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So, they tell me the theme for this month’s issue of Exotic is “singles”—presumably, in the context of romance—at least, I think so. It could be about tennis, but I choose not to believe that.

The single life, eh? Well, there’s a lot to say about that topic—namely, why people choose to define their personal satisfaction (or, lack thereof) by the person or persons they’re romantically attached to. But, that’s more depressing than fun—go follow some random girl on Tumblr and wait for a haiku about sweaters and loneliness, if that’s your scene. I, meanwhile, will be talking about pizza. Specifically, frozen pizza. It is a well-known fact that single people are the number one consumers of frozen pizza and, so, it stands to reason that there’s some exploration to do here. I have taken to the task of evaluating some frozen pizza brands, in order to paint a picture of the types of single folks who eat them.

Brand: Screamin’ Sicilian

Variety: “Holy Pepperoni” (classic pepperoni pizza)

The offering from Screamin’ Sicilian is pretty good for a frozen pizza, which I will abbreviate as “fropizz” from now on. It boasts a pedigree for all of its myriad ingredients, such as “whole milk mozzarella” and “Wisconsin parmesan.” While the box screams that you should “assault your taste buds.” It’s pretty goddamned good, for frozen pizza. It lives up to its own hype. However, the price tag of between $8 and $10 just raises the question, why not get take-and-bake from Papa Murphy’s (or somewhere like that), for a couple bucks more?

The single person buying these is probably someone who watches a lot of cooking shows, but never actually makes anything and thinks that spending ten bucks on a frozen pizza means they’re somehow not eating junk food.

Brand: Urban Pie

Variety: “Mission District” (sausage and pepperoni with bell peppers, mushrooms and onions)

Urban Pie is another one, like Screamin’ Sicilian, that tries to present itself as upscale, high-rent fropizz. It’s packaged in a very hipster-y way, with a faux-chalkboard kind of design and a see-through window in the box, so you can eyeball the goods. However, it still just looks like a frozen pizza. Frozen things, before they’re cooked, simply aren’t very spectacular-looking at all. The weirdest thing about these was the sausage, which they touted as being made of chicken, and sliced as though someone were making it by hacking hunks off a proper log of sausage and putting them on there. After cooking, this sausage tastes rubbery and strange, like it should squeak when you bite into it. I did not like this at all. It is not worth the $7-9 price tag it commanded.

The single person buying this is the person who wishes they could go on one of those dating events where people show up and walk dogs together. They also hope that, if they ever get the chance to do so, the event organizers will let them borrow a dog.

Brand: DiGiorno

Variety: “Chicken Parmesan” (chicken, tomatoes)

It’s not delivery, it’s DiGusting. Okay, that was harsh. It’s not terrible, for $4-7. But, that crust...that doughy, chewy, thick and nasty slab of gluten—it kills all DiGiorno’s rising-crust pizza flavors. It’s just not any good. I mean, much like the skin is the human body’s largest organ, the crust is the pizza’s largest organ and we accept that, but these things are like if you met a man with twice the normal amount of skin—just dragging a fuckin’ skin cape behind him, everywhere he goes. DiGiorno rising crust (which is their default crust) is like eating that skin cape.

The type of single person who buys these is someone who just buys whatever has the most advertising, regardless of whether or not it’s the best option for the money, and since they’ve never done otherwise, they don’t know the difference.

Brand: Totino’s

Variety: “Combination Party Pizza” (pepperoni and sausage)

Totino’s: filling the coveted box-of-four for-$3.50 market segment since...forever, I guess? I don’t think inflation applies to Totino’s, as I recall them being the same price back in 1995. For the person who prefers quantity over quality and doesn’t mind the taste of cardboard crust or remarkably unwholesome ingredients that taste like they fell off the back of a truck, only to be scooped onto a pizza a few days later. However, this is the only fropizz on the list which has been known to be used as a makeshift taco shell for an oversized Mexican-Italian-American gastronomical experience, that is comparable, spiritually, to watching porn with your mom. It pairs well with vintage Whitesnake.

The kind of single person who buys these is someone who thinks they’re clever by fixing their heating vents with duct tape—not realizing that this is the reason duct tape was created.

Brand: почти итальянская пицца (vaguely Italian pizza-like foodstuff)

Variety: “колбаса и бедность” (sausage?)

I found this at a gas station run by some Slavs. It was manufactured in a former Soviet Republic, but doesn’t say which. Ivan, at the counter, gave a knowing nod—he’s been there. It’s the kind of thing that beckons late at night, when you’re drunk, hungry and willing settle. The only thing comforting about it are notes of familiarity. It’s round. It has something resembling cheese on it, as well as something resembling meat. For a dollar and a quarter, she’s yours for the evening and you’re happy to have her—until it’s time to look yourself in the mirror and realize what you’re doing.

The kind of single person who buys this is the kind who calls their ex in the middle of the night, because they’re thirsty and suddenly don’t care about the fact that their ex is mentally ill (in a “serious, might-stab-you-in-the-ear-with-a-chopstick” way, not a “mild, Twitter-posts-about-how-hard-getting-out-of-bed-is” way).

As with dating, frozen pizza requires caution and forethought. You want to enjoy yourself and satisfy your needs, but you do not want to end up with something you bought into and can’t stand, after having just one slice.

May your crust always rise evenly.

*probably.

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a writer, Captain Planet aficionado, slug-a-bed, amateur dietician, expert witness for the prosecution and retired rapper from Portland, Oregon. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook as “Wombstretcha The Magnificent.”
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Back in February of 2017, I hit a point in my life where I was done. I was done looking the way I did, feeling the way I felt and really done feeling sorry for myself. What I did, was scale back and take a look at myself, and the world I had created. That was 34 years of life coming to a head in one morning when I woke up. I opened my eyes and said “Fuck this, man. I’m already out of breath and I guarantee this is gonna be a terrible shit. No more of this.”

And, with that, I went and joined a gym. I bought the whole year at once, so I knew it was paid for and I could just go when I wanted. I started slowly cutting things out of my diet (processed bullshit and sugar, mostly), went sober (more on that later) and started doing some real mental cleansing, too. I was holding onto a metric fuck ton of old, demonic, toxic weight that needed to be removed from my soul, before any real change was going to happen—I just didn’t know it yet. So, why am I telling you all this in my monthly column? Glad you asked, loyal readers! There are a couple reasons, if I’m being honest. I care about people (especially people who like my stuff), plus it’s getting close to summer, so we’re all looking to tone up and HOLY SHIT, DID IT MAKE SEX BETTER!

One of the first things I tackled was my mental health. My head is a sarcophagus of fucked-up thoughts and disgusting shit, but those are my good qualities. I had to get rid of the ones that were hurting me. So, I did that by meditation, therapy, removing toxic activities and people from my life, and taking a new inventory of everything. If something was hurting me, even if it was hard to do it, I had to remove it. Toxicity has a weird way of sticking to your soul and sucking it dry—it takes many forms. Removing (or, at the very least, limiting) those things is paramount to your success.

