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It’s September once again, and aside from those people who think Labor Day is somehow the notable event of the month, everybody is riled up for the time when the T.V. gods shine upon us their new light, which will illuminate our minds from now until about mid-May. Yes indeed, it’s new T.V. time! From the networks to Net/f_lix, everyone’s got something new coming down the pipe, which will satisfy our yearning to share the cultural experience of talking about how good—or bad—last night’s episode was. Here’s what we can look forward to.

I’m starting with reality TV. You either hate it or love it, but there are always new concepts being put forth, which exploit our collective desires to be famous for no particular reason...

**It’s A Madhouse!**

Participants in this quirky reality situation must leave their lives behind, to live in a house with ten others. The catch is, they can’t communicate with the outside world, apart from a special camera booth, which lets them talk to the viewers. Also, a large, adult male mountain gorilla (*gorilla beringei beringei*) is living in the house with them. Hide your bananas and get ready for fun, as you adapt to life with ten narcissistic strangers and a giant ape!

**Sorority Semester**

Five single men of different backgrounds all vie for a slot as the one lone man to be admitted to a major university’s sorority house, for diversity reasons. Each man must compete in a series of tests devised by the sorority sisters, to earn the coveted spot in the sisterhood’s house. Once there, the camera focuses on how quickly that man realizes that life in a sorority isn’t all boobs and pillow fights, and settles down to experience the reality of it all. Closets full of tampons, bulk purchases of toilet paper and a lack of regard for his personal space or privacy will surpass all expectations and send him into a spiral of depression and alcoholism. Fun for the whole family!

**Man Vs. Coleslaw**

In this thrilling program, contestants pit their wits against five gallons of Walmart-brand coleslaw, which they must eat inside of three hours, while answering trivia questions. The winner gets a shiny new home theater and indigestion. The losers must slog through the “Valley Of Slaw,” where the uneaten coleslaw from all the previous episodes has been fermenting in a shallow channel, which is inexplicably full of snapping turtles, as well. They also get indigestion.

**The Hamster Dance**

No, not the late-1990s internet phenomena, but a dance-off, wherein contestants must master the art of shaking their respective groove thangs for prizes. But, watch out! The dance floor is a clear, plastic box that is slowly filling up with teddy bear hamsters... look lively and shake ‘em off!!! Winner gets a new Kia and 7,000 live hamsters.

Political round-table shows are a tried-and-true staple of television, but they’ve only recently tried to shake them up...
Nineteen-Eighty-For-Or-Against

A team of five Republicans and five Democrats face off against one another, with the objective of best justifying the expansion of the police state to suit their side’s purposes, all while eating plates of delicious spaghetti, which just keep coming! Answers need to support an increasingly authoritarian stance by both sides, but be careful...spilling too much spaghetti will disqualify you! Watch them shout and eat at the same time, while attempting to bury their opponents’ stifling viewpoints, in favor of their own parmesan-coated disdain for individual liberties, this fall!

Situational comedies, or sitcoms, will really never die. It’s a formula we have grown to love, where people are thrust into wacky situations and must deal with them...

Doctor Hot Dog

Dr. Melvin Brumble, a psychiatrist, gets in a debacle where his mis-prescribing of drugs leads to a patient going homicidal at a circus, which leads to him losing his medical license and becoming a street-side hot dog vendor. However, he happens to be good at it, dispensing both sausages and mental health advice, in a corner of New York City. Hilarity ensues, as he tries to keep his head above water (and, also tries to woo the churro vendor down the street).

Consolidated Emu

A lifelong cattle rancher gets bumped out of his industry by an agricultural conglomerate and takes a bold step to save his livelihood, when his wife suggests they farm a different sort of creature: emus! Can you guess what happens when a man, a wife and three wise-cracking kids tackle a gangbang of ornery emus? Find out soon!

Drama is the essence of television and the new star-studded shows are here.

19th-century military forces meet head-on in battle, over the course of this overwrought, big-budget series. It’s high stakes, as the field marshals of both red and blue square off to maneuver their forces, undermine their enemies and yell a remarkable amount of profanity, when they find out the miners have disarmed their bombs. Starring Hayden Christensen.

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Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a terrible juggler, advocate of beef, Yelp abuser, writer and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook (or MeWe) as “Wombstretcha The Magnificent.”
I am an asshole. If you didn’t know it already, you know it now. I am an asshole who hates traveling. I am an asshole who hates traveling, but finds ways to have fun while doing so. I am an asshole who hates traveling but finds ways to have fun while doing so and makes you hate traveling even more than I hate it.

