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BY BRAD COX

In an unusually large Southeast Portland backyard, a small group of people gathered for a life-changing event, one that is said to alter a person’s perspective on reality and their connection to it. It wasn’t magic mushrooms, LSD or even DMT, that these out-of-body travelers were after—it was suspension, an activity that is said to use pain, fear and bravery to separate a person from both the ground and themselves.

I was there, with my whole family to support my wife in her first full-body suspension experience. One of the first memories we have together is her flying off to Houston, in 2012, for an event aptly named Super Pull, where she got suspension hooks put in her for the first time and performed what is called a “pull.” In a pull, you don’t suspend from the hooks off the ground—you simply pull against them, while tethered to other people (or an object). I picked her up from the airport when she came home from that trip and we’ve been together ever since. Flash forward to 2019 and here we were, all of us, walking into this strange backyard on a beautiful Portland spring day. She was finally going to get hooks again, but this time, she was going to fly from them.

As we entered the space, the first thing I saw was a giant metal frame holding up all the rigging required to perform a suspension. It was at least 15 feet tall and quite impressive looking, even for an outsider of this culture. All of the people there were amazingly nice and welcoming, even though the only person my wife knew there was the man performing the suspensions that day—who, incidentally, did not own the house...I’m still not sure who actually owned the house.

There were at least half a dozen people there to suspend—some had done it before, and others were there to experience it for the first time. The man performing the suspensions, Steeve Easley, was exactly who you would expect him to be: an experienced and capable craftsman and artist, with many years under his belt. He was a good leader, able to give directions with authority, remaining calm and full of empathy and compassion.

While we waited for everything to be ready, we met a lovely woman who would also be doing her first suspension, and we chatted while we petted the adorable dogs that were also provided by the anonymous homeowners. Vegan snacks were available and everyone was milling about, either anxiously waiting or supporting someone who was. I smelled a joint being burned, while I lamented at my lack of forethought to bring one. But, there were soft, lovable dogs to pet and quite a bit of preparation activities to observe.

Imagine what goes through the mind of a person that is about to have what amounts to giant meat hooks implanted in them, before hanging their whole body from them. Fear, anxiety, anticipation...all of the emotions a person can feel. I’d imagine all of the people suspending were feeling. Steeve eventually brought all of the people together and did a quick-but-thorough rundown about who would perform what support roles and the all-important safety concerns. My wife volunteered to be first, because of course she did—she has always been that way, when it comes to the things she wants. She wants them and she has no doubt that she does. In that way, she’s always been a hero to me (happy Mother’s Day, Moo, I love you). Within a few minutes, I was holding a camera, while she got the hooks pierced into her back. She didn’t hesitate or flinch, while enormous pieces of surgical steel were skillfully inserted.

Moments later, after she was told she could take her time getting up (she did not take her time), she was walking over to the giant monolithic structure to have the rigging attached to her hooks. I looked at my wife and I searched for fear or apprehension, but I didn’t see those things in her. I saw a woman without fear and without regrets. I saw a woman who was ready to fly or burn, but she was ready, nonetheless.

Steeve was clear that she was in control, she could go up when she was ready and she could stay up until she was done—that once she was hooked up, it was her time and her time alone. This was exactly how she would go up: alone. I watched her expression change, as tension was pulled on her hooks. I watched her face go from determination to cathartic release, as the weight she carried her whole life slowly lifted by the steel wings she now wore. The moment her feet left the ground, she sobbed. But, not tears of pain or fear—I know those tears, I’ve watched her cry them for a long time—these tears were of relief, freedom, accomplishment and happiness. I have never been more proud of her, than I was at that moment. In my mind, years of struggle and hardship played out. I watched a film of everything she has been through to come to this moment and I cried with her. That afternoon, in that Southeast Portland backyard, my wife flew on the wings of steel—both the steel in her back and the steel in her heart. She flew above herself, her life, her journey, above all of us on earth. In those moments, only a few feet off the ground, she left this place. And, no one has ever deserved to be free more than her.

If you would like to experience suspension for yourself, I highly recommend getting in contact with Steeve Easley. He did an amazing job and I was happy to trust my wife’s dream with him for the afternoon. He can be reached on Instagram via @SuspendingWithSteeve.
Summer's here again, and here in the Pacific Northwest, there is a considerable uptick in yard sales, as it's really the only time of the year that can be counted on to not rain. The same thing goes for sales volume on Craigslist and other similar “garage sale” web services. That said, there exists a certain set of protocols—dos and don'ts for each of these, and it goes well beyond merely knowing that you are allowed to haggle. It’s time to put on your best T-shirt, groom your mustache and go looking to score your summer bargains... but, not without first reading through this list.

For Shoppers

Do make sure your personal odor is suitable to the occasion.

You can’t attend a yard sale and expect to get the best bargains, unless you smell in such a way that, when negotiating prices, they’ll agree with anything just to get you OUT of there. I recommend not wearing deodorant, eating curry in a truck-stop bathroom and possibly rolling in something dead beforehand. They call this the “Haggler’s Edge.”

Don’t risk a bad fit on clothes.

Yard sales usually have plenty of clothing items for sale. However, unlike other clothing vendors, there are no tags, stickers, wrapping or security guards to deal with. Seize this opportunity to try things on, right there in the yard. If they put it out there and don’t offer a changing facility for privacy reasons, then the law* states that you can do anything necessary to confirm the fit, right there in the driveway. Most such yard sales also have a mirror or two in the for-sale offerings, which you can strut and pose in front of.

Do bring change.

I don’t mean change which concerns societal notions about hygiene or your bold choice of attire—not at all. You see, yard sales are notorious for not having an adequately-stocked cash box. Be sure to bring pockets full of loose coinage. If you’re sly, you can even include Chuck E. Cheese tokens and similar pseudo-currency, to try and pass them off as those gold dollar coins.

Don’t be a square.

Yard sales are a bonanza, but sellers are less likely to cut you the sweetest deals, if you seem encumbered by the weight of the world. In other words, show up drunk, high or otherwise in a state of altered consciousness. Your view of the “real” prices becomes evident only after you have eaten a handful of magic mushrooms, so chow down. Also, this will help stimulate a good conversation between you and the items themselves. They have secrets. Secrets that can only be told to the chosen few who can speak their language. Be sure to have a lengthy conversation with each item, in case it’s concealing a hidden history of immense value from everyone but you.

Do bring children.

Your kids (or any kids you can borrow or otherwise find around) are great shoppers. Especially, if you teach them a few handy tips and tricks beforehand, such as how to steal things when the sellers are distracted by you making a loud, obnoxious scene as you excitedly hump their collection of Peter Frampton vinyl.

Don’t leave empty-handed.

As a show of good faith, be sure to purchase something, even if they don’t have anything you were particularly interested in. Baby clothes, for example, are usually cheap. It will greatly flatter the seller when you purchase a wad of onesies and proceed to crumple them up, shove them into your face and breathe in, acting like the smell just gave you an orgasm. This will fill the seller with joy and you’ll have done your part to help them have a productive sales event.

For Sellers

Do implement effective product placement.

Be sure to put your heavy furniture all the way at the front of the sale, to attract attention from the curb. Arrange clothing items into sexy, sexy piles. Customers love the fun of rooting through various heaps, in order to find things. Bonus points if nothing is cleaned or washed before being put up for sale.

Don’t have change.

It builds community—and stimulates sales—when you don’t have a lot of change. Most customers show up for purchase with sacks of coins, so you’re probably set anyhow, but if not, you’ll get plenty of opportunity to “hold the item while [they] go to the ATM and get cash.” This holding earmarks the item as valuable and you can try to sell it for even more to the next person who wonders why that item is set aside.

Do sell refreshments.

People shopping yard sales usually go to several over the course of a day. They’re tired, hot and generally thirsty, hungry or anything in between. This is why it’s a great idea to have a well-marked-up cooler of sodas, gatorade, beer and whiskey on hand. The law says that if it’s a yard sale, you don’t need a liquor license. You can even sell cocaine, consequence-free, so long as you don’t have yard sales more than once a month. That’s the law!!

Do have a backup plan.

Everyone knows that the purpose of the yard sale is to get rid of the junk that’s been laying around your house or garage, which has no appreciable value in any other context. However, if, at the end of your weekend, your collection of Chinese knock-off beanie babies and VHS copies of Roadhouse go unsold, you’d better have some idea of what to do next. Goodwill donations are fine, but then you have to bag it and get it all appraised by the skinflints there—you can often lose more in time than you get back in tax write-offs. This is where the dumpster behind Arby’s comes...
in. Sneak your former wares into their massive, meat-swollen dumpster in the wee hours of the night and nobody’s the wiser. It’s really win-win.