Once I did that, I could really tackle the physical aspects. I started eliminating things from my diet that I knew I was addicted to, like processed sugars and chemicals. I tried eating as clean as possible. I used to actually be an athlete, so I know a lot of how this works—I just liked cheesburgers, so I didn’t put any of it into play in my life. Whoops!

If you’ve read my previous articles (and I hope you have), you may remember one I did about dick pills. In fact, that was my most popular one. At the time of that publication, the ol’ cock was doing just fine. Shortly thereafter, I started to see a dip in the performance area. I’d later find out that it was both mental and physical. Once I started getting my confidence back with that mental detox, I started “performing” better than before (I’m happy to report that everything is working fantastic as of this writing, by the way). So, once I got into the physical transformation, so many things started to change that it blew my mind. Obvious things, like body shrinking, fat loss, muscle definition started happening, but everything changed. People looked at me differently. I could buy clothes off the rack, I got more respect from people, I actually looked forward to working out and processed food started to taste really shitty. It was a weird thing, because I had never been in this situation in my life. Holy shit, I could go to the store and buy an off-the-rack shirt without any worry. This was HUGE for me.

Then, when it came to sex…oh my god, was it better. I’d been fucking even at my fattest, but I’d gotten cramps and would sweat like a sumo wrestler in a sauna. It was fine, but obviously, I was limited in what I could do. Honestly, even jerking off was better. My dick was harder, and all of a sudden, I came like a porn-star. I know, because I almost shot myself in the face once. That’s a terrifying moment in a man’s life—lying on his back, jerking off and seeing a load shoot directly at his face when he finishes. It slows down, like The Matrix, and all of your past, even-accidental homophobia flashes before your eyes. But, I digress…I’m saying that sex went from “fine” to “Holy shit, this is what I’ve been missing all these years!” I’ve now got a bone to pick with every doctor I’ve ever had. If they’d have told me that this is what I was missing out on (instead of going on and on about shit that didn’t scare me, like “hypertension” and “sleep apnea”), I’d have immediately left my physical exam and eaten a salad. Instead, they just cupped my balls while I coughed, told me my blood pressure was high and sent me on my way. So much lost time, you assholes! Point being, it all changed for the better.

As of this writing, I’ve lost over 120 pounds and I have about 60 more to go. Tackling my health, mentally and physically, was one of my best decisions, and ultimately, it saved my life. So, I’m urging all of you—if you’re struggling with your weight and the issues that come along with it, make the change. You’ll never look back. Start walking, Portland is great for that. NYC is a natural concrete gym and Portland is much the same. Walk when you can, get rid of the soda, drink a fuck ton of water every day and make those changes. If something is hurting you, remove it or change it.

I love you all. See you next month.
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While committed relationships are still society’s norm, it is also fair to say that, while in your committed relationship, you should have an understood “free pass” that would allow you to have sex with another person for “free.” Like a freebie. For example, let’s say you’re downtown and Magic Mike XL wants to bed you—you should be able to sleep with him if you want to, because, for one, he’s a fictional character and this makes sense and two, because it would be really nice to have sex with this guy—or maybe not even sex, but maybe do things that might be considered cheating in your relationship. So, here’s my list of people you should have an if-the-situation-should-arrive conversation about ahead of time.

1) Famous Celebrity—Of course, this goes without saying.

2) Non-Typical-Partner Partner—So, if your regular sex partners are men, this is your chance to change it up and hook up with a woman or a non-binary person. This isn’t to say you are hooking up with them to check off a bucket list, but it’s just that you have that freedom of having a mutual experience with another person, who is down for an encounter.

3) Doctor—Like everyone else, I’m always watching doctor porn. Doctor porn is my go-to. I say yes, partially because you know you don’t need to talk about safer sex, and you don’t need to fake that you didn’t have your tubes tied. Plus, you know they will wash their hands like a surgeon, before they touch your vagina.

4) Local Radio Celebrity—You’ve been through thick and thin with some of these folks. You know when they are sick, when they are having a baby, when their dogs died, etc. Just like you went through your two divorces and the birth of your children. You know them, even if they don’t know you. But, in this case, you should totally sleep with them.

5) Paramedic/Firefighter—Have you ever woken up, hungover, and had a guy offer you an IV bag to make you feel better? This really is the best and you should have this opportunity. Or, with a firefighter...hello, mister man who can throw you over their shoulder and carry you on a ladder. I don’t care who you are, this would be awesome.

6) Hot Old Guy—This is the guy who has never been creepy with you, but he is very attractive. You can tell just by looking at him that, back in his day, he was pulling some major trim.

7) Someone With A Costco Card—YES, do this. Then you can get a new jacket and a Costco cake—those are so good.

8) Safeway Guy—You know, the guy who looks at you adoringly and always gives you extra Monopoly tickets. Maybe it’s more of a courtesy that you might let him take you home, because it was his extra tickets that got you the soft bakery cookies. But really, you practically owe it to him.

9) Stand-Up Comic—I had to put this in here. Let me tell you, it’s not as nearly as glamorous as it seems. Comics are the same as musicians and comics—we’re mostly a sad bunch. However, sex will be good, but not as funny as you might think.

10) Musicians—Meh, these dudes are the same as comics. Like, it might be cool to say you’ve been with one, but your night will be spent talking about their new album, the money they need to make their next album or all the women they’ve banged. So, proceed with caution.

11) Strip Club DJ—Just kidding. NEVER sleep with anyone who works as a strip club DJ. They are delusional. Because they see pretty women all day, they feel like they can actually date equally attractive women—as if said women have lost their own street value. You can’t win this. DO NOT PASS GO. They have an inflated sense of self-worth. Like, there are times in your life when you like someone who doesn’t like you back. And, that’s cool, because maybe they are a doctor, yoga instructor or professional snuggler—then, you can wrap your brain around why he’s not interested. But, it will fuck with your head, when a strip club DJ with no car and four kids that he never sees doesn’t want you in return. Figuring out why you are being rejected by this guy? No, no, no.

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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GUILTY PLEASURES GENTLEMEN’S CLUB

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I just snagged tickets for Ween, Jack White and my friend’s wedding. If you think that any of these will be partaken in with a clear head, you’re sorely mistaken. But, long gone are the days of passing around joints at the Roseland or even ducking down to hit a pipe during an outdoor festival. Concert security is underpaid and doesn’t have any reason to test the waters of policing mosh pits or topless women, so, it only makes sense that they go after us pot smokers first. How, then, do you, the paying customer, enjoy a live performance without getting harassed? Well, let’s explore the various options...

**Vape Pens**

By far the easiest, quickest and most portable option for smoking-on-the-go. Although vape pens can be a blessing, they can be equally cursed. Yes, you can get away with puffing on one in a restroom or an alley with almost zero risk of reaction due to odor or visible smoke. But, the batteries need to be charged, you’ve gotta make sure you know what you’re inhaling (in terms of THC content) and the tank needs to be clean. I mean, when’s the last time you had to charge your lighter? How often does one puff of weed translate into a potential weekend of immobility? If your pipe clogs, you can just dig out the gunk with a safety pin. With a vape pen, it’s either bye bye cartridge, or dabs all over your hands. Still, any e-cig-filled smoking patio will give vape pen users virtual free reign to blaze up. I prefer the disposable cartridges, making sure that they fit the cheap batteries I use for my legal-as-fuck nicotine pin. That way, if concert security rolls up and snatches it, I can replace the parts easily. If you’ve got the extra scratch, buy two of the half-gram cartridges, instead of one full gram, even though this will cost a little more, in terms of dollar-to-dab value. For one, the half-gram tanks are less likely to burn out before running empty. Secondly, as mentioned above, if an asshole security guard steals one from you, you have another one to replace it with. I recently discovered (and, now swear by) Windberry Farms cartridges and, as with any product mentioned in this column, they have neither compensated me for, nor asked me for, a mention in this column—they’re just that good.