Sometimes, it’s fun, like when you throw your hands in the air and yell, “Wheee!” Treat turbulence like a roller coaster, because you’re more likely to get killed by a dog, a stripper or a stripper’s angry pet dog than a plane crash. Sometimes, being an asshole just involves seeing how many electronic devices you can charge at one time. I mean, I don’t even pretend I’m trying. I’ll take up four outlets and tell the teenager who walked up to charge her phone for seven minutes to hear if Liam or Emma has a crush on her that. I have dibs on the next one that opens up, too. I have managed two cell phones, two laptops, a spare USB battery, a flashing red emergency light that was waterproof (be prepared) and, just for fun, an electric razor.

I don’t normally even use electric razors, but, I sometimes travel with them in my carry-on whenever possible, because it’s also a great way to let the person sitting next to you know that the current conversation is over—especially during turbulence.

“I would rather shave my face while getting shaken around like a fucking cocktail in a large round school bus 35,000 feet in the air than keep talking to you.”

If that doesn’t work, the TSA does allow nail clippers on flights. You probably have a toenail or two that has something worth flinging at your seatmate, if they don’t behave.

But, you don’t need to be a curmudgeon. There are also fun things to do when constrained in a tube for hours at a time, with your fellow mammals. Sometimes, it’s fun to be a tour guide. Most people don’t know where anything is. So, if you’re flying over Lake Michigan and you want to make some people have a memorable flight, just tell them it’s Crater Lake.

It’s also a good idea to make sure you exploit the fact that nobody actually checks out what they’re told. If someone asks if they’ll have time during their connecting flight to take the MAX into downtown, you never tell them about the frequent breakdowns that it suffers through and make sure to tell them that the fares are just a suggested donation.

On the chance that you are flying into New York City—or, Newark, if you’re that brave—and, you feel that the flight attendants have not shown you enough attention, make sure to point out, “HOLY SHIT! What happened to the World Trade Center? Where the fuck did it go?” As of three years ago, I was not beaten for doing so, but, I was delayed from getting on my train to New Jersey. So, all around, it worked out well.

When flying out of a city with good food, be prepared to be your own fucking personal defense attorney with the TSA. If you have waited long enough and a sauce has coagulated, be firm and be polite, but argue that a coagulated sauce is no longer a liquid.

With hot sauce, just be prepared and have Ziploc bags with you. The passengers around you will realize what they’re leaving behind, when they smell you pop those sauces open mid-flight and pour them on the burritos in your backpack. After finishing the burrito, it helps to tell the sky waitress that you just finished a bomb burrito and have some assorted liquids that you’d like to throw into the same trash bag.

Because burrito smuggling is probably already involved in your flight plans, also keep in mind that San Diego’s airport has a flight path near enough to some condos that it can be possible to see what’s on the television, in some of the upper floors. When doing so, be sure to scream, “That’s not fucking normal!” even if it is. Also, as a good tour guide, I made sure to mention that if the Russians ever wanted to really fuck up the U.S., they’d obviously throw a lot of nukes at San Diego. Enjoy your vacation!

If pizza is more of your thing, just put the pizza in the fridge overnight. Use waxed paper between slices and stack them into plastic bags. Put into a duffel bag. I have flown across the country with pizzas using this method and security never has had an issue with it.

When possible, if an airline makes you pay to use the seatback entertainment system, you can meet new and interesting people by watching shows like Seconds From Disaster, Air Disasters and even great movies like Flight, starring Denzel Washington.

I hope that helps you get there and have a good time. Someday, I might share my secrets for staying at hotels or dining at fast food restaurants.
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I just had the most fucked up thing happen—I think my boyfriend was trying to fuck my dog in the shower. I got home and heard her (my dog) screaming. I got into the house and he has her in the shower with him. He tried to tell me he was just spraying some water on her bottom. First off, why have my dog in the shower with you? Second, I’ve never heard her cry that loud before. I’m seriously thinking my new boyfriend was sexually abusing my dog. My mom is in town and I asked her if she could take the dog for a while. I’ve had her for nine years. I’m seriously afraid he may have done something to her. I didn’t tell my mom that. I just told her I’ve been working so much that I haven’t been attentive and that she would be happier with her for a while.

