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Fax: 503.914.0439
Email: info@Xmay.com

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General Manager Bryan A. Bybee

> Editor Ray McMillin

Copy Editor Adam J. Burt

Production Manager Shawna Stephens

Graphic Design Shawna Stephens Darkstar Graphics

Contributing Photographers London A. Lunoux • HYPNOX AmbeRed

Advertising Adam J. Burt (503) 804-4479

Distribution Enrico Carrisco • Adam J. Burt

Contributors
Stoned Cold Sativa Awesome
Phoenix Cortez
DJ HazMatt
Ray McMillin
Ericka Rachelle Mendoza
Blazer Sparrow
Miss Tini
Wombstretcha

Cover Photography Hypnox

Cover Model Maze The Twisted Sisters

FEATURES



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how to enjoy a day off-getting off page 50 by phoenix cortez

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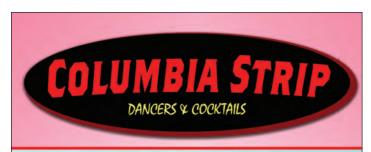
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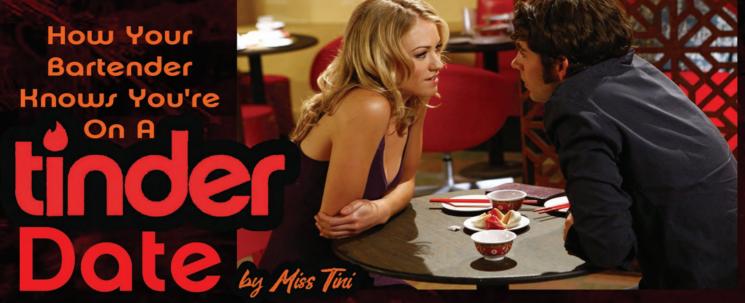
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For better or for worse, Tinder is the way people are looking to connect with each other. Gone are the days of just organically meeting in person, for the most part. As long as there's a bar serving liquor somewhere, there will be sloppy hookups and regrettable one-night stands. It's not a bad thing, necessarily. We do nearly everything online now, so why not this, too?

Because I talk to people for a living, online dating isn't for me. I've tried it at various times in my singledom. My experience with it wasn't necessarily bad. It was just fine—just okay. I can't look at a few pictures and a carefully constructed paragraph, and know if we're going to get along, much less have any sort of sexual or romantic chemistry. I have to see you in person, pick your brain, see how you hold your liquor, find out your intelligence level and gauge your sense of humor. I know, because I serve a lot of very attractive people in my bar—some of whom I can't stand to listen to. Some are straight up assholes and the comments I hear them make let me know that I would never want to spend a minute of my time with them—at least when I'm not getting paid to. I serve a lot of average-looking people who are some of the kindest, funniest and interesting people I've met...which makes them exponentially more attractive to me... something I wouldn't have known, had I just saw a picture that wasn't initially super appealing—I may have swiped left and missed out on someone I truly click with. That leaves you with night after night of dates with a stranger. I only have one-to-two nights in my week where I'm not closing the bar. I wasn't willing to waste that time going on awkward dates with someone I don't know, just for it to probably not be a match. If it did turn out to be an okay match, it would lead to mediocre sex-maybe more than once, only for one of us to stop texting the other and that's it. Blah. I'll pass.

Then, there are the people who use Tinder strictly for sex, now that Craigslist put the end to it on their site. I'm all for that, just as long as everyone is upfront about what it is. Maybe one day there will be a new app designed just for those seeking sex and those wanting to provide. Maybe there already is (I

mean, there sort of already is and it's called Grindr). I'm in a unique position in my line of work, where I can meet a lot of people five nights a week. I realize most people don't get this luxury, therefore, Tinder is the option.

I hate to burst your bubble, but a bartender can tell if you are on a Tinder date almost the moment you walk in the door. One person usually walks in first, sits at the bar, will be offered a drink and they will say, "Can I start with a water? I'm waiting for someone." Or, if you arrive together, there's always a weird awkwardness about whether there will be separate tabs or paying together. There will be an uncomfortable hug. Then, conversation that makes it obvious this is the first time meeting. Exchanging basic information—"Where do you work?" "What part of town do you live?" "Where did you move here from?"—that sort of thing. I'm not going to sugarcoat it: when we see a Tinder date happening, we alert everyone else working (sometimes the regulars, too) and watch and comment on how well or not it's going. We also pour drinks differently, depending on how well your date is going. We'll under pour someone being a jerk. We'll pour generously for someone who looks like they need it. We also keep an eye on it and extend help if someone becomes noticeably uncomfortable. Some Tinder date stereotypes exist and we see them night after night. Here are a few:

Bob Dylan Or Cynthia Plath AKA The Intellectual

They show up extremely early to the date and sit at the bar—sometimes up to an hour early, to ensure they'll be there first. They'll usually just have a water or a soda and bitters, just to give off the message that bars aren't normally their thing. They will have a book with them to read, always hard-bound, always of deep thinking and challenging content that most people couldn't understand. They will sit and read, right at the bar, on a busy Friday night. They will be sighing, giving judgmental looks to others, in an effort to show how above all this tomfoolery they are. Their date will arrive, to find them already there, head down in a book, brooding over

the very pedantic nature of it all. More than likely, the arriving person picked my bar as the meeting place and they want to send the message that this is something they are enduring on the other person's behalf. There will be no fun or lighthearted conversations. The intellectual has no time for that. This is a time for deep, meaningful conversation. I mean, they brought a book. Didn't you see it? All in an effort to disguise that they ultimately want sex, too, but only if you recognize their superior intelligence and deep thinking. This person will be absolutely terrible in bed and even more of a pain in the ass (not in the fun way). They will want to show off their specially cultivated record collection, that you won't understand or get anyway. Their apartment will be "minimalist," because they don't believe in capitalism (but, really, it's because they are too fucking difficult and special to hold any real job besides an occasional DJ spot at a local radio station). Pro tip: don't expect this person to have any sort of amenities when you go home with them—this includes beverages, heat, AC, shampoo or sheets on the mattress.

Scrubs AKA The Freeloader

This person has figured out how to game the system. They are probably reasonably attractive. Enough so, that they can go on a few different dates a week. They always have a story, such as a recent money crisis that has left them a little light, but they'd love to still meet anyway. They show up and just order a water until the date arrives. The date orders a drink, notices they just have a water and order them a drink too—remembering that they're having a bit of a financial issue at the moment. The night goes on. The drinks keep coming—all on the date's tab. They don't mind, because everything is going so well. So well, in fact, they know the other person will get them on the next date that they are sure will happen soon. Both leave. The Freeloader never calls them, but they show up at my bar with a different person the next night with the same story. The cycle repeats, as The Freeloader has figured out how to drink and have sex for free, with no accountability. Bonus points if they actually have a high-paying job, have nowhere near any money problems and live across the street from the bar, in one of the million-dollar townhouses.

The Addict

Addiction takes on many forms and the brain is susceptible to become addicted to damned near anything. Tinder addicts are real. They spend their entire free time seeking dates, cultivating their online presence, setting up different dates any time they can and with as many people as possible. I have customers that, no joke, come in every single night with a different date. Some tip me extra, to not let on that I see them in there all the time. Some tip me even more, to pretend I've never seen them before in my life. Some aren't smart enough to go to any other bar and get embarrassed when I know their drink and mistake their date as the person from last night. Some, I notice, say the exact same things to everyone they bring in there. Some use new material and, personally, I don't know how they do it—seems exhausting. Even creepier, some come in with a different person every night and each date is an identical clone of each other. Like, they have a specific "type" and I have to be careful not to say, "Welcome back."

The Rejected

One of the hardest to watch is when two people meet for the first time, go to sit down to talk and before the first drink is done, one of them gets up and leaves saying, "This isn't a match." This happens more often than you think. How bad must it hurt, that someone couldn't even get through one drink with you, even out of social politeness? The rejected person's face, after that happens, is so tragic. They either abandon their drink and slink out, or they stay and order a shot—completely crestfallen, as they question why their entire existence in indigestible. That is some sad shit. We are all people, looking for connections at the end of the day. The disposable dating culture makes some people forget that. Fuck that. You don't have to be into them, but don't be a dick. I hate to say it, but nine times out of ten, it's a woman doing this. You're not better than your date, okay? Be nice.

The Autobiographer

Fuck these people in general. You don't necessarily have to be on a date with one of these people to know what I'm talking about. This person is only interested in talking about themselves, never letting the other person interject or getting a word in edgewise, never asking any leading questions, cutting the other person off when they do try to join the conversation—it's all about them and it's positively painful to observe. If you want a microphone, start a YouTube channel or a blog. Believe it or not, you are not that fucking interesting. You're like the soccer mom who thinks their precious child is a genius. I wonder why dating isn't going well for you.

The No-Effort Date

They show up late, ratty T-shirt, dirty hair, clearly sending the message, "I don't give a fuck." It's like,

sure, dating can be casual. But, in reality, you're giving a first impression and ultimately selling yourself. The smallest amount of effort should happen. You shouldn't come to the date fresh off the Sandy river, coming off a day drunk, with sand on your feet, smelling like B.O. and stale joints. I know, you're trying to show the "real you." You're not fancy. This is you, love it or leave it. Fact is, the real you couldn't meet someone in real life. Tinder is going to be no different.