**Medibles**

Although you’d think these would be a no-brainer—as they are usually odorless and extremely easy to conceal—it’s actually really fucking hard to sneak outside food into damn near any venue that serves their own snacks. You’re not gonna convince the lady working the door at the Phish show that your pile of individually-wrapped brownies are for diabetes control. Further, if the guy patting you down asks you to throw away the five or six gummy bears in your pocket, any form of protest will tip them off to your being a weed user (and, yes, I’ve been ejected from shows for this). So, it’s always best to find a slow-activation variety of edible cannabis product to enjoy before attending whatever event you want to enjoy while baked. For me, Dr. Jolly’s peanut butter cups have done the trick quite well. I don’t know why peanut butter metabolizes slower than, say, cookies or boring-ass chocolate bars, but it does. Plus, they’re wrapped in cute little boxes with a ribbon, so, there’s that. Again, I’m not sponsored—I’m just hoping to get a box of free shit at some point (PO Box 261 Salem, OR 97302).

**FECO (Full Extract Cannabis Oil)**

My grower friend gave me, like, a tiny little drop of this shit and I put it on my gum, like I was testing cocaine in one of those undercover-drug-sting television shows. Thirty minutes later, I’m laying on my bed, laughing to myself about a Coolio song I’d just remembered was in a kid’s movie. Basically, FECO is extracts of the entire goddamn plant, so it’s got all the THC and CBD you could want. Indica? Sativa? Nah, try Whole Goddamn Plantica. This stuff is super easy to conceal and, unlike hash oil, you can eat it and get high (a smaller amount, even). The downside? There is such thing as “too much.” I’m a daily (hourly) smoker, but this stuff made me feel like I was behind the middle school again—wondering if the janitor “knew” and whether or not he was gonna call the feds. Plus, it kind of looks like heroin and it turns your fingers green.

**Slim Spliffs (Pinner Joints Inside Cigarettes)**

This is pretty white trash, but hey, I don’t mind my culture being appropriated. So, what you do, is roll super thin joints of really, really potent weed (it has to be top shelf, because you want a little bit to go a long way). These joints, if smoked on their own, would be about two or three bong hits at best. But, when stuffed into the center of a cigarette that has been loosened up (American Spirits won’t work), you can theoretically bring twenty of them into the smoker-friendly venue of your choice. It takes more work than just buying an oil pen or some candies, but it’s as close to the real thing (i.e. smoking weed) as you’re gonna get at a Willy Nelson concert these days. The best part? Cigarette smokers have been shamed into leper status, so much that a dense cloud of tobacco will no doubt hover over whatever smoking section you’re sharing with them. Unless you’re smoking really top-shelf shit, no one will smell your crime. If you want to be really sleazy, light it up next to that group of not-so-covert concertgoers who are openly blazing on pipes or full-on joints; if (and when) security comes to investigate, you’re holding a Pall Mall and they’re holding a blunt. Problem solved.
Goddamnit, it’s gonna be summer soon and I’m still rocking a one-pack with the man boobs to match. I guess this means another year without the beach body...may as well drink a pint and enjoy some Portland titty bar action.

New Clubs Poppin’ Up

You know what I love about Portland? We get new strip clubs all the time! Guilty Pleasures (13639 SE Powell Blvd) opened last month, with a grand opening weekend that featured performances from Miss Exotic 2018, Annis, as well appearances by many other industry regulars, ranging from some of our area’s best bartenders, to our most talented dancers. I personally enjoy clubs that reside on the outskirts of the city limits for many reasons, and Guilty Pleasures is a great example. First, neighborhood-area clubs tend to develop groups of regular customers that end up being just as much of a staple as the dancers—downtown clubs are a blast, but the crowds are often first timers, tourists, etc. East of 82nd, on the other hand, you’re gonna run into some genuinely cool characters—on and off stage. Second, sometimes it’s nice to patronize stripers in a more discreet location than, say, two doors down from the club your wife is having her girl’s night out at. Parking between a bar-cade and a food cart isn’t exactly the best plan for dodging a jealous girlfriend, at least in a mini-city as small as Portland.

The same area of town, SE Portland, now welcomes The Main Attraction (13350 SE Powell Blvd), which is located in the same building that once housed Kings. A grand opening function (for this club, an Evening With The Stars, is going down on Saturday, May 12, with DJs Dick Hennessy, Pussyfoot and Ke- gal) joining a dozen or so Portland-famous danc- ers. On that note, if you haven’t caught up with Pussyfoot, you’re missing out—and this is coming from a guy who considers himself one of the best strip club DJs in the area (I mean, to be fair, any DJ is gonna call themselves the best, but still...). Check out dates and locations in the calendar at the end of this column. Next up, Grind (15826 SE Division St) will be opening up later this month, in a location that is also already prepped for a strip club. They are currently hiring staff, so if it’s time to move on from your current club, consider inquiring with the club, in regards to available shifts and audition times. This is like Christmas in Tittyland—new clubs opening up all month long! Who says Portland doesn’t make progress?

Once Again, Lucky Devil is Not A Garage

Speaking of SE Powell Blvd, it would be really fantastic if Portland treated the Ross Island Bridge like any other no-center-divider-having, dangerous-as-fuck, bicyclists-beware death trap. I mean, the city turned the Sellwood Bridge into something that resembles a Vancouver, B.C. landscape and spent god-only-knows how much on a fucking pedes- trian bridge leading from John’s Landing to the east bank, but Ross Island still looks like something from Fallout: New Portland. For reasons most likely related to this, Lucky Devil—an otherwise cozy, re- laxed and upscale lounge—was the target of yet another truck-drive-into-the-building incident, which could be easily prevented with a few tax dol- lars, dedicated toward a guardrail and/or sidewalk. I believe this has happened approximately four dozen times over the course of the last few years.

Again noting the lack of planning that Portland put into everything south of Division, the stretch of road leading from SE Powell Blvd onto the bridge has zero dividers, guardrails, signs or other preventative measures. Perhaps—and, hear me out here, because this is a radical idea—we could spend some tax money on something other than two-lane bike paths or light rail that connects East West Linn to West West Linn. Hell, why not melt that metal nut sack across from Powell’s Books and turn it into an actual working SE Powell’s Last Cen- tral Rail? I don’t know what else to say, but please—stop driving drunk and stop driving into Lucky Devil. For fuck’s sake, Jack In The Box has a drive-thru and greasy drunk food to sober your ass up after the clubs close.