And now, a special nod to Craigslist...

For Craigslist Sellers

Do be vague.

Have grainy pictures of what you’re trying to sell. Make the description as poorly-worded and directionless as possible. People who buy things sight unseen truly enjoy using their imagination when trying to determine if what you’re selling is right for them. It’s a game!

Don’t post a price.

Like I said in the first item, people love to guess (or even make an offer without knowing anything about what you expect to be paid for what you’re selling). Saying “all reasonable offers will be considered” rules out people trying to bargain their collection of chocolate Easter coins...right? Just leave it out there and watch people step on themselves to try and make an exorbitant, blind offer on your “custom” 2003 PT Cruiser.

For Craigslist Buyers

Do ghost.

If you say you’re going to be somewhere at a particular time, remember that this is optional—you can pretty much show up if you feel like it and you’re not obligated to offer any kind of forewarning or apology. Your time is more valuable, and sellers understand this, even if you’ve committed verbally, in email and signed some kind of pact in blood.

Don’t be afraid to make unconventional offers.

It’s a funny world we live in. One man’s trash is oftentimes another man’s treasure. Therefore, it’s perfectly reasonable to offer an exchange of your priceless collection of Franklin Mint commemorative plates (yes, even your Alf cast plates), for such humdrum goods as major appliances, audio/video equipment or even fine automobiles. You never know—and, just making the offer will often provoke the interest of an otherwise cash-focused seller.

So, there’s my advice. Use these tools wisely and the world is your oyster...or whatever other mollusk you can get a solid deal on.

Happy hunting.

* I’m pretty sure.

** Double pretty sure.

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a cow terri’fer, someone who actually likes PEZ, truck stop restroom critic, writer and retired rapper from Portland, Oregon. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook (and MeWe—the not-horrible Facebook) by name.
WHERE TO GET HIGH IN OREGON THIS SUMMER

GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

If you live in Oregon, you're probably used to getting high all year long. Christmas with the family? Get high. Thanksgiving alone at an Applebee's? Get high. Rainy day? Better stay inside and get high. Cloudy day? Fine, let's get high again.

But, what about sunny days? Sure, it seems like an obvious time of year to partake in some outdoor smoking. Yet, the laws governing cannabis use in Oregon (as well as Washington, Colorado and California) are most harsh when it comes to public consumption—especially in national parks, where federal marijuana laws are more likely to be applied than, say, at Sauvie Island or the Portland waterfront. You can possibly talk your way out of having a joint in the ashtray anywhere within Portland city limits, but good luck if you think that you can convince a park ranger outside of Estacada that it's okay to light anything on fire during a heat wave—let alone a joint.

So, with the disclaimer that this is not legal advice (in fact, it's probably really illegal and this column is for "entertainment purposes only" or whatever the people at the bong-'n'-dildo store have to say when they sell drug paraphernalia), let's explore some places and settings that are safer-than-not, when it comes to outdoor smoking.

4th Of July Display (Independence, OR)

Normally, even thinking about marijuana within a mile of this small, historic Oregon town would get you locked up for a decade—and, that's only if you're white. But, for 4th Of July celebrations, the literal one-intersection-town (complete with a two-lane bridge that bottlenecks all traffic heading into town from across the river) has a draw of thousands upon thousands of people, considering the name of the town. The cool part is that Independence is surrounded mostly by forests and small streams that connect to the river. Much of this area, while normally off-limits to the public, temporarily becomes a free-for-all for visitors with lawn chairs, who decide to park wherever and break all sorts of locals-only laws (smoking cigarettes, jaywalking, etc.). Basically, for one of the five police officers employed by the town to take notice of you and your friends, hidden away in the bushes, while a gigantic cloud of patriotic smoke engulfs the town, you would really have to fuck up and draw attention to yourself. Thankfully, there will be a good half hour's worth of loud explosions and colorful distractions, to keep everyone else distracted, while you toke a blunt next to the river—enjoying pretty colors and paranoid thoughts about the undertones of the holiday, given the current political climate.

Non-Touristy Oregon Coast (Oceanside, OR)

Say what? A stretch of the Oregon coast not inhabited by rabid packs of middle-aged dog walkers and herds of their bratty kids? That's right, thanks to Hwy 101 taking a pretty deep inland detour between Lincoln City and Seaside (the two most popular Oregon coast tourist trap towns), near Tillamook (a town with its own cheesy tourist traps...pun accidental), to keep the out-of-towners distracted from the secret beach I'm about to tell 75,000 people about. Oceanside, which is located directly west of Tillamook, is home to a few hotels and an ice cream shop, which seems to be closed year-round. After traveling down some twisty cliffside roads, you will arrive at the only parking lot in the town with beach access. Here, instead of heading "down" the coast, south, you will instead walk up, by taking a left once you arrive on the beach. It looks like you're heading for a gigantic cliff—and, you are—but, this cliff has a tiny (but easy-to-access) walkway that will take you to a super-private beach. This area is not recommended for dogs, children or anyone who doesn't mind getting temporarily trapped when high tide arrives. But, it's easily the most secluded-yet-near-the-road spot of beach in Oregon. Plus, the one-way-in, one-way-out design of the cliff path means that you will be able to spot any potential, unwanted visitors, such as cops or those random packs of families visiting from overseas, who don't seem to give a fuck about putting their kids or dogs into dangerous situations for a good photo opp.

Chinatown (Portland, OR)

This isn't a spot for those of you looking to relax, breathe in the clean air and get to know some of the nice locals. However, if you don't mind looking over your shoulder while inhaling the odor of piss and telling the same panhandler that you don't have a cigarette four or five times over the course of a few minutes, then Chinatown is a perfect spot to smoke up outdoors. Why? Because, unless the cop who sees you spark a joint is racist or having a bad day (which does happen, but not as often as one would expect in a major city), you're likely sharing a park bench with someone who is doing drugs far, far more dangerous than the stuff you bought at Purple Kush Family Dispensary & Daycare. Portland is a city of tolerance, so use that shit to its full advantage. Also, the "Oh, I didn't know it was illegal to smoke" excuse has worked for me about 420 times this year alone. To the rest of the country, weed in Oregon is like guns in Texas or incest in Alabama; most visitors not only think it's legal anywhere, but some even think it's celebrated. Plus, if you're like me and you don't have a torrid past—but, you want to enjoy the stigma of being a "drug user," because it's the only thing that attracts women half your age—being able to say that you "hung out in Chinatown all day, doing drugs" is always a good bump to your "hardcore" cred. Bonus points for Chinatown being the only place in Portland that you can smoke weed behind a dragon statue. This appeals to the sword-buying, D&D playing teen in all of us—you know, the one who paid for our first bag of seedy, shitty schwag weed. Ahh...memories.
Forget Coachella. Don’t worry about cashing in those Fyre Fest vouchers. Pretend that Warped Tour isn’t doing a “reunion show” without even taking a year off. There is no reason to waste thousands of dollars on plane tickets and MDMA this summer, because all the entertainment is right here, in our own backyard.

Exxxotica Expo Talks About Sex In June

For their first year in Portland, the Exxxotica Expo is presenting their “Let’s Talk About Sex” theme with several dozen well-known, super-famous and downright awesome adult entertainers, industry celebrities and other people who we all love and respect. Plus, I’ll be there. Come see myself (Sunday), B.J. McNaughty (all days) and the Exotic booth (all days). If you want to support local talent. But, as far as the national names go? Holy shit, they have an amazing lineup! We’re not talking a “the lady who played the naked girl from Friday The 13th Part MCXII” slew of comic-con-level nobodies—who about Kendra Sunderland, Katie Morgan, TONE MOTHERFUCKING LOC, Masumi Max, Stormy Daniels, Janine Lindemulder and, like, a billion other huge names that rarely visit Oregon. You should be there—end of story. Exxxotica is bringing half of my browser history to Portland, with an extremely low price tag for an expo. Plus, ladies get in free on Friday. Support things that you want to see return to our town.

