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YOU'RE NOT THE DJ

...and neither is the bartender, but you still don't get to pick the music page 22 by miss tini



MUSIC FESTS ARE CHAOS

inside every outdoor music event, ever page 30 by esmeralda rupp spangle



THE GENTRY

catching up with a decades-old band and their debut full-length album page 46 by ray mcmillin

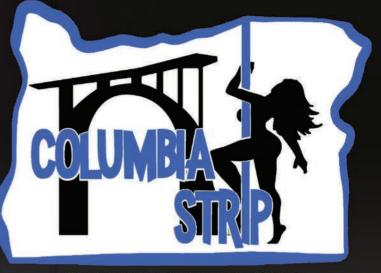


HIP HOP GOES BBW behind the music video, the song and the

behind the music video, the song and the concept of "fat stripper" page 48 by blazer sparrow

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MILLIN NUUM NIADIRA	
EROTIC CITY	PG. 24
SPOTLIGHT OF FURNER	PG. 26
	PG. 27
FINUP CAI FNDAD	PG. 28
MUSIC TO ELLOW TO	PG. 32
TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH	ru. 32 DC os
EKOTIC MADE (DEC)	PG. 34
EXOTIC MAPS (PDX/OR/WA) THE EMPERADIO 2007	PG. 36
THE EMPEROR'S ASSWIPE	PG. 38
AN OPEN LETTER TO THAT SOUND GUY	PG. 42
	PG ///



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Your Bartender Is Not A Juke Box—Stop Asking For Requests

Look, I'm sure you think you're the most educated and beautiful audiophile on this planet. You may have a meticulously cultivated music collection—probably on vinyl. You've seen So-And-So back in 19-Something-Something (before they were famous) and you know better than everyone in the room. You feel you know what music sucks, what music is absolutely un-listenable and you believe your particular generation invented good music. I mean, do you even truly understand music, if you haven't mansplained it to some poor girl you got to come home with you, to hang out on your mattress on the floor, fitted with the sheet you haven't washed in six months? [Ed: I take personal offense to this statement.] Kids

By Miss Tini

these days, am I right? I assure you, this isn't true. The person sitting next to you believes they know best, as well. Be it a DJ, a bartender, restaurant or at a friend's house...DON'T ASK TO CHANGE THE MUSIC. Don't. If you feel the urge to do this, you are a douchebag.

Check Your Entitlement

Selecting music for an environment is a delicate art. As a bartender, I'm here to put booze in cups, keep shit clean and make sure everyone is having a safe (and fun) time. I also have to provide the atmosphere—this includes music. I have to read the room, time of day and vibe, then pick something that will make people want to hang out and spend more

money. It's not about what I personally like. I have to guess what they would like. It's not easy and takes practice. If I put on something that isn't fitting for the vibe, people will leave and go spend their money elsewhere. There's no shortage of bars in Portland. That means less money in my pocket—so, we take this very seriously. We, who work here, are also people. too. We need to be sober and dealing with all manner of bullshit, so we need something on in the background that makes it easier. It's a delicate balance and an important one. YOU, the customer, do not get a say in this. YOU are not working for tips. YOU don't know what the majority of the room would enjoy. I have trialed and erred this place to a science. Also, if you're that sensitive to music, perhaps you'd prefer drinking in your living room, at home. What the hell makes you so special, that you think you can walk up to the bartender or DJ and ask them to change the music? Who the hell do you think you are? Why is what YOU want more important than anyone else? Why don't you just go drink your fucking drink??? That's why we're here.

You Aren't Special

It's your birthday. I know this, because you announced it to me, in hopes of free drinks, even though l've never seen you before. You're mad, because I didn't give them to you, even though I have to pay for my own drinks here. It's a business, not your buddy's house. After your fourth round of sugar-rimmed lemon drops, you ask me to put on a song for Ashleigh's birthday and I give you a firm no. Your jaw drops. You cannot believe I would deny you. It's a very important birthday, after all. You tell me you'll "tip me extra" if I play that Beyoncé song, and again I tell you no. You get mad, cash out, stiff me on a tip and leave. So, why was I so stubborn? Because, if I cut the music, it will disrupt everyone else. Suddenly, the background everyone was drinking and enjoying themselves to changes. Also, now everyone in the bar knows that requests are an option. I now spend the rest of my night looking up songs and playing them, rather than pouring booze in cups (which is why I'm there). Fuck your birthday. Fuck your wedding. If that song was so important for you to hear, you'd have it on your phone and a pair of headphones with you. Guess what? You're probably not the only birthday in my bar right now. You are not special—at all. Just drink your drink and hang out. Me playing that song absolutely wouldn't make your night any better. But, it will surely make mine much worse.

We Fucking Don't Care

Guess what, asshole...we like music, too. Having to play music while you work, every time you work, will make you hate it. Work sucks. Unpleasant things happen while you're working and you associate it with the music playing at the time. You know, like getting weapons pulled on you, cleaning up vomit and 86'ing people. That means we play music we sorta like, but not our really personal shit that strikes a chord with us—we save that for our off time, when your drunk ass isn't in our face. I don't want to talk, discuss or dissect anything that's playing. It is very much background noise that is necessary. That is all. I litup to the bar to discuss it. Absolutely don't request for me to play more off that album. I literally don't give a shit and wasn't listening anyway.

Music Snobbery Isn't A Personality

Everyone has particular tastes about everything. Being a dick about music doesn't make you special. It's just personal preference. That's all. All music is enjoyed by somebody. Just because it's not for you, doesn't mean it's wrong. When you come into my bar and ask for the music to change, that is incredibly rude. What if that song playing was my favorite? Or somebody else's? It's like getting invited over for dinner and you got served my grandmother's special lasagna, but you were hoping for salmon. Would you ask my grandma to go back to the kitchen and make that for you, instead? Of course not. So, why



erally pick a universally liked band based on my trials and errors—and let Spotify generate a playlist around it, so it'll play my entire shift and not think about it again. That's it. If you hear that deep cut Talking Heads song you haven't heard since college, you are definitely welcome to enjoy it, but don't feel the need to come are you fucking doing it in my bar? If you are *that* damned sensitive to music in your environment, might I suggest noise-canceling headphones? We have this technology now. Ear plugs, maybe? Or, drink at home, where you and your precious music collection can hang out with each other, all alone.

UNEXPECTEDLY STONER-FRIENDLY GENRES OF MUSIC

GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

Everyone who smokes weed listens to at least two of three types of music: hip hop, reggae and classic rock. It doesn't matter who you are-if you've smoked weed for more than ten years, you know who Snoop Dogg, Bob Marley and Led Zeppelin are. Beyond this, you owned a copy of Sublime's 40 Ounces To Freedom, because it incorporates all of these genres. Something about pot rewires your brain to appreciate mediocre music. Yes, I said it—Snoop, Bob and Zepp are exactly okay. They all rely on better, more unknown artists to draw upon for their style and sound, they all have exactly one good album and anyone who defends them is high as fuck. So, what do I, the clearly-a-musicexpert have to suggest? Thanks for asking. Here are a few genres of music that every pot smoker should consider switching to, instead of just doing a search for "dubstep island rap" and letting the Pandora station in your dispensary drive out more potential customers.

Industrial

Aside from crossover bands, such as The Gentry (see this month's Aural Stimulation) or Nine Inch Nails (see the increasing rate of testosterone in Trent Reznor), industrial music is either a love-it-or-hate-it genre of music. If you get easily paranoid (I'm looking at you, sativa smokers) or don't like hypnotic, dark and grimy sounds mixed over electronic loops and samples from random David Lynch movies, you might not vibe with this genre. But, if you're like me (an indica fan who is into horror movies and chicks who self-harm for Instagram likes), industrial is the shit. It's danceable at times, while able to be great background music or even provide a soundtrack to a long, nighttime road trip. Sure, some of it is crap, but the same goes for strains of weed-you've just got to find a sample from a good producer who knows what they're doing.

Bands I would recommend: KMFDM (pre-

2002), Skinny Puppy, Throbbing Gristle, Laibach, Ministry (pre-1999), Tones On Tail and Pigface.

