming attacks. This vehicle, much like other DARPA pack animals and running machines, has the ability to duck, sidestep or absorb impact when necessary.

ELIMINATING THE LANGUAGE BARRIER WITH NEW TECHNOLOGIES

I think they were spying on me and took my idea. I just had this conversation with my daughter, about how in sci-fi movies, they have the ability to communicate because of something that converted languages. She said, "They already do Momthey have an app for that." Not quite what I was thinking maybe, but this is. The Broad Operational Language Translation (BOLT) program is now exploring ways to allow translation and linguistic analysis for both online and in-person communications. In other words, it's a live, person-toperson translation. Making Rosetta Stone look like chump change, this program is aimed at breaking down all language barriers and enabling the users to communicate freely without worry of interpretative error. Now that's quite literally straight off Star Trek's Enterprise and the tip of my tongue. A unique, and let's face it, brilliant way to end this article.

So, for those of you still in denial that we are capable of such feats, check out http://www.DARPA.mil/ or visit the plethora of YouTube videos they have out there—you will be amazed.

SOLAR AIRSHIPS (AND, LITERALLY MILLIONS OF POUNDS OF GEAR)



So, initially, DARPA's attempt at new airships was scrapped in 2006, due to technology shortcom-

ings, but the project was resurrected in 2013. This time, the goal is for a craft that can carry up to two million pounds, halfway around the world in five days. At least that's what I thought, until I came across this—The Integrated Sensor IS Structure (ISIS) is a joint DARPA/Air Force project of "unprecedented proportions." A program aimed at creating autonomous, unmanned high-altitude airships capable of persistent, wide-area surveillance, tracking and engage-

ment of ground and air targets for up to ten years. In 2013, DARPA awarded an \$89 million contract to Boeing, to develop an unmanned drone called Solar Eagle (Part of DARPA's Vulture II Program.) A 400-foot wing span of a drone that can fly in the stratosphere and is designed to stay in the sky for a minimum of five years and powered by solar energy. I would suspect, that they are much closer than they want us to think in making this behemoth of an airship.

AERIAL RECONFIGURABLE EMBEDDED SYSTEM (ARES)



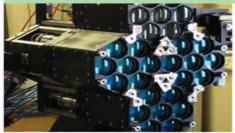
DARPA is exploring the idea of building an unmanned aerial logistics system, which could essentially bypass roadside bombs and other ground threats. What that really means, is welcome to the pod races my friends. The ARES program is a Skunk Works extension of DARPA's Transformer Program, which is an attempt to build a flying car that has the ability to drive on the ground and also achieve high-speed vertical takeoff and landing. The initial drone craft, will not only have the ability to be controlled by troops using mobile phones or rugged tablets, but it would also be able to configure itself for high-speed flight. With twin tilting fans and the ability to hover and land, this idea is straight from the script of a *Star Wars* film.

X-PLANE



Vertical Takeoff and Landing (VTOL) X-Plane, is a plan to develop a new, more sophisticated breed of a helicopter, or in fancier words, a "hybrid-winged aircraft." The initial design, has the aircraft set to hit speeds at 400 knots or 460 miles per hour, with a carry load of 40 percent of the aircraft weight (a little over 4,500 pounds). Preliminary designs are set for review in September of 2015, with aspirations for a prototype around 2017. This would result in an aircraft with the ability to take off like a helicopter, maintain cargo containment like a plane and execute superior maneuverability over its current competition, the V-22 Osprey.

LASERS...THE REALLY HIGH-ENERGY TYPE



In 2012, DARPA's Excalibur Program produced a 100-kilowatt, lightweight laser, that could be used in precision strikes against air and ground targets. This laser could easily be mounted on planes and warships, due to its lighter framework. In 2014, the High Energy Liquid Laser Area Defense System (HELLADS) Program targeted research aimed at neutralizing surface-to-air missile threats. They also talked about increasing the system's strength, to make it an offensive weapon capable of destroying enemies on the ground. So, if we have the Excalibur and the HEL-LADS, what does the 2016 model have that the others don't? Choices...

Z-MAN



The agency broke ground with Z-Man in 2014, when a 200-pound man climbed a 25-foot wall of glass, while carrying an additional 50-pound load. Using paddles inspired by the gecko lizard, Z-Man seeks to replicate the natural climbing ability that animals like geckos and spiders have. The paddle devices are made with a polymer microstructure (developed by Draper Laboratory), designed to mimic the adhesive properties found on gecko toes. The idea,

is to have soldiers maneuver through physical obstacles that often require them to rely on ropes or heavy climbing tools. Z-man was created to help eliminate this challenge and bring a reliable climbing apparatus, which operate in all conditions, to the forefront of technology. Carrying weights upwards of 660 pounds, Z-Man is hailed as the ninja-tool of the future.

