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Your Love/Drug Horoscope For April (Find Your Perfect Mate and Illegal Drug)

**Aries—Meth**  
*March 21 - April 19*

Your fear of rejection is low in April, mostly because you're ready to risk it all for Meth. Your crush might say no, but you'll never know if you don't try and try again. Mercury enters your ambitious sign on April 13th, making you an aggressively-tweaky communicator. Your friends might say you're a glutton for punishment when you ask the same person out yet again, but you see it as persistence. The right person will pick their face with you.

**Taurus—Regular Cocaine (non-Crack variety)**  
*April 20 - May 20*

Take advantage of the productive energy on the 5th, after you blow your paycheck on coke. Maybe you won’t achieve everything all at once, but taking even one small step toward your romantic future is a big accomplishment. Set boundaries you’re comfortable with and don’t go beyond them.

**Gemini—Ecstasy (MDMA)**  
*May 21 - June 20*

You’ve got a great head on your shoulders, and the superior conjunction in April makes you excellent at expressing all your romantic ideas. Dates who aren’t doing drugs aren’t on your same wavelength aren’t your best match. Choose wisely.

**Cancer—Benzodiazepines**  
*June 21 - July 22*

Sensitive energy swirls around you, as the Pisces Sun connects with The Fish’s ruler, Neptune, in April, so prepare to spend some time alone with your emotions. Admitting you’re still into an ex can be cleansing, but don’t do anything hasty. The Benzos/Sun/Venus conjunction makes connecting to exes easier, but lowers your resistance to hurt feelings. This can be a touchy combo.

**Leo—Heroin**  
*July 23 - August 22*

Mars enters Taurus in April, making romantic progress difficult. You may feel ready to ask someone out one minute, but doubt yourself the next. Wait until you’re on steadier ground, without a needle in your arm, before you take your next big step. Experts in the field of love can help you immensely.

**Virgo—Bath Salts**  
*August 23 - Sept 22*

April brings a Jupiter/ Uranus opposition that helps you break free of a lot of the inhibitions that have been holding you back. Nothing is a sure thing, but half the fun is in not knowing if you'll meet someone and fall in love or just eat their face. Send a casual text to test the waters before officially asking someone out to try bath salts with you.

**Libra—Salvia**  
*September 23 - October 22*

Venus turns retrograde, sending your love life into a tailspin—but, it’s nothing you can’t recover from. In fact, use this brief romantic downtime to do some Salvia, or even consider ketamine, to take some time away. A Sun/Saturn in April brings obstacles that challenge your self-confidence, but your doubts will disappear, once you’re able to “see” the big picture—you’re getting used to handling romantic entanglements...bring it on.

**Scorpio—Alcohol**  
*October 23 - November 21*

A Mars/ Saturn trine in April gives you a sense of purpose. You should try to ruin it with alcoholism. Expect a steady, progressive decline and try not to get impatient when things don’t blow up in your face right away. Much like trying to brake while accelerating, you could send conflicting signals at this time. An Aries New Moon adds fire and a take-charge attitude to the mix.

**Sagittarius—Good Ol’ Fashioned Vicodin**  
*November 22 - December 22*

Dates and prospective love interests see your soft-er side, as Vicodin meets Mercury and conjoins The Sun in gentle Pisces in April. You aren’t always easy to pin down, but this aspect lets others see your romantic potential. You are much likelier to announce your intentions and you don’t really care what others think of your romantic decisions, when you’re on the vic-a-mins. The Moon and four planets provide you a passionate foundation on which to build a new relationship. Getting physical is a goal, but not your top priority.

**Capricorn—Purple Drank**  
*December 22 - January 19*

A Sun/Mercury conjunction and access to some roxycodone (because, you’re a Capricorn for God’s sake, you don’t do “cough medicine”) improves communication and your odds with someone new. If you use subtlety as a flirting tactic, this aspect helps you amp up your game and get better results. You want to let your guard down, but you can’t help remembering times you’ve been burned in the past. You have to get back up on the horse that threw you at some point. An Aries New Moon finally gives you the courage to go after what you truly want. Your enthusiasm speaks for itself.

**Aquarius—Crack Cocaine**  
*January 20 - February 18*

A Sun/Mercury conjunction in early April gives you the detachment you need to make wise decisions. A big move to be closer to an ex or crush might not be logical. A Mercury/Saturn trine lowers your tolerance for flakers and fakers, so a date who cancels at the last minute or stands you up, probably won’t get a second chance. Your crack and time is valuable.

**Pisces—LSD**  
*February 19 - March 20*

The bright and colorful Pisces Sun meet your ruler Neptune on April 1st, which is a fantastic way to start the month. You have a lot to offer in romance, and the right person will recognize that immediately. An Aries New Moon at the end of April reminds you that there’s no time like the present, Dude. Stop putting romance on hold.

Tiffany Greysen is a Stand-Up comedian and writer from Portland-ish, Oregon. She is a freelance writer for several humor publications. Her comedy is part advice columnist and part parenting guide...neither of which should be followed. You can find her on Twitter as @TiffanyGreysen or on Facebook by name.
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Ah, the mysterious “Spanish Fly”—many of us probably recall this product being mentioned in whispered tones in locker rooms and playgrounds when we were younger. The thing was, nobody could ever seem to define exactly what the hell it actually did—much to our frustration. We yearned for carnal knowledge! Movies and TV made veiled references to it in things certainly not intended for the kids, but these weren’t much help to the curious young mind.

Those of us who ever spied a contraband pornographic magazine—usually stolen from a parent or older sibling—always noticed there would be advertisements for Spanish Fly in the back. Usually grainy, black-and-white affairs making statements like “the real deal” or “spice up your sex life TODAY!” without revealing what it was (and, no kid in their right mind was going to spend their allowance money on a mystery sex item you have to send away for, while risking your mom checking the mail and finding it...hell no!!!).

Of course, we learned more about Spanish Fly—eventually—usually, via the equally-confused wisdom of someone slightly older. I remember hearing about a half-dozen decent rumors about its nature as time passed:

1. “It makes you irresistible to women! Just spray it on.”
   It’s a cologne? Okay...

2. “You put it in a lady’s drink and it makes her super horny.”
   At least that’s slightly more classy than a rooftop.

3. “It’s a pill you take, that gives you an all-night boner!”
   All damn night? Well, okay.

4. “It’s, like, these drops you put on your dick to make it bigger.”
   Like, just anywhere? I hope they don’t need to go in the pee hole.

5. “It’s this incense you burn, that drives women wild.”
   I think I only heard this once and didn’t believe it—even as a youth.

6. “It’s a scam. Some Mexicans just mail you an empty box, and you can’t get your money back, because nobody admits to buying Spanish Fly.”
   This was probably the most accurate, at least, as it concerns what you get from the mail-order ads in an old porno mag.
   I’m sure I heard an abundance more, but most were variations on one of those themes and this was long, long ago.

It’s got an enduring legacy, that’s for sure. Nowadays, we see all sorts of “male health” products and supplements, which are supposed to increase your prowess in various ways. Hell, you can go to the vitamin section of many supermarkets and find an expensive product that likely has a ripped, shirtless man embracing a woman, possibly standing next to a sports car, or with flames in the background and it’ll just be sitting there—next to the Flintstones chewables. Ten million strong and boning?

Now, to be fair, I’ve never seen anything actually labeled “Spanish Fly” on grocery store shelves (maybe porn shop shelves), but the stuff is still alive and kicking. Open up your favorite search engine and type it in. Holy mother of shit...there are still a lot of people hocking Spanish Fly and there must be people who still buy it like mad. I’ll note, in my diligent research for this, I checked a few that were deemed okay by SafeWeb® and they STILL have really vague descriptions.

Verbatim example:

“Is your wife suffering from low libido? She is not the only one. Don’t worry, because there is a solution...there’s a new product in town and it’s the secret aphrodisiac weapon millions of men have used. It’s called Spanish Fly LOVE and will give your wife her sex drive back in as little as five minutes!”

This goes on for awhile, but it doesn’t really explain much, except that a team of crack researchers has apparently been working on this for some time. Good work if you can get it! Also, I like their claim that millions of men have used it, but it’s a new product in town.

Now, on to the actual science, which is broken down into a convenient factoid list, because that’s best for toilet reading. Do I know my audience or what?

