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<u>the city that hates to work</u> page 54 by ray memillin

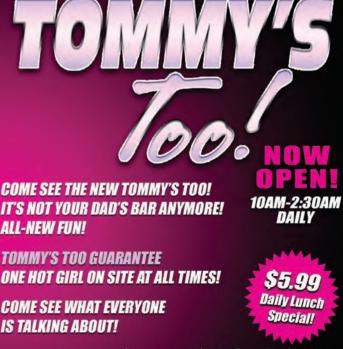
TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH **GREEN ROOM DIARIES** MISS EXOTIC OREGON 2016 **EROTIC MUSE** STRIP CITY SPOTLIGHT FINGER BANG PORTLAND 50 YEARS OF SANDS SHOWGIRLS WHO'S THE ROSS WRAPPING UP DICK'S VAGINA CLASSIFIEDS

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NEW FEMALE OWNER!



tales from the dj booth

BY RAY MCMILLIN

CLUB CUSTOMER DEPRECIATION MONTH REVISITED

Although I appreciate the people who spend they money that allows me to make an income, the realm of customer service is still partially inhabited by individuals who would not make it six feet out of their front door, if murder with was legalized for just one hour. Here are a few examples of the people who never, ever support our advertisers, dancers, bartenders, DJs or even that punching bag machine by the door.

The Guys Who Play That Punching Machine Game By The Door

Okay, I lied. There is something painfully ironic (and, from a feminist perspective, horrifyingly poetic) about watching Todd and Chad shove dollar after dollar into a slot, while trying to one up each other on the masculinity scale all, while standing a few feet away from an attractive woman, who is willing to get naked and pay attention to assholes for the same price. For those readers unfamiliar with the machine, it's basically a punching bag that drops down from a lever. The player inserts a dollar, hits the bag and they are given a score. End scene. How does one "win" the game? I'm glad you asked. This is achieved, by punching the bag harder than the last person to play. Or, if you're an alpha-level badass, two-energy-drinks-an-hour, Godsmack loving, Affliction shirt, tribal tattoo kind of guy, you can try to beat the high score. Guys that come into strip clubs to beat up anything other than hipsters, while ignoring the big, red, blinking light of a stripper that is screaming "give me a dollar and I'll make you look like a real man," are among society's most replaceable specimens.

Girl Who Was Dragged To Strip Club By Friends

"Why is she doing that to herself? Doesn't she know she can get a real job?" This question is often asked by smug, sweater-stacked, hornrim-glasses-laden girls, who only approached the DJ booth to ask how often the club lets strippers dance to The Smiths. Killing time while her friends enjoy themselves, this woman works part-time at a food cart for minimum wage selling hot grease to people who tip in change and she honestly wonders why a woman would bring herself to get naked on stage for hundreds of non-taxable dollars an hour, with the protection of a bouncer and a pseudonym. What's funny, is that if you get GWWDTSCBF's phone number, she will mistake desperation for flattery and go out with you for six-to-eight weeks, before accusing you of "sleeping with all your stripper friends" and moving to Prague for school.

Drink Special Warriors

"What nights do you guys do dollar PBR?" "We haven't done that in years. It's a buck fifty now—all the time."

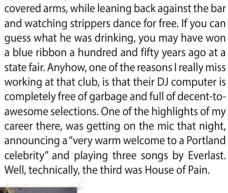
"Man, that sucks! I am never coming here again."

Good. The fact that you know the price of Pabst, makes you a bad person—end of storv. A strip club is where someone can roll in with twenty bucks and make a naked woman at least happy enough to pretend she's never seen her tits and do that Betty Boop face, while pretending she likes you. If you're considering this an opportunity to haggle, then it's time to put the high-fructose fluoride down and drink something that comes from a tap. Folks, drink specials are

the just that—specials. I know that everyone in Portland under the age of 50 was raised to believe that they are a unique snowflake, capable of rainbows and explosions. That doesn't make you special all the time.

The Guy From Everclear (Or Any Other Local Band)

A cousin of the Drink Special Warrior, is the "don't you know who I am?" local celebrity. While working in Southeast, the guy from Everclear came in and suggested that the bouncer did not need to card him, because he's the guy from Everclear. The bouncer, against all wishes of 1996, opted to card the dude anyhow, which led to further reminders that dude was the guy



from Everclear. Then, guy from Everclear pro-

ceeded to take up three of the eight barstools,

by spreading his nautical-star-and-tribal-flash

Sapphire's Boyfriend

Well, any guy who dates a dancer and hangs around the club like an insecure assassin. I've just known no less than five Sapphires who attract them. It's not technically within the realm of club rules to allow boyfriends (or, in stricter circumstances, rides) to be inside the club, while their lady gets naked for truckers. Why? Well, aside from the fact that most guys who see their girlfriend naked on top of another man for the first time are, analo-

gously, experiencing that Southern Oracle scene from *Neverending Story*, where homeboy has to see his true self or else the statues with the giant tits will kill him (...in fact, it's *exactly* like that), but in addition, you've gotta deal with micromanagement from a would-be half-rate pimp. "Ayo man, can you like, let my girl off a little early because it's our six and a half week anniversary at midnight.""No, 'brah,' I cannot.""Well, like, what if you like moved her to that other stage and then like played her a short song. I've got my demo CD, if you need some sick beats." Fuck this guy and the Dutch Bros. coffee cart he got fired from.

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The Five Worst Types Of Marijuana Customers

GREEN ROOM DIARIES: BY SATIVATORY RAY

I don't sell weed. I would never sell weed. The income I make from writing this column, has purchased me three beach houses and a live-in Canadian slave. However, if I were to be currently selling weed in an alternate, mirror dimension that exists concurrent on the astral plane alongside this one, hypothetically, the following would be categorized as a list of real-life people whom I would be forced to interact with on a regular basis and wish would go away.

THE NEWBIE

This is the person who hasn't smoked weed since back in the day, but wants to blaze up because "it's legal now." The benefits of having the newbie as a customer are obvious; you can set your own price points, they never bitch about slightly un-trimmed product, don't know a Sativa from a Prius and they will usually come to you (wherever you are). It's always fun to see what lengths someone will go to in order to purchase weed and I've gotten as far as, "I'm in row two of the Regal cinemas on 82nd, watching Frozen for another half hour, but I've gotta bail early so hurry up."



The drawbacks of dealing with a newbie, on the other hand, often outweigh the six bucks you're gonna make every time you sell them a "twenty sack." For one thing, you may end up assigning yourself the position of a leisure-time instructional aide, often of the call-center-tech-support variety. "Hey man, it's Kyle, I bought some weed from you last night, and uh, what's with the stick in the middle of the ball? Do I smoke that too? My friend has some stuff called darbs, it's like a wax, do we eat it? How long does it take for these cookies to kick in? Can I smoke the bag too?" In addition to knowing as much about weed as the Insane Clown Posse knows about science, the newbie smokers aren't the least bit hip to street smarts-never picking up on any innuendo or slang when discussing deals over the phone (or in public).

THE PAWN STAR

"Forty bucks for an eighth of mid-grade, indoor Headband? You've gotta be kidding me. I have a

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buddy in Humboldt County who can get me pounds for eleven hundred, sometimes nine. Where do you get off asking forty bucks for this shit?" And yet, the pawn star returns week after week, with the same complaints. It's as if this guy (or gal) is the equivalent of a Wall St. stockbroker who was somehow forced to spend his weekend watching the mentally handicapped trade blue chips online. The pawn star can get a better deal, better product, in less time and with less hassle. And yet, he's still sitting there at Taco Bell, with a wad of cash in his hand—intent on ripping himself off with yet another overpriced bag of what everyone else considers a good deal.



