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5 simple rules
by Blazer Sparrow

Never Answer Emails

Just don't do it—not once, not ever. Let your inbox fill up and leave it all as unread as that copy of Infinite Jest on your bookshelf. Should some bands inquire about hauling their heavy equipment to the oh-so-cool small bar you book music for (and, play for two drink tickets a piece and offer to bring some friends and make your bar some money...), make sure to not return this query. That would be very unhip of you—it would show weakness. Bands are only asking to entertain your drunken patrons and help boost your sales for no fee, whatsoever. Do not acknowledge their request at all, for fear of appearing to do the thing that the fucking venue hired you to do. A good Portland booker knows that the only way to create the most bad ass music hub in this hipster cesspool is to be as communicative as an emotionally unavailable boyfriend.

When You Do Answer Emails, Be Rude

Obviously, you’re not even going to bother with that annoying band of under-twenty-one-year-olds, who want to book their shitty My Chemical Romance ripoff band. Remember, the first step is to not answer emails. However, should you come across a query that not only provides you with a link to the band’s music, promise of a draw and even info on a couple other bands to round out the bill, make sure to respond with two, maybe three words, max—something to the effect of, “sorry, month’s booked” or “can’t.” Dealer’s choice. Should you take time to read these snot-nosed kids’ pitiful plea for a Wednesday night slot, it’s a good idea to vigorously scan their drivel for even the slightest infraction of the F.A.Q. on your bar’s *cough* venue’s website about booking. Should you find such an infraction, respond with an angry, ALL-CAPS email berating them for not perusing the ten commandments that are the guidelines for inquiring about booking your bar, which you allow bands to play in the one sort-of-empty corner of. Make them feel insignificant and small, unlike you. Shame them. Shame them hard. Tell them how you don’t have time for immature little brats, who don’t even read the booking guidelines, when you have thousands of emails to not answer.

Don’t Look For Bands To Play Your Bar “Cough” Venue

This is very important. As you will notice, from your overflowing inbox, you have plenty of poor suckers looking to perform for free at your establishment. There is no need for you to actively seek out bands, artists or anything in between, to fill that so-called stage on a weekend. It is imperative, that you not only don’t search Facebook, Bandcamp or a fucking telephone pole a few blocks away, but make sure to actively sit at your computer and do absolutely nothing. There’s a plethora of musical talent in Portland! And, the only way you’re gonna earn your keep at that shitty little bar *cough* venue, is if you make sure to pretend absolutely none of it exists. The owner is counting on you.

WE’D LIKE TO THANK BOBBY

Ask Bands You Do Book To Find Other Bands To Fill The Bill

This is a crucial aspect to being a successful, small-time Portland booking agent. Let’s say you decide to respond to one of the emails from this flood of pond scum and their band sounds half decent. As you respond, make sure to be as distant and begrudging as humanly possible. These pathetic, aspiring rockstars will probably jump at the chance for the privilege to play your exalted stage. And, they should! But, your job as a booker of this little piece of gentrification heaven is not over young padawan! Just because you kinda-maybe-i-guess like this group of young upstarts, doesn’t mean you have a complete lineup for your hipster hotspot. You’ll need two or three other bands that sound exactly like your chosen musical troupe. Nobody likes diversity, after all.

Now, you may be thinking that it would be easy to find two or three identical groups to share the stage with this act—bands you deem worthy, since you have an inbox bursting at the seams with queries from other young, hungry artists. You may think that. Hell, you probably could call it an early day by just picking three emails from your inbox at random and replying, “yeah, sure” to each of them. Sounds easy, right? Well, hold your horses there, buster! If you want to be a successful booker for your little, Instagram-famous, hole-in-the-wall, you’ll need to pump the brakes right quick, before you put any actual effort into this process. Once you’ve agreed to let a band play the corner of your bar, ask them to seek out two or three other bands to fill out the bill. Clearly, it’s on them to provide not only themselves, but two or three exact copies of themselves. You might get some whiny response from the band, asking you some indignant question like, “Isn’t that your job?” or some such nonsense. Don’t let their irresponsible rambling faze you. If they’re not willing to find other bands that sound like them, promote the show, find a sound guy and door guy, maybe they don’t really want to play your “super cool, downtown, high-traffic hotspot.”

Don’t Attend The Shows You Actually Book

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It's not a secret, that even in the 21st century, women are still only earning 80% of what a male counterpart makes—even less, if they have limited professional skills or formal education (with any degree these days, pay is still stunted for both sexes, just for the record). So, it's no wonder that strip clubs never have a shortage of beautiful dancers on stage. Stripping can provide high financial rewards, in addition to multiple benefits not provided by typical employment—schedule flexibility, less traditional management structure, etc. In addition to making a living, strippers often use their income to supplement other areas of life—financing school or paying off student, medical and personal debts. But, a growing number of dancers have parlayed stripping into other careers, where stripping was just the stepping stone.

Atlanta-based stripper, Lux Atl (@lux_atl), conceived Stripcraft, a stripping workshop, which allowed her to cultivate a fanbase of “pole dance hobbyists.” According to Lux, a 16-year stripping veteran, the workshop was a “career-maker,” where she combines her knowledge as a feminist scholar and her experiences as a life-long stripper, into a two-hour preaching-and-dance session. Eventually, Stripcraft morphed into specialized retreats Lux hosts all over the world—Stripcabana in Costa Rica, Stripcoast in North Carolina, Stripcoven in New Orleans and local Stripcabin. So, exactly what happens at these retreats?

“Women from all walks of life come together,” says Lux. “For several luxurious, all-inclusive days and nights of sexy dancin’ and fancy dressin’, soul-moving and ass-shaking workshops, local adventures and excursions, but, most of all, some of the most beautiful and intense bonding with other women they’ve ever experienced. I have been running retreats at banging-ass mansions all over the world since 2016, and at this point, I have had over 170 unique guests, over half of whom return again and again to future retreats. Women from all walks of life are welcome and diversity on all levels is encouraged. However, I have made it a point to hire my co-teachers almost exclusively from a pool of current or former sex workers.”

A former professor with a PhD in American Literature and creative writer, Lux also used the Stripcabin platform to create her podcast, Stripcast: True Stories From A Stripper with A PhD.

“I created Stripcast with the purpose of sharing my art with the world,” says Lux. “And, moreover, sharing a stripper’s perspective, that might surprise many in its relatability and humanness. My whole life, I wanted people to read my stories. This was the perfect opportunity and Stripcast remains one of my favorite works of art of my life.”

Locally based Portland stripper and writer, Elle Stanger, has also parlayed her sex work experience into job experience as the co-host of the podcast, Strange Bedfellows. Now in its third year, Elle hosts the podcast with a fellow stripper and private investigator named Jen, where the duo talks about sex, politics and relationships. Strange Bedfellows’ most recent podcast featured conversations about labor status, STDs and eco-feminism.
“I grew up listening to Loveline with Dr. Drew and Adam Carolla and it taught me so much,” says Elle, whose first podcast was nominated as Best Local Podcast by Willamette Week. “There’s no reason why a show about sexuality that is informed by sex workers and educators shouldn’t exist. Podcasting fills a void for me, because I have so many opinions and I like to share them because people tell me I’ve been helpful, life-changing, relationship-saving by my advice alone.”