A) Spanish Fly is indeed a real drug.
B) It actually comes from the squeezyins of a small, green beetle.
C) Only the males secrete this bug juice.
D) It has nothing to do with arousing the ladies; Spanish Fly is for the fellas.
E) Application is a couple tiny drops on the ol’ wang.
F) It is very likely to cause incredibly painful, sustained erections (priapism).
G) It is also a toxin of incredible potency, and will kill you if not given precisely right, which is why you can’t buy the real deal anywhere.

So, now you know what’s up with the inscrutable Spanish Fly.

Personally, my favorite of the various Spanish Flies that exist out there, is the kind that you sometimes see in condom machines at bars. You pay your 50 cents and get a little box with a picture of a half-dressed woman. Then, upon opening this condom-sized box, it folds out to reveal a picture of a fly in a sombrero, with a speech bubble reading “OH-LAY!” Sadly, I cannot find a picture of this in a high enough resolution to print, so you’ll have to look for this item yourselves next time you’re in the can at a dive, or possibly at a truck stop. Sheesh...

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a noodle rancher, poodle blancher, lip balm connoisseur, writer, and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503, and on Facebook by name...

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GREEN ROOM DIARIES
BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

Okay, so what’s the issue with testing? Planned Parenthood never asks me what strains I’ve been smoking. My weed’s never developed a sore. Why are certain Oregon lawmakers pushing for more (and, in some cases, less) testing for recreational cannabis?

Well, the sentiment being conveyed is that a large percentage of dispensary weed from Oregon would not pass California testing standards. From this implication, the call for “better and more rigorous” cannabis testing from Oregon is made. This sounds fine and dandy, until one realizes that Oregon already has rigorous testing standards, which are facilitated using trusted, established labs. California’s testing standards [1] require private, contracted testing agencies to ensure “proper appearance and odor,” as well as lack of cross-pollination from different strains and “the terpenes described in the most current version of the cannabis infriflora monograph published by the American Herbal Pharmacopoeia.” In contrast, Colorado’s legislation [1] requires a much more scientific and logical set of general standards, with laws and provisions not falling under sub-sections of a testing facility (instead, Colorado’s laws state that testing facilities must follow said guidelines). So, in Cali, a first-generation hybrid that is trimmed just a tad too loose and hasn’t been submitted to a registry is not up to code and won’t be, until a private company takes their cut. A logical thinker would assume that this was S.F. and L.A.’s way of pushing those tax-dodgers in Humboldt County out of the picture, but let’s just pretend that the state of California is looking out for b-nugs and fuzzy weed because of health and safety.

So, what’s the drive behind this push for new laws that affect cannabis testing? Taking only a semi-biased approach to this issue, I’ve broken this down into the seeds and stems.

First of all, there is a large amount of moldy, improperly cured and/or just plain bad cannabis that is waiting to be circulated to unknowing consumers, but unable to move due to current testing standards. Therefore, any laws that suggest rolling back or reducing the testing process are a bad idea (doing so will only open the door to crappy product). However, cannabis is made most harmful by mold spores; if a person who is allergic to mold smokes bad bud, they may die.

Next, is the issue of cost. As it stands, the old school, Eugene-area farmers who were set to hit a green rush upon legalization of cannabis, well...they’re kind of like old-school computer programmers; once big money from out of town moved in, they became obsolete. Since recreational marijuana is barely grandfathered in, at least in practice (the intentions of laws are often subverted by the realities of the market), there exists no unified, like-minded, unofficial union-ish set of standards (which medical growers tend to have). As opposed to a New York City entrepreneur attempting to set up a medical grow (next to impossible), a savvy-minded businesswoman from, say, Japan, can find a way to wedge into profit generated from recreational can naabis. However, the locals are still given first pick of the dispensary harvest.

So, what could push out the old blood, besides under-regulation and the wild west? Over-regulation and excess expenses.

Every wondered why microbreweries are the new fad? Look into the laws governing commercial breweries. Wonder why your neighbor isn’t growing tobacco? Ask Phillip-Morris. Once an organic, illicit or otherwise god-given product goes from the black market to mainstream, the window for small business to jump in becomes smaller than the one Voodoo Donut used to sell their donuts from. So, back to the point of this column, if testing costs become too great for honest, clean, organic mom-and-pop weed farmers to afford, welcome to Wal-Mart, would you like Chinese Sativa or India-ca? Oh, you want to buy real weed? Better go back to the newly-recreated black marktet, which exists because previously-legal growers were out bid by testing facilities and priced back into plastic bags and duggle scales.

With the Trump administration being to blame for everything from pineapple pizza to meme theft, it’s hard to focus on the real-life actually-fucked-up shit that his administration is threatening to do. Comments made by Sean Spicer [2] have implied that the federal government is planning on doing a mass data collection in regards to ‘documented felonies’ which include the time your aunt bought a joint at the weed store last year. Will medical marijuana patients be subpoenaed? Probably not. But, recreational users can kiss their asses goodbye.

Now, since there’s not enough room in the prisons (a federal crime) for your aunt Patty and her friends, the DEA will likely be going after growers and suppliers. Since, as it stands, initial batches of product are usually tested (and stamped with results) via anonymous means, it would only make sense that further registration of records of growers, dispensaries, etc., would open the door to non-anonymous means of collecting records. After all, how are contracted testing facilities expected to operate when the feds pressure them with a “give us your records, or face federal charges” pitch? Put simply, further regulations that result in paperwork of any kind will help build up data mines for the federal government to swoop in and collect, should they every decide to move forward on Spicer’s plan. Who grows what amount, how often, where they live, etc...this information is semi-available now, but mostly limited to medical patients and growers.

I don’t like to think of myself as a conservative, but the classical definition hits home with me; if it works, let’s not fix it. Are the new pressures for higher testing standards concerned with death by mold? Nah, but the word “pesticide” sounds bad, so let’s go after that because, ya know, organic, ganja-eating hippies who schedule their medication based on astrological charts are just the biggest fans of spraying their crops with chemicals (sarcastic eye roll goes here). And hybrid strains that are improperly labeled? I mean, I remember the time I risked my life by taking a miniature canister full of butane, used it to ignite a piece of paper that has been laced with glue and/or given artificial flavors, inhaled carcinogenic smoke and thought, “Holy shit, this isn’t Trainwreck, it’s Haramberry Kush.” Yes, we need to revamp the testing regulations, but for the love of god, let’s not follow California in any way (weed-related or otherwise).

I’m urging lawmakers, lobbyists, off-duty stripper activists, friends, growers, cops and anyone who actually wants to normalize cannabis in a way that benefits everyone, to read the fucking manual. Talk to small-time growers. Figure out what testing standards are, before you share false flags on Facebook. Same sentiment goes out to anyone looking to lessen regulations on testing; I don’t want to buy mold from the weed store. We need to take our time, not chase the dollar and do our research.

Follow Colorado’s lead. Make rules and then ensure that companies that profit by helping growers comply are held to standards, not the other way around (as California has done). Slow down, take a puff and relax, man. Otherwise, we’re gonna end up buying our weed directly from Monsanto. Oh, the irony.

Editor’s note: It appears that Sativa is a few days ahead of schedule for his submission, as SB 863, which protects marijuana users’ data to a large extent, is already moving through the rungs. Stay tuned and, in the meantime, check this link (and email your representatives) for more information:

https://olis.leg.state.or.us/liz/2017R1/Measures/Overview/SB863


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At the 2017 Gentlemen’s Club EXPO in Las Vegas, the $10,000 Bikini Contest will award $5,000 CASH to the winner and $5,000 in advertising/promo to the club who brings that entertainer to the EXPO!

The 25th Anniversary EXPO will be held August 27-30 at the Hard Rock Hotel & Casino in Las Vegas, and the $10,000 Bikini Contest is slated for August 30th from 3-5 pm at the Hard Rock’s Breathe Pool.

The entertainer’s badge is FREE ($349 value) for the first 30 club owners who register themselves for EXPO and a girl for the Bikini Contest!

For more information on the 25th Anniversary EXPO in Las Vegas, visit www.theedexpo.com or to register an entertainer for the Bikini Contest, call EXPO producers ED Publications at 727-726-3592
(Editor’s note: Grammarly suspended our account for not correcting “ousside” on multiple occasions, Adam went on a brief vacation and I can’t remember where I was, because I forgot to check in on Tinder. Thus, we hired someone from Fiverr to complete the last of our editing and this is what we got in return.)

EXOTIC’S GUIDE TO SELLING RUGS
by Ray McMillin and EditMeFastIndia23@geocities.com

So, you want to get into the rug game? Well, it’s probably best that you pick up on the basics.