INSPECTOR GADGET

"Dude, all you do is grind the weed down to a powder, place it in the chamber, fill it with butane, reload the switch, cap the bowl, inhale slowly and bam, it gets you soooo high." What started as a harmless middle-school addiction to gravity bongs, eventually led to ritualistic McGuyver-esque missions to create the ultimate smoking device. In the amount of time it takes the Inspector Gadget smoker to rig up the dab nail and adjust the torch, before attaching the mouthpiece and holding the thing over the water so the other part doesn't lose the heat, you can smoke four, maybe five joints and be higher than anything this dude can cram into a vape pen. Watching these people spend more on a smoking device than most people would pay for a pound, is not nearly as painful as watching them break it while trying to make the most out of a dub sack's worth of weed. Sure, a pipe, joint or bong is not nearly as effective at saving THC, but I can't remember the last time I lost a month's worth of income by accidentally dropping my glass piece. Rule of thumb: if you're spending more on paraphernalia than you are drugs, you're doing it wrong.



THE RASTATUTE

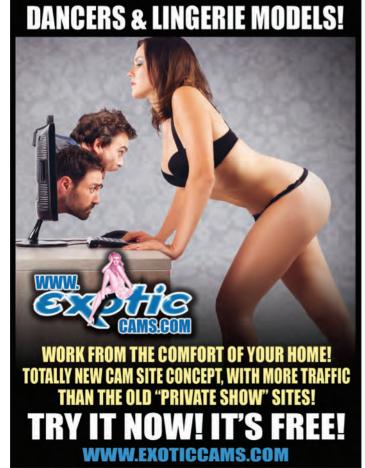
This girl used to live with a grower who treated her like a queen, before she dumped his sorry ass and moved in with that cute trimmer guy from LA, who treated her even better, by moving her to West Hollywood. After a series of failed attempts at a modeling career, the rastatute decides to use whatever money her last sugar daddy left her, to open up a head shop or a dispensary. After a year of going in the red (as a result of nepotism and having no knowledge of how to run a business), the rastatute closes her shop and settles down as a stripper, but continues to have the same appreciation for marijuana (it's just that now she dances to more dubstep). A cousin of the pawn star, the rastatute forgets that most weed dealers are already up to their arms in pussy, do not live in the middle of the woods and aren't completely stunned by cleavage. This leads to a series of flirtatious haggles and middle-of-the-night requests for fronts. The rastatute is often overheard saying things like, "My regular didn't stop by, so I won't have that fifty bucks for you until next week—but, can I get another one from vou in the meantime?"

THE MEDICAL MARIJUANA CAREGIVER

"My mom has cancer, can I get a discount?" Go away, Sally Struthers. Try your voodoo magic at the dispensary and see how far that guilt trip goes. Yes, I'll give your mom a discount, but come on man, do you really have to put me in the position to remind your patient it's not 1970 anymore? Hell, if inflation applied to weed, that ounce would be six grand.

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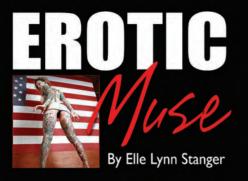
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"Well, here girlie, I won't buy a dance, but I'll get you a drink and help you scout out some real money."

The young man was former military, quite handsome, and passively insulting me. I was still standing at the bar, because I was amused and currently had no finer option for company. He took a gulp of his watered-down whiskey and spoke confidently, "I'll tell you a trick that I learned in the service—find the guy with the nicest watch, that means he is of a higher rank. That means he has more money. You're welcome."

Ah, if only it were so simple.

Unfortunately, for strippers and car salesman, there is no neon sign that indicates a worthy investment of time and effort. And, while even criminal profilers can be mistaken, it's fascinating and daunting to consider that one really knows *nothing*, by studying *something*.

Here's a shocker: strippers talk about money. We talk about how we can make more of it, we talk about how little we are tipped, we talk about the regulars that we've cultivated and we talk about ways to sniff it out. And, while it's an industry no-no to brag about earnings, most strippers can sense the success rate of her peers. I explained it to my therapist in this way: consider an office space, with multiple therapists. Now, nobody should be counting how many patients other therapists see, and yet, everyone has a pretty good idea of which office gets the most foot traffic. But, what determines success? Is it a big smile? A shiny pair of heels? The bounciest butt? What about the luck of stage timing? Music choice? Hustling is a fine art or a delicate science. And, there are so many variables.

Who are our customers? It depends on where you work. Dancin' Bare sits near Inter-

state and many of the clientele are very blue collar. Alternately, Beaverton clubs like Stars Cabaret cater to a white-collar and polonecked shirt crowd, which is why there is an entrance fee and the staff wear suits. The clientele you serve, will determine the types of conversations that you have. Curiously, the conversations can still vary so much, that I have yet to find a correlation amongst clubgoers and venues. In six years, and approximately 1,200 shifts, I have worked at Spearmint Rhino, Mystic, Union Jacks, Stars Bridgeport, and currently, Lucky Devil Lounge. My sample size is fair, for this informal study.

I've noticed that clientele in higher-income areas; tend to be more demanding regarding the preferred aesthetic of their strippers. In the bourgeoisie clubs, the question I was asked the most was "Why do you have pubic hair?" second only to "Why do you have so many tattoos?" This is not surprising, as I speculate that many "Bridge And Tunnel Folks" want, or have been socially reinforced to expect their nude ladies to look like Barbie. And, Barbie is hot as hell, but we all don't look like her—nor do we want to.

In more laid back atmospheres, fellows and misses of the middle and lower socio-economic classes, overwhelmingly compliment my tattoos. In blue-collar crowds, my tattoos tend to be admired, partly because tattoos tend to be expensive, as most respected and established artists in Portland, have an hourly rate of \$140+. So, when a person who makes \$10 an hour sees my body, to them, I'm literally covered in money. In poor, white America, tattoos are seen as a symbol of wealth and therefore, status. In wealthy-white America, tattoos are seen as counterculture, subversive or criminal. So, my clientele is partly determined by my aesthetic and only altered if I charm them with conversation and sway their person to like my personality, in addition to my body.

Who are your favorites? Overwhelmingly, strippers like it when customers understand the nature of the interactions in a club. Strippers exchange their time for your money. It's quite simple. But, there will always be that bozo who feels "owed" dinner or a date or a blowjob, simply for tipping. Customer entitlement is a scary quality to have to dance around. Who do you despise the most? Again, we despise the entitled and the misinformed. One of the worst things that I've actually heard on a shift is, "If I tip you, I'm contributing to your exploitation." I walked away, but really wanted to scream, "NO DUDE, YOU SITTING HERE STARING AT US, WHILE SIPPING A \$2 BEER FOR FIVE HOURS CONTRIBUTES TO MY EXPLOITA-TION." There is an industry saying, "staring is stealing". And, there are people who think that because we are peddling intangibles, we are not really "selling" anything. Try that shit with a doorman, masseuse or therapist. We are doing you a service, we are visible, we might be touching, and probably, listening to you.

Who has the most money? Intel is the largest employer in Oregon, with approximately 17,000 employees and they have people from all over the country that fly in and out of our city. Nike is the second largest, with approximately 5,000 workers.

In dancing at Lucky Devil, the club pulls a surprisingly-diverse crowd, despite the edgier aesthetic and location in inner industrial Portland. Most of the clientele that I speak with, are either service industry workers, tourists who read good reviews of the club or traveling businessmen.

How do they earn it? Lawyers tend to be incredibly tight assed, at least with me. (Please sirs, feel free to come to Lucky Devil and prove me wrong.) There is no correlation between how much money a person HAS and how much they will SPEND. That old "look at his watch and shoes" trick, means nothing. If only there was an easy indicator, to find all of the potential clients that really thrown down the cash.