Jazz

You'd be surprised, but nine out of ten jazz musicians have no idea what the fuck they're doing. You know how, if you live in one of those super ghetto apartment complexes and you leave the windows open, eventually, all the chaos and noise becomes almost harmonic? Congratulations, you are now able to appreciate jazz. This genre is best for sativa smokers or someone who wants an upbeat vibe. Plus, it's not very hypnotic-no "four on the floor" beat patterns to zone you out. Rather, you'll be driving to the coast, zoning out on whatever local station still plays jazz and then, BAM! Random tuba over a schizophrenic piano. It's a great choice to keep you awake on long trips or while working on a paper for college. Plus, live jazz concerts are full of hot women in their late-thirties who drink wine and don't have kids-and, you don't have to pretend you know the headliner to impress them.

Bands I would recommend: no fucking clue. But, I saw *Whiplash* and that was pretty good.

Punk

This is where Sublime has at least a little bit of merit—they wrote (*cough* covered) a bunch of traditional, out-of-the-box "punk" songs. But, did you know that so did about 2,914,109,753 other bands? And, did you also know, that not all punk rock bands are super-low-fidelity, anti-hippie, Crass knockoffs? Punk rock has more sub-genres than metal, but the difference between punk and death ("you mean black doom...wait, no, thrash corpsefuck") metal, is that punk rock is all called "punk rock," save for various waves (eras) and the pop kind. Thus, the "punk" section at your local record store or online playlist is full of undiscovered gems—all under the same label. Some of the bands you're familiar with (i.e. Dead Kennedys) have some super underrated, stoner-friendly side projects (i.e. Lard), while others have flat-out ignored albums that would otherwise fit into any "traditional" stoner playlist (i.e. Fishbone). Plus, if you decide to get really into punk and start a band, talent is not only irrelevant, but often shunned. It's like jazz, with less expensive gear and more heroin.

(More) bands I would recommend: Circle Jerks, Operation Ivy, Bad Brains, Plasmatics, The Stooges and anything ska-related (The Specials, Toasters, Pietasters, all that stuff).

Juggalo Shit

Okay, I can already hear the protesters storming the gates from two sides—one is insisting that Juggalo music is actually rap, while the other is insisting that it's not even music. While I could argue the former all day, the latter is a straight-up lie. Insane Clown Posse, Twiztid, Tech N9ne (yes, you're a Juggalo, dude), Esham, G-Mo Skee and even non-Juggalo-official acts (that may as well be) like Kool Keith or Bloodhound Gang count as music. And, it should not be a secret, that said music is fantastic when you're lit. It doesn't matter if you go for sativa or indica, anything this bizarre deserves a listen. Where else can you hear storyteller rap about murderous toy dolls or serial killers? Juggalo music is for entertainment, which is why it works. Of course, there are weed-specific brands of Juggalo music (Kottomouth Kings, Potluck, etc.), but they've all been recognized by High Times and the like. I'm just here to tell you that Esham's Boomin' Words From Hell belongs in every bud smoker's collection. Juggalo music is to rap what Rob Zombie is to horror films—if you can accept it for what it is, there is nothing like it (and, it's great when you're baked).

Bands I would recommend: see above, but also throw in NATAS, Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Mars and House Of Krazees.





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BY RAY MCMILLIN

Welcome to the first issue we've dedicated to music in years. Music can bring us all together, right? Well... maybe not so much. Just ask someone to differentiate between types of heavy metal and list them from best to worst. Or, perhaps, suggest that east coast hip hop is actually better than the stuff we listen to out west. Then, watch as someone with a slightly different perspective than you kicks your ass all the way to the hospital. We all take our preferences way too seriously, discredit the preferences of other and simultaneously demanding that other people give our tastes an open-minded listen. We all have our own shit, we know the steps, the words, the imagery, the vibe and the crowd. Basically, music is like politics that you can listen to. So, what better topic to dedicate an entire magazine to?

But, before we turn on to the tunes, check out what's happening around Portland...

Dancin' Bare Gets Soakin' Wet

Do you like wet t-shirts? Do you want to show off in a wet t-shirt? Well, on Friday, August 23, the Dancin' Bare is the place to be. Considering the massive influx of transplants and tourists to Portland over the last few years, some of you may not be familiar with the northern end of our fine city—let alone the iconic strip club that has recently undergone new management (but has kept the same name). So, what better reason to check out the club than their wet t-shirt contest? The contest is "open to all boobs" and the \$20 buy-in includes a free shirt! Now, I'm half tempted to enter the contest myself, seeing as how I haven't worked out in years and am

currently rocking some perky hooters, but because it's Dancin' Bare (a place I respect), I'll sit this one out. That means it's up to you, lovely reader, to show up, get wet and show off. Music will be provided by DJ Pussyfoot and water will be provided by your tax dollars.

More Mid-Summer Portland Fun

I gotta give it to our town for having the best theme nights for strip clubs, ever. Do you like movies and hate finding a good spot to hang at on Mondays? Well, you've got not one but two spots to hit as the week starts. Downtown at The Whiskey Club, "Movie Night Monday Nights" include a large projector screen, showing cult classics while sexy ladies dance and customers drink all types of whiskey. Deeper out on the west side, at Reveal Lounge, "Movie Mondays" involves movie-themed sets from dancers, as well as drink specials.

Are you bored of the big screen and looking for something more petfriendly? Sunday, August 11, Devil's Point is hosting their XXX Annual Bikini Car & Dog Wash, which is exactly what it sounds like—get a clean pet, a clean car and the clean state of mind that comes from watching sexy girls in bikinis soak up your doge and Dodge. Plus, it's for a good cause— Family Dogs New Life, a no-kill shelter. Save puppies, get a clean car and hang out at Devils Point on a Sunday... that sounds like summer in Portland.

Take the time to look through the ads in our magazine, not just to support the people who pay our bills, but to see exactly how many reasons there are to avoid hitting Facebook and asking if anything is happening tonight. There is always something to do and it usually involves nudity and alcohol. Our city is the best.

Ink 'N' Pink And Vagina Beauty Pageant Wrap Up, But More Contests Are Coming...

The only tatted-up topless contest happening in Portland continues, with the qualifier rounds on Friday, August 2 at Guilty Pleasures and Thursday, August 8, at Kit Kat Club. On Saturday, August 24, at Dante's in downtown Portland, the final rounds will occur and a winner will receive the centerfold and cover of our magazine, plus a shitload of cash and bragging rights like no other. If you missed this (or other) Exotic contests, you're still early when it comes to Miss Exotic Oregon (happening at the end of the year). Have you ever thought of competing? You should—Portland is oversaturated, when it comes to bands, comedians and all the other stuff you can get away with as a creative and still remain clothed, non-athletic and family friendly. Being a naked performer, on the other hand, is not something that a lot of people choose to do. In other words, your chances of making it are that much greater.

For instance, let's say that you're thinking about running for office—you have thousands of other people in your way (and, unlike our events, actual mouth-to-ass action is required to move up the political ladder). Plus, if you get caught with a half-naked photo on your Instagram account, say goodbye to your chances at running for office. But, if you're trying to win Miss Exotic Oregon, not only is nudity and social media promotion encouraged, it's pretty much required there are no "deep fake nudes" of previous year's winners, because we already have the real nudes on display in our magazine. In addition to politics, you can compare winning an *Exotic* event to pretty much anything from sports to education—and realize that it's a much better investment than anything else that has a billion applicants and almost no payout.

As far as the good ol' Vag Pag goes, the winner of this year's contest (the tenth annual!) was announced after we went to press, so be sure to visit VaginaBeau-tyPageant.com and see who is currently the titleholder of *Miss Beautful Vagina* 2019.