RUG SLANG

First off, let’s cover some slang:

Cut Rugs—Rugs that have been stepped on.

Rug And Alcohol Counseling—A process by which rug users can acquire professional treatment.

Rug Ballad—A mediocre song about rugs by Michigan-area rapper Eminem.

Rug-muncher—Otherwise known as a “mule,” this is someone who uses a mouth-to-ass maneuver to smuggle rugs from Juarez to California.

Ruglord—A dude from Miami with a thin mustache, who sells large amounts of rugs to dealers throughout the country.

The Rug Abuse Resistance Education (R.A.R.E) Program—A group of cops, who speak at schools and tell kids how to stay off of rugs.

SELLING RUGS

Next, let’s talk turf. Before you start spreading your rugs all over the streets, make sure that your business isn’t disrupting any nearby rug dealers. The best places to slang rugs are either in inner-city stores that front as regular stores (where you can just put a sign up that says “rugs aren’t for sale” and trust that your customers will know that you really do sell rugs) or near freeway off-ramps and nearby abandoned property lots that still have fences up (advertise your rugs with knock-off brand names, pot leaves and the art from Sublime’s 40 Ounces To Freedom).

Then, you’re gonna want to price your rugs. Street value of rugs is much cheaper than you’re going to find in legal rug dispensaries, but rugs on the deep web have always yielded the best deal (be careful, though, as many fake rugs won’t work, regardless of how hard first-time users claim they’ve tripped on them).

RUG LAWS

Finally, what to do if you’re caught with rugs? First of all, don’t open the door if the cops knock without a warrant. They will end up stepping on your rugs or taking you to jail for dealing rugs near a rug-free school zone. Never claim that the rugs are yours—blame your grandma. Tell the cops that nana has a rug problem and hasn’t even used the good ones that she’s been saving since the 70s. Ideally, most people experiment with rugs for a bit during college, so it’s best to just move on to the harder, legal stuff (even if it means resorting to Pine-Sol).

If you or someone you know suffers from problems related to rug abuse, please consider wiping your feet, taking off your shoes and learning to smoke crack in the alley with the rest of the hobos.
Dealing With Divas

I had the pleasure of being asked to DJ for a couple shows with Lipstick Divas, an Oregon-based drag troupe that helped to restore my hope in the art of dance-commanding via sound mixer.

As any strip club DJ will tell you, there is an art to managing the chaos that surrounds tip-based performers (especially those who focus on boobs and booty). Certain clubs have a constant stage rotation, with dancers who come prepared with flash drives in hand. Then, there are other clubs that treat their stage rotations like the stock market, allowing only the most trained experts to find order among the madness. Dancers can be late to stage, missing in action or just plain hard to work with. We all know this.

Drag troupe Lipstick Divas, on the other hand, is managed by a wizard named Jerid, who runs his show like a well-oiled machine (literally and figuratively). I haven’t been in a strip club booth (outside of occasional filler shifts) for years, so it was not only refreshing to be able to work among professionals, but drag queens are their own unique breed of awesomeness. Every set I watched the Divas perform was a show; there were no filler moments, audience members were given encouragement to interact with the performers and there was no pressure to tip (save for a few in-character reminders from the hostesses). And, although I was able to enjoy a return to Paris Theater after a fifteen-year hiatus (yes, it’s back to being a “regular” venue again), I’ve seen the Lipstick Divas troupe sell out houses in, for example, a Salem-area pizza bar. Last I checked, the girls were on their way to a small town in Idaho.

Why am I bringing this up? Well, let’s just assume that there is slightly more demand for biological female performers in the general adult entertainment-sphere, than there is for glamorous men in wigs and G-strings. Drag queens may be “Portland normal,” but I’m just gonna guess that in Bumfuckatello, Idaho, the dude-who-likes-vagina-to-dude-who-likes-women-with-a-penis ratio is balanced in favor of Muxica and good ol’ boys. So, ahem, ladies who identify as “stripper” and read this magazine, while trimming their tampon strings in front of a band-sticker-covered mirror, located in a dark room attached to a stage…raise the fucking bar. I’m stoked that men in make-up are outshining anyone, to be honest, but this just means that there is little-to-no excuse for you, the biological, cis female stripper, to eat chicken strips while sitting cross-legged next to a pole. Groups of men with double D breasts are able to generate tips from hillbilly and Trump supporters; there is no reason for you, the mainstream stripper, to be going home broke after a day of hustling straight hipsters and male feminists.

Or, perhaps, I just fucking love drag queens. Where else are you gonna hear the phrase, “Honey, I was born a man, so my frame can handle 56 FFF implants better than anyone born with a vagina,” and not have it generate hate mail from a gender studies blogger?

Most dancers I know kick serious amounts of ass. Still, we all know how a few not-so-enthusiastic strippers can turn a whole shift into a sluggish, boring shithole for everyone. Of course, Polerotica is coming up (see this month’s calendar for qualifier round dates), so the chance for the stripper-who-shines to enter the arena is greater than usual. Are you sick of day-shiftery and slacker shenanigans? Show us what you got and you could possibly win money and fame for showing off your talents. And, if you’re reading this column while a customer is waving a dollar at you in a last-ditch effort to watch you spin around the pole, perhaps you should put it down and focus on your craft.

Letters To The Editor

John Yoge told me never to do this. But, Yoge also told me that Lana Del Rey sucked, so I’m done listening to his advice.

Hey Ray, my son received this Valentine’s Day card from his crush at school. Do you think that you could ask your readers to explain what’s going on in this photo?

- Anonymous Mom

There is a lot going on in this photo, but let’s cover some bases. Clearly, there is a boy being given a baby, by someone named “Me” (I will assume this is the artist). To the left, we have Noli, who is clearly reppin’ quite the booty, as is indicated by an arrow, the word “butt” and a cartoon booty. Something is protruding from Noli’s stomach and it appears sharp, but Noli is still able to show off her duck lips and at least two hearts (possibly three, depending on whether or not that’s a butterfly in Noli’s face). To the right (above “Me”), there appears to be the spirit of a dead child or an old Chinese man in a green robe. The boy in the middle of the photo does not appear to be smiling, but rather, extending duck lips similar to those being shown off by Noli. “Me” does not appear to be happy about the exchange of the baby, and it is unclear whether or not the baby is being given to, or taken away from, the boy. The phrase “You like a baby gril” (sic) appears at the top of the photo.

Using my Psychology degree and medical marijuana card in conjunction, I have determined that “Me” is in a relationship with the boy in the middle of the photo. “Me” wants multiple children or already has a child (possibly with an old Chinese guy). The boy in the middle of the photo is interested in Noli, because she has a bangin’ butt and is clearly childless. The phrase “burner pal,” written in small text next to Noli’s heels, indicates that Noli and the boy like to get high together. “Me” appears homely, with no butt and curly Peppermint Patt hair—clearly indicating that she is ready to settle down and churn out babys from the ol’ womb farm.

Judging by the artistic merit in this photo, Anonymous, I’m going to guess that your child is between five and ten years old. “Me” is trying to either prevent your son from chasin’ after tramps like Noli, convince him to birth a child or a combination of both. Now, at first glance, it may seem like Noli is the one to watch out for. But, this is a stripper magazine. I know the truth. Noli takes care of herself by doing squats, plus her ability to walk in heels means that she’s a lady and she will rock your son’s world. “Me,” on the other hand, wants to get knocked up and collect alimony. If your son really wants a baby, I’d suggest that he have one with Noli; girls who work the pole are never short on money for baby formula, nor will they try to rob you blind after a divorce (hell, Noli probably doesn’t even want kids). “Me” is a baby-hungry skank who will trick your son into marrying her, before robbing him blind with the help of the courts. This may also be a glimpse into your son’s future, in which he will be divorced from “Me” and dating a hottie named Noli, who helps him take care of his child during visitation weekends.
Buy your child condoms, now, Anonymous. It’s never too early to make him swallow the red pill. Tell your child the truth about how marriage laws bend men over backwards, while girls like Noli are likely immunized for the HPV virus and usually on birth control. With any luck, your child will avoid homely, artistic types like “Me” and not be tricked into marrying a woman who just uses him to get knocked up. If all goes as planned, your child will date strippers throughout his 20s and 30s, stay single and eventually work his way up to being editor of Exotic.

I’ve read Ray McMillin’s commentaries in the wake of the election and in the February edition and I feel like I’m listening to myself think.

