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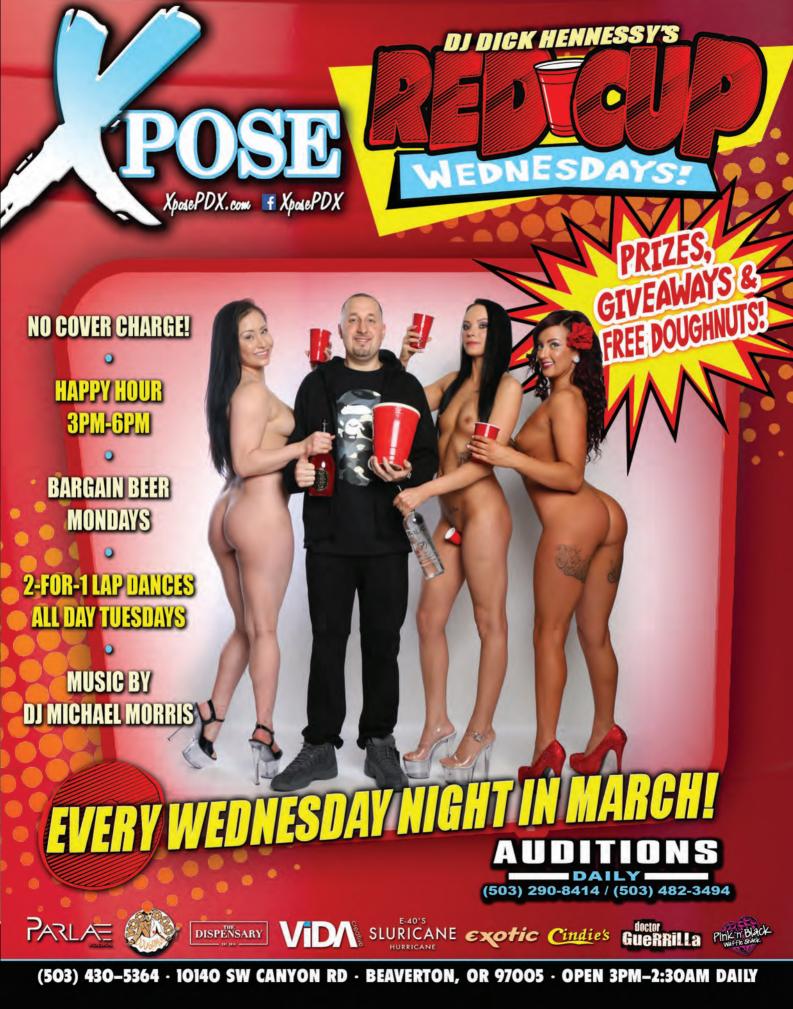


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Exotic

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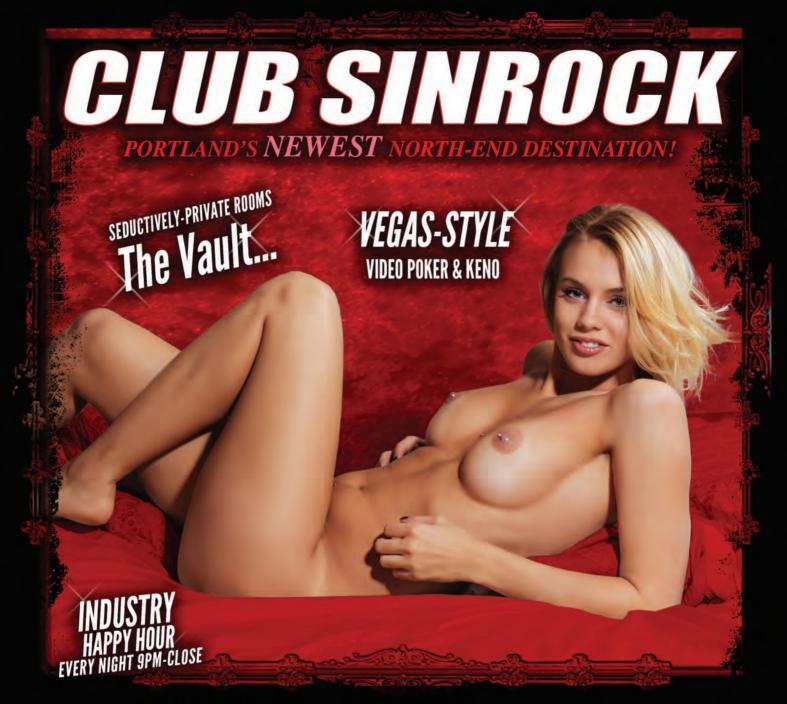
GREEN ROOM DIARIES
SLUTSCAPADES
STRIP CITY—SPOTLIGHT
EXOTIC PINUP
BITCOIN—CRYPTIC CURRENCY
EXOTIC MAPS (PDX/OR/WA)
TALES FROM THE DI BOOTH
CLASSIFIEDS
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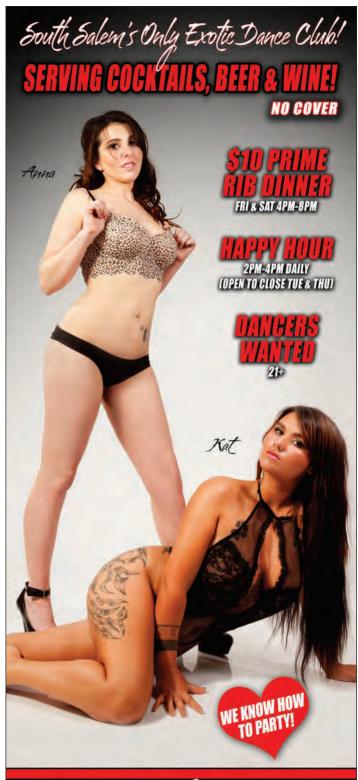
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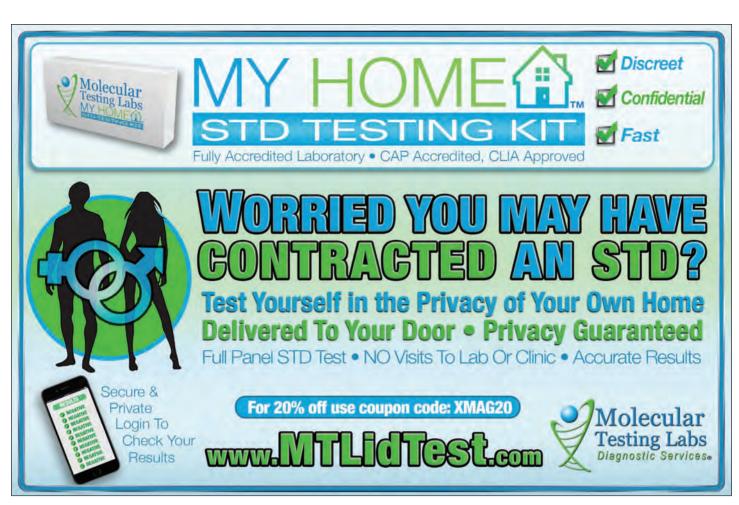
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Medible DINING BY SCARLET 13

The one thing we cannot deny these days, is the explosion of marijuana products into the marketplace. Dispensaries are garnishing an edible array of sweet munchies and savory snacks, that make my mouth water just thinking about them. What I wanted to know was, in this city of foodies and gourmet goods, where and what could I find that would truly spark the interest of this edible consortia into the culinary world of gourmet marijuana. I have to say, Portland did not disappoint!

The founder of LaurieAndMaryJane.com is an award-winning culinary entrepreneur. In the true spirit of Portlanders, Laurie sources her products locally and comes up with yummy recipes that are fit for even grandma's dinner table. Laurie's "cannabutter" has many uses in various degrees of cooking, including belly-warming chicken dumpling soup, stews and grandma's favorite casserole. If you're not feeling like comfort food, maybe

you're like me and prefer their crispy, crunchy, medicated-croutons with a nice Mediterranean salad. If Laurie's gourmet goodies don't melt your mind and fill your belly, then take another look at the smorgasbord of Portland's treats and edible eats.