Managing stripping, secondary careers, family, relationships, self and body care is a balancing act for dancers like Elle and Lux—both women have proven it can be done and successfully.

“I am driven, ambitious and consumed by my art and my vision,” says Lux. “And, that makes it hard for me to be present and grounded with my family, sometimes. I meditate my ass off, and take regular hikes with my husband and son. I make great effort to be present in the here and now, instead of dreaming of whatever else is out there that I need to be creating.”

“I have about thirty-two separate alarms on my phone,” says Elle. “I have to drive a lot, I answer about thirty emails a day. I’ve been going to therapy once a week for the last four years and use that space to vent, cry, be human and to receive objective advice from an unbiased provider. My best advice is to try to maintain your integrity, even when you work a stigmatized job (or two). I do that by communicating pretty directly. That means I don’t make time for people who treat me badly or try to make me guilty for the work I do. I don’t have abusive boyfriends anymore—I just tell other people how to leave theirs!”

Elle also has some advice for fellow strippers and entrepreneurs.

“I hope you are saving money,” says Elle. “Even if you don’t make much to save. Even ten dollars a day, stuffed in a safe, can make the difference if you are suddenly unable to earn any money due to injury, illness or bad booking. Consider how much of your personal life you want to share and determine how to start setting boundaries. Most strippers that I know have multiple jobs, because there are too many clubs and most of them don’t encourage—or enforce—tipping from patrons. If you’re a new stripper thinking of quitting your conventional job, consider if you’ll be able to fill that hole in a resume for future employers. Discrimination against adult entertainers and sex workers is very real, even in our progressive city. Don’t let that stop you from being successful, but be prepared to navigate the stigma—it’s exhausting and very real.”

Though Lux still strips for her retreats, she no longer dances in clubs (except for rare occasions) and spends most of her time producing social media content, choreographing ways to ever-improve retreats that keep her clientele satisfied, writing her memoir and playing piano. Stripping still pays the bills, albeit indirectly, in the form of revenue from her retreats.

“I do not come from money,” says Lux. “I’ve struggled my whole life. I struggled my ass off in these clubs for sixteen years—I accepted sub-standard wages as a grad assistant for nearly a decade. At last, I found a way to alchemize my skills into something that both benefits women, as well as provides a comfortable living for my family, so fuck yeah, I’m here to own this house I just bought—I’m here to spend a few extra days at the beach. I am also here to make the world a better place in the meantime, and of all the ways I’ve ever made money, this one benefits the most women in the reallest of ways. I’m proud of the work I do, and I am also proud of my success. Understand where your greatest talents and passion lie, and invest your time, energy, and money, accordingly. Use sex work to save investment funds for your dream.”

For more information on Lux’s retreats, visit: LuxATLSpellbook.com/Stripcast/. You can see Elle Stanger on stage locally at Lucky Devil Lounge (check her Instagram account, @StripperWriter, and website, StripperWriter.com, for info) and tune in to her weekly podcast at StrangeBedfellows.com.
I was in one of those too-upsacle-for-their-product dispensaries in Salem last week, and after purchasing some extremely overpriced pre-rolls, I was handed two pieces of paper: a “Cannabis Is For Everyone” sticker and a flyer that read, “Marijuana Can Harm Children.” What an excellent and/or terrible way to market your weed—whoever decided to package those two trash-bound pieces of literature together was either an evil genius or a complete moron. If you think about it, however, you really have to be both, if you want to be an effective weed dealer. So, with that, I give to you...

**How To Sell Weed In 2019**

**Green Room Diaries by Stoned Gold Sativa Awesome**

Compared to two years ago, the “I’m gonna sell weed now that it’s legal to possess” crowd has experienced a Bitcoin-level drop in income, and along with having their hopes and dreams of being the “only dispensary in (insert town with a few dozen dispensaries here)” shattered, many would-be weight-pusher are sitting on literal pounds of pot. So, the question remains, how does one move units in an over-saturated market? Twenty years ago, good weed was more expensive—on the black market, at that—than it is today, even with tax included and purchased from the top shelf. Thankfully, by being the right combination of stupid and clever, there are several ways you can raise prices without fucking up your market demand.

**Smuggle To Non-Legal States**

The first—and most obvious—is Idaho. That’s right—the great strip of land that separates Oregon farmers from Utah Mormons is full of cops and klan members, which means that you can still get a hefty price for a pound of the loud shit. I’m not kidding, either—while looking for weed in Boise, I had to meet up with a black Republican, who drove a BMW and met me in a parking garage—like something straight out of Grand Theft Auto. For $20, I received a half gram of the most mediocre cannabis I’ve smoked since high school. Yes, you’re going to be facing some serious time if you get popped selling weed there, but since Idaho is, like eastern Oregon, mostly farm country, just smuggle your bricks hidden in manure or some other, foul-smelling, literal shit that farm people keep in their trucks. Think local and act local.

**Sell Pot To Kids**

This is a humor column, not intended to be taken seriously, blah blah blah. Okay, with that said—kids these days will pay a serious premium for weed, especially vape pens and stuff they can sneak into school. Think about it—back in our day, pooling together money, giving it to a bum and having him buy a bottle of shitty vodka was much, much more acceptable than buying “drugs,” i.e. pot. Well, today, weed is on par with booze, in terms of how long the average teenager will get grounded for having it. Plus, I’m no legal expert, but I’m pretty sure that contributing to the delinquency of a minor is a far smaller crime than, say, selling heroin to teenagers, as long as you’re not in the library or some other federal building. The premium you add to pot sold to kids has a much higher margin than the premium dispensaries can add for adults. Plus, you’re almost guaranteed to double or triple your customer base, as soon as the word gets out that you’re the guy hanging around the record store with medibles and dabs. Speaking of heroin...

**Lie To Heroin Addicts And Sell Them Hash Oil**

Look, I know that dishonesty is a bad thing, but you could be saving someone’s life here. Either that, or we will all learn how to shoot up THC. Regardless, I call this a win-win. There is an opiate epidemic in our country and one way to solve it, would be to turn the teenage girls, who are taking that first step of OxyContin on the path to Heroinland, into productive members of whatever art community their high school offers. This is a last resort for you, the broke-ass weed dealer, but it could be a life-changing first step in the life of a young junkie. They say that pot is a gateway drug, but if your customer is already three veins shy of having to break the needle off and do butt stuff to get high, that gateway is more of an exit.

