THE POLITICS & RELIGION ISSUE
Talking Taboos At The Thanksgiving Table

FEATURING THE BEAUTIFUL TIFFANY FROM CHEETAHS XXX CABARET

PLUS
MISS EXOTIC OREGON!
SEX WITH CATHOLICS! REPUBLICANS! HALLOWEEN 2.0!
THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE

CLUB SINROCK

OPEN THANKSGIVING NIGHT PARTY STARTS AT 7PM

VOTED BEST PRIVATE DANCE ROOMS

VOTED BEST STRIP CLUB FOOD

VOTED BEST STRIP CLUB IN THE WEST

NATASHA

12035 NE GLISAN ST, PORTLAND • 503. 889. 0332
OPEN 2PM - 2:30AM MONDAY thru SUNDAY
AUDITION HOTLINE: text/call 360. 335. 7721 • follow us on: Instagram, like us: Facebook

THE VAULT LOUNGE
YOUR PRIVATE PARTY ROOM
Club Rouge®
a Gentlemen’s Lounge
Already Portland's #1 Club
~ "WE'RE ONLY GETTING BETTER" ~
COME SEE OUR NEW RENOVATIONS
WIN BIG ON VIDEO POKER!

FULL BAR / FULL NUDE

FREE BUFFET
W/ ANY ITEM PURCHASE
EACH AND EVERY DAY 12PM - 3PM

ALWAYS CONTRACTING ENTERTAINERS 18 & UP
CALL: 503.227.3936

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
MON-SAT 11AM - 2AM SUN 2PM - 2AM

403 SW HARVEY MILK ST
PORTLAND, OR 97204
HAPPY THANKSGIVING FROM CABARET II!
OPEN THANKSGIVING DAY
6PM-2:30AM

4 CHAMPAGNE ROOMS,
VIP ROOMS & LAP DANCE CORNERS
YOUR CHOICE!

HUGE MAIN STAGE, LONG CATWALK
STAGE AND CAGE STAGE!

LARGE HEATED AND COVERED
PATIO WITH 2 BIG SCREEN TVs!

ASK ABOUT OUR BIRTHDAY &
BACHELOR PARTY PACKAGES!

EROTIC, 2-GIRL HOT TUB SHOWS!
FRI & SAT 12AM-1AM

HOME OF THE DOLLAR DANCES!
REVEAL Lounge

Award-Winning, XXX Feature Pornstar

A.J. Applegate

FRIDAY, NOV 16

2-SHOWS, MEET & GREET + MERCHANDISE!
GIVEAWAYS FROM OUR SPONSORS!

EVERY MONDAY!
MOVIE MONDAYS
DOLLAR DRAFT BEER SPECIALS ALL DAY
MOVIE-THEMED PERFORMANCES & DRINK SPECIALS ALL NIGHT

EVERY WEDNESDAY!
DAISY DUKES & TATTOOS INDUSTRY NIGHT
STAGE DANCES
DRINK SPECIALS
GIVEAWAYS FROM OUR SPONSORS

8345 SW BARBUR BLVD • PORTLAND, OR 97219
OPEN 2PM-2AM DAILY • FOR BOOKING, CONTACT (503) 607-4695
BEST SHOWS IN TOWN!
STRIPTEASES, LAP DANCES, TOY SHOWS, 2-GIRL SHOWS, FETISHES & MORE! COUPLES WELCOME!

Raven
Monday Nights - Foster
Tuesday Days - 82nd
Thursday Days - Foster
Sunday Nights - Hillsdale

ATM
3 LOCATIONS - OPEN 24 HOURS

PDX AIRPORT LOCATION
3414 NE 82ND AVE
PORTLAND, OR 97220 • (503) 384-2794

SE PDX LOCATION
5226 SE FOSTER RD
PORTLAND, OR 97206 • (971) 255-0133

NEW SW PDX LOCATION
5141 SW BEAVERTON HILLSDALE HWY
PORTLAND, OR 97221 • (503) 245-4393

Pussycats' Privacy Policy: No cameras, video or audio recording devices are ever placed in the private show rooms. Pussycats always protects your privacy.
OPEN THANKSGIVING NIGHT AT 7PM
FREE TURKEY DINNER!

HAPPY HOUR DRINK SPECIALS
10AM-7PM DAILY

$6 LUNCH MENU
10AM-2PM DAILY

THE VENUE BOUTIQUE
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC
GREAT SELECTION OF
DANCE APPAREL & SHOES

Falco's Pub
(503) 477-9628 • OPEN 10AM-2:30AM DAILY • FREE WI-FI

Hiring dancers • No stage fees first week • Send pictures to (503) 560-9205 for auditions
JOIN US FOR TWO CABARET SHOWS EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY NIGHT!
SEATING AT 11PM & 1AM - VIP TABLES AVAILABLE - RESERVATIONS RECOMMENDED

SPEND YOUR NOVEMBER NIGHTS WITH Brandi Shagwell

Kit Kat Club
PORTLAND’S PREMIERE SHOWCLUB!

STARRING AWARD-WINNING SHOWGIRLS & SEXY KITTIES PERFORMING BURLESQUE, SIDESHOW, SATIRE & SONG

MONDAYS - NAUGHTY '90S WITH NIK SIN TUESDAYS - SEXY SIDESHOW CIRCUS WITH MYSTIC O’REILLEY WEDNESDAYS - NERD NIGHT WITH JIMMY NEWS TETTER THURSDAYS - BIG TOP BOOTY DROP WITH JON DUTCH SUNDAYS - BAD KITTIES WITH NIKKI LEV

OPEN 4PM-2:30AM DAILY - KITKATCLUBPDX.COM 231 SW ANKENY - DOWNTOWN PORTLAND
FEATURES

WORKING FOR THE BAND

to quit, or get a day job? ...that is the question
page 22
by blazer sparrow

KNEELING, PRAYING & FUCKING

what it's like to have sex with religious women
page 30
by jonas barnes

COPING WITH AUNT LINDA

an exotic guide to the perfect holiday recipes
page 42
by esmeralda rupp-spangle

LEFT BEHIND

why a traditionally blue voter is waving the red flag
page 48
matt rose

INSIDE STUFF

SPICE OF LIFE

GREEN ROOM DIARIES

EROTIC CITY

SPOTLIGHT OF EVENTS

MASS EXOTIC OREGON (ROUND 1-3)

PINUP CALENDAR

THE MONTHLY COLUMN

BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST RECAP

EROTIC MAPS (PDX/OR/WA)

CLASSIFIEDS

TOP 5

A GUIDE TO OPEN ENROLLMENT

PB. 18
PB. 24
PB. 26
PB. 28
PB. 29
PB. 32
PB. 36
PB. 37
PB. 38
PB. 52
PB. 54
PB. 58

Exotic is not liable for any images of models used by advertisers to promote products or services. Rights and releases are the sole responsibility of the advertisers. All persons appearing in photos are over the age of 18. One copy of each edition of Exotic is available free to any person each month. Anyone removing magazines in bulk will be prosecuted on theft charges to the fullest extent of the law. Any reproduction of materials presented herein without the express written consent of the publisher is forbidden by law. In scientific case studies, reading Exotic magazine has caused certain undesirable side effects. Possible side effects include headache, dizziness, mild nausea, diarrhea, vomiting, loss of appetite, insomnia, hair growth, hand tremors, gum swelling, higher blood pressure, increase in cholesterol level, altered kidney function, swollen gums, acne, weight gain, blindfolded sex in the kitchen, depression, dryness, irritability, behavior changes, oily anal discharge, premature ejaculation, complete penile dysfunction, impotence, sleep apnea, typhoid fever and certain strains of knee-jerk, violent, right-wing Republican behavior.

Cover: Hypnox

Cover Model
Tiffany
Cheetahs XXX Cabaret

Contributors
Stoned Sativa Awesome
Jonas Barnes
Brad Cox
Ray McMillin
Ericka Rachael Niedenzu
Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle
Blazer Sparrow
Wombstretcha

Coping with Aunt Linda

An exotic guide to the perfect holiday recipes

By Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle

Working for the Band

to quit, or get a day job? ...that is the question

By Blazer Sparrow

Kneeling, Praying & Fucking

What it's like to have sex with religious women

By Jonas Barnes

Left Behind

Why a traditionally blue voter is waving the red flag

By Matt Rose

Publisher
XMAG LLC.

General Manager
Bryan A. Bybee

Editor
Ray McMillin

Copy Editor
Adam J. Burt

Production Manager
Shawna Stephens

Graphic Design
Shawna Stephens
Darkstar Graphics

Contributing Photographers
London A. Lunoux • Hypnox
AmbiRed

Advertising
Adam J. Burt (503) 804-4479

Distribution
Enrico Carrisco • Adam J. Burt

Contributors
Stoned Sativa Awesome
Jonas Barnes
Brad Cox
Ray McMillin
Ericka Rachael Niedenzu
Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle
Blazer Sparrow
Wombstretcha

Cover: Hypnox

Cover Model
Tiffany
Cheetahs XXX Cabaret
Downtown Portland’s ONLY Sexxy Speakeasy Lounge!

We Offer A 2 Oz Whiskey Pour On Any Choice From Our Wide Selection!

- PRIVATE VIP LOFT SEATING AVAILABLE FOR YOUR PRIVATE PARTY OR BUSINESS MEETING
- PRIVATE LAP DANCE BOOTHS
- SECLUDED VIP ROOMS
  (CHAMPAGNE AVAILABLE)
- HIRING ENTERTAINERS 21+
  FOR ALL SHIFTS – NO HOUSE FEES!
- AUDITIONS
  MON-FRI 6:30PM-9:30PM

818 SW 1ST AVE | PORTLAND, OR 97204 | MON-SAT 6PM-2:30AM
DAILY HAPPY HOUR 4 PM-7 PM & 8 PM-MIDNIGHT
LOTTO * FULL BAR * COLDEST BEER IN TOWN
JUST SIX MINUTES FROM DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER, WA

BLACK FRIDAY
NOVEMBER 23
DRINK SPECIALS * DISCOUNT PRIVATE DANCES

Lita

The Name Says It All!

Myla

New Bar Games!