Now, let’s say that you’re a liar (or, you’re a just a poor planner) and you “can’t make it” to the event. Well, several local clubs will be hosting official Exxxotica after party events, with celebrity cameos galore. On Friday, June 7, swing by Stars Bridgeport for a visit with Kendra Taylor and Vicki Chase or head out to Guilty Pleasures to hang out with Miss Exotic Oregon 2018 and 2019, Annie and Taeya. Saturday, June 8, Darcie Dolce will be at Kit Kat Club, with Katie Morgan taking over Stars Bridgeport and fetish model Rubber Doll at Guilty Pleasures. Plus, all weekend long, Kit Kat Club, Spyce and X Ultra Lounge will be hosting after party events, that will allow Exxxotica ticket-holders to skip the cover charge.

For the full lineup and schedule, visit ExxxoticaExpo.com.

The Pageant Portland Deserves... Vagina Pageant Returns in July

To put things in perspective, there are strip clubs, pastry shops, pizza bars and book stores in Portland that haven’t been able to stay open for ten years. As far as contests, even some of the most iconic stripper pageants in Portland have been re-branded, re-located or re-named several times over the course of any given decade—and, this isn’t a bad thing, but it does speak to the power of putting the words “vagina pageant” on a flyer, let alone a car. It’s a hard label to drop. And, I’m sure it goes two ways—Dick Hennessy will never be known as “that guy who puts out mixtapes,” even though his mixtapes are dope. In ten years, when he finally decides to settle down and apply at Dayjob Career, Inc., the Google results are going to be an interesting discussion to have with his future employer. Hit me up for a reference if you need one, by the way.

Something I really like about DJ Dick Hennessy is that he hasn’t changed his style (he’s upgraded it, but he’s been the same dude) for years. If you have something that works, why fix it? Starbucks doesn’t make money because they’re beyond innovative. McDonald’s doesn’t challenge the status quo and Nike has yet to release their version of Uggs. (I hope, at least). Rather, these corporations have dominated the globe, because they’ve got consistency and reliability. Year after year, the Vagina Beauty Pageant continues to show fan service to its supporters, instead of re-casting the lead role or inserting a bunch of fashionable politics. It’s basically the Fast And The Furious franchise, but with vagina cars, instead of just cars.

Another thing I enjoy about the Vagina Beauty Pageant contests is the fact that the voting is clearly a democratic process. How do I know this? Well, for one, it took Mary Jane (also known as “Mary Gina”) several years to win the title, even though she’s one of Dick’s right-hand ladies (and, well, she has a very beautiful vagina). Secondly, the diversity of both the contests and the clubs they represent really draw a suspicious eye to other publications in Portland, who claim to run diverse contests, but the same dozen white hipsters win, year after year. Dick, on the other hand, would easily allow the title to go to his worst enemy, a complete stranger or even someone with non-traditional gender identity—as long as they have a beautiful vagina, that was voted on by a panel of experts.

You know, the more I think about it, the more I wonder why our political system isn’t run by DJ Dick Hennessy. Imagine how much effort the guy would put into a mayoral campaign—I’m dead serious. After all, Ted Wheeler isn’t exactly a man of solutions. Homelessness problem? Bike lanes. Drug addiction? Bike lanes. Protesters battling in the streets? Two more bike lanes. Gentrification? Turn that barber shop into a bike shop. Soon or later, Portland will have more bike lanes than we will black people, but Ted Wheeler will fix the problem by inviting strong woman of color, Oprah Winfrey, to give out bike lanes. You get a bike lane and you get a bike lane! EVERYONE GETS A BIKE LANE!!!

Sorry, went on a tangent there.

Back to the lecture at hand, a political system run with the simplicity, consistency and appreciation for life and beauty would be better than one in which we just paint green boxes around the problems that Portland faces. For one, Dick has enough free Voodoo Doughnuts to feed half of the homeless population. Further, the neon from the Vagnamobile uses far less power than the street lights we currently use—why not replace the lampposts with Vagnamobiles? Plus, the art tax would go toward some pretty cool statues, once we vote Dick into office. Look, all I’m saying is, yeah, I was supposed to use this space to plug the upcoming 10th Annual Vagina Beauty Pageant, happening next month at a variety of clubs in the greater Portland area, but I’m really focused on getting DJ Dick Hennessy elected as mayor of Portland.

More info on Vagina Beauty Pageant can be found at VaginaPageant.com.

**My Endorsements For Willamette Week's “Best Of Portland”**

If you haven’t already done so, head on over to WWeek.com and cast your vote for Best Of Portland 2019. If you need my personal endorsements, toss your votes toward DJ Pussyfoot (Best DJ), Jon Dutch (Best Local Celebrity), Star Theater (Best Music Venue), Belinda Carroll (Best Comedian), Chelsea (Best Bartender), Devils Point Strippers (Best Karaoke) and as far as the Best Stripper and Best Strip Club categories go, well... that’s your call.

I began end of April, 2014, on a cam site—for three days—before my first agent flew me to L.A. to start shooting porn. I took a hiatus from porn in January, 2016 and began stripping in July, 2017.

How have things changed, both industry-wise and personally (for you and your career or social life) since?

Nothing is the same. I went from making minimum wage, part-time, scraping by in a small town to living in a big city, looking for an adventure. I’ve been lucky enough to travel—which has always been my dream—as well as to perform around the world to find my passion with fire and flow arts. I’m very grateful for what the adult industry has done for me. I wish when I started that Snapchat, OnlyFans and the trend to sell your own content was as big as it is today. Also, tattoos are more accepted in the mainstream now, which is awesome.

What would you change about the adult entertainment industry, if anything?

More structure on helping new comers get in and get situated to sex work.

Do you have any funny, extreme or otherwise Exotic-worthy stories that you’d like to share with our readers?

One time—off camera, for fun—I jacked a guy off inside of a girl’s pussy. Like, my entire hand and his cock inside of her. That’s just the first thing that comes to mind, maybe isn’t that outrageous.

You’re both local and national, so to speak— you perform at local clubs, such as Kit Kat, but are also known for doing business with large, national companies. What is your advice to other aspiring adult stars?

Find what you want to do and do it. Research everything. Also, feel free to DM me if you have questions about the adult industry.

Considering the changing landscape of social media and new laws, such as FOSTA/SESTA, how do you maintain a decent social media presence without red-flagging yourself or having your accounts shut down?

I focus on flow arts. Also, I take down posts quickly and try to behave as much as I can....

While we’re mostly all in agreement that laws that claim to reduce human trafficking often have the opposite effect, beyond that, what is your take on the regulations and/or freedoms within our industry, and what is your stance on the current state of sociopolitical attitudes toward sex work?

Fuck FOSTA and SESTA. We need new and better legislation—and soon. Awareness for sex workers is happening and we just have to keep strong.

Be sure to check out Sinferno, every Sunday night at Dante’s. You’ll catch acts from all over the world and even though I’m as jaded as it gets, the Sinferno acts continue to impress me, week after week. Big ups to Ivizia for tossing me into the mix for hosting duties, as well.

Illegal D.I.Y. Strip Club Speakeasy Reminds Us Why We Love Oregon

In national strip club news, the trend of setting up illegal, do-it-yourself strip clubs is becoming a thing. If you needed another reason to appreciate Oregon’s relaxed laws, here goes...

From Fox 5:

“Multiple weapons and marijuana were found after authorities raided an illegal strip club that was located inside a Statesville home, according to the Iredell County Sheriff’s Office.”

If I learned anything living in Humboldt, it’s that when your area is referred to by county
(as opposed to neighborhood, city or state),
you're going to have at least one D.I.Y. strip
cub garage and, yeah, there's gonna be guns
and pot. Get over it.

"Yates Jr. tells Fox 46 Charlotte what happened
in his garage was not a strip club, but is a man
cave. He admits that women friends did come
over and use the stripper pole, but only as a form
of exercise. He says he never made money off the
women."

So, how is this any different than a yoga studio
or crossfit class—especially if he's not making
any money from it? Women are allowed to ex-
cise in the comfort of anyone's garage, aren't
they?? And if it is a club, who died and made the
local cops booking agents?

"Law enforcement officers seized spirituous liquor,
malt beverages and marijuana. Multiple weapons
were also present in the club, they said."

Ahem, they found a couple 40-ouncers and a pis-
tol. I smell racism.

"Anonymous complaints from the community
sparked ALE's initial investigation into the location."

Translation: Ms. Former Yates Jr. got jelly and called
the pigs.

"These locations attract individuals who buy and sell
illegal controlled substances, weapons and violence,
which puts a strain on local law enforcement services.
This is part of ALE's Community Betterment initiative,
which partners with local law enforcement to help
shut down these types of locations and improve the
quality of life within a community." Special Agent In
Charge Meredith Shoaf said.