**Buy And Hodl**

The misspelling above is intentional, but you cryptocurrency investors reading this already know that. The theory is, that if you had bought Bitcoin at the top of the 2014 market, your investment would have dropped to virtually nothing by the end of the year. However, if you had refused to sell, “hodl” style, and kept your Bitcoins for the following four years, your investment would be at least six times the initial rate that you put in—even at current, yearly lows. Therefore, it’s only safe to assume that something—whether a drought or a change in the laws—will end up having a serious impact on the supply and/or price of weed at some point in the future, but only time will tell. Perhaps one of those “Portland drivers on YouTube” winter seasons is approaching us. Maybe the dispensary down the street will catch fire in some weird, unpredictable fashion that only the insurance company will be able to solve. Better yet, what if Bigfoot is real, and he’s intentionally smoking up all the pot in Humboldt, before the fires reach Northern Cali? There’s no way of telling when your stashed-away stash will end up being worth a pile of cash. In fact, that rhymed too well for it not to be true.
FUCK. It's the Christmas season. No, I'm not saying that to be offensive to Pagans, Jews, Muslims, Atheists or any one demographic—I call it Christmas season, because I don't walk through the mall in the middle of November and hear annoying Arab music, while being forced to buy dreidel-themed coffee from a barista in a hijab, who happens to be being listened to Death In June. That, in fact, would be awesome. Christmas isn't offensive because it's Christian, American or western: it's offensive because it's fucking everywhere—the same way that people who think Christmas is offensive are everywhere. I love me some capitalism, fables and egg-nog like anyone else without a stick up their ass, but not for two months in a row. In a perfect world, we could just wrap up the perverted mall Santas, offended-by-Christmas social justice kids and whoever owns that Mariah Carey song, stuff them down a chimney and fill it with coal—that would be a Christmas miracle. But, since that's not legal (yet), I say it's a good time to put your holiday spirit to more positive, uplifting work. Speaking of...

Kit Kat Clothes Cold Kittens

Have you ever thought, “Hey, I drink on weekdays and pay women to dance to my favorite rap music...am I still a good person?” Well, now is your chance to confirm the suspicion, that behind every day drinker and nudie bar patron, there is a decent human being, just waiting to reach out and help someone in need. All month long, Kit Kat Club will be hosting Kit Kat For A Kause—donations will be taken in the form of coats, shoes, socks, gloves and any other applicable donations for women and children, in need during the cold season. Anyone who brings a donation to the club will also receive a free cover, which includes admission to a nightly feature showcase, featuring the best performances in town. I can't say enough good shit about the Kit Kat Club (or any spot that combines charity and Charity).

Tacos On The Town

You know what I think of, whenever I think of December? Tacos! That's because I'm always thinking about tacos, regardless of season (or seasoning). Thankfully, the good people of Portland know that tacos are on par with titties, and not one but two clubs now feature readily accessible, folded Mexican delights, within inches of their establishment's stages. At Hawthorne Strip, customers can now access Taco El Sol right there on the patio. Lap dance, taco, cigarette, repeat. Sign me the fuck up! A few miles up the street, a few blocks to the left and a block or two east, Club 205 is giving away tacos (please read that in Outrageous Audio Guy voice) every Monday and Tuesday, from 6pm until 9pm. Plus, Club 205 is also running an open challenge to their customers to decide what the theme of their new stage should be. Might I suggest...tacos?! Imagining a few items for your family's holiday gift list? Bounce on over to Scarlet Lounge and pick up free stocking stuffers, courtesy of GlowFuckYourself.com—the best supplier of customized butt plugs in the area. Tired after a long day of holiday shopping? Then hit Desire, grab a lap dance and then pick up some mochas from a sexy girl working at Sugar Cube Coffee, now located in the club's parking lot. There ya go, folks. There's your plans for next Wednesday.

Mid-Week Missions

Forget about hitting the road on a weekend for holiday shopping and a little detour to the strip club—Portland traffic is getting as bad as Portland music. Instead, hit the road and the clubs mid-week. Think there's not much going down on a Wednesday? You're wrong—Xpose is hosting S.I.N. (Service Industry Night) every Wednesday evening, so if you slung drinks or bounce drunk, swing by with your state-issued ‘I’m Allowed To Do This’ Card and join in the discounted fun! Missing...
Alternatives To Family Christmas Dinner

The holidays can be depressing, especially if you budget your relationships like I do (being single from mid-October to St. Paddy's saves a single man, on average, two grand or so, which is why I always “it’s not you, it’s me” my girlfriend a few weeks before Halloween). As a result, you may be compelled to do something dumb, like participate in a holiday sale at Target (it’s barely even a discount and the whole place smells like rotten popcorn and menopause), drive drunk in the snow (yeah, it’s easy to blend in, but the tow trucks have better places to be) or give your hard-earned cash to one of those homophobic bell-ringers outside of the mall.

So, I feel that, beyond saying, “Hey, just go to the strip club,” it would be fantastic of me to suggest some activities to get you through a potentially bleak December.

* Binge watch Halloween movies—not just the Michael Meyers franchise, but anything that has a slasher theme—to deal with the Christmas season. Spend an entire snow day watching the original Friday The 13th or Nightmare On Elm Street series. Fill your head with eight-to-ten hours of campy, ’80s gore. Then, go for a walk or take care of some errands—holiday music and annoying crowds are so much easier to deal with, when you’ve got thoughts of graphic murder running through your head. Stuck in line? Just imagine stuffing “I’d Like To Return This” Lady into a wood chipper, while Bing Crosby whistles in the background. See? She’s already trying to hurry up, now that you’ve got that look in your eye.

* Call every one of your exes, at once, on a conference call, while drunk, using speakerphone. Let’s face it, the one-after-another approach is just one long, sad string of rejection. However, if you can get all of your mistakes on the line at once (just like your grandparents do when they call your family on Christmas...buh-dum, chiss), the in-fighting will not only provide immediate, exciting entertainment, but the chance of you getting some tail actually increases, if you’re a straight dude—women are competitive and they fucking hate each other. Wait for the first “Well, I dumped his ass, but he dumped you, so neener neener” comment to come up, then privately text whoever the target of that comment was and tell her that you miss her more than (Girl Who Said The Mean Comment). Arrange for wine and chocolate, have some sex and then discuss getting back together for a few days, before blocking her on social media. If you’re into dudes, well, you don’t need to play games to get lonely holiday tail. Why are you even reading this column? Call Chad and get some free holiday head, plus maybe a back rub and some dinner.

* Crash office holiday parties. This is so fucking easy, it’s scary—nine-out-of-ten corporate offices post their holiday party notice all over, from the lobby to the rest-room. I assume some large woman named Brenda—who works the front office at a place that really doesn’t need a front office—is responsible for this, as it’s the only time of year she really gets to shine. As long as Hypothetical Corporation, Inc. has multiple departments or locations,
you can easily slide into one of these parties as “Mark from sales” or “Bob from corporate,” before taking your pick from the most expensive food, wine, women and men that upper management has to offer. Last year, I almost fucked some lady from State Farm, because she thought I was “Ray from Boise.” I’ve only been to Boise once and it was for a drug deal—but, hey, who’s asking questions, right? Office parties are great, because they’re full of people who aren’t allowed to have fun for most of the year, and have to return to their spouse/kids/cats the next day. There is a limited time for debauchery, and trust me, the cougars working at Fry’s Electronics want to make the most of it. Forget about strip clubs and modeling shops—if you want to meet a real freak, find out where Xerox is having their Non-specific Inclusive Holiday Function and sneak in some cocaine. Bonus points: if you don’t get laid, you can network—just don’t tell anyone how you found out about the party.

But, Really, Go To The Strip Club On Christmas

Yup. Ditch the family, let grandpa have the good chair and head on over to your local club. While many clubs may be open on Christmas, of those that have made it explicit to our publication, there will be dancers waiting for you and your Santa hat on Christmas at Cabaret, Club Rouge, Cheetahs Cabaret, Columbia Strip and Stars Cabaret Bridgeport. In addition to day-of libations, there are several clubs having holiday parties throughout the month, so check the calendar at the end of this column for more info.
Taboo Video would like to show our appreciation and say “thank you” to all our hard working employees. We would not be where we are today without your dedication and expertise. You all matter greatly to us. Again, THANK YOU.