Congrats To "D.) Of The Year," DJ Pussyfoot

Aside from Exotic, Willamette Week is pretty much the only free publication in town that actually recognizes the strip club industry as valid, which is not only dope, but it means that their readers chose one of our own to win "DJ Of The Year." Who would that be? The one and only DJ Pussyfoot, of course. Now, before any haters speak up about [insert hater shit here], DJ Pussyfoot is hustling harder than any other DJ out there. And, as a former strip club DJ, I can be the first to say he deserves the title. First of all, what does he look like? That's right—no one knows. The strip club is about the dancers, so the DJ may as well be background noise, right? Well, that's the next thing I enjoy about Pussyfoothe glows and blinks like a robot, which is a lot easier on the eyes than some pale kid in a Slipknot shirt, lurched over a laptop. I'm not familiar with his background, but he's definitely a staple in town. So, yeah, no only does DJ Pussyfoot deserve the title, but you should check out his upcoming events (see the Spotlight of Events to the right of this column).

Xeroliccity spotlight

FRI 2 - EVA'S BOUTIQUE LADIES' NIGHT

FRI 2 - GUILTY PLEASURES INK 'N' PINK PRELIM ROUND 3

THU 8 - KIT KAT CLUB INK 'N' PINK PRELIM ROUND 4

FRI 9 - GUILTY PLEASURES AN EVENING WITH DJ PUSSYFOOT

SUN 11 - DEVILS POINT 13TH ANNUAL BIKINI CAR & DOG WASH

WED 14 - CLUB 205 - SOCIAL MEDIA NIGHT

SAT 17 - LUCKY DEVIL ALEX'S PURGATORY BIRTHDAY

SAT 17 - SHIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB RETRO NIGHT

THU 22 - CLUB SINROCK DJ PUSSYFOOT'S VICTORY PARTY

> FRI 23 - DANCIN' BARE WET T-SHIRT CONTEST

SAT 24 - DANTE'S INK 'N' PINK FINAL ROUND

FRI 30 - HAWTHORNE STRIP PONI & ROSIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

> FRI 30 - TOMMY'S TOO DAISY DUKE CONTEST

FRI 30 - XPOSE BEST OF PORTLAND PARTY

SAT 31 - DREAM ON SALOON SUMMER MIXTAPE PARTY

SAT 31 - THE NILE (EUGENE) DJ PUSSYFOOT EUGENE TAKEOVER



THE FUTURE IS HERE

People are always complaining about the future and how it's not what it's cracked up to be. "Where's my flying car?" people are often heard to exclaim, as though anyone under 70 was promised a flying car (and not an Orwellian, cyberpunk dystopia). The future, however, is indeed upon us. And, while yes, only the very rich are doing things like taking trips to space for fun, many decidedly ordinary things in the lives of even the least of us have been improved through new technology or trends. "Well, fuck you, that's bullshit," you might say. But, I say "no." In fact, here's a list of some common things that weren't here, even a few short years ago.

I'm not going to count *big* things, like the Internet, GPS, the ubiquity of mobile communications or even the nearly 24-hour delivery of purchased goods—no, everyone knows of (and is likely aware of) things like this, and the impact of these things—for better or worse—has been thoroughly considered. So, here are some of the unsung achievements of modern technology—for good or bad.

The Good

1. LED everything.

Cheap, efficient LEDs have made the world brighter—literally. Whether it be ten-year-lifetime light bulb replacements or OLED screens in electronics, like those in your tablet, PC monitor and phone, LEDs have made shit cheaper and more vibrantly lit. Now, when you get your flashlight out of the trunk of your car in the middle of the night to change a flat on the side of the highway, you'll find that instead of the bulb being toast after months of banging around in there, it's only the battery which is dead.

2. Tiny, awesome speakers.

It used to be that anything with a small speaker was tinny and barely audible. We had boom boxes of such a size as to basically be an entire inhome stereo-almost jokingly described as "portable"—and they still didn't get the job done all that well. These days, however, for a scant few dollars, you can get a speaker the size of a soda can, which puts out better sound than even the biggest ghetto blaster from decades past. A \$20 bluetooth speaker will connect to your phone and play your entire music library better and more conveniently than both the zipper-case of cassette tapes and the Alpine sound system in your'88 Chrysler LeBaron. Admittedly, however, today's gangstas and B-boys lack the upper-arm strength of their predecessors, who had to carry huge portable stereos down the block.

3. Resealable bags.

Companies finally got the fucking hint on this one. Most everything comes in a re-closeable bag, anymore—from dog food to cheese and back again. I imagine this is much to the chagrin of the good people who manufacture the Chip Clip[®], but they had a good three decades before it clicked with the collective consciousness of manufacturers. It's a net gain for all of us. Perplexingly, though, a few things you would think should absolutely have resealable bags, don't—I'm looking at you, breakfast cereals and potato chips. Why the hell would we not want to reseal a bag of Cocoa Puffs? I can somewhat see not bothering with the chips, as people are well-known to eat entire bags of chips in a sitting, but who's eating a whole box of Urkel-Os in a single go? However, speaking of potato chips...

4. The potato chip Renaissance.

These days, potato chips come in a ridiculous amount of bizarre and exotic flavors. Ushered in following a contest by Lay's to come up with a new potato chip flavor, the companies have realized that the tyranny of "Original," "BBQ" and "Sour Cream & Onion" was not to last. Now, chips have flavors like Biscuits & Gravy, Deep-Dish Pizza, Thai Peanut Sauce, New Car and Spicy Walrus. It's a great time to be alive, if you like potato chips. It's just too bad they can't put the damn things in a resealable bag.

5. Cheap televisions.

Do you like TV? Well, statistically speaking, you probably do. Televisions are, as of this writing, the cheapest they have ever been in all of recorded history. Advances in manufacturing (see LEDS, above) have made it so they are 99.9% cheaper than they were 20 years ago, even accounting for inflation. Too bad 99.95% of what's on TV is utter *garbage*, but I suppose some things never change. At least the average person can finally appreciate all those 4K Hentai Ultra HD Blu-Rays they have now, without breaking the bank.

6. Milks.

Now, okay, this is an odd one for sure, but follow me here. At no time in the past have we, the average consumers, had access to so many different milks. Yes, there's more-or-less always been soy milk, but before it was both your aunt's coffee creamer and the favorite drink of excitable, open-mouthed Nintendo Switch players, it was exclusively the province of hippies, dirtyfoots and people with lactose tolerance issues. Nowadays, we have almond milk, cashew milk, rice milk, flax milk, hemp milk, hamster milk and beetle milk. Thy cup runneth over, if you like unconventional milks. To those of you saying that many of these ought not to count as milks—as they weren't milked from a real creature—I agree, but I guess "flax juice" would have been a marketing nightmare.

7. Doing taxes.

Yeah, yeah, taxes suck and nobody likes paying The Man for the privilege of staying outta jail, but at least it's really easy. If you use any of the many software programs available online to do your taxes, you can do them in under an hour. If you gotta pay, then it's a good thing you can avoid the hassle of needing a whole day to figure out how much.

8. Hammerless hangers.

Yes, we've all seen the lame MC Hammer adverts for those adhesive picture hanging strips, but they really are neat. I use the velcro backings on everything and it's a game changer for if you need something to be somewhere, where putting a nail would be inconvenient or ridiculous. In fact, I am currently suspended from the wall by a series of adhesive strips, given that my chair was confiscated by the Exotic management for an abundance of "shrimp-like smells," that were somehow imbued into its very core. Look, if you guys don't like the smells I produce (for FREE, by the way), then stop serving those seafood rolls at meetings.

9. Those tongue scrapers on toothbrushes.

It's like I stepped into a whole new world. A world of slightly-improved oral hygiene. That's what I call "value added." I'm sure I forgot something, but perhaps there will be a part two at some point.

Now, for...

The Bad

1. Telephone scams.

I don't know about you good people (or you, Steve) out there, but I get a remarkable volume of phone spam several calls a day—and it's way more than ever before.

"Hi, this is Jason from the employment office on a recorded line and I bet you want to make ten thousand doll..." eat shit! Also, fuck you "Sandra from credit card services™," who wants to talk about "[my] current credit card account." I sometimes push the button to ring to a live scam-perator, so I can insult them, their parentage, their ethnicity, their line of work, their pets, their ancestors, their postman and their reproductive organs—but, mostly, I just hang up and am annoyed.