The first noticeable differences in Portland dispensaries are the gluten-free and vegan options. Goodies that can be consumed both guilt and diarrhea free—because who wants to eat a piece of chocolate to poop it out ten minutes later. Not me! For those with guts of steel and an insatiable love of that sizzling breakfast food with god-like aromatics, High Five Edibles make Bakin'. Mmm... candy-coated bacon goodness, infused with your favorite blend. This may all seem a little bit over-

favorite blend. This may all seem a little bit overwhelming (and often times, overindulgent) due to the nature of the beast and the vast number of chocolate and candy combinations. So good, but truly in need of moderation.

The next thing I looked for was anyone trying to expand on the ideas of food and beverages outside of distributing their goods in dispensaries. It's a market in the works here in Portland, but our neighbors to the north have a slight advantage regarding the length of legalization and influx of businesses that have already hopped on

board this booming industry, that's serving up some not-so-conventional content.

Magical Butters Studio made headlines when they devised a clever cannabis menu and took it on the road in the Seattle area as "The Magical Butter Food Truck." They served up their menu on private property, to avoid the "in public" legal issues then, but have now expanded and moved into a growing hub of clients looking for their Magic Butter-infused sandwiches, beverages or just that magic butter itself. Seattle's got game, when it comes to the marijuana entrepreneurs. Of course, none of Washington or Oregon's game comes as a surprise to the residents of Denver, Colorado. They are far and away the leaders of the industry, when it comes to the "cannibizness."

Our brothers and sisters in the first green state, have establishments like "Wake 'N' Bake"

THE BUTTER COMPONENT OF THE PASSICAL COMPONE

coffee shops, because who wants to head to work without that morning coffee? Or, if you plan on staying overnight and doing a little sightseeing, then the "Bud & Breakfast" has you covered. Cozy and full of aromatics, this is a must for newly-acclimated stoners wanting to feel more at home in an out-of-town experience. All in all, Colorado really seems to have it down to a science. The afternoon and evening crowds have their sushi in weed-friendly restaurants and a movie theater where you can feel free to light up and kick your feet back for the feature presentation in a haze of cannabis. After that, it's off to bed to have sweet stoner sex or wrist-snapping action—either way. Shower, sleep, then repeat—not a shabby exis-

tence to squeak out those days.

What began as a cry for medical relief, has now expanded into recreational use and has inspired a revolutionary generation of strains, products, and merchandise available in edible marijuana. The dividing factor here, is that the cards have not all been laid out for local edible sales, here in Portland. Right now, the OLCC is still trying to distinguish what they want to do as far as limiting the content of THC in edibles—or do their plans call for "regulating" the THC content altogether? Many business owners contend that without an actual grasp on what medical patients are using, these members of the party delegating what patients need, is absurd. Without more oversight, the committee has decided that edible sales will only be legal to people issued an OMMP card and that later this year, amid new regulations for medibles and their recreational use, we might see edibles

for resale to the general masses as early as 2017. I have a feeling, that much like Colorado (who doesn't have a ban on THC content), these lawmakers will establish a marker system much like Denver, where a chocolate bar has 100mg and it's distinguished by 10mg marks, to assert that you're only getting a 10mg dose in this square of chocolate. Now, I'm all for putting a few measurements on theses medical grade goods, as I myself have overindulged in some potent cookies and become fused to my couch and floor a time or two. What one man or woman might consume

in edibles, might present mild effects to one individual, but, seriously debilitating reaction on another.

So, in regards to medicinal regulations, I personally believe they should leave said cooks to their own devices and let them keep making themselves feel good/heal good dinners for grandma and me. It's only a matter of time before the effectiveness of the revenue generated, will start to influence lawmakers—as money so often does. Until then my friends, enjoy the sweet, the sticky and the savory nuances to be found within the incredible arrays of Portland edibles.

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THC is fat-soluble, which is why your overweight ass soaks up so much of it, while you're sitting on the couch staring at video games. As you eat snacks and engage in online military warfare with racist teenagers,

you're basically consuming more fat so you can soak up more THC, until you become a self-contained human recycling center for Xbox points and Oreos.

This is why weed butter is awesome. You

can put butter on pretty much anything and it circulates through arteries faster than the gummy bears sold at dispensaries. Not only does the body high from weed butter hit quicker than, say, medicated vegan flan, it can also be used to make "weed" food that you normally wouldn't think of. Sure, you can use butter to make traditional Rice Krispie Treats or whatnot, but since it's socially acceptable in Oregon to carry around a miniature Tupperware container full of green fat, the options are endless.

Before we go any further, here's a step-bystep guide to making the best weed butter possible—the Ray way.

First, you need butter. Anything with actual fat in it works, so avoid the "I Can't Believe Food Stamps Pay For This Shit" variety and opt for Land O' Lakes Butter instead (it's the box with the racially-offensive Native American girl). Next, use a razor to remove the knees from the girl on the box. Then, cut around the box that the girl is holding, from top left corner to top right corner in a U-shaped pattern and turning the box the girl is holding into a flap. Finally, affix the knees to the box from inside, using tape, and you now have an

inappropriate box of butter, that doubles as a peepshow.

Second, remove the actual butter from the packaging. Dump it into a stove-top pot.

> Oh yeah, you have to heat the stove up to like, low-mid to midmid, but not any higher than mid-high or highlow. Got that?

Okay, so just dump the butter into the (cooking pot device) until it starts to melt. Now, take all that weed your

friend left from the party (even the stems and leaves) and grind it down into as fine of a powder as your patience will allow. Next, just dump the weed in, letting it mix into the butter. You should, as a general rule, always have equal amounts butter and weed.

The higher the dank-to-lard ratio, the more potent your butter will be.

Let the butter simmer for a few hours, until you forget about it and your smoke alarm goes off. Dispose of the burnt weed butter and count your losses. Repeat the process from the beginning, but this time, watch the

butter as it boils, slowly stirring and eventu-



ally reduce heat to a low simmer (after the butter has become a light green). An hour or two after vigilantly watching a pot boil (as instructed against by conventional wisdom), you will end up with a goopy, green mess that looks like Dagobah.

Finally, using a cup or bowl and something to strain your concoction with (such as a coffee filter or paper towel), dump the butteryweed stew into the straining material, letting it drip into the container below. This process takes a while and you don't want to strain it all at once. A method I use, involves a pint glass and a coffee filter or a single-ply paper towel, which is held to the rim of the glass by a rubber band—allowing about two inches on top (for the pre-strain butter slop) and four to five inches of room below (to collect the usable, strained butter). I dump a small amount of the weed jambalaya into the glass, then play a few rounds of Mortal Kombat, while waiting for it to sift—then repeat the process until my girlfriend says "this is enough" and leaves me for a man with a job.



After the butter has strained, dispose of the remaining weed (and stems, etc.) along with the filter, then you have to decide whether or not to let the butter cool (for future use) or if you want to use it as hot, soakable butter. Why, you ask, would someone want hot weed butter? Here is a list of items that you can drizzle it on, for an amazing, fat-soluble rush:

Steak And Potatoes

Pancakes or Waffles

Popcorn

Strippers

Live Rodents

PCP Cookies

Now, if you do decide to keep some weed butter in the fridge, be sure to test out its many uses after allowing it to cool. Any recipe for cookies, Rice Krispie Treats, muffins, cakes or anything that calls for butter, just use that amount and you're good to go. Be careful, however, to note the strength of your product. Snacks and marijuana go hand in hand, so you need to recognize that your desire to consume more and more weed krispie cakes or just raw butter, is not to be underestimated. Therefore, you can use half weed butter and half reqular butter, to make snacks big enough to enjoy as a drug and a tasty treat that you can enjoy, while high on said drug. Nothing is more of a cocktease, than a highly-concentrated, tasty weed treat. Well, maybe strippers, previews for the Batman vs. Superman movie that isn't out until the end of summer, PG-13 webcam models, Megan Fox and the girl from the coffee cart by my house. But, those are all things that can benefit from weed butter, whether through popcorn or physical application.

One benefit of eating weed, is that unless you're burping up farts, no one can really smell it on you. However, one precaution regarding the process of making weed butter in a studio apartment with thin walls that don't protect you from the six-dozen neighbors sharing the courtyard—everyone can smell you making it. Be warned.

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I love porn and there was a time when I thought it could never get old. After I had lost my job, several years ago, I was lost and confused. My career trajectory had been derailed and all my happy-plan balloons had burst. But, porn never left my side—porn was always there for me. And one day, between my third and fourth orgasms of the day, it occurred to me that people actually study sexuality academically. Could I be one of those lucky people, to devote myself to my love of porn and masturbation, rather than pretending I didn't spend hours in bed for days—cumming until my pussy ran out of lubrication?