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Taboo Video
I’ve put this column on hold for a few months, simply because I didn’t like the direction it was headed—while I love listsicles and clickbait, it’s not “Tales” in terms of what our readers want. So, I thank everyone who has put up with HazMatt’s absence and/or phoning-it-in recently. Thankfully, I’ve got some of the old spirit back and I hope our readers enjoy a return to old form.

I might not actually be going to hell anymore.

See, it’s not that I’ve done a lot of bad shit in my lifetime, but rather, how much horrible stuff I’ve allowed to happen without intervening. Take, for instance, the blind eye I purposely turn on asshole, coke-snorting hipsters as they attempt to break the slightest of rules while patronizing (literally and figuratively) the bars I DJ at. It’s not that I want nautical-star-tatted, goat-fucking, Freddie Mercury wannabes putting their hairy palms on the girls I work with. Rather, it’s the sound that a pair of neon, non-prescription glasses makes when the bouncer uses the head attached to them to open the back door...god, I love that sound. In other words, if the end result benefits me in any way, I usually support it.

A few years ago, I arrived to DJ at (what was then) a brand new, centrally located, swanky club. Said club is in the tier of prime-shift clubs that are not quick to just hire random warm bodies off the street. It was partially my duty, even as a DJ, to facilitate the auditioning of new talent—especially (well, only) if such talent is up to the established caliber of the club. Translating this into layman’s terms, I was gigging at a new strip joint that was in need of dancers—but, only hot, talented ones. Upon arriving to the club early (only two minutes late for my “hour before the night shift” slot), I made my usual rounds and eventually hit the dressing room. Standing next to the baby wipes and calculator was an impressively attractive young girl—one who seemed somewhat startled to see me.

“Hey, I’m Ray. What’s your stage name?”

Staring at me like a hot, unassuming deer in a G-string, the young fawn answered, “Which stage are you talking about, the one in the back?”

I stepped back a few paces in the conversation. “Okay, let me rephrase this. I am your DJ, my name is Ray.”

She interrupted, “Oh, my bad, you must work here.”

“Yes, I’m in your dressing room.”

“What is your role again?”

I was somewhat confused as to what she meant by ‘role,’ but I took into consideration how the club occasionally featured bands, feature performances and the like.

Considering her apparent naivety (while avoiding a sarcastic response involving dungeons and dice), I repeated my initial response. “The role I play here is the DJ...disc jockey—I play the music. What kind of music have you been dancing to?”

Baby deer responded, “Classical mostly, but I’ve done a few plays.”

Okay, this was getting a little odd. Slightly sexy, but mostly odd. I had to ask, “Have you been on stage at all?”

“Oh yeah, all throughout last year, before I graduated,” she responded.

I came straight out with the condescending Ray tone that so many dancers in this city have learned to ignore by now: “Let me clarify what I mean... have you been naked in this establishment, at all, at any point today?”
“Oh god no,” the poor fawn responded.

I expanded, “Have you been naked in any establishment, other than your own house?” She looked insulted and asked me to clarify. I went full McCarthy. “Are you now, or have you ever been, a stripper?”

The baby deer took slight offense to my question. “No, I just thought that I would try this out. I graduated from high school, like, three weeks ago and I’m only going to do this for a month, before moving to Chicago for art college. The owner said you guys were auditioning dancers.”

“Meet me in the booth,” I responded. “I’m going to show you something.”

After I was done logging in to Facebook on my DJ laptop, the elfish (but extremely hot—like the kind of elf you’d want to bang) girl approached me and re-introduced herself. “My name is Lindsay* and I think I will go by ‘Fawn’*.” I began with the passive-aggressive lecture, asking ‘Fawn’ where she went to high school and what her zodiac sign was. She probably thought I was flirting (and if she was a year older, I would have been). Then, I asked what her favorite band was and what she liked to do on the weekends. Within two or three clicks of my mouse (and without the assistance of any further line of questioning), I had her personal Facebook page pulled up.

“Fawn, I mean, Lindsay Middleinitial Lastname from Hometown, OR, who checked into Starbucks at 123 Main St. last night with her boyfriend, Clueless McSwaggy*, you’ve just given a man who used to DJ by ‘Statutory Ray’ enough information to wait outside of your dad’s house, with your double tall latte and immediate, short-in-duration future, sitting in the palm of his hand, next to the keys for a rental car and a legally concealed weapon. Not only are you naive enough for any other creepy DJ who meets you to make this a reality, if given six hours to validate whatever lost piece of your sexuality you may be looking for—while frantically trying to hide tears and giving your first lap dance to a guy named after the limb he didn’t lose in Vietnam—but, I can promise you that the money you make tonight wouldn’t get you naked if put in front of your face at a friend’s birthday party. Yet, here you are, about to show your clit to guys who just left the porn theater next door for less than the price of a canned Pabst.”

I continued. “Granted, you’ve never legally had a drop of alcohol, but by the time you are old enough to taste the stuff in three years, you will be so far down the cocaine rabbit hole that you will have skipped right past the Stella and into the Stoli, without even stopping for a cigarette. Just one swing around that pole and you will be branded a stripper for life. I love strippers—they pay my bills. Hell, some of my best friends are strippers. But, you don’t look like the type of girl who wants to be included in any category where the person describing it has to preface it with ‘some of my best friends are.’ Now, you’re gonna do me a favor and stand there, with your clothes on, and look pretty. As soon as a custom- er who doesn’t work here walks in, start looking stupid instead of pretty, point at my computer screen, and with a confused look, say ‘you don’t have the song.’ You’re going to do this for the next thirty minutes until your shift ends.” Then, I told Fawn about how I was going through a simultaneous breakup and midlife crisis, before asking her to forgive me (and, echoing the sentiment to the club owner via text message).

The next day, Fawn/Lindsay accepted my Facebook request (I’m going to make sure my Chicago buddies don’t see her at The Booty, Glock & Pop or whatnot) and the owner had responded to my text (“I wondered about that when I saw her birth date—didn’t realize she had just graduated...good call”). A small piece of me had died the night before in that DJ booth (and twice next to the computer desk at home) and knowing that I could have been the guy who discovered—hell, created...literally and figuratively—the next Amanda Bynes was something that still keeps me up at night. Still, someone’s father is unknowingly very happy with me for having the gall to tell his teenage daughter to stay clothed and broke while she waits for college to start. So, I guess there’s a first time for everything. But, in terms of pole dancing between summer camp and swim team practice, it’s better for a girl who has been raised behind a picket fence to begin her pole dancing career in the safe, non-alcoholic, suburban confines of Jiggles—which is now, sadly, a Cracker Barrel.
Merry Christmas!
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an egg and stripping it down to $3.97 means that you don't quite get as much in the way of "robotics," but you still get some hatching. Just light the fuse, stand a solid distance away and in 5-7 seconds, BAM!!! Eggtaculario blasts crumpled wads of fake fur and other remarkable bullshit all over the room, with a deafening bang. Anything retrieved after this low-powered, more-or-less-safe-for-indoor-use explosive goes off, is sure to be cherished for days to come.

