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Exotic

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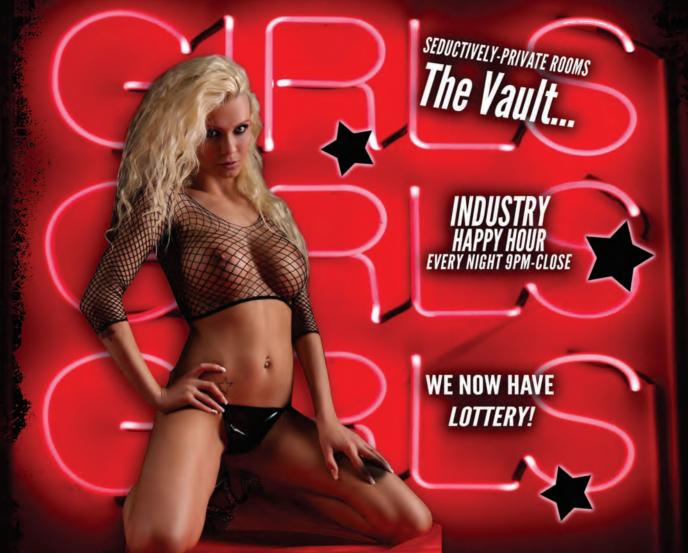
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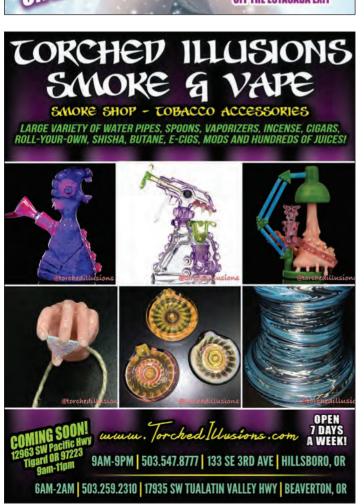
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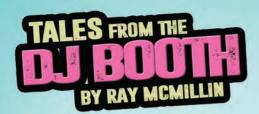












Four Things I Learned at Miss Exotic 2016

Last month, I attended the final round of Miss *Exotic*—Portland's most popular "stripper contest" (excluding Dick Hennesy's). Although I have attended, judged (well) and even hosted (poorly) Miss Exotic contests in past years, I had never been able to do so as a non-employee of the strip club DJsphere. Here is what I learned, after going as a regular old white guy in Portland (we all blend together).

Judging Naked Women Is Serious Business

Contestants in Miss *Exotic*, are able to make it through the ranks by gaining audience support—both verbal (applause, grunts, YOLOing, etc.) and monetary (attendees are encouraged to purchase Mardi Gras-style beads at the front door, which are to be given to deserving performers). However, a simple fan base of bartenders and club customers, won't get a single unimpressive performance past the real-life titty committee—whether "itty bitty" or "big 'ol" in variety.

The people who are assigned to judge Miss *Exotic*, take their jobs more seriously than most supreme court justices. If you take a mid-show visual scan of the venues housing these events, the judges are the only people who aren't knuckledeep into a conversation with an off-duty stripper, about who has slept with more retired SNL cast members or which new club is opening in place of the old Chinese buffet by the freeway. A stoic panel of industry insiders, photographers, local celebrities and retired dancers, comprise what is known as the judge's table. By the looks on their faces, you'd think they were taking a Japanese LSAT, in which the lowest-scoring applicants were forced to commit seppuku.

Although the judges' votes only count for a portion of the final scores given to Miss *Exotic* contestants (more on that below), their votes are broken down into individual categories, including originality, theme, stage presence, class, beauty, costume and figure. While some of these are mostly subjective in terms of scoring criteria, the fact that performers have to be more than just hot and naked, makes Miss *Exotic* less of a typical stripper showcase, as it encourages the mirror image of what American Idol could be, if censors cared more about talent (or lack thereof), than they do the female form. Which brings me to the next thing I noticed about the contest...

You're Not Going To See Anything Like it On A Porn Site

I'll admit it, I've watched porn once or twice over the course of the last hour, but that's it. Thus, I'm not completely aware of what else may lie bevond the land of traceable IP addresses and all things Japanese. Still, I've seen my fair share of Girls Gone Wild and Daddy's Wallet: Tijuana Edition videos, to be familiar with the concept of a bunch of wet skanks on a stage, being judged by the drunk frat boys (who will most likely not serve time for the acts of nonconsent they perpetuate upon said skanks, later on in the evening). Miss Exotic is the polar opposite of a wet t-shirt contest, to the point where if a girl were to actually get onstage in a half shirt and dance to LMFAO, it would be valued more for the satire, than the surface-level content, Everything—from an airbrushed snake, to a live snake, to a dude named Snake—has graced the Miss Exotic stage in past years.

This year's winner, Ivizia Dakini, has managed to incorporate both roller skates and fire into her acts. If there were a porn site, or even a series of direct-to-DVD films, that featured roller skating, naked women on fire, this column would never see the light of day. Many contestants commissioned the work of multiple outside performers, live props, light shows and a whole handful of awesomeness, that was more reminiscent of a Broadway musical, than it was a "stripper contest."

There Is A Surprising Lack Of Visible Cattiness

If you take a handful of women, feed them alcohol and toss them into a bar—where there's even one less cute guy than required for girls' night out ratio—all hell will erupt. The karaoke DJ will end up getting either a blowjob or a black eye. The bar will run out of blueberry Stoli and Fireball. Purses will get swung, nails will get broken and at least one girl will end up crying so hard that she calls her ex to come pick her up (causing him to get a DUI, thus losing his job and forcing the next girls' night out to happen even quicker than the time he cheated with the neighbor lady). This is known as Jessica Parker's Law and is one-hundred percent based on scientific fact.

It is obviously a wonder, given the likeliness of estrogen-induced competition to result in hell-fire, that Miss Exotic has not evolved into a full-on Jerry Springer special on "Strippers And The PCP Dealers Who Love Them." On more than one occasion during the evening, I watched competing dancers who worked at competing clubs, play nice with each other—even though one would be there with a motorcycle club, and the other with nothing else besides an emo roommate and a pack of cigarettes. In a day and age where the most probable candidate for the conservative side of the political spectrum has "Black Lives? Shudder" for a campaign slogan (and a history of feeding live babies to

rabid boars for sport), it's an understatement to say that, watching a bunch of half-shitfaced strippers compete for a significant cash prize without drawing blood. On the other hand...

The Post-Game Aftermath Is Always A Shitshow

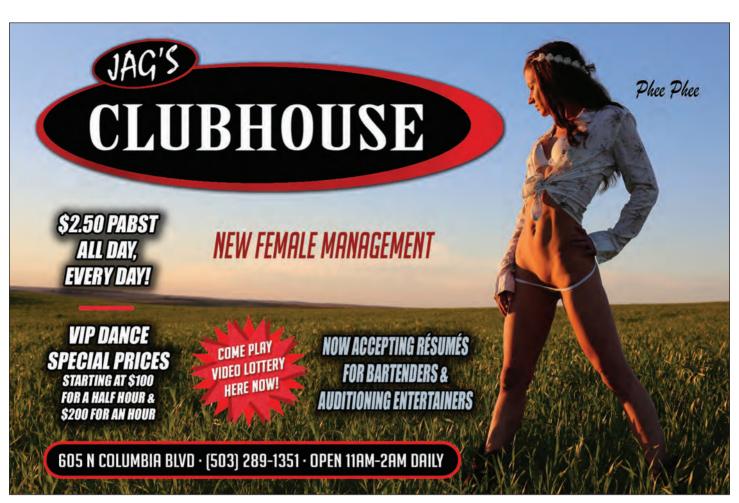
Taking everything I've said up until this point, and tossing it to the wind like a damp pair of post-road-head panties, every year that Miss Exotic (or any stripper contest, past or present) crowns a winner, the conspiracy theories arise. Sure, the finals are held in a venue that is not technically a strip club, yes, audience interaction counts for more than it does in a participatory democracy in action and, most obvious, there is really nothing for a club owner or advertiser to gain by rigging the contest in favor of one dancer or another (many strippers work wherever they want and it's up to the club owners to keep the winner of Miss Exotic happy—not the other way around).

Regardless, Facebook gonna Facebook. This year, I've seen everything from physical insults ("Her breasts were too perfect!"), to claims of unfair experience ("Not all of us can just work with fire..."), hurled at the winner. The only thing the majority of them don't share in common with accuse...er... losers of prior years, is the names of the people bitching about coming in last (or even second) place (and, sometimes, even the names stay the same).