I've been tipped the most in one night, by a guy wearing ASICS sneakers. I fondly recall the man who worked at a dildo factory and always stunk like armpits. He would rent the entire private room with all of the shift girls, spending hundreds in a few minutes. Yet, I don't even think he washed his hair more often than once a month.

My informal study lacks hypothesis and I've yet to conclude it. But, in an exercise of good ethics and good capitalism, I follow a simple credence: "Be nice to everyone, even those who can do nothing for you. Here's hoping that they will hit the ATM."

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IN BED WITH **OUR NEXT PRESIDEN**

The great American pastime: no, it's not really baseball. It's the cutthroat antics of the media circus known as the Presidential Election cycle. It's hard to imagine a better collection of caricatures, and yet, here are the front-runners.

In case you're unfamiliar, here is a mini-synopsis, albeit slightly biased. Included are actual guotes of the potential candidates. However, the context might be slightly skewed for your pleasure—here are the nominees.



REPUBLICANS **Rick Santorum**

The former two-term Senator from Pennsylvania, announced yet another bid to be the party's nominee for Presi-

dent in 2016, on May 27, 2015. His views that the United States Supreme Court laws should come second only to "God's Law," are the scariest thing about this skinny turd.

Worst thing ever said in bed: "I am the law!"

Kinks: Not using contraception. But, if you become pregnant, he won't help pay for the abortion, either.



Rand Paul

Named after Avn Rand, this Jr. Paul became known for speaking as a leader

of the Tea Party a couple of years ago, which already gives two examples as to why he should never be president of anything except the Ayn Rand book club.

Worst thing ever said in bed: "I never, ever cheated. I don't condone cheating. But I would sometimes spread misinformation. This is a great tactic. Misinformation can be very important."

Kinks: Telling you that he's a Libertarian.



Marco Rubio

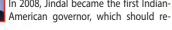
Marco Rubio is thirsty. And, not just for water. Being himself of Cuban heritage, he will remind you over and over that

he's actually not just another white guy in a suit. Even if that's who he actually works with and represents.

Worst thing ever said in bed: He doesn't speak much, because he still can't explain why supporting the cutting of food stamps and fighting against a minimum wage increase, benefits ethnic minorities and poor Americans.

Kinks: Female ejaculation. No, really. He's thirsty.

Bobby Jindal In 2008, Jindal became the first Indian-



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mind everyone who is reading this, exactly how much our political system lacks diversity and proper representation. The young Louisiana governor is really boring, as he has not been embroiled in any type of media scandal, although he still has plenty of time.

Worst thing ever said in bed: "Is it me you're looking for?"

Kinks: Asking you to call him by his first name, Piyush.



Chris Christie

Chris Christie is from New Jersey. That's all that really matters. Why? It means that he has no filter, is too proud to be

anything but transparent and will absolutely never appeal to anyone other than blue-collar Americans-who agree that he looks cuddly, albeit perpetually kinda sweaty.

Worst thing ever said in bed: "You know, something might go down tonight, but it ain't gonna be jobs, sweetheart."

Kinks: Him on top.



Ted Cruz Senator Cruz was formally educated at

Harvard and Princeton, and while he is often noted as a gifted orator, his voice reminds one of Groucho Marx. More importantly, he once

served as a Domestic Policy Advisor to Bush Jr.

Worst thing ever said in bed: "We're facing an assault on traditional marriage."

Kinks: Praying, non-filibustering for 21 hours.



Donald Trump

This business tycoon and media spectacle shits out more prejudiced hate speech than a Neo-Nazi with Tourette's,

and yet, America loves to hate him. For some reason, his mouth looks like a butthole with teeth—so, I shudder to imagine what his butthole looks like.

Worst thing ever said in bed

1: "My daughter has a good figure. If she weren't my daughter, I'd probably be dating her."

2: "Part of the problem I've had with women has been in having to compare them to my incredible mother." 3: "I just keep whining and whining until I win."

Kinks: He doesn't actually have sex—he just jerks off into the mirror, standing on a podium, while a tripod records it and plays it over big screen television with a two-second delay.



Worst thing ever said in bed: "Immigrants are more fertile."

Kinks: He wants you to call him Daddy. As in, he wishes he were his father.

Jeb Bush



Rick Perry

The longest-serving Governor of Texas, has yet again placed his bid. One must wonder how in the hell we keep getting

so many presidents from Texas.

Worst thing ever said in bed: "The louder they scream, the more we know we are getting something done."

Kinks: Talking about guns, hot dogs, and the death penaltv.

DEMOCRATS



Bernie Sanders

Bernie is more of an Independent, but nearer to the donkey party. He is currently the sitting junior Senator of Ver-

mont. There isn't much to do in Vermont; the 600,000 population encourages lots of reading, pot-smoking and gay-marrying. So, THAT'S why he's so intelligent and ethical!

Worst thing ever said in bed: "People should not underestimate me."

Kinks: He loves it when someone combs his hair.



Hilary Clinton

She has been planning her presidential run since before she was burning her bra. This former First Lady and Secretary

of State, is the most likely front-runner for the Democrats, which is a shame because she's quite the epitome of Tumblr white feminism. If she wants to gain intersectional support, she had better start publicly fucking black guys. (I recommend.)

Worst thing ever said in bed: "Who is going to find out? These women are trash-nobody's going to believe them."

Kinks: Let's be honest. I don't even think she masturbates.

BY ELLE STANGER



I was the kind of strip club customer that spent every dollar he had (and didn't have) to feed my newfound addiction-which didn't always get along with my other addictions...coke dick in a limo with a busted hooker, isn't pretty. I eventually succumbed to the pitfalls of draining my business bank account into bankruptcylike every good sex addict does. But, this simply would not do. I wasn't going to get anywhere until I figured out a way to become the customer from hell-the guy who didn't need money to hang with strippers. Failed careers as a male stripper, Internet escort and amateur pornstar didn't pay the bills. There had to be some way to tap into this industry that would still send me home with something more than a raw prick.

It all started one night about 20 years ago, after being up for four days, from one \$20 sack of the Redwood Empire's best peanut butter crank—yeah, that's what they called it, back then.The lack of sleep opened my eyes to new possibilities. Leave the girlfriend, sell all your comic books and go to Portland to start a new life in the "strip club capital of the USA." What would I do there? I dunno, I'll put together some kind of stripper competition that will allow me to judge them based off some weird kind of contest that's like A Naked-Tattooed-Mardi Gras-Beauty Pageant Of Fire-Breathing Pole Dancers? Shut the fuck up, I was broke, high and desperate—BUT, IT WORKED.

I was to become the guy that thought he could run everything better than everyone else, and before long, I was the self-appointed media overlord of various forms of stripper combat— FUCK YEAH!!! I believe Dick Hennessy shared a similar point of logic in one of his "vagina monologues" a few issues ago, where he said something about "wanting to be that guy." I see where he's coming from and all (been there), but I didn't want to be THAT GUY—I just wanted to fuck THOSE GIRLS. In effect, I was pretty much the worst kind of customer—a legacy that was eventually consumed to become a part of the industry

With this being the "Customer" Tribute Issue, I feel as if I've gotten a little out of touch with the customer. It's not because I'm over 50 and married with kids, that I'm not connected with you anymore. I still spend 4 nights a week with all of you, lurking in the shadows, as I always have been. But, there is one major difference—I stopped drinking a couple years back, and now, I pay very close attention to all of you. To each and every one of you, I am the motherfuckin' watcher on the wall.