COLUMBIA STRIP

605 N COLUMBIA BLVD • PORTLAND, OR • OPEN 11AM-1AM DAILY
DANCER AUDITIONS DAILY BEFORE 3PM & AFTER 8PM • CALL (503) 289-1351
CHECK OUT OUR NEW WEBSITE: COLUMBIASTRIP.COM

S K I N N

GENTLEMEN’S CLUB

OPEN SUN-THU 11AM-2AM & FRI-SAT 11AM-1AM
(503) 288-9771 • 4523 NE 60TH AVE • PORTLAND, OR 97218
(CORNER OF NE 60TH & PRESCOTT)
AUDITIONS WED-FRI 11AM-3PM
THE GOLD CLUB
WORLD FAMOUS GENTLEMEN'S CLUBS

NOW HIRING
BARTENDERS, MANAGERS,
DJS AND SECURITY

COLLEGE AND
PRO FOOTBALL GAMES
ON THE TVS!
BEER AND DRINK SPECIALS ON
MONDAY AND THURSDAY GAME NIGHTS!

NEW FOOD MENU
DAILY LUNCH SPECIALS
LARGE OUTDOOR PATIO AREA
6 OREGON LOTTERY MACHINES
HAPPY HOUR ‘TIL 7PM
BILLIARDS
FREE WI-FI

Alyssa

17180 SE MCLoughlin Blvd / Milwaukie, OR 97267 / (503) 908-1177
Open Mon-Sat 11:30am-2am & Sun 4pm-Last Call • www.pdxgold.club
Auditioning dancers 18 and up • For booking, text (971) 804-9196

All major credit cards accepted
BIGGEST EVENT OF THE YEAR!
OUR BLACK FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30
SPECIAL EVENT HOURS 9AM-9PM

DON'T MISS OUT ON OUR BUSTERS! (WHILE SUPPLIES LAST)
$75, $40, $45 HEELS • $10 OUTFITS • $5 STOCKINGS • ENTIRE STORE BUT ONE GET ONE 50% OFF!
(Not combined with any other sale for Black Friday)

CUSTOM-MADE OUTFITS AND ALTERATIONS AVAILABLE!

FOOD AND DRINKS PROVIDED!

LINGERIE  •  2-PIECE SETS  •  STOCKINGS  •  GARTERS  •  SWIMWEAR  •  CORSETS  •  BRA SETS
COSTUME JEWELRY  •  DRESSES  •  ROLE PLAY COSTUMES  •  BODYSUITS  •  WE CARRY POLE GRIP!!!
SHOE SIZES 5-12 & CLOTHING SIZES 0/5/1X/2X
No matter if you lean left or right (or, somewhere in between), it's hard to think of American women in politics and not think of Hillary Clinton. But, long before Hillary Clinton, there were many more women in power. Archaeological evidence now suggests there was a time in history, when women ruled. Today’s politics, while still male-dominated, have seen a rise in more female politicians than ever before. And, throughout history, there have been females who not only yielded real political power, but sexual power, financial power and even a female pharaoh who sported a beard.

Cleopatra was known as the last pharaoh of Egypt and she was considered one of the most successful queens. Cleopatra spoke more than a dozen languages and was educated in mathematics, astronomy and philosophy. Under her rule, Egypt became more prosperous. It is well-known that she used her charm to seduce two powerful warlords of the Roman Empire—Julius Caesar and Mark Antony. Cleopatra chose Mark Antony because he was the considered the most powerful man after the fall of Caesar. Prior to her relationship with Antony, she engaged in a romantic relationship with Julius Caesar (who was rumored to have a thing for royal women). Both alliances helped propel her to political power and she was viewed as a role model for women in society.

Historians disagree on whether or not Cleopatra was as physically appealing as originally thought, but everyone agrees she had powerful charm—and, a fun side! There are rumors that she started a secret drinking society with her paramour, Marc Antony, where, according to History.com, one of the pair’s favorite activities “involved wandering the streets of Alexandria in disguise and playing pranks on its residents.” Augustus, the first leader of Rome, eventually censored official records of Rome, including important information on Cleopatra, and left only what information he wanted known to survive.

If Cleopatra had a counterpart, it was Pharaoh Hatshepsut, who reigned for almost 22 years in Ancient Egypt. Hatshepsut was the first and longest reigning pharaoh of Egypt, but one who isn’t widely known. Like Cleopatra, most of Hatshepsut’s history and legacy was erased by the incoming male in power. But what is recorded about Hatshepsut is that she reestablished Egypt’s trade networks, which helped to increase the country’s wealth. She also expanded Egypt’s trade routes, most notably with Punt, which was able to supply Egypt with gold, resin, wood, ivory, wild animals and the first-ever-known transplant of live myrrh trees. Under her direction, the second-tallest Egyptian obelisk was erected. In her depictions, Hatshepsut began to appear wearing a traditional pharaoh beard, king’s kilt and male body—as a way to assert her authority.

"She organized the largest-ever trade mission in her country’s history to the land of Punt," said Dr. Amanda Foreman on BBC.com. “Her legacy was peace and prosperity. But, even in Egypt, there’s a sting in the tale. We don’t know why, but after her death, the next Pharaoh literally defaced Hatshepsut from the public record. In a sense, she represents the fate of so many women, not just in the ancient world, but throughout all of history.”

Historically, women in China have held subordinate positions. And, while little progress has been made in regards to women’s rights (at present, women have finally been allowed to own property), there was a brief time when a woman ruled the country. Though it is alleged she schemed and murdered to get her position (not unlike politicians of today, sadly) from the year 684-705, Emperor Wu Zetian reigned—she is the only female emperor to ever rule China. Originally, the concubine of the emperor at the time, after his untimely death, Wu married his successor. Soon after that, the reigning emperor had a stroke, which left him debilitated and Wu assumed power. She stayed in power by appointing her various sons as emperors and making all the political decisions behind the scenes. During this time period, women enjoyed greater freedom than ever before.

"In order to challenge Confucian beliefs against rule by women, Wu began a campaign to elevate the position of women," states WomenInHistory.com. "She had scholars write biographies of famous women, and raised the position of her mother’s clan, by giving her relatives high political posts. She moved her court away from the seat of traditional male power and tried to establish a new dynasty. She said that the ideal ruler, was one who ruled like a mother does over her children." Wu Zetian eventually gave up power to one of her sons and died the same year.
WE HAVE LOTTERY!!!

Winter

HIRING PROFESSIONAL ENTERTAINERS 21+

HAWTHORNESTRIP@GMAIL.COM

NOW FEATURING

AUTHENTIC MEXICAN

TACO EL SOL

CUISINE

SERVING THROUGH OUR PATIO!

3532 SE POWELL BLVD
(503) 232-9516
OPEN 2PM-2:30AM DAILY

CHECK OUT OUR NEW FACEBOOK PAGE & INSTAGRAM! WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/HAWTHORNESTRIPPOWELL | @HAWTHORNESTRIP | #HAWTHORNESTRIPPOWELL | HAWTHORNESTRIP.COM
IN CASH, $3,000 IN PRIZES
OF EXOTIC’S JANUARY 2019 ISSUE!

ORDER FOR VIP TABLES — CALL/TEXT (503) 380-5800 OR EMAIL MISSEXOTIC@Xmag.com

FINALS! DANTE’S FRI, NOV 23 @ 9PM
350 W BURNSIDE ST • FOR VIP TABLES — CALL/TEXT (503) 380-5800 OR EMAIL MISSEXOTIC@Xmag.com
9-TO-5 OR SERVICE INDUSTRY:
Which Works Better For A Working Musician?
by Blazer Sparrow

The short answer is: neither.

If you actually want to make any money as a musician, and if you're dumb enough to follow the pipe dream of wanting to “make it,” you need to not have a job—at least, not have one that you want to keep for any extended period of time. This isn’t to say you need to be writing songs, rehearsing, practicing, busking, playing shitty dive bars, paying exorbitant amounts for recording time, networking with people who have possible record label connections all the fucking time. You don’t actually need to put too much time into this bullshit fantasy endeavor. Rather, you need to be available when opportunity knocks, at any given moment. You need to be able to say “yes,” when someone asks you to fly down to Los Angeles for a showcase (pro tip: move to Los Angeles—or, New York—you’re wasting your time anywhere else). You need to be able to take three months off to tour the coast that you don’t live on, because a more successful band likes you and wants you to support them on their tour, which hits actual venues and pays more than just drink tickets.

The punk rock, D.I.Y. ethos, has led all of us aspiring musicians to be broke and miserable, trying to support ourselves financially, while also living the dream of being a working musician. In order to make it, there’s a lot of nothing and then a lot of work, in a very short period of time—and, there’s no steady job that’s going to put up with it. You gotta be independently wealthy, have a sugar daddy (or mama), have rich parents that will support you indefinitely (and then turn into one of the hipster indie dance blah blah bands) or have some job where you make a lot of money in very little time and are beholden to no one. Dear strippers and drug dealers, why don’t more of you try out music career? You have the financial tools to do so! Like, seriously, why is there not an all-stripper rock band in Portland that puts Sleater-Kinney to shame?!

But, I digress.

Since such financial independence isn’t available to most of us lowly musician types, I will discuss the pros and cons of each work style and its conduciveness to a musician’s lifestyle.

Service Industry

This seems to be the most frequent “day” job for your average musician and that’s probably because the “day” part isn’t exactly accurate. Practically all your favorite local bands (especially in Portland) work at your favorite local bar, as well. This is mostly because the hours are the same. Get up at noon, fuck around for a while, show up at five, work until about midnight, then party until three. This doesn’t just go for playing local shitty dive bars, but also when on tour. Also, most studio time is booked at this time. All the good shit gets put to tape around 3am. No one recorded a masterpiece bright and early at 9am (yes, I know there are counterexamples, but I’m trying to make a point and be funny about it...you’re reading a strip club magazine, so give me some wiggle room).

Since the hours are the same, it has led to the people being the same. You’re not gonna meet the next Jack to your Meg or Big Boi to your Andre 3000, at an office. Music people are garbage people and are going to congregate at garbage jobs (don’t take offense—I’m one of you.) However, the service industry is going to attract other people who are also stupid enough to pursue music, so it’s a good networking hub. Brad from accounting probably doesn’t even know how to play tambourine, but the prep cook Chelsea actually shreds at guitar and is just doing this shit job to support her addictive music habit.

The massive downside, is since the hours are the same, you run into constant scheduling conflicts. I worked in the service industry for over ten years and every show, every studio session and every little mini tour was a nightmare and a half, trying to get time off. Since many food and beverage business owners don’t give a flying fuck about their employees, it is always your problem and you’re at the mercy of your coworkers to try to get shifts covered, so you can, you know, do the thing that defines you as a person. It is a neverending freight train of stress, trying to keep a steady job in the service industry and do good by your greedy, petty owner (plus your siblings-in-arms employees) and still make it to the next gig.

