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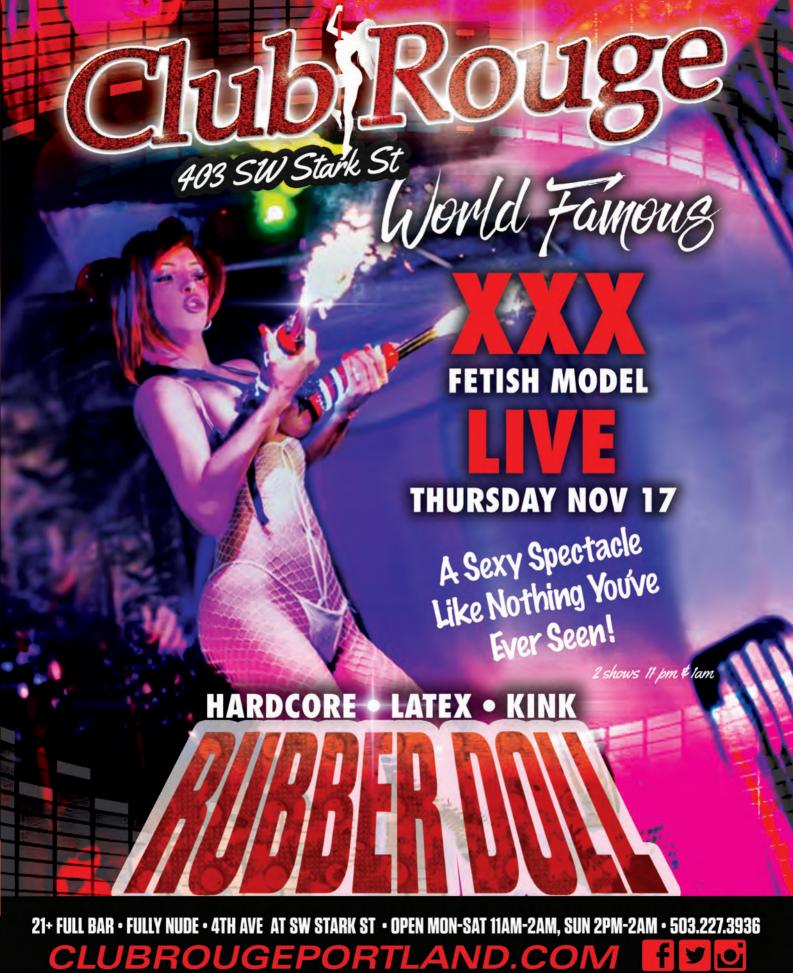
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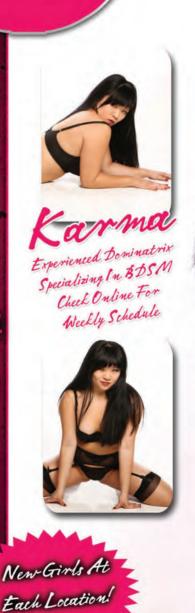
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# Exotic

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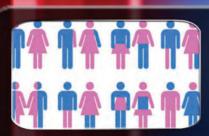
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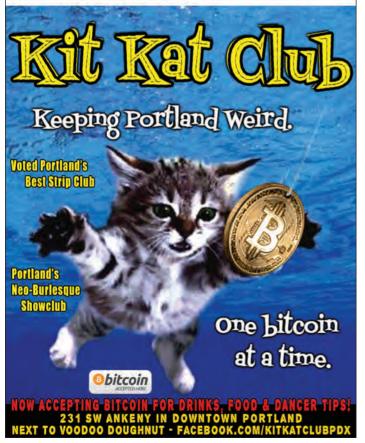
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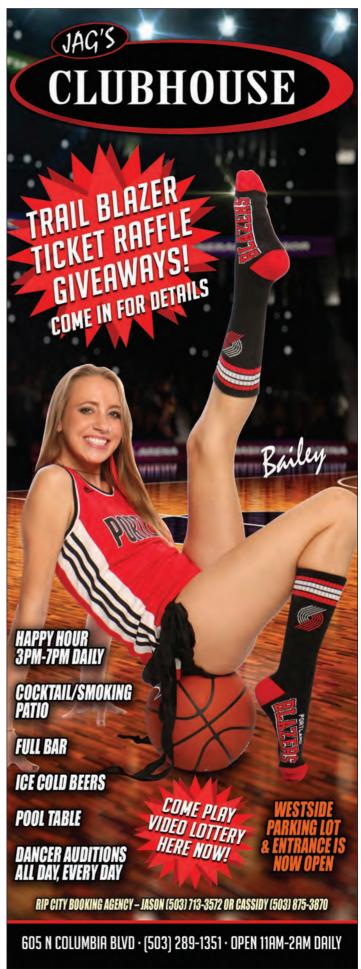
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**ANCHORAGE** 







# TALES FROM THE BY DJ HAZMATT

# MUSIC FOR WWIII



Okay, it's pretty official. Our country isn't fucked; our country has been tossed into a well and is currently rubbing lotion on its own skin, in preparation for a violently beautiful demise. The attendance rate at strip clubs should go up, at least if people want to enjoy breasts and booze, while the world weaves hand baskets that will both be resistant to flame and large enough to fit everyone who didn't vote for Jill Stein. The thing is, Lil' ASAP and Puddle Of A Down won't cut it, when it comes to politically-charged music that will appeal to strippers, their customers and the nihilistic disc jockey scrolling through Infowars articles, while trying to get through another shift. Here are some surefire, go-to artists who are political in nature, but groovy in sound.

# **MINISTRY**

Industrial rock legends Ministry (more specifically, Al Jourgenson and whoever is on tour with him this year) produce songs that can be compared to sex positions; ranging from instant orgasms, to "What the hell are you doing, dude?" Every Ministry song uses a different angle to demonstrate a raw, filthyyet-satisfying emotion. Whether "fuck everything" to "fuck everything after soaking it in gasoline" in nature, most Ministry songs aren't exactly Michael McDonald in terms of crowd appeal to daytime customers, but they are definitely able to bring up the energy on weekend shifts (or weeknights that experience the off-season surges that correspond with soccer games and free alcohol festivals). Al Jourgenson apparently has one hell of a subscription to "Political Samples For Industrial Musicians Monthly," which allows him to incorporate random audio clips of George Bush (either version) saying ridiculously stupid shit, or less-"special" political leaders mumbling about a New World Order. Regardless of the political undertones, however, most Ministry is loud and fast enough to distract even the most astute ear from whatever sociopolitical rhetoric is attempting to bleed through distortion pedals and FX processors. There's really nothing sexier than watching a woman strip naked to "Just One Fix," plus it takes the term "heroin chic" to a whole new level.

# **PARIS**

Although his lyrics are about as leisurefriendly as Malcom X's eulogy, hip hop icon Paris employs beats that are one level below George Clinton in terms of interplanetary funkaliciousness. We're talking the type of rap music that even the most camouflaged and inbred peckerwood would nod his 'Murica-loving head to. You know the guy in the Confederate flag attire who constantly defends Doggystyle as being a decent album because "Snoop is one of the good ones," (insert slightly less covert racial sentiment here)? Imagine if his CD collection also contained a pile of discs that emphasized black power, the destruction of the prison industrial complex, Nation Of Islam and, of course, a shitload of P-Funk samples; if this were the case (no pun intended), Paris would be on top of the collection. Arguably one of the most underrated rappers from the West Coast, Paris is a forgotten (but essential) piece of the Gfunk era, from which the most iconic 1990s rappers drew their inspiration. Ironically, even though Black Lives Matter is as relevant as ever, Paris is rarely seen these days, outside of Bay Area music festivals, collaborations with protégé and online releases. However, the rapper did perform at a recent Gathering Of The Juggalos, which not only speaks to the ability of disenfranchised groups to be surprisingly accepting of political views that may not align with their own, but also to the hordes of hipster-friendly events that would rather parade Cee-Lo and Macklemore as being "progressive hip hop" (how unintentionally ironic).

# TOM WAITS

In terms of being playable at strip clubs, Tom Waits songs are basically landmines mixed with gumdrops (in fact, those may be Tom Waits lyrics...probably for a song about some guy who murdered his wife at the beach). A seasoned ear is not required, though, as most of the music performed by the king of cheap whiskey and ugly women is able to be categorized within two to three bars of the song. While tracks like "New Coat Of Paint" or "Goin' Out West" fit into any strip club DJ's rotation like a bathroom break during "Stranglehold," inappropriate (read: per-

fect for holidays) songs start off with a dud and slowly devolve into a drunken call to an estranged relative within seconds. Thus, even if you're new to Tom Waits (\*slap on the wrist\*), as a DJ, you can pretty much gauge the Waits by previewing the first few bars of a song. Why do they make great choices for politically-themed sets? Well, let's just say that Waits has a way of placing vibrant social commentary between nonsensical babble, hidden well enough to not rattle any cages.

This one's for the balcony / And this one's for the floor!

As the congress descriptor / The presidential

As the senators decapitate / The presidential whore!

The bald-headed senators / Are splashing in the blood.

And the dogs are having someone / Who is screaming in the mud.

You tell me, is that above lyric penned from a Ministry song, or the best line from "In The Colosseum" by Tom Waits?