Photo By LA LUNOUX

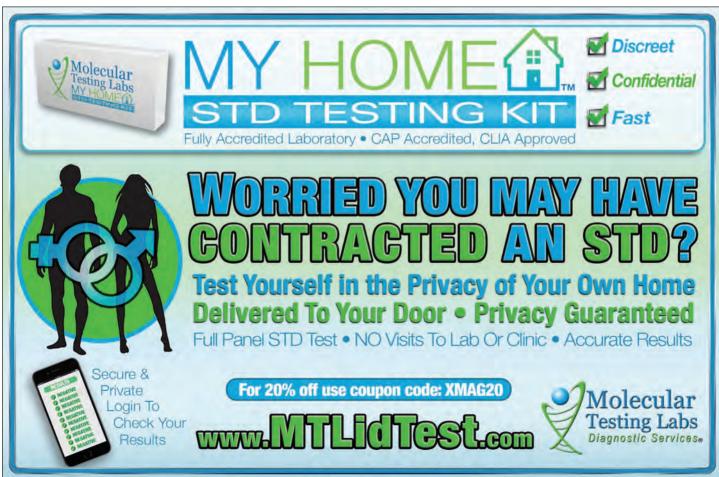














Last month, we introduced you to a legion of insanely-talented lunatics known as the Super Geek League. This venture into their world, made Exotic history, in that, there was so much to be told about SGL, there was no way we could fit it all into one issue. And so it was written, that Exotic's first two-part feature was born. Truth be told, an ongoing comic book series should be made about the SGL. The first journalist I would recommend to chronicle their antics (and probably the only one I could think of, that could keep up with them) has, unfortunately, left this plane of existence (RIP Hunter S.)

The League manipulates the senses of your mind with illusions, acrobatics, hallucinations, and musical mindfuckery in a world that is a perfect blend of the bizarre, erotic and terrifying all at the same time. It's kind of like being trapped on the set of a Saw movie except, there are 10-foot-tall clowns in lingerie, while beautiful acrobats tumble above you in the heavens. Back in my day, we had to chew mushrooms or mescaline and dose MDA to see things like this—but, at an SGL show, no drugs are required to witness these things that can turn your mind inside out-plus you don't have that horrible grinding feeling of having your soul sucked through a straw with that mescaline hangover.

From what I have gathered in my "research" of this enigmatic troupe of rockstars, contortionists, clowns and daredevils, no two SGL shows

are exactly alike. Last month, we introduced you to the founder of SGL, Floyd McFeely (along with our covergirl Indigo Nyx, who tours with SGL as

The Goblin). We had not yet even scratched the surface of the League. They are constructed of a rotating cast of diversified individuals, who come together to assemble something greater than any of its individual parts. It's a vast universe of sexy, talented freaks and beasts penetrating, not only the Pacific Northwest, but nationally, internationally and eventually galactically.

There was no way we could chronicle the complete list of all the talent within the SGL (like I said, they need a comic book to cover all this material—with a few spin-offs even), but we were able to catch up with two more members of the SGL. The first of which, shares some close family history with Exotic, as a two-time covergirl—Jackie (aka Amanda Warren).

So, fill us in Jackie—one day you're rolling in glitter naked on our cover and then you're soaring above hundreds and thousands of people, dangling from a balloon. Was the glitter actually pixie dust that gave you the gift of flight? How did this

ackie: Something just hit me one day, where I realized that I wanted to do more with my life (and, it just so happened to be the same month that I did that photo shoot for Exotic with all the glitter). Next thing I knew, I left my ex, found my-

self on the traveling warpath of the gypsy and lit-

erally ran away to the find the circus. A year later, I was living in Japan as a stunt acrobat and things just kinda grew from there.

My first show with SGL, was New Year's Eve of 2014 in Seattle at The WaMu Theater, which was one of the shows where SGL provided all of the ambient entertainment for USC Events' big EDM shows. At the time, I was working with Team RAD (Rose-city Acro Devils), aka Jon Dutch's acrobatic group, doing partner acrobatics and pole work. In addition, I had been consistently working with Wanderlust Circus for 6 months, and right before that, I lived in Japan and worked at Universal Studios as a lead stunt performer, in a multi-million dollar show that ended up winning a bunch of awards. Even with that, and all that I've seen in the past 10 years of performing around Portland, Dante's and beyond...l still remember being blown away once I walked into the WaMu Theater and watched the set being put together. It happened again as soon as I entered the dressing room and saw all of the extravagant handmade costumes, the extremely talented makeup artists and the energy and excitement of close to 100 performers!

Performing in that show was such a rush. It was a blur of crazy awesomeness that I didn't want to end—we had so much fun doing it, that I didn't even care that I had stayed completely sober on New Year's Eve. We didn't get out of there until 4



am and I ended up sleeping on the WanderBus in a parking lot. I had worked myself so hard that night that it took me two weeks until I could comfortably lift up my arm again. Nothing beats that rush you get, while performing in front of 30,000 people and doing it with people that you love and respect. ment with SGL, was during Paradiso 2015 at The Gorge Amphitheater. About two months before the show, Floyd and I were having dinner and talking about the upcoming show. After a couple glasses of wine, there was a point in our conversation where I said, "This probably isn't realistic, but

of), John and his son Andrew flew to Washington and joined us for our gig at Paradiso. And to make it even more amazing, John had asked if I could be the aerial performer attached to the AeroSphere! Holy shit, I was so excited! Not only to get to work with him again, but to get to perform on such a

> rare and amazing apparatus! It was such an honor, looking back on it—I'm still blown away how beautifully it all came together.

That was just under three years ago now and it's crazy how much things have grown and how intensely involved I've got-

couple of momma bears, like Jenny Penny, who does most of the costuming (which is a ridiculous amount of work alone) and also has a lot of experience in circus, so she also performs. Another momma bear is most definitely Megatron, but she's that awesome, crazy mom that would serve you whiskey out of a sippy cup. So, yeah, we're definitely one big, crazy, awesome circus family!

We've done a lot of crazy things, but I have

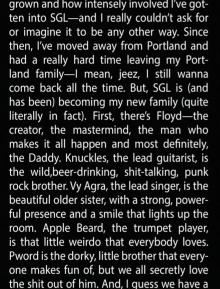
to have at Paradiso?" Of course, that grabbed his attention, so I pulled out my phone and showed him the new project that my old manager, John Nock (that I had worked for in Japan), had been working on. It was a giant aerial balloon, called the AeroSphere Aerial Balloon, that his wife would hang from and perform aerial acrobatics in the air above the crowd. So, of course, Floyd asked me to contact John. Two months later, to my surprise (after a lot of behind the scenes work I was unaware

you know what would be really crazy and amazing

Thanks Jackie, sounds pretty spectacular—now back to that glitter. What I was simply joking about, may have been the catalyst after all. I've always known glitter was dangerous—from the first time I was given the third degree by my girlfriend, about a phantom speck of glitter on the tip of my penis. It's not only dangerous in this aspect, but if you roll a stripper in glitter, apparently it will make them leave their husbands and join the circus. On the upside, if you roll an acrobat in glitter, she will indeed learn to fly.

After chatting with one of SGL's newest members, we were given a history lesson from one of their OG members, James Thrush.

James: My first encounter with SGL, was in 2005—just prior to their inaugural show at Neumo's in Seattle. After mentioning my technical and improv background to Commander Tomorrow himself, Floyd McFeely, he invited me to come be a part of their performance. Which made me think, "What kind of an asshole invites someone he just met to be a part of his show?" Little did I know that contrary to appearances, Floyd usually knows exactly what he's doing. His vision for SGL. included a funky synthesis of clowns with sci-fi,







unabashed chaos with professional showmanship. By the end of that first show, I was on stage, half-naked and totally hooked.

Things have evolved so much in the last ten years. We've had several hundred different performers in our shows—all with unique talents—dancers, tumblers, musicians, aerialists, costume designers, tech wizards and straight up, drop-dead sexy clowns. But, we've also distilled a core family of dedicated, diverse, highly-talented individuals. One thing hasn't changed, is the crazy creativity and energy that makes our audience a part of the show. In fact, I'd say that's part of the core ethos of Super Geek League—to be an interactive spectacle, or as Floyd rightly puts it, an "Action-Adventure Rock Circus."

After a couple years of performing as a host of characters (Dr. Cums-A-Lot, Captain Plastic, The King of the Krapper and The Space Husband, just to name a few) Floyd tapped my engineering knowledge to create the Octamind—our own custom, wireless-effects system that lets us light up and control everything from helmets, to wings, to gigantic aerial rigs. All performed live and in sync with the music by me—as the giantheaded alien, Dr. Hym. It adds a unique sci-fi touch to the performances and it's been a blast for me to expand my expertise in circuit design, 3D printing and visual effects design. I've even adapted my video game engine as a control interface for the Octamind. Speaking of which, don't be surprised if you see a Super Geek League video game in the next couple years!