**Unboxy Girl**

A take-off of the more well-known toy, wherein you buy a doll that apparently has an Amazon Prime account, as she comes with an assortment of tiny boxes to open (yes, that's actually a thing). Unboxy Girl is simply the Section 8 version. It's still a doll, modeled after a young woman of ambiguous ethnicity and indeterminate (but young) age, and it still extolls the joy of taking junk you bought out of the box it came in. However, instead of coming with her own crap to open, she herself comes swaddled in layer after layer of sturdy, opaque packaging, thereby sapping the kid's energy to complain, after they rip and tear their way through some of the toughest-to-open cardboard Taiwan can produce.

**Mr. Paws**

Trending this year are interactive pets—fantastic technological creations which are plush, holdable, teachable, and sometimes, even wearable. The level of investment in research and development has made for some truly cutting-edge toys. Mr. Paws, however, didn't involve a great amount of R&D, many marketing focus groups, surveys or psychological consulting to perfect. However, Mr. Paws still manages to be all the things that kids want in a companion and can obtained for cheap (or, even free). How is this possible? Well, Mr. Paws is a dog—the regular kind. See the guy in the parking lot with a sack of puppies and a minivan for more details.

**Pokuman**

Why pay Nintendo? Cut-rate, almost-replicas of the popular collectible toy series have existed nearly as long as the original, which debuted nearly 23 years ago. Wouldn't your bratty nephew Carlos just light up with joy, when presented with his very own Pokachew, Scorchmander or Scrotle? No? Too bad. "Pokuman: You Must Capture Most Of Them!"

**Harold Wandwigggle**

When you don't have the dosh for official Harry Potter-brand Silly British Wizard Shit, there's this guy. Harold, attendant of the less-prestigious Pigmipple College Of Sorcery And Chiropractics, was given a scar shaped like a tornado on his chin, by the sinister Lord Foldormord—forever marking his destiny. Harold and his friends—Don Ferrety and Antigone Farmhouse—must struggle to triumph over evil, while still attending their studies amidst a cast of dishwatery-but-amusing weirdoes, such as dislikable fellow student, Darko Badfoil, and the ogre ground-skepper, Merle Haggard.

**Johnny Superfast Chemical Lab Kit**

Some toys are not only classics, but educational, as well. Chemistry sets can spur the scientific curiosity often found in kids before their spirit is well and truly crushed, and are well-regarded gifts. They are expensive, though—even a cheap one can be over a hundred dollars. What to do? Well, the Johnny Superfast Chemical Lab Kit comes with only the practical essentials: ephedrine, rubbing alcohol, toluene, ether, sulfuric acid, salt, iodine, lab glass and coffee filters. Your kid will feel just like (but, legally separate from) television's Walter White. And, with a little practice, the kit can end up paying for itself in, umm... ways.

So, there you have it—what to look for when you use your EBT card for dubious purchases of toys, which will, of course, appear as food on the receipt, to avoid government scrutiny and to quash the potential for refunds. They say kids are the most brand-aware consumers out there and I believe it. But, I also believe that all toys can be educational toys. In this case, if they don't like it, they learn that disappointment is the nature of life. Suck it up, kid.

Habari Gani,

-WSTM

Wombstetcha The Magnificent is a professional philosopher, semi-registered voter, goat lari-ateer, guy who makes angry noise when people chew with their mouths open, writer and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstetcha.com, on Twitter @Wombstetcha503 and on Facebook by name.
Santa’s Gift List For The Sexually Deprived

by Ray Mcmillin

Hey Santa—we know you read Exotic. So, here are some helpful ideas for what to bring our readers. Esmeralda has all the non-sexy stuff covered on the next page, but I’m here to help you take care all of our lonely, horny, single and/or just plain deprived readers. However, I’m gonna allow Santa to tell it like it is and give the people what they want, but are afraid to ask for.

For The Gals & Gays: Well-Endowed Sex Toys

Recommended Retailers: Taboo, Paradise, Fantasyland, Fantasy For Adults Only & Adult Shop locations (All retailer locations listed on page 38).

Men have it pretty easy, in terms of upkeep required to play the field—simply put, if you’re a dude and you make enough money to live comfortably, that’s pretty much all it takes for you to land a partner. Plus, women are even easier to keep than gay dudes, which should come as no surprise; men are the most visually discriminating of the sexes and they are more likely to get caught cheating (both sexes cheat—women just get away with it more, and sometimes they are even applauded for it...but, guys are loud, like to brag and are seen as “cheaters,” not “lifestyle explorers” when they get caught).

Yet, many women and gay dudes want something from their partner that a new wardrobe, long talk or a good investment can’t fix—a giant, hard, brightly colored cock. You can ask your man to pressure his boss for a raise or to be more emotionally available, but you can’t just nudge your boo and hint that his dong needs some inches added to it. That’s where a fake dick comes in handy. And, as a dude with an extra-medium-sized dick, I can speak for the average guy when I say this: we do not care one inch (pun intended) about the dildo in your top drawer. Being completely honest, we are way more jiffy about the “just a friend” who gives you rides home from yoga class. We know that you can’t cuddle with a rabbit (at least not the kind you buy at the sex store) or look for homes with The Hus-Penetrator 9000 (at least not at open houses that attract a lot of potential buyers), And, I can’t speak on behalf of gay men, but judging based on the ones I know, gay guys don’t get jealous over sex toys that their partners use.

The hard truth (pun accidental) is that there is a surplus of average-sized and plain-shaped cock out there. Thankfully, there is no shortage of fantastic, synthetic dick available at your local adult retailers. Last time I checked, for every type of cereal available at Winco, there are at least a dozen portable penises on the shelves at Taboo. In fact, cereals share a lot in common with vibrators, dildos, snakes and rabbits. Some are designed to make you feel good, others are colorfully designed and pressed into familiar shapes, a few are extremely innovative and none of them should be considered appropriate for children, regardless of what the cartoon mascot on the box is saying. Is your relationship on the rocks? Get yourself a new cock. First one to trademark that phrase owes me a drink.

For The Shut-Ins & Straight Dudes: Sex Dolls

Recommended Retailer: The-Doll-House.com

Okay, I can already hear the rustling of jimmies in the distance—arguments against realistic sex dolls have, surprisingly, been coming mostly from the supposedly-sex-positive, extremist faux-minist fringes of the internet, as well as radical right-wing conservative mobs (it’s crazy how much these two groups share in common these days). “These dolls are unrealistic,” says the body-positive woman, who just purchased the 16” Double Dong that was eluded to in the previous paragraph. “These dolls will encourage abuse and exploitation,” says the Catholic priest who has never read a single study on how sex dolls actually reduce the rate of sex crimes. “These things are a threat to our prostitution business,” say legal brothel owners, who forget how not every victim of sex trafficking has the option of working for a clean and safe establishment. In short, pretty much any argument made against sex dolls is coming from someone who is resentful, creepy or just loves watching women being exploited on the street. But, did I mention that Doll-House sells inserts that turn your female sex doll into a male sex doll? And, did you hear about the new male sex dolls that are selling like, well, sex dolls? Okay, there we go. Now the angry mob should be dropping their torches and picking up their credit cards.