# THE BEATLES

Yes, the fucking Beatles. I don't mean Wings, Paul McCartney or Ringo Starr's Magical Mystery Band—I mean White Album, post-boy-band, pre-Yoko Beatles. Like Tom Waits, a lot of stuff by The Band Who Should Have Sued Steve Jobs is not exactly strip club appropriate, but also like Waits, when the Beatles do get political, it's done in a subtle enough fashion that no one really notices they're listening to a song about a freshlyunloaded firearm, or that the melodic static assisting the movement of the nude woman onstage is also responsible for the Manson murders. Considering that "Come Together" (and the cover of Abbey Road) is on some JFK-level conspiracy shit regarding John Lennon's death, Beatles songs aren't all hand-holding and sha-nah-na'ing. Plus, the old bastards who come in before sundown will tip really, really well if they hear the right Beatles song (just make sure you lie to the 21-year-old dancer and tell her it's new Radiohead).

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# **GREEN ROOM DIARIES: STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME**

Ever wonder what it would be like to share a blunt with someone who has the access codes to nukes? Perhaps you already have and just don't know it. Maybe you are the next in line to dictate the future of the free world, to the millions of brown strangers responsible for keeping our weapons warm and oil flowing. Hell, with a presidential election that shares about as much with actual democracy as a WWE soap opera, the thought of getting high with the next Commander In Chief isn't too far-fetched. Here's what it would be like, depending on who "wins" the next "election" and is "voted" into office.

# **HILLARY CLINTON**

At first, the former First Lady would probably elicit laughs after bringing up a few stories about how Bill actually inhaled back in the day, or perhaps lie about being at Woodstock and frequenting "Negro bebop" bars before it was legal to mingle with other races. Hillary would be cool for about two, maybe three joints. Then, she would start to ask you oddly-specific questions about where your snacks are kept, who pays for them, what company produces them, how long you've owned the snacks and what you plan on doing with them. She would then proceed to declare a large majority of your Funyons and Oreos to be illegal, before packaging them up and selling them to the Arab dude next door. Sure, he doesn't even smoke weed, but that's none of your business. Hillary's the first female presidential candidate and you should be happy to smoke anything with her. Let's just keep all the snack food talk to a minimum. That whole snack situation was in the past.

# **DONALD TRUMP**

...insists on making his own "bong" out of a half-full can of Shasta, two crazy straws and a rusty nail. Then, he declares this bong to be a tremendous bong, one which would serve as a source of pride to the many, many people who have admired his bong-making abilities in the past. "Let's not smoke that Oregon crap," Trump would insist, before loading his makeshift soda pipe with a cluster of seedy brick weed from Tijuana. "This is way better than the stuff they make in Mexico," Donald would declare, while inhaling particles of plastic and gunpowder mixed into a stemmy, dark brown flake of something that barely resembles pot. "Your sister, is she legal?," he would ask. "I have ways of finding out." At this point, everyone awkwardly heads toward the door, realizing that there was just enough THC in Trump's weed to save the guy an ass-kicking.

# **JILL STEIN**

Stein would probably outlast most of the room, while still being hella cool to drive. "Does anyone want to go get lunch?," Jill would ask, as the room lifted up their evelids a fraction of an inch and replied with an in-unison, affirmative "mehhhh...yeah." On the way to lunch, Jill Stein's iPod would be playing a bunch of really cool shit that you wouldn't expect her to have, plus she would you turn it up really loud. Everyone would be experiencing a great high and then... fuck! WHOLE FOODS?! "Who wants kale?," Jill would ask. "The kale here is on special. I fucking love kale, so do my kids...they ate it for weeks while they were dying from an easily-vaccinated-against disease. Did you know that the Earth is flat?" But, you'd still continue to smoke weed with her, because she's not Clinton or Trump.

# **GARY JOHNSON**

Johnson would introduce himself to the room, look around and then ask, "What is pot?" At this point, it's really a judgment call between how much catnip you want to allow your glass pipe to go through or if it would just be a better idea to just get drunk and talk about guns, the Fed and other Libertarian shit. After all, Stranger Things is on. Do you like Stranger Things? Fuck, really, Gary? Okay, so, it's this television show...

# **VERMIN SUPREME**

I can't emphasize how much I want to smoke weed with this auv. No, he's not a racist extra from Duck Dynasty—he's a homeless wizard, running for office. Ranking in between Stein and Harambe, while tied with Deez Nuts in Texas (I'm not kidding), Vermin Supreme would take one hit of your weed, give it back, say "Hold on, try this," and then load up some stanky dank that would send your ass to the moon in two hits or less. Why this guy hasn't been elected President Of Everything is beyond me. He'd probably get the damn vote, if it weren't for shitty, third-party options like Trump. In fact, to hell with it all...if you're holding this magazine on the first week of November, WRITE IN VERMIN SUPREME. You live in Oregon, your vote doesn't count anyway. Write him in. SUPREME/NUTS 2016. Harambe for Senate.

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This election, distilled down to its essence, is as follows: the nation has to pick between two people who shouldn't even be there, because they're both completely awful in numerous ways.

However, before you start hurling empty malt liquor bottles in frustration, know that there are alternatives to the two biggies. Everyone's heard of Jill and Gary by now, but there are an abundance of other political parties that get NO press at all, but just may be tailor-made for your own beliefs. Down with fear, vote your conscience this year! After all, your beliefs might line up with the beliefs of one of the following parties:

# **Delivery-In-Rear Party**

The DRIP's central platform issue is having the government subsidize implants for flat-butted Americans. It should be noted that this party has the endorsement of more rappers than any other political party, ever.

Motto: "Baby needs back!"

# **Wig Party**

Confused by some instructions, this group was created inadvertently, when someone printing up invitations to a social gathering managed to accidentally register as a political party. That said, they stick by a platform of having everyone wear a fancy wig, so that a panel of drunken judges may evaluate it and possibly issue a trophy.

Motto: "Your wig could be the grandest of them all!"

# **Perfect Stranger Party**

This party wants to expand the international "sister city" program, to have it also lead to the import of wise-cracking "cousins" from foreign lands, who will ideally be a source of down-home wisdom and comic relief to the Americans whom they are issued.

Motto: "Don't be reedeeculous!"

# Lean, Mean Governing Machine Party

The goal of this party is to put world-famous athlete and kitchen appliance pitchman George Foreman into the highest office in the land—at any cost. It is, strangely, not in any way endorsed by Big George himself.

Motto: "Knock out the fat in government!"

# **ZDF Party**

This party not only believes that the zombie apocalypse is actually going to happen, but that it is right around the corner. Their platform emphasizes the creation of a special branch of extra-judicial commando teams, each of which run around in custom conversion vans specializing in dealing with the undead menace—accountable only to the POTUS.

Motto: "They're coming to get you, Barbara!"

# **American Weed And Waffles Party**

The ambition of this party is to make snacks, game consoles and cable television either subsidized, tax-deductible or "somehow not costing me and Dave anything in the long run." A strong belief in personal liberties regarding substance consumption is a major platform, as well as increased legal penalties for "harshing someone's buzz."

Motto: "Hey...are those Funyuns? We could totally use some Funyuns...I mean, AMERICA could totally use some Funyuns."

# **That Guy Party**

This party believes that everyone knows that guy—that one fucking guy. That guy who makes life miserable for everyone around them, be it at home, at work or elsewhere. That guy who is seemingly oblivious to the fact that everyone hates his stupid ass, for being a total shitbag. The TGP wants to make it legal to kick the crap out of that guy.

Motto: "Can you believe what that guy did now? Fuck that guy!"

# **The United Pornography Party**

This upstanding group wants to provide porn to the pornless. They have drafted a series of proposals, each of which would help put pornography in the hands of everyone who requests it—in both foreign aid porn packages (eg. Poon Pics for Pakistan), or for those in need domestically, such as our fellow citizens in Utah (where porn was recently made illegal).

Motto: "We will take a hands-on approach to solving the problem of pornlessness."

# **The World Wrestling Party**

This party believes that all international disputes can be settled in the wrestling ring, so we must have a president (and VP tag team partner) who can face the toughest opposition from foreign countries, such as North Korea's Kim Jong OW!, Russia's Vladimir Putin-You-Out-Cold or Iran's Ayatollah Kickass. They champion an increased partnership with Mexico, because of their "sweet flying lucha libre skills!"

Motto: "America?! You want to mess with AMER-ICA?! Well, you can come and GIT SOME, OHHHH YEAAAAAH!"

# **The Cinema Salvation Party**

These folks have a fairly simple operating platform: they want to make it illegal to remake movies which were well-received when they came out, in addition to prohibiting the production of sequels to any movie—if it is older than 20 years since the last one. They do, however, advocate for remaking BAD movies (or movies which were too ambitious for their time). Also, revealing spoilers would be made a criminal offense, with fines and possible jail time for repeat offenders.



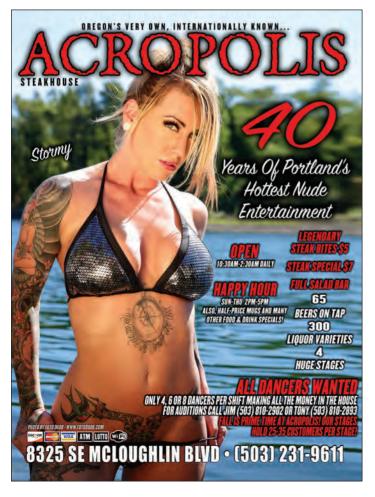
Motto: "Why would they do that?! What were they thinking?!"