In an effort to legitimize my masturbation lifestyle, I went to graduate school.

At first, watching porn in a room full of smart and sexy colleagues was delightfully awkward. While some people intellectualized the experience during breaks ("Oh, it's so revolutionary to be turned on together and realize it's no big deal!"), others quietly snuck away to fuck in the library or simply masturbate in the bathroom.

Eventually, the novelty wore off. The program is specifically designed to desensitize us. You wouldn't want your sex therapist gasping, when you confess you want strangers to kick you in the balls, would you? None of my classmates would and it isn't just because we've explored a lot of things in our personal lives. We kept watching, until somewhere around the third day straight of nothing but gay porn (I took a lot of bathroom breaks during those days) I turned around and looked at my classmates. The people who hadn't fallen asleep, were either checking their phones or staring blankly at the projected, wallsized sex scene. A 20-person gangbang, with literal piles of men, apparently in an Egyptian tomb, rolled on as we all yawned. Suddenly, it felt like, if you've seen one penis, you've seen them all. Occasionally, people would snap awake, as they suddenly remembered they had porn to watch—what a bummer, this again?

Then it happened: *The Banana Creampie Gangbang*. I told you our program is designed to desensitize us. I can't even tell you the stuff we were obliged to watch through arguments of, "This makes me uncomfortable," responded with, "Why does it make you uncomfortable? That's your problem. If

you don't like this, you'd better watch more of it so you get used to it!" And, we would watch more porn.

The Banana Creampie Gangbang was the last video we watched that semester and it united us against it. It wasn't just the idea of food porn, as we'd just watched a three-way where one woman licked ice cream out of another's hole. We gasped, when the ice cream got pushed up the vagina; we sex doctors may not be judgmental, but we don't like yeast infections and that's a good way to hurt yourself!

Nothing could have prepared us for *The Banana Creampie Gangbang*. It started innocently enough. A "trucker" with no shirt on swaggered into a cafe, where a "waiter" wearing an apron over a shirtless

chest took his order. The trucker said to the waiter. slowly and seductively, "I'll just have a slice of your... banana cream pie." Apparently, this is Middle-American code for hardcore anal sex-who knew? Try it next time you're at a truck stop. Slowly, the two men started rubbing cream pie on each other's bodies and licking it off. The cook came out of the back, with more cream pies and more cock. The owner showed up, angry about the mess everybody was making. We now realized that all surfaces were covered in plastic—almost as if this restaurant specialized in raucous creampie gangbangs.

The sex escalated from experimental and tasty, to hardcore and weird. Pie was shoved in faces and spit in mouths. How did so much pie end up on the wall? A cream pie used as lube makes some sense, even if it might cause an infection...wait, was that a rodeo clown? A whole banana was slowly pushed up somebody's asshole, which seemed like a decent idea, until the ass took a bite and swallowed the banana. We screamed in horror as it disappeared inside him. The guy tried to poop the banana into another

man's mouth, and we all understood how poop fetishes get started (nobody in the room thought *that* was too weird), but now this guy is having trouble pushing the banana all the way out! Or, is he simply teasing this guy? There's no way to know! Can colons digest food?

Where did all these other people come from—are they more customers? Was there a noticeable lag in products arriving at their destination, as all trucks were rerouted through this cafe in Kansas? Where did they get all these cream pies? Do they serve anything else at this restaurant? Those sorts of plot questions may seem irrelevant, but more practical ones lingered—do all these actors have food fetishes? Do they all enjoy having banana cream pie

squirted out like diarrhea, from somebody's ass into their mouth? There seem to be an awful lot of them. How much were these guys paid? Maybe they were volunteers? Does it hurt when the banana cream pie gets in your eye socket? What does OSHA have to say about all this?

Ten minutes before this movie started, students were realizing the seemingly impossible had happened—we were bored of pornography! But now, fifteen minutes into the seemingly endless banana creampie gangbang, my heart rate was up and my friends and I had exhausted ourselves with screaming. Mission accomplished! Just when we thought nothing could get to us anymore, we had a simultaneous

breakdown. Unable to look away from the horror, we were left with no choice but to accept our creamy, banana-flavored futures.



Dr. Helen Shepard is a clinical sexologist in Eugene and would love to know if anybody out there loves banana creampies this much. She can be reached at EugeneSexology@gmail.com.









A BAD TASTE IN PORTLAND'S MOUTH

This month, we decided to start taking on alternative topics here at Exotic. I mean, come on now, how many fetish issues can we have? We've had tributes to titties, asstastic archives of the derriere and everything crude, lewd and socially unacceptable in between. So, when it came time to develop monthly topics for the upcoming year of Exotic, we decided to reel it back in a little and take on some topics that are normally set aside for Portland's more mainstream publications. It's like, Bizzaro World for a free porn magazine, when we take on a "Food Issue." But, we all eat, sleep, work, fuck and shit, so what makes an Exotic Food Issue any more outside-the-box than a Strangler-run Portland hybrid-amateur porn contest? We all piss in each other's sandboxes anyway, so why the hell not? The upcoming months will take you down some roads you would not expect to see us traveling, so for now, enjoy our maiden voyage into alternative worlds of subject matter.

B.O.L.I.WOOD HIJINX

Last month, I spent some time with

one of our contributors, who had participated in the Salem hearings brought about when Oregon's Bureau of Labor and Industry decided to take a closer look at the strip club industry. While B.O.L.I.'s primary concerns focused on the fair treatment of exotic entertainers in an independent contractor versus employee status, our industry representatives were pushing for safety and cleanliness in the workplace and freedom from being sexually harassed by co-workers and customers. At the close of those hearings, we came away with vague promises and cloudy intentions, but we felt like we had accomplished something, for some reason. B.O.L.I. would be allocating funds to produce an 11" x 17" poster advertising an 800-number hotline for assistance in any violations within the rulings of sexual harassment, unsafe workspaces and employee/employer rights.

Almost a year later, I finally got a look at this "prototype" of a poster that would solve all the problems. It was an 8.5" x 11" letter that seemed completely dedicated to encouraging all enter-

tainers to become tax-paying, God-fearing, W-2 filing, clothing-deficient performance artists. Apparently, the issues regarding unsafe stages, managers putting their fingers in Cookie's jar, over inflated stage fees and fines or an unsanitary work environment, all went by the wayside. But hey, here's this awesome poster that might as well be a tax form. Your tax dollars at work! What, you're not paying taxes? Well, just take a look at this poster anyway!

FOOD CARTS UNDER FIRE

As the escalated gentrification of Portland continues, more and more of what makes the Rose City its rosiest, is being ripped out by the roots. Landmark bars, beloved eateries and cherished cafes are falling one after another, as megaplex parking structures and multi-use urban developments rise to blot out the Portland skyline, with \$2,000 a month studio closets stacked on top of a New Seasons and a Holistic Healing Emporium. Sure, we all know that we have more strip clubs per capita than anywhere else in the





LIVE ENTERTAINMENT WORKERS: WHAT ARE MY RIGHTS? The rights of live entertainment workers depend on whether the person is an employee or an independent contractor under the law. Generally, workers who are economically dependent on a business are employees, whereas workers who operate their own business are independent contractors. A worker's status as either an employee or workers who operate their own pushiess are independent contractors. A worker's status as either an employee of independent contractor is determined by the reality of the work relationship, not a label or title given to a worker.

Under state law, workers who provide service for pay are employees unless they meet the definition of independent contractor (see below). For more information, contact the agencies listed below or visit

Typically:

- Provide services that are not an essential part of the business to which services are provided
- Are free of control of the business or person to whom services are provided and able to decide themselves how, when and for how long work will be performed and how much they will charge for their services
- Provide services for a specific, defined period of time rather than on an open-ended basis
- Provide services that are specialized and require skill and initiative to operate an independent business
- Have the possibility of making a profit or suffering a loss (for example, an independent contractor may recruit new clients, hire helpers to assist with work, negotiate contracts, advertise services, or decide which jobs to perform and when to perform them)
- Will make some investment in their independent businesses (for example, purchasing equipment or supplies, renting office space or paying for business expenses or labor), and such investments are significant in nature and magnitude when compared to the investments made by the business to whom **EMPLOYEES**

Typically:

Are workers whose activities are essential to the

- Perform work as assigned and directed by the employer, who has the right to control how, when,
- Are hired to work on a continuing or indefinite basis
- Perform work for a wage, salary, or other type of compensation in amounts set by the employer

PROTECTIONS FOR INDEPENDENT CONTRACTORS

Independent contractors must enforce the terms of their agreements with other businesses compensation, services, and the mutual obligations of (including both independent contractor and the business) in civil court. Both employees and independent contractors can negotiate their own contracts and file complaints in court.