Contrary to popular belief, for those who seek companionship, sex dolls are the perfect present. Yes, there are a lot of fantastic sex workers out there—but, there are also city girls who will rob your ass blind at the airport motel you called them to visit (not that I’d know from personal experience or anything). I’m all for prostitution and supporting professional sex workers, but not every street hooker working 82nd in the winter is, shall we say, safe. A sex doll, on the other hand, is (currently) unable to rob you blind. Sure, give it a few years and the things will be able to steal your Bitcoin, but that’s another article. Further, I am entirely opposed to relationships and even more against marriage—a sex doll will never decide that they’d rather move on to someone with more battery power, take your ass to court for half your belongings, start a fight or come home drunk. Zero people have ever ended up in court, arguing with a judge about custody in the company of a sex doll, unless it’s two former roommates battling for ownership of the doll itself.

The only drawback to sex dolls (aside from the price tag), is the weight. Apparently, these things weigh about as much as a real person does, and any efforts to reduce the size or weight of these dolls have been met with accusations (and, even legal restrictions), made by the groups mentioned in the first portion of this section, that the dolls are “too childlike.” I mean, logically, banning “childlike” sex dolls will only lead to more pedophiles and sick fucks being without an alternative to groping actual kids, but, hey, no one opposed to what someone does in the privacy of their own home ever uses consistent logic or non-emotional arguments to prove their point. So, although it sounds morbid, the best hedge against sex doll shame is to go ahead and buy the adult-sized dolls and amputate their legs. This way, anyone who attacks you for owning a sex doll can be classified as an ableist bigot who hates transhumans with disabilities.

Merry Christmas.
Holiday shopping for kids is simple—just a sack of rusty nails and spiders, and they’re as happy as can be. The adults on your list, however, can be more opaque. What do you give the woman who was your friend, but you haven’t spoken to in two years because all she ever talks about are her kids? This time, carpentry supplies and arachnids won’t do the trick. I’m here today, to help you navigate through the minefield of adult Christmas shopping (unless you’d rather just drink yourself into a stupor of obliviousness until it’s all over—a plan known as “Option B”).

Mom And Dad

For every myopically misogynistic, gender-typical, heteronormative doll your parents ever bought you when you were a kid, return the favor and educate them with books on third-wave feminism, socially conscious—yet garishly loud—T-shirts or even a class on appropriate pronoun use. Call them repeatedly to make sure they’re attending!

For The Manchildren In Your Life

Just a box of underwear and socks—and, maybe, a few job listings you printed out for them—shoved in there as passive aggressively as possible. Always use newspaper and duct tape when wrapping for these folks.

For The Women You Used To Count As Friends (But Are Now Just “Mommies”)

Something bleak. I’m thinking Safeway-gift-certificate-in-a-sympathy-card bleak...Soviet-bread-line bleak—something that expresses how their excited and endless Facebook posts aren’t fooling anyone. How about a muumuu and slippers, some cheap boxed wine and a copy of The Notebook...or just ignore her entirely and give her kids presents instead? Somehow, highlighting her misery might help you obliterate your own. God, now we’re just depressing ourselves. What even is the point? No one loves us. No one.

For The Women Over 65

For Every Female Relative Over 65

For Every Teenager Who Has Inexplicably Found Their Way Into Your Life

For Your Love Interest

Unsolicited dick picks. And, if you’re a girl? Same. No one can resist them—that’s why they’re so popular!

For Your Rockstar Friends

Or, more specifically, for your adult friends who refuse to give up trying to be rockstars, even though they’re almost forty. These people already have enough misery in their lives. Do something nice to lift their (almost certainly) downtrodden hearts: finally buy their self-published CD. You don’t actually have to listen to it, but say you really liked one up to you.

For Your Friends Whose Political Or Religious Opinions Are Sounding More And More Like Threats

Part of you wants to give them something that will chafe against whatever stance they’re aggressively advocating for. They’ve lost whatever personality they had at one time and are now just megaphones for other people’s ideas. Giving ol’ Uncle “Red State” Marv a gay pride baseball cap is tempting. So is gifting your cousin in college—who thinks “safe zones are a human right”—an anonymous subscription to Modern Conservative magazine. I get it—but, don’t fall prey to that kind of viciousness. Instead, give them something more interesting to be obsessed with: conspiracy theories! If they’re consumed with something a little more entertaining, maybe you can actually talk to them again. Having a serious, in-depth discussion about Nazi UFO plots is a thousand times more engaging than hearing about how America has lost its way and there are no patriots anymore, or the effect of microaggressions on first-generation immigrants. Who wouldn’t rather discuss the logistics of how and where a Sasquatch population could successfully hide?

For Your Friends Whose Political Or Religious Opinions Are Sounding More And More Like Threats

Upcycling is in and green, conscious gifts are all the rage. Eco-conscious repurposing, vintage style and thrifty thinking come together in one simple solution: dumpster diving. If you see a gaudy, cracked lamp hanging sadly from a rubbish bin surrounded by diapers, don’t be shy—that’s what the value is for. Is that vase sitting next to those garage bags in the alley filled with vomit or urine? Just dump it out, no problem. Once you’ve cleaned off the old coffee grounds and whatever other stuff was, put it in a fancy, moss-green box with a tasteful, reusable, earth-toned bow. Now all you have to do is write a card about how important the environment is to you and how vintage “accent pieces” are preserving the past (and the future) of our civilization. They’ll love it.

For Every Female Relative Over 65

A discreet bag of weed. You know Grandpa won’t approve—either because he was a cop or because he’s just a stubborn old coot who yells at people that walk on his lawn—you’ll never know. What you do know, is that it’s a watch or nice pen for him and weed for her. Grandma will smile and hug you and quietly pocket your thoughtful present.

Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle is an aspiring mad scientist, professional googly-eye vandal and marathon nap champion. She can be contacted at ChestnutTreeCafe@hotmail.com or on the Facebook machine by name.
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Wonderland
Society has moved rapidly in its acceptance of transgender people. This is true, not only for those transgender individuals who are content to live out their lives in the bodies they were born with, but also for those wanting to take the bold step of changing to the opposite sex through medical means. As options become more mainstream, researchers project that more and more people will self-identify as transgender, with many of them opting for surgery. According to the respected Rechmann Center For Gender Studies, by the year 2030, over 40% of adults in the U.S. will have undergone some sort of hormonal or surgical sex change—this is truly remarkable.

However, the ripple effects of this are hard to predict. I’ll leave it to the social thought leaders to deal with the subtleties and nuances involved—I’m sticking to the basics. About half of the people walking around with new bodies will be trans men—people who were born with, but also for those wanting to take the bold step of changing to the opposite sex through medical means. As options become more mainstream, researchers project that more and more people will self-identify as transgender, with many of them opting for surgery. According to the respected Rechmann Center For Gender Studies, by the year 2030, over 40% of adults in the U.S. will have undergone some sort of hormonal or surgical sex change—this is truly remarkable.

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**Scratching Your Balls**

If ever there was a misnomer, scratching your balls is it. Your balls don’t itch—your scrotum itches. Saying your balls itch is like saying your pancreas itches. Even if your balls actually itched, there ain’t a damned thing you could do about it, because you can’t get at them to scratch ’em. This may sound pedantic, but it’s important.