9-To-5

I’m not going to pretend to be an expert on the suit and tie, soul-crushing, worker-drone lifestyle. I’m new to it and going off of anecdotal evidence from friends. However, I will say that the very first thing that appealed to me about this kind of day-job-support-of-music-addiction was the schedule. There is really something magical about getting to say “yes” to any and all musical endeavors, because low and fucking behold, you get...wait for it...NIGHTS AND WEEKENDS OFF! The time when, you know, shows happen. In this sense, a boring office job seems more than ideal, if you want to be available for the opportunities your pipe dream will throw you.

However, there is a catch...

If you’ll refer back to the service-industry section, said “shows” will keep you up until three (or, sometimes four) in the morning. And, then, you gotta get up in four hours to be at the office on time. You’re still drunk from the night before and your nose is still bleeding from all the shitty coke you did. Hopefully, you have a cubicle or office where you can take a nap, without getting caught. You do make more money and you get this weird thing called P.T.O. (paid time off), which—if you’re an idiot like me—you’ll use to go on shitty tours in your shitty van, to shitty LA and back, in hopes that you can finally quit your shitty “actual day” job. And, it is nice to not ever have to worry about making a show. But, your average office job only offers two weeks of vacation time a year, and if you want to start showing that talent scout or band manager you mean business, you need six months out of the year to just fuck off to wherever they tell you to go.

Also, your average musician isn’t working as an office drone, so you’re not doing shit for networking and not meeting any potential musical soulmates. Even if the scheduling and money works out, unless you got a solid group of musicians already lined up for your passion project, you’ll find yourself alone in a cubicle, with dreams of grandeur. Plus, Brad from accounting can’t even play tambourine.
How To Get High With Your Family Members

The holidays are coming up, blah blah blah. I’ll save you the introductory paragraph that’s been said a thousand times and just cut to the chase: someone in your family smokes weed and you should be bonding with them. But, let’s say you want to get high with your cool uncle. What if you can’t tell which uncle of yours is the “cool” one (versus the uncle responsible for your repressed memories and severe aversion to cranberry sauce)? Well, dear reader, I’m here to help you blaze up with not just uncles, but cousins, grandparents, the neighbor’s kid or whoever else who you may suspect is down with the dabs on the d/l. There are several tactics that you may take, in order to find out who at the Thanksgiving dinner table is a down-low smoker, but here are a few that are guaranteed to work...

The Finger-Up-The-Butt Approach

Yeah, it’s a little odd to bring a booty poke analogy into a discussion about doing things with your aunt, but this is an adult magazine, so it works. Basically, you can just sort of sneak weed into the mix, while your relative-of-choice is outside smoking. Wait for Aunt Linda to light up a Pall Mall, then just blaze up your own pre-roll. This strategy relies on asking forgiveness—as opposed to permission—so, be ready to put that joint out and pretend like it didn’t happen, should you receive a dirty look, instead of a “pass it this way” glance. But, in most cases, you can bring up something like cancer to refute any opposition to your secondhand blunt smoke—thankfully, cigarettes have absorbed much of the smoker stigma that was once reserved forstoners. And, this is justified—there’s no tobacco medibles, or nicotine dabs. Clearly, cannabis has surpassed tobacco in more ways than one.

Reverse Psychology

Weed is becoming legal in more and more states, and the discussion surrounding it is, thus, more and more appropriate (at least in terms of bringing it up at the Thanksgiving dinner table). So, the strategy here is to express hesitation, or even all-out opposition, to the idea of legal cannabis. The first one of your family members to pull a “...well, actually...” is secretly hiding a dab pen in their purse or coat. Even though this approach seems disingenuous, if you pull it off, it will actually result in weed being passed to you, as opposed to you having to provide it. Yeah, you’ll have to act like you don’t know what you’re doing when you go to take a hit, but the fact remains—the largest amounts of free drugs are given to those who express the least amount of interest in doing them. Think about it—if you tell your bro friends, “Nah, man, I don’t think I wanna stay up all night doing cocaine and hookers,” your buddies will attempt to twist your arm, and in many cases, will pay for said cocaine and hookers. But, if you call them up and say, “Hey man, I could really use some cocaine and hookers right about now,” they’ll probably tell you to purchase them on your own. Weed works the same way.

The Lesser-Evil Approach

Let’s say you haven’t seen grandma for a few years and she asks you, “So, what have you been up to?” You answer honestly, “Well, I was doing really well in school, but I got lazy and went on a Fortnite binge, before dropping out and working at a dispensary. Now, I date a 23-year-old and go to rap concerts.” Grandma weeps in shame. Now, let’s say you switched it up. “Well, grandma, I was living in the gutter, sucking dick for a new drug called Herotoxicaine, which turns users into cannibalistic monsters, who eat babies and openly support left-leaning, third-party candidates. But, thankfully, I’m no longer a junkie, because I kicked my Herotoxicaine habit by switching to cannabis. I’m now a successful video game tester in a wonderful relationship with someone healthy enough to birth your great-grandchild.” Perspective is everything. At this point, you could probably dab up at the dinner table, and everyone would applaud you for sticking to your recovery plan.

The Semi-Cosby Approach

I do not recommend this approach, but as long as you don’t do anything that violates your target family member’s physical boundaries, it can be fun. All you have to do is bring some ready-to-eat weed butter to the family gathering. Then, just leave it on the counter. That’s right—simple and blunt (no pun intended and no blunt required). Everyone should know not to eat it, as the shit will be green and it will taste (and smell) like weed. Unless you’re part of one of those weird “we allow our kids to roam around the kitchen and just access the butter themselves” type of families, everything should be fine. Sooner or later, your cousin Patty will toss some on her potato—your duty as a responsible family member is to make sure that Patty is placed safely on the couch, in front of that Snoopy special, where Charlie Brown gets high as fuck and starts seeing imaginary pumpkins. Then, if anyone wonders why the whole family is baked off their asses, just blame that chemical that supposedly exists in turkey.
Man, is November problematic...we've got elections, the whole indigenous-people-versus-Thanksgiving thing...oh, I'm sorry. Did I say "man" at the beginning of this column? I'm sorry. Let's start over. Okay, you people, so this month we...wait, back up. Ahem. LOYAL READERS, may I present to you the least controversial Thanksgiving-related issue of Exotic we've ever presented...later. This one? Well, it deals lots of fun stuff. Jonas explores the difference between sex with Muslims and Jews. Wombstretcha discusses how to carry over your Halloween costume to Thanksgiving. We've got a column from a die-hard liberal who is voting Republican this year. We've even got a full page dedicated to evaluating the best breasts on this side of the country. Dearest readers, let Exotic be your escape from the alt-whatever is dominating your social media newsfeed. But, first, to the news!

Deep Within The Belly Of Miss Exotic Oregon

Okay, I made that sound a bit dramatic, but that's my style. We are currently in the mid-rounds of Oregon's longest-running exotic dancer contest. It's like Polerotica, plus Ink 'N' Pink combined, times ten, to the power of a naked lady, multiplied by fantastic showmanship—and this is not an exaggeration. If you're reading this, flip to page 29 (or, just check the Spotlight section at the end of this column) for upcoming qualifier rounds. No, it's currently not too late to enter, if you haven't already (and, you're looking at this early in the month). But, yes, it might be too late, by the time you late-comers actually read this. So, the best move is to just act now, before your chance at cash, prizes and a cover shoot for January's Exotic goes up in smoke.

Rest In Peace To Sex Worker Advocate And Industry Mogul Dennis Hof

Headlines these days are garbage. If you've had the misfortune of reading about how a, quote, "dead pimp won the election in Nevada," chances are, you're looking at partisan clickbait. The truth is, a beloved and well-respected member of the legal, tax-paying and upstanding sex industry was taken from us last month. Because Bunny Ranch owner and legal sex pioneer, Dennis Hof, passed away after the ballots went out, there is a chance that his name will be reported as the initial winner of a Nevada election, but then, his name will be discarded, before Nevada hands the Nevada State Assembly District 36 Representative (sounds boring) vote to whoever lands second place. As far as the term "pimp," a pimp is someone who exploits women off of the street, abiding by their own laws, own ethics and own moral standards—many of which aren't exactly up to par in terms of being legal and safe. Modern brothels, on the other hand, are clean, legal and safe—for both the customers and the employees. Without people like Dennis Hof, actual pimps would be in greater number. Yes, I know it's campaign season and it seems that anyone who votes right of Stalin will be targeted, but the man is dead and I think we could, ya know, show some respect?

Nevada is an odd place—in Vegas, you're allowed to gamble away your savings in minutes flat, before taking shots of booze on the sidewalk, but legal prostitution does not exist until you're outside of the city limits. However, once you reach the outskirts, Nevada is home to some of the safest environments for sex workers in our country. Plus, they're good for the community—from having The Bunny Ranch offer free services to troops returning from duty, to speaking on university campuses and even extending an olive branch to naysayer talk show hosts, such as Oprah and Dr. Phil, Dennis Hof was a visible advocate for the sex industry. Hof was President of The Nevada Brothel Owners' Association, as well as a lobbyist for the group. Again noting his public presence, Hof was historically open and unapologetic about his owning a chain of brothels. With a stigma surrounding our industry still present (it's the current year, folks), folks like Hof are crucial. And, with Hof no longer with us, that means we have one less person speaking up for our rights.

Hof died in Crystal Nevada, at The Love Ranch, peacefully in his sleep at the age of 72. Of note, he celebrated his birthday two days earlier, so it is bittersweet to know that a celebration of Hof's life occurred only a few dozen hours before he left this planet. Godspeed, Dennis Hof—next month, Exotic will feature a full article regarding your life, your accomplishments and some actual facts to clarify what happened (and, still may happen) with the election.

Big Boss Aaron Ross Goes Viral

I recently had the pleasure of catching up with Aaron Ross, Portland's own "King Of Late Night" and a staple of the stripper-adjacent community. The latest project to be birthed from Ed Forman creator and all-around-dope comedian Ross, is a YouTube show called Training Wheels. I was sent some screeners and goddamn—I enjoyed it! Plus, I'm sick of comedy...so very, very sick of Portland comedy. So, Training Wheels gets the Exotic seal of approval. Plus, it stars a ton of strippers. Here's what Ed...excuse me, Aaron had to say:

Exotic: Training Wheels is a show about putting together a talk show, starring Portland's own talk show favorite. Where did the idea of Talkshowception originate? Is this a "prequel" to all things Aaron Ross?