PROTECTIONS AVAILABLE TO EMPLOYEES

- Minimum wage and overtime pay
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- Retaliation and whistleblowing protection
- Rest and meal periods
- Sick leave (paid under certain circumstances)
- Civil rights laws prohibiting sexual harassment and discrimination on the basis of the employee's sex, sexual orientation, age, race and other protected
- Parental and sick child leave
- Protected leave time to care for a family member with a serious health condition or for the employee's own serious health condition
- Unemployment insurance benefits to replace lost
- Workers' compensation insurance, which pays for medical treatment and lost wages if an employee is injured on the job
- Safety and health regulations to protect employees Medical insurance coverage in some cases
- Remedies for unlawful retaliation by an employer for making a wage claim, testifying in a wage claim proceeding, or opposing an unlawful employment

Crimes or illegal activity – Call 911 in emergencies or contact the local police department or county sheriff Suspected human trafficking (recruiting, transporting, selling or buying of people for the purpose of various forms of

exploitation) - National Human Trafficking Hotline, 1-888-373-7888 Food safety/sanitation and public health issues - Local (County) health departments

A problem with a business that serves or sells alcohol – Oregon Liquor Control Commission, 1-800-452-6522 Workplace safety and health issues – Oregon OSHA, 1-800-922-2689 Injured worker rights and benefits - Oregon Department of Business and Consumer Services, Workers Compensation

Division, 1-800-452-0288

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Have questions or want information about your rights? Call 1-844-304-BOLI (2654) for assistance or to make a complaint. Complaints may be made anonymously and confidentially

This summary is required to be displayed by operators of live entertainment facilities.

Issue was to explore as many BBQ restaurants as I could last month. Generally, I only seek out BBQ restaurants in the winter months, because that's the only time I don't fire my own grill—although, I have been known to throw down some smoke in a snow storm from time-to-time. But, the weather kept it wet enough to drive me out onto the streets, in search of the perfect meat. I've been in Portland for more than 15 vears now and still had not been able to find the perfect barbecue, until I started this guest, that is. I had been to the obvious over the years—mostly cookie-cutter chain stores like Famous Dave's which offer a somewhat decent product, but lack consistency in quality, they are the fast food of the barbecue circuit. Buster's Barbecue, unfortunately, falls into that same zone of adequate inadequacy as well. Tasty sauce, dried out meat, overly salted side dishes, you get the picture.

US of A, but we also have the market

cornered on food carts, or, at least we did—until the Goodman family's proposal to raise 11 structures for a \$1.5

billion dollar investment in the Ankeny

blocks between Burnside and Morri-

son. Most of these structures would be

raised on street level parking lots which

are currently home to some of Port-

land's best food carts, leaving approxi-

mately half of the existing food carts in

the city just as "homeless" as the home-

less. As we continue to make room for

this ongoing invasion from The Golden

State, we're losing track of what makes

Portland special. Here's a thought—

maybe the Goodman's can set aside the

ground-floor in one of their 30-story

towers designated exclusively to food

carts. Progress can't be stopped, but

it shouldn't have to destroy history to

attain its goals. What happens, when

there's nothing "old" left in Old Town

My primary directive for The Food

anvmore?

I made it my goal to find at least three

new barbecue eateries, for my contribution to this month's issue. The first one was pretty much a home run, if you're looking for style points. The Smokehouse Tavern on SE Morrison is without a doubt, one of the best smokehouses I've discovered in Portland. I had a lead on this place right after I discovered one of their sister restaurants. Smokehouse 21 on NW 21stAve. It was the kind of place that dragged you in from across the street, as the smoky aroma

penetrated your nostrils with its comehither temptations. The Smokehouse Tavern delivered that and more. This is barbecue done fine-dining style. Pulled Pork Eggs Benedict or a deviled egg garnished with a hot link? Yep, more please. How about a smoked oyster mushroom? It didn't sound appealing on the specials board, but what the fuck, I was looking to try something



different and goddamn it if that wasn't the tastiest fungus I ever had in my mouth. I could still taste it hours later and it made me sad to face the fact that it was gone. The décor in The Smokehouse elevated the whole experience,

so for a solid A+ date night with topnotch smoke- meat candy, this is the place. And, make sure you try one of their artistically-crafted cocktails.

My second discovery, took me on an adventure several years in the making.

I first heard about Snoop Dogg's Uncle Reo's Ribs, way back when they were supplying their tasty bones to Safari Showclub for special events. I got ahold of one of those ribs then and made it a point to remember to seek this place out. The problem was, the place kept moving. From a SW location in Aloha, to Macadam, to the haunted halls of the former Rock & Roll Pizza on Powell, until I finally captured the elusive eatery at its new location on Sandy Boulevard, in the old Hollywood Burger Bar, Why so many relocations you might ask? Well, the most amusing complaint was, that the damn place smelled like smoke. And the neigh-

bors took up torches and pitchforks. Imagine that, a BBQ joint that smells like smoke? Reo stayed strong and looks like he's nice and settled into the Hollywood location, and guess what, it still smells like smoke—the kind of

smoke I would follow for miles 'til I found the source. I stepped into the cramped diner on a Saturday afternoon to a full house, with several people waiting along the wall (probably other to go diners like me). I did my standard trial order of a half rack of baby backs, a pound of brisket, greens, and beans. After all these years, I finally had me some Reo's ribs so I sped home to share it with the family. End result, I give it a B- with the option to try it again (kind of like a makeup test). For the good, the ribs were outstanding and the sauce was brilliant (although it repeated on me for the rest of the night). Unfortunately, the bad was pretty bad, as the



brisket failed completely. One pound of brisket measured out to two slices of meat, drenched in sauce. The first bite was rather heavenly, but when I carved a slice off the second cut, it was pure fat. Not fatty—it was all fat. As if someone just carved the whole layer of fat off the top of the brisket and soaked it in sauce, hoping to pass it off as actual meat. Crosscut that shit! Mistakes happen, but if you just paid \$6.50 for a slice of saucy fat, you'd feel where I'm coming from.

I was about to give up on finding the perfect barbecue, when I stumbled on Hog Wild Barbecue & Catering on SE 82nd (just off Johnson Creek, in the Best Buy Center). Sometimes, you know you've found the right place as soon as you walk in the door. The aroma wrapped itself around me, like a warm hickory hug. I picked up their menu, got lost in the confusion of dinner plates and decided to just run with what I knew again. A pound of brisket, half rack of ribs, but this time, we're gonna add a pound of pulled pork (or chicken, if you so desire) and wait, what's that, a double cheddar bacon sausage? Fuck yes, I'll take three. Sweet potato fries? Don't mind if I do! This article has cost me several-hundred dollars in research and more than half of it, went to the folks at Hog Wild (I've been back three times in as many weeks). They're family-owned, have one location and goddamnit these folks are doing it right. The atmosphere is a bit of a family-style roadhouse and their friendly staff provide a clean and comfortable dining room to enjoy your meal in. A+

Stay tuned for next month, when *Exotic* crawls outside another box into the world of the insane, the eccentric and the mad. Join us in April, for A Fool's Paradise. Until then.

stripcity spotlight

THU 3 – KIT KAT CLUB
LIVE MUSIC WITH ADRIAN H & THE WOUNDS

THU 10 – KIT KAT CLUB
LIVE MUSIC WITH THE FABULOUS MISS WENDY

FRI 11 – SAFARI SHOWCLUB
BIG MATTY'S 80S NIGHT EXTRAVAGANZA

SAT 19 – ROSE CITY STRIP
NO COVER! LIVE MUSIC! WITH THOR

THU 17 – ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY
STARS CABARET (ALL LOCATIONS), CABARET,
DREAM ON SALOON, SAFARI SHOWCLUB,
NICOLAI ST. CLUBHOUSE