Sincerely,
Scared

Dear Scared,

Fucking wow. I’m really glad you chose to reach out to someone. You know, I don’t know your boyfriend—he could be the nicest, most stand-up guy on the planet. I also don’t know you. You could be delusional. All I can say is, in the past, I have had gut instincts and I have ignored them and then lived to regret it—almost every single time. I have rarely regretted choices that I have made, rather than ones I talked myself out of making. Here’s the deal. My ex-boyfriend used to shower with our dog and wash her at the same time and never once did I ever think anything weird was happening. If anything, he was lazy (or, just efficient). However you want to look at it, I never thought he was doing anything sexual with her. The fact that you think it is even maybe going on, is a massive red flag. If it seems fishy to you, get out.

Obviously, if that happened, the person is mentally ill. I did some research on your behalf. 4.9% of the male population has admitted to sexually abusing an animal. That is way too high and more common than most would think. So, Zoophilia is common, but still disturbing. Most people who do this are extreme narcissists or sociopaths, meaning they either don’t care what the animal feels while they are doing this or they believe the animal enjoys it, too. Either way, that is a dysfunction that I’m sure you don’t want to build a future with, nor sleep next to at night or give access to your body. Not only did they abuse an animal, who knows what else they are capable of? Do they have children? Do you?? We all want to find love, but not with the wrong people. I know how hard it is. I know exactly how well we can make excuses for others and turn blind eyes to things we don’t want to see. You wouldn’t have thought that about him, if there weren’t other red flags. GET OUT. NOW. Thank God for your mom.

Do a clean break. Don’t mention the dog. It may trigger him to violence, because if that did happen, he could want to desperately cover that up. Cite some other...
reason. You’re not ready, you are having a mental health crisis, you found someone else...whatever. You need to worry about your own safety. Most domestic violence occurs when one person attempts to leave. Arm yourself. Stay with a friend. Notify work that this person is not welcome. Don’t be alone. Document everything. If you have no safe place to go or no friends to help, you can message me and you can stay with me. It ain’t fancy, but he won’t know where you are. Also, my house allows dogs and I promise your dog will only get pets, walks and all things normal dogs enjoy.

-DiscountTherapist

Little Blue Pills

My husband and I have always had sexual struggles. He has a much higher sex drive than me and also has issues with premature ejaculation, which is a sensitive subject for him. I’m a busy business owner, a mom and sex is usually a last priority for me. A few months ago, I found a secret stash of male enhancement pills in our bedroom closet. I wanted to be sensitive of his feelings and have waited to discuss this with him. Instead, I decided to keep track of when we had sex and check to see if he was using the pills with me, which he was. My work requires me to travel overnight once or twice a month. I noticed, after a busy few weeks of no sex, some of his pills were missing, after I was gone out of town a few nights. I feel like my husband is devoted to me, but after ten years of sexual struggles, I’m worried that perhaps he’s moved on to getting his sexual needs met by someone else. Should I jump to the worst conclusions, or is it time to let him know that I know about his special pills?

Sincerely,
Worried Wife

Dear Worried Wife,

First and foremost, it concerns me that you lead this question by letting me know that you and your husband have “always had sexual struggles.” How important is sex in a relationship? It is and it isn’t. Sex with a partner is so much more than just “getting off.” It’s acceptance. It’s bonding. Or, at least it should be. It can be negative, too, such as control or a sense of ownership. You have the right to not want to have sex. You don’t owe anyone anything more than you’re willing to give.

This includes your husband. If you’re not feeling sexual desire at this time, for whatever reason, that is okay. What isn’t okay is the lack of communication. Our partners should be our best friends. The person who you can drop the mask with and be whatever weirdo you are deep down inside—with no judgment. It sounds like the biggest problem here is communication. Why aren’t you talking about your sexual struggles? Maybe you are. Maybe you’re in counseling. I don’t know, but the fact that you found these pills and neither of you are talking about it is troubling. He didn’t tell you he was getting them. You didn’t tell him you found them. Premature ejaculation and erectile dysfunction is extremely embarrassing, so I get why he covertly got the pills. Now that you know he’s struggling, are you doing your part? Don’t talk about him cumming too fast—try positive reinforcement, instead. Say things like, “I love how much I turn you on” or, “it’s so hot when I make you cum.” Then, ask him to give you a hand afterward, so he knows you’re satisfied, too. Tell him he satisfied you. Sex is such a deeply personal thing, whether we want to admit it or not. If he feels he’s not satisfying you, the resentment and hurt is there.

