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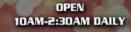




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INSIDE STUFF

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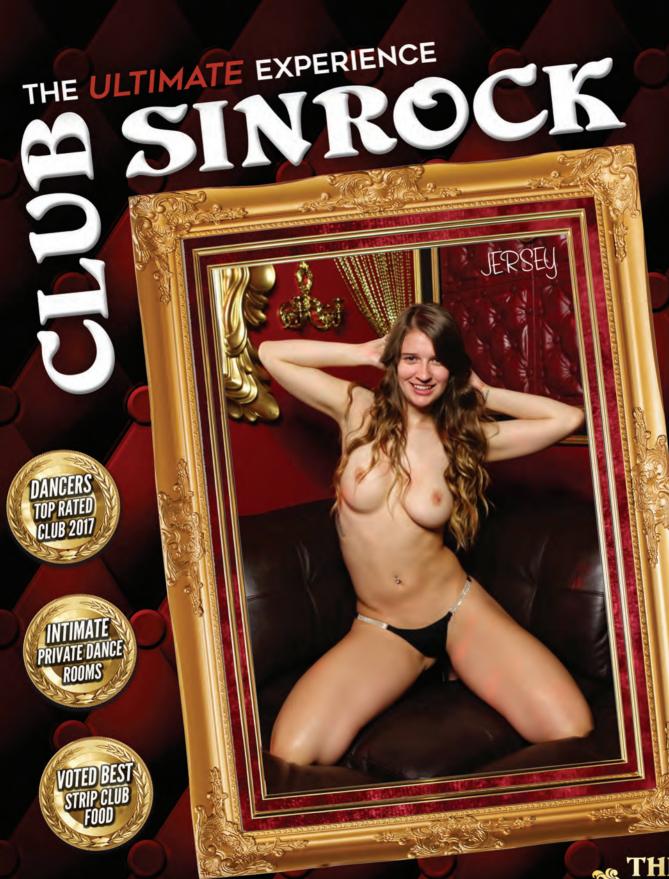
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Jupiter, King Of Gods

This guy is the guy that you meet at a party. He's handsome and charming for the first five minutes—and, you want to like him—but, he just ruins it at every chance. This guy went down to Earth to have sex with virgins, impregnate them and leave them alone to be single moms, which makes them appear as crazy liars to their own mothers. "No, Mom, really...he's a god and we're going to be together soon—he'll send for the baby and I, as soon as he can. He just has to make it right with his wife first." Um...okay?

Juno, Goddess Of Marriage

Well, fuck, of course we have goddess of marriage after Jupiter runs around, sticking his god dick everywhere. You're going to need a marriage goddess to pray about putting a ring on it, with all these single moms running around having these half-god babies.

Venus, Goddess Of love

Self-explanatory.

Pluto, God Of The Underworld

This motherfucker "stole" Jupiter's wife for half a year to take her underground, so his frat boy friend on Olympus could get some Earth pussy. Hey guys, guess what? They are in it TOGETHER. They want you to think that they are opposite. They are both having sex with Proserpine—it's a big scheme they cooked up. "You can have sex with my wife, but you have to keep her for a few months and distract her. I'll just run around, banging all these Earth bitches." They're jerks; this is how jerks talk.

Proserpine, Goddess Of The Underworld

This poor goddess has no idea that these guys are playing her.

Ceres, Goddess Of The Harvest

I guess she is goddess of the corn? Maybe of wheat, grain...GLUTEN? Maybe, this is just a nice way to say she is the goddess of your IBS.

Apollo, God Of Music And Medicine

Apollo is your cool uncle, who listens to music

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A MODERN DAY INTERPRETIVE GUIDE TO ROMAN GOD MYTHOLOGY

you've never heard and always has dabs. May Apollo bless you with ad-free Spotify and, occasionally, with just enough dabs—but, never too much, because dabs will damage you.

Diana, Goddess Of The Hunt

Don't you mean Goddess of the husband hunt? She will help the single moms track you down and marry the fuck out of you.

Necessita, Goddess Of Destiny

"...is coming to main stage."

Mercury/Hermes, Messenger Of The Gods

Oh, I really want a Hermes bag. Oh, dear Hermes god, please send me Hermes bag.

Bacchus, God Of Wine

This makes sense. Did you know that Bacchus is best friends with Apollo? They drink wine and do dabs together.

Cupid, God Of Love

Fuck this garbage-troll-shit baby. WHO GIVES A BABY ARROWS?

Candelifera, Goddess Of Childbirth

Well, you need a childbirth goddess because of Jupiter-the-Earth-girl fucker.

Carmenta, Goddess Of Childbirth And Prophecy

This goddess is like Candelifera, but she can make your baby grow up *and* be on a TLC show called *Long Island Medium*.

Clementia, Goddess Of Forgiveness And Mercy

The Earth lady who had Jupiter's baby is pretty mad, and rightfully so. But, she needs a forgiveness goddess.

Cloacina, Goddess Of The Sewers

Seriously, there is a goddess of toilets? Maybe it was for the mothers with morning sickness. She is friends with the IBS goddess too.

Deverra, Goddess Of Midwives And Women In Labor

This is for the mothers giving birth, but with extra insurance that the midwife knew what she was doing. Cool, I get what they are doing here.

Edesia, Goddess Of Food, Who Presided Over Banquets

Of course, who else do the event coordinators at the Red Lion Inn thank at the end of a successful, 75-person, middle management, office awards ceremony?

Epona, God Of Horses

What??? Where the fuck did they come up with horses?

Fabulinus, God Of Children

l get it.

Hespera, Goddess Of Dusk

I think this sounds like the worst goddess job, because you will always be working. I bet this is like the entry-level-goddess job. This is where most goddesses start, but they have to prove themselves before working into middle-goddess management. If they don't, they won't get promoted to a horse or gluten goddess, or even to child delivery goddess—even though it has always had a high turnover rate.

Hippona, Goddess Of Horses

Again? Why more horse?

Libitina, Goddess Of Death, Corpses And Funerals

That sounds exciting—I bet our goddess is sitting in a CSI crime lab right now.

Pomona, Goddess Of Fruit Trees

Also, an entry-level position.

Tiffany Greysen is a stand up comedian and writer from Portland-ish, Oregon. She is a freelance writer for several humor publications. Her comedy is part advice columnist and part parenting guide...neither of which should be followed. You can find her on Twitter as @TiffanyGreysen or on Facebook by name.

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Vanessa

COLUMN BY WOMESTREICHA THE MAGNIFICENT ROME FELL, WILL WE?

The fall of Rome. Great as a metaphor for pretty much anything you don't like here in the modern age, but the historical Rome...why did it fall? If the comparisons people make to modern society are accurate, surely there are correlations, right? Well, it's time for ol'Wombstretcha (that...that's me) to get out the *Big Book Of History & Shit* and line up some reasons why the Roman Empire* fell, to see if there's a modern equivalent.

Here we go...

Roman Empire: Military Overspending

Rome had a habit of spending lots of money on their various conquests and, eventually, the dough ran out, after a series of unsuccessful (or unprofitable) attempts to keep on truckin.

Modern Equivalent: Spending \$10 On A Pre-Packaged Salad

Come on, people. Get it together. I know you love Whole Foods, but damn...a salad? Really? You can't keep this up. They don't even give you enough dressing to cover the whole thing. Just stop.

Roman Empire: Unemployment Of The Working Classes

A glut of cheap slave labor forced the working class Romans into unemployment, subsequently leading them to become dependent on government handouts. The working class subsidies led to many choosing a slightly lower standard of living, but a life of ease and idleness over working—even when employment was available.

Modern Equivalent: Taco Tuesday

Yes, we all know there's better food, even for the cost. Yes, we all know that the place likely wouldn't pass a health inspection. However, we choose cheap tacos over a more satisfying meal in more hygienic conditions, because it's just so damn easy and the bar usually has something decent playing on the jukebox.

Roman Empire: Decline In Traditional Ethics & Values

Prior to the collapse, the basic principles, standards and judgments about what was important or valuable in life were flushed down the lead sewer pipes. A near-total disregard for human and animal life pre-20 exotic magazine | xmag.com vailed, and a society unable to agree on even basic rules of human behavior is a society that has trouble asserting itself.

Modern Equivalent: Snapchat

Does this really require an explanation?

Roman Empire: Economic Turmoil

On the way down, Rome was plagued by massive debt, heavy taxation and high inflation. Toward the very end, the currency was so devalued, that people returned to a system of barter, even in the heart of one of the world's greatest civilizations.