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Daily 11am-2:30am BOOM BOOM ROOM 4 FOOD LOTTERY 8345 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 244-7630

Daily 2pm-2am
BOTTOMS UP! 5 FOOD LOTTERY 16900 NW St. Helens Rd | (503) 621-9844 Mon-Thu 12pm-12am, Fri-Sat 12pm-2am, Sun 12pm-10pm

CABARET 7 FOOD LOTTERY 17544 SE Stark St | (503) 252-3529 Daily 2pm-2:30am CASA DIABLO 46 FOOD LOTTERY

2839 NW St. Helens Rd | (503) 222-6600 Daily 11am-2:30am CLUB 205 56 FOOD LOTTERY

9939 SE Stark St | (503) 256-0527
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 6210 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 281-3212

Daily 11am-2:30am CLUB ROUGE 48 FOOD LOTTERY 403 SW Stark St | (503) 227-3936

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8440 N Interstate Ave | (503) 285-9073 Daily 11:30am-2:30am DEVILS POINT 12 FOOD LOTTERY

5305 SE Foster Rd | (503) 774-4513
 Daily 11am-2:30am

 DREAM ON SALOON
 16
 FOOD
 LOTTERY

 15920 SE Stark St | (503) 253-8765

Daily 11:30am-2am DUSK 'TIL DAWN: CASA DIABLO II 80 FOOD 8845 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 222-6610 Open Daily

17 FOOD LOTTERY DV8

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 19

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HEAT GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 57 FOOD LOTTERY 12131 SE Holgate Blvd | (503) 762-2857

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 Daily 11am-2am
KING'S WILD 15 FOOD LOTTERY

13550 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 208-3506 Daily 1pm-2:30am

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Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 4pm-2am **THE SUNSET STRIP B27** [200] 10205 SW Park Way | (503) 297-8466 Mon-Fri 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am,

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 TABOO VIDEO (A)

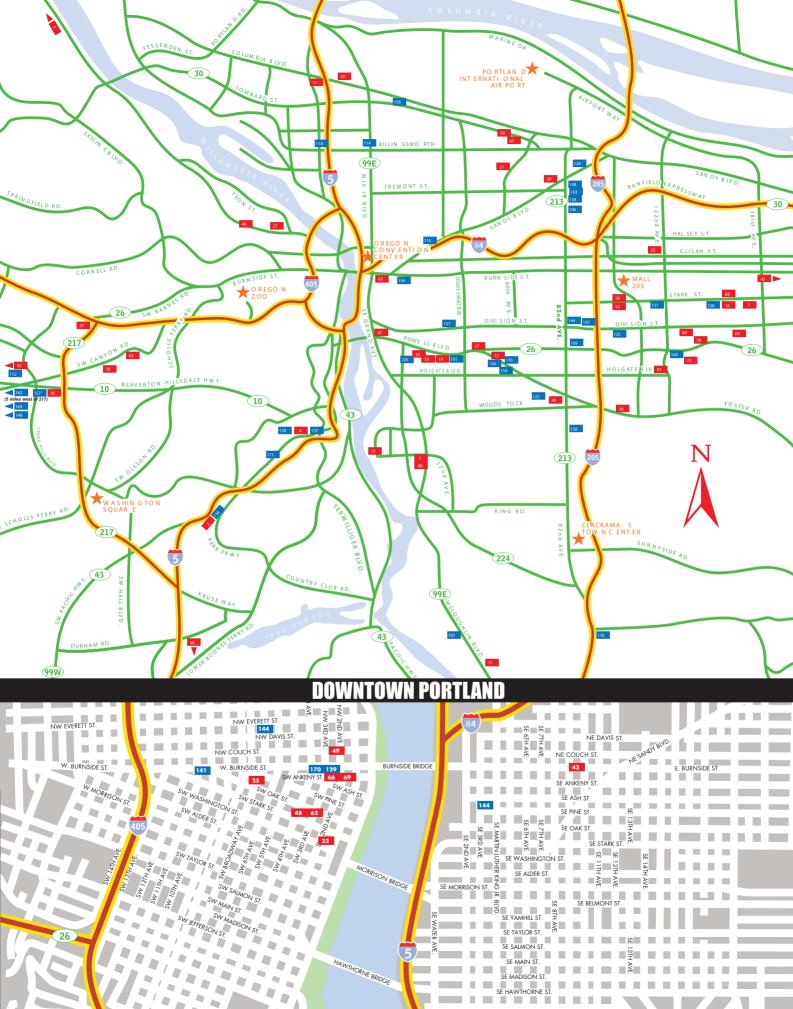
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TORCHED ILLUSIONS II
169 133 SE 3rd Ave | (503) 547-8777 Daily 9am-9pm
THE RED DOOR
170 314 W Burnside St, Suite 300 Daily 24 hours THE TOY BOXXX 164 12436 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 761-0355 Daily 24 hours
 THE VELVET ROPE
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 3533 SE César E Chávez Ave | (971) 271-7064
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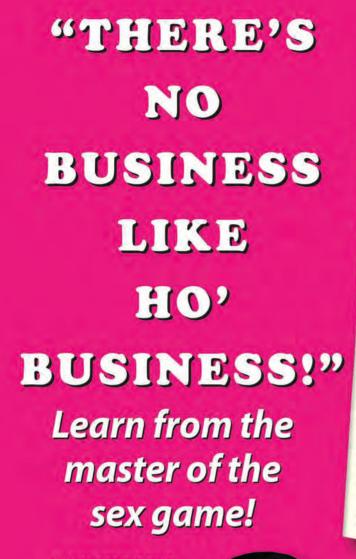
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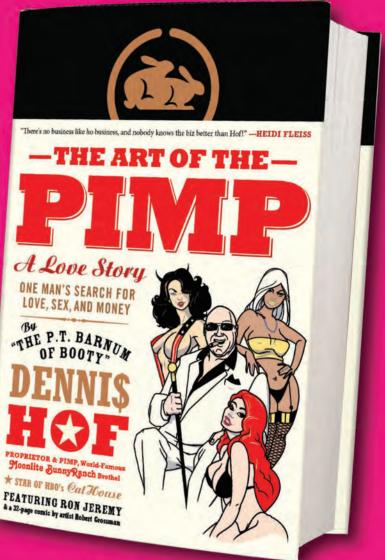
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775-246-9901 www.BunnyRanch.com If, according to that old adage, the definition of "insanity" is doing the same thing multiple times and expecting a different result, I still haven't figured out what the definition of "weird" is.