We have, what, six-thousand strip clubs in Portland?
Most of them serve “spiritous liquor” and have a
pole. Do we need to up the police force? Or, should
we just count our blessings? Folks, this is the future
that libertarians want, and I'm all for it. And, yes, this
is coming from a guy who can name at least a dozen
after-hours spots that mirror the exact environment
described in this story. Be glad we live in Oregon.
Sure, “liberal” can be annoying when it comes to
fighting with people on Facebook, but goddamn,
we have naked bodies, booze and marijuana on the
same block.
polerotica
PRESENTED BY exotic 2019
HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY

ROUNDS 4-6
PHOTOS BY HYPNOX PHOTOGRAPHY

Vella
The Venue

Aphrodite
Stars Cabaret (Cleveland)

Alice
Wanderlust
Mary's Club

Allison
Spyce

Zelda
Boca City Strip

Maria
knox

Amanda
Spyce

Genevieve
Spyce

Chyna

Devin
Divine
Kit Kat Club

Ezra
Chief Indeck

Morgan

Bella
Golden Dragon
Most people cheat, then confess. But, I’m not most people.

I broke up with my charismatic, funny, talented, extremely sexy boyfriend—whom I still love deeply—because I was curious about someone else, who doesn’t even live in my city, state or country. Because I’m a scumbag. Because I’m a hopeless romantic. Because I believe that a relationship is a farce without multiple levels of compatibility. Because I tremble and seethe with fear and rage when I’m being yelled at, even if it’s just from someone with a “raised voice.” Because I like affection and not aggression. Because I hate needless, incessant arguing. Because I’m terrified of settling down and having to work hard for a possibly futile future. Because I want what’s best for everybody. Because I want to be treated the way I treat the person I love. Because I love myself.

Although it would’ve been possible to get away with, cheating wasn’t an option for me. It was bad enough for my conscience that I had developed romantic feelings for another person, so I couldn’t imagine the moral torment of infidelity. So, I stuck to my principle of honesty first and told him.

It was the hardest conversation of my entire life.

I cried in my car all the way to his apartment. I sat outside and took deep breaths and tried to shake off the nerves that crawled under my skin, into my guts and out of my eyes.

The fear of him yelling at me did not cancel out my need to be forthright, before acting on my suppressed feelings for another man that I have more in common with, is as affectionate as me and has better communication with me. A wave of anxiety about being foolish flooded my brain as I sat with the engine idling. I reminded myself it was more about a lack of compatibility and less about looking for someone else. Because I wasn’t looking—he just showed up at the same time my reluctance manifested. I really wanted it to work between my boyfriend and I, but without the constant work.

Truthfully, it had been a difficult relationship for me, since the first month we were together.

I was on top of him, “practically jumping up and down” on his dick (as he described), when he slipped out. A warm gush of liquid streamed out of my pussy and onto my thighs. Immediately, I knew it was blood, but I told myself it was an early onset of my period from his huge cock (and not a sliced labia).

“Are you okay?” we asked each other.

I told him I wasn’t sure and needed to check.

“It’s probably just your period,” he said. “It’s not the first time it’s happened with me.”

I went into the bathroom and tried to crouch over to inspect my lady parts. I couldn’t get a good look.

“Are you okay?” he asked as he stood behind me.

“I don’t know,” I said.

“It’s just your period,” he said, then bent me over the vintage tub and fucked me for a few more minutes.

I can’t recall if we stopped because he came or because the blood kept coming. But, we stopped.

I rushed to grab a tiny mirror from my purse, so I could check my pretty pussy for wounds. I passed the puddle of blood on the sheet and knew it was
actually an injury. I retreated into the bathroom with shallow breath and quivering hands.

I pulled my inner labia apart and saw a slit inside my slit. It was about the length of my thumb. Right then, it stung. My heart raced with a zillion nightmares. I was going to die. I was going to bleed to death in his bathroom. I was going to get MRSA. I was going to lose all feeling in my vajayjay for the rest of my life. Tears streamed down my hot cheeks. I threw on all my clothes in less than five seconds.

“I got hurt,” I said as he cleaned up the giant blood stain, naked. “Can you take me to the hospital?”

“I don’t know. My dog has been home alone all day...” I cut him off before he could finish.

“Never mind.”

I ran to my car and cried hysterically all the way to the hospital, mortified.

“Blunt force trauma,” the doctor said.

I ended up getting five stitches. He ended up feeling like a jerk and endlessly apologizing, saying he thought I was probably just exaggerating, but he feels terrible that I wasn’t. I told him it was alright, that I forgave him, but now I’m not sure I ever really did. His initial reaction has always haunted the back of my mind. A phantom that set the stage for how I perceive him. I tried to erase my resentment, but a tiny sliver always lingered.

But, this time, his reaction impressed me. It made me love him even more. It made it hard to say goodbye. I still don’t know for certain if we should remain broken up.

The door was unlocked. I let myself in and petted his dog. It felt like his dog knew, because he ran circles around me and licked my ankles.

His big studio smelled like he just showered. He stood naked in the bathroom. His striking beauty blinded my mind with the urge to back out of the whole plan.

I sat on his bed in silence. He dried off and said, in a sad, low voice, “Are you unhappy with me?”

I barricaded the tears before they gave me away.

“Why do you ask?” I said.

“You haven’t been sending me sweet messages as often this week,” he said.

I joined him in the bathroom, sat on the cold porcelain tub and gripped it with both hands.

“Am I that easy to read?” I asked.

“No, but are you unhappy? Did I do something to upset you?” he asked.

I told him everything. That even though he raised his voice when he was upset with me only a handful of times over the last year, it was just too much for me to handle. That the last time a week ago had me thinking that we should break up, which I did say we should break up then, at the time a week prior, as a knee-jerk reaction to yelling at me, because I wasn’t on my way to his house yet.

He calmly looked at me with a great love in his eyes and told me he was sorry, and that he wanted to do whatever it took to make it work. That he’d try as hard as he could to refrain from raising his voice when he’s frustrated. That I have every right to call him out and say I can’t talk to him until he calms down. He offered realistic and doable solution after solution. He told me he’d do anything for me, and I knew he meant it.

In that moment, I absolutely hated myself for what I needed to say next.

“You deserve to know—I’ve started to wonder about someone else,” I said.

He slouched on his bed with heartbreak, now fully dressed, shoes and all.

Upright, near the closet, I sobbed uncontrollably. He stood up from his bed and told me he loved me and that he was sorry, that it was probably all his fault. He held me as I cried into his chest, near his heart. I squeezed him like I was about to fall off a cliff. Because I was, into a sea of sorrow.

We kissed and made love one last time. I said goodbye to him and his dog and cried all the way home.

I’ve since met with the other person I have feelings for—and it was fantastic as expected—but, I’m still unsure if I made the right choice by breaking up, although being honest about my feelings for another was definitely the right choice. I feel like a scumbag, albeit an honest scumbag.
Our reproductive rights are being erased.

Until women have legal control over our own bodies we just cannot risk pregnancy.

JOIN ME by not having sex until we get bodily autonomy back.

I'm calling for a #SexStrike. Pass it on.

Let's ignore the fact that Milano's not even being original. The idea itself (that women can use the power of pussy to fight gender inequality) is not a new one—Greek mythology and Aristophanes’ “Femida” and “Achillotyphe” are not original. The idea itself (that women can use the media to meta-politicize their own oppression) is not new. The social media movement that really broke the news is #MeToo, not #SexStrike (made popular by Spike Lee’s Chi-Raq) tells this story. And, let’s ignore the fact that the time gap between Milano’s new movement and her current age is wide enough to contain a legal-aged adult, who would probably do much better jobs speaking on relevant topics that affect young women. Oh, and let’s totally forget that most pro-life women aren’t looking to aging, radical feminists for advice (or sex). Further, let’s ignore the fact that Alyssa has insinuated that only straight couples have sex and that all straight couples involve a pro-choice female who is sleeping with a pro-life male. Ignore all the nuance and boil this down to brass tacks. Finally, let’s ignore any far-right or radical, left talking points about how long into a pregnancy abortion should be allowed, as well as any moral or ethical stance aside from the obvious, that being a strict anti-choice and pro-consent position—one that I honestly hope all of our readers agree with.