Aaron Ross: "Talkshowception, I like that! Yes, Training Wheels is a comedy show about creating a comedy show—a sitcom about creating a D.I.Y., late-night talk show. But, the show's origins are ac-
tually rooted in heartbreak. So, the pilot episode showcases a painful breakup and the question, ‘Can we keep doing this?’ As in, performing for peanuts, partying until the sun comes up, chasing the dream while lacking the ability to maintain relationships, paying bills, moving out of mom’s house or learning how to ride a bicycle (the latter two are true of Ross’s co-star, Jordan Paladino). And, the answer was, ‘yes.’ The show reflects that time in your life, when you know exactly what you want to do with it, but you don’t know how to do it.”

Exotic: So, where does Ed Forman fit into this whole thing? Are you two still on speaking terms?

Aaron Ross: “Ed Forman, my boozy, libidinous, polyester-clad, alter ego, has been trapped under a pile of scantily clad strippers for the past few years, with little desire to escape. However, he did make an appearance in my one-man show, ‘Al Gore Memorial High School,’ earlier this year and is ready to EDspire, EDucate and EDtertain once again, now that we’ve both relocated to Ross Angeles.”

Exotic: While many of the stars and cameos of Training Wheels are Portland strippers and/or celebrities from the area, who plays your dad?

Aaron Ross: “The actor who (very believably) plays my dad is local actor, Kevin Martin. While neither a stripper nor celebrity, Kevin created a really strong character that personifies the type of father who is supportive of their performer child, but doesn’t fully understand their choices to be a struggling artist.”

Exotic: Bouncing from the above, how much of Training Wheels is based in reality and how much has been re-written for fictional purposes?

Aaron Ross: “Much of Training Wheels is based in reality. A decade of creating a live, late-night talk show in the Rose City gave us a lot of fodder. We’ve actually had rockstars freak out on our live show and smash their equipment, we’ve chugged beers off 100-foot zip-lines (and out of phallic bongs), I’ve hosted many oddball strip club contests and have had dancers make it rain on the local weatherman. Creating Training Wheels has also inspired real firsts that were caught on film, like in Training Wheels: Episode 2, when I really try to teach my co-star Jordan to ride a bicycle (and, he failed) or when Jordan created a BDSM sex tape and got dominated in Training Wheels: Episode 6.”

Exotic: The musical score contains some hidden gems—was the song about the hardware store written exclusively for the show? I particularly enjoyed the “royalty-free mumble” version of “You’re [The Best (Around)]” or whatever it was called.

Aaron Ross: “‘The Hardware Store Is A Metaphor’ was written exclusively for the show, as was ‘Club In The Club,’ ‘Skully Rap’ and the mumbled/alt-lyric version of ‘You’re The Best In Town.’ Many of these songs are tributes to the Team America gag of using music that describes exactly what’s going on in a scene. We always found that added some silly, stupid, extra levels to the comedy, if you’re paying attention. Also, one of Training Wheels’ hallmarks is that each episode features a local musician who scored a scene in it, too—it’s the gift and the curse. As for the idea of more Training Wheels, the ten episodes being self-released on YouTube this year encompass the full arc that we wanted to showcase. Having said that, we are open to doing more if a company or investor want to throw us a few Bitcoins, shekels or drink tickets that have any cash value. If you watch the thirty-minute finale, you’ll get that feeling during the emotional cliffhanger, which ALSO features the longest ’69 joke in history. That’s Training Wheels... honest, heartfelt and stupid.”

Exotic: Where does the show go from here? When will the training wheels come off? Have any big studios seen the potential yet, or will they be kicking themselves for not investing while you’re at the one-dollar-Bitcoin stage of development?

Aaron Ross: “In my personal life, the Training Wheels have been coming off for years—the creation of the show itself and moving to LA reflect that. But, they’ll never truly come off, because that’s what being a performer is all about—you live in a perpetual state of arrested development, another fun, hidden gem.”
Let's (Continue To) Talk About Sex

This month’s writer-turned-reader showcase, *Let’s Talk About Sex*, goes down at 7pm on Monday, November 12, at Jack London Review. November’s roster features a slew of fantastic talent, including Jennifer Robin, Richie Stratton, Wendy Weiss and Theresa Kennedy-Dupay, plus host Dan DePrez, as always. From the press kit:

“Richie Stratton a popular Portland-based comedian who has appeared in print often. Wendy Weiss is known both as a veteran Portland comedian and as a performer at Mary’s Club and Devil’s Point. Jennifer Robin is the author of *Death Confetti* and other works—she’s an experienced performance artist and liter-atrix. Theresa Kennedy-Dupay is a Portland novelist and writer of essays, poems and more. Dan DePrez started Portland’s first comedy open mic, before going on to have successful careers as both a comedian and writer.”

Sounds fun, right? Comedy, sex, words...all of these things are the reason you enjoy Exotic, so perhaps you should plan to be at Jack London Review on Monday, November 12.

AmberRed Calendar Release

Speaking of the Jack London Review, industry photographer and friend of Exotic, AmberRed, is releasing her latest calendar, Monday, November 5, at the historic downtown venue. A fitting location for AmberRed’s 2019 Wicked Ink Calendar release, the event goes down from 7pm-11pm. Chances are, you’ll see at more than a few of your favorite local dancers make an appearance in the calendar.
FIVE SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS WITH FIVE DIFFERENT RELIGIONS

BY JONAS BARNES

I'm not going to lie and say I'm some swinging-dick Lothario or something—I'm not that at all. My dick is acceptable, but not big. Like, when it's fuck time and my dick comes out, she knows she isn't getting hurt...physically or emotionally. It does the job and it's always served me well, but I haven't racked up any huge numbers. What I have done, however, is fucked a large variety. I don't have a "type" that I stick to, so I'm open to all sorts of looks. I'm attracted to many different things and it's led to a wide range of partners. Up until recently, I had never put any thought into what a person's religion meant in the bedroom. After looking into it, though, it turns out they're drastically different (for the most part). So, here's five sexual encounters with five different religions.

Mormon

One of my earliest sexual partners was a Mormon girl (I'm not dropping names in any of these stories, just so you know). But, yeah, early in my sex life. I was dating a girl that was pretty staunchly Mormon. She'd grown up in the church and was active with LDS (Latter Day Saints) members, so it was surprising to me that she was physical at all. She was a sweetheart of a girl, but she was definitely sheltered. By the time I got with her, I'd had maybe three partners. She wasn't a virgin, but I think I was the second person she'd been with. The sex was very "paint-by-numbers," but you wanna know something? The foreplay was fucking amazing and she was probably the most attentive lover I've ever had. Don't sleep on the Mormon foreplay—that shit's fire.

Catholic

Oh, you crazy Catholics. I need to make something clear in the beginning here—there are a hell of a lot of different Catholics. There's traditional, practicing Catholics. There's old school Catholics. There are Roman Catholics and more. Those Catholics are all over the place. This girl, specifically, was raised Catholic, had rosary tattoos and quoted scripture. She also had a wine problem and an insatiable appetite for anal sex. I'm not kidding even a little bit—this woman loved anal like fat kids love pastries (if they fucked pastries). Here's the kicker, though: it took forever for sex to happen. She was awesome, fun, a little nuts and absolutely did not fuck on the first date. She made me work for it and it was worth every single second of that work. Our relationship didn't work out, sadly, but she's one of my most loyal and best friends to this day.

Full-Blown Satanist

"Satanism" is a term that has been shit on for so long. People assume it's blood sacrifices, worshiping in the middle of a pentagram, necromancy and Marilyn Manson, 24/7. But, it isn't that at all, you closed-minded fucks. It's a philosophy, more than anything—it celebrates enjoying life and all of its pleasures—all the ooga booga horseshit just happens to be a fun side quest. So, yeah, some of the best sex I've ever had in my entire life was with a Satanist. We were dating for a while and one of the highlights of the relationship, absolutely, was the sex. We went to a couple orgies, some BDSM dungeon parties and fucked in a cemetery—twice. She was also the reason I found out I was a dom in the bedroom. All through my early sex life, I was convinced I was a sub because of past trauma, until she called me on it. Best revelation-ship ever!

Jewish

I honestly think that Jewish women are unfairly stereotyped as frumpy or homely, especially now that I live in NYC (side note: there is nothing wrong with either of those things at all). I'm gonna say it right now, though; Jewish women are gorgeous and not frumpy, at all. Jewish women that have grown up in a religious household absolutely have more conservative looks and personalities—it's how they're raised. Wanna know what else, though? When you're in a sexual relationship with someone on the more conservative side, they're usually incredibly experimental. They're curious and they like to explore the sexuality of their partner. My two experiences with a Jewish partner were very much the same in that sense. Our sex life was all over the map, and I think, through exploring boundaries, that we helped each other understand ourselves more and it made our experiences that much better.

Muslim

So, this one was definitely the shocker of my sexual lifetime. As you've read above, I've done a lot of shit. I've been all over the map, sexually speaking. The east coast has a very heavy Muslim population, so the chances of you dating a Muslim are high. I'm gonna tell you this right now: I've never, ever had crazier and more fun sex than with a Muslim. The others aren't even close. We're taking miles of gaps in between. This girl was one of my most recent partners and we broke up because our schedules just didn't work well. But, holy mother of jumping fuck, was the sex amazing. This woman was STUNNING and fucked like it was an Olympic sport that she had to get the gold medal in. In hindsight, I think it was because she was busy all the time—sometimes, you gotta go fuck in a park on the lunch break.

I wrote this article because I want people to enjoy themselves and stop looking at religion as a roadblock. Stop stereotyping people. Love each other, enjoy each other, learn from each other and step outside of your comfort zone every once in a while. We're all just people that like to enjoy life. And, honestly, what's more enjoyable than cumming?
Tiffany
From Cheetahs XXX Cabaret

EXOTIC PINUP NOVEMBER
2018
www.MyDv8.com

HAPPY HOUR
4PM-7PM DAILY

INDUSTRY NIGHT
SUNDAY-THURSDAY
MIDNIGHT TO CLOSE

HAND-CUT ANGUS
STEAK DINNER

OPEN EVERY DAY 2PM-2:15AM
5021 SE POWELL BLVD • (503) 788-7178

FOR BOOKING, CALL DEVIN (503) 347-3267
It's that time of year again! Skeletons, ghosts and ghouls of all sorts come out on this day. I'm referring, of course, to November-ween—known to some as “Thanksgiving” (but, mostly only by weirdos). Whatever you call it, though, it's important that you have a game plan for the day's festivities.