If "weird" means the opposite of "normal" and normal is determined by the actions of the majority in a specified population, have we all gone normal? Is it weird that most men and women will reach for my hand and hold it in the lap dance room? But you thought all lap dances were for grinding, perhaps? Is it weird, that I have a proclivity to shove as much cock, fingers and toy inside my vagina when I'm playing with a trusted partner—that the fantasy of being stretched fulfills me? Is it weird that reading this, you were surprised by that? But, you thought all pussies should be small, yes? Some might think it is weird how many men have actually paid for sex acts, i.e., engaged in the dreaded p-word: prostitution. And yet, so many men in my life have belied to me one of their deepest. most closely held secrets... "Well, sometimes you're on the road and you want a handjob..."

> Is it weird that, at 20%, foot fetish is the most common documented fetish among American males? Is Quentin Tarantino onto something? What is weird?

What do you do, that you'd consider weird? Flossing your teeth in traffic? That's multi-tasking and hygiene, man. Examining your turds in the toilet, post-poop? That's not weird—it's important to know how your diet is treating you! Are you too scared to ask your girlfriend to blow your best friend? That's also a pretty common porn-skit scenario, and yet, probably considered weird.

For as long as there has been a pop culture in America, norms have been determined by people with the most money and the widest reach—typically, advertisers and media.

Upon typing "weird sex" into Google, the second link was a Cosmopolitan piece about uncommon sex toys. The tagline: "Not to be judgmental, but if you own any of these, we're worried about you" seems hypocritical at best even for the bottom-feeders who do subscribe to Cosmo's abhorrent way of pandering to women. I do a quick look at "weird fetish" results and find that CBS News has a list of its own seventeen strange sexual kicks—four of which I regularly enjoy. Am I weird? Oh gee, time to call the doctor.

Not really. And, while plenty of us are guilty of poking fun at the things that seem different than what the majority enjoys (myself included), it seems more beneficial to humanity to actually delight in the guirks that exist in all of us. Like, the balloon guy phenomenon. About two months ago, dozens of strippers in Portland began receiving identical messages from the same stranger via Facebook. The requests seemed innocuous enough—sit on and pop a bunch of balloons for this man's enjoyment. Each message was identical, even the typos, and it was obvious that he was sending them en masse. Some of us responded and some of us rolled eyes— but, I don't know that any of us took part in his solicitation. Here's the odd part: when discussing the price of aforementioned service, the man either bartered the price or just directed the conversation back to balloon popping. My sneaking suspicion is that this guy was never going to actually pay for a woman to sit on balloons, but rather, it was the act of sending these messages that excited him. I could be wrong. But, I don't think I am. Is it harmful to send messages such as these? Hardly. A total waste of someone's time? Perhaps. And

yet, one person that I'd like to tip my proverbial hat to is the guy who entered Devils Point last year and paid a stripper to smash a pie in his face. That must have been delightful! For him, for the woman who was paid to push custard or cream onto a willing participant's face for pay and for any and all onlookers. We thank you, sir, for your service.

Is it insanity to make people feel bad for their harmless quirks? Probably. And yet, we keep doing it. I believe it's insane to wear patchouli oil, because it reminds me of the scent of hot garbage, and yet so many people do it. Am I weird? Or, am I just an elitist stripper hipster? Regardless, my opinion is subjective as anyone else's and that doesn't mean shit, so don't take it personally if I think you smell like trash left to rot in the sun.