The Lamb

Once in a while, you'll get a sweet soul that shows up to await their date and it's the legit first time they've ever done this. Sometimes, they just got out of a long relationship or marriage. Sometimes, they come from a strict religious background. Sometimes, they're trying something new, like coming out for the first time and attempting to date as their authentic selves. Other times, they've just moved here from a one-horse town and are trying to meet new people. I feel for these little lambs being lead to the slaughter. They have no idea what they're doing and no idea how to play the game. I hover over these precious ones. I'll give them a code word. I also under-pour the both of them and set the little lamb's drink behind the bar when they go to the restroom. Protect the innocent, as they are the most precious.

The Make-Out Couple

They show up, meet and after two drinks, they are feeling each other up and making out unabashedly in a booth, regardless of who's looking or what time of day it is. For whatever reason, it's usually the same demographic. They are usually middleaged or older. They either both just got a divorce, it's their first time dating anyone new in decades or they are straight up having an affair. Regardless, it's always awkward, weirdly gross, weirdly hot and it usually doesn't stop for hours. Go home or get a hotel. We know you have money for both, you silver foxes!

The Illusionist

I would be remiss to not mention this. Of course, I'm referring to the person who looks nothing like their pictures or how they presented online. It's not just looks (although, that's a huge one). It could be about anything: their job, family, children, relationship status, income...you name it. You have to wonder what that person is thinking, as they go to meet up with someone who they know full well will be instantly disappointed. Why waste anyone's time in their scenario? You have nothing to lose by posting actual pictures of yourself, as is. If someone swipes right on you, rad. They're into it. If you post non-representative photos, what is the gain for you, when you go meet that person? How do you deal with the look of disappointment? Do you honestly think someone will just say, "Fuck it. I guess I'm already here. Might as well..."? Also, on the other side, how do you let someone down, who looks nothing like the person you thought you were meeting up with? What an odd waste of time and energy.

The Oblivious Asshole

They come in many forms. I can't say how many times I've seen someone on a Tinder date, and when the other person gets up to go to the bathroom, they are looking on Tinder. Tindering on a Tinder date. That's where we are, people. That's a dick move. Bonus points if the date notices. Also, when the guy on the Tinder date tries to slip me his number, when the date isn't looking. That shit I'll call out immediately. "Oh! Aren't you already on a date with that girl? I'm not interested in someone who would do that." Girls who start hitting on other guys at the bar, while their date looks on...it's endless. Have some class.

The "Spanish Fly"

So you're on Tinder. You say in your bio, "looking for a relationship." Someone messages you. You meet with them and they just want to bang. You're not really into that. Fucking say what you want. If you want to seek fun hookups, say so. If you're not seeking a hookup, say that too. Don't misrepresent. Stop wasting everyone's time, including your own. Don't show up to the bar all over-sexed, plying your hands all over someone who wanted to go on an actual date. You both leave very disappointed. If you wanna creep, creep. Just be honest about it.

"The Crazies" AKA Fatal Attraction

Duh. Crazy people use this app, too. And, you may be on a date with one of them. They can keep it together long enough in the messages they use to get you on the date, then the veil slowly drops. You literally never know who people are online. They may start messaging you incessantly, take you home for crazy sex before claiming to be pregnant, become possessive, stalk—the bottom line is, you don't know who you're meeting. Remember, while you're in the bar, we are there to look after you. Once you leave, you're on your own. Pro tip: if the girl you just met wants to go home and do gymnastic tricks on your dick less than an hour after meeting you, this is perhaps a crazy red flag. I know you want to believe differently so badly. Sorry.

The Squeaky Cleans

Every now and then, I hear about people who meet on Tinder and go on coffee dates in the morning or afternoon. Or, for hikes. Sometimes, they do brunch. I can't fucking imagine. Can you picture going to brunch with a complete stranger that didn't involve a one-night stand the night before? No booze? Daylight??? A hike!? Hours with a stranger sober, with no immediate means of escape? Unless you are over the age of 50 (or, you both met in rehab), this is unacceptable. These people are crazier than any of the rest.

Do bartenders notice Tinder dates? Yes. Do we make bets on the outcome? Yes. Are we making fun of you? Sometimes, yes. Keep the entertainment coming.

Bad Girls, Good Ink

SPICE OF LIFE BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Getting inked is not a new concept. Throughout almost every region of the world, tattoos have long been part of humanity's culture. Recently, anthropologists discovered a 5,000year old mummy, with evidence of multiple tattoos on its body. Scientists were able to determine that the method used for the tattoos included a needle and charcoal. And, during the '90s, a researcher uncovered the tomb of a 2,500-year old mummy, known as the Siberian Ice Maiden. The Ice Maiden was a representative of the Pazyryk culture—which thrived between the 6th and 2nd centuries B.C.—and, researchers discovered that she was strikingly covered in tattoos (as well as buried with a container of cannabis). A German native, by the name of Martin Hildebrandt, was the first documented professional tattoo artist in the United States and operated a shop in New York City. We've come a long way from some of history's earlier tattoo methods. But, presently, some ancient tattoo methods have seen a resurgence in popularity and technology is also rapidly advancing how we wear our ink.

Artists claim that the less invasive technique, known as "hand poke" or "stick and poke," allows skin to heal quicker than artwork done with an electric tattoo gun. But, larger pieces of artwork should be broken up into multiple sessions. Singer Rhianna famously made a video of getting this technique done on her chest on a tour stop in New Zealand. According to hand poke artist Tiffani Walton, "A sterilized tattoo needle is attached to some sort of grip, dipped in ink and pushed into the skin by hand. The needle goes just as deep and the results are just as permanent." Hand poke tattoo shops have popped up in Los Angeles, Portland and New York City.

The word "tebori" is a Japanese term for tattooing by hand. The practice is usually taught through apprenticeship, but there are fewer and fewer of these artists around today. The technique involves steel needles attached to a metal or wooden stick. Fans of this technique usually travel to Japan for an authentic tebori tattoo, though the costs for tebori are usually double those of other tattoo styles. Beginning in the late 1800s, the Japanese government banned tattoos—this ban was lifted in 1948. To this day, several businesses in Japan will not allow tattooed patrons in their establishments.

Another ancient tattoo technique squelched by society early on is skin-stitching. This technique had been practiced by indigenous communities for centuries, before it was banned by missionaries and settlers. Using a needle and thread, lines of ink are threaded through the skin, to form a design. Local workshops now exist to teach the lost art of skin stitching. The Tlingit Native American Indian tribe, located in Southern Alaska, has started a resurgence movement for skin stitching.

Bamboo Tattoo or Sak Yants (the Thai name for "the tattooing of sacred geometrical designs on the skin") originated in Thailand, when Buddhist monks would receive these religious script tattoos as a form of protection. An artist uses a bamboo stick and the pressure of their hand to deposit ink into your skin-so, finding a truly skilled artist is key here. There is, generally, no scabbing or blood and healing is quick. Usually, travel to Thailand is required for an authentic Sak Yants. The artwork is considered to be highly spiritual and each design is tailored to each patron, in the form of a "protective design" that the artists consider to be a "magical spell." Actress Angelina Jolie has acquired several traditional Sak Yants over the years, though some locals complained that her notoriety would bring too much attention to what is considered a sacred practice.

On the very far end of the Sak Yants spectrum is a new tattoo technology called Duo Skin. Created by MIT's Media Lab, the makers of these devices categorize it as a "wearable computer" and "digital skin jewelry." The company claims the fabrication process enables anyone to create a customized, functional device attached directly to the skin. The 'device' uses gold metal leaf, touted as "cheap and skin-friendly," which allows users to control input, display output and wireless communication. Users can control their mobile devices, display information and store information on their skin.

"We believe that, in the future, on-skin electronics will no longer be black boxed and mystified," says the company on the website. "Instead, they will converge towards the user-friendliness, extensibility and aesthetics of body decorations." Duo Skin's metallic, temporary tattoos can be customized to any design.

A company called Skin Motion has also created a tattoo that can play audio. Yes, you read that correctly. The company has developed a technology called Soundwave. While the process is somewhat complex and requires an annual fee for sound storage, it works. The user needs a Soundwave-approved artist, who will tattoo a waveform of your chosen audio and then the app can read the design. Soundwave technology is currently patentpending.











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Pizza Slut











TALES FROM THE BY DJ HAZMATI TIPS TO AVOID BURNING OUT AS A STRIP CLUB EMPLOYEE

I've been turning into a cranky old man. That, and I've also been traveling a bit (don't worry, I haven't bought a used BMW just yet), which usually means I just head to another town and check out their strip clubs. While I love the local scene (Portland and Salem, especially), I've noticed a bit of a virus taking over our corner of the map—that being complacency—when you get too used to any job (even a fun job), it shows. So, before we hit the seasonal depression months (which can span well into February, depending on how much rain, snow and California transplants we acquire between now and then), let's address a few things that everyone in the strip club industry (not limited to dancers) has fallen victim to, at least once.

DANCE, MONKEY, DANCE

A lot of entertainers, including those outside of the strip club industry, seem to have forgotten about the purpose of their job, which is to entertain. This means not only entertaining in the traditional sense, but also in more subtle ways: strippers need to "entertain" the idea that they are often the literal object of someone's affection or perhaps "entertain" a particular customer's fucked-up fantasy. DJs are often required to entertain requests, or even worse, entertain the idea that Post Malone is good music. My original DJ mentor, Zoth, gave me the best advice I've ever received as a dance commander. He asked me, "What would you do if a customer asked you for Limp Bizkit?" I replied, "Tell him to go back to the mall and buy a poster?" "Wrong," Zoth said. "You take his tip, play Limp Bizkit, nod your head and act like it's the best song ever." And, Zoth was correct. There is no quicker way to bankruptcy in the entertainment industry, than by being too cool or smug for your audience. Don't believe me? Check out the pre-order fiasco surrounding Battlefield V, the like-to-dislike ratio on any MTV Decoded video or the audience rating on the latest Star Wars films; pretending to be better than your audience may score you followers, but it's gonna fuck up your bottom line.