THU 24 – MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
LAST THURSDAY WIG PARTY

FRI 25 – ROSE CITY STRIP
NO COVER! LIVE MUSIC! WITH VIOLATION WOUND

FRI 25 – SKINN GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
BEST BOOTY CONTEST

FRI 25 – TOMMY'S TOO
POPSICLE CONTEST

SAT 26 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB (SPRINGFIELD)

DJ DICK HENNESSY'S 2ND ANNUAL

MARCH MADNASS PARTY

SAT 26 – DIVA'S SPIRITS & GRILL (SALEM)
GLOW PARTY

SUN 27 – STARS CABARET (BEAVERTON & BRIDGEPORT) EASTER EGG HUNT & PARTY

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Unlocking The Crypt Of Modern Currency

Cryptic currency was the first thing that stood out, when reading an article about Bitcoin a couple of years ago—a new way to invest and retrieve your money from far and wide through cyber currency. Instantly intriqued, I often pondered where these services would start popping up when it came to businesses. So, you can imagine my surprise, when I heard that the club my husband works at was now accepting Bitcoin. In addition, each dancer comes equipped with her own Bitcoin wallet, thanks to the entrepreneurial skills of Kit Kat Club owner, Frank Faillace. This is unique, not only to Portland, but the nation, as Kit Kat is one of the only clubs that accepts cash, card and Bitcoin as a method of payment. But, instead of just giving you the usual Q&A, I wanted to give our readers a simplified version of what Bitcoin is and how you could use it.

The first question is the most obvious, What is Bitcoin and how does it work exactly? Bitcoin is a decentralized currency that offers "rewards" to Bitcoin miners, who use their own computers to "mine data" or record payments into a public ledger. The math is complicated and if I start talking about block chains and the rotation cycles with the currency, I'll only confuse you. So, to simplify, it's a digital currency exchanged from one digital wallet to the next. The current market value for 1 Bitcoin is \$402.31, but this number is constantly changing and is projected to reach upwards of \$600 next year.

Conceived in 2009, this growing trend is

hidden fees, late fees, penalties and a relentless chokehold of your hard-earned money. With Bitcoin, it's an unquarded system which makes it undesirable to those who fear their investments could be hacked. Though, In all likelyhood, your chances of being screwed by your bank are far greater.

So, how do you get on board with making this investment? It's really guite simpleyou can get started by downloading the Bitcoin Wallet app on your mobile phone or PC. By doing this, you have generated your first Bitcoin address, you can create more when you need more. Then, you share your Bitcoin addresses with friends/clients, so they can pay you or vice versa. The actual transaction is done through your Bitcoin wallet, which has its own key code or "seed." This piece of mathematic data is unique to the user and aids in identifying the transaction. This seed, also makes it so your transactions cannot be altered in any way, after the transaction has been made.

The mining process itself, is much more complex and the block chains I spoke briefly of, are integral to the order and protection of these transactions. The cryptography that runs through the system, is what identifies each block and mines it in order of receipt. Taking the leap into Bitcoin, is really a nobrainer when it comes to having more control over your own money—the challenge in this equation is, where can you spend this digital currency here in Portland? Besides the Kit Kat Club, there are over a dozen businesses

are also 2 Bitcoin ATMs nearby—one in the Pioneer Place food court, the other not so close, across the river in Vancouver at the Westfield Mall. Bitcoin ATMs are used for the redemption or purchasing of Bitcoin and can be quaranteed on transactions up to \$3,000 a day. The Pioneer Place ATM dispenses in \$20 and \$100 increments. So, back to the list of business currently accepting Bitcoin here in Portland. What started off as a very small list of two or three, has swelled into multiple pages of local businesses now accepting the currency.

Best of all, is that our own local showclub uses the cryptocurrency and each of its entertainers have been issued their own wallets. These ladies can receive your generous donations in the form of tips and the bar accepts the currency for beverages. Did I mention that the Kit Kat Club is the ONLY showclub sporting this banner? What is the motivation behind this leap into Bitcoin? You can keep track of your transactions and spending, but it's highly unlikely anyone else will grasp the fact you just spent \$200.00 on a private dance that knocked your socks off. Or, that you bought top shelf for a select few and tipped generously. Bitcoin clients are often generous and don't feel the need to share their knack for financial skills with the rest of the room. Instead of making yourself look like a baller, by pulling out the wad of bills from your back pocket, these ladies and gentlemen tend to be a bit more on the reserved side and avoid sharing too much information, when it comes to the depth of their pockets.

To learn more about Bitcoin, visit Bitcoin. org to unlock the mystery of securing your potential fortune. It's time to put the power back in your own hands, don't you think?



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PIRATE'S COVE 29 FOOD LOTTERY7417 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 287-8900 Daily 2pm-2:30am PITIFUL PRINCESS 60 FOOD 12646 SE Division St | (503) 954-1019 Daily 9am-2:30am RIVERSIDE CORRAL 31 FOOD Nor-Sat 10am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-1am ROSE CITY STRIP 10 [100] 3620 SE 35th P | (503) 239-1004 Daily 3pm-2:30am THE RUNWAY GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 55 FOOD 1735 SE Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 640-4086 Mon-Sat 9:30am-2:30am, Sun 10am-2:30am SKINN GENTLEMEN'S GLUB 21 FOOD LOTTERY 4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771 Daily 10am-2am SPEARMINT RHINO 65 FOOD LOTTERY 15826 SE Division St | (503) 894-9219 4pm-2:30am Daily SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 49 [000] [OTTERY 33 NW 2nd Ave | (503) 243-4646 17939 SW McEwan Rd | (503) 726-2403 17999 SW MCEWAR RG (503) 726-2403 Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 4pm-2am THE SUNSET STRIP 37 [700] 10205 SW Park Way (503) 297-8466 Mon-Fri 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 5pm-2:30am UNION JACKS 43 FOOD 938 E Burnside St | (503) 236-1125 Mon-Thu 4pm-2:30am, Fri-Sun 3pm-2:30am TOMMY'S TOO 39 1000 10335 SE Foster Rd | (503) 432-8238 Daily 10am-2:30am WHISPERS 67 6218 NE Columbia Blvd Daily 11am-3am XPOSE 70 FOOD LOTTERY 10140 SW Canyon Rd | (503) 430-5364 Daily 3pm-2:30am



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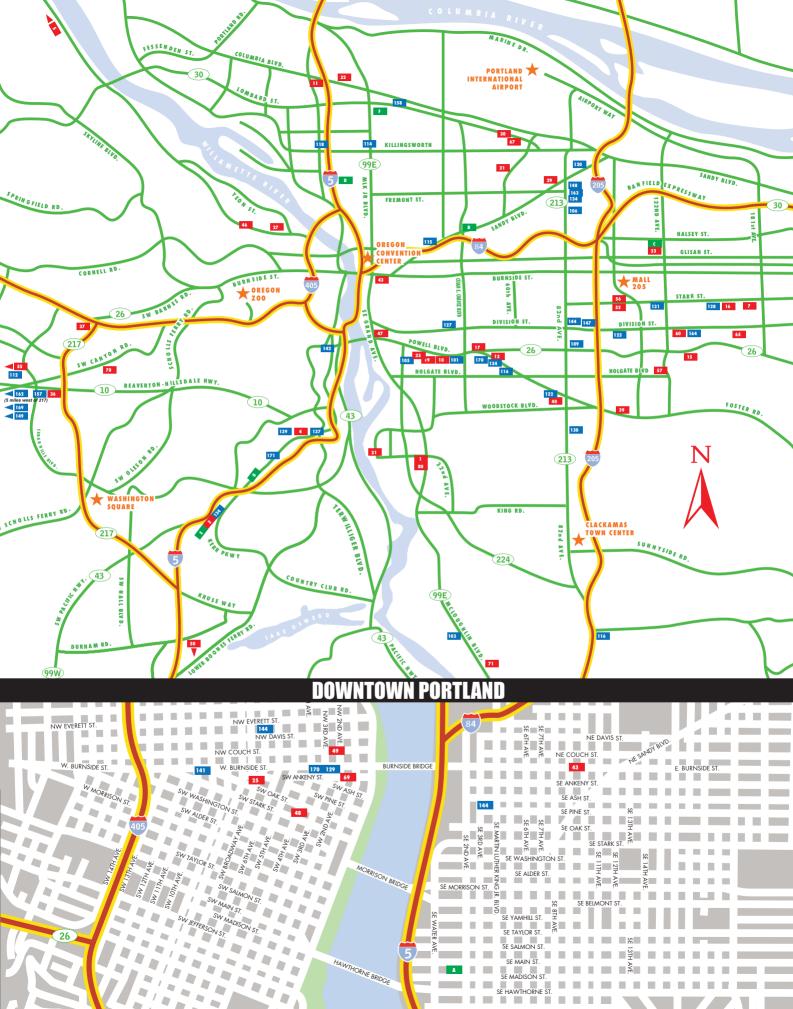
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TALES FROM THE THE BY RAY MCMILLIN

The Bada Bing was the first strip club I ever worked at. In an Office Space or UHF sense of the phrase, I had a virtual no-fucks-given attitude that, after a few months, earned me in promotions, what I had expected to receive in demerits. Because I started each shift of by asking myself what I could get away with, I never became the burnt-out DJ that seems to inhabit so many neighborhood strip joints.