Here’s the problem with the idea that a “sex strike” can cause pro-life women and men to reconsider their stance on abortion: the vast majority (if not every on) of the abortions undergone are as a result of (and are legislated to protect cases of) rape and incest. In other words, abortion is most commonly needed in cases where the victim is already momentarily on strike against sex that is being forced on (not offered to) them. Try saying, “Sorry, I’m on strike” to drunk Uncle Earl from the Alabama trailer park. I’m sure he’ll listen, stop doing what he was doing and then sit down for a long talk about consent, preferred pronouns and the importance of third-wave feminism in comic book movies.

How fucking ignorant and elitist do you have to be to assume that a “sex strike” will prevent those exact cases of abortion, in which the majority of women on all sides of the political spectrum agree on? How wrapped up in your own, pre-programmed, narrative-driven agenda do you have to be, to see a threat toward women as an opportunity to attack men??? This is the equivalent of saying, “I won’t teach any more kids in my class, until they go on strike against adults who shoot up schools,” or “I won’t treat any more cancer patients, until people without cancer go on strike against cigarettes.” Forget victim-blaming—Alyssa Milano is straight-up victim ignoring. In her world, every sexual act involves a consensual act between two people. Rape? Incest? Those things must not exist—abortion is, after all, clearly reserved for those of us who forget to take Plan B and later on decide that the baby daddy isn’t really our type. Seriously, go to hell, Alyssa. “Rape exists” or “women can just say ‘no’ to sex.” Choose one.

Breaking the issue down, this is not as simple as the usual “white cis hetero man bad, everyone else good” scenarios. The Governor of Alabama—a woman—signed the bill into law (her name is Kay Ivey, by the way and she can be contacted at 334-242-7100). Pat Robertson and Tomi Lahren—both extreme-right religious and political figures, respectively—publicly denounced the bill as disgusting and damaging to women. Meanwhile, neo-fauxmenist talking heads (who don’t deserve a mention here) used the bill’s newsworthiness to bash men, even though many doctors who will be facing felony charges for performing abortions are, well, men. To further complicate the issue, we live in the age of respecting non-traditional gender identities, which means that, technically, “men can’t get pregnant” is a transphobic statement—yet, it’s easily the best argument to be made for the autonomy of women’s bodies and self-ownership. Do we recognize that 45% of the population may lose their rights, while risking being offensive and non-inclusive to 5% or less of the population? What about “white privilege” and the fact that most pale women from Hollywood can access clean and safe abortion within two blocks? This is all going down in Alabama—a state so “progressive,” that I’m pretty sure they outlawed slavery sometime around 1998. Why don’t the liberal elite travel below the bible belt and assist the women who need access to abortion? Well, the south is gross and country music sucks. But, ya know, that doesn’t stop us from weighing in on the issue from the comfort of our downtown Seattle loft.

At the end of the day, I remain a lowercase “L” libertarian. I am pro-choice for the same reason I am pro-gun and free speech: my body, my property. Your body, your property. But, when I suggest that women arm themselves and practice speaking in loud, assertive tones, I’m told that I’m verbally endorsing “hetero-normative standards” and that I shouldn’t be “encouraging violence.” I’m sorry, but until we live in some Tele-Tubbie utopia where rastipists are willing to listen and incest is outlawed in Alabama, I’m gonna side with reality here. Every woman should have handgun training and a pink .22 to go with it. And, until people stop assaulting each other, I think every woman out there should go “on strike” against the fifth-wave feminist nonsense that tells you not to have agency and self-ownership. Your body, your choice. But, once that choice is violated...your hands, your gun, his dick, possibly two rounds in the neck...you get my point. Especially if you live in Bumfuck, Alabama.

Back to Alyssa Milano and others who think that “stick ing it to men” will help economically ravaged communities fight off decades of Bible-belt-area laws that govern women’s reproductive health...pull your head out of your ass and put the fringe identity politics down. We get it—you hate your ex, you’re an aging Hollywood has-been and your fifteen minutes of C-level fame has run out. That is no reason to use the most dangerous abortion law in decades as a platform for your strip mall brand of man-hating fauxmensionism. Women’s lives are at risk.

And, I’ll repeat this until it sinks in: rape victims already tried saying “no” to sex. They don’t have security guards or thousands of Instagram followers. They’re real people, often without the resources to make the northbound-slave drive to a state where abortion is legal.
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I get it. I really do. You have this vision in your mind of the greatest film, album, song, painting or novel...ever, and you are absolutely sure that people will pay you money, once you release it. But, it has to be perfect! In the words of Vanilla Ice, anything less than the best is a felony. Something, something, something, something, dope melody. Anyway, in this month's amazing Top 5, I'm going to point out exactly how fear—and no other excuse—is what is stopping you from creating art. We live in a world where everyone gets to decide that they deserve to be seen or heard and some of us definitely fucking do. Let's discuss it, shall we?

1) The Essential Self

Who the fuck do you really think you are, anyway, you inflated basket of dick-shaped french bread? That's what my brain says to me, every time I type you guys a Top 5 love letter, as well as every time I have ever stepped onto a stage. Normal people—whatever the fuck that means—tend to remind themselves, rather often, that they ain't shit. If you are going to become who you want to be, you have to admit that if it's ok for your favorite artist to be full of themselves, then it's also ok for you. It's fucking terrifying to be a fan of yourself, but you deserve it. You really have to do it, because no one will ever believe in your dream if you don't. I believe in you.

2) The Pressure Of Aesthetic

Putting the image you have in your mind into reality is easier for some than others. If you are a painter, it might come easier to imagine something then translate that into hand motions. Maybe it isn't so easy for you, though, even if visual art is your thing. I grew up in a house where art meant paintings and everything else was some other shit. I wanted to draw so badly, but I was terrible at it. I worked really hard, but I never really improved. I always wanted to be an artist, though, and I found other ways to express myself: music, poetry, writing, comedy, film making...but, if you asked anyone I knew, it wasn't art. It turns out, all that stuff and more is definitely art. And, even stuff that isn't a picture has an aesthetic. Don't be afraid to be who you are and show that to the people you want to connect with. Dress crazy—or, in my case, dress like you're in Pearl Jam. Don't let how you or your work look stop you from making it. It will get better.

3) Art Sometimes Comes From A Dark Place

So many creative people live such tortured lives. People who suffer from depression or have a traumatic life have incredibly strong emotions and they need to let them out, somehow. Comics are the best at making us laugh at our pain. Painters have an ability to connect you with their yearning for intimacy by painting a stream. Musicians can make you remember every detail of something that happened in your life 20 years ago. A filmmaker can make you forget how bad real life is for a moment, because making that film made them forget, too. Sadness is a powerful motivator for creation, because we tend to believe in magic when we are most sad—we want to be lost in it. Sometimes, a songwriter only writes when they're sad. Then they sell it and it becomes harder to be sad. Just remember, that sadness is like everything else—it comes and goes. Just write a goddamn song that's honest. Yes, we loved your jokes about being broke and alone, but that isn't why we paid to see you. We paid to see...you. We need you to show up.

4) You Don't Know Why It's Good

You probably think you know what makes something objectively “good.” You probably think that because you have watched every movie and read every book that you can decide what is and isn't “good.” Similarly, you certainly believe that you know which of your paintings should sell and which ones should be painted over. But, you just don't—you don't get to decide which things people will respond to. You will never truly understand why two things you love or hate so much are loved and hated. Almost immediately after letting it go, you won't even know who has seen it, much less what they thought of it. Maybe, someday, you'll get big enough that people start telling you how they feel about you, or asking you how you intended them to feel about it. When that happens, you'll know you made it, but you still won't know why it's good—you'll just have to trust your gut.

5) It Will Never Be Perfect

Fear of failure—believing that you will only succeed, if you do it just right—is definitely the most paralyzing to me. I have wanted to be a writer and comedian my whole life. I didn't start doing these things until I was 33 years old, because I never had the perfect joke or the perfect story. Sure, I wrote into a void, but I never tried to really do it. This column has been going for a pretty long time now and it's the first writing I've ever really published. I have been paid to tell jokes on a stage more times than I deserve, and the best jokes I ever told, I made up on the spot. Your shit will never be perfect. You will never have the perfect video equipment or audio tools. You won't sell your first painting with paints that cost thousands of dollars and your first punchlines aren't going to work, anyway. The first video you ever upload to YouTube will embarrass you, for sure, but the point here is you have to do it. You can’t win if you are too fucking scared of your imperfections to play. Let go of the fear of failure, embarrassment, mistakes or whatever is holding you in place and stopping you from taking the leap. You have to do it. You can do it. We believe in you.