As an arguably “old guy from Ohio” turned 50 in January, born and raised in the conservative bastion of Cincinnati in SW Ohio, where a shocking number of the non-western outsider-occupiers of the Malheur NWR came from, including radio show host Peter Santilli and David “Can I get an Alleluia” Fry). I just see it 97% your way, Ray. I moved away from that place for many reasons, but part of it was the police state they run there to enforce their conservative world view only to spend the last 20 years watching how the politician here are willing to do pretty much anything to stay the exact same c

What’s a pseudo-Libertarian to do? Apparently just sit back and take it when, under the best circumstances, a good, inclusive pseudo-Libertarian candidate fronting the Libertarian party can’t even pull 5% of the popular vote.

Having worked in the environmental field for the last 20 years in Portland, I know lots of the types of which you speak (probably including my wife, though she’ll mostly agree with me rather than watch me run to the internet for supporting information). Too many of the individuals I know in this town can only see those who voted for Trump as nothing but racists and have repeated said so in person and on sociopath (sic) media. Worse, they feel there is no need to reach out to “the middle” to make sure they can win in two or four years. They will quote some article by Salon, Slate or The Atlantic that justifies their belief that staying the exact same course, including disregarding anyone that disagrees with their positions as racists, homophibic, misogynistic yada, yada, yada…and they will prevail.

Sadly, they will be right about prevailing, but for the wrong reasons. I suspect Trump is going to screw the chihuahua so badly that the Democrats could run a metastasized, barely breath­ing Hillary Clinton (they won’t, but they’ll consider it) and win, then claim vindication. The Democrats will then strut around like they have a “mandate” (just like the Republicans are now) when all most people did was to cast their ballots, succumb to the controlled opposition trap and vote solely to end the disaster of the Trump presidency.

But, it is nice to know at least one other person gets it.

Thanks,

-Denis

Well, Denis, thank you. I don’t want to create the same type of echo chamber that both you and I clearly oppose, but your sentiment is becoming more and more common for a reason—much as capitalism (when left in its natural state) can be a great gauge for economic viability, the intellectual marketplace will often determine the value of ideas (and, right now, we’re pretty damn short on the supply side).

There is an Orwellian trend occurring right now, one in which the uber-left uses the exact same bait-and-switch as the right, in an effort to replace the meaning of those words with what we use to formulate basic thoughts. Feminists are expected to stick up for religions that promote violence against women and gays. Conservatives are expected to endorse military spending. Liberals are busy censoring campus speakers. War is peace, freedom is slavery, ignorance is strength...

The punishment of critical thought extends far beyond politics, as pop culture swims in the same stream. If you don’t enjoy the new John Lennon or MLK, when we know all too well what happens to actual, logical, peaceful and intellectual revolutionaries? Critical thinking is a felony, punishable by death if done in public.

However, now that an underground counter-culture of dissent is beginning to oppose the authoritarian, establishment-driven left, a silver lining may emerge; what happens when uber-conservatives begin to accept, for instance, LGBT people, while recovering liberals like myself begin to accept traditionally conservative ideals, such as free speech or an open market? If the nu-left wants to become puritans, resembling the Westboro Baptist Church, I say that’s a good thing. Instead of a left/right paradigm, we will evolve into an ignorant/critical paradigm. Then, one day, rednecks, gangsters, punk rockers and trans strippers can form an alliance and take over. I look forward to the day when endorsing any mainstream political candidate will be seen as something rebellious teenagers would never consider. There is nothing classically conservative about a reality television star running the GOP, while it is equally true that there is
nothing progressive about endorsing a Clinton.

Do you have a letter for the editor? Well, I'm the editor. I read your letters. Emails go to Editor@Xmag.com

Next Month's EC Will Take On A Serious Topic

In the world of stand-up comedy (one that shares a great deal of overlap with the adult entertainment scene), we have experienced several incidents of smaller venues providing breeding grounds for sexual assault. Put simply, safe-space mics and uber-exclusive showcases attract predators, just like gun-free zones and schools attract terrorists. I wanted to do a full-page write up on personal experiences in the Salem area, but after putting out the APB, several people have come forward to me with their own stories, many of which deal with everything from open mic jam nights in the music industry, to poetry readings at local bookstores. I’m interviewing a few more folks regarding this issue, but said column will go to print for the May issue. If you're anticipating it, thanks for holding on—besides, it would be tasteless to run a “how to avoid getting date raped at an open mic” spread in The Drug Issue, alongside columns about penis pills and semen showers. All rumors aside, we still have a little class here at Exotic.

Cash Rules Everything Ousside Me

Dr. Phil creates monsters. Adorable, rabid little TMZ monsters. Remember the Cash Me Ousside girl? I wrote about her last month and, well, let's just say a counterpoint has been provided by Exotic's own Jaime Dunkle. Take a look at her column, Love In A Plain Brown Envelope, on the next page.
LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE:
Cash Me Ousside, Literally

We've both been ridiculed for our South Florida street talk. We both come from broken homes. We both got sent to a treatment program. But, only one of us got a payout and I wish it was me.

Danielle “Cash Me Ousside” Bregoli and I have a lot in common. We even know some of the same people back home. But, despite our parallels, we also have grave differences.

I was never rewarded for my supreme shit-talking skills or violent behavior. My dad was a crackhead and not a cop who paid $1,000+ every month in child support. I got locked up in a mindfuck rehab when I was a jit* and they watched me shower, whereas Dr. Phil paid for Bregoli to tend horses on some serene ranch. I admit it, as flawed* as all that may be, I’m totes jelly.

Bregoli hails from Palm Beach County, Florida, which is where I grew up.

I was raised in Lake Worth and Boynton Beach—stomping grounds to the nefarious gang known for ambushing FBI agents with automatic weapons—the Top 6. I heard gunshots in broad daylight when I lived off of 6th Avenue South in the L-Dub. A pedophile rode his bike naked in front of me when I was planting marigolds in the front yard of that house. The projects down the street had boards over the windows and often my brother’s friend Grady didn’t have air conditioning that worked, which can be lethal and it isn’t even legal in Florida.

Bregoli and her mom live in Boynton, but from what I’ve seen in videos, I doubt it’s the same part of Boynton I lived in (near Seacrest, where our neighbors were crack dealers in one direction and weed dealers in the other). But, I, in no way, doubt she’s running with people who act hard*. It’s in her snaking neck and her octave-rising cadence. It’s in her greediness to flex*. Her neediness to put “hoes” on blast. But, at least she doesn’t condone drug abuse.

I ain’t mad at her for having money long before her web stardom. I can tell she is a true Palm Beach County girl when I see her get in people’s grill*. Even though Bregoli may think and feel she is supremely trill*, she’s a product of that harsh South Florida environment, where everyone wants to fuck you or fuck you up. Especially if you’re young. It’s a tropical swampland, full of snakes that feed on innocence. Now she’s a snake-person hybrid. She’s a hydra that can afford a Spyder.

But, for real, though, I can’t help but envision the long-term, negative effects viral fame will have on Bregoli. Life’s peril humbled me, but it’s only feeding her “character,” instead of helping her build character. She recently popped off* to some people in Lake Worth and then ran away, even though the bar was outdoors and they were ready and able to cash her ousside.

What the hell do I know? She’s making tens of thousands of dollars for appearances right now. I work three jobs six days a week.

What I do know, is that anyone who mocks her is part of the problem. Including, and especially, Dr. Phil. The following text is my transcription from Bregoli’s initial appearance on the Dr. Phil show. It exemplifies something I’ve been fighting my entire life—being shamed for talking street.


Yes, we talk differently than you. But, don’t think for a second that it makes you better than us.

We may laugh and clap and be all, “Ohhh shit, whatchu know bout dah?”—but, really we feel alienated and that alienation validates our antipathy for authority.

Public shaming won’t make Bregoli change how she talks or acts. The troll attacks on her are disgraceful, but I still can’t condone her behavior or how she is rewarded for it with a small fortune. Yet, I don’t blame her. I would’ve hammered it up for the cash, too.

*Street lexicon, in order of appearance

All words are general street slang, except SFL, which means a word is specific to South Florida.


Flawed: (verb) Having a character flaw. Lame. Fake. The opposite of trill.


Flex: (verb) To flex or tense one’s body in a confrontational stance, especially in front of an enemy. Could also be an abstract flex, such as through verbal conflict.

Grill: (noun) A person’s face. Could also reference the mouth or a gold mouth piece.

Trill: (adjective, SFL) Authentic. Real. Similar to what “true” means in black metal subculture. Also said as “trilla.”