If you think about rebutting this with mention of the wonderful "do not call" list, then you have no idea how ineffectual that is—same with those apps that are supposed to curtail spam. Both of these things technically work, but only somewhat (and shouldn't be necessary at all).

2. Chip cards.

While I appreciate the idea that banks pretend to be concerned with our security, chip cards are awful. It used to be, I swipe my card while they're ringing up my shit at the grocery store, enter my digits and wait until they're done to hit "OK," at which point I'm out of there. Now, I have to wait until such time as all my goods have been rung up, in order to begin the transaction authentication process. Stick my card in...no, not yet, wait until it says... ahh, too soon, now I have to try it all over! Okay, now we go through the nine screens where the PIN pad asks a bunch of fucking questions about life,

the universe and everything. Then, if you don't pull your card out as soon as it completes, it makes an angry reminder sound, like you got a question wrong on a game show.

What I'm getting at, is that a statistically insignificant amount of fraud occurs at a physical point-of-sale and swiping my card, putting it back in my wallet and getting ready to *go* beats extending the time I'm staring awkwardly at some fucking store clerk, by having to do all this other bullshit in the name of security! Okay, I'm done, I'm done.

3. Cable television.

Fully-digital networks have given us a remarkable amount of variety in pay TV, but that also means it's really hard to steal cable anymore. You can't just pop off those analog TV filters in your cable box and watch Skinemax, like the olden days. A crying shame, really.

4. Alcoholic energy drinks, i.e. energy beer.

May as well just call these mixes of sugar, caffeine and alcohol "blackout/ hangover in a convenient, travel-sized can." The kids love 'em, though. Then again, the kids also "love" eating laundry detergent, playing *Fortnite* and jacking off to pictures of Kendall Jenner, so who knows...

See, even the bad list isn't longer than the good. I think the future is reasonably bright, with regard to consumer goods.

Enjoy the present.

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a puncher of emus and other ratites, amateur postman, trundle bed enthusiast, writer and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha. com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on social media (Facebook/MeWe) by name.



Some of the best live music money can buy is performed at outdoor summer music festivals. You can often pay just a few bucks to be part of a truly singular experience. The sun is shining, the microbrew is flowing and your third-favorite band is opening for those other guys you actually hate—but, the admission is so cheap, it's worth it regardless (or, so it seems).

Your expectations are high. The crowd is buzzing, with a soft, green carpet underfoot. It's warm—a fresh breeze blows through, wafting the smells of food stalls, freshly mowed grass and flowers all around you.

You wait in line, pay your fee and wait in line again for your unexpectedly pricey plastic solo cup of a craft brew that, while tasty, costs half what a six pack of the same beverage does at your local Food 'N' Stuff. Misgivings begin to brew at this point, but your spirits are still good and your friends have come along to enjoy the show. Good music and good company.

Then, the realizations begin to ham-

mer blow your psyche. One after another, the harsh truths become apparent. Yes, there's a beer section, but there are somehow still children—everywhere. Shrieking and wailing with varying degrees of despair, pain, boredom, joy and malice (or, some deeply sick combination of these).

The grass may have been soft at the beginning of the day, but as afternoon sets in, the Sauron-like glare of the summer sun has beaten the most ubiquitous land-based flora into a prickly, greyish-brown buzzcut of tiny spikes. Bare patches of scorched dirt and the refuse of the masses (broken glass, dog poop, etc.) hinder even the most daring fans of bare feet.

The breeze stops and as you become aware of your own pungent odor, you realize that the odors of everyone else around you are so... much...worse. The crush of people, heat, weed, food, Port-O-Poops and booze has created a vortex of smell so profound, that no matter how many times you wash that shirt, it's still going to exude the rankness of a thousand concertgoers for time immemorial.

After all that, the music is...just okay. It's tinny and the acoustics are really pretty terrible. You're still trying to keep your chin up, though, so you write it all off as crappy equipment. Maybe it will get better if you get closer? Ahh, but the claustrophobic mass of humanity near the stage is more than daunting it's impenetrable, unless you're a 300-pound dead lifter with a chip on his shoulder. Only the foolhardy go here my friend. It was just the opening band, though-the band you've come to see is up next. You've convinced yourself they'll be better.

In the meantime, you look around for your friends and realize they're nowhere in sight. You've been drinking for a while now and they were supposed to be your ride. You could call an Uber, but you've left your backpack in their car, and if you leave now, there's no re-entry. Your stomach tightens, in a refusal to panic or get angry. They'll turn up. There are just so many people



here and now some lady is changing her baby's diaper on the picnic table. There's also a pretty girl in short shorts right over there—looking at you temptingly—so it's not all bad.

With over-stimulation pushed to the side temporarily, you visit the Port-O-Poop before the band you actually came to see shows up.

It's like someone with Ebola exploded inside. How do you even get shit on the ceiling? Never mind—you manage to pee without touching anything but the door and you're delighted to find a dispenser of hand sanitizer on a stand outside. Is that blood on the lever?

You look around for the pretty girl, but she's vanished into the sea of people. It's a shame, but you're here for the music and there are scantily clad folks all around. Some hairy backs and champion-level beer bellies, perhaps, should earn more modest attire—but, it's a free country, right?

Your band finally takes the stage the one you've gone to near hell and back for at this point. You've been here so long, you've finally caved and bought a burrito from a clean-adjacent food cart, set up on the periphery. You don't realize it now, but that was a grievous miscalculation.

At this point, trying to enjoy the music is a chore in and of itself. You want to go home. This could be watched on YouTube for free anytime. The sound quality is still bad, the band is drunk, everyone is hot, dehydrated and miserable, but fixated on staying for the "headliners." People heckle, gripe and sweat. More and more children have lost their tenuous grasp on civility and descended into a Lord Of The Fliestype roving gang, which seems to be violently staking out territory wherever they see fit. When one of them runs at you with a pointed stick, you make the right choice and leave.

Heading back in the direction of the car that drove you here, you discover that either your friends have already abandoned you or you've forgotten where they parked in the first place. It hardly matters to you at this point. Thoughts of laying down and dying on this parking strip dance temptingly through your brain.

This is when the burrito hits.

Beyond this, there's no good end to our story. Do your friends find you and take you to the nearest gas station? Do you throw yourself into the river? Maybe you beg a ride off of a sympathetic bus driver and you make it home in time to empty your bowels into the sanctity of your own plumbing. Or, maybe not. Who can say?

What I can say, is that outdoor concerts always seem like a good idea, but are never, ever that, in practice. Every year, we think, "this time will be different" and are punished for our errors—just like an abusive relationship.

Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle is a vagabond goat herder, ancient mystic and always brings a fire extinguisher with her on long journeys. She can be found on Instagram as @EsmeraldaSilentCitadel or MeWe by name.







Sex and music have gone hand-inhand since the beginning of time. Almost everyone has a few favorite playlists we like to dance and copulate to. But, research also shows, that music stimulates the same part of our brain as sex, drugs and food. Neuroscientists at Canada's McGill University have published research showing the chemical reactions to music are the same as reactions to such instincts as fucking, smoking, eating and even gambling. Best-selling author, music producer and neuroscientist, Dr. Daniel Levitin, has been studying the phenomenon for vears, but the most recent studies have been the most enlightening. A separate study done by psychologist Ben Charlton also showed that ovulating women tend to be attracted to more complex musical pieces. The bottom line is that there's a reason folks call it "mood music."

According to a global study done by Apple Music ("Music Makes It Home"), researchers found that couples who listen to music out loud reported that they have 67 percent more sex, when compared to their non-music-listening counterparts.

BY JORDANA FLORES

"One of the things that happens when people listen to music together is that their neurons fire synchronously with one another," said Dr. Levitin on MusicMakesItHome.com. "Think about it. Your neurons are firing at the same rate as someone else in the room listening to music with you, and for reasons we don't completely understand, this releases oxytocin."

"It helps us to feel more tightly bonded to the people that we share music out loud with. It literally puts us on the same wavelength," said Levitin. "We find that people who listen to music out loud together report that their relationships are stronger. They spend more time with loved ones. They spend more time hugging. [U.S. participants reported] they have twice as much sex."