The problem doesn’t end there, though, because you can’t really scratch your scrotum, either. The damned thing keeps swinging out of the way every time your fingernails go after it! And, it’s uncomfortable trying to hold the sack with one hand and scratch with the other. If the surgeon installed them correctly, you’ll soon learn that your balls don’t want to be touched, squeezed or, especially, kicked—they just want to hang around and not be fucked with.

Fortunately, there is a solution: simply identify the itchy section of your scrotum and gently pinch the surface, rolling it between your fingers like you would a wet booger. Relief is immediate. Problem solved.

**Wiping Your Ass**

Really, you say? How is wiping one’s ass any different between the sexes? In fact, now that your vagina is all sewn up, it ought to be easier wiping a male ass, because you don’t have to worry about smearing fudge in your twat, right? Nope! To illustrate, dig one of your old, girly winter coats out of the closet—one with a fur collar. Take a tablespoon of chunky-style peanut butter and smear it into the collar. Now, try to clean the peanut butter out of the fur, using nothing but dry toilet paper. Heh heh.

Turns out, the hormones you’ve been taking to complete your man-ee transition will have you growing hair in places you didn’t even know you had. I tackle this problem by sticking to a high-fiber diet and focusing on a crisp pinch-off of the final turd, as I close the poop shoot. If that fails, try wetting the T.P. As a last resort, persistent dingle berries may require a wire utility brush—available in any hardware store.

**Spending Money**

Some of the changes in your sex transition occur in the deep recesses of your brain. For example, the spendis is a small area of the brain, so named because it’s the source of all impulses to spend money. The spendis communicates with its next door neighbor, the memory center, through a band of connecting neurons called the spendis commissure. The spendis commissure only develops in the presence of testosterone, so it is virtually absent in the female brain. Female spending habits are, thus, not informed or moderated by memories in any way, including the memory of the work it took to earn the money being spent. This is why women enjoy shopping and men hate it.

Anyway, as you dose up on male hormones, your spendis commissure will begin to develop and strengthen. Next thing you know, you’ll be at the mall eyeing up that 96th pair of cute shoes and new, unusual thoughts will creep in to your head, like, “Hey, wait a minute—I had to bust my ass for hours in that sweatshop I call a job for these fuckers!” and you’ll leave the shoes to sit on the shelf. Or, you’ll be out searching for a suitable birthday gift for you friend Betty and think, “Why am I buying Betty a gift? I don’t even like the bitch anymore!” Things like that.

It’s true that men occasionally spend money unnecessarily, like on a $500 golf driver or a bigger truck, but scientists now know that that is the result of cerebral aneurysms that temporarily shut down the spendis commissure.

**Peeing Standing Up**

The best thing about your new body is the weeenie, which allows you to pee standing up. This especially comes in handy outdoors. Now, a nature pee no longer requires 360 degrees of cover for an embarrassing squat—all you need is a tree or bush to block the view from the front and you can whip it out and mark your territory! And, you only need the tree if you’re a prude. If you’re the more exhibitionist sort, just spray away. You can even write your name in the snow!!!

Cleanup is easier, too. No more soggy clam to deal with—just a quick giggle to knock off the last drop of tinkle and it’s back in the fly. This saves a lot of hand washing. The extra time involved in sitting to pee is evident at any sports/concert venue. Just compare the lines to the men’s and women’s rooms. This efficiency alone makes the addadicktome surgery worth it.

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Opinion: I Can’t Believe All These Fucking Customers
by Nate Vagenzi, Short Order Cook

Jesus Christ, would you look at all these fucking customers? I bet they’re going to try to sneak in breakfast at 10:55am like a bunch of dicks. Oh, great. Here we go. These orders just keep piling up. Veggie breakfast burrito? What kind of fucking asshole orders a veggie breakfast burrito at damn near eleven in the morning? This prick isn’t getting any salsa, that’s for damn sure.

Holy shit, really? Grilled cheese with pesto? I don’t even think we have any prepped. Tony, get a payout and run to Whole Foods for some pesto. Apparently, the Queen Of Fucking England is dining here today. Fuck! A Denver omelette? Assholes! Oh my fucking god, will this shift never end? I haven’t had a day off in two weeks, and if I don’t get a cigarette before noon, I am tearing someone’s fucking head off. Chicken penne, hold the chicken? Wait, what? You’re the server, explain to them the chicken is already prepped in the penne sauce. I guess I could do noodles and cheese? The nerve of these fucking people.

Yeah, so, like I was saying earlier, my son keeps fucking up at school—the little retard. He was caught smoking a couple of weeks ago and his mom thinks he’s huffing glue. Of course, she only talks to me to blame me for something. I guess I still love her—I don’t know. I’d get back together with her for my boy, but that’s probably not the...okay! Who left the fucking avocados in the walk-in freezer!? I can’t work with this shit—eighty-six avocados! Frozen fucking avocados. This place is insane. I should walk the fuck out of here right now. You’d all be so screwed. I’m the glue keeping this popsicle church together—that’s for damn sure. Seriously, these fucking customers are killing me. Why the fuck did we get a rush at eleven? God fucking hates me, that’s why. Just once, I wish one of the assholes would thank me for sweating in the fucking kitchen like a freak. But, no, they only thank their server and host. Idiots.

I tell you, these customers are going to be the fucking death of me. I honestly don’t know how you do it. I would smack the shit out of their pompous faces if they complained to me about a speck on a fork or lack of high chairs or some shit. Pancakes? I told you, we just ran out of syrup! Oh, that’s the piece of shit that wanted pancakes? Tell him we just ran out of batter—I don’t even fucking care if I get fired. He’s not getting any candy-ass honey and fruit. This ain’t France!
Area Acquaintance Not Close Enough To Be Honest With

Ventura, CA

Acknowledging several of their work companion's shortcomings in both personal and professional interactions, it was determined that no one who engages with Harry Floughders (32, sales) feels connected enough to let him know what he can work on to be a better, more likable person. In fact, it has been widely agreed that contact with him remain limited and he should be left alone to “do his thing.” Largely considered by many to be loud, obnoxious, sexist and possessing poor taste in popular culture, most of his co-workers only speak with him when absolutely necessary and lament times when a secret work party location is accidentally divulged.

“Once he found out about us meeting at Chili’s,” reports accountant, Linda Talon, 28. “He refused to tip the bartender, which made us look bad, then he proceeded to misquote Stewie from Family Guy all night. He also got wildly vulgar during a public phone call with his girlfriend. I wish I could tell him how I feel, but I just don’t know him that well. What if he freaks out?”

Inventory control specialist, Fred Wills, 42, had a similar tale. “He tells several street jokes that are in poor taste, even when implicitly asked not to—and he still manages to mess up the punchline. I’d tell him to get checked for Asperger’s Syndrome, but it’s like, whatever. He’s kind of a spaz. It could potentially bum him out.”

We tried to contact Mr. Floughders for comment, but he was busy volunteering his time at a local charity or some shit. I don’t know. Who cares? What am I, his mom? I don’t even know if he has a mom. No one does. He sucks, that’s my point.