Should you talk about the pills? Yes. You should ask him about them and ask why some are missing. His reaction will be telling. You shouldn’t be confrontational. Be calm and come from a place of understanding. You know, if he’s struggling with those physical issues, he could have taken those pills for innocuous reasons. How awesome is a long, uninterrupted masturbation session? The reality is, if he’s cheating, fucking someone else or even attempting to...you WILL find out. You’ll see signs. If you are aware enough to find the pills and notice when ones are gone, you will absolutely see other things. But, the pills missing aren’t absolute proof. Open dialogue about sex should be the first work you do here. If you can’t arrive at that, I feel like this union is doomed. When sexual problems occur in a relationship, it is the silent killer. I was in a relationship with someone for seven years, in which the last six we didn’t have sex. We slept in separate bedrooms. When we rarely did attempt to have sex, it was awkward and unsatisfying for both of us. We never talked about it. The elephant in the room grew to a wooly mammoth and it was impossible to live around. Looking back, had we started a normal and healthy dialogue in the beginning, it may have been different. Also, sometimes people can love each other and be completely sexually incompatible. There is no formula for the spark. It happens when it does and you can’t plan it. Perhaps you both don’t turn each other on. If that’s the case, only you can decide how important sex is for the both of you. I had a partner for three years who refused to go down on me. He resented the fact that I wouldn’t pay for waxing treatments. I shave, but he felt that wasn’t good enough. Hey, I’m a writer and a bartender—ain’t no one got money for that crap. He also referred to it as “a lot of work.” The fact he rejected me in that way sprouted resentment. Every year, those roots dug deeper. Why wasn’t I worthy or good enough? If you’re denying your partner sex—even if you’re stressed or busy—what kind of roots are sprouting there? I suggest you think about that before a tree grows that can’t be cut down.

-DiscountTherapist
I'm not gonna front—because, I'm not in high school anymore and I can pay for my weed at the time of purchase (if you don't know where the pun is in that sentence, you've never been a broke student who needs a sack). To be honest, while it's technically illegal (and, possibly immoral) to suggest that underage kids get high, the fact of the matter is...well, underage kids get high. So much so, that the urban myth surrounding “420” actually originates around a group of school buddies, who would meet at 4:20 in the afternoon to smoke weed after school. So, while this column should be seen as satire, parody, opinion or whatever we need to say in order to keep things legal, let's not kid ourselves (pun accidental) here—weed and high school go together like cocaine and college. Now, you shouldn't even be reading this magazine if you're not of legal age, but if you happen to be a fifth-year senior, read on for some pretty basic (but, often overlooked) advice from one former teenage pot smoker to another.

Never Consume Weed On Or Near School Property

This seems like a no-brainer, but too often, high school kids just assume that the woods behind the gym are a safe place to blaze. However, crimes related to drug possession and use, when done near school property (or in a school zone), can lead to exponentially higher fines and longer jail time, when compared to other areas. You’re actually better off ripping a bong in the front row of a movie theater, than you are smoking a joint behind the gym bleachers (I know this, because I did so during Star Wars: Episode I and still didn’t get kicked out...Jar Jar refund denied). Plus, if you’re popped for weed while downtown and miles away from your school campus, you’re only dealing with a cop and maybe a few random do-gooders who snitched on you. At or near school, you’ll be dealing with the whole administration. It’s better to skip school and deal with whatever possession charges you may incur in the real world, than you are to avoid truancy and risk getting busted by your campus security guard (and facing discipline on campus, before being turned over to the cops to be charged criminally).

You Will Be Paying A Premium, But Don’t Get Ripped Off

Just like when you’re trying to shoulder tap for beer at the convenience store, you are going to be paying a slight premium when buying weed as a teenager—but, don’t let this be an excuse for your hookup to rip you off. As a general rule, anything over ten bucks a gram (for flower) is jack. When it comes to dabs and edibles, don’t ever spend any more than fifty a gram for dabs or ten bucks per serving of edibles. Your dealer is selling pot to teenagers, so while they do risk more than the average pot dealer, they’re still selling you cannabis, not crack. Remember, if your parents can buy it legally, you can get your hands on it as well, without having to visit the dark web or Gresham.

