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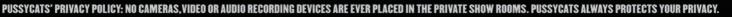
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FEATURES



SEX & COMEDY

broken dicks 'n' peanut butter licks page 22 by wednesday weiss



HUMOR IN THE NUDE the raw history of sex & satire page 43 by ray mcmillin



GONZO FAUX CLOWN PORN A naughty carnal carnival

page 46 by bj mcnaughty

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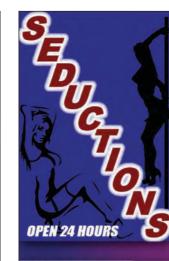
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BY RAY MCMILLIN Strip Club Shenanigans

I like to think of myself as a professional DJ. If hired, my promise to the club owner is "on time or sober," much like the late, great Nancy Reagan's husband used to say. This is why I'm working a day job doing websites and photography, begging for shifts from the one or two clubs that will still let me work there.

TALES FROM

However, I do earn a substantial portion of my income from a trade known as "comedy." Stand-up in the Northwest is often associated with quirky, intelligent, progressive, alternative types—none of whom, want me anywhere near their showcases. Thus, I've obtained most of my on-the-job training from a decade of being given way too much power. This power came in the form of a microphone, a DJ booth and eight hours per night, during which time I had to entertain myself without getting an erection. They say laughter is the best medicine and since drugs aren't technically allowed in the club, it's the best thing to get a bored DJ through his or her shift. That, and parking lot weed...but, that's another column.

Here are some tips for incorporating humor into a shift at the strip club. Written from a DJ's perspective, dancers and bartenders can also co-opt some of these strategies for on-shift entertainment.

Avoid the Obvious

Parody songs typically have the same cringe-inducing effect at strip clubs as they do at karaoke bars. Much like a parody of a parody cancels out the original funniness and circles back into unfunny territory again, most DJs fail in attempting to derive additional humor from something that's already supposed to be funny.

On the other hand, humor that results from a song, or a theme, that isn't supposed to be funny, is almost always a surefire bet. Making a stripper dance to "Amish Paradise" will result in a few seconds of laughter, before the rack empties, save for an annoying white kid in a fedora. Instead, put the skinniest, geekiest dancer onstage and play "Gangsta's Paradise" by Coolio. Within a minute, everyone in the club will be singing the sweaty bald dude's part and no one has to listen to a nasally white guy rap (save for maybe the DJ and a few customers)

Go Meta

Another favorite of mine is the subtle metaset. Take, for instance, the movie Showgirls. It has a kickass soundtrack (one that features My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult, illustrating where the movie's budget went) and a handful of quotable dialogue bombs that can easily be incorporated into a mic announcement, without turning any heads. "She's not a stripper, she's a *dancer.*" If you're looking to get super meta, follow a Showgirls song with "I'm So Excited" and encourage your dancer to freak out, like she just ran out of caffeine pills. If any of you reading this are lost, the same actress who played Nomi in Showgirls, also played Uncle Jessie in the episode of Full House where Uncle Joey gets strung out on caffeine pills and drops N-bombs at an open mic. Trust me on this.

Additional meta-goodness can be extracted from semi-inappropriate pop cultural references. On their own, there is nothing weird about the songs "American Girl" or "Goodbye Horses", nor is there anything wrong with leaving a note in the dressing room, telling dancers to keep all body lotions in the designated basket. It's even more rewarding to wait for one of those dollar-teasing hipster assholes to wave his bill in front of the dancer onstage like a dog treat, allowing you to grab the mic and tell him or her to "put the fucking dollar in the stage basket for Precious!"

Get Weird

For the truly talented (read: tenaciously devoted to bad humor), a subtle-but-groaninducing three or four song set can be constructed using the following songs: "Rocket Queen" by G N' R, "Turn the Page" by Bob Seger (don't even think about playing that nu-metal cover), "Rock You Like A Hurricane" by the Scorpions and, if necessary for a fourth song, keep the Scorpions in rotation with "Send Me An Angel" (make sure it's not the song from *Rad* by Bandname Forgotten). What this results in, is about five continuous minutes of someone screaming "here I am." After the rotation, you can just grab the mic and say, "There she is, guys! There. She. Is." I call this my "positioning-statement set," and most strippers (or customers) don't even notice until it's too late.

If you're looking for a new job or don't care about the club you currently work at, I'd suggest playing the "about to snap" game. This works for DJs, as well as dancers, bouncers, bartenders and, often unintentionally, booking agents. Here's an example of what I'm talking about, from the perspective of a disc jockey:

"Okay guys, let's hear it for Destiny. I mean, she really should be going by Circumstance. I don't think God's plan for her was to be on that pole, dancing for your entertainment, but what hell, here's a song about The Holocaust by Slayer."

Next song:

"Two more to go, folks. Make sure you tip your waitress Crystal. I mean, give her money, not actual crystal. Sure, she'll probably spend it on meth, but are you watching that woman work? She buses those empty drinks like they were black kids in the 1960s. Way to go, Crystal, let's hope you make it to 25."

Third, and possibly final, announcement of your DJ career:

"Time for a private dance, guys. It costs about a third of what it would take to cover dinner and a movie with a girl you can legally touch, but if you get the right dancer, you can come back in nine months and see if you left a mark."

Hire Me For A Shift

Unrelated, if anyone is looking to get DJ shifts covered in their club, I'm wide open.

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Sex and comedy go together like...well... like sex and anything. Sex is an infinite comedic well to draw from, because as long as people are getting naked and mashing their genitals against people/things, they will find ways to do it wrong. I am a purveyor of nude arts at Lucky Devil Lounge, as well as a purveyor of fine dick jokes wherever a comedy club or bar will have me, and I consider sex and sex work to be my first and foremost comedic inspiration. My muse. The Hitachi to my joke pussy. Allow me to share with you a few tales from my vault.

To give you guys a rundown of my credentials as a sex worker, here's a bit of info about me. I have done a fem-dom porn, foot worship, CBT or cock and ball torture (involves a lot of ball punchinga job with a very high satisfaction rate), a lot of camming, some sexual favoring, dirty talking, female domination wrestling and more. If you're curious about how female domination wrestling goes, it's just like other sports—you get points for putting things in holes. Also, like sports, the winner fucks the loser with a strap-on. Okay, I don't know how sports work, but I can tell you, as a sub at heart, I lost...a lot!

I remember when I started having sex and found out you could be an escort. I thought, "WHAT THE HELL IS EVERYONE ELSE DOING? WHY IS ANYONE GOING TO COLLEGE? DID YOU KNOW YOU COULD HAVE SEX FOR MON-EY?!" But, as we all know, there's a lot of stigma and potential danger that goes with being an escort. So I guess what I'm saying is thank you, patriarchy, for ruining my childhood dreams of becoming a prostitute.

At one point, I started to realize that I was attracted to women. A lot of queer women (especially invisible femmes) can tell you that there is a type of girl who will act like she likes to have sex with women in front of straight men, because lesbians are so hawt. When I was younger, I met a girl like that. We're going to call her Becca, because that's her fucking name. Becca would flirt with me in front of our male friends, but nowhere else, and I gotta tell you guys, that is confusing as hell to a horny 13-year old. It came to be, however, that I convinced Becca to lick peanut butter off of my pussy. Like a dog. The time came to do the deed and all Becca could do was laugh at and around my peanut butter-slathered panty hamster. All I wanted, was for her to hurry up and lick it off, before my mom walked in to find me handing out my pussy like a free school lunch (peanut butter sandwich, for the moneyed folks' information). I don't know if you guys have ever washed peanut butter off of your unwanted genitals, but it's hurtful. The moral of that story is, that if someone needs to put a topping on your pussy to eat it...well, they don't fucking like eating pussy.

As I said before, I'm a stripper currently (come see me Sunday and Monday nights at Lucky Devil Lounge!!!) and I have to tell you guys The Story Of The Man That Showed Me His Penis In The Lap Dance Room. This was when I first started stripping, and to this day, it's the only penis I've ever seen at work (knock on wood), which I deserve a plaque for. The man who pulled his penis out during a dance asked me, "Do you want to touch it?" I was considering his offer... thinking about how in our society, women's' bodies are commodities, bought, sold, traded, desired. All too often, no one wants a man's body it seems! What a sad thing. What if I wanted this guy's body, huh? Do I? And, while I was waxing philosophical, he told me, "Your tits are so much hotter than my sister's." Hmmmmm, NOPE, I don't want to touch it. And, I'll tell you guys why not (in case you're wondering, because you're fucking weird). I don't want to live up to that sexual expectation! It's unfair to me! What if we started dating? I'll never cook like his mom and I'll never live up to ol'sis' down-home handjobs.