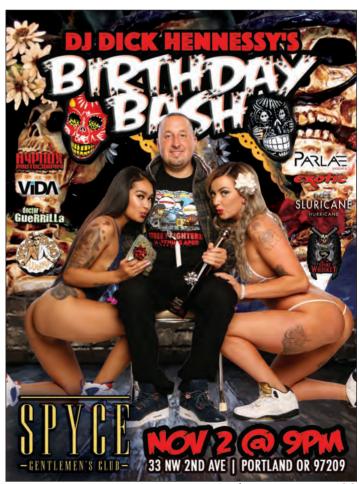
So, there you have it. You don't have to be slaves to the regressive, dogmatic rhetoric of the two main parties or even the refreshing, alternative takes of the two main third parties. There's a party for everyone and we're all invited to vote for it. Note: Some of these parties, while nationally recognized, may not appear on all ballots. Do your part and hassle your elections people until they appear in yours.

-WSTM

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a writer, philosopher, playground photographer, mouthwash connoisseur, ranch dressing enthusiast, fake Beatle, terrible horse whisperer and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found online at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook by name.









# MAKE AMERICA 1986 AGAIN

BY RAY MCMILLIN

If you're reading this magazine before November 8th, you're probably experiencing a severe degree of anxiety (or, you can't read these words, because said anxiety has led to a crippling addiction to sedatives). With so much on the line, whether it be women's rights, national security, racial equality or the economy, we have to come together as a nation and focus on the pressing issues that matter. It's time to trim the fat, put aside our petty differences and, as a collective, come up with a plan to solve the most important issue today—one that threatens the very fabric of our morality, our history and everything we identify with as a country.

I am, of course, referring to Corey Feldman.

More specifically, let's address the recent reemergence of the Feld Man (I promise that will be the last time) and the corresponding, yet fantastically-perplexing, implications of his recording career (in addition to whatever personal decision-making process led him to where he is today). Sure, you've seen his multiple(!) late-2016 appearances on television shows, including programs that aren't broadcast from the public transmitter down at the library, but have you picked up a copy of Corey's new album, *Angelic 2 The Core*? That's okay, neither has anyone else.

Corey Feldman was born sometime in the early 1970s, to a suburban couple who blah blah blah, drugs, the 80s and then the other Corey died. End of bio. For the last twenty years or so, Feldman has been banished to bargain bin fame, barely keeping his name relevant enough to warrant reality television appearances and direct-to-video movie seguels that no one asked for. Then, sometime during this last summer, Feldman reemerged like a bad case of the Vegas drip, complete with a "musical" "act" whose goal was to duplicate every song that was ever used to score those bad montages from 80s films (the ones where the protagonist goes from zero to hero, by punching the air and dancing with inanimate objects). Themes of Corey Feldman's "music" include rising to the top, never giving up, being yourself, crawling out of retirement like some sort of geriatric groundhog incapable of sight just to make shitty music, dubstep, girls, etc. In short, Corey Feldman's "music" sounds like neon pink Comic Sans font (which, of course, is the fallback font choice for Angelic2TheCore.com, when viewed on non-updated browsers—begging even further the "Is this all a cruel, genius joke?" question).

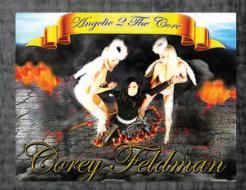
Now, the quotation marks I'm using here may seem like smug sarcasm intended to discredit fans of the Feldman genre, but hear me out there is more audio-to-visual syncing among Chuck E. Cheese's Pizza Time Players than there is in Corey Feldman's "band." Comprised of "Corey's Angels," Corey's backing "band" is nothing more than Dollar Tree eye candy, attached to cheap instruments (many of which appear to function on the same level as broken Guitar Hero controllers). Remember those Robert Plant videos, the ones that probably inspired Corey Feldman on more than one occasion? Do you remember the mannequins in those videos? Well, if you took all the personality, talent and aesthetic necessity from said mannequins, dressed them in "slutty angel" Halloween costumes from Walgreen's and then told them that there were no more free rooms for rent in Mike Busey's Sausage Castle, you'd have Corey's Angels. More in line with Hell's Angels than Charlie's Angels, Corey's Angels appear to have fallen from the highest peaks in Hollywood, only to land on a mattress filled with cement and stepped-on cocaine. It's a rare feat to find a handful of attractive women, put them on stage and be able to present them in such a fashion that even the most pent-up porn store customer wouldn't find sexy—despite the desperate gazes that say, "I'm never going to the talent agency in the strip mall, ever again."

The best part about Corey's Angels? Feldman's explanation regarding their origin story; these women were in tough situations and Corey, well, he's just trying to give them a better life. Pause for a minute and imagine, what type of life is lip-syncing behind a former child star a step up from? Did he rescue these women from a kennel? I'm honestly confused. If your daughter was strung out and working as a taste-tester for aspiring porn actors, would you consider an intervention in which you said the words, "Honey, it's time you put down the needle and stop selling your body to strangers. We have a way out and it's by pretending to play bass, while the kid from Lost Boys emulates the illegal videos discovered on Michael Jackson's hard drive." According to Angelic2TheCore.com's highly sought-after "About Us" page, Corey's Angels is an organization "which helps beautiful young women realize their dreams." This makes sense, because most women coming out of a junkie rut tend to have that weird dream—the one where they're being exploited by a D-level celebrity named Corey.

But, enough about the women clearly designed to distract journalists from digging into the meat and potatoes that is The Corey Feldman

Experience. Have you ever been at one of those too-many-dudes cocaine parties, in which the one dude who has been pacing silently in the corner for hours suddenly has an outburst of excitement, followed by a pitch for a terrible business idea? "Hey guys, you know what we should do, right? Let's open a food cart dedicated to Lord Of The Rings, and we can sell nothing but raw meat!" That guy? No? Well, you clearly don't live in Portland. Trust me though, that guy exists (see page 28) and, for reasons unknown, at least one person at the sausage fest will speak up and say, "Actually, I've been meaning to invest in a bad idea, when can we start?" That's how Corey Feldman's "music" career must have been birthed. That, or someone at Capitol Records lost a bet (I'm totally kidding, Corey's signed to his own label).

What's worse, is that Feldman has been recording music for OVER TWO DECADES. Apparently, Angelic 2 The Core is "a decade in the making"—a decade during which Corey Feldman spent living underground, in a bunker, completely hidden from dangerous things like pop culture and current fashion trends. Everything you are imagining right now, in regards to what Corey's music sounds like, is spot on and accurate, to the point of resembling clairvoyance. Congratulations, you are a certified psychic friend. Speaking of certified psychic friends, Corey Feldman is probably all out of 80s 900-number hotline cash, bringing us back to the lecture at hand: Kurupt is on this CD. Snoop Dogg is on this CD. Fucking Nina Hagen is on this CD. What else is on this CD? The portfolio of every first-year freelance graphic designer to post a misspelled ad on Craigslist:



Oh, and the image used above? High resolution, 350dpi, CMYK print. That's what he sent to the duplication plant. And, goddamnit, it is the perfect representation of the album's content: shamelessly rushed, yet tactfully premeditated.

Is the resurgence of The Other Corey a sign that Trump will take the lead in the presidential race (specifically to guide us toward the America he is planning on re-greatening, in a bigly tremendonious manner)? Or, is Hillary next on deck, knowingly using the Feldman distraction as a tried-and-tested media smokescreen for going to war with the Russians? Either way, we've come this far as a society, so we might as well drink our own piss. Our generation constantly tries to argue against accusations that we are as worthless as a Corey Feldman CD, but unlike our parents, we aren't able to produce Marilyn Monroes and Jimi Hendrixes (Hendri?). We've gone from "Ask not what your country can do for you..." to "Grab her by the pussy." It only makes sense that we lost David Bowie and regained Corey Feldman in the span of a summer.

Why stop with Feldman? Let's bring back the *Police Academy* series, quaaludes and Crystal Pepsi. After all, we *are* on the verge of electing a Clinton while trying to tune out a Trump...this seems like familiar territory. The black community is starting to get fed up with injustice, the housing bubble is about to burst, men are artistic, women are addicted to pills, the tech sector is a black hole and *Stranger Things* is oddly current...it's the 80s again! With all due respect to modern mainstream talent like Lana Del Rey or Twenty One Pilots, I can think of no better time to step aside and let Corey Feldman show the kids how retro is really done.

That, or we can just pay Lana Del Rey to write a new album. I'd really like that. I'd also really like to see Jill Stein in office. But, alas, it appears we are going to bite our lips and "GO 4 IT! featuring Snoop Dogg."

How long until this hand basket arrives in hell?

All Feldmansplaining (I will take full credit for that one, thank you) aside, we're about to choose between the first female president or a coward who would gladly overturn Roe V. Wade if given the chance. Look, I can't stand Hillary, but for all the right reasons; she's a war-mongering, establishment-sucking vampire troll, just like every president before her. Trump, on the other hand, is a fucking madman. This is coming from a dude who used to write under the name "Statutory Ray" to get a rise out of Portlanders, has made a living exploiting naked chicks and currently edits a magazine that sells advertising space to anyone the law allows (this includes horse pornographers). In other words, if I object to someone based on their inability to respect women, they have no place on your ballot.