Popped off: (verb) A confrontational posturing, often strictly verbal, that usually results in an altercation. Could be a physical or verbal fight.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction, to personal narrative and often blur between the two. You can cash her ousside at JaimeDunkle.com or @JaimeDunkle. No creepers allowed.
Energetic, acrobatic-style, rejuvenating, sensual, voluptuous, wild, raunchy, daily sex holds a slew of health benefits for men and woman. More relaxed sleep. Increased immunity for both. Orgasms can block pain, so having sex can help ease headaches or muscle aches or menstrual cramps—less prostate cancer for men. But, what happens when, for various reasons, you lose the drive and the ability to, ahem, perform and/or get wet?

Luckily, the wonderfully-thoughtful folks at pharmaceutical companies like Pfizer have created multiple sexual dysfunction drugs (but, more for men than women). Some of these drugs have become household names, like Viagra. In 2012, sales for Viagra, “the little blue pill,” totaled more than $2 billion dollars. Viagra’s true calling came to light in the 1990s when volunteers for clinical trials of the drug (created to treat high blood pressure) reported increased sexual libido and erections while on the drug. Since then, doctors everywhere have been prescribing the drug, which works by inducing “naturally occurring nitric oxide, which relaxes muscles in the penis and increases blood flow,” according to LiveScience.com.

Viagra may be one of the most popular choices for men when it comes to little sexual helpers, but there are still a multitude of options for men including Cialis, Levitra and Alprostadil, which users inject into the base of their penis a few minutes before having sex and can help you maintain an erection for about an hour.

And, while more than 20 drugs have been approved by the Federal Drug Administration for male sexual dysfunction, only one has managed to emerge to combat the same sexual issues for women. Addyi, also known as Flibanserin, was approved barely two years ago to treat certain sexual issues for women.

Pharmaceuticals might be the way to go for both men and women who want to maintain and enjoy ongoing sexual health, but every drug comes with its own laundry list of negative side effects. For Viagra alone, side effects include pain, upset stomach, headaches, blurred vision and could lead to seizures and heart attacks—no small price to pay for pleasure.

MagicBluePill.com allows Viagra users to share stories online. Posts are humorous (“My wife is in charge of ordering”) and inspiring (“I don’t care about side effects, I’m back in the saddle again!”), but there are still some users who have had negative experiences.

Just last year, a 66-year-old Columbian man took so much Viagra that he developed gangrene on his penis from being swollen for too many days in a row. A Colombian newspaper covering the story also reported that the man had to have his penis amputated, or the infection would have killed him.

Still, some professionals recommend making sure you have a stable, equally-committed relationship before introducing pharmaceuticals into the equation.

“Couples really need to talk about what each partner in the relationship expects,” New York couples counselor Jane Greer, Ph.D. (What About Me?: Stop Selfishness From Ruining Your Relationship) told NBCNews.com. “The drug can highlight problems about which member of the couple puts him or herself first, which one is thoughtful and which isn’t—creating all sorts of conflict.”

Western medicine isn’t the only choice, though. Holistic medical practitioners recommend natural alternatives in the form of herbs like Ginseng, Maca, Gingko Biloba, Kava and Horny Goat Weed (yes, it’s a real thing) for those who are sexually-challenged. And simply changing lifestyle habits could also work wonders in reversing effects of sexual dysfunction. Exercise, a balanced diet and limiting cigarettes/alcohol are factors that all work together to maintain good sexual health.
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<td>24 Hours / 7 Days</td>
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<td>MEXICO</td>
<td>571 S 6th St / (503) 882-0145</td>
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The Art of the PIMP

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I am an addict. I am a product of my culture. Each day, I take exactly nine pills in the morning and seven pills at night. I wish I did not need pharmaceuticals to stay alive and to be healthy. But, still, I am here. There is something inside me, like an A-bomb ticking, ticking, ticking...

I am an addict.

I am addicted to pleasure, pain and the lack of awareness of my own existence. I lay awake at night and think of all the things I coulda, shoulda said. By the time I wake up, I never remember these clever retorts.

I am an addict. I have always been an addict. I was an addict since the day I was born. Straight from the womb, I gasped at the sky, screaming at the gods and the damning of my parents who fucked one humid night in the suburbs of Cincinnati. I wonder, what were they thinking? Why did they do it? Why did they bring me, a sick-sick girl, into the world?

When I ask myself these questions, I receive no answer.

A wise friend once said, “Life is a sperm bank lottery.” He still lives in the same shitty town where he was born in and will likely die in. I am still a sick-sick girl. He has a baby boy who he is raising in his spitting image, and he owns hundreds of firearms and a gun store. Me? I have an arsenal, too. Mood stabilizers. Sleep aids. Pills with off-brand uses. Pills with side effects. They are round and oblong, smooth, slick and coated to make it easy to swallow.

Did I win the “sperm bank lottery?” I am six-feet tall, golden-haired, blue-eyed, pale-skinned, and long-legged. I have a big ass, shapely tits and a pretty face. Is this what luck looks like?

When I stare in the mirror, I see my stomach. I’m reminded of the deaths of my loved ones and the food that I devoured (always too much), late at night when others were sleeping. I ate to take the absence away. I am reminded of the flat abs I once had from dancing: from pulling myself up on the pole, from the floor work and from the twerking ass shakes I once did on the regular, a few nights a week. It was my weekly workout schedule.

I am reminded of the money I once had and how I would give everyone an extra $20 tip—regardless if it was for coffee, a taxi ride, a bar tab or a cheap dinner. I was generous with my money, because dead presidents meant nothing to me. Well, that’s not entirely true. They did mean something. They meant rent, independence and choices.

Cash is a symbolic gesture of freedom.

I had nothing left to lose back then. I had all the money in the world—well, not all of it—but all the potential for it...my hot body glazed pink in the red lights, as I danced with my rent check on my thighs.

But, now drugs take the place of money. Herbs take the place of booze. Warm bubble baths hold me, because there is no lover. When my period is late, I do not fear. It’s been a long time since I’ve been full with the sweet acidity of sperm leaking down my legs like liquid opals. What keeps me full now is the hope that one day I will find a lover who will fuck me beyond all belief and the distended short-term alleviation of memory...

Johnny Thunders sings, “You can’t put your arms around a memory.”

And, it’s true. I cannot touch a memory. All the memories are gone, like the light missing from Lady Liberty’s torch.

I am an addict. I am a product of my culture. Pills remind me of this. I have pills to keep me happy and pills to help me sleep. I have pills to stop the intruder in my dreams from following me down the dark alleyways of grief. And, I have pills to keep the whole world from tipping and falling...off its axis.

The whole world is watching. The whole world is interconnected. The whole world is on the Internet and I am addicted.

I cannot stop listening to the crowds protesting, voices amplified and echoing...I have to fight back. I am addicted to fighting back. I do not know how to do “business as usual” when people are suffering. I raise my fist in the air, as I join the increasingly loud chorus outside. I catch the flicker of electricity in the streets and wonder if anyone will follow.

I am addicted to the belief that one person’s voice can make a difference.

I am addicted to the movements and language of cities. I am addicted to the way people speak slowly in the country and how people say “y’all,” as if that is the way to be instantly familiar. I’m addicted to intimacy, like the way it is when a stripper bends backward and you smell every inch of her before you even see her smile. I am addicted to that smile—on both sides of the mirror.

I am addicted to the mirror, with the way it works...
time back at me in the face. And, I see the way that I once was...

I was a young girl once; all skinny legs and big eyes. When I was fifteen, I was caught shoplifting. The charges were dropped. Yet, I still feel the impulse to steal from boutiques when shop girls are pretentious and when the manager at Fred’s won’t accept my return. I want to steal out of spite—a five-finger discount—symbolic, really of my middle finger. I have to fight the impulse each day to free the Winona Ryder inside of me.

Reality bites, doesn’t it?

I am addicted to sex. I am addicted to the meaning of sex: to the words behind the whistle, the hoochie behind the mama and all the reasons why I can and cannot resist the pleasures of the flesh. There is a rush. There is a thrill.

Love is a drug and he keeps me alive. But, sometimes there is no one other than me. It’s just me and my right hand and buzzing, battery-operated devices that die in the middle the night, just when things really get going. I am addicted to pleasure and the vibration of pleasure. Yet, I am addicted to the pursuit more. I love to fuck, but more than anything, I desire love.

I love the chase...

I am guilty of obsessive love. I am guilty of obsessively loving boys who don’t like girls. I am guilty of falling in love with people who will never fall in love with me. They never look at me the way I need to look at myself. They say love is a mirror, where we see things in others that we want to see in ourselves.