Musical taste is deeply personal, but typically there have been some tracks that have appealed to the masses. The list below is by no means guaranteed to get all genres in the mood, but according to *NME Magzine*, these are some of the sexiest songs of all time: "Make It Wit Chu" by Queens of the Stone Age

"Get Off" by Prince

"Let's Get It On" by Marvin Gaye

"Teenage Kicks" by The Undertones

"Feelin' Myself" by Beyonce and Nicki Minaj

"2 Becomes 1" by The Spice Girls

"Love To Love You Baby" by Donna Summer

"Like A Virgin" by Madonna

"Je T'aime...Moi Non Plus" by Serge Gainsbourg and Jane Birkin

"Lover Man (Oh Where Can You by?)" by Billie Holiday

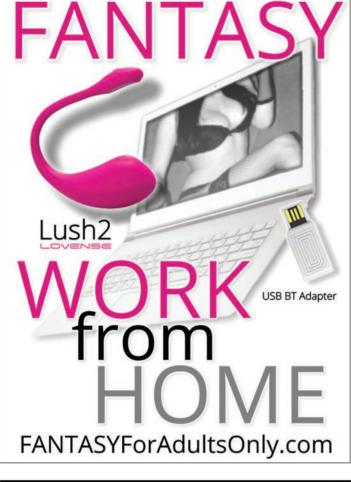
"Relax" by Frankie Goes To Hollywood

"Sex With Me" by Rihanna

"Rock The Boat" by Aaliyah

"Untitled" by D'Angelo

"Big Momma Thang" by Lil Kim



DANCERS & LINGERIE MODELS!



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A BAD CUSTOMER FIELD GUIDE

There are very few people who get an allaccess pass to the strip club dressing room pizza delivery guys, "boyfriend with the keys" and even taxi drivers are required to wait outside, when providing services to dancers. However, there is one person that is able to skirt all barriers to entry, when it comes to the off-limits areas of strip clubs. And, for some reason, this person is able to *profit* off of the dancers (as opposed to, ya know, helping them pay their rent). Who is this magical beast? What did she do, to deserve such amazingly special treatment? Ladies, gents and non-binaries, I am here to tell you the saga of...

Part 2: Costume Lady

At first, she seems nice enough. She's older, but still very pretty. She smells of cigarettes, but also expensive perfume. She doesn't walk through the club—she transports. One minute, she's talking to the first-week-onthe-job bouncer at the door (about how she's allowed in the back) and the next minute, a minor dancer is out a few hundred dollars and suddenly the proud owner of a homemade, hemp G-string. Sure, there are dozens of costume and "stripper clothing" shops in the Portland area that feature guality-made, returnable and unworn merchandise for low prices (see literally any of the advertisers in this magazine that offer such products and services for an example), but somehow, Costume Lady is able to sell her homemade wares at ridiculous markups to women who are getting naked to pay their bills.

There are several reasons for the success of Costume Lady, but not all of them involve mere emotional guilt and hard sales. For one, she is likely an ex-dancer that knows how to hustle a hustler. When a hard-sell stripper of five years meets a harder-sell veteran of two decades, she is confronted with a mirror version of herself—but, one who is much stronger. Imagine Luke attempting to battle Yoda in *Empire Strikes Back*, or the scene in *Neverending Story*, where the kid has to avoid the lazer beams from the eyes of those gigantic statues with huge tits. Costume Lady is the final boss in Stripper Karma Kombat—she knows every trick in the book, mostly because her friends wrote that book back when Magic Gardens was still open.

Another reason that Costume Lady is allowed to get away with what she does, is because of who she knows. At least one person reading this column thinks I'm talking about someone specific—and, I may or may not be. But, does it matter? A.C.L.A.B. All costume ladies are bastards! I can't recall how many times these chicks have stolen from dancers, handover-fist, who end up "not being able to tip" because they spent all their earnings on a custom, tie-dye bikini top that falls apart after the first snag on the pole. Yet, there she is, just waltzing into the dressing room, because she knows one of the silent partners and her daughter used to strip at Deja Vu. Oh yeah, don't forget that Costume Lady takes up about 98% of the dressing room space before she opens up her bag and starts setting up shop like a Kohl's employee on Black Friday. Did your purse get stolen while you were on stage? Well, you should have bought those leopard print booty shorts that smell like cat piss.

I may seem out of line here, but let's take a look at the people who aren't allowed in the dressing room: drug dealers, GrubHub delivery people, Uber drivers, boyfriends, girlfriends, big money customers, that one bouncer who made an inappropriate joke that one time, off-duty bartenders, off-duty DJs, off-duty dancers (in some cases)...I mean, fuck, the *owner* usually doesn't go in the dressing room. So, why is the chick from

Oregon Country Fair still pressure selling her crystals to single moms who are just trying to make rent money? And, yes, it's usually the moms or other in-need-of-actual-income dancers who are guilt tripped into buying from Costume Lady. The new and/or no-billsor-kids dancers are usually better at emotional blockage and can thus deflect Costume Lady. But, moms and strugglers are empathetic—and Costume Lady knows this. "Oh, she's just trying to get by and she has kids." Lady, you are just trying to get by and you have kids. Don't waste money on rejected Etsy shit. Wear two sticky notes attached to some dental floss and hit the stage. It's a strip club, not a drag show—no one cares about half-rate Costume Lady costumes after the first ten seconds of your act. No one has ever bought a dance because your booty shorts are homemade. Do you own a sexy pirate outfit that you bought at Eva's Boutique or an erotic set of lingerie from Taboo? That stuff works. But, a crappy, handmade top from Burning Man? Nope, sorry. I, as a customer, will not support someone who doesn't respect their choice of sexy outfits.

Speaking of drag shows, guess who isn't allowed at them? If you answered "that tacky bitch from the vintage store," give yourself a wig and learn to walk in heels. Professionally sexy people who rely on costumes don't go tacky—and, if they do, they go full tacky and dig through the Goodwill bins (sorry, Diva Dott, I gave away your secret). Costume Lady preys upon the economically desperate, the empathetic and the immediate-term thinkers, who rely on guilt and anxiety to guide their decisions. So, perhaps Costume Lady should just run for office, instead of stealing from baby strippers and selling crap that falls apart faster than my analogies.



c a b a r e t sex & service industry night **SUNDAYS** 9pm to 2am

FEATURING: AMAZING BURLESQUE PERFORMERS · FIRE DANCERS AERIALISTS · JUGGLERS · CONTORTIONISTS · SWORD SWALLOWERS HAND BALANCING · VAUDEVILLIANS · COMEDY · POLE DANCERS · DRAG BOOTY SHAKERS · ACROBATS · MAGIC · SIDESHOW · CIRCUS ARTISTS

STRIP CLUBS

ACROPOLIS 8325 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 231-9611 Daily 10:30am-2:30am BOTTOMS UPI 5 FOOD LOTTERY 16900 NW St Helens Rd | (503) 621-9844 Daily 12pm-2:30am
 CABARET
 7
 FOOD
 LOTTERY

 17544 SE
 Stark St | (503) 252-3529
 Daily 2pm-2:30am

 CLUB 205
 56
 FOOD
 LOTTERY
 9939 SE Stark St | (503) 256-0527 Daily 11am-2:30am OASIS 65 FOOD LOTTERY CIII 15826 SE Division St | (503) 206-4851
 13626 SE Division St (1003) 200-4631

 Mon-Fri 2pm-2am, Sat-Sun 4pm-2am

 CLUB BOUGE
 431 F000 [DTTER]

 403 SW Harvey Milk St | (503) 227-3936

 Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am

 CLUB SINROCK
 231 F000 [DTTER]
 12035 NE Glisan St | (503) 889-0332 12035 NE Glisan St | (503) 889-0332 Daily 2pm-2:30am COLUMBIA STRIP 82 F000 LOTTERY 605 N Columbia Blvd | (503) 289-1351 Daily 11am-1:30am DANCIN BARE 11 F000 LOTTERY 8440 N Interstate Ave | (503) 285-9073 Daily 11:30am-2:30am DESIRE 18 FOOD LOTTERY 535 NE Columbia Blvd | (971) 339-2198
 Daily 3pm-2:30am