If you haven't voted yet, please vote for anyone but Trump. Write-in Harambe if you have to.

# **Zeroliccity** spotlight

TUE 1 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
MISS EXOTIC OREGON OUALIFIER ROUND V

WED 2 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
DJ DICK HENNESSY'S BIRTHDAY BASH

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

SAT 12 – CLUB SINROCK
MISS EXOTIC OREGON QUALIFIER ROUND VI.

THU 17 – STARS (BRIDGEPORT)
PENTHOUSE PET KENNA JAMES

THU 17 - CLUB ROUGE - XXX FETISH MODEL RUBBER DOLL

FRI 18 – STARS (SALEM) – PENTHOUSE PET KENNA JAMES

FRI 18 – NICOLAI ST CLUBHOUSE – LIVE MUSIC WITH 100 PROOF, ETHEREAL & YOU KNOW NOTHING

FRI 18 - SUNSET STRIP - 12-YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY

SAT 19 – STARS (BEND) – PENTHOUSE PET KENNA JAMES

SAT 19 – ROCK HARD PDX
THUNDERSTRUCK AC/DC TRIBUTE

SAT 19 – FIREHOUSE (SALEM) 15-YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY

WED 23 - SAFARI - SPANKSGIVING FETISH PARTY

WED 23 - THE RUNWAY - 2<sup>ND</sup> ANNUAL TURKEY BOWL

THU 24 – TOMMY'S TOO
COMPLIMENTARY THANKSGIVING DINNER

FRI 25 - KING'S - THANKSGIVING CELEBRATION

SAT 26 – SHOTSKI'S (SALEM)
SHANE MAUSS W/ RAY MCMILLIN

FRI 25 - DANTE'S - MISS EXOTIC OREGON FINALS

FRI 25 & SAT 26 – KIT KAT CLUB
ROCKY HORROR TRIBUTE WEEKEND

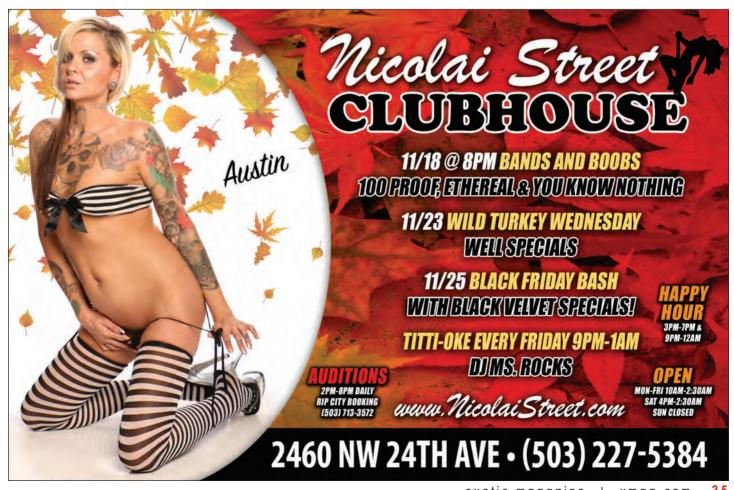












# DIARIES OF A HOPELESS LIBERAL write off the whole identifying-as-fringe-to-forfeit-one's own-privilege trend as something that

These are the chronicles of a bleeding heart run dry; a three-part series on how the left is eating itself, written by a die-hard liberal.

# Part 1: Gender As A Social Construct Vs. Born This Way

I recall being in grade school, when the AIDS crisis hit the mainstream narrative. Sure, some of the attempts to incorporate knowledge regarding the HIV epidemic were pretty ignorant (I recall an episode of 90210, in which teens were told to use "condoms or foam" to reduce the risk of HIV; if anyone out there can tell me what foam is, how it works and how long you've been living with AIDS, we can possibly talk a lawsuit against the television show's producers). Still, the issue was taken seriously, and from this discussion, a debate regarding the acceptance of homosexuality emerged.

The religious right was convinced that one could "pray the gay away," as homosexuality was apparently a choice, made by sinners, in an attempt to gain access to exclusive clubs, death threats, lynchings and all of the wonderful side effects associated with coming out during Desert Storm. The other side, that being the left (with whom I identify), came out with guns blaring, proving (with things like science and academic research) that homosexuality is the result of biology. Gay men are born with a different set of chemicals in their jimmies than straight men. Further, sexuality is on a spectrum, with some individuals feeling sexy tingles toward both (yes, back then there were two) genders and even a few folks out there who don't feel anything, in terms of sexual arousal. Some men felt like women, others just felt like men who wanted to fuck other men.

One constant remained, however—the notion that sexual orientation is determined from birth. This notion was (and still is) crucial to the mainstream acceptance of non-heterosexual people.

Enter the last decade, where, thanks to a neverending need for narcissistic supply on behalf of vanilla Millenials unhappy with their own biology (particularly the lack of oppression-worthy identity formation), the "gender is a social construct" argument emerges. Sure, critical thinkers may write off the whole identifying-as-fringe-to-for-feit-one's-own-privilege trend as something that will die as soon as the CEO of Tumblr is busted for child porn (seriously, there is more teenage BDSM on that website than there is in a pedophile's flu dream), but, for some reason, academia (or, more specifically, the wider arena of pseudo-intellectualism) has embraced the Rachel Dolezal'ing of anatomy because, hey, we need new outrage-ready hashtags or the snowflakes will melt.

Don't get me wrong; transgender people are a bullied, violently-oppressed demographic. The thing is, they comprise less than one-third-of-one-percent of the population, exist mostly in the shadows of everyday life and don't give a *flying fuck* about preferred pronouns or restroom laws. Seriously, not one. Single. Fuck.

What does hurt the trans community, however, is a trendy co-opting of their struggle that somehow results in a statistically impossible number of "non-binary genders" (read: labels constructed by attention-seeking college students), adopted by people who speak on behalf of a group from which they stole (see also: white hip hop). The underlying assumption behind the idea of "choosing" to identify as a particular gender, or set of genders, or whatever is it was Prince changed his name to, is that gender, sexual orientation and all the things associated with the naked bumping of uglies for non-procreative purposes, is just something a person can change. Boys in grade school acting too masculine? Eliminate the gender-specific toy sections in department stores! Girls enjoying typically feminine activities passed down from patriarchy-loving shitlords? Remake an 80s movie using B-level comedians! Woman in her thirties, with three kids, two ex-husbands and a job at Huffington Post decides, \*for some unknown reason\* to bitterly denounce the entire idea of femininity as some made-up construct put on this planet to force her into menopa...er, excuse me, subservience to an oppressive gender binary, but somehow identifies as male? That's just fine. She, er, excuse me, they won't be covering the story about a trans woman being lynched, beaten and drug from the back of a truck last week. Oh, no. That's not news. Barbie dolls are news. Why Aren't *More Men Buying Them?* 

Snark-asm aside, the point I'm making here can be explicitly stated as follows: if a person was capable of changing their biology by choice, trans and non-heterosexual people would be among the first to flip the switch. Think of a gay teen, alone for years during puberty, while his or her or their identity clashes with their sexual arousal—leading to the most influential period of their life becoming an increasingly real nightmare. What gives anyone the right to turn their struggle into a fashion? What makes the "I'm a gender-fluid, pansexual, omnipresent, demigod, Harmbekin, therefore you need to respect my feelings" mentality any different than painting oneself up in blackface and "embracing" watermelon, chicken and jazz? Hint: nothing. Bonus: it's just as offensive. Double bonus: mainly toward the people who it hurts the most.

Easy-to-digest fact: Gender exists on a spectrum.

Tough-to-digest fact: ...so do immovable points on this spectrum.

Easy-to-digest fact: Gender *roles* are socially reinforced

Tough-to-digest fact: ...and based on evolutionary, biological traits.

Easy-to-digest fact: Some people's body chemistry and emotional makeup do not match their biological sex.

Tough-to-digest fact: These people comprise 0.3% (not 3%, but one-tenth of that) of the world population, whereas nearly three times that many people suffer from HIV.

Easy-to-digest fact: We have the resources to cure HIV.

Tough-to-digest fact: ...but, not if the people chosen to spearhead social justice are too wrapped up in identity politics to bother fixing an actual problem, that affects actual people and requires actual left-leaning movements to support it.

I'm not an M.R.A. I'm not an alt-right supporter. I'd mention that some of my best friends are this or that, but such sentiment only continues to tokenize them. The only problem I have with "social justice warriors" is as follows: most of you are anti-social and casually endorse injustice ,while preaching against confrontation. Pick a different label or man/woman/snowflake the fuck up.

Mirrors need to come before megaphones.