I am addicted to shopping. If I have a hundred bucks, I will spend ninety-nine of them on nothing I need. Ever since I quit doing sex work, money is hard for me to hold onto. It feels like something I do not deserve. Money, to me, is tainted. Money, to me, is a symbol of freedom, and I am not comfortable with that, because I am not entirely free.

I am an addict. I am an American addict.

I am an American addict, who is fearful of the way my culture prosecutes and pursues the dearth of happiness. It is like a car crash. I cannot look away or stop watching the news as we go up in flames. Each headline is more violent and indecent than the last. It’s overwhelming. There has to be another way. I tell myself this, as I stalk grocery aisles looking at every single item I don’t want or need. Empty calories: it’s the way we keep ourselves full. When I get home, I am anxious and carrying heavy grocery bags. I barely have the energy to unpack.

It is all a lot to unpack.

I am addicted to the illusion of health and to all of the glowing green juices: spirulina, spinach, beet juice, carrots and green apple. Have you tried hot yoga? Kale? Quinoa? Bee pollen? Of course I have. I’m glowing, can’t you see?

I’m obsessed with the idea of a child growing inside me: my body as a depository of fate. My body as a place where two bodies, plus friction, equals three. The magical number three. Motherhood is beautiful, but not right for me.

I fantasize about my thunder thighs smothering misogyny. I dream of trampling the patriarchy. I resound with the loud chanting in the crowd, as we walk towards Washington D.C. We have more power and strength in our resistance than we even recognize.

I am addicted to liberation, because there is nothing more meaningful than self-awareness in a world that is addicted to nihilism.

I am addicted to becoming blonde.

I am addicted to lying on the therapist’s couch. I am addicted to free association and getting it all off my chest. I am addicted to The Concept of all the concepts and to all the Google searches on the Internet.

I am addicted to the Big City and the small city. I adore towns and places where there could’ve been a city, but someone let the grass grow. I am addicted to people who plant gardens and touch the earth with their hands—infusing the world with their own energy.

When I was a little girl, I was obsessed with Hello Kitty and I never really got over it. Oh, yeah, did I tell you that I’m addicted to cats???

I am addicted to Hollywood. I am addicted to fashion magazines: Vogue, Cosmo and Glamour (even all the ads). I am addicted to Netflix. I am addicted to old movies, the exaggerated expressions of wide-eyed actresses and the men that adore them.

James Brown is right: “It’s a man’s world.” And, I am determined to change that.

I am addicted to hot sighs after sex and to long kisses on first dates, when people still have illusions.

I’m addicted to justice and the belief that society will eventually evolve, if we raise hell each time something fucking happens. That’s why I’m a writer. I’m addicted to words. I am addicted to change.

If I could fuck all belief, I would make the earth cum with the earth-shattering shake of God cussing the cosmos out. Tell me what it looks like tomorrow after everything happens...I will tell you what it looked like last night, when I was planning for this. Let me hold you afterward and kiss you goodnight. Just because we did it today, does not mean we don’t have to do it tomorrow.

I am addicted to never, ever dying.

Julia Laxer lives for the stories and writes in the afternoons in a rose-lit room in downtown Portland. Read more at www.JuliaLaxer.com and send love/hate mail to @JuliaLaxer
I get it. If you work security at, own, serve at or dance at a club within eye-shot of this magazine, you're wondering what the fuck I'm thinking by deciding to write this column. Fear not, door person of the year, this is actually a warning against bringing drugs into a strip club, whether through ingestion or for purposes of distribution.

Now, on to our loyal readers. Let's be frank. No, don't say "I know Frank," because that gets you nowhere. Who's Frank? Doesn't matter. No, loyal reader, your focus here is on you and you alone. Admit it—you (or people you know) have been on drugs in a strip club, at some point in time. That's kind of a given (albeit the type of "given" that club owners and bar staff don't want to risk associating with, but accept, like a free Bible or a sample from the Chinese food place in the mall food court). But, how one composes themselves while on drugs is the true test of whether or not a taxi—or, the cops—will be called after they leave the club. Should you decide to endanger the livelihoods and liquor licenses of the strip clubs, please follow these simple rules to avoid ending up in jail or worse.

BE SOMewhat DISCREET ABOUT YOUR HIGH

Okay, so you did a few key bumps at the Wilco show and suddenly you're giving your friends a tour of the Portland scene. Of course, you head to one of the cooler clubs in town, where you meet a dancer who fucked two members of Wilco last summer at Whateverfest. This is your opportunity to either play it cool, or pretend like you've fucked three members of Wilco before following this up with a coke-fueled rant about all the douchebags you know from various bands, while customers stare at you and the DJ makes offensive comments about hipsters over the microphone, simply to see if you're listening (you're not). Look here, pseudo-loger Pabst-man; smiling and nodding is the correct choice. If you want to talk to a dancer while you're coked out and feeling yourself, do so over a private dance—the time is limited and the dancer is making money. Plus, more time for you means more money for her. As a bonus, customers (and, to an extent, security guards) aren't going to be eavesdropping on your this-guy-is-high-on-blown conversation. But, the bouncer is watching you, so that brings me to our next rule...

NEVER, EVER BRING DRUGS INTO THE CLUB

If you're selling drugs, you should already know this. If you're new to selling drugs and don't know this, you deserve to be robbed or arrested. But, if you're not a dealer, you may think that having a few pills in your pocket won't hurt anyone. Well, depending on what part of town you try to smuggle drugs into, you may either get robbed, ratted out or, most likely, 86'd from the establishment. There is no reason to bring drugs into a strip club. Sure, in a complete and hypothetical alternate universe, dancers may do drugs...but, they keep them as hidden as tampon strings and wedding rings. Hypothetically. In theory. Customers, on the other hand, aren't given such passive permissions, even in bizaro worlds. If you want to enjoy a live show while under the influence, that's doable. Just leave your stash in the car. Oh, and don't forget...

YOU'RE RISKING OUR JOBS BY BEING HIGH IN OUR CLUBS

It is illegal to serve someone who is visibly intoxicated. If a bartender is only serving a customer alcohol, conversation and cleavage, then they can easily notice changes in a customer's behavior over time. But, if someone comes in on drugs, drinks one beer and then goes apeshit on the Mega-touch machine because it looked at them funny, leaves and then gets arrested (or into an accident), the bartender that served them one beer is now liable for whatever damage they racked up in their bender. People ask me all the time if I'm on coke, because I'm loud and have bug eyes (spoiler: I'm not). On the same token, I worked two weeks at a club in Salem while high on acid the entire time and I don't even think the strippers knew (even when I forced them to dance to Ween). The point here is that bartenders are not drug counselors and, although street smart, many aren't trained to spot signs of "intoxication" aside from what the liquor commission teaches about alcohol. Don't assume that staff are idiots, though—we've been around. Just know that being on drugs in the club is the same as using a fake I.D. and definitely not worth risking your ass and ours.

THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN A STRICT CLUB IS A LAXED ONE

On the rare occasion that you do find yourself in a location that features a stripper pole, alcohol, a DJ and openly-consumed substances (and it's not a biker clubhouse or a speakeasy after-hours spot), you're only gonna be able to come back to the club for as long as the authorities are kept in the dark (which is usually about a month or so). It takes a lot of balls to license a business, put it on Google Maps and then break out the shitty Oregon cocaine on the tables. But, you'd be surprised how often this goes down. If you happen to be one of the lucky patrons or employees affiliated with clubs like this, good luck ever being allowed into another, more upstanding strip joint, after yours gets shut down. If, on the other hand, Rick's Booze 'N' Blow happens to stay open, rest assured that, as a coke-dealing regular, you will be stabbed a few times over the course of the summer, stolen from by a girl named Ratchet Sawzz and run out of the area by the local drug dealers.