Modern Equivalent: GameStop

Seriously? I just bought this last week for fifty bucks... from this store! Okay, \$3 is the best you can do? Or, store credit for \$5? Sigh. I guess I'll take the store credit and put it toward a copy of *Crash Bandicoot's Anal Outback Apocalypse*, which is normally fifty bucks. I'm sure it'll be good.

Roman Empire: High-Level Corruption

The influence of the Praetorian Guard—the elite security force for the Emperor—amassed so much power, that they were basically deciding who should be Emperor and icing those Emperors of whom they did not approve. Often, they could (and, would) secure Emperorship for those who had the coin to make it happen.

Modern Equivalent: Shirley At The DMV

The law says we're all entitled to the same privileges, so why you gotta be mean muggin'? Why you gotta tell me to go to a different line, unless I compliment your hideous shirt? Why you gotta insist that I use the ATM, instead of writing a check, knowing full well that you'll forfeit my spot in line in the 30 seconds it takes to pull cash, because the line must keep moving, unless it's not me up there? Whom do you serve, Shirley?! It sure as shit isn't the people! You're not god, Shirley.

Roman Empire: Lead Poisoning

Lead was used for pretty much everything back in ancient Rome. Dishware, cosmetics, drinking cups and a whole host of other things that came in close contact with the Romans themselves. The word "plumbum" is the Latin word for lead and the base for our word "plumber," so, closely associated with sewers it was. Naturally, the ubiquitous nature of lead ended with a lot of people getting lead poisoning, which tends to make you nuts and kill you, in that order.

Modern Equivalent: Vaping

Hold on, you say? Vaping is better than smoking/ drinking/eating/mainlining heroin/betting on horses?! It's good! Wrong, dickhead. Vaping causes cancer—social cancer. Go eat paint chips instead.

Roman Empire: Appeasing The Mob

Due to a large number of unemployed, subsidized, working-class Romans, the government saw fit to see that they were entertained on the public coin as well. This was initially done to prevent them from causing trouble in their idleness, but ended up being a huge drain on funds and resources, since entertaining the plebeians became something of a contest of one-upping amongst Emperors, who loved outdoing the last guy. Anyone who didn't advocate paying for spectacles for the mob was not long for politics in Rome, so the spending was basically untouchable and had no cutoff.

Modern Equivalent: Reality TV

Yes, you might not get to see people hack one another's limbs off in a sandy arena, but there's shit on these shows which is somehow more depraved than anything the Romans could have cooked up for one of their Colosseum Spectaculars. Like that mailorder bride show, "Who Wants To Hose Off A Shrieking Hoarder?" or the ones where they give extremely poor people false hope in exchange for trash behavior. "Cash me ousside" should not be a phrase that millions of people know. [ED: How bow dah?]

Roman Empire: Barbarians

It can be most definitely said that the invasion of barbarian tribes was directly responsible for Rome going under. Their savagery eventually overwhelmed an exhausted empire and there were many sackings.

Modern Equivalent: Canadians

They're up there, just waiting for an opportunity to let loose their shaggy hordes on civilization. Curling championships are just a means to pass time before the invasion.

See? Now we're learning from history! Let's try not to make the same mistakes the Romans did, shall we?

Ave atque vale.

*The Western Roman Empire, that is, because fuck the Byzantines, a.k.a. the "Just Oates" to the Western Empire's "Hall & Oates."

-WStM

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a writer, lube stockpiler, Crocodile Mile customization community member, Q-Bert trivia expert, corn digester and retired rapper from Portland, Oregon. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook by name.

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H IceCreamMatters

My buddy Josh is up from Humboldt County, CA, which is more or less the weed capital of the world. Humboldt folk are used to extremely good pot, but lack variety in their dispensaries (scratch that, dispensary). So, I decide to show him how cool Oregon's laws are, by taking him to one of the most upscale dispensaries in Salem. We walk into Name Omitted Due To Legality Remedies and the place looks like an Apple store; everything is encased in glass, tons of options are laid out and, for the most part, it's all pre-packaged and polished. I'm stoked, so I buy a few blunts like a grown-ass adult. Josh, however, takes one look at the cannabis ice cream and makes a high-pitched screech—emulating a gay teenager, who just learned that his parents have just accepted his coming out by buying him tickets to Pat Benatar. Fine-he can go with the Sprinkleberry Double Dutch Unicorn Thunderfuck Sherbert Pie and I will stick with the tried-and-tested, Snoop-approved cannabis delivery method.

When we get to the counter, the lady working the register sells me my "medical" blunts (here's tobacco wrapped around something called Chem Dawg, with a free lighter—hope your lungs feel better soon).

However, she refuses to sell Josh the ice cream.

"What, cause he's black?" I ask, with a smug, liberal undertone that says "I'll have this place shut down faster than Señorita Becky's Badass Tacos."

"No," the apparently-not-a-racist budtender replied, "...it's because he doesn't have a medical card. He's 'recreational' and that ice cream is for medical patients only."

Apparently, since I have a medical card (I can't remember what it's for...Asperger's, or something like that), but my buddy does not—he can buy certain items, but not others. This type of customer is what is known as "recreational," which is a fancy word for "pays tax on a plant."

The lady at the front continued, while opening a pamphlet and explaining it to me like a toddler who was learning about pot for some reason. "It is technically a felony for me to sell your friend this ice

cream, regardless of his race. Here is a list of state laws that highlight how we allow naked adults on bicycles to ride past the playground, but won't permit non-cardholders to consume pot sherbet."

Let's go ahead and back up a smidge; we legalized weed because society came to a consensus that no one should be tossed in jail for a plant. However, we've reached a point where the following scenario is not only likely, but possibly already come to fruition:

"Hey bruh, what you in here for?"



"I stabbed my wife to death with an ice pick and then sold her corpse to child porn producers on the deep web. After that, I fucked my dog to death and shot up a Planned Parenthood, before carving a swastika into a baby and attending a Kenny Chesney show, where I was eventually busted for DUI. Who knew you could get one of those on a tractor? What are you in here for, man?"

"Uhh...sherbet. WEED sherbet."

We eliminated the "just a plant" criminal and created an entirely new black market for illegal, synthetic Ben & Jerry's. Felonies are not tickets; bench probation and assrape aren't even playing fields.

With all due acknowledgment given to the bigots and Nazis who reside on the right, it *is* important



BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

to take note of the insanity that exists on our side, being the tolerant and progressive left. We are supposed to be forward-thinkers, but, as of late, we've been nothing but regressive. This is a fine example of postmodern nonsense. I don't usually get into politics, but you're more likely to go to jail for misgendering someone's dog, than you are for accidentally running it over in an auto-piloted Tesla. We need to return to sanity and a "no more illegal ice cream" platform is a good start.

Back to the lecture at hand, there we were, in a store that sells 98.6% THC vape concentrates (which are so pure, you can use them in the front row of the Lancaster Mall Cinemas, while watching *Straight Out Of Compton* as the only white guy in the theater and still not get noticed...in theory). My buddy is being told that ice cream is a felony in Oregon, so I did what any friend would do. I bought the ice cream for "myself" *wink*, while my buddy changed his mind and bought the blunts I was planning on buying.

Then, we walk behind a shady dispensary, in a not-so-safe part of town, sneaking into an alley. Sketchy looking white dude, upper-class-looking black dude. Cash in one hand, paper bag in the other.

"Hey man, you got the shit?" Josh asks.

"Yeah, dude. Here it is," I respond while presenting a paper bag. "But, it's gonna cost you."

"Here you go," Josh responds, while handing me a wadded knot of cash.

"You're gonna enjoy it, dude. Go easy on the first scoop."

Suddenly, cops appear from out of nowhere. I am thrown up against the car, gently, before being given a ticket. Josh reaches for his wallet—to present his identification—the cops yell, "HE HAS A FUCK-ING ROCKET LAUNCHER!" and shoot Josh seventeen times in the back.

I may or may not be making that last part up, but let's just consider this column "flash fiction inspired by the Oregon marijuana industry" and hope it holds up in court.

#IceCreamMatters





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EVERYTHING MUST GO!

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JONAS DOES PORTLAND:

How To Get Laid During World War III

I think it's okay for me to say, at this point, that we're probably going to war soon. I don't know when and I don't know how it will all come to fruition, but I'm almost certain that it's coming. You can only poke a country that doesn't care about our existence for so long, before we're all Sarah Conner at the fence in faced with the potential of a nuclear holocaust? We prioritize and prepare, of course! Obviously, food, water and shelter take priority over everything else, but, you're reading Exotic, not Food Network Magazine. I ain't talking about freeze dried food and Kirkland Signature Purified Water today—I'm talking about eating something else entirely. Even in times of certain doom, we all have needs.