Misguided SESTA & FOSTA Bills Threaten Sex Workers

When it comes down to actually enacting legisla- tion or voting on things that affect people’s livelihood, factors such as party affiliation and ideologi- cal sentiment are tossed out the window. Right, left, green or red, everyone in power wants to fuck the little guy. So, what do Donald “Grab Em By The Pussy” Trump and Bernie “Free College For Your Entire Band” Sanders have in common? They both signed the Stop Enabling Sex Traffickers Act and Fight Online Sex Trafficking Act (SESTA & FOSTA)—a package of bills that will all but destroy the live- lihood of anyone who uses digital media to post about sex (because, ya know, podcast hosts and child sex traffickers are so closely aligned).

We assigned our fantastic writer, Ericka Rachelle Mendoza, to take on some actual journalism, as she does a great job of covering SESTA/FOSTA—peep the article on page 30, if you want the details. But, in short, if a digital content provider facilitates the distribution of anything that could be con- sidered sexual in nature, said provider is now breaking a law. The SESTA/FOSTA bills are worded and presented in a way that implies sex workers are benefiting from the bill—the same way that the ‘pro-life’ folks ignore other peoples’ right to live their lives, or “Christian Science” serves as a forum to watch children die of easily preventable diseases.

This tactic—Orwellian abuse of language in order to impact law—is not new. But, the general public has a serious lack of awareness, particularly when it comes to sex work. Further, while many are seeing this as an issue of sexual freedom, I am seeing a larger trend unfold here—one in which both sides of a tired debate are being bamboozled into giving up their own rights. Free speech means free speech. The second you add an asterisk to this statement, you willingly relinquish your own rights; as the powers in charge of policing communication will eventually come for you. I bet that many of the same people who are negatively affected by SESTA/FOSTA have, at one point, en- dorsed the policing of other forms of communica- tion or language that they do not agree with.

If you look back, the process of outlawing Group B’s right to free expression is usually preceded by the easily endorsed removal of Group A’s right to free expression. For instance, take the phrase ‘hate speech’: “I mean, how could anyone condone ‘hate,” right? Okay, so we’re all in agreement that Pepe memes should be outlawed, yes? We all agree that the phrase “boys and girls” is cis-gendered hate, yes? We should totally ban that alt-right speaker from attending a panel, right? Cool...now, let’s just sweep other stuff under the same ‘hate speech’ rug like, oh...sex talk, feminist issues, topics of con- cern to transgender people...oh, what's that, you say? Now that our group is being affected, the nar- rative changes? Sorry to break it to you, but every- one is equal, remember?

Free speech is an all or none battle. End of story. If you have ever, for any reason, championed the censorship of communication, you have no right to complain when your own voice is silenced.

But, we’re not talking about shitposting or memes, here—we’re talking the physical safety of real, ac- tual human beings. Once sex workers are banned from representing themselves in safe, legal, digital forums, say hello to the black market. Pimps don’t play by the rules—sex workers in fear for their own
safety do. By reading this publication, you’re likely a sex worker, a friend of a sex worker or a supporter of sex work. Consider the implications of such a vague law, governing the communication of topics related to sexuality, as well as the impact it would have on the LGBT and transgender communities, survivors of sexual assault, etc. Consider the fact that these new laws will likely harm those they are intended to protect (again, turn to page 30 for Ericka’s article on the bills). This is, ironically, an issue that conservatives, liberals and libertarians can all agree on: personal freedom and the ownership over one’s own body, whether to be shared to be saved—it shouldn’t be up to the government to parent us.

If you don’t think it could happen to you, take a look at this screen shot, courtesy of UnzippedPDX podcaster and stripper extraordinare, Elle Stanger, in which a Facebook post was removed due to “inappropriate sexual content”—over a hashtag that implied sending of nudes...

What can you do about SESTA/FOSTA? Well, at this point, nothing...other than making sure you don’t keep digging your own grave by protesting this and censoring that. The cost of quality sex workers may be a few shitty memes. Personally, I say it’s worth it in the end. But, if we don’t do something, the phrase “worth it in the end” will land me in trouble, as it may imply an exchange of Bitcoin for booty.

Polerotica Wraps Up This Month!

On a much, much more positive note, there is no piece of legislation in the universe that can stop Polerotica. Leading up to the finals at Dante’s on Saturday, May 26, audiences will witness the best-of-the-best in pole dancing compete for the chance to take home the championship. Along with DJ Dick Hennessy’s Motorbooty twerking contest, you have a month’s worth of naked competitions to witness. Three new clubs to check out, and if my estimates are correct, about six more weeks of sunshine. Enjoy it while you can.
GRAND OPENING FUNCTION

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FEATURE SETS

DRINK SPECIALS
The United Nation’s International Labour Organization estimates that almost 25 million people are victims of human trafficking, worldwide, with close to five million victims of sexual exploitation—mostly made up of women and girls. And, even in the United States—in a country that prides itself on freedom—there are estimates of 200,000 domestic sex slaves. To assist in combating these statistics, the United States passed legislation in late March, which aims on reducing online trafficking via the controversial Stop Enabling Sex Traffickers Act (SESTA). The bill is part of the “Allow States And Victims To Fight Online Sex Trafficking Act” (FOSTA). The bill was signed April 11th, by Donald Trump, though at press time it was unclear exactly when it would be enacted, significant changes were immediately seen online.

The law makes it “illegal to knowingly assist, facilitate or support sex trafficking” and makes websites criminally—and civilly—responsible. It amends Section 230 of the Communications Decency Act, which previously provided online platforms immunity from civil liability, in terms of its user content. What SESTA does, is essentially force online platforms to censor its users. While there is agreement, that the facilitation of the bill was a positive turn in protecting victims of sex trafficking, the bill was created and passed quickly, despite warnings from sex workers, advocates and various agencies (including the Department Of Justice), that the law would harm sex workers and trafficking victims by pushing activity back onto the streets and making it illegal to access information critical to keeping workers and victims safer.

“I think that the majority of the representatives who voted on the ‘Fight Online Sex Trafficking’ bill truly thought they were doing good, because they don’t listen to sex workers or advocates, who understand the direct, negative effects that these bills have,” said Portland stripper and Unzipped PDX podcast host, Elle Stanger. “In order to reduce harm against marginalized people and sex workers, we must always decriminalize sex work, so that we aren’t punishing people for consensual activities, but (instead) focusing our resources and attention on those who can’t advocate for themselves.”

Craiglist has removed its entire section of personal ads, along with its ‘Casual Encounters’ section. And, although Microsoft didn’t attribute its recent terms of service change to SESTA, timing says differently. The new rules, taking effect on May 1st, prohibit all nudity and “offensive language” on all Microsoft platforms—including Skype and Xbox Live.

The bill passed, overwhelmingly, with just two Senators voting against it—Republican Senator Rand Paul from Kentucky and Oregon Democratic Senator Ron Wyden.