Vaping Is Only “Safer” In Terms Of Health

Yes, it’s much safer on your lungs to consume concentrates, than it is to just smoke a blunt or rip a bong. But, keep in mind that, like edibles, vaping requires a certain amount of patience and trust, before the effects are fully realized. Plus, you can take in far more than you’d like, on accident, if you’re not careful with a weed pen or a dab rig. Often times, if you’re trying to get high quickly, you can just take several bong hits in a row and be done with it. But, if you do this with a vape pen, you may get so fucking high that you pass out. Plus, vape hits don’t actually “hit” right away and you’re never really sure how much THC you just took, because it’s hard to tell when to stop sucking on the damn thing (as opposed to blunts or bongs, which induce a coughing fit when you’ve had enough).

Consider The Odor

When I was in high school, we had a rule that, when drinking alcohol, it’s always best to go for the clear stuff, because the smell is easier to cover up. Gin and vodka don’t produce the same stank as whiskey does and Zima is a much better option than regular beer, when it comes to reducing the “giveaway burps” that can fill up a classroom with IPA stench in seconds. The same goes for weed. Obviously, vaping is preferable—but, more dangerous in terms of getting too high (as mentioned above). So, if you’re going for blunts, joints or bong rips, do so outdoors (if possible) and remember that, like cigarettes, you won’t be as aware of the odor as those around you, because you’ve become accustomed to it. While basic deodorant and cologne are always a good idea, keep some Ozium handy to cover up the smoke odor. Plus, it’s a fun party trick to spray the smoke with Ozium and watch it disappear! Also, that shit was invented for morticians to do their thing, so it’s way stronger than Febreze.

Never Snitch Out Your Homies

At some point in your high school weed career, you’re going to get caught. When this happens, you got your pot from “Steve.” Who is Steve, you ask? Steve is a mash-up of every dude you hang out with—and, he’s also your dealer, when it comes time to tell your school authorities where you get your weed. Steve is kind of short, but also tall. He’s mostly white, but kind of dark. He has black, blonde hair, but is also a ginger. In other words, Steve is basically whatever it takes to shut up the school security guard, but not specific enough to be one of your real homies (or your dealer). Regardless of what your guidance counselor says, it is important to be liked and there is no quicker way to establish street cred than by showing your peers that you’re not a snitch. When it comes time for college, your reputation as someone who can keep their mouth shut will help earn you discounts on coke.
It’s back-to-school season, folks. This can mean good things (time away from the kids) and bad things (getting a ticket after dropping off the kids, because it was raining and you didn’t see the “school zone” signs). But, thankfully, I don’t (think I) have kids. This gives me the time and energy I need to spend every waking hour in Portland strip clubs—wasting away like an AC/DC song that never gets old, but will never venture away from the pole dancers. Here’s a recap on some things that have happened and a few places on things that are going to happen. Plot twist: all of these things involve naked people.

Congratulations From E.D. To B.J. And D.P.

The Annual Gentlemen’s Club EXPO (hosted by ED Magazine, of course) just went down in Vegas, and it’s time to pop the bottles for the 503, because we took home not one, but two awards! The first one went to a club (Devils Point) and the second one went to a clown (well, she’s also a stripper...B.J. McNaughty). A huge “congrats” to both of these winners, and a reminder to everyone that they actually earned their titles. If, for some crazy reason, you’ve never been to Devils Point, you’re missing out on Stripparaoke (sing on stage, next to a naked woman), fire performances and infamous dancers—It’s one of my favorite clubs in town and I’m actually being honest when I say that. Now, as far as dancers go, well...you can’t beat someone who looks like a mix between Playmate Of The Year and Miss Juggalette 2019. B.J. can occasionally, Kit Kat Club) for the better time this hits the stands, has won), you can bet that our Ink ‘N Pink champion will put the girls in the biker mags to shame. Are you sexy and covered in quality art? Why not enter next year—or, even better, jump on for Miss Exotic Oregon, coming up at the end of the year? Hit up Editor@Xmag.com for more info on how you can enter to win cash, prizes and fame.