So, with that said, enjoy the following analysis of this month's honorary tribute—the one part of the industry we could not do without, the beloved customer. So, sit tight, that introduction was where the compliments end. It's gonna be a bumpy ride.

There are many types of customers to choose from, when a dancer is selecting her prospective source of income. Two things must be evaluated when making this choice — time and energy. If a regular always buys three dances from you, but you have to sit with him and play KENO for an hour before the payoff, you just made as little as \$60 in the hour and a half you spent with that guy. Your 5-hour shift would allow you to do that three times, plus stage money, resulting in about a \$200 shift. Not horrible, not fantastic. But, are you making the most of your time on that stage and on the floor? It's all about selecting the right customer.



The Barfly/Regular – He comes to see the bartender, because he knows he won't be able to score with a dancer unless, he signs over a paycheck. But the bartender, she's much more approachable. She's trapped behind that bar and she has to listen to every tired war story the regular throws her way, as he sips from his endless cup of coffee. He used to spend money on dancers, but he's broke now and simply comes to the club because it's possibly the only family he's got and it's the closest thing to Cheers he will ever be able to find. Except for the boobs, there just happens to be a lot more boobs. No one wanted to see Carla's boobs.



The Poker Players – Not to be approached unless summoned. They're busy gambling away their SNAP benefits and strip clubs have the cheapest booze. Go away. Unless, of course, the rare occasion of the big payout happens. Then, the high roller will let you sit next to him so you can push the button. But if you hit a payout, it's still his. He'll sometimes buy you a well drink, while you're picking up a top-shelf for him at the bar, "Where the fuck is that damn waitress anyway, she's much faster than you."

Sincity



The Stalker – This is the guy who shows up at the club every day, to see if you're on the schedule — even though it's posted online. He might get a very "uncomfortable" private dance from you once in a blue moon, but he normally will just sit at your stage and put up a single dollar every song, to avoid being scolded. When you get off stage, he will retreat to a dark corner of the room and wait for you to emerge from the dressing room, so he can stare down every other man you talk to.



The Fixer (Save A-Ho) — These guys used to work in the industry, until one too many harassment charges and restraining orders were filed against them, by one too many dancers. You need a place to crash? No problem! They're always there to help a girl in need, especially if she needs to be fingerbanged, while she's passed out in the back of his car. Most of these guys try to stay employed on the fringe of the adult industry, by moonlighting as strip club drivers. Fuck these douchebags, call Über.



The Insignificant Other – Fuck the boyfriends, most of all—they don't need to be here,

plain and simple. What other job besides stripper, would your man wanna go hang out with you for the whole shift? Would he help her fold sweatpants on her shift at Target? Fuck no, get a life—one of your own. She doesn't need a guardian angel or a business manager that's fucking her-there are other words to describe that kind of relationship. Some of you are great guys, but no matter how cool you are with what your old lady does, you're interfering with her ability to make money...even if you're up there throwing down the bills, you still lose. You're a game changer not the good kind. You get to fuck the stripper that everyone else wants, so they all hate you. But, it's not like you can go to other strip clubs either, is it? Your main squeeze would just love to hear that you were in a club down the street, dropping mad cash on that bitch Sophia's stage, wouldn't she? You see, dear boyfriend...there's a hidden disclaimer, when you choose to date a stripper—STRIP CLUB = NO MORE FUN FOR YOU.



Once the gals from the office get liquored up and morally lubricated on Why Not? Wednesdays at Applebee's, they're gonna go lookin' for some dick. And, what better place to find desperate dick, than the local strip club, am I right? They'll hit the rack in a pack, cell phones out for the "OMG WE'RE IN A STRIP CLUB!" selfie, to be distributed immediately to seven different social media sites. After being bitch-slapped for having their cellphones out at the stage, Brianna, Bethany, Brittany & Brandy will cop, attitude by pointing at the dancers as they whisper snarky insults about whether the stripper bleaches her asshole or not. "It's \$1 per song, if you're at the stage—even if you have a vagina," prods the DJ. The alpha member of the B-squad, begrudgingly slaps a dollar onto the stage. After security tries to explain the algebraic anomaly of tipping to these broads (four vaginas equals four dollars), they tap out and move to a table in the cheap seats. Actually, the seats weren't cheap-top dollar actually, it was just the cheap asses seated in them. Before the night is over, the B-girls have puked in the VIP booth, tried to give a customer a handjob in the private dance booth, lost their cell phone 3 times, taken pictures with their cell phones two more times, complained to the manager that a stripper crushed her cellphone on the stage (while she was trying to Snapchat the dancers vagina), lost their credit card and were last seen at about 3 am, in the alley, crying outside of Voodoo Doughnut.



Other Strippers — Approach with caution. Generally, they can be very generous customers if they are there for a night of fun. But, when your work is the sindustry, the polarities of fun shift considerably. For my first 10 years in the industry, I lived it. If I wasn't working in it, I was playing in it. Not now. If I show up at your club these days, I mean business. My playground is elsewhere, but I am more than happy to provide all of you with the most-exciting, flesh-filled playground you could ever hope for. But, if I'm hanging out at someone else's club, it's all business, or I'm there to steal your job. Ask around.

Now, let's get back to the strippers hanging out at the strip clubs. Off-duty packs of strippers, can be a gold mine, while solo-stripper is there to steal your job. If they ask you questions about what it's like to work here, treat her like the customer she is and work her for a dance, in exchange for intel. The house strippers are the first line of defense that must be penetrated, if a new dancer is to enter a comfortable working environment.

NEXT MONTH — The mother-of-all competitions! Miss Exotic Oregon 2016 coming soon to a club near you!

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SAT 19 – SANDS SHOWGIRLS (SEATTLE) 50-YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY

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THU 24 – THE RUNWAY DJ DICK HENNESSY'S SO YOU THINK YOU CAN LAP DANCE COMPETITION

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Welcome to one of the sickest, most laidback establishments PDX has to offer-and. it's open late night for everyone in the industry! Finger Bang Portland has brought to our city a new, creative, funky and fun environment to get your nails done, indulge in some teeth blinging exercises or manage those unruly eyebrows when necessary. This salon is, for lack of a better word, bitchin'!!! I don't think there's a better way to unwind from a hard day's work, than with a drink in hand, my feet in a bubbly foot spa and some killer company. The owner of Finger Bang, Glynis Olson, invited me out to the salon to not just talk shop, but to photograph some of her beautiful clients at her place of business. Needless to say, I walked away with an amazing experience and the ammunition I needed to tell the rest of PDX that Finger Bang has Exotic's vote for the most kick-ass new establishment in town. Thank you Finger Bang, for an amazing visit!

When did you start dreaming of building your own business?

I was on vacation in October and feeling restless about where I was at, as far as work. I had transitioned out of bartending and was looking for a change. This is what I came up with. I have been an esthetician for years, so a salon seemed logical. Nails are more rad than just waxing, etc.

What is your favorite thing about being a business owner?

I really love being the Dolly Parton at my own version of The Best Little Whorehouse In Texas. I mean, who's a better hostess than Ol' Miss Mona? It's so great that my staff and I can give people a couple of hours to just hang out and have a glass of wine, some bubbles or a Montucky Cold Snack and watch some fucked up movies, while they get services.

Where did you get the inspiration for your name?

Actually, a friend of mine and I were texting each other potential names, most of them ridiculous—not that Finger Bang isn't but, as soon as I texted it, I knew it was the one. It was a little too provocative with the actual word finger on the signage, so going with the finger logo made it more palatable to the owners of the building and the general public. The bonus is that I wound up with a kick-ass logo. The part where literally everyone that comes in says, "I'm here to get finger banged," is totally gratifying for all of us.