The most important part of this holiday—aside from the Mighty Feast, of course—is your costume. In this article, I'll try and go through some ideas, tips and tricks, which will make your Novemberween one to remember.

1. Sex It Up

It's an occasion to dress how you like, as long as it conforms to a theme that is related to the holiday, which is vague at best. Most people use this as an excuse to sex themselves up, and while I know people complain about this entirely too much, I'm just going to come right out and say it: there is nothing wrong with a sexy costume.

Some suggestions:
- Sexy Turkey
- Sexy Pilgrim
- Sexy Cornucopia
- Erotic Cranberry Sauce
- Salacious Squanto
- Sexy Football
- Lascivious Dining Table Centerpiece
- Gourd

2. Think Practically

The tendency to push things too far with your costume, so that yours might be the grandest of them all in the costume contest, is a common one.

However, few people consider the practical utility of their costume. Remember, you'll be going door-to-door, likely for several hours—collecting sauces, sides and garnishes from people in your neighborhood—while gleeful shouts of “sauce or sass” fill the crisp fall air. Will your costume look as good when it's covered in gravy? No? Perhaps your white-sheet “Ghost Of Thanksgiving Past” costume wasn't the best idea. Maybe, you ought to go with your fall-back plan of “Football Domestic Violence,” instead. Also, remember to bring plenty of sturdy, waterproof containers. Nothing is as disappointing as losing that hard-earned ladle of precious gravy, because it leaked out of its sandwich bag on the walk home.

4. Don't Forget #3

5. Be Clever

Yes, after last year, everyone wants to dress up as Kanye with his tongue stuck to a frozen flagpole, but how many Kanye-Stuck-To-A-Flagpole costumes are going to be out wandering around? I can guarantee at least a half dozen.

You have to think creatively. And, if that means making a Chinese-Food-Take-Out-Box costume to commemorate that year when everyone ended up at Savage Ming's Szechuan Garden, because the turkey got eaten by the neighbor's dogs, so be it. Bonus points if you can use your costume to obtain the coveted last turkey leg—either through impressing the Poultry Steward or by seducing (or, possibly robbing) them.

6. Temper Your Rage

It's very clear that you and Aunt Barbara don't get along. However, you might just end up making the situation worse with your “Person Holding A Picture of Aunt Barbara With A Coconut Stuck Up Her Ass” costume, which is just you holding a framed picture of Aunt Barbara standing in her kitchen.

Break bread, not heads. Perhaps, dress up as a loaf of bread—broken not by a pro wrestler's expertly applied belly-to-back suplex, but by friendship and love.

8. Accommodate The Kids

The holiday is for all ages, but we know it's really the kids who get the most out of it with all the exciting activities, fun costumes, delicious foodstuffs and lifelong memories.

Kids love the tradition of bobbing for meatballs in grandma's galvanized washtub full of brown gravy—like everyone's done, just as their forebears did—but, after that's over with, most folks run out of ideas. If you have the craftiness, you can try to make a costume that is not only festive, but doubles as an activity, too.

Kids won't even know they'd suckle from the many apple-y teats of Octopopple: The Eight-Titted Cider Demon, unless she shows up. If that sounds too intimidating, just dress as something with a pouch or satchel, where you can hide turkey jerky bites to hand out to the youngsters.

Okay, so, armed with these costume tips, you should be more than ready to take the holiday head-on and be the best-dressed one at the Novemberween table, or at least not be cast into The Holiday Shaming Corner with all the cat litter and whiskey-soaked confetti.

Remember, the holidays aren't about the stress and worries of adult life, but they are instead about celebrating the rebirth of thanking—like the pilgrims did, when they first brought buckled hats to the New World, many centuries ago.

Be safe out there!

-WSTM

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a public education critic, horse race enthusiast, guy who will do rails of “Lik-M-Aid,” writer and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook by name.
DJ DICK HENNESSY PRESENTS
6th Annual Best Breasts of the West Contest

PHOTOS BY
KUPNOX PHOTOGRAPHY

3rd Place
Phoenix
Hit KAT Club

2nd Place
Carson
Grand Gentlemen's Club

1st Place
Brody Grody
Bullets Point

SINROCK CLUB
ALWAYS HIRING
FUN GIRLS!

Ryan Taylor
@_RealRyanTaylor
RyanTaylor@BunnyRanch.com

Alice Little
@TheAliceLittle
AliceLittle@BunnyRanch.com

1-888-BUNNYRANCH

Housing Provided | Open Schedules

dennis@bunnyranch.com
madamsuzette@bunnyranch.com
As the seasons change and the dark, cold, rainy weather returns once again, we approach a traditional time of family, community and togetherness. In that spirit, we would like to offer you some of the finest recipes for your family gatherings. Events like these can be joyous and celebratory, but also stressful—and, what better way to relieve that stress, than through copious amounts of food and drink? There’s nothing like a trip to the emergency room, after dad cuts part of his finger off while carving the turkey during a contentious political dispute, to unite us.

**Aunt Jean’s Perfect Stuffing**
- 2 cups plain breadcrumbs.
- ½ cup poorly veiled disappointment that you’re not going to college.
- 6 tablespoons of embarrassed silence, after your girlfriend tells you she found a drawer filled with sex toys in your parent’s bathroom.
- 1 cup of choked-down bile, after Aunt Linda brings up her vitriolic hatred of (insert minority group here).
- 3 teaspoons of either dread or relief (optional), when dad reveals he’s brought whiskey.
- 2 hard eye rolls, followed by a disapprovingly sharp sigh from Grandma Pearl, when Grandpa Al starts going on about what you’re going to do with your life.
- 45 minutes of Monica trying to explain why veganism is the only socially responsible diet.
- 2 cups of bongwater that her fucking boyfriend spilled on your bedroom carpet.
- 2 spices you’ve never heard of, that can only be purchased at New Seasons and cost more than cocaine.
- 3 pinches of your singed nose hairs, after her boyfriend stretches his arms next to you. Dear God.
- 2 ½ cups of tolerant silence, as she explains why “food is political” and Thanksgiving dinner is just a way to celebrate the dominance of the white man and his cultural appropriation of native peoples.
- ½ cup of Quinoa, because she puts that shit in everything.

Bake at 375° F for however long it takes for her and her boyfriend to get stoned enough, that they stop trying to convince everyone that the Free Tibet movement is still relevant.

**Uncle Tony’s Spiced Rum Loaf**
- 1 ½ cups all-purpose flour.
- No, wait Monica’s got a gluten allergy.
- 10 heartfelt apologies as you try to jimmy open the hallway to weep softly.
- 14 generous pinches of awkward conversation with Jimmy, the cousin who’s in prison, that for some reason your aunt feels the need to put on speakerphone with the family every year, as she retreats into the hallway to weep softly.
- 2 tablespoons of drunken overshare from Mom. Things you REALLY didn’t want to know.
- 2 teaspoons of drunken overshare from Mom. Things you REALLY didn’t want to know.
- 5-6 obnoxiously liberal (including not one, but two Hillary) bumper stickers on your sister’s powder blue Prius.
- 2 spices you’ve never heard of, that can only be purchased at New Seasons and cost more than cocaine.
- 3 pinches of your singed nose hairs, after her boyfriend stretches his arms next to you. Dear God.
- 2 ½ cups of tolerant silence, as she explains why “food is political” and Thanksgiving dinner is just a way to celebrate the dominance of the white man and his cultural appropriation of native peoples.
- ½ cup of Quinoa, because she puts that shit in everything.

Bake at 375° F for however long it takes for her and her boyfriend to get stoned enough, that they stop trying to convince everyone that the Free Tibet movement is still relevant.

**Grandma Pearl’s Glazed Ham**
- One 12 lb. ham bought from your local butcher.
- One shrieking, pre-pubescent teenage cousin throwing his Playstation controller through the window when the internet connection goes out in the middle of his Fortnite game.
- 5-6 obnoxiously liberal (including not one, but two Hillary) bumper stickers on your sister’s powder blue Prius.
- 2 hard eye rolls, followed by a disapprovingly sharp sigh from Grandma Pearl, when Grandpa Al starts going on about what you’re going to do with your life.
- 45 minutes of Monica trying to explain why veganism is the only socially responsible diet.
- 2 cups of bongwater that her fucking boyfriend spilled on your bedroom carpet.
- 2 spices you’ve never heard of, that can only be purchased at New Seasons and cost more than cocaine.
- 3 pinches of your singed nose hairs, after her boyfriend stretches his arms next to you. Dear God.
- 2 ½ cups of tolerant silence, as she explains why “food is political” and Thanksgiving dinner is just a way to celebrate the dominance of the white man and his cultural appropriation of native peoples.
- ½ cup of Quinoa, because she puts that shit in everything.

Bake at 425° F while you surreptitiously try to feed the dog your share of Monica’s Casserole, but he’s not having any of that shit. Reduce heat to 350°F before you sneak outside for a joint.

**Traditional Pumpkin Pie**
- One pie shell.
- 2 tablespoons of drunken overshare from Mom. Things you REALLY didn’t want to know.
- 5 tablespoons of tense conversation that leads to a drunken, shirtless brawl between dad and Joe, because they can’t agree about the Colin Kaepernick thing.
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon.
- 10 heartfelt apologies as you try to jimmy open the bathroom door, while your girlfriend threatens between sobs to cut herself because you “liked” an ex’s picture on Facebook, and your grandma needs to pee.

Bake at 425° F while you surreptitiously try to feed the dog your share of Monica’s Casserole, but he’s not having any of that shit. Reduce heat to 350°F before you sneak outside for a joint.

Every holiday season starts with a sense of hope, optimism, and togetherness; but invariably ends with wondering how you could get away with premeditated murder, and a total inability to understand why tradition forces you to spend even one more fucking second with Monica and her revolving door of dreadlock-sporting, braindead, man-child boyfriends.

Ultimately, we must all ask ourselves if we actually want to pull into that driveway, or just turn around, go home and get drunk alone.
SINFERO

Cabaret
Sex & Service Industry Night
Sundays
9pm to 2am

Dante's
350 West Burnside
Portland, Oregon

A little piece of hell in Southeast Portland...