Speaking of Ink ‘N Pink, last year’s winner, Maze, may be turning over her title to a new tattooed winner this year...but, the universe has handed her another title, one that is equally coveted and nearly ten years old—Miss Beautiful Vagina! That’s right, the lady who won the cover of Exotic last year, is taking home yet another title this year. I imagine that Maze’s family dinners are getting better and better, seeing as how she has won two contests in a year, neither of which are particularly family-friendly. If you’re reading this, Maze, I suggest that, in 2020, you run for...oh, president? That would kick ass—if a former reality television host and semi-legitimate billionaire can win the ticket, what’s stopping a tattooed stripper who holds the title for best looking vagina in the world? I’m serious—if you live in Florida (or Ohio), please, for the love of our country, write “Maze from The Twisted Sisters” in on next year’s ballot.

We Rep That Breast

Well, Dick does—Dick reps that breast, as well as a slew of other body parts. Having wrapped up the Vagina Beauty Pageant (and ignoring my pitch for a Toes ‘N’ Hoes event... whatever, dude), DJ Dick Hennessy continues to do the lord’s work—this time in the form of Best Breasts Of The West. According to insiders who are able to specify what will occur in the future, based on a multitude of factors, market analysis and quantum predictive methods, this event will likely involve the evaluation of naked boobs, particularly those from our region of our map. I’m not quite sure, but what I do know is that the event will go down at several clubs throughout the Portland area, with the final round happening at Club SinRock on Thursday, September 26. See the Spotlight Of Events on the next page for dates and venues.

Announcing Miss Beautiful Vagina 2019 Maze

Speaking of Ink ‘N Pink, last year’s winner, Maze, may be turning over her title to a new tattooed winner this year...but, the universe has handed her another title, one that is equally coveted and nearly ten years old—Miss Beautiful Vagina! That’s right, the lady who won the cover of Exotic last year, is taking home yet another title this year. I imagine that Maze’s family dinners are getting better and better, seeing as how she has won two contests in a year, neither of which are particularly family-friendly. If you’re reading this, Maze, I suggest that, in 2020,
ass burlesque and variety shows, many of which feature familiar faces from the downtown events and clubs I just mentioned. For instance, Izabelle Starling is someone I have seen grace the stage at Dante’s and Kit Kat, and trust me, she’s not only got great stage presence, but she associates herself with equally high-tier performers. Recently, Izabelle let me know about “Burlynomicon,” an event she helps produce and promote, just over the river at Lovecraft. Here is a snippet of the press release for her event:

The heat of the cosmic orb is starting to wane, bringing us back to our beloved, shorter days and cooler existence. Won’t you join us in this celebration of not only returning to the dark, but also in revelry of our eight-year run at the illustrious Lovecraft Bar?

Produced by Natasha Riot, Burlynomicon is a darkly decadent, monthly showcase of performance, held every second Tuesday. Featuring a rotating cast of burlesque and cabaret talent from Portland and beyond, performers present art with a dark—but humorous—twist in the mythos-inspired space of the world-famous Lovecraft Bar.

Please join us in celebration of eight years of darkly decadent burlesque on Tuesday, September 10. With a larger-than-normal, all-star cast, hosted by both Natasha Riot and Mad Marquis!

In addition to Natasha and Marquis, Asteria Atombomb, Paige Rustles, Harlow Quinzel, Katy Swanson and, of course, Izabelle Starling will be joining the festivities. Supporting cool shit is important, and this qualifies as “cool shit.” So, pop on over to Lovecraft on the second Tuesday of this (and every) month for dark, humorous performance art (the best kind).

More End-Of-Summer Afternoon Fun Around Town

It’s always dope to see clubs doing things before sundown. At 3pm on Saturday, September 21, pop on over to Desire for an end-of-the-season car show, including hot dogs, bikes and all sorts of wonderfulness brought to you by the South East Terrors Cruise. Then, on Saturday, September 28, bring in a new, unwrapped toy to Dv8 at 2pm, to trade for a bikini bike wash! Proceeds will go to the Doernbecher’s to help kids in need. There will also be raffle prizes, slow racing, free burgers and hot dogs. Oh, and wet strippers washing bikes...that’s never a bad thing.
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The overly made-up, twenty-something college girl arrives at the club, waits in line and still doesn’t have her identification ready when the door guy asks for it. “FIVE DOLLARS?!” she exclaims, upon being told that, yes, there is a cover charge for high-end strip clubs located in the heart of downtown. “Fine, I’ll just use the ATM,” she huffs, before holding up the rest of the line to get her cash. “Can you change a twenty?” she asks the bouncer, who immediately does just that. “Oh, and I’m also paying for my three friends,” she says, handing the bouncer back the money he just gave her. The entire line of customers is watching her, hoping she will go away—but, this is a self-defeating mission, as the attention they are giving her is just what she wants. And, she is about to get much more, at the cost of everyone else inside the club.