I learned from a customer that works in the ER, just how very common it is that men accidently fall onto dildos! And, wouldn't you know it, those rascally little anal homing torpedoes find their way shoved up men's digestive tracts quicker than Amber Rose can say "fingers-in-the-bootyass bitch." In fact, it isn't just dildos that miraculously find their way up men's totally non-queer*, exit-only poopholes. Flashlights, jars, tampons, barbecue tongs (some of which he showed me the x-rays of!) to name a few. One man came in asking if they could remove a mechanical pencil from his dickhole. A word of advice to the readers at home who want to put things in their butts or urethras: a flared base is your friend! Butts WILL swallow things! Don't let go of your sounding device! It will schloop straight down your dickhole. Also, make sure you lube it up, so it's easy to slide out. As my friend in the ER told me, "People don't understand that orifices are like Chinese finger traps."

Once upon a time, a wee Wednesday Weiss, with a penchant for older men, hopped on her college teacher's dick in a hotel room. They did it and they did it, and they did it some more. When all was said and done, Teacher asked



Wednesday to look at his dick. "Does....does this look weird to you?" he asked. "Yes...

...but I think there's also something wrong with your weird dick. I think you need to go to the hospital." And, weird it was, for Teacher's dick was blue and swollen and kind of looked like a dead baby seal. So,Teacher's wife took him to the hospital, where they were informed that Teacher broke his dick! Yes, you can do that! According to Teacher's Wife, the medical diagnosis was, "YOU BROKE YOUR DICK OFF IN SOME GIRL?!" And, I say unto you, dear reader, that Wednesday was not merely "some girl," but Teacher's best student and didn't HAVE to fuck him to ace all his classes—she CHOSE to fuck him AFTER she aced all his classes. So, suck on that, lady!

And that, dears, is a drop from the ocean of the ridiculous, the weird and the funny that sex has to offer. Until next time!

*the author would like to note, that you don't HAVE to be queer to like something up your butt.

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Marijuana makes everything funny. If you've ever broken the silence in a theater by laughing at the wrong part of Sophie's Choice, simply because Meryl Streep looks like an ostrich when she cries, you know what it's like to experience the warmth of inappropriate laughter. Because it's not always icy outside the Goodwill, public entertainment at the expense of others may be in limited supply. Fear not, dank reader, as Ray has you covered with this short-but-adequate list of cheap laughs to experience while high.

DEMOLITION DERBIES

There is a term used in comedy called "punching down," which refers to the frowned-upon act of making fun of anyone who isn't white, male or Republican. Fortunately for those of us who enjoy taking cheap shots at easy targets, demolition

derbies appeal strictly to these demographics. If you took an average crowd of Walmart customers, shot them up with a concentrated dose of 'Murica, forced them to breed among themselves in captivity, then let them loose in an off-season

state fair arena, they would end up inventing the demolition derby on their own instinct.

One time in middle school, my buddy Jared and I put our friend Jake in the trunk, smoked all of Jake's weed and drove to a demolition derby in Salem (a genuine, two-Walmart-Having, Looney-Toons-tattoo, sparkle-butt-jeans-wearing, white trash town). At one point, while dipping crappy popcorn into pre-packaged nacho cheese, Jar-

ed leans toward me and says, "Dude, look around. We are literally better than everyone else here." For a kid who grew up getting a toy for Christmas and the batteries on my birthday, it was a warm, hot-tub-like feeling to soak in the newly-acquired elitism obtained from watch-

ing mullet-laden white trash grinning toothless smiles, all while watching tractors have angry sex.

OPEN MIC COMEDY NIGHTS

Professional stand-up comedy is often intentionally funny, save for the half-assery that tends to dominate festivals or local road comics whose credits outweigh their talents. Open mic nights, on the other hand, are a bizarre mixture of Alcoholics Anonymous meetings, evangelical church sermons, grade school talent shows and university safe spaces. For one, there is an audible lack of laughs at open mics. This occurs because no one

laughs if the jokes aren't funny and no one laughs if the jokes are funny because the audience is comprised of other comedians, most of whom don't feel anything aside from jealousy, when they hear another comic tell a good joke. I can't think of a better place to show up, high as hell, with the sole intention of being the only person laughing (and, not get dirty looks).

Another perk of open mic nights, is that you can, in most circumstances, get onstage. Portland is proof that you don't have to be funny, simply because you call yourself a comic. Quite the con-

> trary. The Rose City is a mecca for underachievers, many of whom mask their inability to generate laughter under the guise of being "long-form" or "alternative." If you're so high that you can barely keep your eyes open, you won't have a chance to see the faces in the audience, which are

already obscured by stage lighting or complete lack thereof. Step up to the mic, recite the recipe to chocolate chip cookies, start crying halfway through and let the time limit run out, while the audience watches in horror. Tears will easily blend with laughter, should you not be able to hold it in and unless you want to spend your life writing for porn mags (and driving to places like Twin Sheets, ID for a hundred and fifty bucks a night), you're not gonna need any friends in the comedy scene.

BINGO HALLS

I guarantee, if you're reading this column and have access to pot, you will be the youngest person in any bingo hall that you choose to patronize. Even on a weekend night, bingo halls are

full of old ladies in funeral-home-sea-green pants, drunk on ginger ale, smoking Lucky Strikes, while ashing them onto oxygen tanks. Bingo is technically just gambling, but there is much more to the game than the basic rat-pedal reinforcement associated with slot machines and blackjack. Not only do you get to use multi-colored markers with thick tips to fill out grids on little pieces of paper, but you can yell out "Bingo" whenever you want, completely fucking up the vibe of the whole room. In some cases, if you do this multiple times, a lady named Grace, who has Alzheimer's, will ask you to leave. All you gotta do to get around this chick is walk to the door, buy some new bingo swag and then sit back down at another table. Grace's pacemaker acts up when she gets stressed out, so if she continues to cramp your style, just startle her with a loud noise, and watch her bingo winnings in-

stantly trickle into her grandkid's trust fund.

NICE RESTAURANTS (ALONE)

There is something truly rewarding about treating yourself to a nice plate of Italian food, while listening to couples make

forced small talk about their interests. I discovered this by accident, one night while walking around downtown Salem after two and a half blunts. My stomach was demanding Italian food, and the only place I trust, Christo's, is also a popular spot for dates. Being habitually single, I've learned that dinner for two at Del Taco is the same price as dinner for Ray at a nice restaurant. After waiting guite some time, my waitress came by and asked me if I wanted to order before "the rest of the party arrived." I responded with a very direct clarification, "Nah, I'm just taking myself on a date." Instantly, the young and attractive woman giggled in a defensive manner, asked what I wanted to order, and hooked it up in a matter of milliseconds. The coffee ended up being free, as did the chicken I added to the pasta. Whether because of pity, or simply to make up for the extensive wait, I continued to receive visits from the waitress, the coffee was upgraded to espresso and I didn't even have to put out at the end of the date. All the while, I was able to laugh to myself, while eavesdropping on the various conversations being held by bad first dates at other tables. No. Chad, the Dave Matthews Band doesn't count as "blues," but listening to you explain their "early stuff" to the girl you met on Tinder, is making this fettucini taste amazing.



TALESFROMTHEDJBOOTH.COM







DIGS SLAPPING BY ALEX RIDS

So, we walk in and start looking at all the dicks. I have no idea why I'm looking at rubber dicks with two people that are in love... but, I was. So, I decided to treat love the way I normally do and walk away from it.

I started looking at my own rubber dicks, fists and dick cages. My dick isn't a bird—it needs to fly free. Then, I saw a neon sign on the wall that said "Arcade." I knew it didn't mean "Street Fighter" arcade, but, like, "Jack Shack Arcade." Yeah, like two grown humans tugging it out. There was a doorway with beads, but not like hippie beads—they looked like a bunch of metal ball necklaces

that people wore in the 90s. It looked like a pervy Limp Bizkit music video. I was like, "I'm drunk, let's have a science experiment." I started walking through the curtain and I think to myself, "I'm drunk enough to do this... right?"