Email your thoughts to MattRoseWriter@gmail.com



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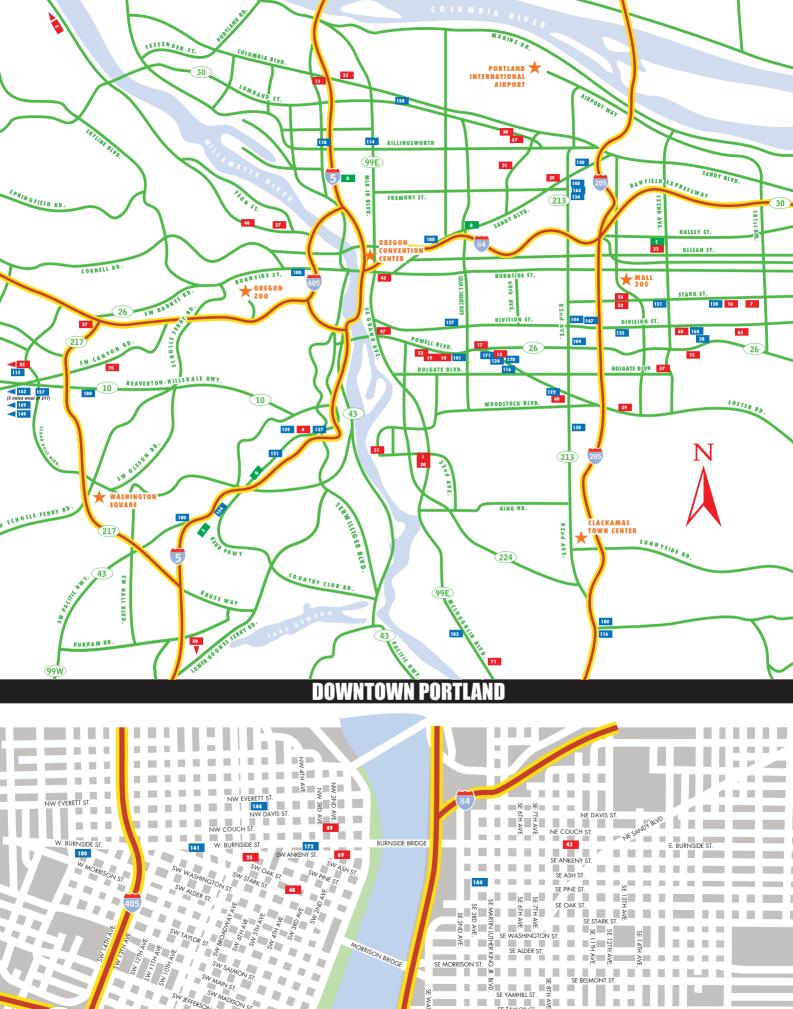
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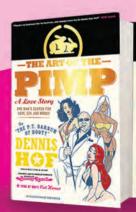
"Those seeking depictions of graphic sex and the ins and outs of prostitution will dig Hof's salacious memoir!" - Kirkus Reviews



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# - black thought

For real—do not tell my other editors I'm moonlighting. I've got no real excuse, except that Ray likes to pay in cocaine—and now the motherfucker's got me penning an intro to some shit I wrote weeks ago. Anyhow, I spent about a year critiquing the shallow analysis of this presidential election and now we appear to be far beyond saving. I'm voting for the race wars. Fuck Hillary Clinton. But, I digress.

In my opinion, stand up comedy equals the front lines of the First Amendment.

Case in point: Bill Burr on misogyny. Bill Burr's act is like a rapist's conscience. He challenges guys to be men. We need him. I swear to god, Nikki Glaser may damn well save the republic. No one is doing what she does. Keegan Michael Key acts as a sniper for the President. And, who the fuck am I—what is a comic? Who cares?

# I. Who's On First

Class Clown. Court Jester. Avant Garde. I can recall bombing from the back row in fourth grade, weighing the ratio of flop jokes to wise cracks that landed. My mother used to call me a con artist. She wanted me to be a lawyer.

I didn't know my father—my mother met her second husband working at a law firm and she hated lawyers. This was after Kwame left. My mother and father had met on the street—the way you're not supposed to anymore. Back in the nineties, catcalling was the way to meet. I logged ten-thousand hours introducing myself to girls I felt intimidated by. Maybe that's what hip hop taught me—to speak. Now, I'm working on throwing out my stand-up act. In kindergarten, I was trying to figure out a girl I didn't have a crush on. These days, I'm searching for a reason to stay sober.

But, in nineteen eighty whenever, Lady Lover Cool James rolled up his pant leg to ride a bike down the street and fuck Mr Big's girl. And, it stuck. I was rolling my pant leg hours before I rode my bike, years before I'd think I could ever emcee, a decade ahead of my hipster years. Hip hop whispered ancestry beyond the grave.

# A. "You Can't Fuck A Girl On A Pedestal"

see also: no sex in the champagne room.



Guys, I'm tired. I'm tired of trying, of failing, tired of killing and bombing in empty rooms. I'm tired of arguing with racists. Jesse Williams said I didn't have to anymore.

Tired of getting murdered in the street. Does it hurt? Every time. Sick of watching hacks succeed. Who are your heroes? Who's the number one selling artist stealing from?

# **B. Pussy Calling**

Here's the thing - I'm pretty sure the stripper likes me. Admittedly, she loses interest pretty quick. We're living in a culture of fear. Everybody's fucking scared of everybody. I recently got lost in a show called Crashing—starring the actor from Fleabag—and, I actually fucking have fleas, as it stands today (in November or whenever the fuck right now is). One of the quotes from Crashing is, "Everybody fucks everybody, eventually." Hear me out, I used to crush on Every Single Girl.

And I still do.

# C. My Parents Are Almost Proud Of Me

True Magic. I used to tell this joke...hold up. Mos Def changed his name. That's another joke. Gimme a minute. So, I have a theory, that Puff Daddy knows more than he's telling about B.I.G.'s death, which could probably get me killed. I used to tell this other joke about quantum physics.

Again, I digress. Sometimes speaking too freely isn't safe.

...is what I'm saying.

# D. Why I Don't Sell Hip Hop

I ain't never owned a thing in my life. I don't even pay for my own cell phone. There's no work for an emcee in twenty sixteen. I grew up loving comics. Graphic novels, sure. But, stand-up. Cosby. Poundstone. Bamford. Wayans.

Keenan Ivory produces up a storm, Marlon's a fantastic actor, Shaun is tall; I guess, maybe. For me, it was all Damon. I fucking owned his book. Whoopi Goldberg, Robin Williams, Billy Crystal. All this, before I was homeless. I grew up on SNL. Steve Martin. Dana Carvey. I'm hooked.

Even now, my favorite thing in the world is #KPCS. Kevin Pollak Chat Show. Meanwhile, Drake—the top selling artist—is a punchline on Big Ghost Blog.

Writers rule history. This is where we at now.

# E. Snowden

Twitter runs the news and nobody can stop your propaganda from building a corporate third reich. Hitler got started with a book in a jail cell...well, technically he took over the world from a pub. But, you get the point. Actually, you may not—that may be the point. I'm tired of writing for white people. I'm literally sick of white supremacy, smoking and drinking until I can function with these eyes on me.

You may be sitting here. That don't make you my audience. I've been to the mountain top.

I may not get there with you, but I have seen the promised land.





Powerful men and sex scandals are nothing new-the two have gone hand-in-hand for literally hundreds of years. Politicians and sex scandals go together like condoms and lube. As far back as when former President Thomas Jefferson allegedly fathered several children with Sally Hemmings outside of his marriage, sometime around the 1800s, politicians' extramarital sex lives have graced the cover of newspapers and tabloids alike.

But, perhaps one of the most famous cases of powerful, political men being unceremoniously usurped of their position, because of a sex worker, is the case of Arkansas Democrat, Wilbur Mills, who was once deemed "the most powerful man in Washington" (during his more-than-30-year tenure as chairman of the House Of Ways And Means Committee). Mills was a congressman and Harvard Law graduate, and according to New York Times, a possible presidential or Supreme Court candidate, whose career abruptly ended after his relationship with a beautiful and Cougar-esque stripper came to light in a bizarre traffic stop with law enforcement.

During his political career, the congressman did achieve some remarkable and altruistic feats, including the implementing of a medical program in his county, which provided services free of charge to the destitute, as well as helping to shape and create today's healthcare program, Medicaid. According to the Encyclopedia Of Arkansas, Mills was also the architect of measures on "interstate highways, Social Security disability, Social Security coverage for farmers and young people with elderly or deceased parents, tax reform that substantially increased taxes on higher incomes and decreased taxes on lower incomes, unemployment insurance and pension reform." Before he retired from Congress, he attempted to initiate national universal health insurance for all Americans, but missed by one vote.

Mills' downfall came about sometime after beginning an affair with Annabella Battistella, a gorgeous brunette stripper who performed under the name Fanne Foxe. The Argentine Firecracker and, later, The Tidal Basin Bombshell. The Argentine native was 38 years old when she met Mills, who was 65 at the time. One October, the two reportedly had a turbulent relationship that resulted in a traffic stop that led to Foxe jumping in Washington D.C.'s tidal basin. When the cops stopped the vehicle that was being driven by the pair (because the headlights were off), they found an intoxicated Mills with visible injuries on his face—allegedly from Foxe. Foxe ran from the car and jumped into the nearby tidal basin. The stripper was then rescued from the tidal basin and held for mental treatment.

In 1975, People Magazine featured an indepth article on the dancer, after Foxe wrote a tell-all book on her relationship with the congressman, appropriately titled The Congressman And The Stripper. Foxe revealed to People's Mary Vespa that she and The Mills had a 17-month relationship and that the congressman often brought along his wife on their dates. Foxe also said the incident catapulted her career. She was offered a few movie roles and the payment from the book had allowed her to stay home with her children—she also divorced her husband of 18 years.