Truly amazing James! Let's hope the Octamind stays away from Skynet! So, come along and join the throngs for Super Geek League's "CRASH Action-Adventure Circus," scheduled to crash land, once again, in Portland, Oregon at Dante's, for one spectacular and funtastic night! CRASH will feature a totally-immersive entertainment experience, featuring SGL's SciFiDelic Welcoming Party, followed up by CRASH's featured circus attractions and, of course, all coming to a massive crescendo with Super Geek League's Live Action-Adventure Show—featuring SGL's live, 12-piece Rockestra, pillow puddles, pillow fighting mosh pits, balloons, beach balls, crowd-surfing aliens, robot clownfetti cannons and so much more. Come ready to join the insanity, for the wildest and craziest show this side of the Sirius 9 star system, with the Super Geek League where the circus goes insane and YOU become part of the chaos.



exotic magazine



















Oregon's well-oiled weed industry is up and running and the latest rage in all the local publications involves "strain reviews," where journalists are paid to smoke weed and pretend they're reviewing an authentic Italian restaurant. Since it's better to go with the flow, than it is to sit behind a computer screen while trying to skip rocks across the current, I've sold out and jumped on the bandwagon. Here are the reviews of the five types of weed I was able to get last month.

This Stuff I Got From Jessie

Weed was green—almost a forest green. It smelled like weed. The bag was weighed and I bought it in a Winco parking lot. Seriously, what am I supposed to be reviewing here? If anything, the purchases I made after smoking a gram of This Stuff I Got From Jessie, speaks volumes to the CBD content. Three bags of various chocolate-flavored cereals for poor people, plus one box of Gorilla Munch organic cereal (for the women I date), a package of disposable Styrofoam bowls and no milk. I'm pretty sure I also hit on the cashier, but she works at WinCo, so our kids wouldn't have much of a future (also, the state doesn't cover birth control if you work in Salem).

Dispensary Kush

After a six-hour lecture regarding pesticides and a story about some dude named Keith (who supposedly has a really good weed farm in Cottage Grove) I used a credit card to purchase approximately two grams of a substance, which was then put into an airtight plastic container, labeled with inkstained adhesive paper, put into a plastic bag and given to me by a guy who assured me that his organic pot was better for the environment than the other dispensary's indoor stuff. At no point, did the dude tell me where Keith from Cottage Grove gets all of his water or what sort of effect the runoff has on a community with fewer tax dollars than Dollar Trees, but the weed tasted fantastic. It didn't quite get me off, nor was it a particularly exciting high, but it looked and smelled good. I'm guessing the strain was originally named North Face White Widow, after women with similar effects.

Newport 100

This stuff was easily the worst weed I've smoked in a long time. Granted, I bought it in Idaho, after asking the only black dude I met if he knew where to get any smoke— "like, the green kind." Still, it was tightly rolled into a twenty pack of joints, each of which appeared to have a filter attached to them. There was even a brand name printed on each joint, so I know this wasn't some bunk schwag that the guy picked up from the streets. The joints burned fairly evenly, with a subtle chemical aftertaste and a strong desire for another hit after only a few minutes. Consuming about a half ounce in one afternoon, I became extremely dizzy and my mouth tasted like a burnt air freshener. I would not recommend Newport 100 to anyone, regardless of cultural background.

Annie's Medibles

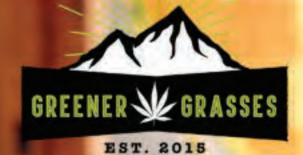
Okay, what the hell is this shit? Supposedly, one medible is enough to get a person high for a few hours, but these dabs just got all gummed up inside my pipe, and for some reason they tasted like watermelon. At a price of approximately two dollars a gram, I wasn't going to complain, but perhaps Annie should put more work into making a substance that actually ignites when people try to light it, versus spending so much money on flashy packaging or fruit-scented texture.

Uncle Al's Stash

Holy shit, now this is what I'm talking about. I don't know where he gets this stuff, but my uncle had some kick-ass, nearly-translucent keef that was powdery and potent as hell. It was somewhat hard to smoke, so I used one of those glass flower containers sold at the convenience stores in Gresham. The first hit was an immediate rush, followed by about a dozen more, before the sudden urge to immediately find another hit me like a cop during a race riot. I've heard of Green Crack and Hippie Crack, but this stuff was just called "crack" and I would recommend it over damn near anything I've ever found in a dispensary. For now, though, I want to keep my discovery a secret—so, let's just call it "Uncle Al's Stash." His grow is somewhere down south—either Watts or Columbia—it's kind of hard to tell by the way he always ends his phone calls to his farmer, whenever I walk into the room. If you come across any of this stuff, I've got a cheeseburger with your name on it.



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EXOTIC'S COVERGIRL CLOSEUP WITH MISS EXOTIC OREGON 2016 - IVIZIA DAKINI

Who is Miss Exotic Oregon? It's a question we ask ourselves every year, once it's time to start rolling out the preliminaries, in our quest for exotic excellence. We look for class, style, congeniality, beauty, talent, humility and, of course, a knockout body—all wrapped

up into one idealistic example of Oregon's finest exotic entertainer. Sounds pretty heavy on the expectations, doesn't it?

I'm going to go out on a limb, and say that for the first time in Miss *Exotic* Oregon history, we have indeed found precisely what we were looking for—the whole package, even. Ladies and gentlemen, it is our pleasure to present to you—Miss *Exotic* Oregon 2016, Ivizia Dakini.

As you are about to discover in the following interview, if ever there was one single exotic entertainer that

sheds the most positive light and inspiration to her peers, we found her. She's been there all along...growing, learning, sharing, teaching, living and loving throughout her years in this industry.

Have you lived in Oregon all your life?

Yes, I was born and raised in Oregon, just outside of Portland. Being from the country, I would always have fantasies about what city life was like—but, nev-



er imagined I would live here (in Portland) or be working in the sex industry.

How long have you been a part of the industry?

I began performing with fire in 2001, but it wasn't until 2004, that I got hired at Devils Point and Dante's Sinferno Cabaret. My early performances in strip clubs, rarely had nudity. I was extremely shy about my body and relied on my talent to entertain the audiences. It

makes sense, that after doing so many shows in strip clubs, your clothes are eventually going to fall off!

You're a lady of many talents, aside from your obvious assets as a dancer—feel free to tell our readers about yourself...all of it! From the Jesus fixation, to flaming tongues...who is lyizia Dakini?

I like to think of Ivizia as an exaggerated version of who I am in real life. Everything you see me do on stage, is an amplification of my actual personality, facets of my imagination and the raw desire to

make people laugh. My Jesus puppet originally belonged to a boyfriend, who eventually handed it down to me after he saw how much fun I was having with it on stage, and along with my fire dancing, it ended up being the act that has

been performed in five countries.

Devils Point was my home club. I spent ten years on that stage; exploring who I am as an entertainer, refining my skills and learning how to truly connect with my audience. A regular evening involved seeing me on stage wearing strap-ons, drinking from a gasoline can with a noose around my neck with a fire torch sticking out of my butt. My fire shows were an untamed beast at the time—often going home smelling like burnt hair and still healing from last week's wounds. It didn't matter, though, because how that club changed the Portland strip club scene, is why we have so many avenues of expression today. Working with people such as Germany, Malice, Gwen and Tana, we created a bridge between stripping and cabaret. With many years and other aspiring ladies, dancing in a strip club transformed into performance art. Although I don't work there anymore, I still have places like Mary's Club and Kit Kat Club, which also honor the creativity, as expressed by the dancer.

What made you decide to compete in this year's Miss *Exotic* competition?

Stripping has an expiration date and at the age of 37, I'm more skilled and level-headed than ever. I remain engaged in the community and have been hired to perform as a feature act at *Exotic's* entertainer competitions for over a decade—watching, as the girls strive, succeed and even cry. I was often asked if I would ever enter, but the interest never came until I watched Prys win last year—I then decided it was my time to give it a shot.

Both Brodie and Prys were my main inspirations for what I would do on stage this year, as each of their winning performances had the formula it takes to captivate the judges—power, confidence, individuality and talent, to name a few. What I did on stage at Miss *Exotic* was a culmination of an entire year of my visions and the result of a creative purge.

It seemed like all the ladies involved this year were really supportive of each other and there was almost a feeling of comradery amongst the competitors. Did you, personally, feel that comradery?

Absolutely! I'm really good friends with some of the girls in the competition and we were all respectful of each other's influence. Three of the other competitors, whom I'd never met before came up to me in the green room to introduce themselves as fans of mine—handing me their beads and showing me love and support. Sisterhood, in this industry, means a lot to me, so having these positive exchanges felt really good.

What were the strangest backstage shenanigans you encountered during the competition?

There was nothing out of the ordinary—in fact, the ladies were energetic and respectful to each other. Toxic had her entire cheerleading team down there at one point and they kept waving their pom-poms and cheering on everyone that walked by.

How did you prepare for the finals?