Porn clerks, strippers and those who sell sexual services have the best notion of what is "normal," as in "common," compared to civilians and we are given the gift of examining "normalcy" from a unique perspective—the inside. Another fine example of this, is the fetishization of fat chicks. That's right, I said it. Fat chicks. No euphemisms are needed. Curvy women, large ladies, BBW, whatever. In many porn shops, you'll find the section for bigger gals is located in or near the fetish shelf, but when we remember that 40% of American population falls into the category of "cosmetically overweight," does this even make sense that we isolate these actresses as a rarity? And, why the hell is "interracial" still a thing? I know I'm not the only person who has bumped fuzzies with someone who has more or less melanin content in their skin.

I don't believe that Portland is weird. I think we are just stretching our arms to see how far we can push it, while still looking cool and apathetic. Naked Bike Ride is not weird. Slutwalk is not weird. Wearing a fuzzy unicorn costume in ninety-degree weather is going to put you at risk for heatstroke, but it's not weird. We are, however, totally insane for thinking that the same oppressive, slut-shaming, man-hating attitudes that got so many Republicans elected in the past, won't continue to haunt our existence. It's time to get wise and start talking about what really excites us. Hi, my name is Elle. I like big vibrators, veggie burritos and blues-rock. Sometimes, while he's inside of me, I love to ask a man to call me a "slut" and watch his eyes widen in shock, fear or excitement. I don't think that's weird. I think that's progress. I think I'm pretty normal. So, tell me...what do you like?

Elle makes people laugh and cry at Lucky Devil Lounge every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings.

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Human beings evolved to enjoy getting covered in each other's piss. For the same reason (almost) everybody loves boobs, many people love having and making love to a prolapsed rectum (when your insides become your outsides), or putting meat hooks through their backs and suspending themselves. It's all about survival, but more on this in a moment.

This month, I'm writing to you about weird fetishes, but it's important to me to point out that I love pleasure. I want you to have pleasure. As long as consenting adults are involved, I am all for anything you do to each other. As my mentor, Ariadne H. Luya, put it after I made a face about anal-prolapse fetishes, "Don't yuck other people's yums." And, she's right! I don't want to piss on the party, but even if I did, somebody would be into it and they'd be having a better time than I am, so cheers to them.

The fetishes I will describe here are weird, in that they are not normative. They aren't frequently practiced, they aren't commonly talked about. They aren't weird, in that, people who enjoy these activities are freaks. If your partner has an unusual fetish, "run, don't walk!" right to the nearest private space and indulge them! Or, do it in public (if that's what you're into) but if you get busted, don't tell the cops I gave you permission.

Although there is some debate about the exact origins of fetishes and certainly every fetish develops differently in every person, I will classify fetishes into four categories, with examples of each.

1. ANAL PROLAPSE AND BATHTUBS OF PISS--THE EVOLUTIONARY FETISHES

Pornography can't get much more revealing and explicit than showing the inside of a person's body. To cultivate prolapsed anuses, fetishists stretch their assholes with toys or fists, practice bearing down with their muscles and apply suction after intense anal stretching to turn themselves inside out.

On the other side of the human excrement party platter, are "boot camps for piss," a 1970s leather culture term for parties, where men take turns getting into the bathtub to have the rest of the men piss all over them and in their mouths. The parties work best at bars, because as you can imagine, drinking heavily helps out everybody in this situation.

But, why would people want to turn their assholes inside out and drink the piss of dozens of strange men? Frankly, because pissing and shitting feels so damn good.

We're all born confused and helpless. We can't even see straight, let alone study nutrition and physiology, so we just do what feels awesome—we touch our sensitive lips to soft nipples. The sensation is amazing, so we start sucking! Eventually this produces milk, and we gain nourishment—not because we knew milk comes from tits, but because we just enjoyed sucking on them, and amazingly, this kept us alive. Similarly, pissing and shitting can be nearly orgasmic in and of itself. If shitting felt awful, we would never do it and we'd poison ourselves within days, by keeping in our toxic waste. Sexual function is as primal as eating and shitting-they're all the things that keep us passing on our genes.

Sexual shame is a ubiquitous contributor to sexual fetishes. The more shaming a culture is, the more unusual fetishes develop. In this case, anal and pee play are connected to shame because, for a lot of us, our first sexual exploration happens alone in the bathroom. We're fascinated with our "private parts," we feel pleasure when we use the bathroom, we explore and we remain in the bathroom longer than we have to. For some, masturbation intertwines seamlessly—they masturbate while pooping and they develop an interest in their excrement.

This leads me to my next group of fetishes.