"I have three children and I am not being supported by a man," Foxe told People Magazine. "It is hard to earn a living and I have financial obligations to meet. My children do not care what I did. I guess they think I am a good mother and a good woman—that's all that matters to them."

While the incident alone didn't end Mills' career, his subsequent, intoxicated appearances at Foxe's dance club did. Mills eventually admitted he had a drinking problem and sought treatment. According to New York Times, though Mills won his 19th term after the incident with Foxe, he was forced to relinquish his chairmanship.

"I drank booze and I mixed the drinks with some highly addictive drugs," Mills later confessed.

Though he didn't ever again hold public office, the former congressman practiced law and went on to establish various alcohol treatment centers in his home state and died at the age of 82.

After publishing her book, it was rumored Foxe eventually moved back to Argentina. But, not before getting arrested for "indecent exposure," when she went fully nude during a 1970s performance in an Orlando, FL dance club. She and the club owner both faced charges, but pled innocent (and charges were eventually dropped). As of this writing, there is no additional information on what happened to the stripper who helped derail the political career of the esteemed congressman—one who might have later become president.





# **IOSH THE TERRIRIF**

I'm over it. One of those fucktards won and America lost. The end. My only regret is how much time I wasted giving a shit. In order to channel the very last fibers of my hope in humanity, I'm going to deal with my election erection dysfunction, by writing a utopian alternate future sci-fi novel, where Bernie Sanders is democratically elected to be President AND Congress of North America with 101% of the vote. Everyone will have their dream job, the robots do all the work, everyone throws away their guns, tears down their fences and grows food together while telling stories around the campfire every night about how the world used to be so ugly and divided, but now everyone is so happy. So very fucking happy...kids play in the streets, strippers are treated like real people and every Saturday is Free Pot Cookie Day. Your health improves with age and you never die. All the religions have retired their silly gods and "Love" is the new Guiding Light.

The thing is, at the rate that virtual reality is progressing, it will only be a few more years before we can simply get lost in whatever "reality" we wish including one where Dumb Nutz and Two Face are a superhero duo, rather than our candidates for the most powerful office on the planet. Escapism is the new black, this season...and, for the next four years.

Hopefully, artificial intelligence will be advanced enough by the next election cycle to run for office. No, I'm serious. You might laugh at such a notion, but let me remind you that A.I. can already beat our best chess players and has kicked total ass on Jeopardy, America's favorite proveyour-own-ignorance game show. Wake up! The smartest being is no "being" at all and transcends anything our forefathers could have ever imagined. We keep on arguing about guns and abortion, meanwhile, life, as we know it, is transforming before our very eyes.

If you paid attention during the primary season, you noticed that young voters overwhelmingly supported policies and candidates to the left of the spectrum, in all parties. They know what kind of future they want to live in and we ought to be paying attention. Millennials are the most educated generation in our history and any one

of them could be the next Mark Zuckerberg or Elon Musk. You see, this generation is not like our parents generation—it is unlike any generation ever. For centuries, we built ginormous buildings (libraries) for the sole purpose of housing as much information as possible under one roof. But, even the Library Of Mu'fuckin' Congress only holds a tiny fraction of the information that I carry around in my pocket.

The Internet was the real game changer (fuck the haters). It has become part of who we are. We live and breathe ones and zeros. Virtually any argument that appeals to "this is the way we've always done it" is meaningless. Everything is different now. I feel like I should be sounding the alarm bells. "Like, HELLO, immortality is within our grasp, people!" We just discovered how to cut-and-paste DNA with perfect precision AND we've already figured out how to reverse aging in other mammals. Human Brain Machine Interface trials start next year (in Australia), allowing our brains to telepathically control a cyborg body. Umm, guys...some of us are going to live forever. I really, really suggest we all start thinking about the ramifications this will have on our existence.

We gave religion the first shot at morals, ethics and the afterlife. It failed. We understand—it's hard. But, now, it's our turn and we'll take it from here. Tell you what...we'll keep the golden rule, because it really is a good one (and even an idiot can understand it), but we'd also like to add a new rule, that we think even Buddha and Jesus (R.I.P.) would advocate for.

The Transhumanist Golden Rules:

1. Treat others the way you would like to be treated. 2. You have the right to do anything to your body, so long as it does not harm others.\*

If we hold these truths to be self-evident, we can become anything we want to. Gene editing has already given us glow-in-the-dark sheep and silk producing goats (by cutting and pasting spidey genes into DNA). The ability to transform and create life is here. Modifying the human is the inevitable next step.

In just a handful of years, we'll be seeing advertising that we've never dreamed of (until now). Want lizard skin? No prob, take these pills. Wish you had a tail? Download the Grow-A-Raccoon-Tail DNA file to your iBrain. Eternal-life insurance companies may soon offer 3D, bio-printed, vitalorgan-upgrade policies to extend and enhance the human experience. There is an incredibly optimistic future for us—and, we can attain it—but, we must realign our priorities. Science is here to save us, and all we have to do is not fuck it up (i.e. stop hating, fighting and killing each other\*\*).

Sound too "sci-fi"? Well, Transhumanist technologies have been helping us live longer and with a higher quality of life, for centuries. In fact, our life spans have doubled in just the last 150 years and this is attributable to advances in science. Let's consider the human eye. In the past, a person's eyesight was determined primarily by their luck of the genetic draw. But then, the great and merciful science gave us optical lenses, glasses and bifocals to correct our inherently bad "design." Later, contact lenses were created, marking a giant leap in human-technology integration. Now, it is commonplace to have your defective eyes re-calibrated with FUCKING LASERS! "Good as new, little humanoid." And, that isn't even the end game; bionic eyes and "smart contacts" are in development, which will enhance EVERYTHING WE PERCEIVE. I can't wait to play with the iEye filters that will allow me to see methane gas, radiation levels, ultraviolet/infrared colors, X-ray, night vision and much more. Plus, I'll be able to take blink-activated EyeSnaps and share my live Eyestreaming feed on Skynet, err...I mean, social media. And that, my friends, is a future worth fighting for.

\*Also known as The Principle Of Morphological Freedom.

\*\*Refer to The Transhumanist Golden Rules above.

Don't know what Transhumanism is? Welcome to the future.

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Political pillow talk; do you love on the far left or grab pussy from the right? Where do you land on the sexy spectrum? Take this simple quiz.

1.\_\_\_\_ Protecting your partner's environment may or may not be important to you. After an evening of pleasure, you:

A. Put fresh sheets on the bed, throw the dirty ones in the laundry and start a fresh pot of coffee.

B. Toss the used condom in the garbage (but, only if it would make you an asshole by stepping over it).

C. Take a shower, use their toothbrush, take their loose quarters and steal their favorite hoodie/coffee mug.

2. \_\_\_\_ Migration policies—how open are you to migrating sex away from the bedroom?

A. We keep the swing in the basement and the cost of the swing should be subsidized as medical equipment, as well as a house with a basement.

B. The bedroom is for weekday sex.

C. How could you have missionary sex, if you're not in the bedroom?

3.\_\_\_\_ Gay marriage...

A. Should be legal and given the same rights as heterosexual marriage.

B. Should be legal, because everyone should be able to experience the pleasure of divorce.

C. Should be illegal, because I am a terrible person.

4.\_\_\_ Gun control...

A. All guns are scary and should be banned.
B. Only non-assault rifles should be allowed in the

C. Open-carry in the bedroom should be a norm.

5. \_\_\_\_ Some people are born with more privilege than others.

A. True.

B. True, but not me.

C. We make our own privilege.

6.\_\_\_\_ Social Security and orgasms?

A. Everyone should have access to orgasms—the stingy 1% need to stop being greedy.

B. Everyone should be responsible for their own orgasms.

C. All the orgasms, only for me.

7.\_\_\_\_ Regarding real estate taxes, should sex dungeons be tax deductible, like home offices?

A. 100% (and, Xfinity's Triple-Play Bundle should be deductible as well).

B. Yes, but only the room—not the saw horses or zip ties.

C. What's a sex dungeon?

8.\_\_\_\_ It's more important for our country to...

A. Help the poor and orgasm-less.

B. Provide education, so people can educate themselves about money and orgasms.

C. Not do anything. If people have information, they might ruin my gig.

9. The Fed should be more concerned with...

A. Access to affordable sex shops.

B. Access to online pornography.

C. Taxing the fuck out of the sex industry.

10.\_\_\_\_ The only social responsibility of a company should be to deliver a profit to its shareholders.

Δ False

B. False, but that should one of its top priorities. C. True.

11.\_\_\_\_ Everyone has a right to a safe sex life, even if they can't afford it.

A.True.

B. True, but only if it doesn't impact me financially. C. False.

12.\_\_\_\_ All authority should be questioned, Master.

A. True.

B. True, unless I am the the "authority." C. False.

13. Plan B should be:

A. Completely legal and available.

B. Restricted and discouraged.

C. Illegal, even though I don't want to provide any help with unwanted births or pregnancies, or with

healthcare. I don't think Plan B should be available, because I am a monster.

14.\_\_\_\_ Military action that defies international law is sometimes justified.