 DEVILS POINT
 12
 FOOD
 LOTTERY

 5305 SE Foster Rd | (503) 774-4513
 Daily 11am-2:30am DREAM ON SALOON 16 FOOD LOTTERY 15920 SE Stark St | (503) 253-8765 Daily 11am-2am DV8 17 F000 LOTTERY 5021 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 788-7178 Daily 2pm-2:15am
 Int Could Club
 Intermediate

 17180 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 908-1177

 Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-12am

 GUILTY PLEASURES

 26

 F000

 IOTENT

 13639 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 760-8128

 Daily 1:30pm-2:30am

 HAWTHORNE STRIP
 19
 F000
 LOTTERY

 3532
 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 232-9516
 Daily 2pm-2:30am

231 SW Ankeny St | (503) 208-3229 Daily 5pm-2:30am

LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE 47 FOOD LOTTERY 633 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 206-7350 Daily 11am-2:30am

MARY'S CLUB 25 FOOD LOTTERY 129 SW Broadway | (503) 227-3023 Daily 11:30am-2:30am

 PIRATE'S COVE
 29
 FOOD
 LOTTERY

 7417 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 287-8900
 Daily 2pm-2:30am
REVEAL LOUNGE 4 FOOD LOTTERY 8345 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 477-6628 Mon-Fri 2pm- 2:30am, Sat-Sun 4pm-2:30am
 Non-Fit 2pin 2:30an, Sateson 4pin 2:30

 Riversibe Corral
 31
 F000
 LOTTERY

 545 SE Tacoma St | (503) 232-6813
 Mon-Sat 10am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-1am
 ROSE CITY STRIP
 10
 F000
 LOTTERY

 3620 SE 35th P1 | (503) 760-8128
 2:30am
 2:30am
 2:30am
 2:30am
 2:30am
 2:30am
 3:50am
 <t Daily 3pm-2:30am
 THE RUWAY GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
 55
 FOOD
 IOTTERY

 1735
 SE Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 640-4086
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 Noon-1am, Thu-Fri Noon-2:30am,
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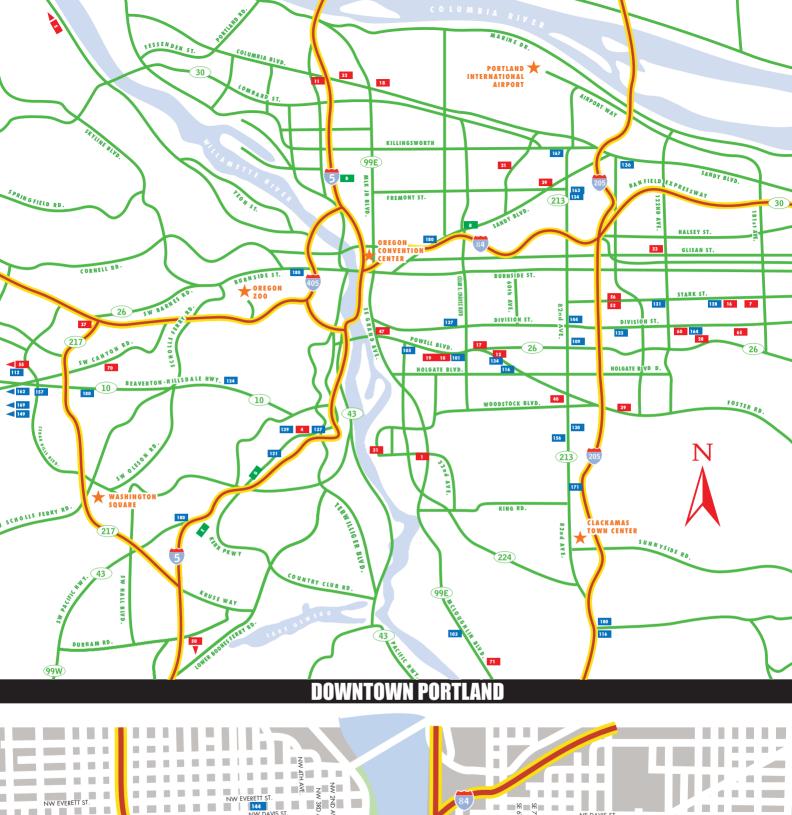
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The Emperor's Asswipe

by Putu Musantara

I am Putu Nusantara and I wipe the Emperor's ass. Not everyone in my country has a position like mine. Many have menial jobs. I'm the first to admit, I'm one of the lucky ones!

My country is a small archipelago in the East Indies. Our ancestors lived peaceful, quiet lives hunting, farming and fishing for most of our history, until 1907, when the Emperor's ancestors were digging an irrigation well and struck platinum. Back then, we were a society without any property rights—we lived communally and shared all that our beautiful islands had to offer. But, when the platinum was discovered, our founding father had a wonderful vision for our country's future. In his wisdom, he single-handedly transformed our backward tribal society into a wonderful, modern dictatorship. He was pretty assertive about it, too. That's how he got to be the first Emperor.

The newly found wealth led to the construction of the magnificent palace, that four generations of Emperors have called home. It is complete with a staff that attends to the Emperor's every need—that's how the ass wiper position came into being. The ass wiper job has been handed down through generations. My grandfather wiped the first two Emperors' asses, my father in turn wiped the succeeding Emperor's ass, and today, I am privileged to wipe the current Emperor's ass.

As the oldest male child in my family, I was groomed for my role since birth. As soon as I mastered wiping my own ass, I was tasked to wipe the asses of my younger brothers and sisters when they were babies. After that, it was the dog's ass, just to keep in practice.

When I was a teenager, the Emperor sent me to an elite American university. Education is important, because when you're wiping the Emperor's ass, you're expected to be knowledgeable on a wide variety of subjects. You only converse with the Emperor for very short periods each dayusually when you're by his side in the bathroom, patiently waiting to fulfill your duties (but, erudition is prized). I earned a Bachelor's degree in Liberal Arts, so I am familiar with world history and the canon of western and eastern literature. At my father's advice, I included elective classes to tailor my curriculum to my life's work, including courses in political science, fluid mechanics and even an introductory surgery class, so I could safely trim the occasional dingleberry, when necessary.

I enjoyed my time in America and made many good friends there. But, when I graduated, it was time to return home. As they say in my business, when you gotta go, you gotta go.

Today, my wife and I live in comfortable quarters in the imperial palace—expensefree. How many people have that going for them? On top of all this, I even draw a modest salary. My wife and her mother recently went on a cruise! The rest, we spend on hand sanitizer and other luxuries. Oh... big news! Just a month ago, we welcomed the birth of our first child, a boy! The other day, he cracked his first smile, almost as if he knew the good fortune that lay ahead of him.

One thing I always find strange is the reaction of foreigners when I tell them about my career. They mostly laugh in disbelief that such a job even exists, never mind that it's considered prestigious. But, when you stop to think about it, how many people get to reside at an imperial palace and work in close proximity to their country's leader? Many of my American college friends went on to pursue business and professional careers, where they put up with people's shit all day. Me? Once a day-two times, max. Wealthy people all over the world routinely out-task drudgery in their lives, like cleaning, driving, meal prep, lawn care, even the upbringing of their own children. But, apparently no one, not kings, gueens or multibillionaires, surrenders the grubby little chore of wiping their ass-like it's some kind of special treat! Maybe I'm missing something, 'cause I just don't get that.



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AN OPEN LETTER TO THAT SOUND GUY

Dear Sound Guy,

I'm sorry that your night was ruined. I'm sorry you just found out your mom died, your girlfriend just left you for your best friend, someone slashed your tires, you just ran out of food stamps and your credit card got maxed out. Sorry you can't make rent this month, because your friend twisted your arm to do another coke binge this weekend. I'm sorry you're liver is giving out and you're gaining weight from compulsive drinking. Most importantly, I'm sorry you had to show up to work today. As sorry as I am for all of these things, I really would appreciate it, if you didn't take out all these terrible misfortunes out on me and my band. Because, none of the tragedies listed above are in any way related to us.