2. NASOPHILIA, TAMPONS AND TREE RAPE: DEVELOPMENTAL FETISHES

WEIRD FETISHES (AND WHY THEY AREN'T WEIRD AT ALL)

This is probably the largest group of fetishes. Developmental fetishes are basically taught, albeit unknowingly, through association and life experience. Early sexual experiences are hugely influential on our sexual development and lifetime of sexual preferences. Sexual experiences during puberty (when we are experiencing huge peaks in sex hormones) are often more intense than any we will experience for the rest of our lives.

v Dr. Helen Shepar

During these early experiences, while our brains are also developing, we associate certain elements. Like the way pop songs of your childhood bring you back to middle school dances, certain non-sexual stimuli can bring your body back to intense sexual experiences.

A scene in 1981's *The Evil Dead*, showed a young woman getting raped by a possessed tree. Depending on whom you ask, this scene is either totally hot or extremely disturbing. If you're hitting puberty and feeling irrationally horny anyway, exposure to this scene might be the first time you discover masturbation. Without realizing it, many of your future masturbation fantasies will go back to these images. Years later, you might forget all about *The Evil Dead*, but your mind's eye still fixates on the shape of her thighs or the arch of her back. 20 years later, you walk across a gnarly tree and get an inexplicable hard-on through developmental association.

This same principle can apply to any object or body part you naively believe has sexual significance. Many men, who are kept ignorant of feminine hygiene products and their purpose, become particularly entranced with the sight of a tampon. It's phallic, it's mysterious and it has *something* to do with the vagina. Do women use it to masturbate? Does this cotton thing turn them on? The thought of women getting turned on is hot, so now they're masturbating to the box of tampons in the bathroom closet.

Pioneer sexologist, Magnus Hirschfeld, famously described a man with a nose fetish (nasophilia), who was arrested for sexual harassment. He believed women could be penetrated in their nose and became obsessed with women's nostrils. When he saw a woman with a particularly large nose, he followed her home and wouldn't leave her alone. He didn't lust after noses because he thought they made women better lovers or because they can realistically provide sexual pleasure. He had a juvenile fascination with a misunderstanding of how sex actually works. Another example of how sexual repression and misinformation can lead to fetishes.

3. ALGOPHILIA AND PHOBOPHILIA: FE-TISHES FROM PHYSIOLOGY

Algophilia means you can only derive pleasure from pain. There are many unusual examples—from monks flagellating themselves into erotic trances (for God!), to Pacific Northwesterners using blackberry vines and stinging nettle. Phobophilia is sexual arousal from fear, with unusual examples including acrophilia (sex at heights) and what I can only imagine is involved when people go to clown orgies (*Ed: see pq. 26 for more on that!*)

In principle, both these things are actually very common and arise for the same reason—the physiology of sexual response, heavily overlaps with the physiological response of fear and pain. Commonalities include, elevated heart rates and blood pressure, sexy breathing and finer-tuned senses (paying attention to our environment to keep us safe from the murderous clown, incidentally makes your nipples hard and sensitive). Put another way, adrenaline creates more testosterone and testosterone makes us horny.

Try it sometime.

4. DENTISTS: SITUATIONAL/FANTASY

As a person with soft teeth and a candy addiction, I have a reasonably bad relationship with dentists, so this one freaks me out—dentist chairs are highly valued fetish items. Odontophilia, or attraction to teeth, teeth pulling and/or dentists, actually has elements of all of the above categories. For some, dentist fetishes are related to the pain. For others, it is about the mind-altering experience of the nitrous oxide. But for many, the attraction to the dentist has to do with a power dynamic and the opportunity to be out of control.

Especially in people with religious backgrounds, rape or submission fantasies are particularly common—if the dentist decides to drug you and have his way with you, you don't have any control and can't be found guilty by God or your parents.

An attraction to the dentist, thoughts about cavities or getting turned on by dental equipment and the chair, can actually be traced back to a fantasy and the fetish may not be about the objects themselves. PLEASE NOTE: the prevalence of rape fantasies has no actual correlation to desire to be raped, which so far as I can tell is a 0.00% occurrence. As I said, for most people, rape fantasies arise out of a need to find sexual fulfillment and guilt over those feelings. Even people who engage in rape or submission roleplay or activity, are doing so consensually—and, all good dominant/submissive relationships actually give a lot of power to the person on the receiving end.

Fetishes aren't so weird, once you stop to think about them. So, lighten up and have a little fun!