How long did it take you to reach your final goal of opening your business?

I'm sitting here with my bottom bitch Asa and we just did the math. I pitched the idea on October 26 and we opened on August 2—so, 9 months. This is insane to think about, because it felt like a thousand years while we were in the thick of it.

How many people do you have staffed and what services do you offer?

We have 9 on staff currently; in the next few weeks, we will be bringing on a few more

and still more after that. We offer a full range of nail services, from acrylic and gel extensions, to natural nails with plain polish or gel polish (Shellac is a brand name). Several different kinds of pedicures and yes, we love to do men's nails as well. No, they don't have to be polished. Our waxing menu is limited; it's not a quiet, relaxing spa environment, so we aren't offering "intimate" waxing, as there is not really enough privacy. I will be offering some dental bling as soon as the tool arrives. No grills, but jewels and charms.

What made you decide to run such different hours than other nail places?

Having been in the service industry for years, I wanted to have a spot for my people to go when they got off shift. Maybe you get done at 9 or 10 and you think it would be rad to get a mani-pedi, your

brows waxed or maybe you can't live another day without a damn sparkle tooth. You should have a place to get it. Sometimes, it might rule to put your feet up in a massage chair that will fist you a little; you don't even need to talk nice to it.

What sets you apart from your competition?

Communication is the key. I have gone with my best friend for the last 9 years to get my nails done. I have gotten

a pedi and a gel mani. I have never, however, developed a relationship with my nail tech, until I met Asa that is. I want our clients to feel like they belong here. If you aren't happy with

a service, please tell us. We will do everything in our power to make it right. You should be able to have the same connection with your nail tech that you do with your hairdresser or the person that waxes you. It feels more like a tattoo shop in here, than a nail salon, and that's the way we like it. We want to know all the salacious details of your weekend. We want you to feel free to drop ALL the F-bombs. It is vital to me that you have an experience, not just get your nails done.

Is it better to book an appointment or are walk-ins available?

Right now, appointments are highly recommended. Walk-ins will be a lot easier in the coming months, when we have a larger staff.

You have such a fun logo, do you have any merchandise available with your logo on it?

Currently, I have stickers, koozies and some t-shirts. The hoodies are sold out. I am getting more of everything made and adding some cool shit to our sick merchandise lineup.

How often do you personally get your nails done?

Every 2 weeks like clockwork.













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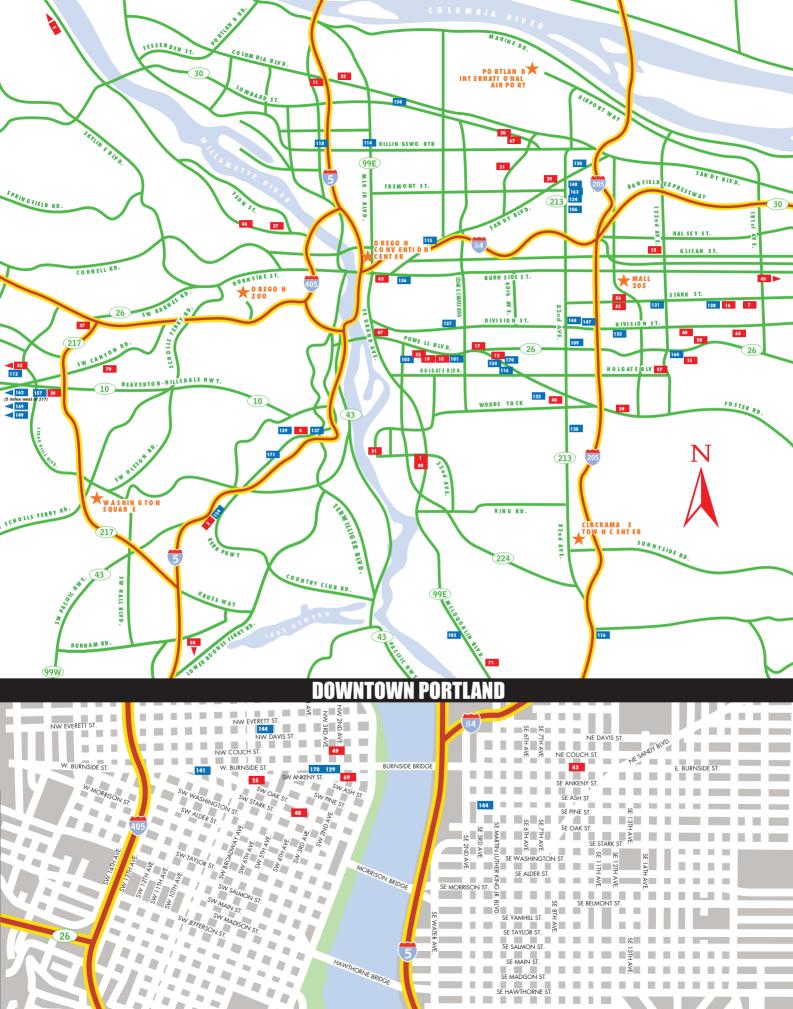
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SANDS 50 YEARS OF THE SANDS SHOWGIRLS

The Sands Showgirls Gentlemen's Club in Seattle (located in the Ballard neighborhood) is celebrating its 50th year in business! Join them for their anniversary party, which will be held on Saturday, September 19 at 8:00 pm.

The Sands was founded in 1965, by a spicy, hard-working Greek-American entrepreneur named Gus (1926-2001), who had previously started a vending/bottling business, until he finally found his calling with the Sands Showgirls.

He was a very generous businessman and donated a substantial amount of money to many charitable organizations in Seattle. Gus had a love for the entertainment business, real estate, boating and managed his investments and the club until his passing. He always decorated the club for special holidays, held contests and gave all his staff and dancers special Christmas gifts every year. He lived in Ballard and enjoyed socializing in the club and throwing celebrations with all the local, loyal customers. Gus was very wellknown in the Ballard community and amongst the local Greeks. His personal life was entwined in the club, since he lived just doors away and it was always a large part of his life.

During the 70s, Gus installed a dance floor in the club for customers to dance with the danc-

ers—which was a hit! There were several fisherman customers who would return from their Alaskan fishing trips and bring fresh seafood to the dancers and spend their hard-earned cash on them. To this day, the club has many out-of-town customers, who still visit whenever they return to Seattle. Gus originally had a liquor license until, in 1981, when the State of Washington passed a stricter law, prohibiting all gentlemen's clubs from serving alcohol and having topless dancing. In-

stead, he elected to serve soft drinks and juices, to maintain their nude entertainment license.

After Gus passed in 2001, his family took over running the business and continues to do so to this day. In 2005, they remodeled the club extensively and modernized their logo. The family continues to enjoy throwing various celebrations at The Sands and loves to meet loyal customers,

who remember Gus and the club during those early years. If you have never been to the club or you're a seasoned regular, be sure to stop by for this special 50year celebration! Today, the club is a local, highly-rated club in Seattle with a boutique and an intimate atmosphere

that the customers love. Check out their website, Facebook, and Twitter pages for more info – follow them today.

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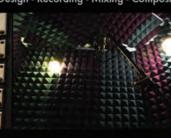
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In a society where frivolous things are purchased on a whim every nanosecond, we don't always stop to think about the larger pond we're pooling our money into. It's a deep, dark, cavernous hole full of crusty chewing gum, dental floss and last month's eyelash curler. We're a race of petty individuals, purchasing petty things that make our lives seem even pettier. So, why do we do these things? Why do we continuously throw money at plastic items we know aren't biodegradable? Or, why spend that extra two dollars on the charity we are questioning the true authenticity of, as the counter clerks politely asks if we would like to make that contribution?