Part 3: Woo Girl

At first, Woo Girl seems to be just another enthusiastic customer—she sits at the stage, spreads out a few dollars and yells her trademark “woo!” no matter what the dancer on stage is doing. If there is a physical manifestation of the over-supportive Millennial, Woo Girl is it. Dancer steps on stage, Woo Girl yells. Dancer wipes down the pole, Woo Girl yells. DJ announces “Sapphire on standby,” Woo Girl yells.

What most folks won’t realize until it’s too late, is that the constant yelling from Woo Girl stems not from a need to show appreciation, but rather, a need to be the center of attention. It’s pretty obvious, if you think about it—it doesn’t matter if you’re a touring musician, an off-duty porn star or just another hot girl on the town, when you’re in a strip club, you’re not going to win over the gaze and attention of the crowd, in the same way you would at a traditional nightclub. This is similar to how, as a DJ, I can show up at a house party and take over the vibe with a pair of speakers and a mixer. But, if I show up to Burning Man with two cheap Alpine subs and a laptop, the chances of me even getting a small crowd of head-nodders is slim to none, as I’m competing with dozens of other DJs—ranging from national headliners to established, local fixtures. But, since I have neither the desire nor the need to be the center of attention, I have learned to leave my DJ gear at home, opting instead to relax and enjoy whatever acts the festival I am attending has booked. However, to Woo Girl, who thrives on being the center of attention, the strip club is not a place to relax—it’s a competition.

After a few rotations of dancers, Woo Girl is still sitting at the tip rail, but she’s not tipping. “I already tipped you guys a lot,” Woo Girl tells a dancer who is not familiar with the “you guys” distribution of tips. The dancer then explains to Woo Girl that, according to the constant reminders from the DJ, each dancer works for tips and none of the girls have an income. Woo Girl then leaves the stage (sometimes—other times, security needs to assist), huffing and puffing her way up to the bar.

At this point, she joins up with her friends and/or date, picks a table and begins to seek attention from customers. This is usually accompanied by either criticism of the dancer(s) on stage (“Can you believe she works here? I could do that...”) or with loud sing-alongs and nightclub-style dancing. The bouncer will eventually approach her table, remind them about the rules and politely request that the
Woo Girl, having been informed that “this is a strip club, not a dance club,” begins to remove her clothing. After all, if [insert literally any dancer at the club, no matter how talented] is doing her thing on stage, why can’t Woo Girl do her thing at the table? So, after her second nipple becomes exposed, bouncers will (hopefully) return to Woo Girl’s table and ask her to leave. This is when all hell breaks loose.

The following is a list of things that I have seen happen, when a real-life Woo Girl has been (attempted to be) removed from clubs I have worked at:

* She removed mace from her purse, threw it at the bouncer and then accused him of trying to mace her.
* She ran onto the stage, pushed the dancer off the pole and attempted to swing around it, only to end up falling and almost breaking her arm.
* She yelled racial slurs at a group of young, black men, all dressed in blue and sitting at the same table, at a club near SE 162nd.
* While being dragged out by security, she threw a full pint glass at the DJ booth and said, “Why are you laughing at me?”
* She informed incoming customers that “all the girls are whores,” before taking her shirt off, turning around and twerking on the side of the building.
* She spewed vomit that was so new (as in, the product of a recently consumed drink), whipped cream and bits of strawberry were still visible when it hit the floor.
* She was caught pooping on the restroom floor, in protest, after being asked to leave.

Now, this is the part of the article where I could take a quick, sexist detour into privilege and how our culture tends to allow young, drunk, white women to get away with anything, under the justification that, because there are shitty white guys in office, Woo Girl is oppressed and can therefore do no wrong (not even from her parent’s house in Lake Oswego). This would be semi-valid, but I think a better point can be made by stating the obvious—if there is a level of sexism and oppression that all women experience, the naked woman on the pole, putting up with verbal harassment on a minute-to-minute basis, while trying to pay her rent, is experiencing exponentially more of said oppression and sexism, than the entitled, overly touchy and arrogant Woo Girl, who is using the club as an arena for Trash Fire Olympics.