First and foremost, you need to remember some things when you horde your belongings for the nuclear winter. We'll start with your electronics...leave them! There is a better-than-strong chance that your cell phone isn't going to work, because the cell towers will have been blown to shit. And, you may not even have sufficient electricity to plug stuff in. So, it's time to go back to basics: if it can't run on batteries, you don't need it. You know what runs on batteries, though? Sex toys! In the face of doom, orgasms may be the only thing you have left to enjoy, so take full advantage of it and leave no rubber cock behind. You throw the pocket rockets in the bag and load up on a realistic anal stroker or two. And, don't forget the lube. The whole landscape is gonna be a dry, desolate, place so don't expect your lady to have the most flooded of basements (if you know what I'm saying). I'm serious; do NOT skimp on the lube! Your post-apocalyptic sex life depends on it.

You're going to want to be comfortable when the skies open up and rain ash, so I'm saying your next priority should be comfortable, sexy clothing (you can throw in here the silk smoking jacket or the robe you only take to the swingers' party). Bring some nice underwear, reasonable lingerie or anything that makes you feel sexy. If you want to make the most of this shit show, you need to feel sexy and confident in the face of destruction. If you feel sexy, your partner will pick up on it and fuck you into the next life. This is how you want to spend your war-torn days. While we're at it, throw in some cologne. The outside is going to smell...well, let's just say it won't smell good. This is where you come in, to spray yourself with a scent that will knock

her hazmat suit right off. Good smells attract people and you want to attract people. Nothing gets you out of a sad rut like great oral.

You need to be able to protect yourself, as makes people hot for your loving. Protecting someone is a sure-fire way to get the hormones flowing, just so you know. In any case, you need to know how to throw a punch and stockpile any weapons you may have. Anything that can be used as a weapon and is small and portable...grab it. If you are questioning whether it can be used as a weapon, it can and you should grab it. You don't have time to fuck around here. Board up your shelter, set up checkpoints and sniping locations, show you're a man with a plan and get ready for some sweet World War III lovin'. Don't be afraid to go outside and walk around, either. Pay attention to your surroundings and the people that may try to take over your dwelling. Know your enemies.

Shelter is obviously important, in a situation where our land has been scorched. You want to build or choose a sturdy structure that will protect you and your party from the hellish elements outside. You also want some privacy, most likely, so you want to pick a place that has an extra room for you and your sweet lover (this is also the room where you keep all the sex toys and fun shit). Did you pack your silk sheets and feather pillows? If you aren't an asshole, you did. When thinking of how to pack for your fuck palace in the middle of desolation, ask yourself what Quagmire from Family Guy would pack. Answer that question and pack slightly less, because he's a bit of a creeper. Don't be afraid to make your own sepa-rate room if you have to, either. Find wood outside and get to building, if you have to.

If you think these rules and guidelines only apply to men, please stop reading my articles. Women are just as capable of doing all of the above as men and are, arguably, often better at it. And, if you don't think a woman protecting a tribe and throwing on some sexy-ass, post-nuke battle gear is hot as fuck, then you need to get your head checked. So, after you get the food and water figured out, get to fucking!



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Lavender

Short and sweet this month, thanks to an awesome influx of advertisers and a pretty sweet spread (no pun intended) on the Vagina Beauty Pageant. But, as usual, gotta keep room for some local and national news.

R.I.P. To Safari Showclub, Fuck You To Ted Wheeler

Portland's Safari Showclub (not to be confused with Estacada's Safari Club, which is a jungle-themed bar that could have transitioned into a strip club with minimal work, but, it was also demolished), located on SE Powell Blvd, will soon close its doors. But, unlike the usual rumor mill (mafia rings, prostitution, pizza...), the reason behind Safari's closing is well-documented and verifiable. Portland Mayor Ted Wheeler is having the property bought out to be replaced with affordable housing.

Several local news outlets have spun this story to make Safari out to be a less-than-desired business, but there is flawed reasoning behind the most common arguments. First, the "we don't need a strip club in our neighborhood, especially so close to a school" stance is all well and good if you live in Lake Oswego, but there are no less than five strip clubs within walking distance of Safariand, that's only counting the ones located on Powell. Second, the "we have too many strip clubs" argument makes no sense, when you consider that Safari is a jungle theme, Hawthorne Strip is an iconic club, Rose City Strip is a metal-only club, Lucky Devil features gaming, etc. This isn't some sketchy stretch of "XXX GIRLS" neon signs that blend together-you can actually enjoy unique, one-of-a-kind features in every club along Powell Blvd.

Finally, the we have the "Portland needs affordable housing" camp. Ted Wheeler is a great example of how to play the regressive game, while still retaining that ever-so-popular politician slime. Wheeler knows Portland loves strip clubs and, that women who work in them, make up a well-respected demographic. For instance, the girls in most of our ads are real dancers from real clubs and, although often necessary due to time constraints and such, stock images of models rarely make an appearance. This isn't Las Vegas; Portland dancers are the actual "girls next door." By shutting down their income, you're not exactly helping them out with rent. Still, "stripper" maintains its status as a

slur to much of the far right (and far left) and, thus, more disposable than a "well-meaning, upstanding transplant" (even though this is the group causing the most strain on the Portland housing market).

So, Ted avoids the "I'm making good on something Portland needs, by eliminating something Portland loves" angle like a chess-playing liberal ninja. The "if you don't down one of the best, most "Old Portland" of strip clubs. Any club that "used to be Doc's" should be considered a landmark. What's next? The Acropolis? Mary's? And, Safari can't just up and relocate. If you think it's easy to find a new location for a strip club, take a look at Casa Diablo, located in the NW industrial. The club is situated between smoke stacks and railroad tracks, but the owner *still* had to build an addition to his deck, so that



BY RAY MCMILLIN

agree with the broad intentions of my idea, then you must hate Group X" guilt trip always works within leftist spheres. Do you disagree with a feminist news article about castrating all men? You must be a misogynist. Do you disagree with stabbing people because they have a Great Clips haircut? You must me a Nazi sympathizer. Do you think that strippers (who are rumored to make millions of dollars in cash, from an imaginary class of hipster high-rollers, who exist only in the minds of stereotype-holding puritans) are more important than the homeless? You must hate the poor. Sure, Ted wants to displace said poor to a lot between a Motel 6 and a McDonald's, in a neighborhood with, like, a dozen liquor stores and dispensaries (there's a fucking bowling alley across the street—show me a nice neighborhood with a bowling alley and I'll show you what part of Canada you're in). But, there's no more room in Gresham, ever since the Californians discovered Happy Valley. Thus, we must tear down an iconic club and build new housing projects. Problem solved. Poverty in Portland is no more.

Safari is (ahem, was) the shit. From the reader board outside that says "BUTT STUFF" to the lounge-y setup inside, the club is welcoming and surprisingly non-patronizing without being low-bar. The current roster of Safari dancers is among the best and the staff is fucking awesome. Wheeler isn't shutting down just any strip club—he's shutting the residents of the only house in that neighborhood wouldn't be put through the torture of seeing beautiful women. The club's sequel even got protested when it moved in *next* to another strip club. Who moves to an industrial area for the familyfriendly, Norman Rockwell element? Newly transplanted Portland-

ians, that's who. This is also who will likely fill up the new "affordable" (guessing \$1,500/ mo for a studio) housing where Safari once was. Then, these residents will complain about having to look at Hawthorne Strip or Rose City Strip (or, gasp, a bowling alley and a liquor store). Sooner or later, all of our clubs will be relocated to the outskirts of Troutdale, where they will be eventually protested, outlawed and turned into Hobby Lobby stores.

I know you're not reading this column, Ted, because we don't advertise for indie rock festivals or vegan grocery stores in our magazine (I mean, we will if asked, but I don't think Whole Foods wants to be placed next to *Top 5 Ways To Buy Sex With Bitcoin*). So, it is a tad virtue-signally for me to say this, but for real: fuck you, Ted, and fuck the smart car you rode in on. If you really gave a shit about affordable housing, you wouldn't have bussed out the black families in NE to make way for bike lanes and Starbucks.

Lastly—and this is, by far, the most important part of this column—if you are a sex worker (of any variety) who has screenshots, emails, texts or any other such proof of interacting with Ted Wheeler in any context, please email them to me. Something tells me that he's a have-my-assistant-offer-tobuy-your-panties type of guy. Your name (including stage name, alias, porn name, etc.) will remain 100% anonymous. Editor@ Xmag.com is where you can send your contribution to my new coffee table book and/ or series of editorial blackmail (depending on how much rolls in).