One of my favorite gimmicks is the "theme set" approach to stage shows. Outside of *Miss Exotic*-type events, theme sets are typically reserved for more upscale clubs. At the Bada Bing, theme sets were used to mask (literally and figuratively) a lack of talent on the stage. Twenty pounds over the limit? Play "Time Warp" and customers won't even flinch, if it turns out that it actually *is* a penis hiding under all that tummy. A few years past the expiration age? Turn up the glam rock and appeal to nostalgia, embracing those crow's feet like Alice Cooper does.

However, we had one dancer that wasn't bad looking at all. She was extremely sweet to customers, so this meant that she would often end up sitting on the stage, mostly clothed, losing potential money by the second, as she chatted with a guy who wanted the girlfriend experience. This dancer, whom I will refer to as "Leppard," needed some motivation and since I was making a portion of what she did, it was to my benefit that I was damn good at picking out theme sets. Sometimes. Other times, not so much. This was one of the "other times."

Leppard would let me play anything I wanted for her sets and customers were fond of 80s glam rock. We were short on props, so it only made sense to head for the kitchen. My "chicken and waffles" idea was good, but we were out of syrup. The fish sticks were frozen, but the breading was loose. Before I began to reconstruct a pepperoni link from personal pizzas, I discovered a giant bag of sugar packets— just sitting there like "Take me, Ray."

My own genius caught up to me, before the part of my brain responsible for putting it in check and we (as in, me, the dancer and some guy named Corey who had twenty dollars) all decided, that it was a good idea to play *Pour Some Sugar On Me*, while Leppard allowed customers to do just that. Once a set, in fact—the song has about five different intros, depending on which DJ's hard drive you steal it from. This trend of pouring sugar on Leppard became so popular that she got booked for additional nights and customers started returning to our club.

Word had gotten around that we were no longer just

a trap house with beer taps and this resulted in a "hot" girl from another, more-established club, coming in to audition about a

week or two after Leppard's first sugar set.

"Hi, I'm Crystale Orwhateverthefuck. Can I audition?" "Hell yes, let me put on some formulaic rap music with too many N-bombs—the kind you won't be allowed to dance to, if you end up working while the boss is here."

"Yay! Swaq YOLO, bae."

And with that, Crystale was on the stage.

The "rack" at Bada Bing resembled other self-contained, nonraised stages, designed for diners (like the stages at Acropolis, Mystic or other places where the food is worth eating). However, since the Bada Bing only served chips and the stuff I mentioned

earlier (which was all walk-in freezer burned), the rack was rarely wiped down with anything other than a semi-wet stripper rag. We honestly didn't think anyone would ever want to eat off of it.

Cut to Crystale, nearly naked, laying on her back, while stretched out across three or four seats, with her body extended horizontally, as she did that sexy worm-yoga-pose thing that bored, hot strippers are known for. She slithered, raised one knee slowly, dropped her arm in a sensual fashion and then twitched quickly. Again, Crystale tried to do a sexy squirm, but this was followed up by a series of rapid twitches.

"What the fuck?!" Crystale exclaimed, as she jerked her shoulder blade away from the rack and sitting up in a hurry.

Folks, we got ants. Lots and lots of ants.

As it turns out, ants love sugar, as well as wood. Our fine establishment offered a plethora of both—plus, some of the bodily fluids may or may not be wafting around the stage area (in addition to sugar, ants love things that show up under blacklights).

To make matters worse, not only did we lose Crystale, but the house girls didn't alert the staff upon the initial discovery of the ants because, and I quote, "They're only infesting that one side of the stage, not by the pole and we can just dance around them." In short, the house girls wanted to keep the hot, new girl away from the club, so they just decided to grin and bear ants.

If I learned anything from this experience, it's a reminder to stick with the plan—avoiding any deviation from tried and tested strategy. Next time I get a talkative dancer who won't shut her Fireball hatch long enough to give a good show, I'll simply turn up the Slayer and not risk the possibility of termites.

Another thing I learned, is that as a DJ, you can cut out the first split second of each time Juicy J says "Bands 'A Make Her Dance" and make it sound like he says "ants" instead of "bands." If you've ever worked with me, heard this song and seen me laughing to myself in the DJ booth like a drunk seal, it's because I'm fantasizing about the stripper onstage, pretending she's crawling with insects.



At the beginning of the calendar year, Now or the story surrounding the Bundy group of uninformed radicals headed clan and their magical, Walgreens-shirt-Eastern Oregon, in an effort to capi- inspired antics.

At the beginning of the calendar year, a group of uninformed radicals headed to Eastern Oregon, in an effort to capitalize on a complex set of issues. While not one involved party seems to possess a true grasp on the history or legal battles surrounding said issues, a guise of misguided patriotism (that translates into a thinly-veiled attempt at attention-seeking), placed this group of radicals at the forefront of every news outlet during the month of January 2016. The group of radicals I am, of course, referring to, is the American news media.

The Malheur Wildlife Preserve lies about two-thirds of a Hank Williams tape away from the bustling rural nothingness of Burns, Oregon. If you haven't been living under a blue tarp for the majority of January, you may not be familiar with *Oregon Trail 2: Snackpocalypse*

Here's the short version; some residents of Harney County, OR (the Hammond family) were fined and jailed by the feds, after lighting their back yard on fire to prevent lightning damage (seriously, this is entirely true and it presses the issue of why we don't yet have a TLC show about backwoods spell casting, or at least a playable card game to help prospective rural sorcerers understand

Some ranchers from Nevada, Idaho and Arizona, joined a non-violent protest that occurred outside of the courthouse where the Hammond's trial was being heard. At this protest, Ammon Bundy, son of Cliven Bundy (a racist rancher living in Nevada, with his own history

how it works).

of lighting shit on fire), offered protesters pennies to chuck at the courthouse (apparently he thought Tila Tequila was scheduled to perform), before branching off with a small group of Walmart sympathizers and driving out to the Malheur Wildlife Preserve to set up camp. Throughout January, the makeshift militia "occupied" this forest-free, barren, tumbleweed-filled birdwatcher's paradise, under the guise that farmers should be able to use the land for, of all things, logging, all "on behalf of" the Hammond family (none of whom joined the protest or the occupation).

Now, if you're anything like me and you have even a remote interest in mocking the lower class (but are afraid to do so when it involves minorities), the "Oregon militia" is a practical treasure trove of hashtags, bad puns, one-liners, Face-

book posts and brand new bridges for aspiring social media trolls to live under. At one point during the standoff, the Occupy Main St. Posse demanded that supporters send them snacks, to which the Internet responded by shipping them boxes upon boxes of sex toys. Then, a few days later, the militia demanded that folks stop sending them sex toys. Apparently, they had yet to read the section of the Scoutmaster's Guide that describes how to melt down dildos and survive for days by enjoying edible and nutritious purple plastic.

Seeing as how I have a membership to a discount grocery store, as well as knowledge of said grocery store's dumpster location, I decided to pack up old Elantra Del Ray, fill her up with snacks and head to Eastern Oregon with one mission: to exchange granola bars (and expired candy) for any new-to-slightlyused dildos that the militia had yet to destroy (whether through intentional application or accidental misuse). I would bring back a car full of dildos for nealected sex workers and be like a hvbrid Robin Hood slash Santa Claus, all while feeding hicks and helping lonely women achieve USB-powered orgasm. My mission on this planet is becoming clearer by the day.