I spent a lot of energy in visualizing my performance. Every day I would listen to my music, going over movements and making adjustments to the choreography, until I felt I was telling a compelling story with my dance. I took a lot of hot baths, stretched often and made sure I was going into the finals with the best attitude and performance possible.

What was it like hitting the stage for the final round? Most of our readers already know you're an outstanding performer, but how was this night different from your other performances on the Dante's stage?

Walking on stage for a paid gig, is very different than walking on stage in hopes to win a competition. I don't of-







ten get nervous before performing, but you can believe that my heart was racing that night. I kept my focus and knew if my heart remained open and vulnerable, that the audience would see me—truly see me—as an entertainer. The first 30 seconds of my performance, I'm just standing there completely still, gazing at everyone and soaking up the moment. Being still on stage like that, is one of the hardest things to do, but it's also very powerful. Therefore, that first 30 seconds was the hardest

What do you feel makes the biggest impact on a Miss Exotic competition performance? Did you have a favorite competitor's performance on the night of the finals?

part of my act.

There are many factors that can gain you the audience or judges votes, such as the element of surprise. But, in my case, I believe you must make your audience fall in love with you-with love being one of the strongest forces in our universe, because it's something we all share. The disadvantage of being the last performer of the night, is that I didn't get to watch the whole show. I caught parts of Brodie, Toxic and Hazel's performances, which were all amazing! You could see the time and energy they put into their shows and you could see that the crowd loved them. There were many profound moments that evening, with all of the performers.

What's the most difficult part of participating in such a big competition?

I have been performing in Portland since 2001. For 15 years, people have been watching me as I continued to grow, change and succeed in this industry. My biggest challenge, was to

create a show that was unique to myself, yet bringing together all of the elements people enjoy about my shows. I heard "rumors" of what people expected me to do on stage, which was to roller skate with fire. That would be too obvious. I didn't roller skate, and in fact, the fire element was less than 1/3 of my performance. I went on stage and brought the entire audience up there with me. Performing isn't about giving

a speech—it's having a conversation. If your audience doesn't feel involved, you lose their interest.

I have to ask, where do you display that trophy? It is HUGE!

My friend, Annie DePressant, who was my biggest supporter through all of this, found it appropriate to display it

with the plants in our house. It has vines wrapped around it.

What (if any) first investments did you make with your winnings? Where can your fans and our readers find you in the coming months for an autograph?

I'm preparing for a 2½ month tour in Finland, just after the New Year, so my

winnings are going towards making my winter months as comfortable as possible. I have prints from some of my favorite photo shoots available for purchase, to also help fund my trip. You can find tour information and items for purchase at lviziaDakini.com

Since being crowned Miss Exotic 2016, have you decided what your plans for the New Year are?

Once I'm back from my tour, I will be using my title to do fundraisers for those in need. Once a month, I will dance an extra shift and give all of my money to the person I have chosen. If someone is in need of a much larger amount of money, then I will host a larger event. What was even more incredible is that Toxic Suicide is ready to team up with me to help out! She's already hosted a fundraiser this month, raising \$5,000. We have the outlet and availability to make a difference in people's lives. I'm really excited to be working with her to make

these changes.

I'm also writing a workshop to teach and bring awareness to our jobs as sex workers and entertainers. It's designed to create a lucrative business while maintaining good health, sanity and positive intention to our work. It will cover everything—beauty tips, the art of hustling, self-care and respect, customer service and marketing.



Is there another part of the planet you plan on attacking in 2016? And could you get a selfie on top of the world with your crown...naked even?

I would like to perform at more burlesque festivals around the world. I think I'll try the Canadian circuit in 2016. I do plan on going to the North Pole this winter, so maybe I'll get a selfie with Santa while wearing my crown!

Ivizia's victory was earned through passion, skill and dedication to herself and all of those who love her. Sometimes, the universe takes care of itself—Ivizia becoming Miss *Exotic* Oregon 2016, was definitely one of those times.



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SAT 16 – STARS CABARET (SALEM)
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THU 21 – THE GOLD CLUB
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THU 28 – KIT KAT CLUB
LIVE MUSIC WITH THE FONDELLS

THU 28 – DANTE'S
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THU 28 - KING'S

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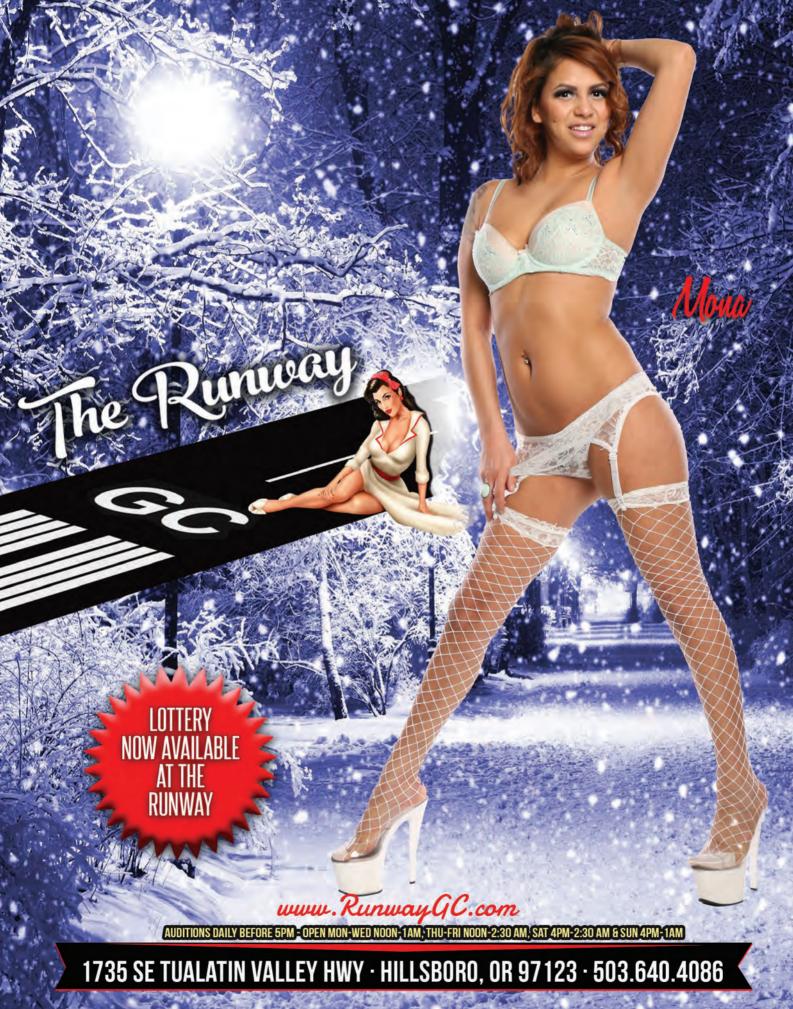




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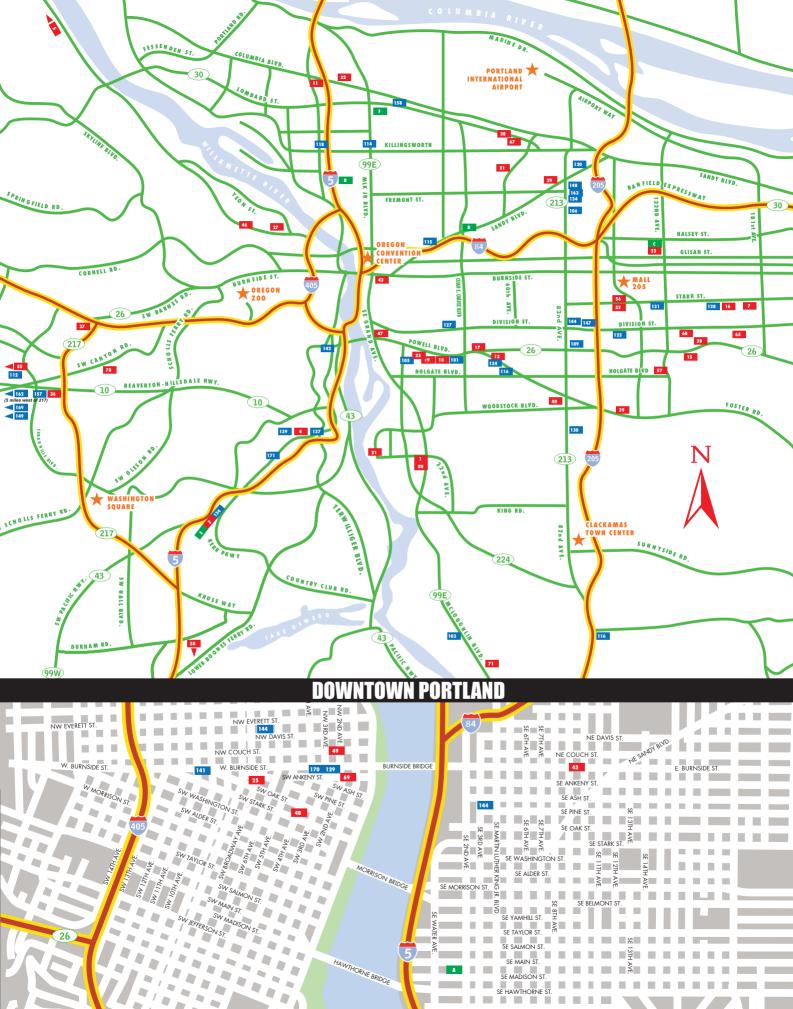
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CONSPIRACY

By Scarlet 13

Amidst the chaos and tyranny of our own government, I'll go out on a limb this month and put out my predictions for 2016 and the year's worth of conspiracies that it will bring. 2015 was a bang-up year for conspiracy theorists, who much like scientists, have been ridiculed and scrutinized over their theories and beliefs. As they should be, because what kind of world would this be, without the conflict of debate. In 2015, If you follow conspiracy theories, you should know that we found out Hitler wasn't killed—or, at least not like we thought he was. We discovered that life does exist outside of our feeble, little planet and, yes, someone is trying to push an agenda that will decimate the U.S. financial market and send its government back into the stone ages.