When a very large populous of people condemns the one resource they use every day, that populous is

THE END GAME OF THE DOLLAR

going to hemorrhage; not a matter of if, just when. And, to many who have been involved in analytics brokering and Wall Street, they will try to offer a rational explanation, or if they choose to be honest, they'll admit the other side of the coin is about to drop—and, when it does, this nation has never seen the hurt this descent can bring.

Other countries around the globe are already suffering—entire governments and regimes are in financial ruin. Greece has been on the ropes for some time and now China (a formerly notorious super power) has recently made headlines with talk of financial unrest. So, what happens to the world's money when it dries up? Not a nation, but an entire global monetary collapse. Are we so naïve to think that the global system is impenetrable? And, I'm not just talking about a viral assault, but a peoples' conscious decision to end it?

Never in history, have we witnessed such extreme systemic imbalances in the world's financial, economic system. Let's take for instance, that the US, Japan and Canada have 52% of the Federal funded debt in the world and they have only 7% of the population base. That's a staggering ratio and it leads you to wonder how such a small population has racked up such a gigantic debt? Deep inside, most of us can feel the storm coming. The number of Americans that believe that the economy is getting worse is almost 50 percent higher than the number of Americans that believe that the economy is getting better.

Civil unrest isn't coming—it's already here and it's an epidemic on a global scale. Did you see the explosion at the Chinese port city of Tianjin? One day after China devalued their currency? I ask my logical-thinking, everyday self—Is it mere coincidence that a 21ton explosion rocks one of the largest ports in China, a day after they devalue their currency? Possibly—stranger things have happened.

My concern, however, is more geared towards the poker hand China is slowly revealing, or rather, not revealing, until everyone else has their ass hanging out for them to see. The US alone has combined public, private and contingent liability debt, to the tune of \$200 trillion thus far, having the largest debt obligation in all of human history. Being caught with our pants down isn't likely to bode well with other failing nations, who are already feeling the hurt.

What I am getting at, in a roundabout way, is where all this money comes back to. The number one issue not just plaguing Americans, but peo-

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ple of all races and genders all over the world. Why does only one percent of the world's population control the mass majority of money fluctuating in and out of these countries? Who are they and how did they get this far with what they have?

This is the question that needs an immediate answer, because even after the world has turned its nose up at the debt calculator and assets, countries and properties are frozen, something has to be done. Who has the money to do it and what are they planning? Well, you won't like the answer and you're probably going to want to fact check this. You need to!!! Because everything I'm going to tell you is true. The Rothschild group owns the "Central Bank"-they have since the beginning of banks, and they have everything all locked up like Fort Knox. They are, without a doubt, the wealthiest people on the planet and handle almost all of the world's money, expect in a few countries. At least it used to be just a few countries-now, it's just North Korea. In 2000, it used to be North Korea, Iran, Cuba, Afghanistan, Iraq, Sudan and Libya. So, how did those other countries lose control of their central banking system to the Rothschilds? Think back to 911 and the war in the Middle East. Think back to the countries we invaded under the guise of a false

flag event. We invaded Afghanistan first in 2001, followed by Iraq two years later. By 2003, both countries central banks were now under the control of the Rothschilds. Then, in a unique turn of events, we slid over to the UN for backing and through back room meetings, lining political leaders pockets and sweet sexy whispers in the right leaders ears, we ascertained by the year 2011 both Libya and Sudan's central banks as well. If that wasn't slick enough, in yet another strange turn of events, the United States makes amends with Cuba and for the first time in over 50 years, the Cuban embassy is flying the American flag. Its central banking system is now also owned by the Rothschilds.

Iran, another country we refused to cooperate with on grounds of distrust involving nuclear development. And, here we are in 2015, shaking hands, taking pictures and giving hugs to yet another country on Rothschild's checklist. So, what about North Korea? The United States has already blamed them for the cyber-attack on Sony and they have continued the North Korea rhetoric in the mainstream media. So, it seems to me, there is just one more country to seize financial control of, before the Rothschilds can complete the monopoly—and global once that gueen is moved into place its checkmate.

With conspiracy theorists feeding the media frenzy, it's become even more apparent that things like Operation Jade Helm and all these massive stockpiles of ammunition, food and what can only be explained as containment camps and mass grave sites, are not for its U.S citizens directly-it's for the war we're about to wage with the world. We know it's coming, even though we've been denying something like this could ever happen on American soil again. But, it is coming, and it won't be like the reckoning or the rapture—it will be a sea of red, brought on by the worst possible catalysts.

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Hi, my name is Aaron Ross. I'm an actor, comedian, talk show host with the most...and I'm broke. Broke as a joke.

Jokes are what I peddle, most frequently on Tuesday nights, when I perform my late-night talk show "Who's the Ross?" at Dante's. I've been labeled "Portland Famous" and that's not inaccurate. Aside from producing my own show, I host Sinferno twice a month, perform at national festivals, collaborate with radical rockers, entertain celebrities, hang with strippers, party with dignitaries, and more often than not, I drink for free. But, despite all that, I can barely pay my rent. Unfortunately, cool is not a currency.

After seven years of not having a day job, I continue to grind along in the city that raised me but, the dream of saying, "I make a living as a performer," has become more and more difficult. The fact is, Portland is no longer a cheap place to live (everyone's favorite gripe). It was when I was growing up here, but that (as Portlandia calls it) "dream of the 90s" is gone. Our urban utopia is no longer the nation's best kept secret, as we have become the Ellis Island for those with artistic pursuits. Everyone wants to live and perform here, and how can I blame them? It's a gorgeous city with the best music, beer and strippers in the world...WHO WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE HERE?!? So, we as artists, continue to get the same amount of money to perform, but the rent, price of food and transportation have all become exponentially higher.

So, how do we survive??? Typically, by leaning on each other...

You put me on the guest list at your show, so I'll put you on the list at mine.

I'll trade you my drink tickets, for a meal at the food cart you moonlight at.

Sustain an injury? Who needs insurance—we'll throw you a benefit!

Is it your birthday? We'll go to the bars we've performed at—they'll hook us up!

How will we get into that show? Don't worry, I know the bouncer!

Got a room for rent? No, but you can put a mattress in the washroom at the house where my three favorite bands live. SOLD! (for \$100...true story!)

It's all guite romantic, now that I think about it. While I ultimately desire greener pastures (or in the case of moving to Los Angeles, browner pastures), I will always look back fondly on a decade plus of perfecting my craft in the City of Roses. Sure, a lifetime of money and security sound, nice...but, that ain't got nothing on a coffeefueled day of collaborating with my comedic comrades, followed by a whiskey-fueled night watching the amazing bands that I consider friends, then waxing poetic with a litany of talented artists over PBRs, and finally, unwinding late night with the lovely ladies of the Lucky Devil, only to find myself suddenly across the street at the Hot Cake House, with

my new friends—all to be repeated again tomorrow.

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WRAPPING UP DICK'S VAGINA BY SHAWNA

This has been a big year for the Vagina Beauty Pageant— what's changed?

50 girls competed this year, while the pageant itself encompassed the entire state of Oregon and the cash prize was the biggest yet! I think it's safe to say, that the sky is the limit, when it comes to the future of the Vagina Beauty Pageant.

So, when the dust settled, Synodic emerged victoriously and took home the title of Miss Beautiful Vagina 2015 were you surprised she won?

Synodic is one of the sweetest girls I've ever met. Her vagina has character as well—more pronounced than just a basic slit. There was a little hair on top too, which I like to see—it's good to mix it up. Also, an inch or so above her vagina were the words "lick me," which is a profound statement in my opinion. I think, regardless of our race, religious beliefs or social standings, we should all take time out of our busy schedules to reflect on the meaning of life and take a moment to lick a vagina.