There was a fog machine, red light and a strobe light—it was like a gay haunted house! Then, I see the jack shacks. Only, they're more like stalls.

You can see over and under them—high socks, cankles and flip flops (that's gross)!

I walk into an open one and the first thing I see is one sad, lonely, blank TV with a slot for a dollar. I put a dollar in and a bunch of dicks popped up! It looked like a bunch of old men angrily cross country skiing (and they were mad)! I started to scream, laughed and thought, "I gotta go!"

Then, I saw one sad, lonely glory hole, but it was nice. It wasn't all rusty and chiseled out with a butter knife. It was shiny and new...it was beautiful. What comes out of there?!... YUP! THE BIGGEST DICK IN THE WHOLE WORLD! IT JUST CAME SCREAM-ING THROUGH THERE, LIKE IT WAS BLOW-ING THROUGH A RED LIGHT...LIKE, "FUCK DA POLICE!" It was like sixteen of my dicks. It was very much the BIGGEST dick/thing I've I started thinking, "That's a lot of trust... you don't know me! I could be a monster snipping them off, putting them in the basket with the others, doing an arts-and-crafts project when I get home, with green macaroni and dicks on a paper plate!"

I wanted to do something for the guy. I wanted to suck it, fuck it, read it bedtime stories and say a prayer with it. So, I did the only thing I could think to do. I looked at it, scream-laughed and SLAPPED IT! It bounced up and down like one of those door stoppers in your house—it was like a perverted game of whack-a-mole. Then,

> time and space slowed down. It was like a nightmare of spinning, snapping dicks with razor sharp teeth. I thought to myself, "I don't have health insurance, FUCK YOU DAD!"

> I went screaming through the Limp Bizkit beads to find my friends. "HEY! YOU TWO! REMEMBER ME?!...WE GOTTA GO! THE-RE'S SPOOKY SHIT GOING ON! THERE'S DICKS COM-ING OUTTA WALLS!"

I never saw those two people ever again!

ever seen. It was like a magician's scarf trick: "Look at all the purples!" And, it just kept coming! The wall between this person and me was about three inches thick, so there was *that much more dick* that I wasn't able to see!





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After nearly two decades as writer and editor to an advertiser-supported free magazine, I've learned one very important thing—it's only funny until your joke offends a paying client and we find our rack in the dumpster. So, when we decided to lock and load the comedy issue, I decided to publish some of the

most slanderous shit about strip clubs we've ever had the cojones to put in print with real-life customer reviews even! And, not one g od d a m n e d one of you has

anything to worry about. You see, every single thing in this episode of Strip City takes place in horrible places like Las Vegas, Paris, Detroit and New York. And now, thanks to the Internet, slander-engines like Yelp make millions off a free app—so some pussy can hide behind a Yelp review, 'cause the guy got tossed out of Stinky's in the Bronx for whipping his dick out during Fattimama's billiard ball-torture show. Okay, I made that one up, but the following "real-true" sto-

ries are not my own. I found them on Yelp, Reddit, Google and other completely, "reliable" sources of misinformation.

To start, I have to award the following statement (reviewing Florida's *Booby Trap*) as the best 5-star strip club review my eyes have ever had the pleasure of reading.

"I saw men act like chimps smacking asses like forest fires. I felt like I was the wolf from those Tex Avery cartoons."

Review after review, seemed to do nothing but perpetuate the troll-logic that absorbs the Internet. But, when you're reading about strip club reviews, you'll find them much more entertaining than say, someone complaining about how, "...the Panera drive-thru in the gas station parking lot has gone downhill, since they discontinued their gluten-free feta and pine sap artisan loaf."

Even though none of these reviews apply to any of our own clubs, ('cause we're fucking awesome) I chose not to attach the club's names to the individual reviews. But, most of them had some

pretty awesome strip club names as well, so I'll tell you the names first, and if you wanna figure out which review went to which club, I can't stop you. But really, you should probably get a life. These following reviews

were spawned on the stages and private dance rooms of Cheater's Gentlemen's Club, The Fluffy Cougar, Chix on Dix (Blvd.), Pink Oyster Cult, Big Tits Erotic Restaurant & Private Shows, The Fuzzy Clam, Looney Poons, The Lumberyard (Where Real Men Go For Wood), Areola 51, The Cockring, The Upright Donkey, Crusin' Chubbies, Leave It To Beavers, Fuzzy Holes, and the most truly amazing and disturbing of them all, Cherry's Sexual Harassment Pub in Japan. Cher-



ry's is one, amongst many clubs, exploiting a new trend of stripper-humiliation showclubs, where patrons can enjoy the "relaxation" of harassing and molesting cosplay cuties in fantasy environments such as the office or subway.

Boston, MA - 5-stars

Ever walked into a bathroom to catch your grandma stepping out of the shower?

Never ask a fiery Nicaraguan to tip a stripper, lest ye be subjected to a fullnude lap dance that ends with blown kisses and a "God bless you."

All kinds of the rightest wrong.

Los Angeles, CA – 1-star

Within the first minute of sitting down, two nasty chicks (one with a great body, but with Lionel Richie's face the other a short fat Panzer tank) attacked us. I kept mine at bay with conversation, but my friend was attacked by the fatty who kept trying to sit on him, then claimed it was a lap dance and that he owed her \$20. My friend who was drunk claimed that he was raped and refused to pay. I paid her so she wouldn't call security.

Brooklyn, NY – 5-stars

If you like seeing boobs under a blacklight shaking to Guns N' Roses, while you sip corny drinks look no further. This place is the strip club equivalent of that weird girl that your older brother dated once who said scary things about huffing Lysol, yet still kind of gave you a boner. Then he dumped her and everyone was re-

> lieved, but you still fantasized about the time you saw her drinking malt liquor and sunbathing in a confederate flag bikini.

And now, for the best Yelp strip club review of all time....

Brooklyn NY – 5-stars

I could lie.

Put the blame on peer pressure, excessive drinking and raw hedonism.

I could say I do it for my buddies, but I don't enjoy it myself.

There's an element of truth in the above.

But, there is one primary reason I go to strip clubs:



FOR HUMANITY

From all over the country, all over the world, faced with the cost of living in one of the world's most expensive cities, become exotic dancers, being naked, being judged, lusted after and loathed, in many cases hiding the truth from family and friends—all in pursuit of their American dream.

Not an easy life.

As a caring human, how can I not help?

What would any good citizen do?

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

We hope you've enjoyed these reviews. Be thankful that you live in the most amazingly-spoiled, self-entitled location in the US of A, Portland-mother-fuckin' Oregon, but goddamn it, we sure do have some awesome strippers don't we?



Until next time my friends. And, don't forget to check out our uncensored content on our Etsy store, give us a great Yelp review and like us on TwitinderGramFaceGrndrrr. You can always check out our online presence at XMag. com. To celebrate the comedy issue, we've restyled our website to look just like it did way back in 1995, its retrodiculous.

stripcity spotlight

WED 6 - STARS CABARET (BEAVERTON) - MASTERS KICKOFF PARTY

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SAT 16 – CHEETAHS CABARET DJ DICK HENNESSY'S 4TH ANNUAL BOTTOMLESS PARTY

> SAT 16 & SUN 17 – TORCHED ILLUSIONS PRE-420 DEMO WITH MEET & GREET

> SUN 17 – CLUB ROUGE – THE 1ST ANNUAL MISS NUDE OREGON CONTEST

THU 21 – MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB POLEROTICA 2016 QUALIFIER ROUND I

FRI 22 – NICOLAI ST. CLUBHOUSE DJ DICK HENNESSY PRESENTS PORTLAND'S FIRST STRIP CLUB CARNIVAL

FRI 22 – TOMMY'S TOO – PADDLE ME IPA PARTY

SAT 23 – THE NEW HAWTHORNE STRIP FATIMA & KATJA'S LISA FRANK BIRTHDAY PARTY

SAT 23 – DIVA'S SPIRITS & GRILL (SALEM) 805 ROCK & ROLL PARTY

THU 28 – KIT KAT CLUB POLEROTICA 2016 QUALIFIER ROUND II

THU 28 – MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB ROCK NIGHT SPONSORED BY 105.9 THE BREW