These people are the 1% and a very specific Presidential candidate has latched onto this game like a parasite, that will drain this nation to its very core. How do you warn people who have turned their backs on hope—leaving nothing but fear and anger in its place? Look around, our country is spiraling out of control

and if we don't take control of our future and fast, our next President of the United States will be a racist, misogynistic, filthy-rich, power-hungry warmonger.

That's a pretty bleak first look into a world thrust into the brink, but what's even scarier, is the thought that we may not need to worry about the guns and

the politicians killing us. It's much more likely, mother nature is going to take back the planet and leave us withering in her wake.

But, rather than bore our readers with statistics and research materials, I'll just go ahead and present;

The Top 20 Conspiracy Predictions For 2016.

- Climate changes will continue to inundate the population on a global scale. More dramatic weather patterns than ever before, will continue to result in massive loss of lives in affected areas.
- Large-scale terrorist attacks will continue in multiple countries. I suspect, we will see something much worse than 9/11 in the year to come.
- 3. Gun registration will take on a new face and registered owners will be shifted to a database (much like the *Minority Report*), where a machine will calculate the probability of owners making high-risk decisions, based

on history and current job, family and mental status.

4. People who are part of government-funded health care systems, will be "chipped."

120-11-11

- Government-funded food programs will be drastically reduced, to where you may only purchase certain items from a list. Gone are the days of junk food cards—here are the days of healthier eating for the currencychallenged.
- 6. Stricter guidelines will be set for government drone programs, and those who have abused those programs, will be shamed in the media and "severely" punished—so the public believes they are actually cracking down on said policies.
- 7. The Kardashians will finally be taken off the air!
- 8. A very large government cover-up about alien races will be reviewed in 2016.
- The people catch Donald Trump in a scandal he can't shake, Hilary Clinton has a stroke and Bernie Sanders is sworn in as President of the United States.
- The world doesn't end—but, the United States is attacked and WWIII officially begins.

As for the evidence to back up these erroneous predictions, of course there are some theories that have solid evidence, lending credence to this article's validity. But, for the most part, these are gauged off common occurrences in our history and present times. Technology has enslaved us with the flick of each and every switch or button—turning us into a nation helplessly-dependent on our devices.

I consider all of these things as factors (and, I'm sure many anti-west and extremists groups do as well) that may eventually lead up to that trigger finally being pulled—when we least expect it to hit us. But, rather than boast about our new, energy-saving cell phone or iPad, we will be bathing in the light of the moon and





pondering our next big move in the chess board we call life. Because, aside from being extremely bullheaded, we are also creative, ingenuitive and survivors no matter the cost.

Take a peek at the remaining 2016 Conspiracy Projections.

- Women in the U.S., will finally receive the compensation they deserve in the workplace—leveling the playing field with their male counterparts.
- 12. The big one will hit. Devastating large western cities.
- Edward Snowden will drop more information on international exchanges and people will look to the West for answers on war crimes.
- The root of all religion will come under scrutiny, after the discoveries of new ancient artifacts are revealed.
- 15. The Internet Of Things becomes more aware than humans think.
- 16. The NASDAQ will crash, after a devastating collapse of major tech stocks.
- 17. The war on drugs will officially come to an end!!!
- 18. A new super-virus will afflict many people across the globe.
- 19. We find out Wi-Fi is slowly killing us.
- 20. We learn that not all good things come to an end, as SeaWorld is shut down for inhumane treatment of sea animals. Animals are released into sanctuaries and back into the wild. (Sometime's bad stories have happy endings after all.)

So, keep safe my friends and remember to hold your family and loved ones close this year—I have a feeling, we're in for a very bumpy ride.

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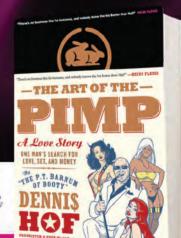
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PORTLAND That's Not Funny!

By Ray McMillin

No, this is not an article from another edgy white guy who wants permission to tell sexist jokes. It's an article by a progressive white guy, who thinks safe-space culture has excluded every marginalized demographic that it's supposed to protect, while simultaneously giving a green light to predators, racists and otherwise unfunny comics—many of whom are rabid wolves, who just found a cool sheep costume on sale at Goodwill.

Comedians are supposed to be the unabashedly-honest commentators on society's most visibly-unaddressed idiosyncrasies. Comics are supposed to make the sacred into the profane—re-framing cultural phenomena for purposes of humorous presentation. This is not possible in a scene that focuses more on a protocol with which to evaluate potential offensiveness, than it does to foster a variety of "funny" that can actually make a living.

For example, this summer, a stink was raised by a Portland comic about a touring comedian dropping "racial slurs over racist jokes" at Harvey's-one of the only comedy clubs in town that appeals to touring comics and fans of actual (read: setups, punchlines, etc.) comedy. If you're picturing a "racist comic," don't forget that the "racist" performer in question was...drum roll...a black dude from the East Coast. His "racist" jokes were light-hearted jabs at his own culture, using words his culture currently owns. The lady to raise the stink? A white girl who cries "trigger" at every possible opportunity. Also worth noting, is that said white girl applied to perform at the club, was not given the opportunity (her audition wasn't funny) and now sees it as an issue of racist patriarchs in the booking department.

This is the same type of a woman who would claim that gyms are "body-shaming" or that her doctor is perpetuating rape culture by suggesting she use protection in her poly-theta-mechawhatever relationship. Always the victim or victor, never a mere member of a much larger society or ecosystem (one that does not read

Tumblr's page on preferred pronouns for omnisexual youth, who identify as ice wolves), this stereotype is, ironically, the truest one alive in Portland

Logically, there is not an issue of actual offense, as Louis CK and dozens of other white, N-bomb dropping comics perform in Portland all the time. That supposedly doesn't count, because these guys are famous and can, therefore, be used as bio credit ("So and so once rubbed elbows with Jeff Foxworthy at an after party"). Where the Harvey's issue arose is, arguably, in light of a comic who needs to work on her craft, but is surrounded by yes-men and pity laughter all week and, therefore, does not pass the auditions held by actual, respected, established comedy clubs. Portland is a Mecca for underachievers though, so she has dozens of other venues to choose from. Meanwhile, "racist black guy" can't get booked at any of the alternative safe spaces.

The guise of "anti-sexism, anti-racism and anti-homophobia" in Portland comedy, is about as legit as a Nazi skinhead's guise of "brotherhood, homeland love and German aesthetic." In practice, Portland is among the least progressive cities around and our collective lack of experience, makes it offensively obvious—especially in comedy. Whether it's a self-proclaimed progressive posting a crowdfunding page for an African American friend, that is captioned with "he's one of the good ones," or a long-winded explanation, by a straight woman, regarding how drag shows are offensive to "certain members of the LGBT community," the end result is a bunch of white people who have occasional (if not frequent) patriarchy-endorsed, cis-gender-style white people sex, but are afraid to attend a drag show on Stark or a jazz night on the part of MLK that still resembles Dr. King's dream. Portland's progressives are no different than southern conservatives in practice. Exclusionary politics in Portland, however, are reliant on the Orwelliandoublespeak tactic of curating a hostile and exclusionary environment based on language

manipulation and logical fallacies. Life has no trigger warnings, so Portland enacted sundown laws for critical thinkers.