"Home Of World-Famous Stripparaoke"

DEVILS POINT

5305 SE FOSTER RD • (503) 774-4513
OPEN 11AM TO 2:30AM DAILY

FOR LIVE MUSIC AND DANCERS' SCHEDULES, CHECK US OUT @ DEVLSPINTBAR.COM • #DEVLSPINTPDX • @DEVLSPINTPDX

Featuring Mel Duvall
LUCKY DEVIL lounge
Portland, Oregon

FEATURING Ashton

OPEN THANKSGIVING FROM 9PM-2:30AM

633 SE POWELL BLVD • (503) 206-7350
OPEN 11AM-2:30AM DAILY
NOW HIRING TALENTED ENTERTAINERS 21 AND OVER
EMAIL PICS AND AVAILABILITY TO SHIFTS@DANCERBOOKING.COM

WWW.LUCKYDEVILLOUNGE.COM
WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/LUCKYDEVILLOUNGE
PHOTO BY @OFHEROSES
PUSSYFOOT IS

AGNUM P.F.
Part of being a classic liberal is the ability to be utterly disgusted by your own people. When I hear of white dudes getting probation or less for rape or white cops getting a weekend of paid vacation for shooting a black kid, I get disgusted with my race. When I see powerful billionaires lying through their teeth to avoid legitimate accusations of harassment and assault, I get disgusted with my gender. So, it only makes sense that when I see Democrats acting like over-emotional children, who thrive on bigotry, anger, prejudice and hatred, I get disgusted with my party. Thankfully, white dudes are getting woke, racial profiling is going down and men are being taught that consent is important. However, my fellow Democrats are stuck in park, sniffing their own farts and rubbing themselves while scrolling through the headlines. So, I’m going to go ahead and give every single one of my votes to the first “R” I see on my ballot. Here are three reasons why...

Political Parties Have Become Sports Teams

No, I’m not talking about athletes getting involved in politics—that’s coincidental. Rather, I’m pointing out how, much like sports, Democrats and Republicans are basically the Mets and the Yankees. When someone’s team wins, they chalk it up to skill, but when they lose, it’s due to a bad referee, favoritism or some other advantage, and this is usually followed by riots and property destruction—current-year Democrats refuse to acknowledge a single good thing done by anyone right of Stalin. For instance, Donald Trump could cure cancer and fix the global warming, and in response, Democrats would all take up smoking, just to spite the guy. The same thing goes both ways—to quote Hillary, “Yes, it’s worth it,” when we kill hundreds of children in a Democrat-sponsored war. There is no rational human being that can defend this as anything other than rabid fandom—no different than Raiders fans torching their neighborhood after a losing (or, hell, winning) game. So, instead of rooting for my home town’s team because I want to focus on what’s good for my community, I’m being forced to choose between two national teams—neither of which represent my interests, but one of which is currently deciding not to play dirty.

Take a look at the Brett Kavanaugh case and notice how the headlines present as dealing with sexual assault, men in power and believing survivors. Then, take a look at the list of women who have accused Bill Clinton of sexual assault—not during high school, but while the guy was holding public office. You will find two very different narratives. We don’t care about sexual assault, unless it’s at the hands of the other team. Don’t believe me? Hillary and Bill are currently on a speaking tour. Imagine if Brett and Ashley were asking for a few grand to hear them speak. Oh, you don’t know who Ashley is? Huh. That’s odd, considering it’s the woman who is currently, by proximity, most affected by Kavanaugh’s drunken rage and groping hands—she’s also a female Republican, so her voice is worth less, right? This is why your team is losing—you’re making up your own rules to justify blind allegiance. Personally, I support the idea of listening to all women—even those who vote differently. Apparently, this makes me a radical.

Most people are getting the dialogue surrounding sexual assault completely wrong—you’ve got traumatized women survivors, who are finally finding the courage to come forward, speaking out against men, who, as a whole, are terrified of false accusations, when the real issue has absolutely nothing to do with gendered violence: the first question our society asks a rape victim is, “How do you vote?” Then, the same question is asked of the accused. Finally, the verdict is determined by social media, before a trial date is even set. “Testimony, shmestimony...is she a Democrat? Fire whoever she accused. Oh, wait, she’s a Democrat who voted for Jill Stein? In that case, the bitch is lying.”

Now, let’s say you make less than fifty grand per year, live in a one-bedroom house in a working-class neighborhood and vote as an independent: none of the peanut gallery cares if you’re a sexual assault survivor. Are you a single, conservative mom living in a studio apartment, after her husband died in a factory? Yeah, you can just take a back seat, Ms. Deplorable. Much like “All Lives Matter” seems to imply “I’m not a fan of black people and I wish they’d shut up about getting shot all the time,” the phrase “believe all women” seems to imply a qualifier, that being, “...if they’re useful to the Democratic party platform.” Regardless of whether you’re a skeptic or an empath, you can probably agree that something happened to Dr. Ford (Kavanaugh’s most high-profile accuser), so she deserves justice, professional therapy and legal counseling. But, it was the Democratic party who outed her, against her wishes, in a court that has literally no jurisdiction over the charges filed—all in an effort to discount “the other team” and their nomination for quarter-back...excuse me, Supreme Court Justice.

I no longer want to be affiliated with a political party that uses a rape victim as a tool for political gain.

The “Dictionary Definition Defense” Requires Mental Gymnastics

Recently, my YouTube browsing time has been less devoted to political or cultural commentary, and more focused on cryptocurrency schemes, cat videos and the “10 Places You Aren’t Allowed To Visit Because Of Snakes” clips provided by clickbait channels. Thus, I haven’t really been up on the latest protests, public freakouts or outrage-of-the-week news stories—I’m out of the loop. So, to be honest, as of late, I have an extremely hard time differentiating between far-left and far-right factions—grown children screaming at each other in the middle of the street all blend together, unless you’re really paying attention. So, this is how I ended up being labeled “problematic” when I shared a video of Antifa beating up old ladies, with a commentary along the lines of, “what the actual fuck, guys?”

Upon sharing the footage of teenagers—faces hidden by bandanas—assaulting nonpartisan elderly women with metal objects, I was quickly informed that this group “does not represent Antifa,” and
TERED DEMOCRAT IS VOTING ALL-RED FOR 2018

that AntiFa is not an official group, but, rather, anyone who identifies as anti-fascist. “The dictionary definition of AntiFa simply means ‘anti-fascist,’ and if you disagree with this, you’re defending the alt-right,” folks would tell me. But, I’ve heard this type of logic applied before, back when I questioned a self-proclaimed ‘feminist’ news article that called for mass chemical castration of men—in an effort to save society and put an end to all the sexist video games, body-shaming advertisements, scientific advancements and medicine created by the patriarchy. “If you believe in the social and economic equality of men and women, you’re a feminist—that’s what the definition says.” So, if I don’t want my dick chopped off to pay for the sins of rich white guys in public office, I’m a misogynist?

Okay, then. So, “the dictionary definition says...” has become gospel? Hold on for a second, while I flip to the definition of “gender” and see how well it holds up against concepts of transphobia. Or, perhaps we can skip directly to the definition of “fascism” and see how well the phrase, “a tendency toward or actual exercise of strong autocratic or dictatorial control,” applies to politically-motivated actors, who are blocking rush-hour traffic, shutting down websites, demanding that language policing be made into law and calling for violence on behalf of whatever movement the people conducting it support. I mean, if an autistic alien landed on Earth today, with zero reference of culture other than a dictionary and five minutes on YouTube, they would agree that, by definition, fascism not only exists at the far-right and alt-right demonstrations, but it also appears to show up in black-and-red bandanas and pink pussy hats.

Therefore, the “But, muh definitions, ree...” argument is beyond fallacious—yet, it’s surprisingly easy to get caught up in. Well-intended movements that turn toxic are often presented in the same way that, say, legal opiates are presented as “not heroin” or McDonald’s salads are presented as a “healthy alternative” to burgers (by the way, the salads have twice as many calories). Has no one read 1984? “War is peace, freedom is slavery, ignorance is strength,” remember that?

Applying mirror-opposite meanings to malleable language is not only a tool used by postmodernists on a daily basis, but it’s an equally effective way to implement covert fascism. Postmodernism and Hitler go together like Netflix and documentaries about Hitler. That dude who roundhouse kicked a female last month, before going viral and getting fired by his female employers? He identifies as a “pro-choice feminist.” Cops who shoot black kids for brandishing the wrong color of candy bar? They are labeled as “public servants who protect citizens.” And, the German families who ratted out their Polish neighbors, so they could be sent die in ovens and showers? They were just being “good citizens.” Notice how these examples are partisan in practice, but damn near identical in concept—control language and you can justify behavior—with equally disastrous outcomes.

I no longer want to be affiliated with a political party that uses cult-like manipulation of language to put out the fires sparked by free speech and independent thought.

The “Pet Minority” Syndrome Is Too Common On The Left

Remember when Kanye West was recognized as a “strong black man with a powerful and confident voice” for calling out George W. Bush and his bullshit treatment of Katrina victims? Now, do you remember Kanye West being called an “Uncle Tom coon who sold his own people out” by engaging in a discussion about prison reform with Donald Trump? Isn’t it weird, how both of these universes exist, simultaneously, and are governed by a media comprised of mostly well-off, white, state-school-educated liberals?

Say, speaking of the related-to-a-Kardashian brand of celebrity, remember when Caitlyn Jenner was a “strong trans woman” for coming out, posing on the cover of Vanity Fair and bringing non-binary acceptance into the mainstream? Also, do you remember a few weeks later, when she declared support for Donald Trump and became a gender-approprating “rich white man,” who is a fair target for transphobic jokes on all sides? Again, isn’t it funny how a woke-ass, gender-is-a-construct, “I’m so fucking open-minded that you can see my hippocampus from space” crowd runs both of these narratives?

If you take issue with the Confederate flag (which you should—they lost), but take no issue with the Communist flag (which you should—they lost, too), it makes sense that you’d be anti-slavery, while at the same time, able to determine exactly what type of black person Kanye West needs to be or exactly what type of woman Caitlyn Jenner is. But, last time I checked, stereotypes and prejudice are bad things. The same literature that taught me about this radical concept was also written by the same person who taught me to rhyme “cat” with “hat.” No visit to Yale is required to obtain these cutting-edge academic journals.