HUNGRY? GRAB A SNICKERS

On the same tip as pretending to entertain, *not* entertaining is, by default, *not* doing your job. For instance, strippers who come to work bitter, angry or depressed (and, can't hide it with makeup or fake smile) are not only costing themselves money, but they will cause a chain reaction, in which a DJ is stuck playing Evanescence while other dancers start to get annoyed, regular customers begin to feel sad and tired for some reason and so on, un-



til the happiest place in Portland becomes a flu dream full of frowns and sadness. Energy is contagious and every drop of energy in a strip club should be positive. You'd be surprised how easy it is to make money, if your entire club is filled with upbeat and positive staff. As cheesy as it sounds, attitude is everything...as long as you're also fit, sexy and talented. This brings me to my next point...

GET IN WHERE YOU FIT IN

YouTube may be full of empowering videos instructing brave women to ignore beauty

standards and be more body positive, but that's not going to work in real life. Yeah, if your boss at the tech start-up has a "no fat chicks" sign on his office wall, that's not cool. But, the strip club industry is no different than any other element of the adult entertainment industry: most customers will give their money to a specific type, and yes, that type is usually fit, symmetrical and in accordance to a biologically preferred hip-to-waist ratio. Boob sizes, butts, MILF status, skin color and height is all arbitrary. Call it nature, call it the patriarchy or just call it men being men a strip club full of non-traditional "brave" beauty standards appeals to us as much as a room full of homeless bachelors would appeal to women seeking fantasy husbands.

Now, there is good news. For one, the verdict is always fluctuating on things like tattoos, age and even weight (I'm still trying to find backers for my plus-sized strip club, Tremors). While some clubs won't hire girls who have tats, others practically require them. Some spots are big on young dancers, but others won't touch minors with a ten-foot spinny pole. Certain clubs feature a consistent roster of dancers who seem to never age, while others toss girls out as soon as they report for their third shift. So, unless you're missing three limbs, have seriously bad body odor, refuse to shave your elbows and consider dentists to be members of the alt-right, then you're probably able to find a club. This means, don't take it out on clubs that you don't fit in with. If you're a rock girl, don't show up to Hood Bitchez Traphouse and ask the DJ to play Slayer. On the same tip, if you're into the thug life, perhaps a shift at Hillbilly Jim's Pole Barn isn't your ideal fit.

So, with all that said, keep in mind that I'm a tired, washed-up old fuck who thinks 2Pac's last CD counts as new rap. I'm out of shape, bitter and gray. But, sometimes you can take advice from your elders. And, if you think I'm full of shit, hit the stage and prove it. Money talks—everyone else ends up marrying a bassist and settling down.





GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

Let's get this out of the way—if you work at or own a dispensary, you're selling pot. Sure, it's "medicine" for some folks, but let's not forget that Southern Comfort started out as a cold remedy, modern day cold remedies are used to make meth, and despite how many cancer patients still have good lungs, blunts don't have the same medicinal benefit as CBD. Make no mistake about it, you're a glorified drug dealer, who caters to a clientele that just wants to get high.

So, with that said, let's talk about why your dispensary—a business that has no shortage of demand and requires no advertising, outside of a green sign—is losing money.

YOU TAKE YOUR BUSINESS TOO **SERIOUSLY**

Glass cases. Wooden floors. Electronic menus. We get it, you wanted a taphouse but lacked the start-up capital. That, or you think you're Apple, revolutionizing the weed industry by only throwing money at form, while entirely ignoring function. Either way, it's a bad look. Even worse, these "elite" dispensaries often rely on test results, strain names, photographs, brand slogans...anything but an actual sample of the weed being sold. One spot that I used to frequent now only sells weed in pre-sealed bags, with a cool logo and enough protection to make sure children of all ages (up to and including 38) will require a chainsaw to open it. Look, I have trust issues and live by the "let me look at it and take a whiff, before spending any money on it" rule, which also applies to weed.

You're also alienating your first-time customers with the smug, upper-echelon attitude, as a list of weed strains lab stats is about as useful to dispensary customers as a list of dancer names is to a first-time customer. For example:

"Got any hot dancers?"

"We have Becky, Destiny and Crystale."

"Yeah, but are they hot?"

"Crystale is 24."

"So.? What does she look like?"

"Becky is local, from Oregon City."

"Great, can she give a good lap dance?"

"Destiny just came in last week."

"Can I at least see a picture?"

"Sir, let me repeat this - all three of these girls are organic contest winners."

Worst. Door guy. Ever.

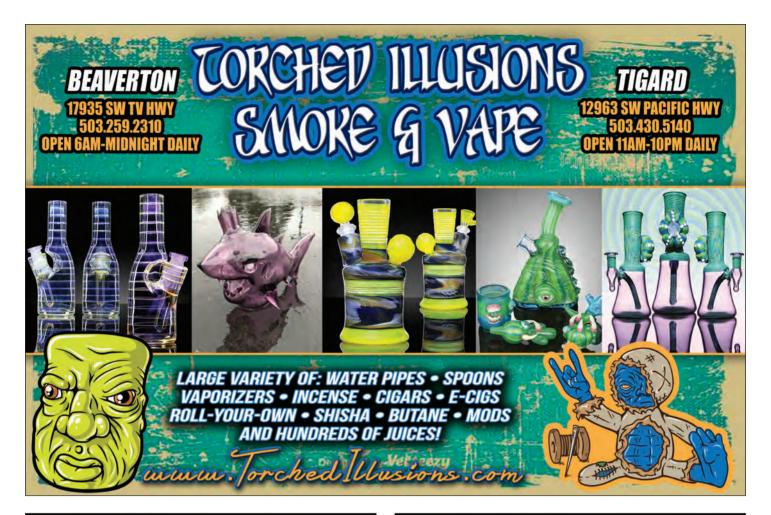
YOU DON'T TAKE YOUR BUSINESS **SERIOUSLY AT ALL**

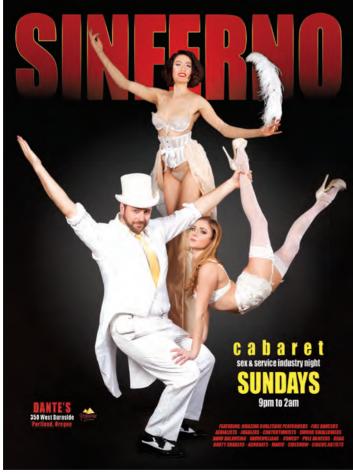
I was on my way to a movie the other week, with thirty minutes to spare. So, I figured the place that had a banner advertising "\$3 Joints" would be a good stop. However, after walking in, I immediately regretted my decision—everyone behind the counter appeared to be a teenager, loud-ass music (lateera Sublime, pop Tech N9ne, etc.) was causing customers to scream in order to speak with staff, and after a twenty minute ordeal (in which a clearly-new employee punched my information into her Windows 98 desktop one finger at a time...no exaggeration), a middle-aged woman—clearly a manager or possibly the owner—emerged from the back and asked if anyone needed anything from Del Taco.

Was the weed I was about to buy Indica? Sativa? Hybrid? Nope, it was "good and local." Could I see a sample? "Umm...hold on, I'm new." Meanwhile, two dudes who appear to have worked at the spot for much longer than Tina Trainee are chatting with an already-served customer about a local rap show, "some bitch" who caused a shooting and how it sucks for business. I'm sorry, Pre Malone, but every other dispensary in East Salem is doing fine. Shut up and help that little girl take money from me. Also, no, I don't want you to store my info for "next time," but it appears the 13-year old with my state-issued documents is writing it down anyways. I'm not a fan of the O.L.C.C., but they sure seem to be laxed with the whole "if you can see over the counter, you can slang pounds" stance. I got a felony for an ounce as an adult, not too many years ago, and here's Skylar Lee weighing up hash oil. Maybe I'm just old, but it's a pot dispensary, not a cell phone case kiosk in the mall. Hire a fucking adult or two.

YOU DON'T GET HIGH ON YOUR OWN

Unlike crack or heroin, you should get high on your own supply, if you're going to be selling pot. The only addictive side effects of weed are already present in your life, if you own a dispensary: Bob Marley posters all over the place, slang that should have been left in the '90s, a constant need to talk about conspiracy theories and a steady diet of pizza from the place next door. So, what have you got to lose, by sampling some of that No Idea What This Is Kush or the We Just Got This In Dream? You work with pot, not diamonds. Take some home, get to know what you're selling the folks who pay your rent and act like the thousands of people willing to take your job actually exist.









BY RAY MCMILLIN

Fuck Teachers, Get Money

School is in session, ladies and gents! I both loathe and love this time of year. On the upside, the bratty kids from my ghetto-ass apartment complex are back in school, so I can sleep in without having to hear them scream and yell all day. On the downside, school zone speed limits are also back in session, which means I gotta start driving sober again. However, this is a magazine that deals with adults-particularly, those who enjoy making money while naked. So, every year, I have to repeat the same thing: stripping is an excellent alternative to (and, a possible source of income to pay for) college. You won't learn anything at Portland State University that you can't pick up at Lucky Devil. Private dance? That's two credit hours in Psychology and Gender Studies. Turning in your ones? Four credit hours of Economics, Mathematics and Accounting. Spinning around a pole while drunk on vodka? Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Nutrition...eight full credit hours. Paying off your own college education with two-dollar bills? Priceless. So, that puts to rest the "do something with your life" demands that your wage-slave friends and family may make. Are you being objectified, as a dancer? No more than anyone in a suit and tie. Is stripping gross or dirty? No more than working in a kitchen. Should you feel ashamed for expressing your sexuality, while making a buck? Only if you're running a Catholic church. Dear strippers: it's your life, it costs money and you're not gonna buy a house working at Starbucks. Keep doing you.