If racism, sexism and all that fun stuff, is alive and well in Portland's "liberal" scene (prize to the first person who shows me an all-black comedy lineup at an alternative comedy venue that is simply called "comedy show" on the flyer, instead of "Minorities in Action" or "Darkies of Bridgetown"), then what is the purpose of the supposed safe spaces? When I watch a table of gay dudes roll their eyes and ask for a check, it's usually because the comic onstage (who "totally loves LGBT music and Macklemore and all that") is trite, cringe-worthy and genuinely unfunny. Plus, when someone is thrown out for telling potentially (read: only if intentionally misinterpreted as) homophobic jokes, it is by a straight host, regardless of how many members of the LGBT community are present and laughing (see "How Do You Tell a Joke in Portland?" by David Heti in The Stranger).

What good does the alt-comedy safe space provide, if anything? The answer is simple: a low bar.

By limiting risk and critical discourse, a low standard for what is considered appropriate is created—allowing mediocrity to thrive in a riskfree environment, where pity applause encourages those acts brave enough to conform to a specific style of "safe" (as defined by an all-white committee). It's not a safe space for a transgender, black, lower-class adoptee with a history of PTSD, if said member of this marginalized demographic turns out to be actually funny in their own voice. He, she or they (see, I'm educated where it matters) will get a lecture from some straight white hipster girl in horn-rimmed glasses about how their one joke may be a trigger for another straight, white hipster girl in hornrimmed glasses. "On behalf of your people," is a uniquely Portland phrase.

In other words, there is no better tool for exclu-

sion in practice, than the guise of inclusion in theory. It's a safe space the same way that T-ball is a safe sport—with the exact same amount of major league preparation. And, if you come to a Portland alt-whatever mic with road gig jokes, expect to be looked at like Barry Bonds showing up to a little league game.

Further, it's fine to have a basic format and genuine, common sense requests regarding content. My favorite mic host, Hijinx, asks of his comics, "no racism, no dead babies, cool?" In other words, he requests a tone, instead listing a bunch of words and rules—giving his acts the chance to use common sense. His request is enough of a restriction to keep the bigot morons away, but you won't be tossed out for saying something that, for instance, may be adjacent to certain topics (but doesn't punch down). You wouldn't have your mic cut simply for saying, "Vanilla Ice is bad at what he does"

or "I wish Honey Boo Boo would go missing," just because you bordered on the banned topics. At this mic, I heard jokes that touched on a variety of triggers and unsafe topics, but since the comics telling the jokes knew the rules (don't be a nazi, don't kill kids), the show ended up being a riot of risky and hysterical material. The show also happens 82 blocks away from any of the cool kids' mics. Seeing a pattern here?

Portland's "comedy" scene is an extension of the participation trophy culture that bankrupt an entire generation of unqualified snowflakes, who treat constructive criticism and high standards like a virus. This is what happened with the "racism" attack on the black comic at Harvey's. Since he was actually funny,

it meant the white snowflake applying for the hosting gig had to step up her game. So, she decided to self-marginalize and cry "triggered," instead of applying herself and accepting that black people from outside of Oregon aren't gonna re-write their acts to appeal to the 0.001% of non-comic Portland audience "members" who need a safe space.

In reality, the biggest trigger to Portlandscene comedians is the road gig. Since no one in La Grande or Renton reads Pitchfork or listens to Marc Maron's podcast, comics have to rely on jokes. And these jokes have to be funny to people who don't ride bikes in traffic or only eat organic food by accident. Hell, even Portland audiences are tired of the alt-bullshit, which is why you won't see a legit venue host a safe-space headliner—ever.

This is also why you will never see the next George Carlin or Joan Rivers on a Portland comedy festival. In order to call out racists, you're gonna have to mock them and possibly use a few triggers. In order to be an independent female, with a take-no-prisoners approach to humor, you're gonna have to veer away from the neo-fauxmenist ideal of how a woman needs to speak, dress, behave, act like and identify as. The funniest aspect of Portland comedy, is that white progressives have effectively recreated the 1950s—all in the name of anti-sexism and racial awareness.

Further, humor is not subjective—one's genre of humor is. Much like music—if a band in a genre that you don't enjoy, releases a high-quality, in-tune, on-beat product, it will be seen by the market as higher quality than your indie band's under-produced, off-tempo, off-key garbage. No, it's not "meant to sound like that"—you're just lazy,uninspired and your hatred for Nickelback makes no sense, because they only



play two chords that you could easily replicate if you wanted to. "Who would sell out and press up an actual DVD, when digital is the new format? They can just download my special from Youtube," says the kid who won't get a day job to support his merch table. If a joke gets laughs, it's funny. If a joke makes a room kind of smile and feel a fuzzy feeling, it's spoken word. Portland's alt-comedy scene is 90% spoken word. Good, well-written and entertaining spoken word, sure, but a lack of laughter means your "comedy" night is as authentic as a laptop DJ's "sick scratching."

My sister (white, suburban, boring, easy to make laugh, nonjudgmental and dying to smile) sat through about a dozen comics at a Portland comedy venue she was "curious" about. She went in with an open mind—wanting to laugh. After the show, she called me and asked what nights the venue does "stand-up comedy, like the kind with jokes." A dozen plus acts, no

laughs from the audience, and as she put it, "the night felt like a grade school play, where everyone in the crowd was just kind of playing along because the kids on stage are trying." However, according to Facebook posts from the venue in question, the night was a success. And, from the perspective of a venue that doesn't want to seek out new talent every week, it makes sense to keep the mediocre acts at amateur level—making sure they can't move up in the game (amateurs posing as pros have the lowest overhead costs, plus you can pay them in praise).

We need comedy. Comedy is risky. It makes leaps, often times off of unsafe ledges, then it climbs back triumphantly and does it again. The logic that, if given full permission to say what someone wants (free speech), it will cause a bunch of Nazi skinheads and child murderers to just roam free at open mics, is beyond flawed. Anecdote: a white guy told a joke at one of my

mics that was implicitly racist. I let him finish—red-faced—to a quiet room that you could hear an afro pick drop in. The silence caused homeboy to leave as fast as he could, while we all slowly gave him the body language that he would probably give his daughter's first black boyfriend. Had I cut his mic or played Superliberal Heroman, he would have felt like a badass and proceeded to just go brag on a Trump Facebook fan page about being too controversial for Oregon or some shit like that. Silence can kill a comic faster than a cut mic. Darwin goes to comedy shows too, and if someone is genuinely unfunny, they won't thrive.

Ironically enough, this is why safe-spacer "Liberals of the Year" are still under the impression that their material works. Pity laughter, to an unfunny, unpolished, not-ready-for-the-road comic doing the same lame PDX showcases for drink tickets and sympathy, is the same as giving a racist, sexist, homophobic comic undeserved laughter—it encourages something that should not be encouraged. Oh, the patriarchy is bad? Sports are boring? Cool, go write for an organic Laffy Taffy company, instead of wasting your audience's time.

I vote for a safe space from mediocrity and low bars. Given free reign of every stage in the city, I honestly doubt too many Nazi skinheads would show up to try out their bit on airline food. Horrible people have rallies in Gladstone they can attend, and nothing at a safe space comedy mic will prevent them from having their BBQs or bingo nights (do racists have bake sales? I'm outta the loop...). However, a black, transgen-

der comic may want to share their experience with an uncomfortable white crowd, and it's beyond fucked up, that they would have to think twice about how to share said material with a room full of mostly hetero white kids (and their "this is how your people feel" lectures).

The Portland comedy clique has created a scene that is not only safe from individually, critical thinking, paradigm challenges and the like, but it's also produced welcoming environments for the wolves. Remember last year, when I got 86'd from the snowflake palace for making a joke about how women's studies classes and feminist identity work better than roofies or booze? The guy who I was making fun of, who spearheaded the blacklisting of Ray (I'll call him Handy McFondle), it turns out he sexually assaulted about a half a dozen women in the Portland comedy scene. This was after earning their trust by pretending to be an ally and keeping "alpha douchebags," like myself, out of his environment. Probably a good idea, as the type of guy who would beat this dude's ass isn't gonna wanna sit through two hours of bitingly-unoriginal bits about cats. In short, by keeping out normal dudes with inappropriate material, PDX comedy fostered the ideal environment for predators to thrive. Did I mention that Handy was living with the queen of Portland's fauxmenist-safe-space comedy, until a bunch of "trigger" comics like myself ran the dude out of town?

Let's take comedy back. When I say "let's," I don't mean just white guys named Ray who write for free porn mags. I mean all the outcasts, the gueers, the weirdos, the girl who identifies

as her own damn self, the guy who sucks a good dick and likes talking about it, the alcoholic Jesus freak who cheats on her husband, cripples who hate the term "handicapable," black women who date Asian guys and talk about their small dicks, the Lenny Bruces, the Andy Dicks, the Paula Poundstones, the Richard Pryors, the Bill Hicks-loving, Patti Smith-reading, John Waterswatching, Roxy-eating masses of the pierced and non-pierced varieties alike. I'm talking about those of us who have seen what life is like outside the Portland bubble or at least remember when buying a donut at 3am was dangerous.