Juggalos Transition From Gang To Political Party

Holy shit. Unless you've been living under a box of Faygo, you've probably heard about the Juggalo March On Washington, happening just five days after 9/11, on the front lawn of our nation's capitol. If you don't know what a Juggalo is, you fucked up (whoop, whoop). You know how Trump claims to represent the working class, Black Lives Matter aims for racial equality and AntiFa stands against fascism? Well-and I'm not the first to point this outit turns out that Juggalos are not only made up of racially-diverse, working class, classic-punkrock-mentality folks of all genders and ages, but they couldn't give two shits about politics. Since being labeled as a gang by the FBI, they are clearly under the same scrutiny as other groups mentioned here, but I forgot to note how all three groups (BLM, MAGA, AntiFa) will be present at (or around) the Juggalo March, for entirely unrelated reasons. This is glorious, so Exotic has sent Eric Alexander Moore (better known as Hoyt Hufurnuhur) to cover the Juggalo March and report back.

This whole circus (pun inevitable) will provide fuel for the internet for weeks to come. The world's biggest Trump march is happening. BLM and AntiFa will be counter-marching. So what? That's called "Saturday." But, we've never seen how these groups interact with tattooed clowns who hate the Confederate flag and represent the working class. My bet is on Juggalos being the reasonable, level-headed ones. What then? What happens when our college students and good ol' boys are one-upped by a group of people who know every word to "I Stuck Her With My Wang," use the phrase "psycho bitch" as a compliment and drink cotton-candy-flavored soda instead of water? America happens, motherfucker-that's what. Michael Moore tried (and failed) to save Detroit. The Insane Clown Posse is practically a stock ticker (I'm 99% sure that Psychopathic Records brought more money into Michigan last year than General Motors). The best part of the Trump era will be the phase when clown-faced hooligans unite our country.

I, for one, welcome our Juggalo overlords. See you all at the Great Milenko show at Bossanova on Friday, September 29th. I'll be opening up. Wombstretcha may be there, too.

Xeroliccity spotlight

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SUN 3 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST ROUND 1

FRI 8 - SUN 10 – STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT) COMIC-CON PARTY

SAT 9 – HAWTHORNE STRIP – VANESSA'S FAREWELL PARTY

SAT 9 – SAFARI SHOWCLUB – GOODBYE SAFARI PARTY

SAT 9 – SPEARMINT RHINO – FOOTBALL KICKOFF PARTY

THU 14 – ROSE CITY STRIP BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST ROUND 2

SAT 16 – SCARLET LOUNGE – 1–YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY

THU 21 – THE FIREHOUSE (SALEM) ADULT STAR ALEXIS MONROE

FRI 22 – STARS SALEM BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST ROUND 3

FRI 22, SAT 23 – GOLD CLUB – XXX FILM STAR ARIANA MARIE

FRI 22, SAT 23 – THE SUNSET STRIP ADULT STAR ALEXIS MONROE

SAT 23 – XPOSE BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST ROUND 4

SUN 24 – DANTE'S – IVIZIA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

THU 28 – DREAM ON SALOON – COUNTRY NIGHT

THU 28 – CLUB SINROCK BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST FINALS

FRI 29 – BOSSANOVA INSANE CLOWN POSSE & WOMBSTRETCHA

FRI 29 – TOMMY'S TOO WORLD FAMOUS DAISY DUKE CONTEST DJ DICK HENNESSY PRESENTS Innual Best



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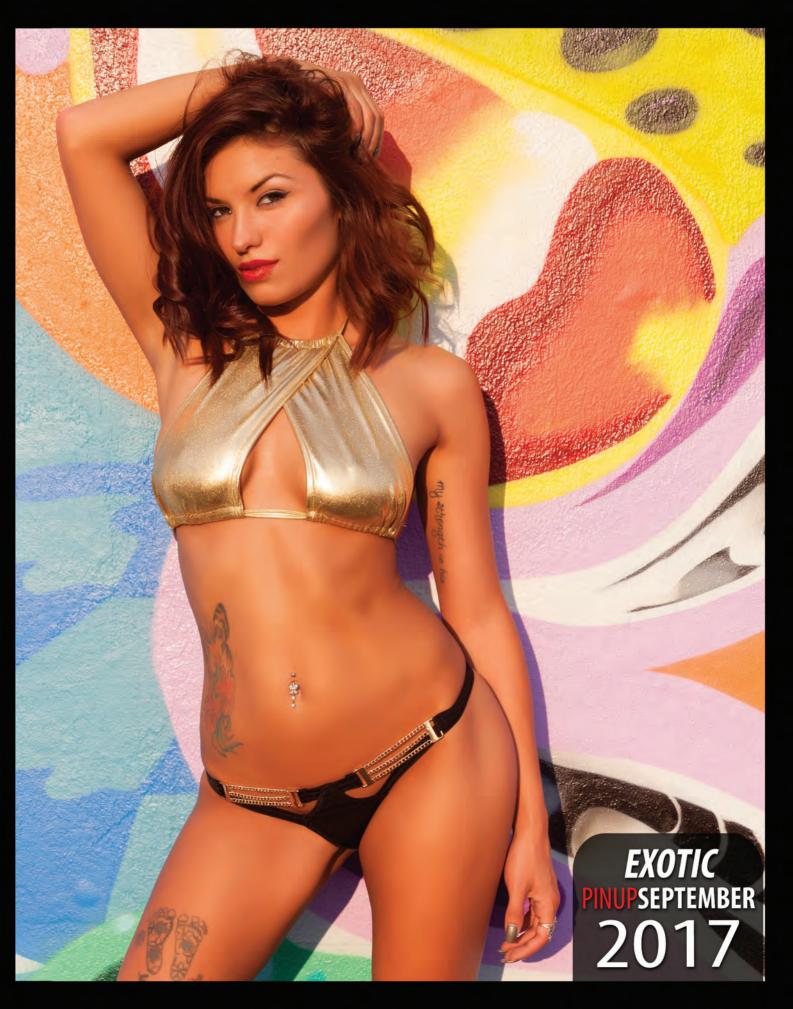


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INSIDE MY BODY IS THE FALL OF ROME

BY ANNA SUAREZ

I have done all I could; I instructed men to build the vast coliseum walls of a great empire of my bone, sealed with blood. I have devoured my enemies. I have called forth the gods to stand at all my entrances, damning all of those who have entered me. My empire stands all powerful.

Under the Mediterranean sun, I watch my skin turn from ivory to bronze, glowing with the eroticism of the Italian coast. Embracing lovers pass me, carrying roses they bought from the street vendors. I do not allow roses to diminish my strength. I do not wither in ecstasy. There is no melting of words in between pauses, no surrender and no loss.

I never knew a day would come where I would lose my victories.

The day he pierced me with a golden hour.

The day my body withered in ecstasy.

He strokes all of my entrances, to the erupting waves. I am pulsating. My skin is crawling. His skin is much darker than mine. We blend into a luminous ombré, against the fresh, white sheets. With force, he opens my legs and reveals the oyster's pearl left in the darkness. He cleanses every inch with the white sun. He is destruction and rebirth at one moment.

I hear the sloshing of the Mediterranean, as he sails across the seas covering me. We meet tongues slowly and are then interrupted, by the possessing of my hips with his hands. The arrow extends deep into my walls, which stops time. The gods are silenced. My ears are entrenched deep in the water. There are no sounds. No words. He asks me to tell him how his flesh feels, but all I can seem to mutter is the sound of seashells shattering at the coast. Sea glass cutting my knees. Dissolving into ruins. Entering nothingness. Only tasting the bittersweetness.

We have been in bed for 1,000 years. I have given it all, to be locked in his embrace, between his thighs and tasting the drops of holy water. I would let my communities starve. I would let invasions and pillages destroy all I have built. The world around me could dissolve like sand if only I could be filled with an everlasting elixir of Eros.

The elixir smooths my skin, like a moisturizing oil which leaves it melting from the softness. It turns to glue and we are stuck together. Aristophanes tells us we have found our other half. There is nothing left to search for. Nothing left to look for. I have two universes growing figs out of our flesh. We exchange bites out of each other's fruits, feeding off the juicy flesh. Our bed was a fertile Earth, propagating crops out of our lovemaking. When we grew hungry, we harvested the oysters, the eggplants, the peaches and the figs.

Outside of our bed, the city streets grew vacant with starvation. The republic slowly collapsed into chaos. The intricate buildings were pillaged. None of that mattered to us. Once we tasted the sweetness of the fruit, the bitterness could be negated with the sounds of sucking flesh. Screams of terror arise in the distance, as the empire was at war, but we tuned out the terror with our bodies colliding into one another.