I hope everyone out there is working on their passion, because in 2019, there are no excuses anymore. There is a platform for you—there is a community of people out there, waiting for you to burst onto the scene and capture their hearts and imaginations. If you want to read more of my shit or tell me how you feel about my shit, you should do that. I'd really love to hear from you, because creating is lonely. I love every single person who reads my shit or watches my shit. So, hit me up on the interweb mail via NextGenRetro@Gmail.com, on Twitter at @NextGenRetro1 or read all of my articles at Xmag.com.
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Ever since the 1920s, when air conditioners were introduced into movie theaters and the people of the USA discovered the joy of escaping from the hateful heat and humidity, the idea of the summer movie blockbuster has been in the public consciousness. There have been careers made—and broken—by the performance of a summer release that defied expectations, for better or worse. Additionally, a film will sometimes be near completion and end up shelved for any number of reasons, wasting millions of investor dollars. We’re nothing, if not students of history here at Exotic, so I present for you now some of the worst-received, most poorly reviewed, curiously forgotten or tragically unreleased summer films we could find.

**Rex Hunter And The Island Of Mystery** *(1940, unreleased)*

This was supposed to be a fun, topical romp, with Errol Flynn as the marooned, treasure-hunting adventurer, a scantily clad “native” with Errol Flynn as the marooned, treasure-hunting adventurer, a scantily clad “native” with his girlfriend, a “first and only role” as the love interest/damsel in distress. Unfortunately, the performance of a summer release that defied expectations, for better or worse. Additionally, a film will sometimes be near completion and end up shelved for any number of reasons, wasting millions of investor dollars. We’re nothing, if not students of history here at Exotic, so I present for you now some of the worst-received, most poorly reviewed, curiously forgotten or tragically unreleased summer films we could find.

**Psychedelic Summer Love** *(1970)*

Trying to cash in on the hippie movement, this inept production blew most of its budget on narcotics and alcohol for its actors and crew—reportedly, to give a more “authentic feel” to the film. What resulted was nearly two hours of Jane Fonda nodding out on a couch, Rock Hudson muttering incoherently to himself in a dark room and Charlton Heston screaming at trees. It also contained several minutes of the cinematographer filming his own feet. It was pulled from theaters after 3 days and remains largely unknown.

**Angels Of Victory** *(2001)*

After the notoriety (if not success) of *Battlefield Earth* as a vehicle for dissemination of pseudo-religious propaganda, the Church Of Jesus Christ Of Latter-Day Saints attempted to dip their toes into producing a science-fictionalized version of the Book Of Mormon, starring up-and-coming actors Paul Walker and Aron Eckhart. Unfortunately, what was initially an attempt at quietly spreading their ideals to the masses ended in tragic-comedy when the director was fired and scandalized after the discovery of an impressively vast collection of bestiality videos, Eckhart (playing “Space Jesus”) refused to show up to set sober or clothed. Walker wouldn’t leave his trailer without being provided deviant sexual favors, the production ran out of funding two weeks into filming (due to an elaborate embezzlement scheme by their accountant) and the “Angel Ship” set piece caught fire after being struck by lightning. Shortly after this, the entire set was swallowed whole by a spontaneously appearing sinkhole that the few survivors described as having “the distinct odor of Sulphur.”

**A Rose By Any Other Name** *(1950, unreleased)*

In this unfinished film noir, noted cinematographer John Alton allegedly arranged a hit to be carried out on set, when his frustrations with actors not being authentic enough in their performances to suit his impactful visual style came to a head. His plan was to film the crime—as it occurred—and the resultant investigation to follow and he’d planned to edit and release this as what would have been the very first “reality drama” of all time. The director was not in on the plot, nor was lead actress Marlene Dietrich, both of whom were under the impression this was a traditional film. Sadly, for Alton’s creative vision, the man he hired to do the hit was a down-on-his-luck actor, and upon recognizing the famous cinematographer, assumed he was being enlisted for a role. So, he shot a blank at Dietrich on set. The actress fainted from being startled by the unexpected report of the gun, leading Alton to believe she had been shot. He filmed the entire scene in a frenzy and was devastated to learn he’d failed. He was never charged with a crime, perplexing-

**Killer Instinct** *(1984)*

The only film John Travolta has ever tried using a British accent in, this masterpiece of terrible film came out during a serious lull in the actor’s career. A fairly charming, fantasy-action shoot ’em up, Travolta is supposed to be playing an officer of Scotland Yard who came to America to track down the reincarnation of Jack The Ripper. Unfortunately, the actor’s accent was so terrible, several of the cast and crew went into convulsive spasms and lapsed into comas during filming. So, a unanimous decision was made, to dub in the voice of an actual British actor. This went down so poorly in theaters, that the original copy was test screened (after an audience signed a waiver) once more. This resulted in an event one local newspaper at the time called “the most rabid mass hysteria we’ve ever seen.” The movie theater—and three surrounding square blocks—were burnt to the ground, hospitals were overwhelmed with bizarre cases of self-mutilation and the only un-dubbed copy of the film was destroyed.

**Venus Noir And The Assassins Guild** *(1973)*

In this truly astonishing feat of racial ineptitude, Hollywood attempted to cash in on the underground phenomenon of “blaxploitation” cinema, but made the unfortunate decision to cast white actors in blackface. This film features the notable appearance of a young Farrah Fawcett, whose estate is currently in an ongoing legal battle to suppress the few remaining copies of this rare masterwork of awkwardness. The actors that were cast in the film that are not actually white appear wildly uncomfortable, the cinematography and music are spectacularly ill-chosen and the action scenes manage to make things even worse, by splicing in actual people of color. But, hearing Fawcett affect an “urban dialect” was one of the best and worst things we’ve ever (almost) seen.

**Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle** is a goat herder, religious icon and Rubik’s Cube enthusiast. She can be found on various social media platforms, but prefers to communicate via smoke signals.
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Editor’s note: Last month, one of our music writers was assigned duty to attend and review the Rebecca Black concert. Fortunately, he went above and beyond with his research, but in the process, he opened up the editorial rabbit hole that is Ark Music Factory. As a result, I have requested that this become a recurring column and, so far, I don’t see an end in sight. Enjoy.

Unfortunately, we don’t have much say in the matter, since this video does exist and we live in the world where it does.

Perhaps, I should elaborate.

For those who don’t know, Alison Gold is another victim (cough artist) under the wing of one Patrice Wilson (aka Nigerian Usher Lookalike) of the mysterious Ark Music Company (also known as Ark Music Factory). You’re probably more familiar with Mr. Wilson’s more famous victim, the insurmountable Rebecca Black and her world-changing single, “Friday.” Miss Black is not alone! Patrice—who you may recognize from his inspired rap on the “Friday” single—has several children that he produces bizarre, glossy music videos for. For the low, low price of four-thousand dollars, you too could have your little princess in her very own music video.

However, Miss Black didn’t come out of a vacuum. A quick YouTube search of Ark Music Company will reveal a bevy of alarmingly young girls singing about a wide variety of subjects. Alison Gold’s first contribution to this disturbing collection is entitled “Chinese Food,” which I briefly described in last month’s article as A True Rebecca Black Fan. If you haven’t watched it yet, please do so, to prepare for “Shush Up.”

I won’t recap the whole “Chinese Food” video (or touch on the wildly inappropriate cultural appropriation), but the first line of the song is where you notice something is amiss. “After bailing, I go clubbing.” The sun’s out! What college basement party was this 11-year-old girl just at??!! Where are her parents?! The dilemma is quickly solved, with Americanized Chinese Food and a grown man in a panda costume. Still, do 11-year-old girls really go clubbing these days?

“Shush Up” is Miss Gold’s third single. Her second, “ABCDGF,” is very forgettable. Besides getting into a strange person’s van because a sign told her to do so, it is fairly benign. “Shush Up,” however, begins with Alison stealing, getting manhandled by the police, thrown in jail and eventually killed via electric chair—and, that’s just the beginning. The majority of the video involves her dressed up in skimpy gold—ahhh, I see what they did there—outfits, dancing provocatively. She is 12.

Now, a vast majority of the population actually agree that this video is a bad idea. It seemed the Nigerian Usher also seriously regretted the production, as the video was taken down from Ark’s YouTube channel within a few days of it being put up. Either Patrice finally watched the finished product and said, “Oh shit, this is basically child porn,” before he came to his senses and took it down. Or, everyone who saw the video said, “Dude, this is basically child porn” to Patrice, at which point he reluctantly took it down. Neither scenario is great.