Or, we could just be ironically unaware and say things like "I don't believe in binary divisions or patriarchal formalities...am I right, sisters?"

Dear hobbyists, some of us want to challenge our crafts and hone our skills in such a way as to eventually pay our rent with them. Larry the Cable Guy sold out the Schnitzer, yet an alternative comedy night in America's most progressive city, can barely draw ten non-comics to the show. Hint: it's not because PDX wants blue collar comedy. Rather, it's because Loretta the Taxi Girl can't get five minutes at a safe-space venue, due to that one time she joked about getting felt up by her dad without giving a trigger warning first. Meanwhile, Trump is leading the GOP vote at 36%. Perhaps, if you let your allies have the same free speech as your enemies, you wouldn't be giving your enemies an advantage (and a platform). But, as long as trite, safe, uninspiring, self-affirming rhetoric is the standard, Portland's "progressive" comedy will forever be represented by the exact type of spineless, beta

mediocrity that says to the far right and genuinely bigoted, "Here we are, please destroy us."

There is no such thing as safe radical speech. If a comic says "I really hope my bigot neighbor's kid comes home one Father's Day with the scent of black dick on his mouth," and is told that the joke is offensive to black people and homosexuals, then all hope is lost and we may as well just usher in the next Reagan era. You're not protecting the marginalized by limiting speech—you're protecting the target of said joke—the bigot. And, the phrase "indication of consensual oral intercourse with a person of non-white origin, who also identifies as a gay man" loses the sting that was directed at the joke's target (the bigot).

Returning to the issue of the supposed "racist" black comic mentioned at the beginning of this article, who do you think would benefit the most from seeing an African American pulled off of the stage? His family, or the white guys from Estacada in Pantera shirts and camo baseball caps?

Dear Portland comedy clique: your space is safe for rapist feminists, racist white girls and people who are disgusted by drag shows, because they're offensive to transgender athletes. You have officially become an actively-counter-productive parody of yourself.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com



2016 Edition The Bad The University

Every year, I make a list of things that need to be left in the cold to die, or, at least, put out to pasture. Because of this recurring column, Exotic has helped put an end to things like Wilson Phillips, carob chip cookies, that trend where nearly every fucking comedy movie featured a poorly-Photoshopped poster with a bright orange background, vegan pizza and Smash Mouth. Thus, my shit list is a little short this year and includes the last three things we must destroy, before moving on and populating whatever planet will have us.

The Rodney King incident was arguably one of the most pivotal moments in social justice history— partially, because the phenomenon of black men being profiled (and assaulted) by police officers was, at the time, not publicly acknowledged. Once the issue of driving-while-black arrests became an appropriate topic for discourse, a central, focused debate (and a few weeks of all-out rioting) led to a serious overhaul of police departments in and outside of Los Angeles. This also happened before the Internet was a household thing.

Imagine if the Rodney King verdict been delivered in 2015—it would be an issue for about seven minutes before someone chimed in on the Facebook discussion with a comment about how this one time, a black cop shot a white dude. Then, someone would bring up the fact that transgender youth are far more likely to be the subject of violence, than are black men—at which point, a feminist would object to the use of male/female pronouns, leading to a Men's Rights Activist tossing in his two cents about suicide rates among men, just before a retired war vet misinterpreted the whole argument and threatened to block everyone who was disrespecting the troops. By the time Rodney King was given his first meal behind bars, Lars Larson would be calling for tougher D.U.I. laws and Al Sharpton would be blaming the whole thing on the malt liquor companies. Finally, someone would smugly insinuate that all lives matter and Rodney King's cousin would be pulled over. so the whole thing could repeat like Groundhog Day: A Spike Lee Joint.

Put simply, we are the generation who cried wolf—causing someone to say "please don't objectify animals like that," while another person responds, "Actually, I identify as a wolf and this whole situation makes me uncomfortable." By expanding the definition of what constitutes tragedy, classifying daily inconveniences as oppression and, for all intents and purposes, allowing every challenging life experience to be seen not as an opportunity for personal growth, but as another victim badge, we have created a climate where legitimate cause for concern (Rodney King) is overshadowed by the issues concerning a virtual sea full of mostly-white, liberal crybabies. The irony is, that the modern social justice warriors are responsible for fostering an environment where the exact issues they seek to remedy, will go ignored due to the never-ending static caused by their own outrage. Racially-motivated violence should be seen as a phenomenon that calls for critical intervention, but it has become a hashtag. Aside from the obvious handful of rednecks and trolls that lurk around social media, the biggest wrench in the cog of social justice is, sadly, the social justice warrior. Which brings us to the next item on the list...

History has proven that we are an attentionstarved bunch of scumfuck snowflakes who can't just sit back and let other people have a tragedy. This same phenomenon also applies to victory. For instance, marriage equality was not cause for celebration (as it should have been), but rather, it merely opened up the doors for a heap of boring, vanilla-ass straight people to find unique identifiers and ways to take away from another group's 2,000-year-old struggle. So, you're a polyamorous pansexual who identifies as a demisexual wolfkin...Guess what? You're not oppressed. That shit is made up and the LGBT community has about as much use for you, as it does for Slipknot or Applebee's.

People want to be unique, but thanks to the Internet, it's a lot easier to get Misfits patches and torn jeans in bulk-often times, delivered overnight, after being produced in a sweatshop. Rebellion is next to impossible, thanks to the fact the Saw franchise is joked about on kids' television shows, while "slut pride" is probably a line of preschool attire by now. Thus, the large percentage of the population as defined by biological factors and actual statistics, aka straight people (sucking a few dicks or clits in college for concert tickets, doesn't make you gay—it means you really needed those concert tickets), are seeking to become part of whatever available fringe will have them as members. If you take a look at any Tumblr page not authored by a white supremacist running a porn company, the first and most immediate aspect of said page's blogger's identity, will involve a distancing of themselves from what the Tumblr-

sphere refers to as "cis scum." Put simply, "cis" sex is biological sex. As in, the kind our bodies were built to have. Transgender people, straight people, gay people and all people in between, were all created by cisgender sex. The lesbian couple adopting a baby? There's a good chance that baby was born outside of a test tube. Sperm donor? That sperm, plus the recipient's egg, is basically long-distance cisgender sex. Yet, even a Tumblr page on the most mundane topic, will begin with something along the lines of, "Hi, my name is Mark. I fix old televisions, listen to Death Cab for Cutie and hate cisgender scum with a passion."

Remember when Ice Cube dropped a lyric about how N.W.A. has white kids referring to each other by a certain racial epithet? Well, you're still gonna get your ass beat if you're white and you use said epithet when addressing a black person, another white kid, or pretty much anyone outside of a recording studio (and, even then, the producer might slap you around a bit). The notion of co-opting gender-oriented struggles (marriage equality, transgender acceptance) in an effort to form some identity that sets your regular-sexhaving-ass apart as unique and at-risk for potential oppression, is analogous to being a white kid trying to act black in order to be cool. Not only is it offensive, but it reduces the struggles and cultural experiences of another group to a novelty.

People are lynched, dragged from trucks and left to die, because of their sexual orientation. Gay and transgender people don't fabricate a lie by coming out—they do the exact opposite—they choose to stop living one. This is what separates them from, say, a really boring and modestlyunattractive person who decides to identify as a trisexual pandagender for the whole world to embrace. The lesbian couple next door, wants to blend in with the rest of the P.T.A. at their kid's school—this is why you don't see them making a Tumblr page about it. If a white girl wears an "Indian head dress" (sic), the whole SJW mob will go after the fact she's "appropriating" another culture. The irony is, that half of said mob, self-identifies as gender-oppressed, because they just found out about the Kinsey scale. Which brings us to...

Fuck it—just take the site down already.

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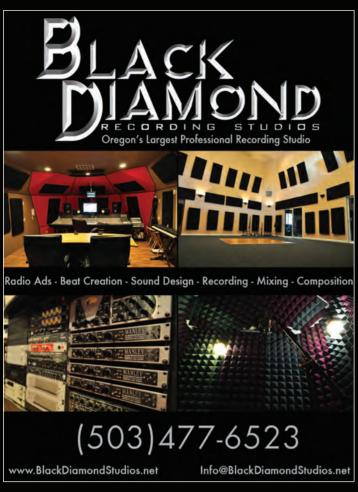


















As a monthly magazine, that goes to print in the third week of the month before publication, *Exotic* sometimes misses out on the timeliness of some exciting shit—even when it's one of our own making the news. Somehow, deep in the middle of running Miss *Exotic* Oregon 2016, local promotional wonderboy, Dick Hennessy, managed to turn the first-ever strip club haunted house into a media monstrosity. From local news to international markets, news of the Strip Club's Seven Deadly Sins at Spyce Gentlemen's Club was spread far and wide—drawing lines around the block during its four-day performance run.