“History shows that politicians have been remarkably bad at solving technological problems,” said Wyden. “I have written laws in the past, including Section 230 of the Communications Decency Act and the Internet Tax Freedom Act, that have kept politicians and special interests from sinking the internet. This bill will only prop up the entrenched players, who are rapidly losing the public’s trust. The failure to understand the technological side effects of this bill—specifically, that it will become harder to expose sex traffickers, while hamstringing innovation—will be something that this congress will regret.”

The elements of 230 that previously provided websites protection from criminal and civil protection has been credited with helping to foster freedom of speech online and enabling the use of everyday apps and websites like WhatsApp, Yelp, Instagram and Wikipedia, as well as blogger comment sections.

According to nonprofit digital rights group, the Electronic Frontier Foundation (EFF), SESTA dangerously expands criminal liability. “These terms are vague, (creating) fertile soil for new litigation,” said the EFF. “Juries and courts would no longer need to be convinced that platforms knew that sex trafficking existed on their site—only that they should have known that their services were ‘facilitating’ sex trafficking. SESTA threatens the open internet. It would incentivize platforms to act as gatekeepers or over-censor what their users post. Platforms might be tempted to automate these processes.

But, while filtering algorithms do exist, no filtering algorithm can detect completely legitimate speech all of the time. Legal speech will inevitably get restricted, raising concerns of private censorship.”

So, how does all this affect you? Well, because of the bill's gray areas, content you post, previously protected, could now be deemed as part of sex trafficking, resulting in online users being banned from a site or platform, leaving a window open for other potential consequences.

“If you advertise on a third-party website for legal sexual services or sexual interactions, you should be concerned,” says Stanger, who holds a B.A. in Criminology from Portland State University. “Do you use Facebook or Instagram to advertise your legal dancer schedule? You might be fine. Maybe. Do you use your Facebook or Instagram to advertise your nude modeling, webcam or escorting? Stop doing that, before you get deleted. FOSTA doesn’t distinguish between consensual sexual activities and coerced or forced ones. So, it’s easier for Facebook or Instagram to delete the profile of a public sex worker, than to be slapped with a fine of $10,000 for ‘promoting prostitution’. Sex workers tried to sway public opinion, but as usual, nobody listened to us. You should be worried. Because, when socially conservative governments make consensual touch illegal, people get hurt.”

In 2017, Baylor and Western Virginia Universities published a study, stating Craigslist’s ‘erotic services’ advertisement section—and similar websites—reduced the female homicide rate by 17.4%. The study also found evidence that the section reduced the rate of female rape.
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Dating
A STRIPPER
by Carter Anderson

Besides coming up with clever titles for articles, another thing I do well is learn from relationships—past and present. My past relationships taught me that I’m not very patient, but my current relationship has taught me how to be patient and so many other things that we’re gonna jump into.

Here’s a little bit of background for you. So, we’re an inter racial couple. I’m a black comedian and she’s gluten-intolerant. We’re also poly, which means I sleep with other women. And, she’s bisexual, which means she sleeps with way more women. These were all the things I knew and grew to love about us, over the past year that we’ve been together. But, one thing that has drastically changed in our relationship is that she is now a fully independent woman. I guess she always was, but when we first started dating, she was married and didn’t really work. Now, she’s divorced and lives in a dope studio apartment in downtown Portland. Those places don’t come cheap, so she recently became a stripper to cover the rent and bills.

That’s right, y’all! I’m dating a stripper!!! How cool am I?! I get lap dances whenever I want! I can have sex with a stripper whenever I want. And, I’m the coolest dude in the strip club, because I’m dating a freaking stripper, right?! Right!!

Wrong. So, so wrong.

Every job comes with its set of benefits and drawbacks, and in our time living together, I’ve experienced all of that, along with her. First of all, if you for any reason think being a stripper is easy, know that I think a little less of you now. Not many people work harder than my girlfriend. The amount of laundry that she has to do every couple of days makes me think that she could hold office and get this country back on track. I often will come home to find my girl on the floor stretching, hours before her shift, because she knows she’s about to be bent, twisted and spun around—like Cirque du Soleil decided to take their show in a different direction.

Most of her shifts are about six-to-eight hours long, assuming she doesn’t work a double. This means, when I kiss her goodbye on Monday after noon, I ain’t kissing her again ‘til Tuesday morning, most likely. Have sex with a stripper whenever I want?! We live together and I never get to see her. And, I’m a comedian, so we’re both out there hustling at night—only she’s working for money, while I’m working for free drinks and maybe a ride home after the show.

One major benefit to living with a stripper is that, chances are, she’s got at least a dollar on her at any given time. In a PayPal, credit-or-debit, Venmo, just-direct-deposit-that Bro kind of world, she has one of the last professions that’s handled exclusively with cash. Often, we’re out eating and I’m grabbing for my card, but she’s already hitting the server with her stacks. As a side note to servers, please make sure you wash your hands often after handling cash, because you don’t know where it’s been. I know where it’s been, and while it’s a fun place, I’m sure the family next to us won’t appreciate that on their scrambled eggs.

I’m sure there are a few dudes out there who think dating a stripper means going to the strip club, for free, as often as you want. Let me tell ya, they don’t even want your money, fam. No responsible bar owner—let alone strip club owner—wants his staff distracted by their significant other on the job. Also, not all strippers date winners like me. Unfortunately, many of them date really crappy dudes, who shouldn’t be in that environment freely. So, if I come through, other dancers will see that and be like, “Why can’t my boyfriend come hang out?” And, the manager will be like, “Because he has less teeth than my one-year-old son and tries to bring his own beer in, Amanda, uh, excuse me, ‘Twilight Chocolate’.”

While we’re on the subject of fake names, chances are your stripper girlfriend has one. She doesn’t use her real name for a reason. Mainly, because men are sometimes hella creepy and will slide into a stripper’s inbox on Facebook and Twitter, like the goo from Ghostbusters 2. Be careful to never shout out her real name around her work friends, and if she has an Instagram for her fake name, don’t use her real name when you comment on her stuff. That should be obvious, but sadly, it’s not.

Finally—and, this is super important—if you ever find yourself living with (or, just in a relationship with a stripper), understand that other people will see her naked. I know. Crazy, right? I mention this, because men (and, really, people in general) tend to get jealous, possessive and super salty when they know their partner is desired by others. When you’re with a stripper, it’s literally her grinnin’ job to be desired by others. If she ain’t being desired, maybe she needs to get into another profession, like auto insurance. My situation is slightly easier, because we are polyamorous. So, we both know that we’re not only messing with each other. But, for many others, the idea of dudes drooling over your girl can be a lot to handle. Know that, at the end of the night or possibly early morning, she’s coming home to you because you’re the person she chose. Those other dudes seeing her nakeds were chosen by no one that particular night and are now paying a cover to get into a building that may or may not have been a Denny’s at some point. When you see your lady naked, it’s definitely not at a Denny’s—well, hopefully it isn’t. Times are different and money is tight.