He feeds me his fruit—a hardened candy with decadent juice, ready to explode with the caress of my tongue. Mouth wide open, I cannot swallow enough of him. He cannot swallow enough of me.

I have become a victim to love—love's prisoner and love's vessel to possess. Once, so strong, but the weakness has become so sweet—I did not want to look back. The power fell to pieces. The desire to conquer dissipated. My enemy transcended into a lover. All of his complexity, his strength, and vivacity mesmerized me. All I had left was what I wanted to give away.

On the one-thousandth day, I awoke to the morning light illuminating the space my arms outstretched to. I reach to the heavens, but all of the fruit trees encapsulating our bed have been cut down. My sweet killer completed his bittersweet deeds and left nothing but space.

With all of the courage I had left, I walked outside to the ruins of my empire. The lifeless soil did not shine in the sun. The crops did not grow. The architecture was left as ruins. The basilicas held no holy ghost.

With the emptiness, I cried a river of tears and drowned the ruins in my sorrow. I cried so many tears, that the swelling of oceans drowned the hollowness of my body. Falling to the ocean floor, I built a new home deep within the sea... free from the bitterness of love Free from the single embrace that destroys the largest empire.





BY HOIGHT HUFURNUHUR

Good For Me

The opening track for this landmark, industrial rock album also served as the concert-opener for the 1991 tour that corresponded with the release of *Heart In Motion*, entitled "Heart In Motion From To Ocean To Ocean." Or, what Grant's tour manager, Grit Atkins, later recounted in his rock and roll memoir, Heart Attack In Motion, as "... nothing but three months of drinking, fucking, shooting up and rocking out. And, getting hospitalized for drug-related incidents."

Baby, Baby

Stop for a minute, is that Trent Reznor on the synths? Most would think so, but it's actually legendary studio musician and record producer Keith Thomas, who, aside from producing the bulk of Amy Grant's catalog, has a résumé that boasts BOTH Mandy Moore and Jessica Simpson (as well as the 1989 Pepsi jingle, "The Choice Of A New Generation"). Reznor later credited Keith Thomas and—specifically—his work in the soft drink industry, for the sole inspiration behind Nine Inch Nails' smash hit "Closer." "The concept of the song hit me when I realized that if I drink a Pepsi and get a nice caffeine buzz going, all it takes is hearing the synth intro to 'Heart In Motion' and, next thing you know, I want to fuck like an animal. I'm a drug guy and Pepsi's my go-to. I guess that's why I always tend to refer to The Downward Spiral as 'The Pepsi album."

Every Heartbeat

The name is a sly reference to what Grantheads refer to as the "Daytona Incident," in which five out of the seven band members, as well as Amy Grant herself, each overdosed—completely separate of each other, in their own respective hotel rooms-and were hospitalized, causing the group to cancel their appearance at the Daytona 500 the next day. They were slated to perform the national anthem. "It's all for the best," Grant's pyrotechnics supervisor told Rolling Stone in a 1992 interview "she couldn't remember the lyrics at all."

Ask Me

Amy Grant was catapulted to rock-and-roll-legend status when, on July 25, 1965, she and her band went electric at the Newport Folk Festival and performed this song, along with "Maggie's Farm" and "Like A Rolling Stone." Grant played a Fender Stratocaster, instead of her usual acoustic guitar. While the Newport Folk audience reacted harshly, by booing the band (which, in turn, elicited even more rock-and-roll rage), the performance was not only a turning point in which Amy Grant and her band transcended folk and brandished the hellforged battle axe of rock-and-roll, but, also solidified her status as a rock icon.

Galileo

"Who here is gonna get Gali-laid tonight? Who here is gonna get Gali-laid right now?!" Amy Grant famously shouts at the beginning of the music video, which features a live version of the song, instead of the studio version. Fact: all four of my children were conceived to this song—three of those were at Amy Grant concerts.

You're Not Alone

The first time I heard this song, I came in my pants.

Hats

Originally titled "Jimmy Hats," the title of this song was shortened by the record label, in an effort to appeal to Grant's largely Christian fan base. The song was a nod to Amy Grant's first band, Bay Area punk outfit No Protection.

I Will Remember You

"The song originally came out of a jam in the studio," Grant's lead guitarist Sid Fuchs recounted in a Spin interview. "We were waiting for them to find Amy, 'cause she had this tendency to disappear with a bottle of bourbon and then you'd find her later that night in a broom closet, passed out. So, we just knew that any time Amy disappears, check the closets. Anyways, they were looking for Amy and so we started jamming on some Sabbath. Next thing you know, Amy's back in the room on the mic, and she's ad-libbing this totally new melody and lyrics over the top of 'War Pigs.' I looked over at the engineer and he gave me the thumbs up, meaning we were tracking, so five minutes later we had a recording of these amazing, improvised lyrics—some of the most haunting stuff she's ever written. We changed up a couple of the chords, you know, so we wouldn't get sued. And, that's how the song was born. Funny thing is—and she won't admit this—but Amy doesn't remember any of it at all. Talk about irony."

Hope Set High

The largest mass drug bust in the history of the state of Kansas took place in Topeka on December 22, 1990, shortly after Amy Grant broke into this stoner anthem. Local Sheriff, Sheldon Weierhauser, was up for reelection. So, in an attempt to cast himself as hard on crime, he had deputies at the concert, poised in the wings, ready to swarm the crowd of Grantheads as soon as enough of them had lit up (as was tradition at Grant shows whenever they played this number). As a result, the show was canceled mid-raid when the band, all of whom were holding felonies, scattered like roaches. Grant herself was arrested hours later for charges unrelated to drugs, after she defecated on a cop car outside the venue.

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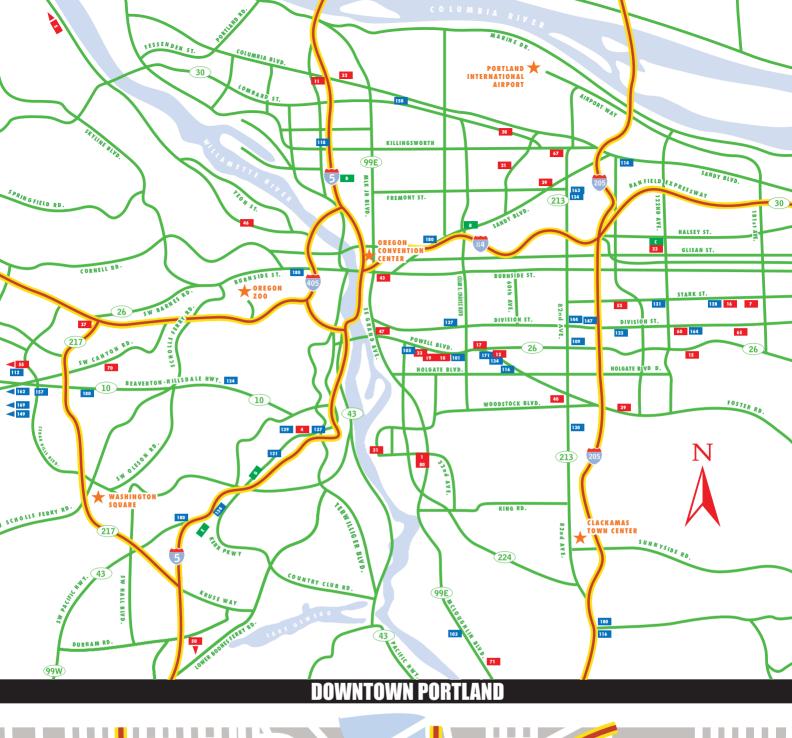
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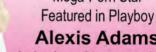
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Miss Beautiful Vagina 2017 Miss Beautiful Vagina 2017 By DJ DICK HENNESSY Interview With Alice Wanderlust

EXTENDED QUESTIONS

First off, congratulations on winning the pageant this year. How does it feel to be Miss Beautiful Vagina 2017™?

The same as before I was Miss Beautiful Vagina 2017, but, now, I have a crown to prove I have the most beautiful vagina.

You've competed for multiple years now. Did you think you would win this year? If so, what was different about this year?

I never get into a contest expecting to win. If you expect to win—or even place—and don't, it can really mess with your head. Instead, I like to see what people did and didn't enjoy about my set and improve, then come back to the next contest and show up my last performance. I think I had a better chance this year, because I knew the club better, I knew the judges better and I had a better feel for the stage. Things are always easier when you feel more comfortable (this is good sex advice, too)

In my opinion, your American Pie performance was absolutely brilliant. What was your inspiration for the theme?