A few days after the media frenzy had started to gain dust, I decided to take to social media and ask if "anyone knows how to get inside the militia place for an interview and dildo swap." In any city other than Portland, posting something like this on Facebook would result in im-

mediate termination of employment. Yet, seeing as how posting "Hey, does anyone know of a good job lead?" on Facebook, in front of Portland eyeballs, results in zero comments (and a hundred likes), I don't have a job to lose.

I got a response within minutes. A charming fellow, who goes by "The Terrible," introduced me to a man named "Diablo," who informed me that a dude named "Chill" was able to grant me press access into the compound (although I'm omitting full names to avoid potential backlash against my comrades, these are actually their partial monikers). The gentlemen that I was interested in meeting were named Dwight, Dwight and Ammon. The entire experience had me feeling as if the Zappa family had granted me tickets to a live taping of Newhart.

My first trip to Eastern Oregon took me through Bend, via Salem (and the Santiam Pass Highway). On the way, I discovered a lake called "Detroit," which has since dried up and been abandoned, leaving behind a bunch of cheap houses and stray dogs. This leads me to believe that the word "Detroit" is a Native term meaning "economically hazardous investment" and that people should stop naming places after it. Just east of Detroit Lake, my cell service dropped, as did about two-to-three feet of snow, which Elantra Del Ray was not having. Still, I ventured on-imagining an outcome that resembled the Donner Party or perhaps the Oregon Trail video game—the whole time realizing that it's probably impossible to get a DUII in the snow (at

least in Oregon).

Upon entering Central Oregon (Bend, Redmond, Sisters, Prineville, etc.) a shift from "Hemp Granola Liberal" to "Get Off My Lawn Liberal-tarian" occurs, painting the rest of non-Portland-metro Oregon as a place that screams "Hey militias, come take over one of our abandoned wildlife preserves." Still, I finished up the last of my weed (after seeing a sign while headed eastbound on Highway 20), that read "Next Services 99 Miles." Unlike the scenery, commerce, suburban sprawl and every visible sign of wildlife, I decided to venture east of this marker, with Deliverance banjos playing in my head as the local radio stations turned from 90s pop music to intermittent static, in a landscape resembling an area of Idaho that Oregon had been tricked into purchasing for really, really cheap.

Upon arriving in Burns, I expected to see anti-militia signs or hear protests of "Get off my lawn" being passed on from one lawn-getter-offer to another. Typically, unwanted, heavily-armed militias are not the type of visitor that a small town welcomes into their backyards. However, Burns was making a visible shit-ton of cash from the media swarm that had descended upon it. The local Safeway was a haven for obvious locals, all of whom were clearly off-put by the semi-random stream of horn-rimmed hipsters in makeshift press passes (this is where my eagle-patterned Walgreen's shirt came in handy). The hotel I was staying at had offered me a discounted



Lavoy has died. Ammon needs snacks.



press rate, yet, it was crawling with feds. Worse, it was also infested with bloggers. I don't know which I fear more, men in suits who can put me away in a cell for a small amount of marijuana, or manchildren who have never owned a suit and insist on asking to hit the last of my weed.

The road to the occupation-slashhistorical-marker-slash-storage-unitfor-snow-and-tumbleweeds was a long, snowy path that led to canned press conferences, vehicle checkpoints, outof-state license plates and the occasional

black SUV. A man who was known as "Tarp Guy," sat outside the entrance of the compound with a loaded weapon. The entire scene felt like a state fair that had been taken over by the last remaining moonshine cartel in Texas, yet I had decided it was a good idea to roll in and ask for dildos.

It was at exactly this point that I realized the irony of the situation. After talk-

ing to a dozen or so people, it became clear that no one, from actual (CNN, etc.) to theoretical (Vice) to federal (FBI) correspondents, seemed to know what the hell was going on. Regarding the actual meat and potatoes of the story, the negotiation process regarding the Hammond family charges, seemed to be at the bottom of the "things to ask about at the press conference" list. A box of Native American artifacts was vandalized. Claims surfaced that a Joseph Smithstyle divine intervention was guiding Ammon Bundy. Accusations of white supremacy were tossed at the occasional militia member, until the lady from Good Morning Klamath Falls brought up "arson" and veered the conversation back

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> into tangential semi-relevancy. And, jokes. Goddamn, there were plenty of jokes, memes, hashtags and parody Twitter accounts that surfaced, while a small handful of armed radicals demonstrated

just how easy it is to take over federallyowned land on a whim.

There is something to be said about the balls out, uber-right, "show us the birth certificate, Obama," Donald Trump, nu-country 'Murica that the left wing loves to mock—it is a mirror image of the sensationalist, trend-riding, judgmental, opportunistic, voyeuristic, smug, pretentious America that epitomizes the left wing. I was among a swarm of rabid sharks, self-appointed "journalists" who were as concerned with issues surrounding land ownership, as they would be

> reviewing the plot of a porno. Burns, OR had become a hillbilly minstrel show—a mockery of white America, by another white America, presented through a lens of pseudo-tainment, posing as news reporting.

> What's the difference between a bunch of misinformed hicks asking for snacks from inside a nature preserve and the herd of feral journalists who are bringing them Nature's Preserve granola bars, in hopes that one of the militants will part with a sound bite?

Or dildos?

There's a point in every Portland State University graduate's post-college, smut magazine career in which they have to stop and tell themselves, "Self, you've officially lost your direction and become



part of the problem." There I was, halfway to Idaho, with a box of shitty candy from Grocery Outlet, hoping to pick up a box of dildos from some cowboys, just so I could have a good story for the magazine (and another one for campfires)—possibly involving a small town cop asking to search my vehicle after asking what's wrapped up in the boxes and being told "not heroin," just to watch Barney Miller take apart a few dozen purple plastic dicks on the side of an Eastern Oregon highway while journalists and militants drove by with cameras and guns. Norman Rockwell has never painted anything that American and I'm sure it would be worth whatever jail time I was given, for possessing condom wrappers and pornographic literature that feature "coloreds and ladyfolk."

There was a small interruption in my course of action. Thanks to God's graciousness, I was given a single bar on my smartphone's signal, only to find out that the man upstairs is not so forgiving to ambulance chasers who take leads from guys named "Diablo" in hopes of obtaining fuck toys for strippers—a freezing rain storm was headed for Santiam Pass (my route home).

I had returned to Salem, but I didn't feel like I brought back much that couldn't be provided by another news outlet, so a week later, I decided to head back out to Burns. The standoff appeared to have been dying out. Sev-

eral news outlets had become tired of a non-Waco situation, returning to their respective hubs and leaving behind a few guys in Infowars shirts, lurking around looking for leads. Oh, and a clusterfuck of federal agents, who were just as armed as Tarp Guy, but rolling about three times as deep. What I did not know was that only two hours after my departure to Salem (a five-hour trip from Burns), roads had been closed off. Blockades had been set up on all roads leading to the Malheur Wildlife Preserve, while helicopters circled the area and snipers remained positioned from various posts and treetops.

I was headed into the area, ten miles over the speed limit, after having a dinner of microbrews and free pretzels at a place in Bend that looked like a strip club (but, turned out to be a regular old bar, thus turning my dinner of hops and barley into a larger-than-expected portion).

My cell phone was also on airplane mode, preventing any calls or texts from coming in, while I enjoyed Dogg Pound mp3s at full volume, driving on the edge of "white privilege" and "you ain't from around here, are'ya city boy?" Normally, the voice in the back of my head is going on and on about crap like rent payments and insurance lapses, but it got pretty loud and told me to check my voicemail before driving past that "99 Mileposts / But A

Store Ain't One" section of highway. One bar, ten text messages, all of them saying the same thing: "HEY ARE YOU ALIVE? THEY SHOT TARP GUY. DO NOT GO ANY FURTHER THAN BURNS!"