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Obviously, besides “Friday,” Ark has had very little impact on the music community and only die-hard fans such as myself are even aware of any of the other 4,000 or so songs that the company produced. Nobody takes it seriously and that’s why Patrice Wilson isn’t getting as much attention as R. Kelly or Drake. But, in this #MeToo era, I thought we were supposed to be taking everyone down. Is no one at least lifting an eyebrow at Patrice Wilson (aka The Grown Man In A Panda Costume That Attends A Sleepover With A Bunch Of 11-Year Olds)??

You see, Alison Gold isn’t doing anything wrong—she’s going through a hormone storm like any other teenager, and I guarantee you she is excited to dress up like a poor man’s Yolandí Visser, to twerk in front of cameras. She should not be shamed for being a horny teenager, who just wants to be seen as attractive. This is not a child being forced to “be a good girl” for a bunch of creeps in a basement in a Bret Easton Ellis novel. This is a girl finally living her dream of being an over-sexualized pop star.

If you’re uncomfortable with this video, you could go the way of blaming her parents. Miss Gold’s Parental Units are either really rich and absent or are trying to get ahead of the Britney Spears / Miley Cyrus game, age-wise.

However, it is Patrice Wilson who is the real bad guy. Because, as the gatekeeper to the public, he could protect lusty pre-teens and greedy parents from embarrassing themselves. Instead, he has created an empire that more than likely profits off registered sex offenders in mom’s basements across America. And, yet, he is only doing what the rest of music industry is doing with young attractive women—he’s just scaling the age back a few years.
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As Facebook's co-founder pens articles in the New York Times regarding efforts to break up the monopoly of the social media giant and Mark Zuckerberg makes inappropriate jokes about not having a good track record of keeping our information private, a new social media site is launching. PleazeMe.com connects adults anonymously, in an easy-to-navigate sex-positive, online platform. The site features private photo and video link sharing, user feed posting, commenting and heart button functionality, as well as friend suggestions, specialty groups to join, private messaging, user followers, voyeur mode and name linking.

Upon registering for the site, each user is prompted with a series of questions based on sexual preferences and fantasies. Based on user answers, the site will assign each new member one of seven different categories, also known as ‘worlds.’ User feeds can feature everything from erotica to articles on how to start an open relationship. The site—currently in beta testing ahead of its official launch—was designed and built as a next-generation social destination that accommodates a variety of erotic interests. Users can discover what suits them best, while making personal connections based on mutual interests and activities. All of PleazeMe’s communities are open for discussion about sex and sexuality, without fearing censorship or banned keywords. PleazeMe is building content to improve users’ sex lives and relationships, keep them up-to-date on events and sensual travel destinations. The site also links to a stocked sex toy store, which will eventually deliver recommendations tailored to members’ specific tastes.

Founder and CEO, Heather C. Montgomery, created PleazeMe to challenge the status quo as it relates to the way people treat sex in life—as well as society (especially for women).

“Healthy relationships with ourselves, with others and with sexuality increases our quality of life,” said Montgomery. “I think many people are ready and looking for greater quality in their lives.”

According to online marketing survey site, TheManifest.com, nearly all Americans use social media on a daily basis. In the not-so-distant past, people used social media as a distraction—something to do while they were bored. These days, clicking on Facebook’s now-infamous blue icon can instigate feeds filled with news of daily violence, endless polarizing political rhetoric and the often unsolicited opinions of its more than two billion users. Sex has always been a way to escape for humanity. So, it’s easy to see why a site like PleazeMe was created and has elicited favorable responses.

Forbes.com consumer tech contributor, Curtis Silver, called the site “a sexual social media utopia” in an online review.

Digital marketing agency, Brandignity.com, states there are six reasons why users flock to social media:
1) The chance to meet new people.
2) User-friendly sites.
3) Groups that share interests.
4) Free-to-use.
5) Job market.
6) Business-reach customers.

PleazeMe.com offers users something in every category, without the risk of offending anyone bothered by something even remotely sexual (no more editing posts so your aunt/uncle/cousin/etc. can’t see them). And, the site pretty much takes the guessing game out of the NSFW label—definitely not safe for work, but you get the security of knowing every user signing up has consented to viewing adult-related material.

“Society likes to pretend that this world is somehow taboo or wrong—supported by stringent religious beliefs and lawmakers with their heads up their short ends,” writes Silver on Forbes.com. “That will change, and the sex industry and discussion surrounding it will be more accepted. It just takes time and acceptance. Exploring our own sexuality in a safe, like-minded environment is one massive step towards that acceptance. Because, it’s our own hang-ups—our own deficiencies in understanding what makes us human—that create a divide between people who are open about sex and those that are closed-minded about it. I’m not saying to bring back the free-love mentality of the ‘70s, but let’s open our minds a bit and understand there is much more to being human than just shitposting on Twitter all day.”

Visit Blog.PleazeMe.com for a sampling on what the site offers.
They say a bartender acts as a therapist. So, I decided to make it official. My only credentials involve listening to hundreds upon hundreds of people discuss their problems, over more years than I care to admit. Let me wipe the bar down for you, put down a fresh coaster and pour you a drink. Pull up your stool and tell me all about it—I’ve heard it all. If you have a question, please email DiscountTherapist@Yahoo.com. You will remain anonymous. Remember, you get what you pay for.

#SelfCare

How do I love myself?

I feel if I loved myself, I would have confidence. I should achieve great things. I would have motivation. The internet says find something you’re good at, that everyone is good at something and to expand on it, knowing you have worth. I’m good at literally nothing. I’m pretty sure my friends don’t even like me—they just tolerate me. I feel guilty for wasting my life, but I have no idea of a direction, because I have no passion for anything anymore. Loving myself has to be the key, but how can you love something of no value?

Help…

-Cristobal

Dear Cristobal,

First, the bad news. Finding a true love of one’s self is a very common problem—one people spend plenty of money and hours wiled away in a therapist’s office trying to answer. There is no formula. There is no clear answer. Even if you are very good at something—or find a hobby you are passionate about—you may not love yourself. It’s a feature of low self-esteem, depression and often times anxiety, according to the resources out there. There is no cure for this. No amount of exercise, “self-care,” positive affirmations, hikes, yoga or hydrating is going to change this. Neither will prescriptions, kale, bath bombs, facials or essential oils. Not to say those things aren’t a nice temporary distraction, but they are no solution. The first way to love yourself is to know that this is who you are. Beating yourself up constantly makes it worse, but you can’t help it. It’s brain chemistry and there’s little we can do to change that. Accepting it is the best way to love you. You love others for their flaws. You don’t expect others to be perfect. You aren’t either. That’s OKAY. It really is.

Now, the good. You may not know this, but most people feel this way. When people don’t feel this way, it’s usually classified as narcissism or a personality disorder. Most of us are walking around, feeling inadequate. Most of us wish we could be someone or something else. This is not to diminish your suffering, merely to point out that your feelings
It’s refreshing to just hear someone else’s rally never have to talk about yourself. The best part? If you get good at it, you live in their brain. People LOVE to talk about themselves, among others. I will share with you some things I have learned.

1. Don’t stop socializing. Ever.

Make sure you are around friends. If no one is available, go out alone. If you are not feeling great about yourself, ask active questions about those around you. It’s a social trick. People LOVE to talk about themselves. If you’re asking questions and listening, you will instantly be everyone’s favorite person to talk to. The best part? If you get good at it, you literally never have to talk about yourself. It’s refreshing to just hear someone else’s bullshit, when you have enough of your own. That’s why I bartend.

2. Allow yourself “you” days and don’t feel bad about it.

Do whatever you want to do. Don’t answer your phone. Don’t use social media. Go see that bad movie and eat unlimited bread sticks at Olive Garden...whatever it is. You don’t have to be perfect and you don’t have to love yourself. Just know what the real you likes. Or needs. Get to know you. Don’t call it “self-care” or “treating yourself.” Do for yourself what you would do for a loved one if they were sad. Think of it as watering a plant or power washing the driveway. It’s maintenance and it needs to be done.

3. There will be bad days—ones where you can’t stand yourself. You’ll overanalyze everything you said and did the day before and cringe out of your own skin. Ones where it’s hard to look in the mirror. It’s okay. Try to remember this is brain chemistry talking, not reality. If you can talk through the lows, you can enjoy the highs a bit more. Almost everyone is in the same boat. Some are better at faking it than others, that’s all.