Oh, before I forget, make sure you check out DJ Dick Hennessy's 6th

Annual Best Breasts Of The West, going down all month long (peep the calendar at the end of this column for dates)—vou can earn cash and prizes, just for having an amazing rack! If that's not your thing, follow the Vaginamobile to Scarlet Lounge on Friday, September 28th for a prohibition-themed, two-year anniversary party...cash and prizes are available there, too. Boy, does Dick know how to keep our naked ladies paid! However, Dick's not the only guy in town raising money for naked entertainers—Mike Brass, of Mike Brass's The Main Attraction, will be providing a chance for cash and breast augmentation, in the form of The Great American Strip Off. The contest runs every Wednesday, from September 12th, through November 7th. Peep this month's ad for more information.



Congratulations To Maze, Ink'n' Pink 2018 Champion

Man, does this lady know how to win contests! Maze (as seen on the cover of this issue, as well as in the centerfold spread), repping The Twisted Sisters, has earned her second title. In December of 2016, Maze was crowned Miss Exotic Oregon 2017 and this month, she's showing off her Ink 'n' Pink championship. Even better, this may be the first year that I have heard absolutely zero accusations of insider vote-rigging, bias on behalf of a venue, shady judges or anything of the sort. Why? Because Maze won by a goddamned landslide, with undeniable stage presence. From head to toe, every outfit that Maze used was unique. Each set, Maze took full advantage of the stage and the theme. And, throughout the entire contest, Maze remained humble, professional and drama-free. Ladies and gentlemen, this is how you get shit done. Props to Maze for winning Ink 'n' Pink, with an equal amount of props to everyone who competed—Portland is taking our "most strip clubs" motto to the "best fucking strippers on the planet" level, thanks to consistently evolving talent, always raising the bar. Now, let's see if our city officials can follow suit...

Slutwalk Gets Snubbed By City

This year, Portland's Slutwalk organizers have encountered a whole pile of bullshit from the city—from high fees, to having their requests for assistance ignored entirely. I reached out to event organizer and all-around-inthe-know Portlander, Elle Stanger, for comment:

"Portland Police Bureau (PPB) refused to offer a rolling escort, as they have in years prior; this is when motorcycle cops escort marchers through our walking route, so that cars don't hit us, or so that we don't disrupt traffic. We have paid for our permits and met all deadlines, but our police liaison is stating, 'In years prior, (the) event had low attendance' and this doesn't warrant protection for a march. After paying over \$1,000 in permit fees and insurance, we are told—two weeks before the event—that our typical walking route is being revoked and that we can walk on the sidewalk downtown, as we march

To the first point, our lowest turnout year since I co-organized this event, was approximately 150 people (this was in 2014) and our maximum attendance was close to 300, last year. This year, we have 800 folks RSVP'd, and even if half attend, it's more than what we were originally told by PPB was our minimum amount required for a rolling escort (250).

I don't believe that PPB has their priorities straight, when they can contract Oregon State Police to get in SWAT gear and shoot at anti-fascists in order to protect white nationalists Patriot Prayer—like what I watched happen on the downtown August 4th "Unite The Right" protest—but, they currently can't find eight motorcycle officers to escort a group of locals in a yearly peaceful protest against sexual assault.

Sgt. Brett Burnam is not returning my calls. I asked why we are not allowed a police escort, even though fundamentalist extremist Christian protesters have attended each year, to picket from the side and to scream slurs at us—and, one of the folks associated with these kooks, was Jeremy Christian—the guy who stabbed three people on the MAX train last year. Also, we know that some men have a history of

driving cars into groups of women, so I'm not sure how they can justify the lack of police presence."

In addition to what Elle has noted above, additional reports that the city actually had the guts to ask Slutwalk organizers what they would be wearing are coming in. This is painfully ironic, in context—Slutwalk was started in response to a Toronto police officer claiming that women wouldn't be raped, if they didn't dress in revealing clothing. So, for our city to imply that attire and sexual assault are causally correlated, is beyond reprehensible. Slutwalk is about consent (which the organizers are trying to obtain from the city), protection of one's own body (which PPB is refusing to recognize as a tax-paying entity, worthy of police protection) and free expression of sexuality (billed at over \$1,000 in fees and insurance—more than a dollar per attendee).

Now, to those who may not align on the same ends of the political spectrum as myself and Elle, I'm going to be brutally honest—this affects you, too. Slutwalk is, in theory, apolitical. So, it's worth noting, that this isn't an issue of left versus right, traditionalism versus liberalism or anything like that. Rather, this has to do with the city having violently different standards for two activist groups—one of which is attempting a peaceful demonstration and being told to stay on the sidewalk, while the other is being given a police escort. Even if you side with a conservative or right-wing viewpoint, free assembly affects us all. In fact, members of opposing viewpoints should be the most concerned with the way Portland is addressing Slutwalk. Alex Jones getting banned from Facebook upset a lot of his opponents, on the basis that speech restrictions for one, may lead to speech restrictions for another.

Thus, I encourage all of our less-thanliberal readers to wake up and pay attention here. If you're on the left, congratulations—you probably don't need any convincing to see that "progressive" Portland needs some new management. But, if you're on the right, not a fan of feminist politics, not a fan of Slutwalk and/or not a fan of peaceful demonstrations against violence, consider that, in a few years, it could be your group who the police are turning their back on. The pendulum swings, as today's heroes become tomorrow's villains. Slutwalk may be something you question for whatever reason, but the fact of the matter is "free speech" applies here, too. I'm only including this paragraph because, well, folks on the "other side" need to hear this. And, I put "other side" in quotes, because women (and men) of all political affiliations are targeted for sexual violence. A Trump supporter is just as likely to be raped as a Bernie fan.

Slutwalk 2018 takes place on Sunday, September 9th at 3pm, at Park Avenue and SW Salmon Street in downtown Portland, Oregon. Please do not attend if you plan on harassing, intimidating or otherwise interrupting this peaceful demonstration against sexual assault. Slutwalk is not the naked bike ride, nor is it a redneck prayer meeting to get rid of immigrants—if you give two fucks about the sex industry, dancers or the person you're sleeping with, you should have no problem supporting this event, especially considering the fact that Portland is not the deep south. We're better than "...what was she wearing?"



Shock Opera Goes Live!

We covered Shock Opera: The Authorized Alice Cooper Story a few issues back, but this fantastic project is finally ready for Portland audiences! First weekend of September. at The Paris Theater in Portland, Oregon, catch some of your favorite strippers, local celebrities and creative hooligans, live on stage, to depict the story of Alice Cooper. As noted previously, this project began as a seed and has grown into something far bigger than An Unauthorized Tribute To This Thing We Like, which is why I'm giving it a plug here. Support your local community actually-doing-shit and catch this fantastic production while it's in town.

So, You Think You Can Sinferno?

A little birdie has let me know that Sinferno, the ultimate "not technically a strip club, so we can bring the whole crew" destination, is opening the door to new talent. Are you a go-go or feature-style entertainer? Do you want to show off your stuff, downtown Portland, mere inches away from the heart of the city, warm pizza and sugary donuts? Have you ever had the chance to say, "I killed it on a Sunday" and actually mean it? Well, this is your opportunity. Sinferno is seeking go-go dancers, to shake their stuff, on elevated platforms above enthusiastic crowds. Show up, in person, any Sunday night at Dante's, located downtown on the corner of SW 3rd and Burnside to audition.

new Sex Tape Room at Sheri's Ranch is a state-of-the-art automated production studio where clients and sex workers use voice-operated smart home technology to create multi-angle pornographic videos that the customer then owns and takes home.

The room is equipped with four cameras capable of achieving a variety of angles, including a top angle ceiling camera, all linked to an Amazon Echo device activated by voice commands given to the Alexa virtual assistant. A computer randomly chooses what camera angles to use so that a fullyedited finished video, in the form of a media file on an SD card, is available shortly after the steamy session concludes.

The Sex Tape Room at Sheri's Ranch opens on September 1st, 2018."

Technology is fantastic. First Bitcoin, then sex robots...now, you can film your own sex tape without a shitty webcam? Sign me the fuck up. Ne-

Nevada Brothel Introduces Interactive Sex Tape Technology

Now, here is a press release that I don't mind sharing:

"A legal brothel near Las Vegas, Nevada, will soon offer a unique erotic video experience where customers can collaborate with licensed sex workers, to create their very own sex tapes. The



The Paris Theatre September 7th & 8th, Portland, OR



vada is a day-long drive from Port-land—if you don't stop for ice cream in Rice Hill—so, I'm putting out a bounty here, open to all of our readers: if you make the trek to Sheri's Ranch and film a sex tape, we will get you an interview, a feature and possibly some viewers, right here in *Exotic*. Bonus points, if it's set to a dinosaur theme.