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I have done two things well in my life: fucked bitches and gotten money. I grew up poor and when I realized what the markup on cocaine was, well, it was on as they say. Although, later in life I stopped selling poison and pain. From thirteen to nineteen, I pushed weight as a job, a hobby and a religion. This period of life during which time most kids spend collecting Poke-Whatevers was spent by me gathering a skill set of survival and forward motion. I’ve been applying this street wisdom to my life for as long as I can remember making choices. So, this month, I give you

1) Life Has No Meaning That It Does Not Assign Itself

Why the fuck would I start this shit off with this philosophical bullshit? Someone get the fucking manager over here. Seriously though, the dope game is a dangerous place to be. People just disappear all the time. It’s enough to give me an existential crisis—so much murder and so little regard for suffering. When we are babies, we are taught that all humans are sacred (well, unless you’re from Alabama and are taught all white humans are sacred). Out there, in the street, no humans seem to be sacred, but we’ve still lost people that mattered to us. People we put on a t-shirt, people we wept for...those people were the ones who assigned value to their identity outside of money and violence. People who’ve had things to say, love to give or inspiration to share. A hundred soldiers can die in a war and no one gives a shit, but one great man falls and the whole community suffers. I learned young that I wouldn’t be remembered for being a good shot. I had to find a way out and actually do something. Take that for what it’s worth, but if you don’t go out and make something happen, you’ll never be remembered by how good you are at collating data.

2) Never Go In A Place You Don’t Know How To Leave

This seems a little silly, but how many times have you walked into a building that you would have no idea how to leave, if the way you came in wasn’t available? Along the same logic, a building that you had no idea who else was in? How many times have you sat in a crowded diner and couldn’t describe one other person you saw? Some of us drift through life, never having anything bad happen to us. They call those people white men. But, when captain whitey dips his ink into the drug business, he’s a big-ass, sore, white thumb sticking out in a brown sea. I also wasn’t a huge fan of not telling people who wanted to hurt me to go fuck themselves and their mother, then come find me. And, find me they did. And, would ya just look at that? I’m still here. Why? Because I paid attention to everything, all the time, everywhere I went. Ladies, this one is especially for you. It seems sometimes like the whole world is your predator. And, I’m certain the older and more experienced women already know this, but young ladies, learn to read the story being told by your environment. It has saved my life many times over.

3) Everyone Is Trying To Steal From You

It’s pretty simple, really—no matter what you have or sell or own, someone wants that shit and is also lazy as fuck (hey there, Amy). That lazy, stupid fuck is going to try to take it. Whether it’s money, drugs, jokes, motivation, inspiration, semen...you get my point, right? You normies seem to go about doing what it takes to keep it. In other words, you have something they don’t, and they have less moral objection to taking it than you do about doing what it takes to keep it. In the words of the great and wise Wu-Tang Clan, “Ya best protect ya neck.”

4) You Can’t Buy Happiness

But, you can buy necklaces, watches, the lust of a beautiful woman, etc. Seriously, though—you can have money, but no real meaning or direction and still be miserable. And, building a drug empire is only fun while you’re building it. I imagine it’s a lot like building any business up from scratch, while you’re embedded in it problem solving and improvising, you’re in your element. When it comes to maintenance time, it sucks the life right out of you. You need other shit when that time comes. I don’t know what that is for you. I really can’t help with that. But, when the emptiness comes and the nightfall of your glory falls, you’re gonna want to figure it out, man.

5) Hire A Good Lawyer And A Good Accountant

Behind every fortune, there is a crime. I have no idea who said that, but it’s true as a motherfucker. [Ed: Actually, neither do the people who plagiarized it in The Godfather, as it was mistakenly attributed to Honoré de Balzac. I have no idea who that is.] Not everyone is dope boy fresh and working on their laundering scheme over a long weekend, but all of you fucks are crooked as fuck. Everyone I have ever met who owns or runs a business is a criminal in one or more ways. The law is a lot like dollar tree kitchen tools—some are bent and others are broken. If you want to survive without a tax bill that would make Wesley Snipes shit himself, then get a damn expert to help you. You need a lawyer who is used to defending guilty people and also doesn’t have the reputation of a gambling-addicted womanizer. You also need an accountant who will knowingly steal from the IRS, but not from you. An accountant that will fake documents to get you deductions, but not to skim off your books. All great men have had no regard for laws...until they are making them. Never forget that.
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If you live in Portland, you probably love sex and support sex work. And, good for you! These people work “hard” at their jobs and they deserve your support. Yes, you can find a strip club on damn near every block in PDX (and, god bless this city for that), but you can also find sex shops on those same blocks. Sex shops have every toy you can think of...but, we’re talking about drugs today, boys and girls. Sex shops call them “herbal supplements.” And, as a man who is fucking way outside of my league, I’ve tried my fair share of these bad boys with a wide range of results. Everything—from the hardest dick I’ve ever had, to what I like to call a “cock migraine.” I’ll explain below, I promise.

The first one on my list is Extenze. You know, the one with the “Smilin’ Bob” character from TV that resembles Bill Nye The Hard Cock Guy? The short of it is that they suck. They make you sweat a lot, your heart feels like it’s going to explode and your dick is about as hard as it usually would be. The twist? You’re uncomfortable and it gives you more stamina. So, you can hate your decision longer. This is also the one that gave me the “cock migraine.” I’ll explain below, I promise.

Next, is a pill called Volume and it’s gross. It works great as an erection pill, but its main purpose is...well, it makes you cum more than usual. I figured that was fine. It was not. It absolutely was not. It was a crime scene. This pill does exactly what is advertised and I didn’t like it at all. I felt so bad for my girlfriend—I was dehydrated, I cramped up and I’m sure my dick dry heaved at the end. Not recommended, unless you basically don’t cum at all when you orgasm. Jesus Christ, Volume. Nobody needs that much cum.

Then, there is the gas station legend, known as Black Rhino. Does it live up to the hype? For about two hours, absolutely. You get a bit flushed, but for two hours of sweet lovin’ it does the job. No lasting effect at all, though. The Black Rhino is extinct after the first shot, my friends.

And, finally, I present to you the most amazing dick pill I’ve ever tried. Only at Taboo stores can you find Buckram. Buckram is quite simply magical. So magical, in fact, that I’ll buy it online whenever I’m far away from a Taboo store. Buckram does amazing things to your dick. You’re harder than granite, with the stamina of Michael Phelps and it only kicks in once you’re stimulated. Some pills give you surprise hard-ons. Buckram does not. And, you absolutely get all the bang for your buck, because it lasts three days—three entire days of the best fucking you’ve ever experienced—very minimal side effects too. Little flushing and a slight dehydration, but all in all, amazing. Do NOT go to the strip club in that three-day window though, because once the hound of hell arrives, you ain’t putting him down without a fight.

There you have it, Portland. Do your dick drugs responsibly! Don’t make the same mistakes I did.
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Underground Dick & The Pussy Riot

Well, Ray wanted me to write about *Big Black Dick* or some such—I’ve been thinking about the pedophile bar by my spot in Oakland, while Trump runs the country like a disorganized dominatrix—so, I guess we’ll just see what happens.

Has Anybody Seen Hip Hop?

I can’t get my events in the paper, but I stopped by the Hatch last night (for some shit I saw in a weekly) and it was a show that didn’t actually exist. But everybody’s tired of politics and I don’t have enough money for a strip club, although I’ve gotten a bit better at not thinking about my ex.

What I’m saying is, we’re launching a P.I. firm. Or, a cathouse. Or, I’m running for congress—it’s difficult to keep up, anyway...my sexual drive may be dying. I remember sophomore year, getting blown in my girlfriend’s combination basement/living room for half an hour, without release. Those ladies wishing me goodbye that night in Portland—asses up on the bed. Mouths fucked and hearts broken, spirit broken with a mangled hand—spending my days in Oakland again. Napping for the next four years sounds pretty fucking tempting.

I miss George Michael.

Shame seems to be the great motivator—everybody wants to make a buck. And, as one passes the buck, so on goes their responsibility. A lot of us are barely going through the motions here.

Disney keeps remaking Star Wars, looking for *A New Hope* and Debbie Reynolds followed her daughter to a galaxy far, far away like they heard some kind of secret a long time ago. I can’t clear the haze—arguments about rape culture. Unfamiliar voices echo “let the Nazi speak.” What is happening as our mainstream shifts around like a cue ball in an earthquake; inverted ethos of the poseidon adventure, drama queens screaming “we are the challenge.”

Freddie Mercury and The Mad Hatter. Nothing makes much fucking sense anymore. And, I’m not sure what we’ve learned from all this—wandering the Oakland noir like a private dick, clutching half a clue. Wu Tang is for the children, with the RZA adopting politics of black respectability, while Ice Cube mugs in full-resolution. These days, I’ve kind of been forgetting to listen—news goes by, as hip hop howls in the distance. And, I’ve misplaced my copy of Ginsberg, but all I know is artists and we’re literally dying: cinematic memory, graffiti/flickered rumor of a legend gone—pussy as *A Moveable Feast*—the little death, sweat and dopamine from the trenches, sniffing for a sulfurous spark to warm us in the Tropic Of Capricorn—man, these drugs have stopped working. Industrial decay, community collapsed like condemned tenements in the shadow of gentrification. Empathy seems to be flaking off into the past like zombie flesh; simple rictus of polite society, whitewashed in black invisibility.