FRI 29 – THE RUNWAY – DJ DICK HENNESSY'S 3RD ANNUAL MISS T&A CONTEST

FRI 29 – SKINN – BEST INK CONTEST

FRI 29 & 30 – THE SUNSET STRIP XXX SUPERSTAR JOANNA ANGEL

SAT 30 – ROCK HARD PDX – THE BULLET BOYS

SAT 30 – STARS CABARET (SALEM) GOOD KITTY VS. BAD KITTY PARTY

EXOTICPINUP2016 APRIL







THE ART OF THE DANCE WITH MISS EXOTIC OREGON 2016 *Nizia Dakini* ADVENTURES IN FINLAND

Finnish people are shy in nature, but when it's time to go out and party, they really let loose...sometimes, too loose. Like many countries around the world, the drinking age is 18. Usually, in my experience, drunken youth can best be described by using the words sloppy, sweaty and grabby. I quite enjoy taking a mingle around the crowd after a show. However, after 5 minutes of being closely breathed on in the hazy crowd, I reached my limit and had to take a discreet retreat into the green room, where I could shed the layers of sequined clothing and pull the thong out of my butt crack.

As an entertainer who has been taking the stage multiple times a week for 15 years, most of my performances have made their way into a Rolodex of memories. Yet, there are a few that are simply unforgettable and must be shared with the world. This is the story of the most bizarre performance I've ever been a part of. It happened in Finland, while performing at Turkkusex in 2012.

Turkkusex is a long-running sex convention, that's the largest of its kind in Scandinavia. It's held in a huge arena and features erotic performers from all over the world and pornstars such as Tera Patrick and Jesse Jane, as well as local celebrities, both male and female. Over a dozen of Portland's exotic entertainers had come to join this event with me. During this three-day party, we would take the stage and show off our finest skills of the stripping trade, to give the best representation of the greatness that is Portland entertainment.

On the third and final night, a Finnish band, Turmion Kätilöt, would be playing while each of the performers would do a solo act to a song or two. Before the band started, I was approached by a local fetish pornstar named Igor. He was an older gentleman, who wanted me to do a fire show on stage during his performance. Igor said to me, "I will be up there sitting on my knees, with one woman on each side of me." He raised his fists into the air and described, "I will be fisting them and I want you to come over us and blow fire into the air over our heads". Without hesitation, I accepted his proposal. I was thrilled! This must be captured on film!

As the time came for us to take the stage, I let loor and his two women take the lead and watched them walk onto the runway that extended out from the stage. As I came to join them, I realized the runway was too small of an area for me to blow fireballs over them and the excess fuel would have dripped down, causing a hazard. My focus at the time, was to safely blow fire without imposing on anyone else's performance. With a thick crowd bellied up to the perimeter, I decided to do my show back on the main part of the stage with the band. The singer of the band had decided to do his first body suspension ever, while on stage and singing throughout the entire set. He hung above me, sometimes writhing around and every once in a while I threw some horns and stuck my tongue out at the other band members, as if to say, "This fucking rocks!"

In my head, I was imagining what was happening on the runway in front of me, but not paying too much attention. When the song was over, I walked backstage. Following behind me was Igor, who excitedly approached while wiping his hands off, gave me a huge hug and said, "Thank you." I was a bit disgusted, yet smiled and said, "You're welcome."

I was so eager to watch the video right away. Show me, show me!!! When my Portland friends came up to me with their "What the fuck?" expressions, I didn't quite understand why, until I watched the video. This is what really happened...

As I took my post on the stage with the band, a display of bodily fluids were about

to grace the audience in front of me. After Igor walked on stage with the two ladies, one of them (a larger, Rubenesque-bodied woman) layed down on the ground in front of him. Igor fisted this woman for a good few minutes until he released his hand from her vagina, as she squirted a fountain shooting about four feet out of her. With pride and success, Igor threw his fists into the air with a maniacal scream. The second woman was now ready for him. She lifted her skirt and hobbled over his head, which was tilted back with his mouth wide open, as she began to piss in his mouth. As his mouth filled with her urine, he would spit it into the air, waving his head back and forth, while it sprayed across the audience, with the same pride he had produced with the previous woman's fluids. Igor was spitting her piss with the same force I was using to blow fire.

To finish their performance, two men wearing long faux-fur trench coats walked up onto the stage and began pissing on the large woman's chest. The stage was wet and slippery, by the time they were finished. One thing I did find funny in the video, is that the audience members who were directly in front of them, didn't seem to notice they were being sprayed with piss. No one moved or stepped back to get away. Perhaps, these were the same oblivious 18-year-olds who were so drunk, they never even took notice.

I've been doing fetish events for over a decade. I've seen genital torture, bruises from heavy paddling, participated in piercing rituals and witnessed bloody assholes from being fucked too hard. Though none of this comes as a shock to me, it's something to say that I've been a part of a culture that the general public doesn't have the stomach to even talk about. We live in a world where "normal" is to be defined and explored by the individual. Regardless of our upbringing, as adults, we are allowed to seek out those who share our similar interests. So, what's your fetish? Have you ever thought long enough to discover those seemingly-strange triggers that stimulate you in a sexual way? Or, are you the innocent bystander-getting piss all over you?





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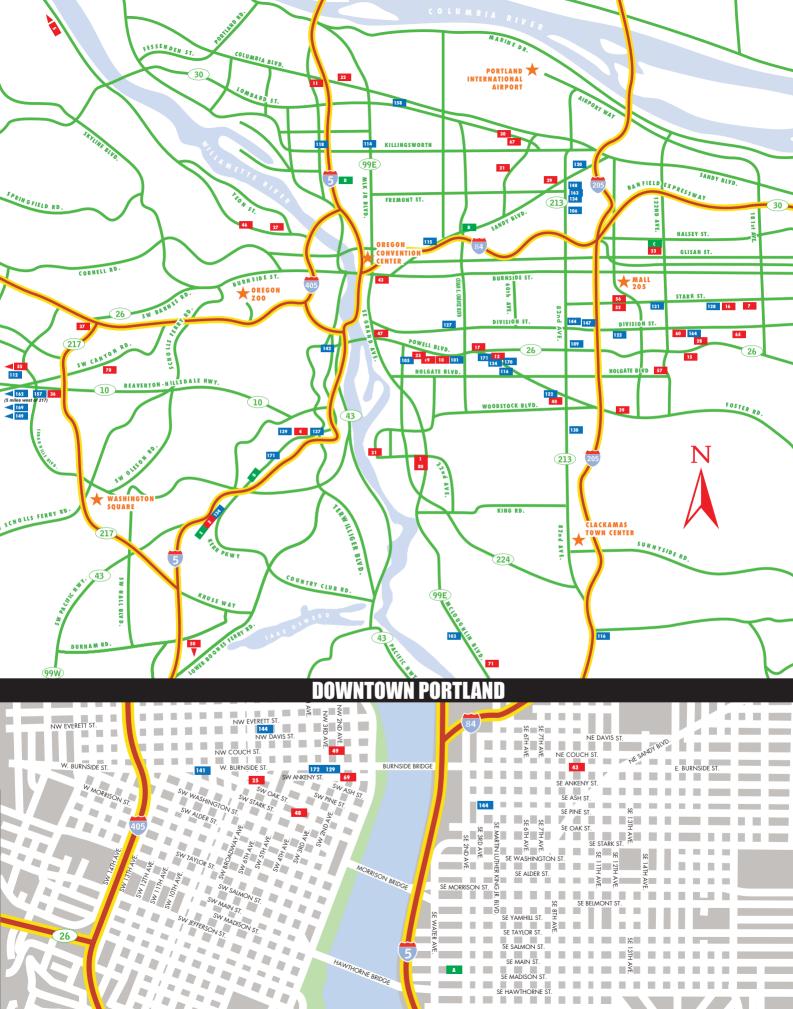
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Dwight Dickinson's Dwight Church at some point). However, even if you were to annex Portland from any and all cultural contribution to the rest of the nation (which, not surprisingly, is a buck-

et list item for surrounding states and certain parts of Central Oregon), the relationship between "Live Nude Women!" and "Professional Attention-Seeking Humorists!" is one that goes back much farther than any bit about strippers having daddy issues (...am I right? And, what is with the warning labels on airline food?!).