FRI 7 & SAT 8 - KIT KAT CLUB - COMIC BOOK CABARET

SAT 8 – THE VENUE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB – END-OF-SUMMER BBQ

SAT 8 & SUN 9 – STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT)
COMIC-CON AFTER-PARTY

WED 12 – MIKE BRASS'S THE MAIN ATTRACTION
THE GREAT AMERICAN STRIP OFF ROUND 1

THU 13 – LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE
HARLEY'S 50 SHADES OF B-DAY FETISH PARTY

THU 13 – THE VENUE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
6TH ANNUAL BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST ROUND 1

SAT 15 – GUILTY PLEASURES GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
6TH ANNUAL BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST ROUND 2

WED 19 – MIKE BRASS'S THE MAIN ATTRACTION
THE GREAT AMERICAN STRIP OFF ROUND 2

THU 20 – GRIND GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
6TH ANNUAL BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST ROUND 3

THU 20 - THE FIREHOUSE CABARET - XXX STAR DARCIE DOLCE

FRI 21 - THE SUNSET STRIP - XXX STAR DARCIE DOLCE

FRI 21 – TABOO VIDEO (VANCOUVER) XXX STAR DARCIE DOLCE (7PM–9PM)

SAT 22 – STARS CABARET (SALEM)

6TH ANNUAL BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST ROUND 4

SAT 22 - THE SUNSET STRIP - XXX STAR DARCIE DOLCE

WED 26 – MIKE BRASS'S THE MAIN ATTRACTION THE GREAT AMERICAN STRIP OFF ROUND 3

THU 27 – CLUB SINROCK
6TH ANNUAL BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST FINALS

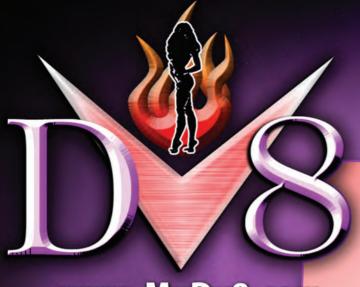
FRI 28 – REVEAL LOUNGE – XXX STAR RUBBER DOLL

FRI 28 – SCARLET LOUNGE
2-YEAR ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION
& PROHIBITION-THEMED PARTY

FRI 28 – TOMMY'S TOO
WORLD FAMOUS DAISY DUKE CONTEST

SAT 29 – XPOSE XXX STAR RUBBER DOLL





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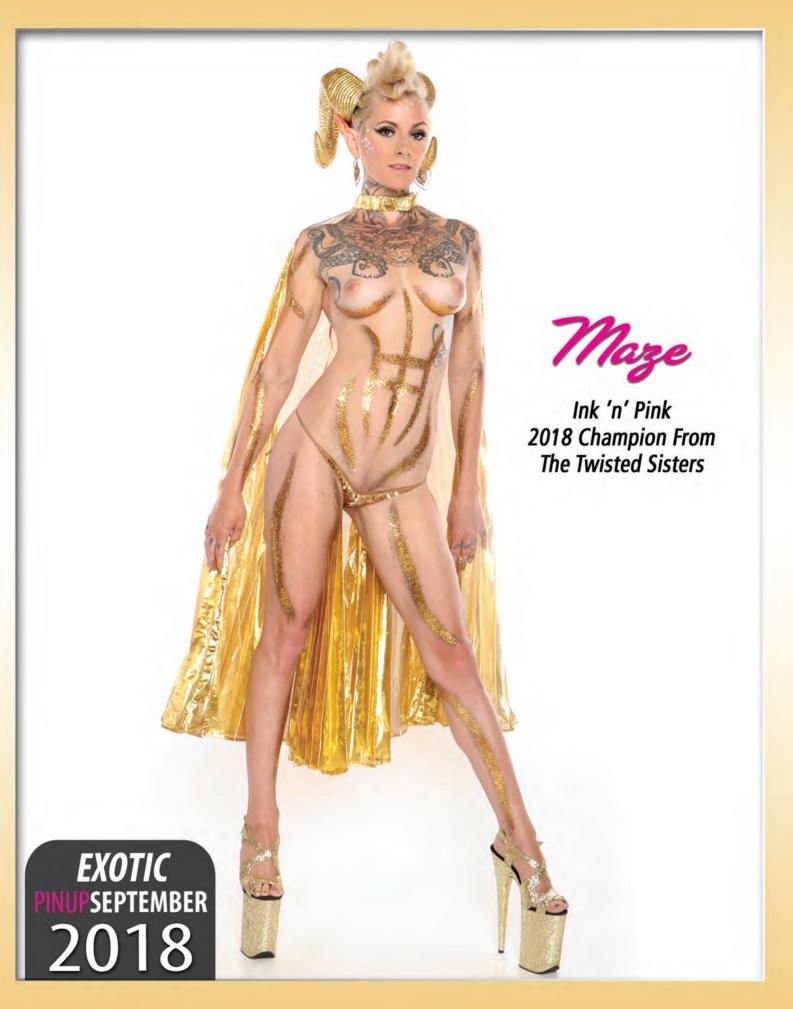


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It's school time once again, and while most students are dutiful—attending to their studies with the requisite diligence—this can't be hoped for from everyone. Yes, truancy is as popular now as it ever has been, with the infinite amount of distractions that any reasonable student would prefer to spend their time on. What do they do, though? Well, through hard work and research, I've compiled a list of activities that kids around the globe enjoy while playing hooky, in alphabetical order.

Afghanistan - Ditching school to fly kites is a popular activity, at the risk of possibly catching the eye of someone keen on "bacha bazi."*

Argentina - In Buenos Aires, kids frequently get real-life lessons, which they cannot learn in class, as they dodge the literal tons of dogshit on the city's sidewalks, while they go buy Italian sunglasses. Landmines everywhere, folks.

Australia - Youngsters often skip school to go play games of "let's drink lots of goon¹ and throw horrible spiders at people," though this is a popular adult activity, as well.

Bahamas - The youth on New Providence

Island are well-known for rebuking the crown and engaging in acts of high-seas piracy, the rascals.

Bahrain - Students here are just glad they can skip school again safely, now that Michael Jackson's gone.

Barbados - It's always about the unsanctioned limbo contests with these kids.

Belgium - Grabbing your little white dog and becoming incidentally embroiled in international espionage seems to be a popular activity for a youthful Belgian.

Brazil - Playing illegally copied Nintendo games will never stop being a pastime in Brazil.

Cambodia - Kids love to take a mini-holiday from school whenever they can, which is not often, due to strict schoolmasters. It's tough, kid, but it's life.

Cameroon - Avoiding getting picked on by neighboring Chad, who yells that they're "virgins" who need to "get on Chad levels."

Canada - Sneaking a sack full of live beavers into a lumber store is a time-tested tradition amongst truant Canadian youth.

Chad - Picking on the virgin Cameroonians and flexing.

China - Chinese students often take naps in the suicide nets hanging from surrounding manufacturing buildings when they dodge their studies.

Colombia - You thought I was gonna say something about cocaine, didn't you? No way, I'm just gonna get on the rails here and blow by this one.

Congo - If what I'm to understand is true, children in Congo spend much of their selfmade free time fighting giant, murderous apes in ancient ruins.

Cuba - Why would you skip glorious peoples' school, comrade?

Cyprus - Cutting class to go get Turkish food...or, Greek food, but never both at once.

Czech Republic - Many children participate in activism in the Czech Republic, and the most popular cause for students to embrace is the addition of more beers to the school lunch menu.

Denmark - Legos for days, friends. Legos. For. Days.

East Timor - With East Timor being roughly the size of my bathroom, East Timorean

kids can't really skip school without being clearly visible just outside the windows.

Egypt - Making fake sarcophagus juice to sell to tourists is an activity out of vogue since the early 1900s, but this pastime has found renewed appreciation amongst Egyptian youth of late, due to a surge of interest.

Finland - It is a common pastime to get naked with friends in 200-degree saunas and whip each other with wires and branches. If you think this is in any way fictional, look it up.

France - French kids will often avoid classes to go eat cheese and drink wine, even if their classes are about eating cheese and drinking wine.

Germany - Sneaking into peoples' homes and correcting improperly hung paintings is a popular activity with the young.

Greece - Students often find relief from their studies by sneaking off to a quiet place to eat ridiculous amounts of raw feta cheese and do butt stuff.

Grenada - Something to do with nutmeg? I don't know.

Haiti - Voodoo. Always voodoo. You got a problem? Take it up with Papa Legba!

Iceland - Adventurous students are known to ditch school and look for Bjork's Lost Gold—a treasure, which has claimed the lives of dozens who have sought after it.

India - Finding the proper implements to defend against toilet witches is the most popular activity when dodging your Java programming classes.

Iran - Skipping school to go throw rocks at adulterers, while technically illegal, is often tacitly ignored by authority figures.

Ireland - Research was dubious, but points to something freaky and probably Catholic.

Italy - Rowdy Italian youths will often cut class to engage in traditional activities, like eating tagliatelle out of an Armani loafer or trying to start a new fascist regime.

Jamaica - With everything being so laid back in Jamaica, the youth often rebel by sneaking out of class to participate in high-stress, speed chess matches.

Japan - In Japan, school is 24 hours a day, so you must sneak out to go home and sleep. Body doubles are often employed to facilitate this, for modest sums of money.

Kenya - Running. Also, more running. Run!

Korea, North - You can starve in school just the same as out of it, you young whipper-snappers. Now, don't make me get the state-approved snapper-whipper.

Korea, South - Anime and Starcraft used to be the go-to activities for the longest time, but they said "fuck it" and just made schools for those things—so, now nobody skips.

Latvia - Avoiding the all-seeing eyes of Doctor Doom...also, air hockey.