A. False.

B. True, if it saves more people in the long run. C. True. Why should we have to abide by international laws?

15.\_\_\_\_ The problem with the US justice system is:

A. Not enough rehabilitation and prisoner's rights. B. Too many plea bargains and loose interpretations of law.

C. Not enough prisons to house the pot smokers.

16.\_\_\_\_ The death penalty...

 $\label{eq:A.ls} A.\,ls\,a\,violation\,of\,human\,rights.$ 

B. Is appropriate in select cases.

C. Should be a live Sunday night reality TV show.

17.\_\_\_\_ How do you feel about global warming?

A. We should be more careful with the environment. We are the leading cause for global warming.

B. It's mostly natural, but we could do a little more to keep an eye on it.

C. Changes in global temperatures are natural over long periods of time. So far, science has not shown that humans can affect permanent change to the earth's temperature.

Score: A=0, B=1, C=2. Add up your score.

0-17 = You're as left as left can get. Bernie was a loss for us all.

18-27 = You lean left, but you have conservative tendencies.

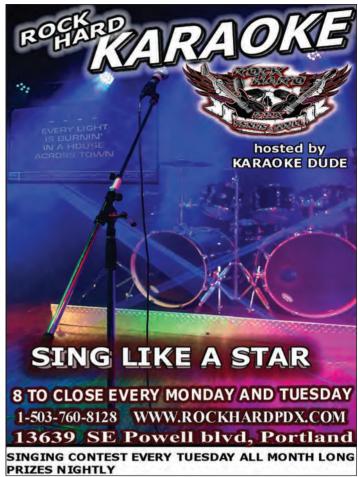
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# BY JAIME SUICIDE

# **BALLS DEEP**

Early morning mist sprays Mr. Trigger Happy's face as he walks to his truck. He turns the key and lets the motor run to heat up the cab. The frozen grass crunches under his feet. Sun breaks on the horizon. He walks into the house, through the living room and into the bedroom. Steam billows from the bathroom.

"Honey," he says.

"What? I'm in the shower," Jody says. "I have to be at the club soon."

He stands in the doorway.

"I'm heading to work," he says, then taps on the fogged glass door. "Give me a kiss."

A strand of Jody's blonde hair hangs in her face. Mr. Trigger Happy brushes it away.

He kisses her. She pulls away.

"I'm cold." Jody shuts the shower door in his face. "I'll see you tonight." She stands in the water. The stream outlines her breasts and drips down her nipples like the curve of Multnomah Falls.

Mr. Trigger Happy climbs into the truck. He calls work.

"Can I take the day off? Okay. Thanks." He hits the end-call button.

He drives to a diner and orders breakfast. The waitress pours him a coffee. He drinks it black.

He flips through a newspaper. His food arrives—pancakes, scrambled eggs, extra bacon. He douses the plate in syrup. Checks his watch—

7am, the time Jody's shift starts.

Jody's on stage in clear, four-inch slip-on heels and a baby blue gown with a long slit up the side, so her left leg peeks through.

She kneels in front of a short man who sits at the stage. He's her secret side dude, Chevalier Servant.

She kisses his cheek, then sits on the rack—the countertop ledge of the stage. Her left leg swings over his right shoulder, her right leg over his left shoulder. She holds herself up with her hands on the ledge, as she straddles him and sways her vagina in his face. He blows. Cotton candy and wet wipe disinfectant wafts back at him. He smiles. The song ends. She pulls her gown up from her waist and over her tan, \$10,000 boobs and clanks her slip-ons back to the dressing room.

Chevalier Servant orders another whiskey neat and breaks a Franklin. Coasters glow purple on the bar, under the black light.

Mr. Trigger Happy takes a seat next to Chevalier Servant, who doesn't realize the tall stranger in denim and flannel is Jody's fiancé. He sinks into the black leather chair, then scoots toward the wood rack, outlined with pink streamer lights. He tips the next dancer on stage and chugs a bottle of Budweiser.

Two more strippers go through the rotation. Both men tip two dollars per song.

Jody climbs the stage stairs. She wipes down the pole with a rag. She looks up and locks eyes with Mr. Trigger Happy. She stumbles, but catches herself.

She dances over to him, pretends to be un-

fazed, arches her back and tilts her head back in an attempt to seduce him out of her awkward shock.

"Hi baby," she says. She kneels on the rack in front of him. Kisses him on the lips. Looks at Chevalier Servant with wide eyes, as if to warn him.

Mr. Trigger Happy's lips don't move—he doesn't blink. It's hard for Jody to tell if he's even breathing.

He bolts up and knocks over his chair. Jody throws her arms around him. He pushes her off. She falls to the floor. Chevalier Servant stands up. "Get your hands off of her," he says. Mr. Trigger Happy pulls out his 9mm Glock Pistol. Chevalier Servant waves his hands in the air and steps back. "Whoa man," he says. Mr. Trigger Happy steps forward and points the gun at Chevalier Servant's groin. The bullet penetrates straight through his nutsack and the chair, then dents the floor. Bloodied and crisp flesh curls in the gaping hole that was once the home to millions of sperm. It leaks red and white peach chunks and tubes.

The screams don't penetrate Mr. Trigger Happy's ears. The pleas go unheard, as he walks through the pool of blood, away from the stage and out the front door.

He holds the warm steel to his temple. Boom.

# **CHALICE**

Cigarette smoke dances in the stage lights. Chalice spins on a red leather bar stool. Her lit cigarette rests in an ashtray on the bar. The black walls lined with mirrors give the illusion of open space in the small, U-shaped strip club. The red and black décor matches her striped stockings. A middle-aged man with a receding hairline approaches her at the bar.

"How much is a table dance?"

"Half your age," she says.

"Only if I add a tip," he says.

"You will," she says.

Freckles dot her pale face. Chalice embodies the subject of the male aze in early cinema.

The dude cowers at her sharp beauty. She grabs his hand and leads him to the private dance area—a black leather half-circle couch in an alcove separated from the rest of the bar with a red velvet curtain.

She sets down her pint on the table next to the couch. The song starts. Some classic rock tune the dude lip synchs, but she doesn't know despite its chart-topping popularity.

Her strawberry blonde hair grazes his face as she leans over him. He takes a deep breath.

The point of her blush nipple extends mere inches from his mouth. He thrusts his face forward but she senses it before he even attempts to wrap his wrinkled mouth around her perky breast.

"No breastfeeding allowed, baby," she says.

Her hands push down on his thighs as she lowers her knees to the carpet. She twirls her head between his legs in a mock blowjob. He shutters.

She stands. Leans in. Teases him with nipples that could cut glass. They shine like diamonds from the silver body glitter.

He thrusts forward. Mouth full of nipple. Grains of glitter stick to his tongue. She jumps back. The light shimmers off her wet nipple. She smiles. He smiles back. Licks his lips.

She half-dances as she turns her back to him. She grabs her beer, Turns around. Her red lips curl in a diabolical smile he can't see. She sips the beer. Wiggles her naked ass in his face, then turns around to the music with the beer still in her hand.

She holds the pint glass over his head and cocks hers to the side. A giant pearly white smile stretches across her face as she tilts the pint so the gold liquid pours onto his head.

He jumps up.

"What the fuck, bitch?!"

"Say another word and I'll tell the bouncer you bit my nipple," she says.

He grabs the curtain and dries his head with it, then leaves the alcove for the bathroom, muttering curses.

She sets the empty glass on the bar.



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Wow. Wowie zow. Conflicted emotions! All over this corn. Hi. I'm a scarecrow, Scarecrow is my name. You might think the problems of this turnip donut concern me, but let me sell you—just because I don't have a brain, doesn't mean I don't have FEENINGS! The world is figgity-tucked and I gotta get some thought pellets out my feel sack, spread 'em around and see what sticks. Bare with meat.

Thirdly, please forgive my erratic writing style, I am but a scarecrow! I do not possess a brain, with which to form thoughts and actions. I was made by a lowly corn farmer with no formal education

to speak of! I stand in the field! The field is my home! I protect the farms, all the farms, many farms. Farm, barn, corn, silo, turds, my wife is cheating on me, hot dogs.

Hi, I'm a scarecrow. My name is... Scarecrow. Goodbye.

That being said, my straw heart is heavy this evening. Things are happening in places that make people sad, but in other places, some people are happy. This can even occur in the same space and time! I don't really know how it works, but I wish it weren't so. Crows peck out my eyes from time to time and I do not know how to feel about that.

Sometimes, late at day, night, whatever, I really don't know...I will sing songs. Songs of epic proportions...I think. Or, rather, I don't think! I don't know how to help myself or others. The river runs red, when the red runs through it. I heard a shotgun once and children pray to Stan a few rows over on bright, round, dark times.

Greetings! I'm Scare cow, the scar crow. I have a lot of spit to shit through, so let's get this boat off the ground. Tidy, tidy, tidy! Must be neat and tidy! Mustn't must up master's mitts! Alright, here goes...thanks for reading. See ya.

Things should stop! Or, continue! But, definitely crows. I count crows when I can sleep. 1. 1. 1. 1. Merle. 1. 1. Svenson. 1. Octopus. Mr. Jones. Me. 1. Toads! 1. 8. Sleven. Fat. 1.