4. If you can afford it, don’t be afraid to go to a therapist. I believe every single person can benefit from it. I guess that’s why I took this job. It helps to talk to someone who doesn’t live in your brain. If you can’t, that’s okay, too. Don’t be afraid to talk to those close to you and mention what you’re going through. You’d be surprised at how many people near you are feeling the same way and had no idea you were, too. You are human, Cristobal. Allow yourself to be. You bought the ticket, whether you wanted to or not. Take the ride.

In summation, I would start to love yourself by allowing acceptance. Know that you are not perfect and literally no one expects you to be. Love yourself by knowing your flaws and knowing what you’re capable of. Love yourself by loving others. Love yourself by allowing others to get to know you. You ARE valid. You DO belong. Your brain chemistry may fool you, but it’s a toxic liar.

Love,
DiscountTherapist

Am I A Fool To Do Your Busy Work?

Hey DT,

My boss is basically a nice guy. He’s the owner of the business and in his 70s. He asked me to clean up our mailing list, which I did. We have over 1,000 contacts with emails only and he wants their mailing addresses. He’s instructed me to Google each contact and obtain either their home address or work address. Not only do I think this is a poor use of my time, it makes me very uncomfortable. These people chose not to share that info, and internet stalking them for it feels creepy. I’m just through the “As” and I’ve found several divorces and one guy was murdered. He has instructed me to use LinkedIn to find out where people work. These are things we shouldn’t know about our customers. Some of these contacts are six or seven years old. If I went into a store and six years later they Googled me to get my address and work address, I’d be pissed.

I’ve already told him once, I don’t feel like this is a task I should be spending time on, but he insists each contact is potentially worth $1,000 and, therefore, this list is a lot of money. I’m very new to this job and really need the money. If I tell him again that I don’t want to do this task I could be fired. At the very least, I’m creating an impression of being difficult. Perhaps I am projecting my own privacy needs onto this list. What should I do? Am I being stupid or
Is this an unethical task?

Thanks,

New Hire

Dear New Hire,

How much of our time in life is devoted to working for someone who is making us do something we don’t agree with for a paycheck? Far too much. I spent 17 years working in corporate retail, doing things I knew were wrong, wouldn’t work and pushed my ethical boundaries to the point that I walked out and became a bartender. I feel your pain. What you’re being tasked with sounds mind-numbing and frankly a little antiquated. No job is going to go without pointless busywork. At my current station, my limes have to be cut an exact certain way, with a very specific thickness, even though people grabbing a drink literally don’t give a shit. It doesn’t make us any more or less money, how the limes appear yet it is considered very important. Important only to the boss who decided it is, so much of my time is devoted to that when I could be doing so many other things. I’m sure you relate.

On to your concerns. Is what you’re doing illegal? I took a few days to do some research for you on this. According to everything this humble journalist could find, the answer is “no.” A firm and confident no. Right now, we are in an age where the internet is still in its infancy. With that, comes many gray areas. We are still trying to establish laws to regulate the internet, what can and cannot be out there and how it’s presented. Many court proceedings are currently tied up on the issues of privacy, slander, defamation, dark web sales, sex trafficking, sex work and cyber-bullying. Right now, the internet is the Wild Wild West and we are trying to establish rules without crossing the line of censorship. It’s a fascinating time, one that probably won’t find its way in our lifetime and no one really knows what they’re doing. With all that going on, as it stands a person’s personal information posted online is a matter of public record. It is not illegal to Google anyone and use the information you find. It only becomes illegal when a person purposely removes it from public record and someone uses software or other means to recover it. Think of it as this: garbage in your house is your private property, but once it’s on the curb it’s for anyone to grab. This will change as time goes on. There is a lot of controversy regarding Google street view—and, with good cause. People don’t feel like anyone with an internet connection should be able to see a satellite image of anyone’s house or property. We’ll have to wait and see how that plays out. Anyway, right at this state and time, Googling addresses is NOT illegal. Your employer is not asking you to do anything wrong.

Now that we’ve talked about the legality, let’s talk about the morality. Is it weird and intrusive? Yes. You mentioned you learned personal information about some of the people that you had to research and you felt like you were overstepping into their lives. You were, but unfortunately, the internet of right now allows it. When I met my current partner, I popped them into a basic Google search. This is common this day and age. Through an absolutely free website, I was able to see their age, their school records, their business licenses, their parents, siblings, children and full info on their former spouse. On a free website. Immediately after, I felt bad. I didn’t need to know their ex-wife’s birthday. I was just checking for bad stuff, but all that information was just there. It exists out there about you too. You feel like you are intruding and you are…sort of. If you wouldn’t be looking this shit up, the next that you have a job—one that doesn’t require you to do something horrendous, like work in a slaughterhouse. Remind yourself that you get to sit at a desk and work, rather than stand for long hours in a warehouse or work in a field. I’m not trying to “dad” you or make the vapid argument that “things could always be worse.” I’m just saying, there are many a Friday night where I have to put my latex gloves on and go clean alcohol-scented barf out of the bar bathroom. While I’m doing it, I remind myself that as shitty as this may be it is better than working myself to the bone back in a suit in the corporate world and I feel grateful.
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Ten years and $10,000! Feels like time really flew by, huh?

You’re telling me! Seems like just yesterday, Vagina Beauty Pageant was just a gleam in the eye of an ambitious strip club DJ. Now we have the largest cash and prizes to date, $10,000!

The Vagina Mobile is getting a make-over this year. What kind of changes are we going to see?

I’ll tell, but I’ll have to swear you to secrecy. The Vagina Mobile is turning completely pink this year. Every year since its inception, I’ve had to upgrade the Vagina Mobile, in some form or fashion, to maintain relevancy. The rims have gone from a modest 20 inches, all the way up to 26 (which required a lift kit), the lighting has gone from just underneath (and one color), to a million-light spectrum (and included on the rims) and the graphics have gotten better and better—achieving perfection (thanks to you). So, the only logical move was to turn it all the way pink—bubble gum, glossy, vagina pink—as was its destiny from the beginning.

As visually stunning as the “Mobile” is, you’ve had issues being able to park at your residence. Does this still affect you today?

I’ve finally completed my pilgrimage to the Legendary Stripper Apartments in Portland. As such, I have certain liberties, like being able to openly park the Vagina Mobile all year long, without repercussions. This is great, because I can drive it around for the entire year (as opposed to only two months). This is especially beneficial, as I wanna make sure that my sponsors get visibility and their money’s worth.

Being able to promote year-round has its benefits. Are there any disadvantages?

What’s the saying...more vagina, more problems? I’ve certainly noticed an increase of Vagina Mobile-related drama and incidents this last year. For starters, my car was horrifically keyed outside of C Bar by some frat boy lookalikes, a meth head stole one (and a half) of my custom “VVV” license plates, I’ve had two windows broken out and it’s been hit by four cars in the past 12 months. But, by far, the most creative thing that happened is when someone put insane hot sauce on my door handle, at night, downtown—I didn’t see it and inadvertently rubbed my nose, after I got in my car. I ended up looking like Rudolph for the rest of the night.

I heard DJ Pussyfoot is the official DJ of the 10th Annual Vagina Pageant? That seems appropriate!

Very appropriate! DJ Pussyfoot is the truth and the future, so it’s only right that he be in charge of the vibe for my beloved Pageant. In a year’s time, he’s advanced leaps and bounds and is the strip club DJ that Portland needs. Anything I can do to help motivate the local strip club DJ population—to become all they can be—I’m all for. You gotta admit, it’s a dream job to begin with, so why not celebrate it and take it as far as possible—the sky’s the limit (honorable mention goes out to Ray McMil- lin, Editor of Exotic, proprietor of Sau- cestown and strip club DJ extraordinaire).

Out of every dancer who has won the Vagina Pageant, who would you say was the most memorable (and, why)?

Honestly, I’m gonna say the last two—but, not because they’re the most recent (or because excessive tequila and marijuana have effected my short-term memory), but because Alice Wanderlust’s American Pie performance was one for the ages. It was ballys, entertaining and nothing short of brilliant. Also, Miss Beautiful Vagina 2018, Mary Gina, had been performing her heart out for the last five years and kept getting 3rd or 2nd place, but not winning. But, instead of giving up and hating on the contest, she just went harder and took the trophy last year. I couldn’t be prouder of her tenacity, ambition and incredible work ethic—she totally deserved it. Follow-thru is everything and super rare these days in Portland, especially in the adult industry.

Do you have any Vagina Pageant regrets?

Oooh...good question. My only regret is that the last ten years went by so fast—well, that and the fact Taylor (the girl with two vaginas) didn’t win the pageant.

Visit VaginaPageant.com for more information, dates and sign-ups.
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