Madagascar - If it's not giant cockroach races, then I don't even know why the kids there even bother skipping school at all. Seriously, have you seen a Madagascar cockroach? Damn.

Malta - Falconry.

Mexico - Engaging in friendly competitions with the U.S., over who can develop the least-healthy but most-satisfying snack foods.

Mongolia - Throat singing the praises of the Khan and practicing horseback archery.

Nepal - Sadly, if they catch you skipping school in Nepal, they put you on "yeti watch."

Netherlands - Tricking drunken English tourists into falling into the unfenced canals which ring the interior of Amsterdam is a popular activity, and yes, English tourists are indeed drunk during school hours when they're on vacation.

New Zealand - It's all about spray-painting sheep, brother.

Niger - Explaining to visitors that they're not in Nigeria.

Nigeria - Explaining to visitors that they *are* in Nigeria.

Norway - Getting together with your friends for some reindeer meat, followed by a ribald church-burning or two sets the tone for truancy in Norway.

Oman - Oh, man. They get into some shijijiit.

Pakistan - They will skip school, work, playing video games, having sex or nearly anything, to watch or play cricket, for some baffling reason.

Papua New Guinea - Ducking out for street food is a common pastime, but watch out for kuru².

Peru - Sacrificing good friends to the Sun God, sublime Apu-Punchau, in the name of the Inca.

Philippines - Butterfly knife fights are popular among young and old, alike.

Poland - Building complex models of submersibles, complete with intricately-detailed screen doors.

Qatar - Joining the celebration of being the only independent nation starting with a "Q," an ongoing tradition since 1971 and featuring periodic appearances by unofficial mascot, actor John de Lancie.

Romania - Extra-scholastic activities often include learning to fight vampires and teaching monkeys to pick pockets.

Russian Federation - Consuming soft drinks, like beer (which is considered a soft drink in Russia) and making provocative Internet memes are the top-drawer pastimes.

Samoa - Somehow still eating half their body weight, after ditching out of school following lunch.

Saudi Arabia - Sneaking to the city square to watch the day's beheadings. If you catch someone's dome, they give you a coupon for a free lunch!

Serbia - Removing kebab.

Singapore - Hitting the wharf, and locating a one-eyed little person to throw dice with, has been a consistently popular activity, and shall be, so long as the whole town's made of iron ore. Heave away, boys. Heave away.

Slovenia - "Tanzen Mit Laibach" remains popular among the youth, fifteen years later.

South Africa - Listening to Die Antwoord and antagonizing farmers are the two most popular activities in South Africa for the hooky-player.

Spain - The youth are more mature than in many countries, and somberly muse about what the hell the deal is with the Basque.

Sweden - There are few truant students in Sweden, for if you're caught, you must toil in the IKEA quarry, mining cheap fiberboard for export.

Switzerland - Swiss students only skip school when there's a clock that requires assembling or repairs. It physically pains the Swiss to let such things go undone, and often, doctors will provide notes for students who succumb to chronomania.

Tanzania - Spreading social media information, correcting the misconception that Tanzania is, in fact, home to a creature called the "Tanzanian Devil."

Thailand - The youth, as is the case most anywhere, can often be found in their city's biggest sex-a-torium.

Turkey - Moustache-growing contests and foosball—sometimes, both at once.

Uganda - They will skip school to do independent research, as you cannot learn "de wae" in a classroom.

United Kingdom - Oi, mate! Where's your truant's license?!

United States - Kids in the USA are known for skipping school so much, that they become feral while playing Fortnite.

Vatican City - The youth will often buttonhole tourists for money, in exchange for "Vatican facts," and after payment, tell the poor saps that there are technically two Popes per square kilometer in Vatican City, before running off.

Venezuela - Recently, it has become a fad to make forts out of piles and piles of worthless currency.

Vietnam - Carefully digging up old landmines and throwing them at stuff is a legit pastime in 'Nam. Mind your fingers and toes, though.

Zimbabwe - It's a popular activity in Zimbabwe, to forcibly kick out all of your teachers, then later complain that your education is crappy.

So, there you have it, a list of the ways some of the many countries around the globe let loose when freed from the confines of the education system. I hope this has been enlightening.

Study hard, kids—or, don't.

*Look this up at your own peril. I'm sorry I even brought it up.

¹ Goon—cheap wine, often bought in Australia in four-liter amounts for around \$10, often mixed with juice or sports drinks.

² Kuru—A disease you get from eating human flesh, discovered in Papua, New Guinea.

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a writer, friend in the diamond business, rubber walrus protector, Olestra spokesman and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook as "Wombstretcha The Magnificent."

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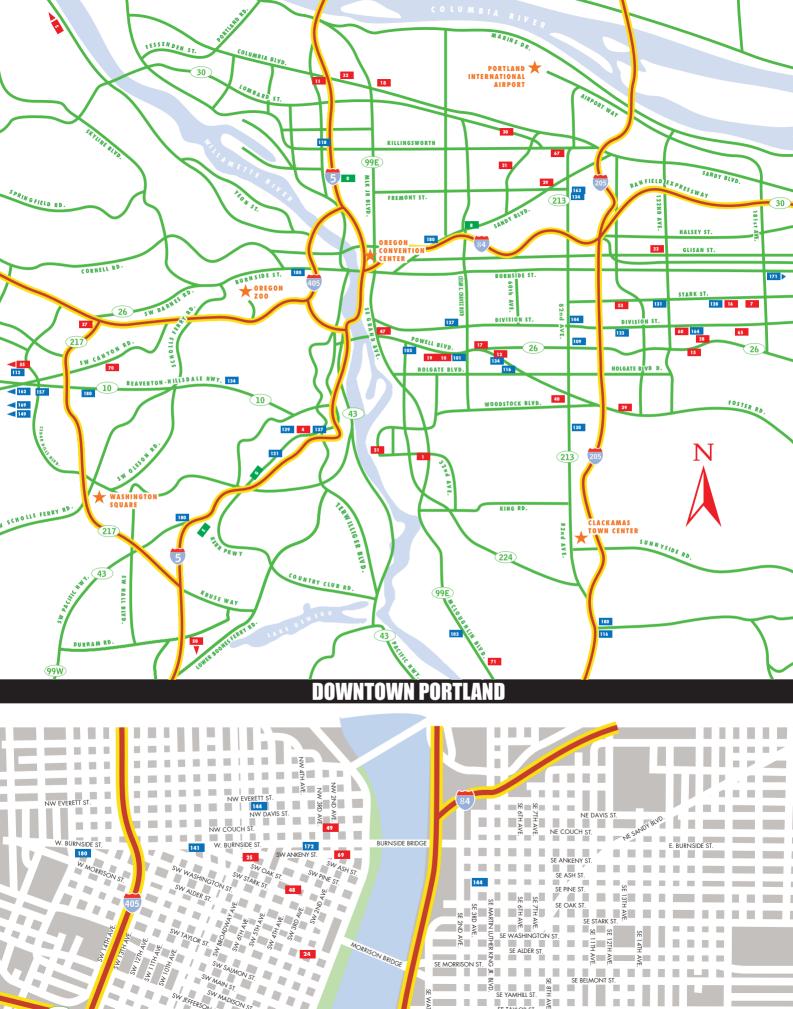




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24 Hours / 7 Davs

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3113 River Rd N / (503) 390-4371 Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade. I ingerie

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Sun 7pm-4am

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I was doing a show with an Seattle-based industrial "electroshit" band, Pill Brigade, in the middle of Renton, WA (also known as Washington's Medford)—we had the pleasure of opening up for the latest version of legendary and controversial "rape rock" band, The Mentors. While the audience was mostly comprised of loud, drunk, aggressive men, wearing shirts with offensive logos and giving the middle finger to every opening act (including us), I noticed a short, smiling woman pushing her way through the crowd. "Hey fucker, move your shit," I recall her saying to a drunk dude twice her size. "I'm filming for a documentary and I don't wanna have to kick your ass for breaking my stuff." This was my first introduction to April Jones, an extremely talented filmmaker with a take-no-shit attitude and an interesting taste in music. We swapped info and I promised to get her a write-up in Exotic.

Years later, April's film, The Mentors: Kings Of Sleaze, is released. True to documentary form, there are only one or two lines, toward the end of the film, in which the audience hears April—other than that, it is entirely comprised of captured footage from band members, supporting acts, a slew of punk rock legends and, surprisingly enough, some childhood footage of Mentors founder, El Duce. Without ruining anything, there are also a few tense moments that deal with Kurt Cobain's apparent murder, which were worth every second of sitting through El Duce's antics. I'm not going to go into the whole history of The Mentors here, but to anyone who has not heard of this act, know that they are an intentionally offensive band, with a long history of debauchery—but, all of it is presented with a tongue-in-cheek style of humor that rivals that of GWAR and Dwarves (both of which have members that appear on screen in April's documentary). The Mentors are in no way "pro-rape" in any serious sense of the word, but that has not stopped them from becoming one of the most protested and controversial acts of all time.



WARNING THIS FILM MAY CONTAIN

SLUT FUCKING INTOXICATION ALCOHOLISM DRUG ADDICTION COPULATION SEXUAL HARASSMENT MASTERBATION

I caught up with April recently to ask her about the project.

Exotic: Your film makes life on the road with one of the world's most "dangerous" outfits to be a lot more fun and relaxed than one would think. Did you encounter any strife, other than the typical road bullshit, while making this project?

Perhaps stuff that was not captured on film? Related, how has working with The Mentors been compared to other, less "dangerous" bands that you or your colleagues have encountered?