- S) So, Portland's first-ever strip club haunted house was very successful—did you think it would be so big?
- D) Obviously, I wanted it to go well and had a lot of confidence in it. But, I had no idea how great of a response we would get. The last night there was a line throughout the entire club and down the block—it was surreal, honestly.
- S) Why do you think everything went so well?
- D) It was a combination of everything.

 Matt Doss (Owner of Spyce) and I were able to work really hard and create a well-oiled strip club haunted house machine, that functioned perfectly. It started off with the godfather of Oregon's

Haunted House Community, Dave Helfrey, going out of his way to give us guidance and advice. That led to us getting legendary makeup artist, Shashonna Knecht, on board. After that, things really started to fall into place.

- S) You received a lot of publicity from Maxim to NPR. Did that surprise you at all?
- D) Initially, I felt like we would be providing something fresh and intriguing for news agencies to report on. But, as time dragged on and we weren't getting many responses after submitting our press release, I started to have my doubts. Once the *Willamette Week* interview came out, it seems like that was the catalyst that opened everything else up media-wise.
- S) Your ad in *Exotic* certainly got a lot of attention—what gave you the idea for it?
- D) Well, my friend Kristen gave me the idea initially and it sounded really different, so I ran with it. Also, for everyone that loves to see the Vagina Mobile on the streets and me in *Exotic* magazine, there's another group of people that hate to see it (or me), so I figured why not give them what they want for once (laughs).
- S) I personally went through the haunted house and thought the actors did an amazing job. How did you find them?
- D) It really just felt like destiny. On one of my many journeys to sign-up girls for Miss

Exotic this year, I ran into Vivian Rose at Stars and she gave me a bunch of leads for actresses, that eventually lead me to meeting all the right people. Another example was when Matt Doss and I were trying to come up with an idea for a jackhammer with a dildo attached to it and randomly ran into Jesse Lindsay at Club SinRock, who instantly turned our concept into reality.

- S) Yeah I remember that dildo (laughs)—did anyone else play an instrumental role?
- D) From start-to-finish, this was a group effort. It took an entire team of people working their asses off together, with the combination of creative marketing and media attention that helped transform the Strip Club Haunted House into something magical. I have to especially thank our hosts, Dylan Hillerman and Chrissy Groh, plus Jezebelle, Laura, all the security and staff from Spyce, Stefani Doss, Hex, Simon, Jesse, Jennifer, Karma and Tori. I'd also like to thank the people of Portland for their support—please believe, that we're gonna work even harder for you next year!
- S) So, does that mean you're going to do a strip clu- themed haunted house again next year? Or, are you going to try something different?
- D) I guess we'll just have to wait and see.



Terrible Unoughts By Josh The Terrible

A Terrible New Year

All hail Janus—god of beginnings and transitions! In ancient Rome, Janus (whom we get our name for January) was thought to have two faces—one that looked back (into the past) and one that looked forward (into the future).



Every new year, I, along with millions of other people around the world, use this time for self-reflection and to set intentions. I don't have the luxury of being able to look forward and backward at the same time, so I must do one at a time. Let's review, shall we?

2015 was, yet again, a transformational year for me. I may as well get used to this notion where I "think" I have some semblance of what my year is going to be like, only to have it packed full of twists, turns and surprises. A few highlights...

January
Laid to rest The Burro Lifestyle
Magazine
Moved into a new office
Learned macro photography

February
Arizona road trip
Vendor at the Tucson Gem and
Mineral Show—the world's largest gem show
Remodeled and sold my house

March Bought an RV Downtown clown party Mega crush

April
Slut Bunny Bar Hop
New tattoo—"TODAY IS THE

BEST DAY OF MY LIFE"

May
Began mining season, learned
how to operate a backhoe
Bought some guns—because
'Murica
Wrote and recorded a sappy love

June
Bought an SUV for off-road
adventures
Japanese game show birthday
bash
Killed and skinned a rattlesnake
Learned calligraphy and sealing
letters with hot wax
Rescued a baby jackrabbit

July
Baby jackrabbit escaped
Pikachu blowjob
Epic stoned debate over colonization of Mars
Live broadcast on top of a mountain of volcanic glass

August
Naked sushi platter
3-year relationship vanished into
thin air
Started dating strippers again
Fell in love
Love went to shit
Stopped dating strippers again
Went to Mexico
Ayahuasca in the Mayan jungle
Given land to build a castle
Bought a limo

<u>September</u> Rode horses under the moon-



light
Slept on the beach
Rub a dub dub, 3 bitches in a tub
Pet play picnic in the park
Mountaintop DMT and digging
for Augite crystals

October
Tiny circus house backyard party
Glass-breaking "therapy"
Pumpkin patch cannons
GanjaCon

November
Cut a beautiful gemstone for an

engagement ring Began hosting new monthly show—*The Shit Show* Blood orgy



<u>December</u> Began several new film projects Founded a new religion

It's very interesting to condense an entire year into just a handful of bullet points. I always seem to have two opposing feelings—one, where

I'm rather proud of the things that I accomplished, and another, where I wish I had done more. Like all things, I have to find a healthy balance.

Oh, sweet baby Janus, what does 2016 hold for me? Let's take a few guesses...

I'm currently getting into some fun and exciting film projects and I suspect they will take up the majority of my time and energy for the foreseeable future. We'll be utilizing many of Portland's entertainers for these various projects and, I have to say, it feels fucking great to be able to provide jobs and unique opportunities for so many awesome people. I look forward to working with many of you!

The marijuana industry is booming and I'll be working to provide weed-themed shows, events and collaborative projects, for all of us to celebrate this monumental time in our history. Keep an eye out for the KEEF ARMY. We'll be bringing you the best weed entertainment in the film industry!

I'll continue to grow The Shit Show with my kick-ass co-host, David Daniels. Never in my life, could I have imagined that someday I would host a show where we give away free weed to contestants that will do *most anything we tell them to*. Crazy, I tell you. By the way, wanna be on the show? Hashtag your next Instagram photo with #shitshowpdx and it will appear live on the show for everyone to laugh at!

I expect I'll be making two or three trips down to Mexico, to continue working on opportunities down there (speaking of, if you want to invest \$20,000 into an epic jungle castle, let me know). I grew up in a Hispanic neighborhood and I've always had a deep love for Mexican culture. I'm thrilled that I am able to have connections down there with wonderful, genuine people at this time in my life. Plus, the whole "swimming with turtles" thing is pretty cool.

I'll continue to grow our new religion and model my life according to its guiding principles. Stay tuned for more info...

With any luck, I'll somehow manage to keep from falling head

over heels for some irresistible cutie patootie and stay focused on these and other creative, passionate endeavors. But, who am I kidding...?! I'll probably meet my goddamn soulmate somewhere in the middle of it all and it'll turn my whole world upside down—just the way I like it!

One thing I know for sure—my life will be *very* different a year from now! I *should* be scared—but, I'm not. 3, 2, 1...ADVEN-TURE!

What's on *your* agenda for 2016? Make the most of it, friends. You won't regret it.













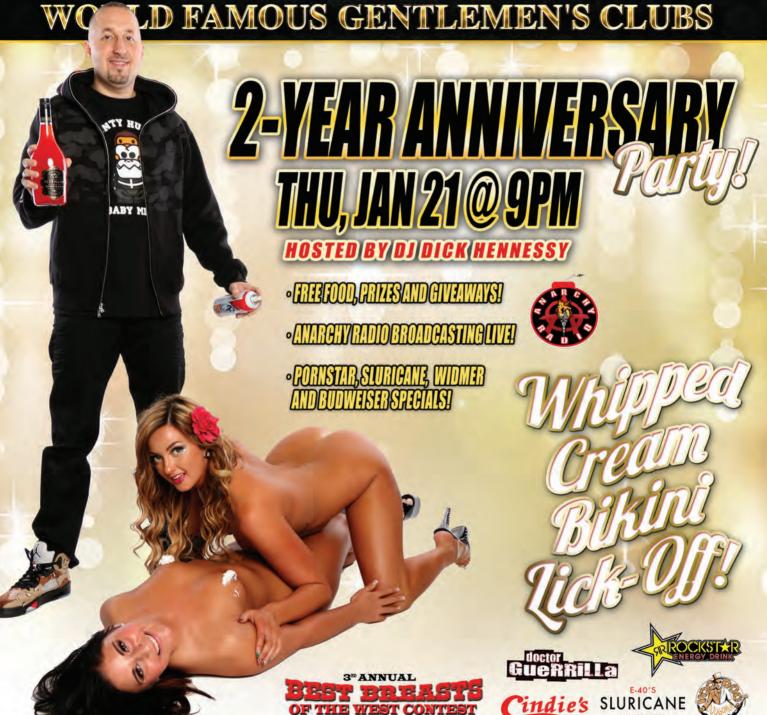


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