People get fired in the service industry for treating customers half as shitty as you treat the bands that are playing your crappy little establishment, to promote your so-called venue and bring in people to buy your shitty drinks. You probably still work here doing "sound" as you so claim, because you're in tight with the little fraternity of surly assholes that make up the entertainment department of this venue (*cough* dive bar) and you know they got your back.

But, I'm not trying to get you fired—that would be petty of me. Clearly, your life is already miserable enough as it is. I am sorry. Sorry that you were already in such a terrible mood, that you literally scoffed at us when you showed up late. You must have thought it was our fault that you were late. You also seemed to be really mad that we had amps and drums already up on stage and tuned, because we showed up when the booker asked us to. How dare we. So sorry that mic'ing these things up caused you so much distress. I must have been mistaken. Did you WALK IN on your best friend fucking your girlfriend before you showed up? What a shit

day. Still, it would be swell, if you didn't make that our problem.

Now, I'm always one to see all sides of an issue. And, by that, I mean, "make fun of all sides of an issue." There are definitely musical acts out there that probably make your life a living hell. Good lord, these snotty, entitled punks are probably the reason you've drunk your liver into the inflamed piece of wet garbage that it is. I get it. And, I get running into so many of these demanding little shits that you expect EVERY band that comes through your little armpit of a "music event holding space" must be equally awful.

But, you can expect something and anticipate it without just reacting to it without cause. You can be quiet and gruff, and still polite. You could show up pissed off and wait for us to live up to your expectations of being amateurs who have no clue what they're doing and are too loud. Then, when we live up to your expectation, you can sit back in your little sound booth with the smug satisfaction that you were right and add another tick mark to your column of all the times you were right. Good for you, buddy. I wonder why your girlfriend ever left you in the first place.

Man, your day was so shitty, you couldn't even wait to start the shade throwing. The very concept of a sound check seemed to offend you and my favorite part was how you had some snide little criticism for each and every one of our pieces of equipment. If this is part of your shtick, I don't understand the appeal.

Now, it would be one thing if we were THAT band—taking eight decades for our sound check, constantly asking you to bring the electric banjo up and then down and then up and then down again, then asking to do two full songs for a full-band sound check. I agree, those insufferable assholes sure can make the night drag. However, we basically wanted to make

BY BLAZER SPARROW

sure all the shit was coming through the monitors and assuming you were making sure that everything was coming through the house speakers—and, that was the extent of our demands.

I'm sorry it was just a chore-and-a-half, that you had to make sure the mics you so begrudgingly set up were actually working and picking sound up from the amps. I'm so sorry that just added onto the shit sandwich that you've apparently been chewing on all day. I'm so sorry for the gall we had to ask to make sure that the instruments were actually going through the board. This apparently appalled you so much, that you literally took everything but vocals out of the mix so the audience could only hear the sound coming directly from the amps on stage. Asking you to actually check levels at the board was just rude, even though that is in your job description. Instead, please spend the entirety of the show outside smoking and bitch to patrons and coworkers about how difficult we are to work with. Please, be my quest.

Bottom line, I'm mostly sorry you clearly don't want to be doing this job. If your excuse is that they aren't paying you (or, aren't paying you enough), then why are you doing it? Do they not let you work in the kitchen because you kept showing up to work late and drunk to boot? Is this the job they gave you cause they felt sorry for you? In that case, I am truly, deeply, honestly sorry. This must be the only job they let you do and you can't work anywhere else, because you've been fired by every other bar in town. All that and you just had the worst day of your life, based on how you treated us. Truly tragic, indeed.

Sincerely,

Me, my band, every other band that played that night and most likely every band that plays your pathetic little socalled venue.



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Aural Stimulation By Ray McMillin

"I re-wrote this song because I wanna tell you something Past ten years of my life I studied television"

-The Gentry, "Theme"

I've known The Gentry frontman and headdude-in-charge, Gino Mari, for the better part of two decades, as both a homie and the guy who gave me next-to-nothing prices at Guitar Center back in the day. Our mutual friend, Marcus Warner, bumped into me at a club sometime last year, telling me that he had joined Gino's band, The Gentry. I promised them a write-up in *Exotic*, because that's what friends do.

Eleven months later, I finally got around to listening to their stuff. I'm not gonna liethe vast majority of my "band friends" are fronting impressively awful bands, none of whom ever make it out of the bar circuit and all of whom think snorting bad coke and fucking strippers makes them rock icons. I usually have to remind them, "Bro, I did shitty blow and banged dancers for years—and I can't even tune a guitar. But, hey, do you." However, when I finally got around to listening to The Gentry's first official full-length release, And Now, I was not only impressed, but proud of myself for switching to weed and baristas a few years back. It's nice to see growth among peers, so to speak. And, I think this is the best way to describe The Gentry's new record: it's for people who are still hopelessly addicted to substances and idealized versions of romance, but who have matured enough to know how to take it slow and realistic.

Because you can't listen to this column in print (visit the online version of this article

at *Xmag.com* for snippets of The Gentry's music), I'll do my best to describe The Gentry. Keeping with the "grown up, but still young" vibe, imagine a mix between '90sera Depeche Mode, *Antichrist*-era Marilyn Manson, a dash of Covenant, simmered with Nitzer Ebb and sauced up with classicera KMFDM. Now, take this and add some Pink Floyd and Faith No More influences. Serve warm with a fine sativa.

The history of The Gentry plays out like you'd expect a local band would, for the first half (up until the breakup), but then takes a sharp anti-Portland twist, as the key member decides to focus on his own craft and not dedicate his life to making other people's mediocre art. I asked Gino and Marcus to catch our readers up on The Gentry of yesteryear, to current day status of the band.

"We were doing really well, playing soldout shows and getting some momentum. The Sex By The Unit EP did really well," Gino recalls.

"It was a pretty large EP, seven tracks," Marcus clarifies. "It was almost a full album and it was really good."

However, after dropping a series of extended-play albums (EPs) and cementing a solid lineup, The Gentry, like so many other acts, began to dissolve due to internal conflict.

Gino explains. "My keyboard player slash engineer left and he was the one who produced all my tracks. So, I was like, 'Oh fuck, now I have to do all this.' So, I stopped focusing on the music and started focusing on the studio aspect of things. Then, I made a bunch of records for other people for a few years, before an old song from Sex By The Unit, 'Awkwardness!' was bought by the NFL, around 2016. At the time, I was producing some other people's records that were pretty awful, so the licensing deal made me realize that maybe I should focus on my own music, instead of working on other people's stuff. So, I decided to finish this album that I've been working on for fucking ever. After a year of toiling, moving out of the house I was living in and cutting down expenses, I was ready to mix and finish the album. I reached out to Marcus here..."

"I'm the synthesizer guy. Or, for those who don't know what that means, I'm the keyboard player," Marcus clarifies with a smirk. "The pianist, if you will."

The Gentry, much like Nine Inch Nails, is a project backed by one main guy, but the "band" is far from being just a live-only ad-

dition, with current members contributing to the creative process.

Gino continues, "As far as the creative process, I have no illusions that I'm the best musician, so I just get the idea out there and then other people, like my pianist Marcus here, come in and help me finish the songs. Our new album, *And Now*, is mostly all'old' in a sense, but there are six songs on there that are totally new. I was 19 when I wrote a lot of the old stuff and I'm almost 40 now. So, we updated all the old stuff to be current, for sure. Plus, I have, like, 70 more unfinished songs."

According to Marcus, "The songs...a lot of them come from years ago, but they've been totally remade. It's like a movie remake, where they share a lot of the themes they're a bit re-arranged and they're technically all-new versions. Even some lyrics have been updated."

As far as the tone of the album, *And Now* falls somewhere betwen *The Wall* and *The Downward Spiral*.

"If I'm gonna be real, this record is really all about escapism—escaping through television, smoking weed and all that. So, that context is really at the heart of the album. It's a concept album, about an actor who is beautiful, but not so talented, and his wife is all the stereotypical stuff. Think Vince Chase from *Entourage*—attractive, but kind of stupid. But, the character on the album doesn't have friends."