Dr. Helen Shepard is a clinical sexologist and sexological bodyworker in Eugene. She can help you explore the origins of your fetish or help you introduce them to your partner. She can be reached at EugeneSexology@gmail.com

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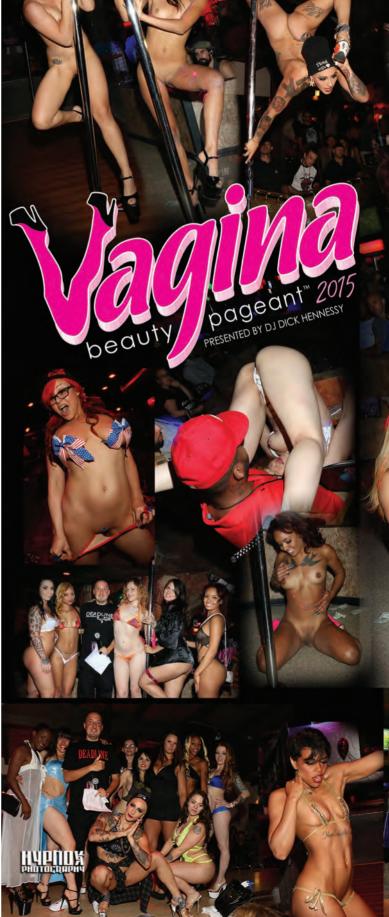
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"I worked really hard, and the main reason I was able to handle it, was my support team. If it weren't for my city, my friends and my family who continue to attend and help promote my events, I would not be writing this article right now. If not for my graphic designer, printer, sponsors, photographer, videographer, editor, club and magazine owners—you would have never heard of me. But, most importantly, If not for the hardworking, independent women in this industry, there would be no pageant. I have to thank all the ladies who have competed so far. I can't wait to see which one of you gets crowned Miss Beautiful Vagina 2015!"

(Ed: At press time, the Vagina Beauty Pageant has not concluded. But, if you're holding this in your hot little hands, you won't have to be too much of a rocket scientist to find out who won. Just look for Dick on Facebook. We'll have continued coverage on the VBP winners and their holiest of holes, in next month's issue.)

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THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JOSH THE TERRIBLE

Chapter 1:

¹ In the beginning, God created Penis and Vagina. And, then snickered for the rest of eternity. ² That simple, childish act would inadvertently fuck with the human race (pun intended) until we inevitably destroy ourselves by way of a dick-shaped nuclear bomb—or perhaps a Pussy Death Star, that shoots laser beams at every wretched soul who ever fantasized about fucking sweet baby Jesus in his nail pierced hand holes (Who hasn't, really?) ³ But, I digress. ⁴ At the very least, us mere Homo sapiens can entertain ourselves until kingdom come, with the naughty bits conveniently located between our legs. #NeverBored

Chapter 2:

¹ My life. ² I swear. ³ If I weren't entirely convinced that God is "up there" perpetually wanking His pitiful pecker to child porn and angel gang rape (Genesis 19:4-8), I *might* be inclined to believe that he gives a damn about my life. ⁴ Because, well... it is awesome. ⁵ And, the things I've experienced might *only* be explained by divine intervention.

⁶ Sure, I could cite some of the most obvious examples such as the time I MC'd an all-female wrestling show, where the winner would fuck the loser with a strap-on (in front of a live audience). 7 Or, the time I had a different girlfriend every month for a year*. 8 Or, maybe, I could tantalize you with more subversive stories like the time we were shooting up propane tanks (BOOM) while getting blowjobs from our hooker "very sexpositive" girlfriends. 9 Or, the time I gave my friend a "blowjob" with a sheep skull. 10 Or, for something a bit weirder...¹¹ the time we dyed Easter eggs in my friends vagina (for science, obviously). ¹² Or, the time everyone was doing bumps of molly out of my friends dick-hole (also for science, honest). 13 But, God works in mysterious ways and I think, in His great wisdom, He has chosen to reveal Himself to me in much more nuanced and peculiar ways. 14 Case in point...

Chapter 3:

¹ Once upon a midsummer's eve, my BFF and I graced our presence upon an "art party," that we had been cordially invited to.² Expectations were rather low, but we had heard there would be a hot tub, so we grabbed our Dollar Store foam swords, threw on our finest glitter and rolled up on this party, like we were the best thing since Cocoa Puffs and Cheese Whiz, after eating a pot cookie (try it, trust me). ³ So we made art, (and by "art," I mean "drew stick figures with a dozen machine gun dicks and a vadge-seeking sperm army") and did our best to entertain the one person who had logged in to watch a live stream of our "party." ⁴ Thoroughly disappointed, we retired to the hot tub to shoot the shit about more important things, like what Disney song we were going to duet at karaoke this weekend and how annoying it was that our ex-girlfriends never shaved their pubes often enough. 5 Then, lo and behold, a cute lil' Hispanic girl joined us (and thank God, because otherwise, we were just two naked dudes in a hot tub) and the conversation quickly turned hyper-sexual. 6 Like a gift from heaven, it was made clear that she "wanted both of our cocks" and we took her home to satisfy her sinful desires (You know how Christians are always like, "You have a God-shaped hole in your heart that only the Holy Spirit can fill? Well, it was kinda like that...) 7 This was the moment I realized that "So, have you ever been with two guys at once?" was a viable pick up line. 8...and rushed down to Powell's Books the next day, to buy my copy of Threesomes For Dummies.