April: The Mentors themselves were absolute gentlemen and never gave me any shit, however, there were a few times I ran into a few "hands on" sleazeballs. One time, I was kinda groped by a one-armed man's stub. "Get your stub off my fucking ass, dude!" I said to him. True story. I wasn't all that surprised, I mean, documenting the "rape culture" comes with expectations. I made sure not to accept drinks from anyone, even water, just to be safe. I came across the occasional questions from one of my interviewees, Wino, asking if I was a sex fiend. That I caught on camera! The camera is always the first thing I set up and I start recording when I'm still setting up the scene. So, I end up catching a lot of things said before the interview even starts. Muwhahahaa!

Exotic: How has local, Portland/Washington-area media approached this project? Do you feel that your gender changes the way in which the film and/or your (or, your band's) involvement with The Mentors are covered? Is the local press respectful, or condescending, as a whole, when approaching you and this project?

April: The Willamette Week was quick to publish my response to the ever-so-complaining feminist bookstore, during the times of The Mentor's Anti-Antifa Tour, which was a brilliant idea to receive free publicity. A lot of media won't touch this subject, whether or not I'm a female, as if all journalists agree

with the topics they are researching. This documentary is freshly released and we still have several outlets to contact, so I'm hoping they can view me as a professional journalist and not a part of The Mentors themselves. I've had multiple people tell me, "If a dude would have done this documentary, that would be fucked up." Yes, I do feel like my gender changes things a bit, even though I hate using gender as a term to describe art, but considering that this is "rape culture," that changes everything. I'm a journalist first and foremost, and I try to document things unbiasedly. Unbiased or not, the footage and interview speak for themselves. The documentary ended up turning into a comedy-shockingly enough, for a comical satire "rape rock" band.

Exotic: What music, if any, is out today (underground or otherwise) that could compare to The Mentors, aside from the basic sound? What is "controversial" these days and how do you see the next decade evolving, in terms of shock rock and related entertainment?

April: The most offensive music out there

today is made by the artists who do not write their own music and use Auto-Tune for vocals, which defeats the whole purpose of being an artist. It's shocking to hear songs on the radio that kids are listening to—talking about "cooking crack in a crock pot" and "I know you wanna see me naked, naked, naked." And, these so-called "artists" are supposed to be good influences on our culture, society and children. That's the most offensive to me. And, hey, I can get down with some old-school hip hop for sure! But, a lot of the music that is socially acceptable, is "rape-rap." It's absolutely ludicrous (and, not the rapper).

Exotic: While your film clearly shows that the current lineup of The Mentors has a fanbase, is there a cult-like subset of said fans (think Juggalos or Deadheads), and how have they, as well as casual fans, received your project? Who would readers find most surprised to learn enjoys The Mentors, whether a demographic or a specific person or group of people?

April: Other than the cult following of The Mentors, there have been several people to



view my film who have never heard of The Mentors and who are now fans. One person, for instance, is Gary Sherman, Director of *Poltergiest III* and *Vice Squad*. He came to the world premiere in Helsinki, Finland and he absolutely loved the film. I got an interview with him about what he thought about my film and The Mentors. He said he loved it and he's now a fan! I've even talked with a few "true" feminists who said they love The Mentors—probably because they get the joke.

Exotic: As cheesy as it sounds, what did you learn making this film? Would you do it again?

April: I learned that I can't do everything myself, but I can't wait for people to do if for me, either. When you're low-to-no budget, you just gotta do it. No complaining about what you don't have—shut up and get to work. I was eating potatoes nearly three times a day because this film broke my wallet, but I have no regrets—that's part of being an artist! Yes, I would do it again if, I had the chance. I'm currently working on a couple treatments for my next films. Stay tuned, fuckers!

April Jones is an artist, skateboarder, musician and filmmaker. Before the making of The Mentors: Kings Of Sleaze Rockumentary, she helped to promote and cultivate the metal scene in Portland, Oregon through the use of short documentaries, which aired on independent television networks for over six years. Her work in the film industry has been recognized on various notable productions throughout the years, including Portlandia, Little People Big World, Red Bull, Roku, Green Room and much more.

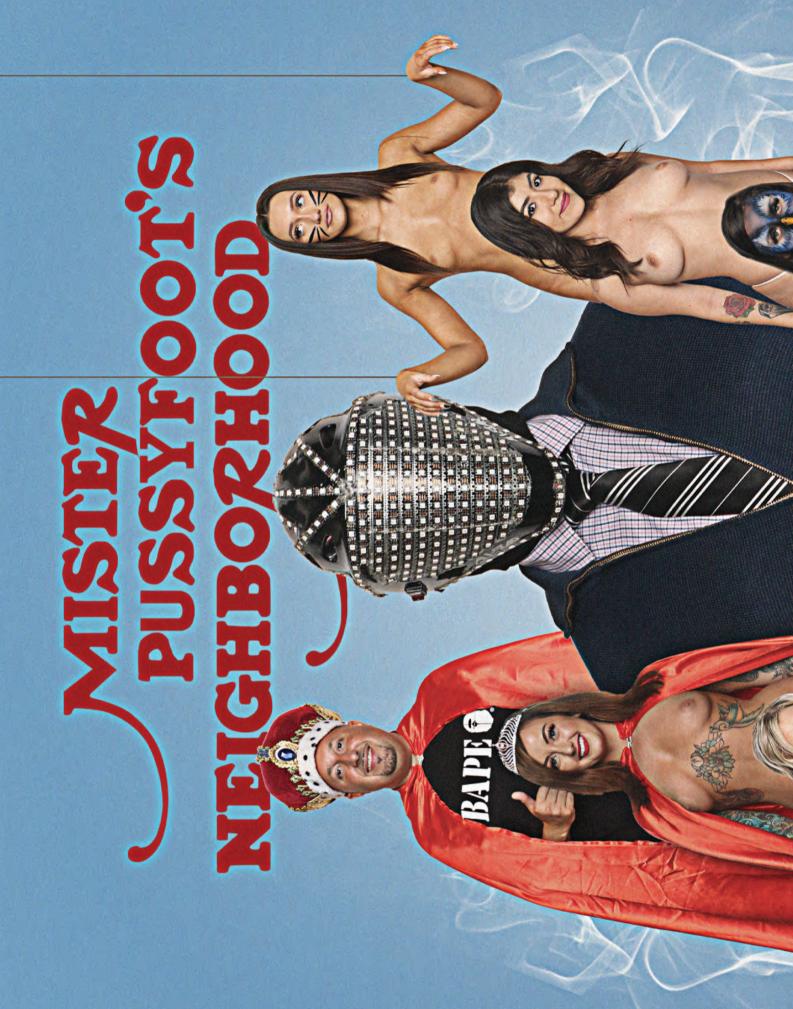


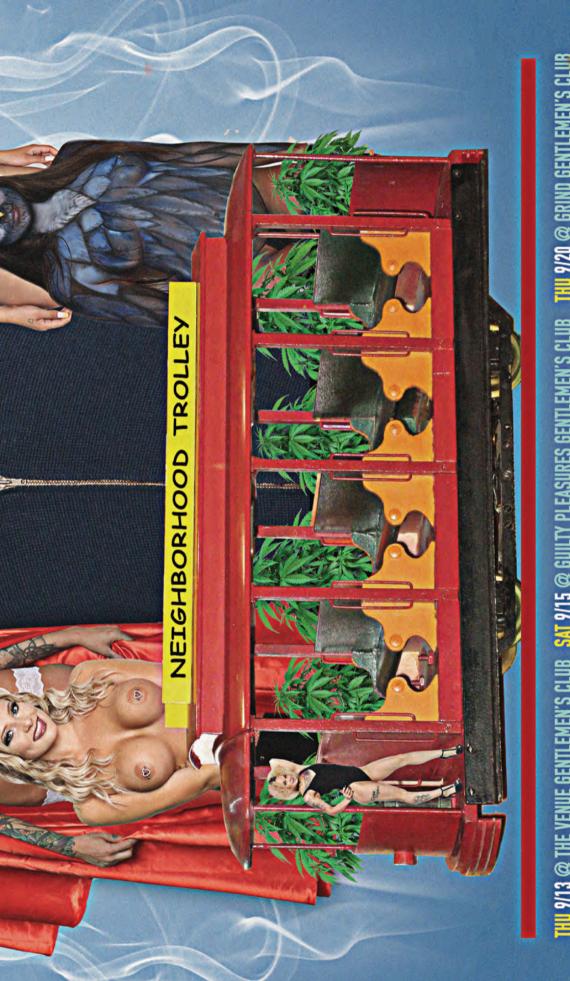






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TAKING A SEXUAL HEALTH DAY?

A Mini-Guide To Erotic Self-Care by Phoenix Cortez



Hearts Aflame Erotic Bath Bomb (Amazon.com)

You might be setting the mood just for yourself, but a nice, slippery, warm bubble bath can be the first step. And, this bath bomb doesn't just make you smell lovely—inside each bath bomb is a mystery mini-sex-toy ring—the "Humdinger" or "Nubbie Tongue Vibrator."



Finger Fuck Textured Glove (Amazon.com)

So, you're not a vibrator/dildo person? Novelty company Oxballs has created a glove that lets every one of your fingers turn into a sex toy. It's available in five different textures and the middle finger of the glove is in the shape of a penis, complete with veins.



Dona Linen Spray Infused With Pheromones (DonaByJo.com)

Perfume makers infuse their scents with synthetic hormones, designed to attract the opposite sex. But, a spritz of this spray on your sheets can stimulate your own senses for some much-needed one-on-one.