Burlesque was born out of the overlap between humor and adult entertainment. The art of the "tease," although currently associated more with the literal definition of the word (slowly revealing parts of one's body), was historically incorporated as a sassy, semi-comedic performance. Think of modern day drag show hosts and the way they roast their audience members. In ye olden times, like those seen in the newspaper clippings that adorn the restroom wall in the Kit Kat Club, burlesque performers would engage in the now-classic cus-

A BRIEF HISTORY OF HUMOR IN THE NUDI

about heel, shoulder, heel, shoulder, labia twerk, ass twiddle, "What's your

BRAN

The visual of a stripper draping her customer's neck with a boa, before pulling him or her in toward her chest, while giving the Betty Boop face to the ceiling, is born of the burlesque era. The show being given, although "erotic" in the "no town of mine is going to lift the dancing ban as long as I'm sheriff" sense of the word, the performance was less for titillation

and more for the audience as a whole. Watching a stripper at a traditional, 2016, "friction allowed" club, as she grinds on some other person like she's trying to coat their tie with a thin layer of god knows what, is not as light-hearted as, say, a traditional burlesque performance that opts for a light slap and a wink (instead of a race to the "Is this legal in Oregon?" finish line).

Bunlesque

BY RAY MCMILLIN

Speaking of humor, the joke about the difference between a stripper and a burlesque dancer being a matter of pounds, aside from being hackney and unfunny, holds a shred of truth (but,



from a non-demeaning origin). At one point during World War II, it was considered unfashionable to look like a sick dog, when given the option of food and a healthy lifestyle. I'm not referring to the Millenial-era Orwellian doublespeak regarding morbid obesity as a sign of beauty, but rather, the notion that a woman whose ribs don't show through her tank top is actually attractive. Of

course, there have been amazing plus-sized burlesque (and other variety) performers that are undoubtedly worthy of praise, but I'm focusing here on the general standard of beauty that existed back when nudity and humor weren't bitter enemies.

The acceptance of actual-sized women in traditional burlesque created a dynamic between performers and members audience one that was more reminiscent of reality (as opposed to fantasy). Simply put, a classical burlesque act featured (and should continue to feature) women who resemble those in the community: wives, airlfriends, neighbors, pastors, morticians, etc. Of course, I'm not trying to paint the WWI- era stayat-home moms as walk-

ing around in pink boas, batting fans at their fake eyelashes and chain-smoking Lucky Strikes from a cigarette holder. Rather, I'm pointing out that fake tits and swag are a Reagan-era creation, designed to make real women (particularly those of color) feel inadequate. But, this is the humor issue, so I'll save my speech on the systematic destruction of urban women for next month's column. Until then, count the number of black Playboy playmates. You can do it with one hand...

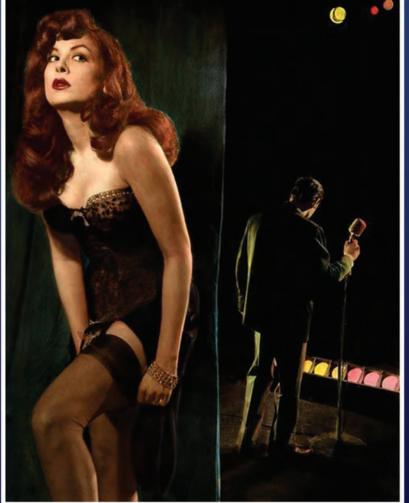
Another cultural artifact that we all know and love, was born from the days of black and white (I'm convinced the world didn't have hue until the 1960s, when LSD was invented and that shows like *Mad Men* are just a cover-up by the Illuminati). I'm referring to, of course, the stand-up comedian. ers of the current days, owe their freedom to acts like George Carlin, Richard Pryor and Joan Rivers. Some may even cite the influence of more underground acts like Bill Hicks or Redd Foxx. Every one of these names has one influence in common, though, that being the undeniable comedian, Lenny Bruce. When comedians complain about free speech laws, from both sides of the spectrum

(safe-spacers and shockcomics alike), they rarely bring up their debt to a man who was arrested and jailed multiple times, simply for telling jokes. If Lenny Bruce had not existed, this column would be illegal, as would your super-edgy MRA comedy routine.

Although considered "offensive" to some. even by today's standards, Lenny Bruce was decades ahead of his time and a true progressive in the actual sense of the word. One particular bit, which Louis CK and other white comics have failed at resurrecting, deals with the word "nigger." Bruce begins his routine by asking if there are any in the crowd, mimicking an actual sentiment that was expressed by racists at the time. Then, he continues to use various other

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, strip club woman exploiter guy, don't even try to mansplain the role of nudie bars in the safe space comedy showcases. I perform for other white girls who love the minorities we've never met."

I hateto break it to you, Snowflake, but there are a handful of comedians that anyone who knows their history will name-drop. The Chappelles and Schumracial slurs ("wop", "kike", "spick", "mick", etc.), eventually morphing his bit into an attack on how nonsensical-sounding words are used to oppress other people through labels. Then, he suggests that if the president, media and general population were to run a certain racial slur into the ground, it would lose meaning and no one would be able to use it to attack or pigeonhole a specific group of people. This was in the 1960s—way before rap music, decades before N.W.A.





and about a quarter century away from that dude Stitches. In other words, back before the P.C. police were a thing, actual police were jailing comedians for trying to expose serious issues like racism, through the use of onstage humor. Kinda makes Amy Schumer's butty butt poo poo jokes seem a bit trite, but it also opened the door for them to be broadcast on television.

How does this play into strip clubs? Well, it turns out that Joe's Comedy Shack wasn't really a chain, until the 1980s comedy boom. There was really only one place that a man could share a stage with a woman, while both parties broke social norms, without involving intercourse or satanic ritual; in part, the strip club, aka the vaudeville variety show, aka the burlesque show, was the birthplace of the modern stand-up comedian. One can also argue the opposite, that strip clubs were birthed from a comedy-centered performance environment. Lenny Bruce landed many gigs (and his wife) by working at nudie bars and variety shows that often featured burlesque dancers (or regular ol' strippers).

Yes, there is a historical pattern of court jesters, mimes and clowns, but those evolved into Juggalos, and Juggalos aren't usually allowed in strip clubs until they wipe the paint off of their faces so the bouncer can check their ID (and, a big thank you goes out to them ninjas who don't mind doing this, whoop whoop). Sure, there were a handful of comedy venues and comedians who made a dent in the "famous comedic entertainers that lived before Elvis" section of Wikipedia. But, the specific art of providing dangerously-accurate social commentary to rooms full of audiences expecting knock-knock jokes, is a Lenny Bruce creation.

Flash to modern times and you have a regular, old asshole who considers himself a comedian, hosting strip club theme nights and putting on mock pageants that poke fun at the strip club industry (don't worry ladies, we'll be doing another You Can't Do That On A Stripper Pole sooner than you think—we just need to find an appropriate second-trimester covergirl for the ad). I wouldn't have a career (whether as a writer in this magazine, a DJ in the clubs, an event host or feature gigs at a comedy club), if it weren't for the efforts of classic-era burlesque performers and the man who would use a microphone to keep audiences on edge between striptease shows.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com





GONZO GOES GONZO THE MAKING OF A CLOWN PORN BY BI MCNAUGHTY

Number one rule to making clown porn...have a sense of humor! As someone who has reviewed porn in the past for Exotic, it is my pleasure to tell you all about my very own passion project. Maybe, it was all that research that made me decide to toss my hat in the ring with my film debut, *Gonzo Goes Gonzo*—a movie in which I produce, direct and star in, along with the help of some freaky friends. Or, was it something more that made me decide to enter the world of porn?

This past year, I started a journey of feature dancing in clubs out of state. But, unfortunately, the road of featuring is mostly traveled by pornstars. How could I book more gigs? It's hard getting booked as a clown because it's so different. And let's face it, no one has ever heard of me—so I don't exactly have a huge following... yet! Really, it's all about name and brand recognition. I needed a marketing plan!