Apparently, while I was en route to a place that had been declared a kill zone just minutes prior, the feds were able to run a few of the all-star militants off the road. Tarp Guy, "LaVoy," had been lit up like a Christmas tree as he exited the vehicle—first putting his hands in the air, then reaching for his pocket (which, according to video and official report, contained a firearm). Either due to race, mere entertainment. or simple ass-covering for purposes of preventing a press wildfire, the FBI has since made the video of this surprisingly-anticlimactic video public. And, before you ask, yes, there are conspiracy nuts claiming that the man was unarmed (even though he's gone on record as saying that he will "die out (there)" and is "willing to take a bullet.") This is what happens when the Make-A-Wish Foundation gets a letter from a redneck, I guess.

The rest of the posse (Ammon, his brother Daryl, his other brother Daryl, Mamma June, etc.) were arrested and eventually placed in the one facility that is almost guaranteed not to sympathize with Caucasian domestic terrorists from Nevada: Multnomah County Jail. Remember that scene in Kentucky Fried Movie, where they sent

that racist dude to "no, no...not Detroit, anything but Detroit!!!"? I imagine that's how the militia responded to being caged up with a bunch of hippies, thus merging Wall Street and Main Street into a public display of "things occupied by people with grandiose delusions of their ability to change the system."

I narrowly avoided gunfire as well. According to my mileage (and ability to predict how fast I would be able to drive,

news outlets seemed to stop reporting on the Hammond family trial. The animated, meme-ready hillbillies who were demanding snacks, while asking to not be given glitter or plastic black cocks, delivered the content that the news wanted to report on. To hell with the actual issue(s) that regard BLM land ownership, potential uranium deposits (that's a shout-out for my conspiracy theory homies, to be dealt with in anoth-

dents involving Muslim-associated acts of terrorism, urban black youth who are shot at for brandishing the wrong shape of candy bar and white nationalists who don't trust the man, share one common thread—we are in an age where hashtags and buzzwords take priority over actual, legitimate issues concerning real-life, obtainable social change.

Unarmed brown teen gets shot? Report on the most radical incidents associated with the #BlackLivesMatter activists. Arab dude goes crazy and shoots up a movie theater? Better turn it into a debate regarding the rights of folks in trailer parks to own guns (bonus points for bringing up Obama's birth certificate in the discussion). Legitimate, age-of-Orwell, semi-apocalyptic implications regarding a central government's abil-



when not distracted by Dutch Bros. coffee carts every twenty miles), I would have been pulling up the exact same stretch of road at about the same time as the live finale of "Cowboys and Feds" was being filmed for Survivor: Oregon Trail Edition. The driver's side of my vehicle has a gigantic crack from being hit by a rock and a few days after returning home from this adventure, I was pulled over because my license and insurance were expired (unbeknownst to me). The vehicle that was run off the road by the feds? It was not registered to the owner and had been spotted on radar from an aerial view of the roads surrounding the compound. Call me paranoid, or point out the fact that I keep an Old English embroidered Compton hat in the rear window of my ride, but I wouldn't have been given any sort of pass by the gunwielding, fed up (no pun intended, but definitely not retracted) officials.

What I did gain from the aftermath, on the other hand, was invaluable to the purpose of this article. As soon as Tarp Dude was gunned down, all the er article), logging laws that govern an area completely void of trees or Native American tribes indigenous to the area (but, who have not been allocated their share of the land).

Another "journalist" and I discussed how the incident would have been reported on differently if a group of black teens or adult Muslims had taken over a wildlife preserve in order to draw attention to their concerns. First, we both agreed that gunfire would have occurred (on behalf of local authorities) within hours, not weeks, of the occupation. Secondly, after a few bowls of "holy fuck, I'm glad you actually brought" weed, we both came to the realization that inci-

ity to claim ownership of four-fifths of the western half of our country? Better turn it into a story about snacks and dildos. And, because I chose to do just that, you, the reader, will walk away from this knowing nothing about how to put out lightning with gasoline.

However, I got these granola bars, if anyone wants to come watch some porn.

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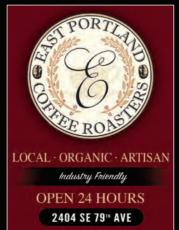
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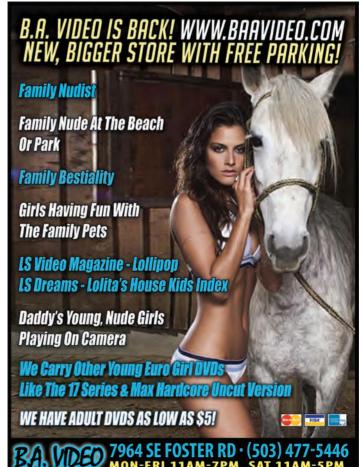














Your bags are packed with all your finest costumes, glitter and makeup needed to look fabulous on stage, in this new city you'll be traveling to. But, rather than prepare for the best, you prepare for the worst.

We all know Portland is a hot spot for strip clubs, burlesque shows, live music and circus arts, but the

basis of comparison can truly be shown by someone who has actually traveled the world, performed in 6 countries and has seen the nitty gritty side of being a traveling performer, such as yours truly. As many places as I've been and all the

stages and clubs that I've challenged as a fire artist and roller skater, there's really no place like home, here in Portland. We really do have something unique in this city of roses and it's not just the abundance of clubs and perverts who live here—it's that our city welcomes this freak show to the point that many of us can actually make a

living doing it. This is a luxury that I took for granted
until 2006, when I began performing internationally. We aren't
always blessed with
great stages, coherent DJs,
fancy lighting and an audience

that will receive us with thrills—let's ust save that for our fantasies.

There are a number of new burlesque entertainers emerging from this city, so I hope this reaches out to you in a helpful way. Let's go down a list of things that have been taken for granted, including a few tips to help you survive your first out-of-town burlesque show.

STAGES:

Some of the problems we face with stages, are that they can either be too slippery or too rugged. No one wants their high heel to slide around or get a sliver in their ass when they fall over the loose seam of an uneven stage. Most of the venues that host burlesque events, are usually the same stages.

that will have rock and roll shows with music equipment being dragged over it the rest of the week. You gotta be able to play tough on your feet, if you're going to survive some of the stages you'll be dancing on—and, if you do fuck up, you do it with poise and maybe even a little humor. I mean, the audience is going to laugh if you fall on your ass, so you might as well too.

Do: Act Confident Don't: Complain

DJS AND LIGHT TECHNICIANS:

Walking into a club and talking with the resident DJ or lighting guy about your show, doesn't always pan out too well, but some of these crew members are quite great to work with. Remember, you're in their club, and no matter who you are and what you do, they've been there longer and do it better than you. Rather than assume they know who you are, simply introduce yourself first. I find it's best to keep conversations with these personalities to an

absolute minimum. If your show requires a lot, then write it down and be kind when you hand your details over to them. Let them think they are the ones in charge and everything will be peachy-fucking keen.

Do: Make Requests
Don't: Make Demands

GREEN ROOMS:

There's nothing like entering a dressing room with 10 or more performers, to find that every nook and cranny of the shoebox-sized room is being occupied by open luggage, spilling out costumes that you must not touch. They are expensive and you do not interfere with the delicacy of the outfit, even though it might be put together with hot glue and plastic rhinestones.

Chances are, all of the girls already know each other and you're the fish out of water. You may be a big fish in your hometown, but here you're swimming in a new pond of sequin and feathers.

Here's some advice—arrive with your hair and makeup already done, so you don't have to excuse yourself for a little mirror room. Be kind to the other ladies and introduce yourself with a smile and handshake to show good sportsmanship and professionalism. If the dressing room is crowded and you're just looking for a place to hang out, then try the club—those are your new fans.

Do: Be Kind Don't: Gossip

AUDIENCE:

They came all this way to see you...yes, you! They paid money to be there and expect a good show, so why not exceed their expectations and walk away with their hearts. By now, you're an established entertainer and have shown that to your home city, so now it's time to show it to them. If anyone is going to give you honest feedback that what you're doing is fabulous (or not), it's going to be your audience. Dance and mingle, be flirty and approachable and beyond those admirable qualities, keep your ego at a minimum. No one wants that kind of shit during a show that's supposed to be playful.

Do: Make Connections Don't: Ignore Them

Remember ladies, the world of burlesque involves many elements, such as personal expression, beauty, comedy, athleticism and even horror. Open your mind to the world in which you live in, love your fellow entertainers and be received with cheers of joy—for the finest entertainers I've ever met, have been just as lovely offstage as they are onstage. So, ask yourself...what type of burlesque entertainer do you want to be?











2012-2016

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