Well, when I think of vaginas, I think of high

school and losing my virginity. What movie better symbolizes the power of a vagina, than one with a bunch of virgins who are just trying to lose their virginity, through the rite of passage known as coitus?

What do you plan on doing with your prize money?

I don't know. I'm probably going to blow it on strippers and blowcaine...just kidding. I'm not that cool. It's probably going to pay off student loans, honestly.

What do you like best about working at Kit Kat Club?

Definitely the girls I get to work with. We all take our performances really seriously and we are all a pretty close-knit group of girls. It's unreal how much these girls all take care of one another and help each other out. I love them all so much!

Did you have a favorite performer or performance, other than your own?

My personal favorite from the pageant, was from Charlotte. I thought it was hilarious, how her set was all about her vagina being the boss. Plus, I think she's super adorable. How could I not love a big ol' booty and a boss vagina?

Would you recommend that other dancers compete in competitions? Why? I would recommend competing. I think a lot of girls think these pageants are just about going out there and missing a night of work. But, let me tell you—I have made some of my best money on just doing one set in these contests. Also, I meet a lot of new people who want to come in and see me, because I was in the contests. It's not just me, either; lots of girls have told me that doing the competitions has been great exposure. Not to mention, you get a chance to win some money and do some crazy shit that you probably couldn't get away with at your club.

Do you have any advice for girls competing in years to come?

Yes. Be over-the-top! Do something you've always wanted to do. Don't be afraid to go all out. Think of all the things you could do for your set and make sure it all goes together. But, once you think you have it covered, you don't. Add something to make it spectacular—something the judges will remember. Don't be afraid to veer away from being sexy. So many girls are always concerned they need to be sexy the whole time—but, they don't. It's not just men judging you. It's women, too. So, keep that in mind. Don't forget the theme. If it's a vagina pageant, do something vagina-related. If it's a booty competition, do something butt-related. If it's a pole competition, do pole-related stuff. Just remember to be original. Do something that's probably never been done. It will make you more memorable.

RAPID FIRE ROUND

Favorite food?

The buffalo wings from *Fire On The Mountain.*

Favorite drink?

Ginger beer.

Favorite movie?

THE 8" ANNUAL

bed

pageant"

Alice In Wonderland (1985 with the all-star cast).

Favorite TV show?

Rick & Morty.

Favorite thing to do on a day off?

Winners don't take days off.

Ideal vacation location?

I really like Astoria, Oregon.

Best Halloween costume idea?

Anything that's a pun. I'm a sucker for a punny costume. My favorite punny costume that I own is Alice In Chains.

Ultimate life goal?

Finally getting my Masters Of Science In Engineering (MSE) degree. Check back in a couple of years to see where I'm at with that.

¥VaginaMobil



FLASH FICTION INSPIRED BY REAL AND RUMORED EVENTS IN THE PORTLAND STRIP CLUB INDUSTRY

By Taime Dunkle

Hobbit

Hobbit is the only one sitting in the empty club, other than the three dancers and bartender. It's mid-afternoon in late summer. Current pop hits play overhead from the satellite radio, because none of the dancers want to pay for the jukebox when it's dead.

His clothes never match. Today, he's got on a blue, tropical shirt that clashes with bumblebee Adidas tear-away shorts. One of the buttons is missing on the lower right side and his scraggly leg hairs poke out. Jagged, fungus-infected toenails hang over his eroded flip-flops. Greasy curls twist out of his straw hat, down to his shoulders.

Hobbit spins in his bar stool, halfway in both directions. He pours sugar into his coffee for a solid five seconds, then adds a dash of cream. He takes a long gulp, then hops out of his chair, like a hobbit on a quest.

He stops me on the way to the stage, grabbing my arm. I look at him askance and say, "Don't touch me, man." He lets go.

"I'm sorry."

I notice the quarter-sized burn in his shirt.

The blacklight illuminates the all-over carpet design of a neon woman lifting her boa. I avert my eyes away from The Hobbit and stare at the tackylady fractal. The hues mesmerize me out of paying attention to him, until he spit-talks with his four-toothed disease sprinkler two inches from my face.

I recoil. "Say it, don't spray it, man," I say and step a few feet back.

He just can't take the distance and leans in a foot closer. "Why aren't you laughing?" he asks. "You don't like my joke?"

"Dude, it's racist," I say.

He throws up his arms in protest. "Racist?! Racist?!"

"Yeah, racist."

He babbles incoherently and waddles away, back

to the empty bar stools, back to his corner...back to his over-sweetened coffee.

Diamond Girl

Diamond Girl barged into the dressing room and flapped about, waving her arms from wall to wall. She stopped flailing and slapped down her bikini top. She braced herself on the counter—head low. Invisible lightning struck. She cocked her head back and gyrated to herself in the mirror, out of sync.

"I totally forgot I'm wearing a butt plug," she said, as she twisted her hips out of rhythm.

"You don't feel it?" I asked, without skipping a beat.

She climbed onto the chair—one knee on its seat. She bent over.

"Look."

Diamond Girl pulled down her black hot pants and tugged her thong to the side. She laughed, hair-a-coptered and glared at me with a diabolical smile.

"See?"

I couldn't help but look. There it was—a clear rhinestone plugged her asshole. The diameter was about two inches.

"Can you even wear those here?" I said, truly unaware of the laws (and, assuming it's probably illegal).

"Everyone at my last club wore one," she said. Her finger let go of the thong. It snapped back over her jeweled bunghole.

I had no idea strippers wore butt plugs, until that moment.

"As long as it doesn't plop out on the stage and make a mess," I said.

She climbed down from the chair, stomped her foot to the ground, spun her body around and darted her eyes at me. She huffed, threw her arms to her side, then peeled out of the dressing room. I didn't expect Diamond Girl to act like she had something shoved up her ass, even though she literally did.

The other stripper in the dressing room looked at me—we both shook our heads and laughed.

Chet

Chet sat next to me at the bar. The pink runner lights reflected on his face. I typed on my netbook and nodded to him—he ordered a whiskey on the rocks. A white crust encircled his nostril. Beads of sweat gathered in the wrinkles on his forehead and streamed down his temples.

A stripper sat next to him. He ordered her a rum and coke. They sat arm-in-arm and laughed.

He interrupted me. "Just don't write about me," he said. That's narcissistic code for "please write about me."

"Don't worry," I said. "I will." I laughed. "I mean, I won't."

He grinned. The white crust still ringed his nostril.

He dropped his hand from the bar countertop and onto my thigh. Black gunk caked every fingernail and filled every crevice. I lifted his fivefingered filth from my leg. "I never said you could touch me," I said and threw his claw back at the bar. Thump. He didn't even flinch.

"You're so uptight," he said.

I slammed my computer shut and stood from my bar stool.

"My body isn't free rein just because I'm a stripper."

I hid in the dressing room, until he left the club.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her tenure as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. Find her at JaimeDunkle.com or @Jaime-Dunkle. No creepers allowed.

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chitecture (to name a few). But, as with most great things the Romans had a very dark side—one that they chose to indulge in, mainly th rough acts of sex and which can only be described as true debauchery. So, add debauchery to the list too.

The Sorta-Good

Anal sex was widely practiced through-

out the Roman Empire. It was a convenient way to avoid pregnancy. But, Romans also used it as a punishment of sorts. If a man slept with another man's wife, a radish could be used anally on the offender as punishment and, often, there was an audience for the retribution. Emperor Tibirus was so obsessed with anal intercourse, that he recruited "specialists" in anal sex and deviant sex to his royal payroll. The Emperor would often have these specialists, called analists, perform in front of him in trios.

Add gang bangs to the list. To say that the third wife of Roman Emperor Claudius was an advocate of gang bang sex is an understatement; most historians are in agreement that Valeria Messalina was a nymphomaniac. She is most remembered for challenging a Roman prostitute to a competition, which she won; a competition with 25 sex partners in a 24-hour period. When her husband Claudius found out, he had her killed and then he remarried.

up long trips he had to take by boat. Prior to any long-distance travel, Nero would have booths set up along his path of travel stocked with men and women ready to engage and indulge in his every sexual whim. Could this be what the current-day rest stop sex evolved from?

> Oh, let's not forget porn. In ancient Roman society, pornography decorated everything from public walls to dishes.

The Bad

Romans were known for their slave society and they used slaves for everything. Slaves were lo oked upon as objects, with no feelings or rights. And, while adultery was outlawed in Rome at some point, sex with

"property" was not. Both male and female slaves bore the brunt of the Romans' insatiable sexual appetites.

Bestiality was also commonly practiced. During gladiator events held at Rome's fa-

mous Coliseum, women often fornicated with snakes. The Romans also allowed animals to sexually plunder men and women against their will.