We all gotta grind a bit harder these days to stay ahead. The kind of grind my girlfriend does isn’t exactly the type of grinding that I had in mind for her, but she’s financially stable most of the time, confident in her own skin, really enjoys what she does and is truly happy—which makes me happy. It’s tough, not getting to see her as much now, but relationships are all about making it work, and I think this works for us. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m gonna make it rain on my girlfriend’s ass, while listening to Flo Rida. Just kidding...I’m gonna watch half a Jessica Jones episode, then go to bed. I can’t stay up this late. What do I look like, a stripper?
1) The Deliciously Polyamorous Nature
When I first moved to Portland, I thought this was kind of cool. The drummer of one band I saw one night was running the soundboard for a different band another night, and the next night, I saw him playing guitar, singing and fronting his own group. No musician here is restrained to simply one musical project. After dating around here and noticing a sort of “reputation” this city has outside its limits, I realized that a sexually exclusive relationship between two people is equally rare. Just get on Tinder and look how many people use the term “poly” to describe themselves. Ever hear of Incestuous Southeast? It’s a thing—trust me. There’s nothing wrong with this, but it is what it is and I wonder if it’s something in the water. Be you a musician or someone single, expect to be a free-floating electron among various atoms who “don’t like labels.” I will say that this behavior seems to stem from music, with plans to “go somewhere.” Granted, they probably won’t—but, that desire and fire is all but absent here. Everyone just pretends they couldn’t care less either way, if something becomes of it. Remind you of something? Oh, yeah, that dude you’ve been sleeping with for a month now, who “doesn’t have any expectations” and just wants to “see where things go.” But, band practice is fun and you guys get along, so you’ll keep jamming.

2) The Not-So-Delicious Lack Of Commitment
This pretty much ties directly in with the last one. Everyone’s playing in at least three bands and they are probably balancing two or three lovers (and, if you’re lucky, a “main squeeze”). But, expect no commitment or long-term goals. I’m not old-fashioned—I’m not saying every time you fuck or rock out with someone, you’re bound to explain where you see yourself in five years. But, the glaring lack of commitment is an interesting parallel between these two seductive worlds. This could be something outside of Portland, but it sure as shit is amplified here. Rarely do I see groups of young kids together playing individuals—sexually or musically motivated—constantly wanting to “do their own thing.” But, we all like jamming and having sex, so you’ll go home with someone you met at Soul Stew or Goodfoot and jump on rhythm guitar for a band, for a few months, and continue to do so, just to “feel it out,” while you “keep your options open.”

3) They’re Both Fucking Saturated
This is Portland in general, but you definitely start to feel crowded with all the bands and single people “looking” in this city, if that is what you came here to do. Maybe this is why nobody is in a band full-time. There are so many to choose from and they all sound kind of good, but you don’t wanna waste a couple years of your twenties with that turns out to be a dud. Plus, you just get overwhelmed. You go to a bar and everyone just starts hitting on you...I mean, ask if you’re playing anywhere soon...I mean, asks how that last person you slept with a few times a month ago is doing...I mean, asks if you need a bassist, drummer or any of the above...I mean, avoids eye contact, because apparently you were that bad in bed. Man, maybe there is something in the water.

4) Each Are Densely Populated By Softboys And Drama Queens
Yes, there are male drama queens, too. I’m not being un-woke here—I just thought I’d lean on both sexes, for the more frequent annoying things they do. Thanks to Run The Jewels bringing the term “fuckboy” into the national spotlight, these bastards have mostly disappeared from the more-educated dating circles. I mean, they can literally be spotted from great distances. Look for flat bill baseball caps. However, boys are still trying to get laid and that will never stop. Most fuckboys have now been called out and eliminated, but a few wiser ones have resurfaced as softboys. If you don’t know what a softboy is, look it up—basically, an emotionally manipulative, pretend nice guy. You will find a metric fuck ton of these in the music scene here, as well. It’s even easier for these guys when in a band, as they don’t even have to approach you—they can lure you in with their moving lyrics that speak to you, even though they’re basically a cherry-picked mishmash of Elliott Smith and Conor Oberst. On that note, I must here quote a dear friend’s song and a warning to all the single peeps out there. “Friends don’t let friends date Elliott Smith fans.” As for drama queens, I feel like that stereotype goes without saying in the music industry in general, but the dating circles here seem to sport one too many. How many endless, drunken conversations have you listened to, in Incestuous Southeast, that could (and, should) be ended with “She’s just not interested in you!” or “He just wanted to have sex with you!” (or, something like that)? Several, I’m assuming. This is also true outside of Portland. I mean, we’re all only human—we always want to make it about us.
5) Also Alarmingly Populated By Creeps

This is another one that isn't really Portland-specific, but goddamn if it isn't prevalent. I don't need to go into how many creeps lurk around the dance clubs, meat markets and even punk shows in this town. A stroll through any dating app will yield the same results. Even if the guy seems nice at first and says the right things, you'll see those red flags soon enough. There is a particularly interesting creep factor in the music scene as well, and yes, this is separate from the softboys. Someone put it so eloquently, that I'll just have to rip them off without giving credit. And, I don't feel bad because they probably wouldn't read this magazine. “We should jam sometime” is the musical equivalent of Netflix and Chill.” Ladies, be warned.

6) Tattoos And Beards

This isn't really bad or good—it's just a fact. You are going to come across a lot of tattoos and beards in the music scene here, and almost definitely in the dating scene. This is just an element of Portland that permeates everything. There is nothing inherently wrong with this. But, it can be a little obnoxious, if you want some variety. If you find horn-rimmed glasses to be a turn-off, you should seriously get the fuck over it...but, that's neither here nor there. If I do have an issue with the abundance of tattoos and beards in this city's two scenes, it's because these things are used as a standard of worthiness. If you enter the dating scene here without any tattoos, expect to be swept left on. God forbid you're in a metal band without a single bearded member, either. Expect a flurry of disapproving glares from all the “true” metalheads in the audience. Lumbersexuality is in like sin in this city.

7) You Find Yourself Going Solo More Often Than You Thought You Would

Insert masturbation joke here. I almost want to throw away my acoustic guitar, because Portland—and, for that matter the world—doesn't need another singer-songwriter whose only instrumentation is an acoustic guitar. However, I understand why so many musicians resort to this, “cause it really does get tiring wrangling people's schedules and sparking motivation to get a group together. At a certain point, it's not worth the effort and time off work, and you just say, “Fuck it, I can lug a hollow piece of wood around and hope these songs will stand out on their own.” More than likely, they won't. The dating scene can be equally frustrating, with unanswered texts, canceled plans, vague intentions and broken promises leading many to—and, this circles back around to my first point—“do their own thing.” It's easier, but ultimately less fulfilling. Playing with others is always more fun than playing by yourself. Part of it could genuinely be a desire to express one's self more authentically, not stifled by the suffocating constraints of the other members of your band—I mean, significant others. However, I can't help when I see the singer and main songwriter of a group playing a solo acoustic show when I know the band is still together and thinking, “Well...the rest of the cats probably couldn't get work off.” The struggle is real.

8) If You Make It Last Longer Than Three Years, You’re In The Minority

Like, for reals. And, I don't think this is a sign of anything toxic or wrong with this—it's just that we don't want to waste our time. It is worth noting that in this city, the first sign of everything not going perfect, we just ship. I get not wanting to chug away at a passion project for ten years, only to look up and realize you're still playing the same fucking dive bars to the same four friends (we still love you, thanks for coming to the show) and pack it in, after wasting your twenties with a band whose greatest achievement is getting on Spotify. From that point, your options are to either start another doomed project in your thirties or to climb the corporate ladder in the service industry. And, by that I mean, land a bartending job and just stash away time on something that you know isn't going to work.