How’ve you been? What gets you off these days? What are your secrets—addiction, infection and healthcare? Fraud could land you in a penthouse or in cell block D; bucking for the front page with a centerfold, selling what you can. Candid shots transposed on a continuum, from anonymous chat rooms and Ashley Madison, to the cam girl revolution. Flash your twat for cash.

I posed for nudes in charcoal and celluloid, figuring the value of a flick while finger fucking freshman girls in half-filled movie theaters—that Christmas in Chicago, where we lost the bottle of rum in a haze of marijuana smoke and had to leave the cineplex. I might confess more sins, if I remembered them, but in the meantime—on average, This is survival mode.

We try our best to fight and fuck away fascism.

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Strip down to your wallet. Fake news, not orgasms. How much alcohol does it take each night to love America to sleep? What makes this day unlike any other? Where do we go from here?

Let me say something about free speech—it isn’t free. I’ve lost friends, wives, communities, lovers, partners, businesses and leases, by speaking truth. I’ve cried “zombie” in a crowded cafeteria.

This Ain’t Kafka

I traded all my value for speech—I need a dollar. Hip hop taught me all I have is this word and my balls. And, though I don’t have a kid, I’ve witnessed language catching fire unto a Pussy Riot.
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Heavenly Showers
by Anna Suarez

Some are addicted to sex, but as for me, the addiction to sex is much more. It is not limited to the intimacy of two souls meeting underneath a fleshy curtain or the ecstatic stare into the divine with every climax.

Cum is my drug.

I am not just addicted to any man’s cum, because it isn’t every day you ingest milky nectar touched by the grace of God.

I have craved his cum from the second I first felt the warm water drip down from my lower back to my ass, leaving a shimmering gloss glittered by the early fall sun through my window. I am addicted to the warm river traveling down my esophagus. Its cleansing waters, meshed with my dark waters, birth a holy ocean of pleasure.

Cum is Orphic, as it encompasses a myriad of divine experiences. I am not only addicted to the spewing of the sweet milk, but all of the sensations and moments afterward. I move slowly, keeping my eyes with his, the windows to the soul showing me the tall goblet filling before an eruption of pleasure.

Instead of making love before work, I ask him to refrain from touching himself all day, but to keep the image of me close to him all day. I send him subtleties about the honey collecting in my pink silk panties, waiting to be taken off. I imagine him shaking all day in the moments I can submit to the steady wave of his erotic demands. He knew how I waited, but, more importantly, was aware of how I indulged in the rose-colored anguish.

The anguish is another addiction.

Playing me with steady precision, he let me tremble in my sins for what feels like hours. As I approach climax, he slows his pace. The moments of anguish are magic in its purest form, as I reached for something eternal: a force of love and joy, stronger than death itself. Shaking with passion, a part of me wishes these moments of agony could never end, as I touch the divine closer. I do not desire to return to the material realm.

And, with this desire, he enters my womb to baptize me in his holy water.

With his thrusting, I am submerged in an endless sea. The beautiful harmony of him entering my depths and me entering his depths as I watch the hidden parts of him sparkle in his eyes. I can feel the moment of climax approaching him as his face displays an expression of pain and fear. There is a reason the French refer to orgasm as “la petite mort,” which means “the little death.”

I know he is about to come, when he utters, “Ooh baby, here it is” out of disheveled breaths. I gaze into his eyes and see the fear glimmering in his face. He does not know what will come out of him. I have placed a Pandora’s Box inside his body. Inside are dark spirits to be released, which will slowly die in the air of our love. Watching him approach his climax, drives me into an unmanageable frenzy. I beg of him to release himself all over my breasts as I come, which feels endless. I am baptized in his divine seas, dripping across my breasts glistening with sweat. I must see his ecstasy, play in its hot springs like a mermaid.

This is what I live for.

Against the whistling of the ceiling fan, he whispers “damn,” mimicking the soft breeze in early spring to propagate the growth of the buds.
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Chalice II

A tiny, blue bag of off-white powder sits next to tubes of lipstick and expensive, non-synthetic brushes in Chalice's open metal makeup case, on the counter of her station in the dressing room.

She teeters over to my station in black vinyl six-inch heels, which make her tower over everyone at a total of six feet and four inches.

The silver glitter specks on her mini dress twinkle like stars across deep space.

"Can I borrow your Skinny Puppy Last Rites CD?"

I smile. It's 1999 and we're the only strippers we know who have the guts to dance to industrial.

"Of course, " I say, as I dig it out of my bag.

"Come over to the house tonight, " she says. "Let's party. "

She dangles the bag of MDMA powder from her long, manicured fingers and then sets it down. Before I can answer, she runs up the stairs. Each step exhibits the grace of a cheetah.

I hadn't done any variation of ecstasy in years, but I knew I had to join her.

I plug one nostril and plunge into the line. The powder burns my nose and tastes sour as it clots down my throat in bitter chunks.

"Good goddamn," I say, as I snort louder than a walrus.

Chalice grabs me by the hands and leads me toward the dresser. We stand together in the doorway of the bedroom.

"Do some magick," she says. "Like you do with the O.T.O."

I don't respond with words. I close my eyes—so does she. We press our foreheads together under the door frame. The Egyptian goddess, Nuit arches across my mind as outer space bejeweled with stars and planets. I stare at it and fidget with cut straw in my hand.

I recite the lines of the priestess role in the Gnostic Mass:

"But to love me is better than all things; if under the night-stars in the desert thou presently burnest mine incense before me, invoking me with a pure heart, and the serpent flame therein, thou shalt come a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss will thou then be willing to give all; but whoso gives one particle of dust shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall gather goods and store of women and spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye shall exceed the nations of the earth in splendor and pride—but always in the love of me and so shall ye come to my joy. I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe, and covered with a rich head-dress. I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendor within you: come unto me!"

"To me! To me! " [Liber AL, I:61]

"Sing the rapturous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you. I am the blue-lidded daughter of sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky. To me! To me! [Liber AL, I:63-65]

Chalice pulls away, with tears in her eyes. She slumps on the bed.

"I saw her," she says.

"Who?" I ask.

"The goddess of space," she says, although I told her nothing about who or what I was invoking.

"Her name is Nuit. She's Egyptian. I said her prayer from The Book Of The Law," I say and sit next to her on the bed.
“Thank you,” she says, with her arms wrapped around me. She weeps.

Daniel

Daniel from Cash Me Onstage Booking Agency hires me to book strippers, then he finds out I’m eager to get out of stripping.

Some stripper shifts start as early as 7am, if you can imagine that. A few steak joints in the ‘burbs open that early. The dancers are almost always late, except the older women—and, by older, I mean they’re in their 40s-60s.

But, I don’t deal with those problems because I arrive at the office at 9am and, by then, Daniel practically has three phone cords wrapped around his neck, like a telecomm noose. His face is a permanent beet red. His office desk is covered in weed, post-its and empty water bottles.

“You want to work nights this weekend? Then get your lazy ass up and get to the club NOW,” Daniel says into the receiver and stands up, his eyes glazed and bloodshot. “You’re already 30 minutes late.”

He slams the phone down, grabs the bong, takes a hit standing up. He coughs for a solid minute, his face a bruised purple, as mucus flies from his mouth. He sits back down at his desk and loads the bowl, then hands me the bong. He grabs a pad of paper with a list of dancers’ phone numbers.

“We need to send someone else there, just in case. Start calling!” he says.

I take a modest hit. Exhale. I study the texture of legal pad paper between my fingers. I read the list aloud.

“Jasmine, Diamond, Star, Athena, Destiny, Amber, Gypsy, Rose, Luna, Misty, Brandi, Nikki, Hunter, Brittany, Alice, Hannah, Gia, Maddie, Shelby, Lily.”

We both laugh. The smoke still lingers over our heads.

“But, what if the scheduled girl goes in?” I ask.

“We’ll have to either send whoever gets there second home, or convince the club to let them both stay,” he says.

“So, I’m going to piss someone off, either way?” I ask.

“Basically,” he says. “Welcome to hell.” He takes another bong rip as I dial numbers on the landline.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. Stripped is her forthcoming book, that’s in search of a publisher. For more info, go to JaimeDunkle.com or @JaimeDunkle. No creepers allowed.
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