I couldn't agree more! Speaking of religious beliefs, what's this I hear about you being confronted by a religious person?

> A religious fanatic cornered me in a store parking lot. He said that I would burn in hell for eternity and that the Vagina Mobile made me a

pedophile, because I was promoting sex to children. When asked how the word vagina on the side of my car equated to promoting sex to children, he mentioned the sex toys on my car and pointed at the Sluricane bottle decal.

That's All Folks

That's ridiculous! Is it true you can't park the Vagina Mobile at your own house?

Very true! I've been banned by my H.O.A.—based on it being a commercial/ obscene vehicle. I can no longer park it across the street cause of a tow notice/ warning. It was actually towed from my friend's apartment last year, due to upset tenants, I'm still banned from Washington Square Mall and I'm currently fighting an unjust ticket I received from Tri-met for alleged "nontransit use" parking.

What's the most shocking thing you've seen this year?

I was amazed at the amount of things that I saw inserted into vaginas this year— everything from fingers, to a popsicle, ping pong balls, tongues, glitter glow sticks, a drug filled condom, lollipops, actual fire and even a lightsaber dildo with a Taser built into it

I heard about someone stealing your Vagina Beauty Pageant name?

Imagine my surprise, when I get sent a video link a week into promoting for the pageant and I see a Screech-Powerson-steroids-looking-guy claiming he's doing the first-ever Vagina Beauty Pageant. But, instead of real girls, he's going to use submitted pictures of vaginas from around the world. Instead of actual judges, he's just letting any weirdo with a computer judge. And, instead of a trophy, he's going to 3D-scan the winning vagina and clone it into a masturbation device.

What do you think it is about the word vagina, that upsets people so much?

I think the reason the word vagina is so infuriating to some, is the preconditioning we have from birth, as a result of conservative-based censorship, thanks to movies, television and marketing. If my car had a picture of a big gun on it or it was called the heroin mobile, no one would bat an eye—I'd probably get pulled over just as much, though! For some reason, the more we as a society try to hide vaginas and pretend like they don't exist, the more people get upset about them being exposed.

What's the best memory you had this year?

On the day weed was officially legalized in Oregon, I took the Vagina Mobile to the rally on the Burnside Bridge at midnight. As I drove across the bridge, the crowd erupted into a wave of screams and cheers of Vagina for the entire length of the bridge—it was a surreal and awe-inspiring experience. I felt the love from my city.



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WWW.CLUBUSAGUAM.COM • EMAIL US AT PAT@CLUBUSAGUAM.COM • 671-688-5235 1270 N MARINE CORPS DR • PMB 781 SUITE 101 • TAMUNING, GUAM U.S.A. 96913 exotic magazine | xmag.com My DJ buddy, Vert Sin, was touring through Portland last year, and being from Boise, his bar was not exactly high in terms of what he expected from a pizza restaurant. Still, it took him only minutes to notice what was wrong with P-town's idea of service. "Please bus your own tables? What kind of shit is that? I could swear I saw a tip jar up front," Vert muttered. I responded, "Yes, and if you notice, all the condiments, soda taps, plates and cups are self-serve." He replied, "What the fuck am I tipping for, then?"

Well, Vert, that's a good question.

PORTLANDThe City That Hates To Work

By Ray McMillin

Millenials are a special breed of lazy, specifically the less-than-the-time-it-takesto-read-this attention span variety, glued to their phones and willing to show up to work "whenever, maybe." This is a national issue, one that serves as an alternative to retirement for those of us willing and able to show up on time to whatever FroYo shop is hiring "anyone who can show up on time." However, if you are visibly over the hill, living in Portland, working in the service industry and able to perform the tasks required to do your job, chances are, you're often confused for a worn-out and extra hairy Mille-

nial. If the V-neck Morrisey t-shirt you are wearing is original, stamped with a 1986 tour date and the whole she-bang, you have no excuse to possess a lack of work ethic that rivals that of a generation who did not grow up on punch cards and dial-up modems. Unless, of course, you live in Portland, in which case you are most likely reading this column at work, while the bosses' friend impatiently stands in the well, waiting for that I.P.A. he ordered

six minutes ago. This phenomenon, the "why are you bothering me by being a customer" attitude, does not fly in any other region. Here are a few reasons why Portland is the mecca of underachievement, and a terrible example of what happens when you run a business that combines apathy with weirdness—hiring accordingly.

Customers Are Exposed To More Than The Menu

Waiting at Mcmenimahfuckitspellcheck's, a Portland staple of terrible service, it took about fifteen minutes for a server to arrive at my table, plop ten menus (and a brochure for a hotel in Bend) in front of me, say that happy hour was going on and disappear for another fifteen minutes. Upon her return, I was given a chance to order



drinks. "I'll have that non-alcoholic cider, please," I asked. "You sure? It's happy hour and beers are cheap." This was her response, to suggest a two-dollar beer, instead of giving me a four-dollar cider. Perhaps her customers tip a dollar per song? Either way, she then disappeared for the second time and ended up behind the bar. While there, she informed another bartender (and the rest of the restaurant) that she can't get her shift covered this weekend, because, "Brittany didn't request a cover and that it's bullshit that she showed up at five to work for her, and also, what's with the new cook? Why is he always splitting up the tabs and tips wrong? Don't people around here know how to pour a Bloody Mary, and why don't we have any of that stuff we were trying to get rid of on tap-is it moldy again?" Another ten minutes later, I order food, watch the sunset, watch the sunrise, get my food, and then immediately am given a check. "Your bill is here," Shifty McBitchalot says. "Okay, thanks," I reply while looking at a full plate of food. Two minutes later, my server is back to ask me to cash out because she needs to leave early. I pay her cash. Then, as you probably guessed, she presented me with the change from her apron and provided me with enough ones to tip...nah, I'm just fucking with you. I paid with a fifty, she bitched about it to the bartender (tips are really hard to split) and then returned with two twenties and a pile of coins for change. I asked for some ones, she rolled her eyes, disappeared with the twenties and, after I eventually acquired them from the other bartender, she was long gone. But, not after bitching about how bad her tips were.

Nepotism Ensures Shitty Service

That neighborhood bar is awesome, until you realize that most of the people working there started out as customers or friends of the bar staff. Considering that, on busy weekend nights, you're not going to get much of a chance to talk to a bartender about how to turn in an application, it is safe to assume that many of these drunksturned-bartenders are among the best and most reliable pool of potential employees: day drinkers. Yes, the girl who can't pass a piss test, her artist-slash-skateboarder boyfriend and laptop guy, will eventually be changing kegs and asking how to work all that DJ stuff, after doing enough coke with the new owner (the original owner never sticks around, as bars in this town have the same attitude toward commitment as recently-divorced polyamorous sex addicts). "Kyle, this guy who moved here from Chicago, is totally gonna start bartending Sunday," says the unqualified manager-slashson-of-landlord. Two years later, enter the

Kickstarter campaign to save this beloved neighborhood bar. Sure, they'd give discounts on already cheap Pabst to their friends (i.e. everyone in the bar, except those irritating tourists who keep asking for a menu), hire entertainment via Facebook comment recommendations, run out of stock and keep erratic hours. But, hey man, Cascadialand had great pinball. Why'd they have to close?