Chapter 4:

¹ Verily, verily, I freely share this tip with thee; ² next time your girlfriend is maintaining her oral hygiene on your baby-maker, while you peruse Tinder for your next hookup, be a gentleman and put a coaster down, before balancing a beer on her back. ³ Grace be with you, brothers and sisters.



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PORILAND Just One Fixed Gear By Ray McMillin

Riding a bike in traffic is not weird. It's a dangerous, narcissistic, classist, dangerously-smug behavior and a privilege that needs to be given only to those who contribute to a society not inhabited by fixies or the people who love them.

It is not uncommon to hear the argument that Fringe Group X is being denied rights typically granted to Mainstream Group Y, and therefore, we need to even things out so that Radical Group Z doesn't flip their shit and shut down the news media for two months with hashtags and outrage. Put simply, grown adults who make ass manchildren. Which, sadly, brings me the conscious decision to ride non-motorized bikes in traffic do not, sadly, represent an oppressed demographic that deserves to have their struggles patronized. The difference between bicyclists and, say, gay couples seeking marriage equality or black youth seeking permission to walk to the store, is that cyclists are not being given or denied rights based on an inherent biological trait. No one is born with their ass glued to a fixed-gear, which is why you don't see bicyclists in the wheelchair lanes... wait, we don't have those. To hell with the crippled, viva la weirdos on fixed gears! Anyhow, the point I'm eluding to is that, since there is no clear oppression, there is no justification on grounds of "protest."

"But, Ray," many of you will interject, "what about the war on oil?" I can think of no clearer portrayal of the "so smug that it's gone full circle and back to flat-out clueless" Portland mentality (aside from the Red & Black Café denying service to a cop, two weeks before they had to crowd-

source money to fix damage caused by vandalism and theft), than to assume that somewhere in the middle of Irakistania sits an oil czar who is willing to listen to the gripes of a bunch of bitchy pseudo-Marxists, CEOs of gasoline companies who, if given enough empathy, would drop the "evil" shtick like some sort of villain in a Disney film, a commander in chief who would totally change his mind if he was only able to see the beauty of a nude adult on a Schwinn and the money to rebuild our entire transportation infrastructure to accommodate a bunch of broketo my next depressing point.

Riding a bike in Portland is an exercise in attention-seeking, in the same class as slowly jaywalking during rush hour, or standing in the middle of a crowded sidewalk while staring at your phone. This may seem like some sort of conspiracy theory, but the people who put themselves in danger by riding bicycles in traffic do so by choice. In fact, there was a nice, decade-long period in my life where, I worked a well-paying, manual labor job that was located in Southeast Portland. At the time, I lived in Beaverton. My commute to and from work on an inexpensive bicycle, involved two square blocks of actually-shared road traffic over the course of this fifteen-mile commute. The entire rest of the route was accessible by bike paths, neighborhood side streets and other routes that allowed me to make my way without stalling drivers via weird hand signals, while I tried to keep up in a 35mph lane with no helmet, no lights or an unwarranted dirty look for anybody

who gave me a justified one. I'd argue that 90% of "bike routes" in Portland are counterproductive to the flow of traffic and, generally, a waste of time and money. Where does this money come from? I'm glad you asked.

Bike lanes are funded entirely by, you guessed it, taxes and fees generated by various local agencies, including the Portland Bureau of Transportation. Because bicyclists are not required to purchase a license, pay insurance (which is utter shit, considering the selfishness it takes to risk life and limb on wet streets or blind corners, while everyone else on the pavement is forced into a seat belt behind an airbag and fifteen thousand dollars of legally-mandated coverage), take lessons (like real bikers do, though even there are zero motorcycle lanes in Oregon) or, in the rare case of the truly-defiant Portlander, pay

taxes in some form or another. The fact is, not everyone who rides a bike is broke by choice, but everyone who is broke by choice ends up riding a bike. Trust fund kids, anarch-artists and other varieties of post-grunge-era hipster, are proud to em-

brace chore notes and "sustainable communal housing" that translates into a dozen grown adults all working for base-plus-tips at whatever restaurant hires people with shitty tattoos. These kids all have bikes, refuse to purchase a helmet, think "W2" and "1099" are drugs, read Ayn Rand and would be crushed if anything Rand advocated for, actually came to fruition. Why the fuck are we spending tax dollars to make concessions for these asshats?

> If you drive through one of Portland's many neglected, lower-income-bracket, nonwhite, "oh, that's technicalwood/ham/burn/ lv. dale and we don't film Portlandia there, so it doesn't count" neighborhoods, you will notice potholes in the pavement, neglected stretches of roads with no crosswalks, lanes without stripes and, yes, a shit ton of people who own cars, because they have to get to and from work in order to feed their kids. This class of

proletariat, whom Portland tries so hard to speak on behalf of, does not have the option of dropping everything to protest the military, prison or some other industrial complex that the fixed-gear mafia likes to discuss after they listen to NPR. I live in displaced to make way for vintage bike stores on NE Gentrification Lane, you will never have to run the risk of experiencing what it's like to live outside of the Rose City Bubble.