Lubricant (Taboo Video)

Lube just makes everything better. Most are a matter of personal taste, choice and preference, but just a bit of advice: silicone-based lubes don't evaporate in water, so they are ideal for use in your shower or bath...



Dirty Adult Coloring Books (ThriftBooks.com)

If you're looking for a non-traditional form of stimulation (or, just want to change it up from straight porn), an adult coloring book is the way to go. Coloring not only helps relieve stress, but artist Magnus Frederiksen has created a variety of choices of adult illustrations—his classic Fetish Coloring Book, the Adult Coloring Book and Sex Toy Coloring Book.

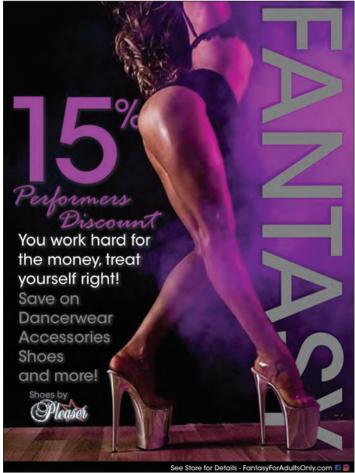


Magic Wand Massager (Everywhere)

When it comes to choices of vibrators and dildos, we recommend you do your research on what works for you. But, some sex therapists have recommended the Magic Wand Massager for a number of reasons: they do not require batteries (it plugs into the wall, so it will never die on you) and it's perfect for those who may have trouble climaxing or who have never been able to climax.

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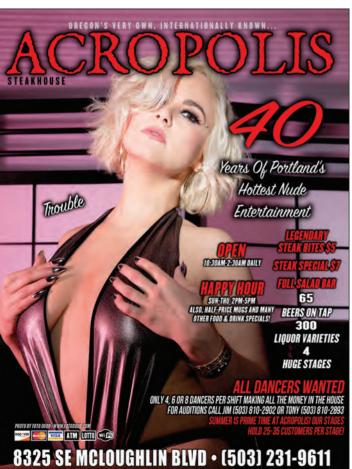




















4 THINGS YOU COULD THROW INTO THE WILLAMETTE RIVER BESIDES THOSE E-SCOOTERS

BY TOTALLY NOT AN E-SCOOTER REPRESENTATIVE

I know, it must be fun and satisfying, to toss those annoying little electric scooters right into our mighty centerpiece river. I mean, they're basically being thrown onto our sidewalks and streets just as haphazardly. And, when they're not knocked over and in the way on your way to whatever the hell it is you're doing (even as far out as One-Eighty-Fucking-First avenue), you're being nearly run down or cut off, by the idiot tourists buzzing around on them. At least in the Willamette, they are out of sight (and, out of mind.)

But, I implore you citizens, do not dispose of these nuisances thusly. On the real, acguire a van or a truck and collect the ones knocked over on the sidewalk and charge them—sorry, "juice" them up—for a reward. I'm not making this up—it does require an app or something, but well worth it, if you have the time and vehicle space to store a bunch of these ankle biters. Plus, you can pretend you're like a bounty hunter and the downed scooters are escaped criminals who doesn't want to do that? Nobody? Just me? Okay.

However, this does not satiate the uncontrollable urge to toss things into a river. Believe me, I know there's nothing like it. However, rather than tossing these tourist attractions, choose from this comprehensive list of other things that are perfectly fine to throw in the Willamette, so you can instead make a buck on those tourist traps.

ORANGE NIKE BIKES

Now, as far as I know, there is no bounty for those orange Nike tourist bikes and they are also a lot harder to round up in the back of a truck. As annoying as these new scooters are, let's face it, the bikes have been annoying for longer and they take up a lot more space. If you commute to work by bike, you're usually safe, as the assholes who ride these are normally just putzing around on the weekend. However, as with anyone who's ever been caught behind a flock of these when they needed to be somewhere, it would take very little convincing on my end to knock a meanderer off the orange eyesore and chuck it into the river—preferably, while they're taking their sweet-ass time crossing one of the bridges. They can't get mad at you, since they can just go grab another one and you get the satisfaction of throwing something in the Willamette.

YOUR CD COLLECTION

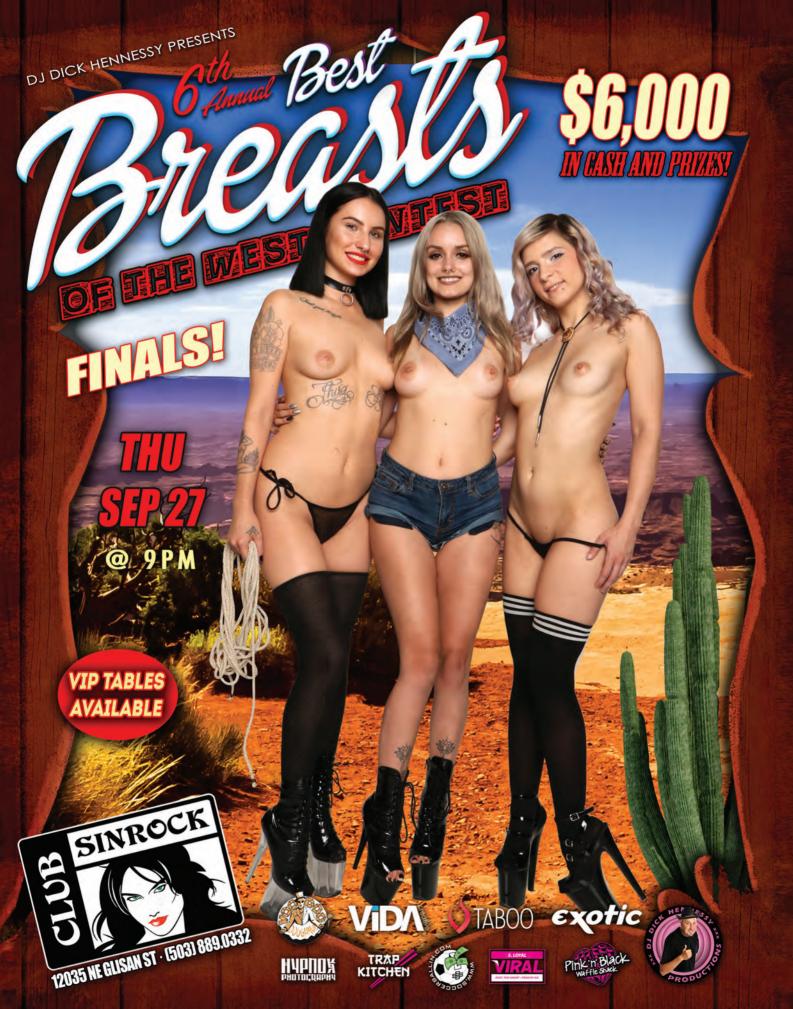
Honestly, if you still have one of these, you should throw yourself in the Willamette as well, you fucking troglodyte. Why do you still have CDs? You've heard of Spotify, right? And, even if you amassed this collection over several decades, why haven't you ripped it onto a hard drive, to free up some shelf space? The only more useless thing would be an 8-track collection. I'd say a cassette collection would be equally embarrassing, but the hipsters have deemed cassettes cool again, for some dumb fucking reason. The point is, it's not a record collection—it has no value anymore. Seriously. Would you rather get the stink eye at CD & Game Exchange, for bringing in boxes and boxes of your collection of obsolete media, that you started in the '90s, only to receive ten whole dollars of in-store credit? Or, would you rather watch all those shiny discs flicker in the sunlight, as you dump them into the glistening green waters of the Willamette? The choice is obvious. Throw your old iPods in there too, while you're at it. Those are basically just doorstops now, anyway.

USED CAR BATTERIES

Now, I'm not certain on the legality of throwing your used car batteries into a river. However, I know it is perfectly legal—and, in fact, encouraged by certain Facebook groups—that you should not only dispose of your used car batteries in the ocean, but you should do so multiple times, if possible. There really is no better feeling, than standing on a picturesque cliff overlooking the sea, then chucking your old car battery into the frothy abyss. You could also take it to an auto parts store, if you hate fun. My point is, the only difference between the ocean and the river is some salt and the occasional island of plastic. It seems perfectly reasonable that the police would have little trouble with you parking on our newly renovated Morrison Bridge and chucking all your and your friend's used car batteries into our famous river. Make a day of it!

STOLEN COMPONENTS OF A HOMELESS CAMP

We can't leave the owners of breweries and tattoo artists to do all the work. It's time we do our part, too. However, rather than causing direct harm to the street vagrants, simply wait'til mid-afternoon or so, when their meth high has worn off and they're fast asleep, before simply picking apart their abode composed of shopping carts, dismembered stolen bikes and tarps. Then, just toss them in the river. I suggest doing this at the camps closest to the river, to save yourself hauling the heavy shit. Some of these shanty towns are set up right on the esplanade, so they do half the work for you. Plus, homeless people are like Ringwraiths—they can't go into water or something. I dunno. Two bonuses for having this be your choice of item to throw in the river are as follows: first, you might recover at least the frame of the bike those bastards stole from you (in which case, you can give it a proper river burial) and second, you can continue to toss parts of their camp into river overtime, then post up nearby and watch them wake up from their meth nap and make a scene trying to figure out who stole all the stuff they stole. Bring a chair and popcorn. Heckle them. Wait 'til they fall asleep, then grab another stolen wheelchair and toss it in the great east-west dividing line of our city. Repeat this until, you get bored.





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