The "But They Have Good Food And Drink" Excuse Used To Visit Strip Clubs Is Valid

To be fair, this city does have some great bartenders, servers and cooks. But, for the most part, you can only find good service in strip clubs. Why? Because the lady (or dude) behind the bar is competing with several naked women, loud music and flashing lights, therefore putting them in no place to fuck around on Instagram, while customers impatiently wave cash in anticipation of service. It takes years, if not decades for a customer to transition from paying pervert to payroll. If the food is shitty, there's another spot less than a mile away with under-priced steak. Dancers tip out the cooks, but only if customers stick around to order food. Same goes with cocktail waitresses, who can't afford to stare at their iPhone, while a dancer snatches up their customer and hits the bar. Even in places with seguels located on the edge of "that's too far for Portlandia" territory, the chicken strips and cheese sticks are of the best available quality. I don't comprehend why, for any other reason than some sort of secret society of bartenders who all agree to cap their on-the-clock fuck-givings, the non-nude establishments are unable to see the potential threat of losing business due to poor service. Unless, of course...

Popular Portland Bars And Restaurants Lose Credibility By Having Decent Service

There is an overpriced, white-peoplerun Mexican restaurant in Southeast called

an hour for something we could easily obtain elsewhere without all the cultural appropriation and inflated menu costs?" Of course, the only logical way one could respond to this would be, "Why not?" Aside from Del Taco 2.0. the brunch scene in Portland (yes, there is a "brunch scene" here... still no hip hop clubs, but we do have a thriving industry that revolves around nursing hungover white people) actually prides itself in how long it takes off-duty college students to make a fucking pancake. One life hack, however, is a place called Slappy Cakes, located on Belmont. They have great service, fresh food and for a decent price. However, they are also semi-D.I.Y. in that customers are encouraged to make their own pancakes, using a grill attached to the table. By introducing the ideas of manual labor and control over one's own diet, Slappy Cakes repels a large percentage of the undesirable manchildren, who would otherwise ruin a good pancake thing. They also have the best deep-fried bacon I've ever had, and if anyone who works there is reading this, hook a dude up next time I roll through.

The Roxy Now Has the Best Service In Portland

Sometime in 1990 whenever, I began to drink coffee and smoke cigarettes at the Roxy. It was a safe alternative to the extracurricular activities at my high school and there was a very high chance that one of the waitstaff would end

Por Que No, which translates to "why not?" This place serves glorified street food to white hipsters and transplants, who wait hours outside the establishment, L.A. nightclub style, for three-dollar carne asada tacos. In this amount of time (and for a lot less money), you could pack up the kids and drive to Woodburn or Beaverton (or, hell, 82nd) to buy food from a real Mexican. Instead, it's "Hey guys, do you want to wait in the blistering heat and/or foggy-ass rain for up breaking something over a crackhead, in order to remove them from the lobby. If not, drag queen fight. Either way, going to the Roxy was like watching Jerry Springer, while eating a sandwich named after a gay porn star; easily the best-spent dollar in Oregon. They used to pride themselves on having sassy service, to the point where they'd put it on their menu that the "food may suck, but at least the service stinks." While working strip clubs a few years ago, I would



rotate between that place under the Morrison bridge with the soul food that tastes like a Judas Priest shirt, the Hotcake House and the Roxy (with occasional stops at Boogie's Burgers, which is rumored to be closing soon,

so go eat there now). All of these places had above-decent service at worst, good food and employees that didn't interpret "excuse me" as a slur. Once I switched to dayiob mode, however, I was exposed to dozens of other options, ranging from food carts to sit-down joints, all of which were utterly horrible examples of why Yelp reviews should be protected as free speech. Hence, I ended up inside the Roxy before sundown one afternoon,

was promptly served and have made a habit of it ever since. The place with Jesus hanging above a jukebox, just feet from a signed photo of a male stripper, sitting across from shirts that say "Portland Fucking Oregon," has the best service in town. No disrespect to the Roxy, but come the fuck on, Portland. A "Bit Fat Heart Attack" should not be served with less resentment and in less time than your artisan crepe platters or Pendejorritos.

The Customer Is Always Wrong

Actual interaction between me and the white girl who I ordered an "extreme tostada" from in some artsy shit shack near NE Alberta:

> "Hey, I'd like the tostada, but no sour cream, please." "Ugh... I'm, like, pretty sure there's no sour cream because we have vegan options." "Yes, I'm actual-

ly planning on eat-

ing the ground beef tostada, so no sour cream if it has any."

"I'm pretty sure it doesn't have any, sir." "Okay and

what do you have on tap?" "Umm...Corona in bottles, Negro Modelo in bottles, Tecate in cans..."

- "Okay, so what do you have in pints?"
- "Ugh...Just Ninkasi."
- "I'll have a Ninkasi."

"You sure? It's the IPA and not too many people like it."*

"I take risks—give me one of those." "Okay, thank you."

About fifteen minutes later, she returns to tell me they don't have the IPA, but they do have the seasonal. I ask for the seasonal. She returns, "Here's your tostada, umm, it looks like they put sour cream on it, so I left you a spoon and a plate to dig it off." Thanks a ton.

> (*Everyone likes Ninkasi IPA. Everyone.)

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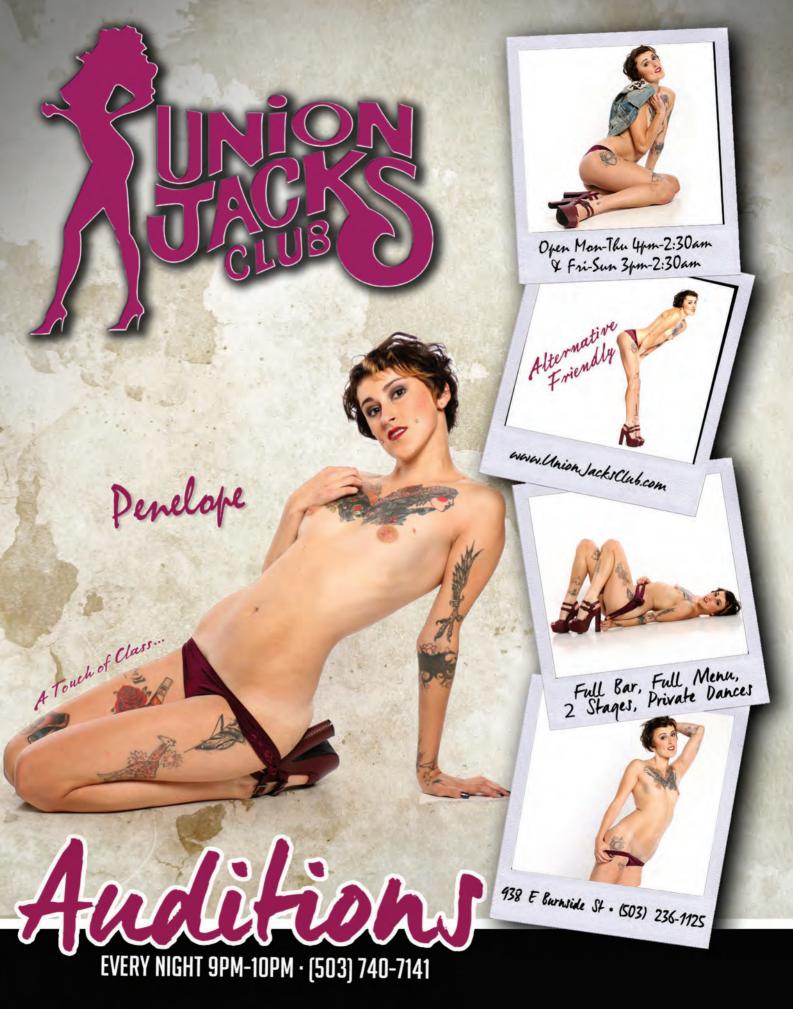


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