My antics on Tinder had been gaining me an online presence, til' I got banned. Now, I needed to do something different. I'm a little bit offbeat, so I needed a plan that fit me. No idea is a bad one and this clown wasn't afraid to think outside the box! In my brainstorming, I came up with a few fun ideas.

> My first priority was to get myself invited to a very exclusive stripper contest, the Exotic Dancer Invitational—a huge competition for feature dancers, held by *Exotic Dancer* magazine in Denver on 4/20 weekend. ED magazine provides the industry with everything they need from insurance advice to all things bar,

and most importantly, booking feature entertainers! So, I charmed my way into the contest's newcomer division.

The other strategy was to become a pornstar! After all, when I was featuring in Albuquerque, I kept being introduced as, "this is BJ, she does porn." I was informed that this was how the clubs had advertised me. I figured that was a common mistake, because the majority of features do in fact do porn. I got a little giggle when I arrived at my next location and the large marquee read "BJ Mc-Naughty XXX Feature Entertainer." How could I not capture that one for the scrapbook! But, all this got me thinking...

Now you have to make porn, before you can become a pornstar, right? So the next natural step was to make a porno! So, I made clown porn and it got weird!

Being a professional-naughty clown, the subject came naturally. Having a zero budget didn't stop me from being optimistic about it being awesome. After several enthusiastic conversations with the right people, it quickly went from a cell phone film project to a full-blown professional production. Suddenly, I had found a camera guy with his own sound guy, a photographer and a whole bunch of willing free actors. I recruited the silliest, sexiest people I know. I was able to utilize my biggest resource in life—the people around me!

Next, I needed the perfect location. Sure, I could use my own house, but the decor says more SWF and less, Clowns Gone Wild. This led me to rent out the Funhouse Lounge's perfectly-themed Clown Room—that way, the scene would say clown at every angle!

I was explaining this project to a customer one night, when he said, "that's called amateur porn!" There was nothing amateur about this! When you have a camera guy you got from the set of a popular TV show, pay to rent out a location and having model releases signed by all, you have surpassed the amateur level!

I love you Portland, so now I want to let you in on a little secret...April Fools?

While some people are trying to cover up their porn faux pas, I, on the other hand, am trying to spread the word to further my entertainment career. I am totally ok with people thinking I make adult movies. In fact, I want them to! I am just not ok with doing the actual porn. So, I made a fake clown porn—with real clowns making fake porn. In reality, we only filmed the trailer for a movie that doesn't exist. This was my grand plan—make people think I did porn, without actually doing the porn!

Not only did this include filming a movie trailer, this meant creating an actual box cover (front and back) for the DVD that will never exist. Next step? Create a buzz, put it all out on the Internet! It's already working and the film hasn't even been edited yet. I posted behind the scenes photos online and quickly got a text from a friend asking, "WTF? You made a porno?" I explained it was just a publicity stunt. Perhaps the greatest PR scheme I have ever conceived, but remember, I said I was a little bit offbeat.

Ok my Portland peeps, I know what you're thinking—I just told you, so my secret is out! But, I know you won't tell, right? Help me spread the word: BJ McNaughty made a porno! Look for it on an Internet location near you! #GonzoGoesGonzo

Box Cover Back Copy:

This is one party you won't want to miss!

Come one! Come All! The circus is coming to town and this carnal carnival invites you to feel the magic and check out what's under the big top! Bj McNaughty is down to clown in Gonzo Goes Gonzo!

BJ and her Glitter Gang are not clowning around, as they become a frenzy of fornicating freaks.

Step right up and feast your eyes on the ringmaster, BJ McNaughty, as she gets bukkake blasted.

Prepare to be oddly aroused, as the zany twins Zippo and Zappo, exchange bodily fluids.

It's all fun and games, 'til someone takes a creampie in the face...hot clown girl-on-girl action. Oral sex has never tasted so good!

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COPING WITH Grief, Blunts BY JIMMY NEWSTETTER

"O! How slippery, the perils of drug use!"-Plato

It was horrific. I couldn't move. You never believe that something like that can happen to you and then it does, right when you least expect it. It made me feel like I am the problem. For years, I thought I had stood by like a puppet. A pawn. A coward. I watched my best friend hand the leader of Wu-Tang Clan an unlit blunt and I stood there silent, watched and did nothing. It is maybe my biggest regret to this day. Let me break it down like this...

There we were, myself and my homie, having the time of our lives at a Bobby Digital concert. Boom. Before that moment, everything was lovely, kid. Wu-Tang was forever, the San Francisco Giants had a new park and we had the just-released Gameboy Advance. Cash ruled everything around us. On the real. Nah mean? It was the year 2000 and I was capping off a wonderful work vacation in San Francisco, California. We had arrived early enough to get a spot up front by the stage. I made sure my best dunn in the whole world, Tony T., being a good five inches shorter than me, stayed close to the action, while I got pushed further back by the people in the crowd. Killarmy had kicked the show off well and I had profited from a free t-shirt in the process. After much anticipation, Bobby Steels hit the stage with a new catchphrase:

"WHOOP!"

Again, his clarion call rang clear...

"WHOOP!"

To say our minds had been blown wide the fuck open with a jackknife of truth would be an understatement. That word! Whoop! So simple and yet so complicated. It's wisdom, now lost upon me after the remaining events played out. We should have made our exit, right then and there. We should have protected our necks, but no. We stayed. We pushed our hip-hop karma just a little too far and paid the ultimate price. The entire scene played out in slow motion. I rolled the blunt for the occasion myself, with some of the finest herb Santa Barbara, California had to offer. It was tight with a honey seal and smoked beautifully. No runs. Method Man would have been proud. We puffed at the start of the show and then put it out to save some for the God. Had I not been pushed back...had I not been distracted by a cute shorty and the aforementioned, free Wu-Wear tshirt Killarmy had thrown into the crowd...I might have been guick enough to act. I might have stopped the horrible atrocity, but I did nothing. I stood by like a punk. A mark. A straight buster.

Looking very analog—indeed, I was shook. Eventually, RZA asked the crowd for a blunt to smoke, and my boy Tony T. was right there to hand it to him. What Prince Rakeem, Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig Allah, B to the O to the B to the B to the Y said next blew me away and leaves me shaken evermore...

"Aw, that shit ain't lit?"

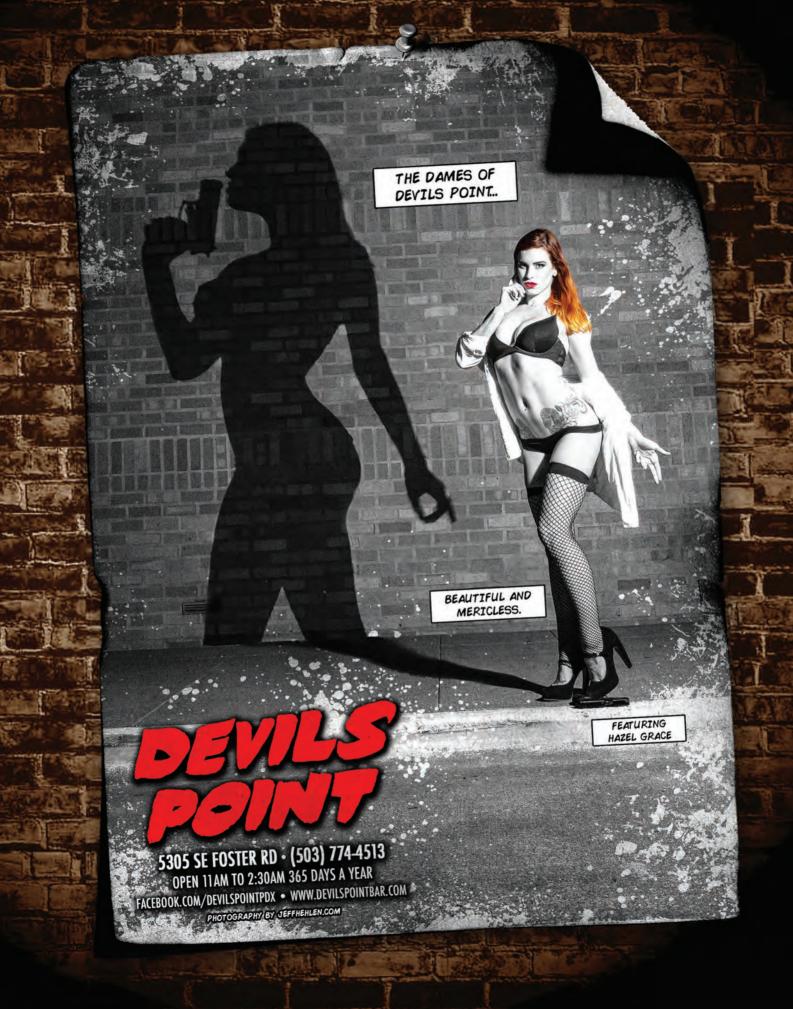
Tragic. In the blink of an eye, RZA had refused to smoke our blunt. The next man guickly weaseled up to satisfy his request, with a poor facsimile of a weed vessel. Nay, a travesty! An insult to herb and hip hop, no less. My whole world started to fall apart. I used what little strength I could muster, to keep it together, but I could not hide what everyone knew. I was a broken man. Unable to sleep, I drove home 300 miles away that night. It still haunts me, 15 years later. I will always wonder what my life would have been like had we shared the same blunt and The RZA's saliva had intertwined with me and my best friend's DNA, creating a new kind of hyper-creativity that would help us create conceptual art, that would one day make Banksy look like Larry The Cable Guy. Boom. Nah mean? Alas, I do open mics. Maybe, one day, I will be able to right this wrong, but for now, all I can do is wonder and wake up in a cold sweat in the middle of the night. Hearing his words echo in my head:

"Whoop!"

"Whoop!"

"BONG BONG!"

Friends, learn from me. This particular tale of woe is especially frightening, because it is based upontrue events. I know some are quick to cast judgment, but please do not place fault on my buddy. The burden is mine to bear. In my arrogance, I had simply gotten my friend too high to remember to light the blunt for The Abbott. Thankfully, through many years of extensive psychotherapy, personal forgiveness and spiritual growth, I am learning to move on. I now bring blunts by the bagful to hip-hop shows and keep four or five backup vapes just in case. I still dream of one day meeting with Tony T. & Mr. Robert Diggs again, upon a more common ground. A place and a time, when the three of us will have a good laugh about the incident, perhaps while sharing a blunt. The blunt and us-well lit.





By Richie Stratton

Go into your local dispensary and try not to giggle at the silly names farmers have named their weed. I believe this is mainly due to the farmer sampling enough of the crop, until a genius name appears within that cloudy brain. I'll admit, I've bought a few strains just for the name—like when I bought an eighth of "Pineapple Dogshit." Because, fuck it, why not? Once I bought a 20-sack of a strain called "Charlie Sheen" and now I don't think I'm ever going to have "Charlie Sheen" inside me again. Just how many different names there are, has made it hard to figure out what weed you should smoke for what activity. In honor of our toked-up holiday of this month, I asked around and talked with the Internet to find a few strains for some of the activities you might be enjoying this 4/20.

TO MAKE VIDEO GAMES MORE FUN

Damn right, I'm starting with video games. Nothing passes the time like a joint and blasting a space alien with a rocket launcher. If only they had a strain called "Up, Up, Down, Down, Left, Right, Left, Right, B, A, Start." It would widen the label on the container but shorten a gamer's weed hunt. Until that day, try a sativa that's not too headheavy, so you're focused and awake, but mellow enough so that you can finish the level you're on. My suggestions are strains like "Space Queen" or "White Lemon."

TO CHILL OUT, DUDE

It's impossible to see all the hippies on the waterfront and think to yourself, "What a bunch of go- getters." Though, in Portland, it's almost impossible to tell the difference between the millionaires and the deadbeats. If you are part of the growing population in downtown screaming into a cell phone, pumping their arm in the air, maybe a joint might ease your 4/20. Let a nice indica strain help you out, like an oldie but a goodie, "G-13" or "Deep Purple." Maybe that could help you chill out, or at least, shut the fuck up.

TO HAVE COOL DREAMS

This was a weird one when I started asking this question to those who know marijuana. I thought it would be just a simple head-heavy indica stain, but that turned out to be untrue. It seems THC affects your rapid eye movement, and thus, affects your sweet *Inception*-style dream world. A strain strong in CDB would be best for a lucid dream. My budtender suggested "9lb Hammer." You can use an actual nine-pound hammer for longer, more permanent naps.

TO KEEP THE PARTY GOING

A rookie 4/20 mistake, is taking a hit of a joint in the afternoon that puts you to bed 'til 4/21. Just avoid your drowsy indicas. A fun, more lively high like a "Jack The Ripper" or "Sour Diesel" could be what you're looking for. Those have been proven to keep you up and having fun...you know...depending on the vibes.

FOR MAKING MUSIC

Sorry to the musicians, but this wasn't a question I even thought to ask. It popped up when I searched "The best strains of weed for..." and there it was. "Dutch Treat Haze" on MedicalMarijuanaStrains.com is good weed for writing music. Out of curiosity, I typed in painting on the same website and got "White Haze," as another strain for helping creativity and not getting you stuck on the couch.

FOR A HANGOVER

Other than a tall glass of coconut water and some scrambled eggs, a bowl

or two of the ganja will settle your head from whatever you did to it the night before. Of course, hangovers are never really planned for, but, if you happen to have a nugget of "Windex OG" at your disposal, it'll ease the tightening belt around your eyes and brain.

TO MAKE GUMMY WORMS EVEN MORE DELI-CIOUS

Where would Shaggy, Scooby and Doritos be without the munchies? Think of every brand new food combination you ever thought you've invented. It was either invented out of starvation or the sweet sticky-icky. Try some "White Widow" or "Northern Lights." It will lock you into your couch and due to its strong indica nature, leave you there with nothing left to do, but feed your food hole.

TO MAKE SEXY TIME MORE SEXY

This is the most difficult one to research and not get sidetracked. Damn you, hot stoner chicks! A particular strain did stick out, though. "Canna Sutra," is a strain that is now firmly (pun intended) on my bucket list. It's an indica strain said to get you in the mood. One of the things I found in my weed and sex research, was an article about sticking bubble hash into a lady's naughty bits. Then, if you go down on her or have sex, you also will get quite high. You're welcome people.

TO MAKE CARTOONS AWESOME

This one is very simple. Every type of weed makes cartoons better. Of course, you're gonna be tickled by any THC while watching Bugs and the gang. If you're using marijuana for pain relief, smoke up and relieve that pain, then enjoy Wile E. Coyote's pain, after he gets hit by that boulder.

These suggestions are just some of the many delicious and spacey weed strains out there that can help you with any number of ailments you might have—even if that ailment is boredom. Not that any of the growers and budtenders I talked to were steering me wrong, but more often than not, I noticed suggestions were made based upon availability. Luckily, as long as there are farmers and scientists developing new strains, smoking it and naming it, the choices will continue to grow and grow.

Have fun this 4/20 everybody!

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The Identity Crisis Of

Preface. I firmly believe that gender identity exists within a spectrum and that traditional gender roles are, to an extent, socially assigned. Further, I believe that individuals have a right (and duty) to react to their internal organisms as such and that denying one's true self in order to adhere to societal norms of "male" and "female" is bullshit. If you are a man who Strangely enough, it is actually in *defense* of those who truly feel as if they are living under a falsely-assigned biology, that I am about to attack the notion that someone can just choose to identify as a certain race, species or fictional construct. Yet, this not only exists, but you will be viewed as an oppressive bigot, if you deny your neighbor's right to identify a dog

nacy doesn't stop at casual N-bombs, hair curlers, cheap tans and chainsaws.

Another special group of snowflakes referring to themselves as "otherkin," have decided to be "trans-species" (being snowflakes, they insist that this nonsense is not a choice). Claiming to live day-to-day as dogs, cats or nu-

is attracted to men, or a woman living in a man's body or any other LGBT alignment, cool. I respect that.