But, alas, the alt-left, as usual, has a series of buzzwords on deck—to be used as ammunition for anyone who doesn’t fit their mold. For instance, a black, transgender...
woman who attends a Christian church and votes in a conservative fashion because she owns a small business, well, she's just experiencing "internalized racism and/or internalized misogyny," thanks to years of brainwashing from the capitalist white supremacist patriarchy. Now, her roommate? The cis female white lady who grew up with two cars, three horses and a trust fund? Well, she is oppressed beyond belief, because she was once asked about the accent she picked up while backpacking through Dubai. Don't you get it? I mean, to be fair, if you don't, you've probably been brainwashed by concepts such as "black people can think for themselves" and "trans women are women, too." Here, let me send you an article from Vice, written by a date rapist... excuse me, "male feminist," titled "You People Aren't Smart Enough To Keep Up With The Civilized Whites." If it looks like a KKK pamphlet, that's because it is—simply swap out the white hoods and swastikas with rainbows and "coexist" stickers.

I no longer want to be affiliated with a political party that imposes strict boundaries and standards for appropriate behavior on "the Negro" or "mentally ill transsexuals," with the exact same rhetoric as the KKK or Westboro Baptist Church. A return to the Jim Crow era is just that, regardless of how it's packaged.

...In Summary, All Of The Above Has Real-Life Consequences

You can throw a rock while wearing a blindfold and still hit a news story that illustrates the unintended consequences of emotionally-driven, ideologue-driven fallacies being brought into the real world, by the blind-to-their-own-bubble Democrats who generate them.

Regarding the "dictionary definition defense," take, for instance, University Of Cincinnati's most talked-about sexual assault case. Does it involve a sports team? A false flag from a girl carrying a mattress? Well, thanks to the fact that legal wording does not allow for gender segregation, a male student recently had a female student kicked out of school on a Title IX charge, i.e. he was drunk and supposedly couldn't consent. Oh, and the woman? She, weeks earlier, had a male tossed out of school on the same grounds. Apparently, this was an act of revenge, upheld by the current "definition" of assault. Why? Because the first person to report it is immediately taken seriously and the accused is immediately kicked out of school, no questions asked.

Speaking on political parties and ideologies as sports teams, go ahead and look up the name "Erin Pizzey." This woman is responsible for the birth of the domestic violence shelter. Due to her own courageous work, our society now has a place where victims of domestic violence can seek refuge. And, thanks to the work of radical feminist groups who opposed her unique stance on the gender war, Pizzey died homeless and broke.

From her Wikipedia page:

"Having moved to Santa Fe to write, Pizzey promptly became involved in running a refuge in New Mexico. Pizzey said of this work, 'I discovered that there were just as many women pedophiles as there were men. Women go undetected, as usual. Working against pedophiles is a very dangerous business.' Whilst living in Santa Fe, one of her dogs was shot and two others were stolen. Her family suffered new harassment following the publication of her 1982 book, Prone To Violence. Pizzey links much of the harassment to militant feminists and their objections to her research, findings and work. Following the abuse and threats in Santa Fe, she moved to Cayman Brac, Cayman Islands. Subsequently, she moved to Siena, Italy, where her writing and advocacy work continued. She returned to London in the late 1990s, homeless due to debt and in increasingly poor health."

Pizzey's crime? Treating sexual assault as a nonpartisan, gender-inclusive phenomenon, both in terms of accusers and the accused. In other words, she sided with the other team for a bit, calling for reform of the whole system. And, for this, she was literally kicked to the curb by her own supporters—out of the movement she spearheaded.

Lastly, speaking on the "pet minority" phenomenon, all you have to do is do an internet search for "Whole Foods MLK" and read up on the demographic history of the neighborhood. Now, read up on Nextdoor to find out which neighborhoods are "bad." You will then discover where the problematic "urban" population was bussed to. This works in any major city. Congratulations, you now understand why every black person on MTV Decoded has a valley girl accent. Welcome to Democratic "diversity." Please keep your subwoofers turned off and make sure not to BBQ after dark.

As a proud egalitarian who recognizes contributions from (and, issues surrounding) all women, non-whites, LGBTQ and working class people, the last thing my gut will let me do this election, is vote for a Democrat. Once you fuckers start caring about your policies and mission statements again, I'll take into account the Republican party's policies and mission statements. But, until then, it's about believing all women, supporting the rights of all black people and not using fascist literature to defend violence for any reason—regardless of how well-intended the movement behind it is. I've had these convictions for decades and they won't change, even though my voter's registration card already has.

MattRoseWriter@Gmail.com
HOT, EROTIC
WEBCAM SHOWS.
THE FASTEST GROWING
FREE CAM SITE!

WWW.EXOTICCAMSCAMS.COM
THE VENUE GENTLEMEN’S CLUB
Now Hiring Portland’s Top Entertainers
For All Shifts · No Stage Fees First Week
Send Picture For Auditions
(503) 560-9205

HAWTHORNE STRIP
Hiring Professional Entertainers 21+
To Set Up An Audition, Send A Few Photos.
A Brief Summary Of Your Experience & Contact Information To
HawthorneStrip@gmail.com

NOW HIRING GIRLS 21+
Want To Join Our Fun Team?
Give Amber A Call @ (971) 377-4622

HATE SCHEDULE? SO DO WE!
Tired of scheduling hassles? Hate getting fined?
We don’t have schedules!
Work whenever you want!
Golden Dragon Exotic Club • 324 SW 3rd Ave
(Downtown) • (503) 274-1900
Auditions Daily! Anytime!

DREAM ON SALOON
Now Hiring Dancers 21+
Minimal Stage Fees
No Fees On Sundays
No Late Fees · Text (503) 482-4000

TALK IS CHEAP – AND DIRTY!
Call FREE! (503) 416-7435
Or (800) 700-6666
www.RedHotDateline.com

WHEN REAL GAY MEN MEET
FOR UNCARDED FUN! 18+
Browse & Reply For Free
(503) 416-7444

EXOTIC, PRIVATE SHOWS FOR
GENTLEMEN 50+
With Hot, Busty Blonde!
Wed-Fri & Sun 10am-7pm

WE ARE HIRING GIRLS 18 & OVER.
TEST AUDITIONS MON-SAT 2pm-9pm.
Call (503) 726-2403

MISCELLANEOUS
• Why Dancers Love Club Sinrock!
• No Fines, Your Own Schedule
• Upscale, VIP Private Dance Rooms
• Professionally Managed, Clean & Safe Portland Auditions (360) 335-7721

ROSE CITY BOOKING
Booking 3 Of Portland’s Hottest Clubs!
Text For A Shift Today!
Rose City Strip & Du (503) 347-3267
Dance At One Of Portland’s Most Established Gentlemen’s Clubs.
For Auditions, Text Steve (503) 619-5002

LONDON A. LUNOUX
PHOTOGRAPHY
www.LALunoux.com
Portrait, Fashion, Maternity
LALunoux@Gmail.com

ADVERTISE HERE
(503) 804-4479
www.exoticcams.com

CLASSIFIEDS • Classifieds • Classifieds • Classifieds • Classifieds • Classifieds • Classifieds • Classifieds • Classifieds • Classifieds
ATTENTION DANCERS

WE PAY A WEEKLY SALARY OF $450!
RELAX ON BEAUTIFUL WHITE SAND BEACHES,
OVERLOOKING CRYSTAL CLEAR OCEAN WATERS!

FREE HOUSING AVAILABLE!
CALL TODAY...
(671) 688-5235

FREE ROUND-TRIP AIRFARE!
GUAM'S CLUB USA
SHOWCLUB OFFERS ENTERTAINERS
THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME!

DANCE & DRINK COMMISSIONS,
PLUS TIPS PAID TO YOU NIGHTLY!

WWW.CLUBUSAGUAM.COM • EMAIL US AT PAT@CLUBUSAGUAM.COM • 1270 N MARINE CORPS DR • PMB 781 SUITE 101 • TAMUNING, GUAM U.S.A. 96913

---

CLUB USA
Tumon, Guam

This Is Paradise!

CLUB FOXY
GUAM'S #1 IN ADULT ENTERTAINMENT!

(671) 787-3077

ENJOY A NICE WORKING VACATION IN THE WARMTH OF PARADISE!
FREE AIRFARE FOR A 2-3 MONTH CONTRACT!
FREE HOUSING AVAILABLE!
FRIENDLY AND SAFE WORKING ENVIRONMENT!

WWW.CLUBFOXY.US
CLUBFOXYGUAM@GMAIL.COM

EXCELLENT EARNING OPPORTUNITY! $450 WEEKLY SALARY + DRINK AND DANCE COMMISSIONS + TIPS! MUST BE AT LEAST 18 YEARS OF AGE.
EMAIL RECENT PHOTOS TO CLUBFOXYGUAM@GMAIL.COM
CONTACT NORMAN (671) 787-3077 OR MAMA JE (671) 688-7434
tired of people screaming at each other via equally under-informed friends. I am just so cares how you feel, other than you and your “Fuck how you feel?” Well, it’s true—no one emotions. Have you ever heard the saying, are both ill-conceived and based mostly on you are younger than thirty, your opinions on the entire spectrum of conversation. The chances are pretty fucking good, that if you have the disposable income to just take off for a week—to get shit faced with frat boys. Or, while you’re talking to your broke-as-fuck cousin about stressing over health insurance; they will chime in with, “You just have to have six month’s salary set aside to offset emergency medical costs.” You, sir or ma’am, can go fuck yourself. I’m over here worried if I take a day off work to see my son’s school play and how I’m going to pay my electric bill—I don’t have savings. Most people don’t have savings, so take that shit out on your boat and throw it the fuck overboard.

3) Religion Is Stupid, So Don’t Talk About It

I don’t interact very much with the Faceynspace or the Instacrap, but I do read it. I keep seeing people attempting to say that Christianity has made them a target and it offends people. However, literally no one is offended by your belief in a space ghost with a zombie son or any other cooky religions you happen to practice. It’s the white middle class’s favorite thing to pretend to be victimized by. “Oh, you just hate my faith...you’re a bigot!” No, fuckstain, we are offended by your racist, sexist, regressive ideas about how our world and our country should function. You can have all the fucking Jesus you want in your house or your church. You can put all the dumbass fish stickers you want on your car. You can openly say things like, “Jesus is my copilot.” All those things are fucking stupid, but you can do that all you want. Still, do not fucking talk about that shit at the dinner table ever—not ever. Do not mix that with government and do not try to fucking convert me. I swear to fucking God (that I don’t believe in), that I will literally take a cross and rub my balls on it. I’ll do it! Don’t fucking test me.