9) It’s A Contest To See Who Can Care The Least

Perhaps the most frustrating parallel—and, another irritating little quirk about this city in general—is that it seems like everyone is trying to “not care” each other. I've already written about this extensively, in previous pieces, about how the main thing that aggravates me about the music scene here (with a few wonderful exceptions, of course) is the passive-aggressive, standing-still-contest that I encounter at almost every live music show. Now, I'm not saying every musical act needs to be jumping around like it's the end of the fucking world. But, it seems that—not just in performance, but also in general enthusiasm for the whole thing—the music peeps here try their damnedest to seem like it's all just a tall glass of “whatever” to them. I get that nobody wants to get their hopes up in this saturated dating—I mean, music—scene, but it seems like the widespread defensive backlash is just to pretend like everyone’s not to worried about what happens either way. I completely agree that the compulsive networker—I mean, desperate single guy...I mean, over-excited guitarist looking to start a group with his awesome, original songs—can get obnoxious. Like, calm down, dude. Stop being so obvious. However, Portland seems to swing all the way to the other end of the spectrum, where if you let someone think you actually like them—I mean, actually like playing music—you're not in the cool kids’ club. Jesus, Portlandians, it's okay to be excited about someone who likes you and wants to f**k you...I mean, playing music with people you like, for people you like.

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I’ve spent more time in strip club DJ booths than the entire Portland Trail Blazers roster has spent in tattoo shops and second-round drafts combined. During this time, I’ve often wondered if applying the techniques that naked women use in order to extract money from men, would also work for people attempting to extract emotional and physical resources from others. From this, I discovered that capitalism plus Marxism minus clothes equals knowledge—at least in terms of single life. Here are three very, very obvious (but, surprisingly untapped) strategies that can be just as easily applied to the clothed-and-off-the-clock as they can gainfully employed nude dancers.

**Listen, Even If You Don’t Care**

Watching dancers entertain customers has taught me that the physical aspect of a tease is often the least important. Listening—an activity I am terrible at, as any woman I’ve dated can attest to—is often a bigger aphrodisiac than anything one can do with their mouth. Given that the average strip club customer doesn’t spend their day working for a secret government agency or touring in a famous band—but, they all want to feel as if they do—it is the job of a stripper to merge the roles of “therapist” and “girlfriend” into something that resembles a “Wow, that story about your lame-ass job and/or ex-wife is absolutely fascinating.” And, this works. If a dancer even pretends to enjoy something I do, such as horror movies, Ween or organic hallucinogens, I will drop a few hundred bucks on conversation alone. This is what I call the “smoking patio hustle,” wherein a stripper lines up an excuse to remain fully clothed, while still sucking money from a lonely dude (again, I know—I’ve been that dude).

Surprisingly, this also works in relationships outside of the club. For instance, I have learned to listen to girls talk about their favorite bands. Now, that shouldn’t seem like that much of a chore, but the type of chick to date a strip club DJ usually has the daddy-issued CD collection—complete with Bright Eyes, Radiohead, one of the ASAP rappers and a really bad 311 album, that they swear came with the car. Do you know how fucking hard it is to pretend to care what Conor Oberst cried about this week? Well, not only have I learned to care, but I’ve also obtained all the sex that Conor could use to fix his problems and from just as many 32-going-on-15-year-old women. Beyond music, it’s important to pretend to care about that thing her roommate said, that concert she wants tickets to, her dad’s name, etc. You don’t necessarily learn a lot by listening, but you will gain a few “Wow, you’re the best’s and a lot of sex.

**Physical Appearance Matters**

I know that this should be just as obvious as the part about pretending to listen. But, in 2018, we have all but outlawed judgment of others. To me, it’s sort of odd for the “my body, my rules” sentiment (which I fully subscribe to) to be paired with “everything about me is beautiful and if you disagree, you’re a fat-shaming, mole-shaming, shame shame shamer.” Actually, no. If you find me repulsive, you get to say “no, thanks.” And, if I find you physically repulsive, I also get to say “no, thanks.” It’s ironic, that we pretend that being pretty won’t get you anywhere, then wonder why the fuck Tomi Lahren has a job. Looks matter and anyone who tells you otherwise is lying.

Now, the one group of people who can’t hide their ugliness with a Buzzfeed article, are strippers. If you show up to work, as a dancer, looking like shit, you’re only going to lose business to your competing co-workers, as long as they’re more put-together than you are. As a result of this, even the most fifth-wave of “everything masculine is toxic” feminist strippers will trim their armpit hair and make sure their green lipstick isn’t smudged. BBW dancers learn how to hold their weight. Skinny dancers learn to be seen eating chicken strips and talking about how much they like to sleep in their messy apartments (i.e. the “not a tweaker” vibe). Basically, even if a stripper doesn’t believe in the media’s definition of beauty, they at least keep up with some standard of beauty—whether blonde and Barbie-like or tattooed and Joan Jett-ish. Feeling comfortable in your own skin doesn’t mean that you should feel comfortable about it the same way you would in an overflowing ashtray—do what you can to look your best, hope that you have a customer or two that appreciates your type and leave it at that. You won’t make money on the pole by guilting a dude into accepting your (insert “Portland sexy” quality here). End of sto-
ry, no argument. And, if a customer only likes black chicks, for instance, let him tip the black chicks. If they like tattooed girls, let them tip the tattooed girls. Shaved? Hairy? Old? Young? These are preferences, not hate crimes. There is no room for shame-shaming, when you work in an industry based almost entirely on what a specific customer deems attractive.

Yet, this idea—that, if you look good, people will hit on you—seems to end as soon as you leave the club and turn to the dating scene. First of all, hookup apps are shit. Holy mother of every religious figure and/or scientist—if the law treated catfish on Tinder like they did any other form of identity fraud, there would be a lot of ratchet-ass Beckys and gutter trash Chads in the prison system. Look, if you’re fat and ugly, just say so—I’d swipe right on that in a heartbeat. But, there have been actual sexual assault charges brought against people (mostly men, but I’m sure the lawyers out there have found a way to include women) who have lied about their financial status, penis size and/or physical health, in order to get laid. If your profile makes it look like you have long legs and round boobs, but you have long boobs and round legs, that’s a goddamn crime (or, it should be). And, ladies (or bi/gay men), here’s a tip: a dollar bill is six inches. Make sure they include one (preferably, a $100 or above) in that dick pic, before you go any further.