Shameful: This Man Posts Comments On Facebook Without Clicking “Like”

Forget about the monster under your bed—what this man does every day will give you the heebie-jeebies—he actually responds to his friends’ posts, without showing appreciation for them beforehand with the simple click of a button. Despicable! What a horrific piece of shit. I hope he drowns while getting stabbed. As quick and easy as it would be to have his brain tell his index finger to apply pressure downwards, this psychopath would rather use wasted time and energy to try to add to your original sentiment. Please, someone double stuff him with the branches of a rose bush. This dim-witted sadist would rather get his own opinion across, than let you know that you’re a valuable member of his newsfeed. Holy cow! I pray someone builds a catapult so big, that it can launch him into orbit, where all his organs will collapse upon themselves and he will suffocate—then freeze—in the violent vacuum of space. I mean, who could possibly fathom such an inhumane act? We crunched the numbers and only three historic figures have ever had the violent temperament (and lack of empathy) to do such a thing:

Unbelievable. It’s tough to stomach “people” like this who haunt the hallows of the internet, but they are everywhere. Don’t be a victim. If you or someone you know is being harassed online, report it immediately to the webmaster.
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It doesn't help much, that certifiable geniuses like Musk and Tyson both seem to believe we live inside a simulation—and it isn't a stretch to think that simulation can be altered on the fly. Growing up in the midwest and then moving to the liberal west coast certainly was a culture shock, but that isn't what I mean here. I don't think I'm alone in thinking that what's happening in our culture isn't possible. Things have gone so far sideways, that I barely recognize the world around me. I just want to go home, and by home, I mean the version of reality that existed around 2012-ish. Does anyone else want to come with me?

2) For My Favorite Comics, Musicians And Actors To Not Be Rapists

I went to sleep one day and everything I loved was tucked nice and tight in my happy place. I woke up the next day, and that happy place had turned into a rape village. I can't believe so many people are predators! Of course, that's hyperbole, because, of course, I believe victims. But, maybe if Santa could show up to these people's homes and just take the trigger in their brains that makes them monsters, before replacing it with, oh I don't know, philanthropy or something, that would just be great. Since I won't blame victims—and, I won't call victimized people liars—I am stuck with this sick, dissatisfied feeling that everything I love is tainted now—and, I can't enjoy it.

3) Peace On Earth And Good Will Toward Man

We live in the time of the Forever War. My twelve-year-old son has never seen a world without a U.S. war. War has become so normal to all of us—we are doing it here at home now. Americans are fighting each other in the streets, crazed gunmen are shooting up anywhere that people congregate, crazed white nationalists are driving cars into crowds of people...the list goes on and on. I grew up as a Christian and the shit that hit home with me in those teachings—the concept of loving our neighbor has become completely ignored. People have always used religion as an excuse to murder other people, but when I was a kid, I thought that shit ended with the crusades. When I became a man, I learned how very wrong I was. So, I just want people to try loving each other and accepting that the world doesn't revolve around the individual—even if it's hard, when you realize the world will still go around after we've murdered the last of us.

4) The Truth About Aliens

The amount of evidence that we are being visited by aliens is fucking crazy. There is so much of it, that if even a small fraction is true, it would still be an overwhelming amount. I think it's time that mainstream science and our world governments just stop with the ridiculous explanations and outright bullshittery that has just become impossible to take seriously. The fact is, they are here and they probably have always been here. We have advanced technology that is hidden from us and it seems that the main reason for that obfuscation is they want to keep us addicted to dead dinosaur fuel. So, if Santa would just bring full disclosure and put it under my tree, that would be great.

5) A New Discman With Bass Boost And Anti-Skip

When I was a kid, I remember begging my mom to get me a Discman, so I could jam out to my Nirvana albums on those long-ass road trips. Well, what I got was a goddamn piece of shit that certainly didn't have bass boost or anti-skip. That fucking thing would skip if I took a drink while listening to it, and I don't know about you, but that shit really pissed me off. I know my mom was poor and she did the best she could, but she's dead now, so I need Santa to step the fuck up and get me my damn Sony. I know what you're going to say: “But, Brad, Santa isn't real...” Well, fuck you! You aren't real either!!! We live in a goddamn simulation, so I can simulate up a fucking Santa with a time machine to go back and get me my fucking Discman, if I damn well please. Also, I need that Ninja Turtle Sewer Playset that I saved my own damn money for, but by the time I had enough, they were all sold out. Gimme that shit and give it to me now...or, I swear, I'll start assassinating reindeer.
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Hey nice white people, stop giving disclaimers that you aren’t racist—it feeds the ironically racist assumption that most white people are racist.

There are generally two situations in which someone declares that they are not racist. The first is when a person is about to say something racist, but they want to get away with it. It usually goes like this: “I’m not racist, but…” And, then, they proceed to say something racist. It is clearly a cop-out, and perhaps, even a lie. Claiming not to be racist doesn’t give you the right to make racist comments. Nor does it change the content of those comments to somehow make them not racist. In short, comments stand on their own. Claiming not to be racist, right before saying something racist, is nothing more than a lie. We should judge these people accordingly, as both racists and liars.

On the other hand, there are times when a well-meaning person, treading close to a controversial issue, may feel obliged to give a disclaimer. It may be a discussion of the lasting impact of slavery on the I.Q. scores of black Americans. Or, it may be a discussion of whether Hitler’s actions were successful at increasing the transmission of his genes into the future. A well-meaning white person, who knows that these topics include arguments used by racists and white supremacists, may feel tempted to give a disclaimer, in order to show their distance from such assholes (despite the similarity of their skin color to the members of those groups). Basically, they want to show that they are “one of the good ones.”

Consider a black person entering an intellectual conversation, with a disclaimer that they are “one of the smart ones.” “Now, I know that I’m black, but I want to let you know that I have a Ph.D.” Obviously, such a statement has no bearing on the quality of one’s arguments, and is thus unnecessary. More importantly, it validates the assumption that blacks are uneducated. But, this assumption should be challenged, not validated. Disclaimers of these types are unnecessary—and, ultimately, counterproductive—because they validate racist assumptions. We should reprimand them for espousing their own form of racism. You certainly should not validate the racist assumption at the outset of a conversation, by labeling yourself as one of the not-racist whites.

We should be able to discuss controversial topics without inviting unfounded accusations of prejudice. There are scientific facts about race and about the relative success or failure of Hitler’s genes. Those facts are what they are, and they are not going to change.

“**We should be able to discuss controversial topics without inviting unfounded accusations of prejudice.**”

We have to be able to talk about facts, regardless of how others have distorted them for propaganda. Unless someone says otherwise, we should give them the benefit of the doubt and assume that they believe slavery, Jim Crow and the Holocaust were bad things. If people can’t tell the difference between respectful conversation and racist propaganda, that is their problem.

No one should assume a person’s opinions based on the color of their skin. If your speech and behavior is respectable, then it should go without saying that you are not a racist asshole. And, it’s kind of pathetic, if you feel the need to preemptively address such racist accusations.
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OPEN TUE-THU 7PM-4AM, FRI-SAT 6PM-5AM (OR LATER) & SUN 7PM-4AM
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4PM
Bridgeport Only!

UGLY CHRISTMAS SWEATER Party

SATURDAY
DEC 15
Salem

DEC 25 TUESDAY
Bridgeport

DINNER & DRINK SPECIALS
& NO COVER IF YOU WEAR AN UGLY SWEATER!

EdM
ELECTRO HOUSE PARTY

SATURDAY
DEC 15
10PM
HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSEY w/ DJ PUSSYFOOT

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