4) No One Wants To Hear How Much Money You Have (Or, Spend)

At every family get-together, there is someone who finds a way to bring their success into any conversation that may be happening at the time. They’ll walk up on a conversation about football and say, as they sigh too damn loud, “Yeaaa...thinking I’m gonna take the RV back to my college and camp out for the homecoming game.” They want you to know they own a hundred-thousand-dollar tour bus RV and they also want you to know they have the disposable income to just take off for a week—to get shit faced with frat boys. Or, while you’re talking to your broke-as-fuck cousin about stressing over health insurance; they will chime in with, “You just have to have six month’s salary set aside to offset emergency medical costs.” You, sir or ma’am, can go fuck yourself. I’m over here worried if I take a day off work to see my son’s school play and how I’m going to pay my electric bill—I don’t have savings. Most people don’t have savings, so take that shit out on your boat and throw it the fuck overboard.

5) No One Cares About Your Obscure Hobby

Are you super fucking into something really fucking specific like anime’, or horror movies? Well, please take this holiday as a chance to shut the fuck up about it. It isn’t that we don’t care about you—it’s just that we have no idea what the fuck you are talking about. We will stand there, politely, while you explain the subtle differences between this nerdy fucking thing and that nerdy fucking thing, but the whole time you’re talking, we are looking for a way out. It’s fucking hard to have a conversation where a person is trying to explain why this stupid thing or another is different or better than that stupid thing or another. It’s mentally draining for us. I am obsessed with conspiracies. I would talk about 9/11 all damn day if you let me. But, I’m self-aware enough to know that you don’t want to hear about that, or how much evidence I can pull up right this second, to show that there is a secret space program. I promise, I’ll shut up about it—just do me a favor, stand with me in solidarity, because you don’t care about my shit and I don’t care about yours.

I love every single person who reads my articles, and all joking aside, I truly hope you have an amazing holiday and reconnect with loved ones and friends who’ve drifted away, in this crazy, modern life we live. It’s not about you or me—it’s about us. So hug your crazy, racist, Christian aunt and suffer through all the bullshit that comes with your family. Just be happy and let that shit go for a day—it will do you some good.
DANCERS & LINGERIE MODELS!

WORK FROM THE COMFORT OF YOUR HOME!
TOTALLY NEW CAM SITE CONCEPT, WITH MORE TRAFFIC
THAN THE OLD “PRIVATE SHOW” SITES!
TRY IT NOW! IT’S FREE!
WWW.EXOTICCAMSCOM
17 YEAR ANNIVERSARY!
SAT NOVEMBER 17TH
5782 PORTLAND RD NE • SALEM • 503.393.4782
WWW.FIREHOUSESALEM.COM

ANNIVERSARY PARTY TIME!!

THE
SUNSET STRIP
EXIT 69

Friday November 30th
14 YEAR ANNIVERSARY
10205 SW PARK Way • Portland 97225
WWW.SUNSETSTRIPPDX.COM
GRIND
Gentlemen's Club
Expanded Hours Coming Soon!
NOW FEATURING OREGON LOTTERY!

MISS EXOTIC OREGON 2019
QUALIFIER ROUND V
SAT, NOV 3 @ 9PM

HAPPY HOUR DAILY
NEWLY EXPANDED MENU
NFL GAMES ON 100" BIG SCREEN HDTV

GrindPDX @GrindPDX www.GrindClubPDX.com
15826 SE DIVISION ST • PORTLAND, OR 97236 • (503) 206-4851 • OPEN 4PM-2AM DAILY
AUDITIONING DANCERS 21+ CONTACT (503) 387-0243
Hello there, Exotic readers! I'm using the column this month to reach out to you and plead to you. No, I'm not starting a GoFundMe to get my man-tits removed or trying to recruit you into a psychedelic sex cult. I'm pleading with you to sign up for health insurance, if you haven't got it already. November 1 is the open enrollment starting period of ObamaCare (the Affordable Care Act) and you should absolutely take advantage of it. I'm not one to wax political, but our government is a toilet that wants to flush this plan down the shitter, so get on it. But, this one isn't all healthcare and no funny! Did you guys think I'd leave you with just some unfunny, preachy bullshit? That's not how I roll. So, let's talk about how ObamaCare saved my life and prevented me from having an embarrassing death from a sex mishap.

Back in the day, I did a whole lot of drugs. I was a friend of many illicit substances, but my true mistress was the white queen: cocaine. It was not uncommon for me to go out on a weekend and snort my way through an 8-ball of the devil's snow, before wandering around a park at 3am and passing out next to city critters. Shit, sometimes that was a slow Wednesday. Now, if you aren't aware of what cocaine does to you, I'll give you the quick and dirty of it: your heart rate goes up, you get an energized euphoria and you feel invincible. You also get really horny sometimes. Now, cocaine is an asshole, because it makes your blood pressure spike with that euphoria—making your junk a deflated balloon in the process. Getting super horny on coke is akin to getting really hungry without a mouth. It is a cruel goddamn trick. You get the picture of what cocaine does to you, though, so that's all that matters. That brings me to one fateful night that almost killed my ass.

At the time, I was dating a woman that also loved cocaine. For some women, the white stuff makes the downstairs really dry. But, for some women, like my ex-girlfriend, it turns the basement into an infinity pool. We went out one night, got really drunk and did his and her 8-balls before going home in a jittery, coked-out haze. We get home and she is as horny as ever. This woman wants to get gorilla fucked six ways from Sunday and I'm sitting here with a windsock of a dick—ready to retire for the evening. It's at this point that I'll tell you that telling a coked-out, horny woman “no” is a terrible idea—you'll lose that argument one-hundred percent of the time. She demanded dick and I told her of his untimely retirement. She brushed this aside, took my dick out and attempted necromancy. She was gonna get this mother-fucker to rise from the dead, if it was the last thing she did. To her credit, she awoke the sleeping snake and it was fuck time. Now, when your dick does work on coke, the sex is fucking great. It feels incredible. So, we fuck and fuck and fuck, and it takes longer than usual to finish, which isn't abnormal on coke. And then it happens...the most thunderous orgasm I've had in my entire life. Unfortunately, it was followed by the worst pain I'd had in my entire life.

Let's pause here for a second, shall we? Painful things happen during sex pretty often. Hell, pain is the only way some of you rascals can even cum. Whether it is a cramp, twisting a weird way, slipping, partner squats on your dick weird, the guy is too big...sex is a rough game and things happen. Here's the thing, though: this was different. What had happened was, I came (very hard) and laid there for about thirty seconds, before my head felt like my skull was going to split in half. I'd gotten migraines before, but those were bitch shit compared to this. It felt like my brain was going to have a stroke. My skin was hot and I could barely breathe. Sufficed to say, I was terrified. I probably shit a little, I definitely peed a drop or two and I was thinking that this could be the end. And then it stopped, out of nowhere. It was like a Charlie horse inside my skull. I immediately ate a banana and drank water, assuming it was Charlie horse adjacent at least (I was full of cocaine and whiskey, shut up). So, the sex nightmare was done and I went to sleep. The issue is, that for the next two weeks, this sex migraine would happen after EVERY orgasm! I was now officially afraid to cum!!!

I went to the doctor and got myself checked out. I didn't tell him about all the coke use—just some. I told him about what had happened and how it had happened. He didn't care how big my orgasm was, just so you know—which was unnecessary information. But, I got checked out, and apparently, I'm lucky to be alive. My blood vessels were essentially trying to burst when I had an orgasm, because of all the stress my tubby ass was putting on my heart with the cocaine. There was a substantial chance that one of those nuts could have killed me had I not gotten checked out. I'm better now, though, because I'm sober and because I went and got checked out. You know why I got checked out? It sure as fuck wasn't because I could have shot a death load on my girlfriend at any given moment...it was because I was insured and I knew it wouldn't destroy me financially. So, the moral of the story is, get insurance and go get checked out—so you don't cum to death.
ENTERTAINERS

- MINIMAL FEES
- NO FEES ON SUNDAYS
- 21+ DANCERS ONLY
- NO JUKEBOX FEES
- FOR SUCCESSFUL NEW AUDITIONS
  NO STAGE FEE FOR FIRST SHIFT
- AUDITIONS BY APPOINTMENT
- ENTERTAINERS TEXT (503) 482-4000

HAPPY HOUR
11:30AM-5PM

15920 SE STARK ST • (503) 253-8765
OPEN 11:30AM-2AM DAILY
STORMY DANIELS COMES TO GOLDEN DRAGON!

DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SEE STORMY DANIELS PERFORM LIVE!

ONE NIGHT ONLY

The Night Of Saturday

NOV 10

SHOWTIMES AT

12AM & 3AM

GOLDEN DRAGON EXOTIC CLUB

GOLDENDRAGONPDX.COM 324 SW 3RD AVE · PORTLAND, OR · (503) 274-1900

SUN-THU 6PM-4AM, FRI & SAT 6PM-6AM

MAKING THE “ALL-NEW” GOLDEN DRAGON GREAT AGAIN

4 STAGES

OVER 40 GIRLS DAILY

PRIVATE VIP LAP DANCES

HAPPY HOUR DANCE SPECIALS 6PM-10PM
SALEM'S HOTTEST AFTER HOURS & WILDEST 18+ Entertainment!

FULLY NUDE EVERY SET!

SHOWER SHOWS

Open Thanksgiving!

Seeking Dancers 18 & Up! Auditions 7pm-10pm

@CHEETAHS.SALEM

OPEN TUE-THU 7PM-4AM, FRI-SAT 6PM-5AM (OR LATER) & SUN 7PM-4AM
3453 SILVERTON RD NE · SALEM, OR 97301 · (503) 316-6969
WE HONOR OUR VETS

Bridgeport & Salem

VETERANS DAY NOVEMBER 11
NO COVER & FREE DINNER FOR ANY VET!

NOVEMBER 22 THANKSGIVING
OPEN AT 4PM - FREE TURKEY DINNER FOR OUR FRIENDS

BEND • BRIDGEPORT • SALEM
VISIT WWW.STARSCABARET.COM FOR ADDRESS INFO & MORE

FOLLOW US & FIND OUT ABOUT OUR OTHER EVENTS, ENTERTAINERS, SPECIALS & MORE!