Now, aside from dating apps, I’ve been shocked at how many times within the last year or two that I’ve been the most attractive person on a date—I don’t mean this in a narcissistic stance, as I’m run-of-the-mill, extra-medium, average-white-guy in terms of looks. What I mean is, I comb my fucking hair, brush my teeth, sniff the socks to make sure they’re not rancid and show up in a matching outfit. For some reason, this has made me a fucking fashion model, in comparison to the Shameless extras that I end up going out with. Yeah, I’m down with the girl-who-has-never-actually-listened-to-the-Ramones-but-enjoys-their-shirts. But, for fuck’s sake, if you got that at an actual Ramones show, back when the whole band was still together, and you haven’t washed the stains out of it yet, don’t bother showing up for dinner reservations. And, this goes for guys, too. To quote comic and emcee, Eric Cash (who may not necessarily endorse the opinions of my column, by the way), “every dude in Portland looks like they were shot out of a free bin.” There is so much fucking truth to this statement. That I will just leave it as such—only adding that it’s only fashionable to leave tags on clothing if said clothing cost a month’s income—yellow tags that say “Goodwill” are a turn-off.

**Alcohol Isn’t Always A Good Look**

One or two drinks at the club, while talking to a naked stranger and trying to ignore the latest Cardi B single? That’s totally fine. Four or five shots? You’re walking on beer shells. More than that? Welcome to Drunkville, population: you. This applies to customers, strippers, DJs...mostly DJs, actually. But, that’s a different column. Alcohol makes you dumb, stinky, sweaty and sloppy. This is fantastic, if you’re rocking out at Sinferno or spending the wife’s inheritance on danc- ers. Strippers love behaved drunk customers, for sure. And, thanks to the wonders of physical exercise, the chances of a too-drunkt-to-enter- tain stripper are heavily regulated—most- ly because spinning poles and vomit are siblings, bound together by flavored vodka and kept apart by moderation.

But, on a date? Again, one or two pints to loosen up is great for conversation, but more than that is a problem. Sure, noting current-year politics and legal ramifications, I will not sleep with a woman if she’s had even a drop over the Salt Lake City legal limit for driving. However, I also don’t fuck on the first date, so taphouses and clubs with cheap wine are usually in the first-to-second date scenario. With that said, I can think of no better time to reduce (if not completely quit) drinking, than when attempting to get to know someone for purposes of potential naked sexy-time. People drink to forget, to relax and to numb the pain associated with debt collectors and tax deadlines. Yet, did you know that sex can be great for this, too? If the sex is good enough, you should feel dizzy, in need of a glass of water and suddenly feeling the urge to drive to Del Taco, even though you know it’s a bad idea. Good head is good head—beer, human or otherwise.

Even worse than drinking to excess during the honeymoon phase, if you drink to overcompensate for the anxiety of a new relationship, you may find yourself developing a day-to-night drinking schedule—to the point that you sober up about six weeks into a relationship and wonder how the fuck you met this person. Wondering why you’re dating the girl you met in court or the guy who drove the taxi you took to your last abortion is not something you want to do. They say that, when drunk, people show the true selves that they hide when sober. But, that’s not the person you will end up arguing with, at noon, over some bullshit that wouldn’t matter if you weren’t drunk in the first place. It’s your job to fall in love with the fake, outward-oriented, ego-driven self that your potential partner will end up showing off most of the time. Thus, I recommend staying sober for the first six weeks of a relationship. Then, when things inevitably begin to deteriorate, you can either pick up the bottle or move on to the next one.

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TOP 5 THINGS THAT REALLY GRIND MY GEARS

BY BRAD COX

We now live in a culture that is evolving very quickly—maybe too quickly, maybe just the right speed—I am not the boss of that. What I am the boss of, is how hard it is for me to keep up. I remember thinking, when I was a teen and young adult, about how stupid and slow the older generation were. Now that I am becoming that generation, I am realizing that I am the same grumpy old fuck, who I always hated so much as a kid. The really odd thing is, I don't feel like a different person than I was then—I just know that I am. So, here are the Top 5 things that have changed in our culture, specifically those that annoy the ever-loving fuck out of me.

1) Everything Is An Uber Now

We have Uber for rides, Uber for food and it won't be long before we have Uber for weed (there are already weed delivery services—just not Uber-branded). Would that be called W-Uber? I'm a fucking genius. Anyway, my point here, is that we cannot continue this trend of making everyone a fucking contractor. Do you want fucked-up taxes? Because that's how you get fucked-up taxes. First of all, we shouldn't all need to have 14 fucking jobs. That's nuts, and to be honest, the minimum wage increases are slow and not helping a lot of people. We must unite, by not doing this stupid Uber everything trend, together.

2) We Get It, You Smoke Weed

Okay, so weed is legal—what now? Well, maybe you shut the fuck up about it already. How about that? Seriously, though, I was this person at one time in my life. My entire identity was weed—sold weed, I smoked weed, I even started a company extracting weed into dabs (because, pure weed is better than any weed ever). How many times can I say "weed" in this paragraph? A fuck load is how many. What I would like to see here, are more people acting like weed isn't the only thing that exists in the world. I love it as much as you do—I promise, I do...maybe even more. The time has come, however, to move on to a new hobby, where you won't annoy me so much that I want to stab your eyes out.

3) It's Currently Financially Irresponsible To Shop In Stores

Holy shit, when did Walmart become more expensive than Amazon? Seriously, this is completely out of hand. I've been poor a long time, and oddly enough, that used to mean I didn't shop for shit online, because I couldn't afford the extra cash for shipping. Amazon Prime changed that, with a fucking quickness. I even order shit like parchment paper and dish soap on Amazon. Why? Because, with free Prime shipping, I spend way less on getting my items than I used to, by having to put gas in my car and driving to get them. This may sound like a commercial for Amazon Prime, but rest assured, that this pisses me off beyond reason. I want to go to a store and talk to a knowledgeable salesperson. I want to hold the item in my hands and feel the weight of the box. I want to experience the visceral joy that is immediately enjoying my new thing. Amazon and poverty have taken that joy from me.

4) Disney Didn't Ruin Star Wars

When I found out Disney bought Star Wars, I was shitting myself in anticipation of how awful they were going to make it. I couldn't wait to shit all over them and ruin everyone's fun, after watching the films. Unfortunately, that isn't what happened at all. What did happen, is that they are making fucking amazing movies. This is a lot like the Amazon thing: you probably think I wanted good Star Wars movies. The problem here, is if I needed them to be bad, because I needed to believe that we needed George Lucas. That belief has been shattered. I needed to believe that George wasn't a worthless, greedy fuck and that the prequels were not fucked up on purpose—that George would make it right. Instead, what I got was a sale to Disney and a series of fucking amazing films, which I literally cannot complain about. Imagine how awesome an article titled "Top 5 Ways Disney RUINED Star Wars" would be. Well, I understand your lamentations, but there won't be one.

5) The Cost Of Meat Is Too Damn High

I am a Buddhist. This decision was based mostly on the fact that Buddhists are vegetarians. Okay, so that might be an embellishment. But, for real y'all, have you noticed how much meat costs lately? The other day, I went to the store for dinner stuff and I bought two pounds of ground beef and two boxes of Hamburger Helper—this rang up to $13! I am not shitting you, either...that's really what it cost. THIRTEEN DOLLARS FOR HAMBURGER HELPER! I just can't live in a world where the cheapest meal my mom used to prepare for me now costs more than a pair of Walmart shoes. You can't eat shoes, pain or frustration (although, the modern world is trying to prove that wrong).
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