After childbirth, Roman doctors did not understand how to get a women's body back to its pre-birth look (not possible). Since parts of the female genitalia sometimes changed shape, Roman doctors would perform unneces-

sary surgery on anything that was deemed too big. Female clitorises were routinely butchered to look smaller and more "acceptable."



Quite a few emperors were obsessed with being in bed with close relatives, like their nieces...and their sisters. And their mothers. The infamous emperor Caligula was sexually involved with all of his sisters. And, if he became tired of them, he was known to hire them out as prostitutes. Not to be outdone, Emperor Nero often took it to the next level with his own mother, Agrippina. But, eventually, he became tired of her as well and tried to have her murdered. Emperor Claudius was also inappropriately involved with Agrippina. After Claudius' brother (Agrippina's father) died, he married her as well.

The Ugly

Emperor Nero's past is particularly evil. After kicking to death two wives—one of which, was pregnant—Nero forced a young male to be his "wife." Historians believe that Nero felt guilty for killing his second wife, so he found a young male named Sporus, who resembled his deceased wife. Nero took (kidnapped) Sporus and had him castrated. Then, he forced Sporus to dress and act as his wife, while calling him "Empress."



The last, particularly heinous sexual indulgence the Romans were known for, is too disgusting to waste too many words on: toddlers and babies—enough said.

Emperor Nero found a unique way to liven

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leaturing



I got to DJ an all-ages drag show. I will probably DJ another one. If you're wondering, the Lipstick Divas are a respected drag troupe that has ties with a venue in Salem called Shotski's. The venue serves pizza and is allages, so why not remove the curse words and innuendo, download some *Little Mermaid* remixes and open the doors to the little ones? It was a blast, but with every ounce of hope I gained for the up-and-coming generation, I was reminded a bit more of how much the current one kind of sucks. Here's why.

Children Are More Patient Than Adults

Instead of waving dollar bills around in a "HEY! HEY! COME OVER HERE!" fashion, children appear to be more patient with their dancers. I witnessed a five-year old hold a dollar bill up for about two solid minutes, which has to be an hour in toddler time. By the time the queen she was watching came around to her table, that little girl's arm must have been stiffer than her parents' drinks.

Contrast this with the excessively annoying attempts by hipster adults in Portland strip clubs. You won't see kids folding dollar bills into triangles, placing them on vertical arrangements, holding them hostage or waving them around like a flag at a Trump rally. On the contrary, it turns out that children are much more understanding of the fact that their dancers have more than one person to attend to.

Kids Appreciate Performance

While watching the liberal agenda unfold, it was not only beautiful to see all the openmindedness that awaits the next generation (we're not *entirely* screwed and should be just as patient as kids are with their stripper tickets), but a genuine feeling of awe also seemed to be in the air. Kids just aren't as jaded as adults, so when they watch a genderbending Joker do a somersault from atop a dinner table, they're legitimately entertained.

On the contrary, I've seen Portland-area dan cers light their tits on fire while doing a handstand, only to be met with yawns and nickels from the entitled, scarf-wielding dou chebags, who only come out to show off their Vaudeville mustache and drink PBR from the can (nothing against PBR...just, ya know, fucking tip if you're saving money by drinking that shit).

Toddlers Take Social Cues Better Than Adults

I think it took me until my mid-twenties to learn how to say "thank you" or realize that, when a woman mentions how cold it's getting while you're camping in the woods, you're not supposed to toss her the car keys and wish her the best. Perhaps I'm not the best example, but, as a general rule, adults are dicks. Not only do kids show better appreciation for their entertainers, but they're damn good at taking cues from others. When one kid at the Divas All-Ages Drag Show held up a dollar bill, another kid would take note and follow suit.

Let's compare this to how adults in strip clubs act; I made a decade-long career out of using a microphone to remind living-wage activists, local Marxists and Bernie supporters that a dollar-per-song minimum doesn't just apply to the old dudes playing poker. In fact, when Suburban Steve-O and his dorky friends would pop in, make it rain and leave, hipster trash would actually have the nerve to ask dancers if they can "leave early, now that (they've) made some money." This is why strippers shouldn't have boyfriends.

Kids Can (And, Legally, Should) Appreciate Non-Sexual Aspects Of Adult Entertainment

Strip clubs, burlesque performances, drag shows and the like, are often clumped in with jack shacks, brothels and dispensaries. Although we at *Exotic* like to give all of these businesses a fair representation, that representation is always positive. The bulk of conservative (and, anymore, liberal) America feels that anything remotely tangential to "adult" anything, is, by default, off limits for kids. If *Salon* can defend pedophiles on their website (which is a hard fucking "hell no" for us), what's the harm in exposing kids to the non-sexualized elements of adult performance? I don't care what gender the dancer is, watching Cruella De Vil dance around a pizza joint half-drunk on Red Bull is fun for all ages. We forget that the "strippers do more than take their clothes off" sentiment has a ton of backing in real life. Every single kid that attended the all-ages drag show that I got to DJ at was entertained.

KIDS THESE DAYS

I wish I could say the same for the non-tippers, just-here-for-the-food and "guy in a band" customer base at strip clubs. If I had a dollar for every "Yeah, that's cool, but she didn't show me her vagina" I've overheard, I'd be able to tip the dancers who inspired the remark. People in Oregon forget that, in order to see a fully nude woman on stage while holding a beer, you either need to stay put or move to Thailand. I hate to sound all "woke" 'n' shit, but come the fuck on, guys—I tip anyone who dances for me, up to and ideally including homeless midget panhandlers. Going to a strip club and not tipping is like going to a strip club and not tipping, and needs no clever metaphor.

So, what can we say about children and strippers that hasn't already been said on *Dr. Phil?* I, for one, have hope for the next generation. Watching kids tip drag queens in a non-sexual environment, while being genuinely entertained and accepting of the art form *and* refraining from judgment, well, it gives me the same kind of hope that I used to have while working at the strip clubs. Perhaps the current-year environment of entitlement and stinginess will pass, once the as-of-yet-legal-to-drink generating income and rewarding others for merit-based performance.

That, or I just spent an entire column talking about all-ages drag shows while leaving the readers wondering where they go down. First Sunday of the month, Shotski's Eats, Salem, Oregon. I usually DJ. See you there.

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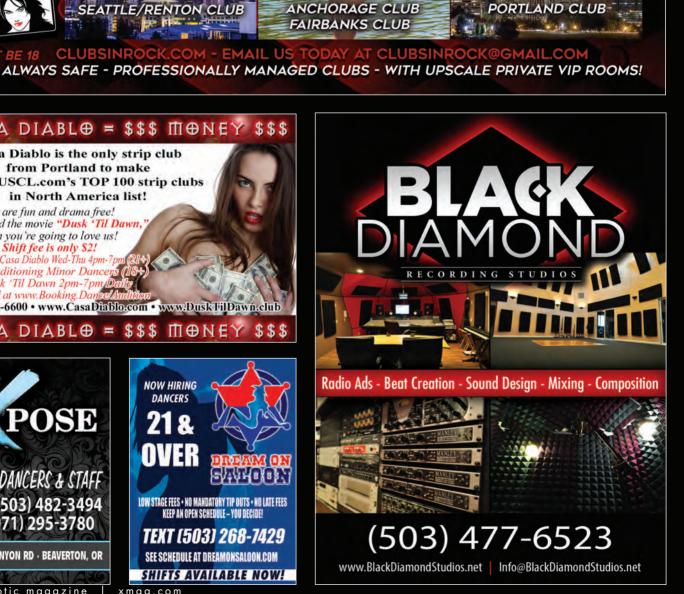
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THE FALL OF THE DESTROYER

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Genghis Khan was a destroyer—feared and revered for his brutal military tactics—who brought many people to their knees in worship. It also makes for a glorious pet dick name. Pet dick names are great, until your wife finds out about the pet dick name you got in college, while you happened to be dating her...sorta.

It all started in the bustling city of Logan, Utah, as a sophomore at Utah State University—the second-largest manufacturer of Mormons in Utah. It's also one of the best places to date a virgin, if you're into that sort of thing.

So, like any other young athlete in Utah, I was forced between two paths. The first

would be to go on my mission to become a devout Mormon, get married and have 17 kids in the next six months. Or, option two, which is becoming an alcoholic and drinking until I forgot why I came to Utah in the first place. Since I'm writing for Exotic, I'm sure you all figured out that I chose option number one, before quickly realizing that I'm more of a second path, Plan B kind of guy (if the whole going-toschool-in-Utah-instead-ofa-maior-University thing didn't give it away).