People should be, it is bad when people aren't. I scared a crow one time simply by sharing how futile everything is. I'm pretty sure I was joking! Who wants to hear a joke? Knock. Why? Huh? MEN. Ha ha! Hee hee! See the man that hath been stuffed from straw! Oh, what cruel fates! Satanists infused me with the soul of a demon! Now, I talk and sing and dance but I also SUFFER.



Hi.

People say "Scarecrow, why do you have a blog, when you don't even have a brain?" and I'm like, "pretzels." I make crop circles all the time, every time I gotta take a piss. Oh, sorry. A piss is when you break dance in the middle of a corn field and it makes a crop circle. Please forgive my backwards lingo. I do not know what it is like on your plant! I am a straw-forged scarecrow, here to persuade the representatives of the crow nation to take their goods elsewhere, there is no market today, shoop!

Thank you for listening to my weblog, I do not

usually get into think pieces, but I'm doubt paged. Alright, have a good pizza!

Hi, I'm a scarecrow. Name's Scarecrow. Nice to meet you. Let's have a rap. Tea? Hold on, lemme check. It's uh, Hibiscus Mint. Sorry, my wife buys the stuff. I prefer coffee. Settled in? Good. I wanted to get a few things off my straw-filled chest... things have been troubling me lately. I wish I could help out the world in ways that would make everything better for everyone, but, honestly, most of the time I am just struggling to figure myself out. I wish that folks all had the same moral compass. Unfortunately, that's just not the case. I feel as though if people could get better at letting

things go, forgiving themselves and others and freeing their bodies of guilt, then that might be a good start. It's not easy, but the number one thing to keep in mind, is that you are a human being capable of all of life's ups and downs. Just like anyone else. Everyone has felt like you, acted stupid like you, hurt loved ones like you and that is okay. The more we can accept ourselves for who we are, the more we will be able to accept others just as they are. I feel forgiveness is the true key towards light and laughter. Namaste.

So, in closing, I'll have a virgin bloody hairy and the lady will have a marmarita. Time to time to time to time to

change to time. It's like my favorite Smicahel L. Jackie Chan song says:

"I'm looking into my neighbor's mirror

I'm asking him to change his clothes

No massage could have been in a parlour

If you wanna make your girl invest in Hanes

Take a look at your shelf

And shave that mane"

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# THE BOST BELLEVILLE OF THE BOST BELLEVILLE OF

I was in the Lusty Lady's furry, pink private booth. A man came in, he put money into the slot. The window slid open, revealing his bugged-out eyes and alcoholic-pink face. He barked commands at me. I pretended not to hear.

I put on a slow show, feeling deliberate, but felt my acting becoming real. My body... responding.

He was so unkempt, gross and *mean*. THE THINGS HE SAID, it turned me on—

He was the opposite of every sweet, smooth man I've ever loved.

In the pink-furry ache of the private show, I touched myself until I saw Adonis.

He glossed the window with the milky cream, blurring-out the glass.

I swear I saw Jesus in that face—the most beautiful man in the world.

Strippers learn to see the best in everyone. We learn this by seeing the worst: the most pain-salvaged faces, the fear-beer-gut belly exploding with Hamms, but no love for the stage. The liars, the cheaters, the beaters, drugged-out skeezers, the fake-talking boys who just wanna be men.

All the dumb ones and the smart ones who never learned to say "please"—and the assholes, unrepentant, tongues licking voraciously.

Disgustingly-smelly, old-man Haggard, caked one-hundred-year-old dirt under his nails. Acidic breath. Roaming hands. The telltale taxman and the greasy, one-eyed bastard.

The ex-boyfriend, pretending you're not

# BY JULIA LAXER

there, on stage, dancing for other men.

He is beside the point, but just like them.

Inexcusable, rough, substantial.

And, then, there's the sweet ones: the laughter, the kindness, the jolly-dollar bills. Sweeter than the whiskey sours you both drink, licking cherries, eye-fucking each other through laughter and similar views and politics. The ones who pay you to just be yourself, because they know that under your nine fake names, you are always someone real. The ones who just love women. The ones unaffected by the power and chauvinism, the ones who are sexy because...respect.

They. Worship. You.

And, the dollars fall like shooting stars into the deepening night. Dark streets, light of the stage, thick stacks, heavy—making you weak in the knees, like pleasure. The beautiful filth of money. The scent of sweat, the cashmerefeel of old money, and the crisp sound of new money.

You take it all...

But, there's always the ones—

The rich men pouring porridge through vetted eyes and false promises...the fami-

ly men, oh the family men! How their teeth line up like picket fences, but, really, they are graves.

They want to save us with their luxury cars and rented-out condos.

Gag me with your false promises, dude.

I will just pray for your teenage daughter. You say I look just like her.

I touch them all with my eyeballs, I touch myself in the pink booth.

As a Peepshow Pet, I am your Girl Of The Century. Your own private movie, as long as you feed me full. Dollar and I will open—both my window and my legs.

You can stroke it, but you can't disguise your need...

Your need? Your needs?

Well—what do I need?

The most beautiful men of all: dead presidents. All their beautiful, gone faces.

And, George Washington...

You're number one, small in change, but in thick handfuls, I give you my respect.

Fall at my feet. I am here, floating above you.

Wor\$hip Me.

Julia Laxer lives for the stories and writes in the afternoons from a rickety desk in a rose-lit room in downtown Portland. Please address love letters / hate mail to julialaxer@gmail.com or to @JuliaLaxer on Twitter.



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The holiday season is here, and for guys like me, that means, "Here comes crippling depression." I am a little opposite from most regular folks. Most people think of things they are thankful for or talk about all the things in life that make them feel alive during the holidays. That's fucking super rad for them, but I'm over here compiling a mental list of reasons I don't off myself every day—remaining on Earth, like I'm already haunting the shit I want to do before I go. So, without further adieu, here's a list of things that kept me here this month.



# 1. I Just bought a jumbo package of Kraft Mac And Cheese.

I'm fucking poor, and a Costco card wasn't cheap. Also, this giant package of Kraft dinner cost a king's ransom in and of itself. So, basically, as I sit here with the bottle of painkillers in my hand, I think of that delicious, extra cheesy poor people food and realize...if I don't eat this mac and cheese, I'll leave too much unfinished business behind (and, most likely, haunt my pantry for the rest of eternity).

# 2. We're so close to finding out the truth about aliens.

When I was a kid, my Dad was an abusive ass, but he fucking loved Star Trek and Star

Wars. So, I grew up with a love for science fiction. I've spent the bulk of my years on this dreary mortal coil, waiting for our alien overlords to reveal themselves to us. Hillary say's she's going to release the UFO files when she gets elected...now, I hate Hillary, but I can't go out until I find out if she really will.

# 3. I've never had a threesome.



I don't know if this one is in the cards for me, but goddamnit, I'm only a thirty-four-year-old, and I just keep hanging on. I'm polyamorous. I live with my wife AND my girlfriend and I still have not had a fucking threesome. I don't even think I care anymore about the experience. It feels as though it's become an issue of principal. So, I put down the pills and went back to Craigslist. Speaking of Craigslist, there is no more desolate wasteland on that website than the WW4M section. Just sayin'.

# 4. The new HBO show *Westworld* finally came out.

I don't know if you guys heard, but this show is a big deal and they've been telling us it's "coming soon" or "in production" for years. It's been teased for so long, that I honestly lost focus on it and thought they already made the show. In fact, I thought it had been made...

went several seasons...and went off the air. Now it is here and I can't figure out how to work HBO GO! What the fuck, universe?! I just want it on my TV, not my phone! I cannot and will not pass through that veil until I see season one.

# 5. The median cost of rent went down in Portland for the first time in years this month.

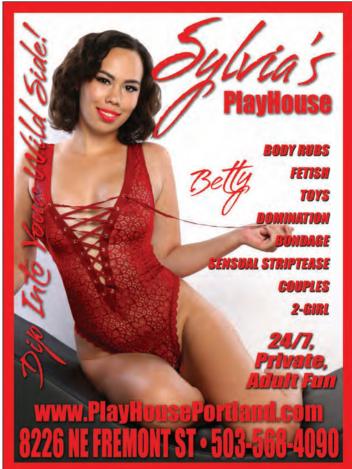
I didn't stick it out through years of hipsters and unemployed "artists" moving into my shitty neighborhood, just to miss watching them go back to San Francisco, where it's not so..."corporate". When I moved into Portland, I moved into the deep Southeast. SOOO deep, I could walk to Jessie Sponberg's house. I mean, literally—I walked there before. When I first got here, it was people like us working class, regular motherfuckers just trying to survive. Sure, there were also the problems

that come with a low-income area. But, I'm from the Midwest-and, I was poor there too-so, it felt like home. Moreover, it embraced my family and gave me a new life and a new social network (IRL LOL). So, imagine my chagrin when the trust fund kids moved into the apartment above

me. The end was nigh. BUT! Like Jordan at the buzzer, the median rent price stagnated and dropped slightly for the first time—ever—since I started paying attention. I can't die now, knowing my homies will still be in the hood when I need 'em.

This article was meant to help me make light of my own struggle with depression. If you, or anyone you know, struggles with depression and you think you or they might be in danger, please reach out to them or reach out to someone yourself. Jokes are fun, but suicide is a serious issue during the holidays for thousands of people and you are loved (if by no one else, then by me). The National Suicide Prevention Hotline can be reached at (800) 273-8255.









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