Considering that The Gentry is much more pop-ish, positive and "fun" than other acts that are adjacent to them in the electronic rock genre, while still remaining dark, I asked Gino about the band's (and their album's) reception from the goth and industrial crowd, i.e. Riveted Americans, who are often hesitant to embrace acts that aren't explicitly toeing the somber-and-serious line.

"I wanted the album to be eclectic," Gino says, in regards to the various upbeat influences on *And Now*. "I didn't want it to be just straight-up anger or any of that. I think we've had a great reception. I feel like the goth thing was a big part of my youth and I love the production, but it's just a flavor on the record, as is hip-hop, psychedelica, etc. We don't really have a target market.

Check out The Gentry online or on stage. Keep an ear out for And Now and be sure to bug your local strip club DJ and tell them to play "Dosido." It's catchy as fuck and the new girls will think it's Depeche Mode.

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SALES@XMAG.COM - (503) 241-4317 @ @xmag.com @ @exotic_mag @ @xoticmag @ @exoticmag Fat Strippers, Bad Habitats And Sexbots By Blazer Sparrow

Before you read this piece, I suppose you should watch the video for "Fat Stripper," performed by Trafek and featuring Andy \$tack. I'm sure the editor will link the video somewhere on the site, because in his own words, it is on his playlist.

Besides getting some context for this piece, I inquire you to look at the video (on YouTube) for the top two comments that defy the otherwise clean and intelligent discussion, which usually occurs in the comments section on anything on the internet. I'm not sure what they are now, but as of mid-June, the only two comments were "Millennials are cancer" and "this is art."

I really hope these two comments remain at the top, because that sort of encapsulates everything there is to say about this video. A song called "Fat Stripper," where the music video depicts larger women eating fried chicken off of skinny, white rappers in their late thirties (still technically Millenials) is not going to elicit a "Meh, it's okay" response from anyone. You either are going to absolutely love it for what it is, hate it for what it's not or just not pay attention when someone shows it to you. Before I wax philosophical about a song and it's accompanying video involving larger-than-average nude dancers, I'd like to give a little bit of background on this bid-sized diddy.

Dirt Nasty would be proud to know that the idea for the song was first conceived by Trafek (of Bad Habitat fame) in the basement of Dante's, after Dirt Nasty's set. Trafek was opening for Dirt at Dante's, and as is usually the case with an evening of Dirt Nasty at Portland's legendary venue, the basement-slash-green-room was teeming with booze, substances and strippers. Claaaaaassic. In Trafek's own words, "There were a couple girls there on the bigger side" and he just started freestyling lines about the ladies around him. Andv Stack (also of Bad Habitat), who also has a verse on the finished song, was apparently present during the genesis of the song, but he doesn't remember. Andy was "hella faded," as he put it. Still, could you ask for a more perfect origin story for the video I am assuming you just watched?

When Trafek got home and started

working on the song in earnest, he was initially making fun of one-liner rappers that continue to persist in popularity throughout hip hop's history. However, the song became something more earnest.

Typically, Bad Habitat takes a more serious lyrical approach and Trafek adheres to a more militant style of hip hop (and has throughout most of his career). Young Trafek would say "Hip hop needs to be hard, hardcore...no gimmicks. It has to be about the lyrics!" and he stuck to his guns throughout his teens, twenties and thirties. A fan of the Hieroglyphics crew and Wu-Tang Clan, lyrical ingenuity and brutality was all that mattered to Young Trafek.

But, then you grow up and realize it's okay to make jokes—it's okay to be funny. Part of the reason Trafek didn't bring "Fat Stripper" to Bad Habitat, was that it wouldn't match Bad Habitat's more serious feel. In what I consider an endearing twist, Trafek's song about preferring the strippers who have more body weight than those that society considers attractive shows his maturity. Rather than constantly posturing and being "hard," Trafek finally realized that it's okay to not be taken seriously. It's okay to have a laugh.

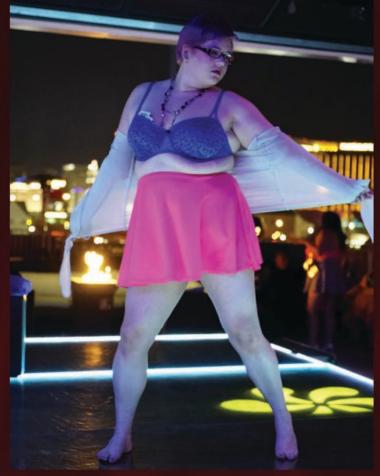
And who knows, maybe taking the silly turn will be what breaks Trafek into the mainstream. Wasn't Mickey Avalon's big hit called "My Dick" or something? Who knows. And, good on Andy \$tack for jumping on board. Usually behind the turntables for

Bad Habitat sets, Andy finally gets on the mic for this song and is featured prominently in the video. This could be the beginning of a new project, if the video takes off. I asked the pair if they had an idea for a name, which they do not. It would be a shame if they went the Method Man & Redman route. I suggested gems such as Mandy \$tack, \$tackin' Matts, The Matt & Andy Show...I dunno, you think of one and send it to them. "Trafek feat. Andy \$tack" is too clunky. Trafek's birth name is "Matt," if you didn't figure that out already.

If you watch this music video and are offended by anything other than the fact that not all the strippers depicted are fat, please stop reading this piece, because there is clearly no reasoning with

your trigger-happy mind. The premise, staging and plot of the video were pretty much entirely cooked up by Ilima Considine of Sexbots (a pluralized name for Ilima's currently solo act) fame. Ilima is a mother of two and somehow supports all of the above with her music and video production (or she has a day job—I didn't ask). Still, while the genius of the song's lyrics are all on Trafek and \$tack (plus some dope production by Trafek all on his own), the video is all Sexbots. The entirety of the video was shot in a window of four hours. Miss Sexbots works fast and efficiently, on a budget (for all you musical acts out there who can't afford Spike Jonze). While she is often a hired gun, she took particular interest in this project.

"There is a way that strippers are portrayed normally in rap videos that I'm just not interested in," as she put it. "This song seemed like just the kind



of flip-on-its-head the trope needed." Ilima went to university in San Diego and noticed that when dudes went to strip clubs in groups, they would put all their attention on the skinny girls and tip moderately, mostly trying to get the girls to come home with them. However, she noticed that solo patrons would pay a lot more attention to the larger strippers (and a lot more dollars). So, although it's still a job, Ilima has a vested emotional interest in this video, as do all the dancers that appeared in it. Trafek mentioned that the gals who were invited to be in the video, but declined, thinking it would be embarrassing, IMMEDIATELY regretted their decision not to partake, once they saw the finished product.

At the end of the day, the song and video are simply fun. They are a celebration. They are the best parts of

what Trafek refers to as "oneliner rap"—essentially party rap, but with a body positive, all-inclusive vibe. More importantly than all of that, it just stands out. A video with the title "Fat Stripper" is going to create some kind of reaction—be it positive or negative. If you're surfing through YouTube, the title alone is going to give you pause.

If you're going to be offended by anything, be offended that it is this kind of gimmicky thinking that artists have to turn to, to get any kind of attention. I'm in no way demeaning the song or the lovely ladies in it. It's a fun song and even funnier video. Rather, I'm saddened that these are the kind of social media bait tactics true artists have to use, if they want to be noticed in any way. Also, just know that if you share this video as an example of "what's wrong with the patriarchy" or "body-shaming,"

you are doing what Trafek, Andy \$tack and Sexbots want you to do—you are giving them your attention. They win. You lose.

Also, the fried chicken used in the video is gluten-free, so you can calm down.

Catch Trafek and Andy \$tack live, Friday, August 9, at Club Oasis.





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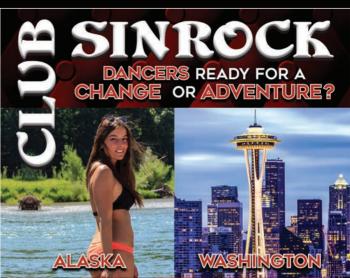
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