I also firmly believe that sexual preference is a direct function of biology and that trans/gay/ lesbian folks genuinely feel physical attraction toward people of their own

assigned gender. The statement, "I've felt like a woman since I was a little boy" is a legitimate one, referring to a lifelong struggle. The statement I take issue with is this: "I discovered Tumblr as a lonely, narcissistic Millennial in my mid-twenties, so I've decided, all of a sudden, that I need to de-vanilla my identity, fuel my need for attention and self-marginalize into an outlying demographic—all in an attempt to feel otherwise nonexistent oppression."



tria, trapped human in bodies, the trans-species communities (of which there are many) feed into each other's psychosis by validating the idea of identifying as things that don't necessarilv exist. Identify as a halfelf rainbow dragon or a panda demon from a work of liter-

while he poops on your lawn.

"Transracial" has been a thing, ever since the world was introduced to Rachel Dolezal (a white woman who pretended to be black, so she could become head of the NAACP in a small Washington town that black people actively avoid). Further down the rabbit hole, you have the story of "One-Handed Jason," a viral sensation of a man, one who cut off his own hand, so he could "identify" as trans-abled. Be worried, however, because this lual fiction? That's not only encouraged, but goddamnit, if the bartender asks you to stop barking at the moon, she's an oppressive, fascist cunt, who only exists to shame your true self into suicide.

This new trend of self-marginalizing in order to obtain attention is insulting to real, actually-marginalized groups who spend the majority of their days trying to draw attention *away* from their membership to a non-normative identity. The reason that Rachel

The Modern Millennial By Ray McMillin

Dolezal will never receive an actual hood pass, is because she *chose* to experience a state of being that a large percentage of our population spends wishing they didn't have to belong (as in, Rachel can just whiten up whenever the cops pull up). Let me spell this out: co-opting the struggle of another group of people, is the *same thing* as being prejudiced against that group.

I may be showing my age here, but I remember a long stretch of the 1990s, during which time homosexuality was redefined by a very important paradigm shift: the notion that people are born the way they are and that being gay is not a choice made by God-hating sinners, who were converted at cocaine discos. One's gender identity, in contrast to what the religious right would have you believe, is present since birth. Transgendered people spend the first, most influential years of their lives, battling an internal struggle that goes way beyond boredom, attention-seeking on Tumblr and any traditional notions of "gay" or "straight." Coming out, or transitioning, is a sacred, life-impacting phase that transgender people would probably rather avoid than have to deal with.

Still, there are concepts of "male" and "female," from which points of reference are made and these are real things. They exist in nature. Gender is not something that we made up to make folks feel bad about, like social status or boy bands. For anyone arguing that gender is a social construct, keep in mind that the primary study referred to by scholars when discussing this line of shit, is one in which a psychologist, John Money, was dealing with a boy, David Reimer, whose penis was accidentally cut off during a botched circumcision. Money then decided to assist in raising the boy as a woman, supposedly "proving" that gender is just a social construct, and publishing a paper committing this notion to fact. A few years later, after a long bout of clinical depression, David Reimer killed himself. The moral of the story is that, yes, some people are born into a body they don't feel aligned with, but no, you can't just "socialize" someone to live differently than their unique biology wants them to. Cut off a boy's dick, tell him his name is Sue and he's gonna eventually commit suicide.

Yet, the John Money study is used as gospel for white people, who want more than anything to be removed from the role of "assumed oppressive class," whether due to the race or sex box on the census. I'm not talking about actual transgender folks, who have been dealing with internal conflict for years and are seeking surgery to align with how they do feel. Quite the opposite. I'm attacking the notion that you can just change someone else (or yourself) into a role and expect things to be totally in line with the way the world works (or at least bury the details of your study so deep on Wikipedia, that it has to be exposed in a porn magazine, alongside real-life gender benders, who don't take kindly to casual co-opting of their marginalized status).

The fact of the matter is, folks are born the way they are. If you are born a straight, white female, but just up and decide one day that you want to "identify" as a such and such, in order to get booked for a show, or obtain an LGBT cred, or battle the internal guilt that you feel after sucking a dick, that's not only irritating to your friends and family, but it's flat-out insulting to *actual* LGBT-aligned persons. Coming out after years of living a lie, is an act of truth, whereas demanding to be treated like a paraplegic non-human pumpkin kin (and demanding to be treated as such) is a straight up lie.

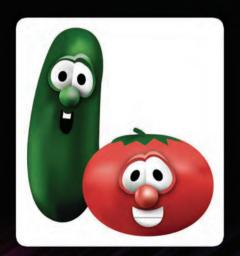
In fact, the irony of the new-age "identify as anything your Facebook friends will enable" movement, is that it is led mostly by straight, white people—all of whom, want to assume the role of "oppressed" to overcome unaddressed, buried personal guilt. You can't be a walking embodiment of white privilege in non-prescription glasses (that's ableism!), if you're getting special treatment at the bar for being a cute girl. Solution? Identify as another species, make up a new demographic, self-diagnose a mental disorder, or hell, just come out as an autistic tri-gender narwhal wolf and move to Portland. We encourage that shit here... we literally have that few non-white people to keep you and your fuzzy animal tail in check.

"But, Matt, I can't just live my life as plain old Sarah. I need a way to make others treat me with the special treatment that I deserve!"

Okay, some of you readers may be feeling left out, wondering what you can do to marginalize yourself in such a way that other people will treat you special, thus removing any historical obligation to check the white skin around your vaginas. Fear not, though, slushbubble, you're about to go full snowflake— just use one of these handy made-up identities that totally exist, for real, because I said so (and I have a keyboard). Give it a few years and we will have advocacy groups for the following demographics:



Transmattered - Have you been living your life as a solid, knowing that your assigned body is over 90% water? The problem isn't you, snowflake. It's the fact that you're a liquid or possibly even a gas. When you fart or pee, you're actually losing a part of your true self. The next time you have too much to drink, remind your friends that you're not puking—you're simply trying to expose the "real" you to the rest of the bar. **Triggers: Science class, Bill Nye, OMSI.**



Plantrogynous - When someone lights up a joint, do you cry in pain, empathizing with your fellow flora? Do salad bars remind you of the Holocaust? Is the term "vegan" a slur? Then you are, in fact, a piece of broccoli, partially trapped in a mammal's body. As a plantrogynous individual, you are permitted to give dirty looks to anyone who ever tries to give you a flower, accusing them of not only oppression, but also murder. Triggers: Veggie Tales, produce stands, salad shooters.



Spongegendered - Do you identify as someone who lives in a pineapple under the sea? Does your landlord refuse the sea shells you present when it's time to pay rent? Well, you're not alone. You were born this way and the rental agency attempting to shame you into using cotton-killing, Mount Rushmore-faced symbols of capitalism, is the true enemy. **Triggers: Plankton, crusty crabs, chum buckets.**

Spamfluid - For those of you who aren't guite sure whether or not Spam is actually meat-or if it's just salt mixed with Play-Doh-there is nothing wrong with your cognitive processing. Rather, you simply celebrate the non-binary nature of America's third favorite snack. Is it meat? Is it syrup? Although the rest of the world may demand a clear distinction between swine and candy, you are an evolved being. who denies any division created among pork-flavored treats. Note: Spamfluid is not to be confused with Rindcore folks, who believe in only eating products made from dehydrated pig. Triggers: Porky Pig, bacon, Jews.

Licensekin - If you identify as a piece of identification, meaning that your id is actually an I.D., then you are likely licensekin. If you would rather go by the number assigned to you by the DMV, than your birth name, it means that only your biological face is real; the part of you trapped under a piece of laminate, is the only aspect

of your existence that anyone should recognize. Triggers: Question marks, Alcoholics Anonymous, ambiguity.

There is a movie based on a kids' book, called *The Stupids*, in which Tom Arnold's character sings a song called "I Am My Own Grandpa." In modern times, anyone denying his right to identify as such, would be drug into the street and tortured for being an oppressive, cis-relative scumbag.

Dear fellow white people: you are not special. Real-life members of the LGBT community create safe spaces in which to exist, so that they don't have to deal with the finger-pointing or ostracizing that comes with going to typically-straight bars. Does this mean that they sit around all day, hoping for a time when all straight people will just up and die? No, they argue over



who gets to sing which Pat Benatar song on karaoke and bitch about how much more vodka crans cost, ever since they switched queer night to the place across the river. That's it. There is no group of gay, or black, or disabled, or mentally ill or any other marginalized, co-opted demographic, that sits around all day seeking out new and exciting ways to be classified, just to experience oppression.

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