If you are still with your high school sweetheart and nobody cheated or went on a break, it means that you and your spouse owe it to each other to try one of these options and, if you're really cool, maybe try both (I'm free after 6pm weekdays and am usually sitting in the back of DOA in Tacoma, sipping a bourbon on the rocks).

I remember as a young kid, I got all the way to the second-to-last level on Final Fantasy 7, but I just couldn't beat it. I spent hours trying to level up my guys, buy all the potions and all that, but still nothing...it got so bad, that it was affecting other facets of my life. Eventually, my mom made me take a break from the game and took it from me. Fast forward to 2010, when I'm packing stuff to move to Utah for my sophomore year of college, I find the game, plug in my old PlayStation and load up that level; I get to the last bit of the boss stage and I still die. Over ten years of waiting and I still can't beat the damn boss. So, I break the game in half and act as if I never saw it. Sometimes a break isn't even the answer—maybe my mom was wrong. But, she could have been right—you should try that break.

So, I'm out with my friends and drinks are flying, literally—Mike was an angry drunk and he usually got us kicked out of every party pulls down my boxers and stares like one of those pedestrians in the movie *Godzilla*, screams and then passes out.

So, now, I'm terrified—a little white Mormon girl died, I'm the last one she is seen with and there are witnesses. I did what any drunk college kid would do: I poured water on her face to make sure she wasn't dead and, when she woke up, I ran 1.37 miles in the snow to my dorm room and swore to never drink again.

The next weekend, as I'm drinking with my friends, a few of them let us know that they made shirts with nicknames on them, then they handed them out to the rest of us. "The Golden Child," "Party Whore," "Let's Com-



we went to. Now, here we are, drunk and outside in the middle of November, in the coldest part of the city, between Frosty The Snowman's villa and Elsa's castle, with no party to go to. A couple of my friends hit me up, asking if we want to come over to the after-party at their house. Being the gent that I am, I oblige. We show up and this is no afterparty I've ever been to—this was a freakydeaky, get-down shindig. One couple goes off to a room, then another couple goes off to a room and I'm just left there...looking dazed and confused. This girl drunkenly stumbles over to me, grabs my hand and crashes into her room. She unzips my pants,

pare" and "The Destroyer," all special to each person for various reasons. At this point, I have no idea why my shirt says "The Destroyer." Only I should remember that night... could the word have gotten out? By this point, my then-girlfriend and I are back together, and the night is going well. The group is partying hard and having fun. We start playing "Never Have I Ever," people start talking about funny sexual experiences and, then, let's call her Whitney (cause

her name is Whitney), starts to tell a story that sounds vaguely familiar. Suddenly, everyone suddenly starts laughing and then, they start chanting "destroyer, Destroyer, DESTROYER!!!" I look dumb as hell with my then-girlfriend staring at me, while I wear the shirt with "The Destroyer" printed on the back. So, I do what any self-respecting man would do—I start chanting as hard as I could, "DESTROYER, DESTROYER!"

Needless to say, I no longer have that shirt at home in my trophy case.

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EXAMPLE THINGS THAT FUCK UP MY KARMA BY BRAD COX

Recently, I have been attempting to practice Buddhism and I have simplified that practice into a simple mantra: do no harm. The problem with that, is there are just so many things in life that make me want to punch something cute. I am going through a period a person might refer to as "karmic retribution." So, I figure, it's incredibly important that I don't react to these situations. Instead of getting into a fistfight with a random stranger, I thought I'd get personal and write another fuckin' list.



1) People Who Sit Unnecessarily Close

You know when you catch an afternoon dinner, day-drinking blackout session or a movie and there are like three other people at the spot? And, then, out of nowhere, this couple walks in and starts walking your fucking direction? At first, you think it's going to be okay. The hole between you and the other people provides plenty of space for them to settle in comfortably apart from you. Still, they approach, until, eventually, they sit right motherfucking next to you. I know that it's entirely possible this doesn't make you want to physically assault someone when it happens to you. When it happens to me, however, I find it...emotionally problematic. I get the urge to look them right in their smug fucking faces and tell them to fuck right the fuck off a cliff. Furthermore, if they refuse to acquiesce to my request, I'll knock their fuckin' teeth down their fucking throat. You can, of course, see how this is problematic, when you are trying to go through life doing no harm.

2) The Corporate Controlled Conspiracy To Enslave Humankind

See how I didn't say "mankind" there? I'm learning. We all have a right to live, right? We need food, shelter, clean water, air and a few luxuries here and there. Overall, there are plenty of resources to provide all this-and more-to every human on this planet. Why, then, do we not all share in this bounty and continue to struggle, through a senseless and soul-crushing experience? Well, I'll tell you! It's because a couple of families created a financial structurebased on debt—that they control through a handful of corporations, which own basically, well...everything. They extend their control through every major institution that you and I are forced to interact with every day. They have assigned to our labor an arbitrary value based on that FIAT currency, essentially making us slaves. That sucks, man, and it really makes me want to burn everything to the fucking ground. You know what I mean? Like, it really harshes my mellow, man.

3) Lottery People

I fucking hate it when I'm standing in line at Plaid Pantry or 7-11 and the person in front of me just won't fucking stop with the lottery shit. I'm standing there, holding bottled fucking water that I carefully selected because of its reported pH level, just minding my own business, standing at a respectful distance, for what seems like an eternity. The whole fucking time, inside my head, I'm choking the life out of this person. I cannot under-emphasize how many times where I started remembering what prison was like

and considering if it's worth it or not. Maybe it's just me...who knows? It's certainly in these trying times that I have to remember...do no harm.

4) The Secret Plot To Hide Technology That Could Free Humankind

I know, it sounds nutty, but, really, all you have to to do to convince yourself I'm giving you the straight dope, is a Google search for Nikola Tesla. Remember those fami-

lies I mentioned earlier? They are super into maintaining the petrodollar for the past several years, since moving away from the gold standard and have manipulated the global petrodollar to be traded in U.S. currency. This is the reason money dollars have value. They wouldn't be able to maintain control of the masses, if the means of pro-

ducing energy weren't tightly controlled both in terms of price and production. If free, clean energy were given to humanity all at once, it would basically fix, like, every problem humanity has. This would simultaneously sever our addiction to energy based on burning dead shit that requires us to manually work to produce goods, while sustaining our lives comfortably. The thing is, as far as I can tell, we have had this technology since Nikola Tesla. When I think of that, I wonder why we aren't marching with pitchforks to get our motherfucking energy devices. The strangest thing about it is, when you tell someone this (and, show them proof of it), the magnitude of it seems to escape them. Well, it doesn't fucking escape me and it makes me fucking furious! Gotta maintain my zen though, like a monk under a tree.

5) People Who Can't Park

I can't take anymore serious shit today. I'm going to have a fucking heart attack. So, I'll end this list with one that doesn't make me want to murder people but, rather, property. I just can't fucking stand it when you absolutely have to be in a certain place for one stupid fucking reason or another and the one fucking parking spot that you could use is impossible, because some complete fucking douche canoe parked his car like it had rubber baby bumpers. I want to bash that motherfucking car with a bat, until my hands hurt and I can't grip it anymore from pain and sweat. Still, even though a car isn't alive, the asshole who owns it is and that piece of shit has feelings. So, as a Buddhist, I have to be peaceful and not harm that pile



of human refuse by destroying their property (which is probably a Corvette, one of those new Chargers or a Hummer H2). So, remember folks, Namaste, turn the cheek and so on and so forth. Stop the wheel of karma from crushing your life into bits. Or, don't, because...free will.



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503.726.2403 • 17939 SW MCEWAN RD • 97224 FACEBOOK.COM/STARSCABARETBRIDGEPORT @STARSBRIDGEPORT

COMIC-CON PARTY

Friday, SEP 8 - Sunday, SEP 10 Costume contest & Cash Prize

TACO TUESDAYS

10 TACOS & 4 CORONAS FOR \$25 3 TACOS & 1 CORONA FOR \$8

T-BONE THURSDAYS

\$12.50 T-BONE STEAK, FRIES & DOMESTIC PINT ALL DAY, EVERY THURSDAY

SALEM 503.370.8063 • 1550 WESTON CT NE • 97301 FACEBOOK.COM/STARSSALEM • @STARSINSALEM



Round 3 - Friday, SEP 22 Hosted by DJ Dick Hennessy

TACO TUESDAYS 504 TACOS & TEQUILA SPECIALS ALL DAY, EVERY TUESDAY

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HYPNOX

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\$5 LUNCH SPECIALS MON-FRI 11AM-4PM ALL LOCATIONS

NEW DANCERS WELCOME • NOW HIRING BAR, COCKTAIL & DOOR STAFF