Salem. If you see a grown adult on a bike in traffic here, they're on meth, crazy or have earned a DUII like a real man.

Portland likes to dress up and play city, and since we're so small and white, we can willingly ignore the logistical impossibilities of growing into a town larger than Tacoma, without relying on automobiles. Seattle, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Las Vegas all have great public transportation that serves the homeless communities residing in their shelters, buses and trains. However, "get me to the airport in time to meet a client" is a statement that usually precedes some sort of interaction related to an automobile in these real-life adult cities. Portland, on the other hand, is so "MAX-friendly" that, unless you're traveling to one of those neighborhoods currently populated by the minorities you

The culmination of Portlandery is our region's take on the international naked bike ride—an event which I refuse to let my editor capitalize in print, because I don't want to give white stupidity any more validation than Bridgetown and MFNW already do. Every year, a group of "don't say that word, it's offensive to people who don't

want to be triggered" do-gooders and social justice warriors strip down to their unshaven, unwashed, shitty-inked, "don't shame me for not going to the gym" bodies and ride naked—showing their private parts to kids, old ladies and victims of



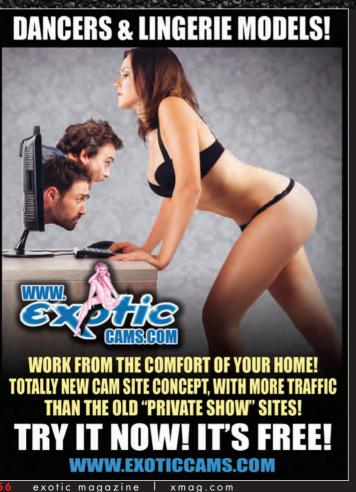
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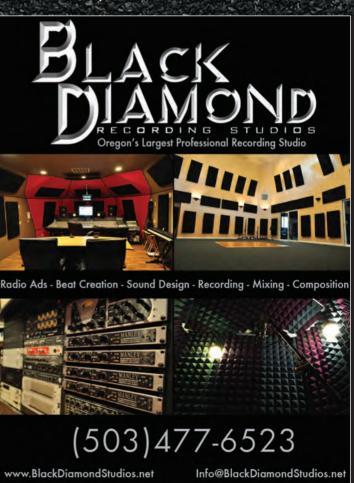
sexual assault in an effort to regain the attention their parents never gave them as children (even though, some will tell you that it's a protest against our society's reliance on automobiles, much like my raging alcoholism is a protest against Nestle for buying up all the nation's water supply). This year, a buddy of mine started a semiparody Facebook event page in which attendees were invited to "legally park in places that obstruct the route of this year's naked bike ride, in an attempt to protest uninsured bicyclists who refuse to obey laws, are not required to obtain licenses and do not contribute to the funding of their own special treatment." Guess who received no less than two death threats and an attempted blackmailing of his employment?

Speaking of how bicyclists in Portland are the bro-quivalent of SoCal douchebags, there was a photograph captured by a school-aged passenger in an automobile, in which, very clearly, two bicyclists are shown riding on a Portland street; one on some way-less-ironic-than-he-thinks-it-is vintage vaudeville look-at-me bike, the other hurling a gigantic metal bike lock at the driver of the car in which the kid was riding passenger. Apparently, the two hipsters in the picture, were going twelve miles an hour in a lane dedicated for automobiles, instead of just moving one block over and/or using a bike lane/route, and the driver of the car had the audacity to honk. Ignore the irony behind the fact that these scenester fuckwads probably "love New York," and focus on the part where this story was posted on Facebook, to which people in Portland responded in unison with "what a bitch, how dare she honk at two nice guys obviously observing all rules of the road—that little kid deserved to be terrified half to death in rush-hour traffic." No helmet, in the car lane, throwing objects at someone because they

didn't get their way...it's easy to become confused as to who was the child mentioned in this story.

I love the Northwest and I love riding my bicycle. However, you will rarely see me riding it, because I enjoy traversing the thousands of square miles surrounded by trees, mountains, valleys, rivers and motherfucking bike paths that exist a dozen blocks away from whatever major intersection is being held up by some post-humanistneo-Marxist-femme-allied-yegan-barista ready to fall asleep in her previously-blackowned, now-an-art-co-op house, wondering why the President hasn't ended a fiftyyear-old war for resources, after seeing her hairy snatch glued to a wooden seat while children gasped in horror and at least one person was late to a potentially-fatal hospital visit, because the guy in the truck with the legal right-of-way, doesn't know if she's signaling to turn right or swearing on an oath.











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