Woo Girls break all the rules—and, not in a good way. They’re independent women, but by “independent,” they mean “rules do not apply to me.” They will touch dancers. They will steal drinks from customers. They will break any and all rules regarding cellphone use, to the point of broadcasting their private dance experience on Facebook live (this has happened on multiple occasions). Woo Girls are the female equivalent of Douchebag Guys, which I will tackle next month in this very column (and yes, bad male customers are far worse than bad female customers—but, the latter doesn’t get that much attention).

There are several ways in which your club can prevent Woo Girls from becoming regulars, but here are a few quick, easy-to-establish guidelines to keep your club Woo Girl unfriendly: no Journey after 10pm, do not serve flavored Stoli and ban bachelorette parties. Woo Girls are basically Gremlins, in that you can take three basic, cautionary steps to prevent them from becoming full-on monsters.
Skylar
from
Stars Cabaret
Salem
Passing fads will always be a mainstay of the youth. Remember Tamagotchi, hypercolor and delicious Tide pods? They were here and then they were gone, blazing a bright trail through our collective consciousness, like a shooting star. Every year, there’s a slough of crazy new fashions that make us cringe to see in photographs, years after we’ve outgrown them (remember Joey’s chick-magnet rat tail?). Musical one hit wonders, questionable culinary choices and briefly popular gadgets wind up in the discount bin within months. This year, Exotic’s crack team of scientists invented a time machine that they only used once, before re-purposing it into a bong and a fancy trash compactor. We sent one lone man (thanks to Roger, for risking his life with our untested technology) a year into the future and back, to report on what we can expect from the next season’s big fads for the young.

**Hypnotizing Fidget Spinners**

We were really surprised by this one. We all thought fidget spinners were a thing of the past already, but it appears that PsyKid Toys will be releasing a fidget spinner that hypnotizes anyone who watches it for more than a brief glance. This will take off in schools—where kids will sometimes hypnotize each other, but mostly adults, when they realize that they can just tell the teacher they turned in their homework (and, it was flawless). Easy As for all…that is, until they start causing severe seizures and the low levels of radiation they emit cause the users to begin to lose their hair and fingernails. Lawsuits and a recall will largely end this trend, but not before PsyKid rakes in billions.

**The Rise Of Parkour The Homeless Videos On YouTube**

With the steep incline of homelessness in big cities everywhere, jaded kids with an entrepreneurial spirit and gymnastic aban-
don will begin to use the virtual minefield that are homeless camps and squat houses as settings for ill-advised parkour runs. Avoid those heaps of used needles! Is that a pile of blankets or a person? You won’t know ‘til you land on it. Can you scale that ramshackle hut made of stolen fence slats and metal sheeting, without collapsing it? Is that man going to stab you with a pen knife, as you grace fully twirl over his trashcan fire? The best part is, even if you fail, you’ll still get views.

**Minecrank**

A new school year, a new designer drug. This fall will be no exception, when an enterpris-
ing chemist named “One Tooth Terry” will come up with Minecrank. This drug will be-
come hugely popular with kids, as it makes you see everything in big, pixelated hunks, giving you the strength to punch down trees with your bare hands and making you capable of building (and disassembling) a house in matter of minutes. This hallucina-
tory chemical stimulant will gain infamy, when a number of kids who believe they’re fighting the “Ender Dragon” will, in fact, be stabbing friends and lunch ladies with forks and sharpened sticks. Roger came back addicted to this stuff, and let us tell you, the withdrawals are not pretty.

**Reverse Suspenders**

It seems like pants can’t get any lower. As you watch a grown man toddler around with his slacks around his ankles, you wonder how this can possibly get any more out-
nlandish. Well, this year, sagging fashion will get a new lease on life, with the introduc-
tion of ‘reverse suspenders.’ This innovative invention will fasten around the waist, with adjustable straps extending downwards, which clip onto the waistband of your XXXXXL jeans and keep them from showing any more crack than you mean to.

**Fortnite IRL Training Camps**

These will be marketed as a fun romp with Nerf guns, night vision goggles and team-
building exercises. Parents everywhere will rejoice about how their kids are actually going outside and getting some fucking exercise, for once…that is, until it’s revealed that the whole thing is funded by the U.S. Army, as a creative recruiting tool for teach-
ing children paramilitary skills, desensitiza-
tion to violence, militant nationalism and unquestioning loyalty (along with a healthy bloodlust). Therapists are going to come out on top of this one.

**Caverap**

Those of us who lived through the ’80s and ’90s all share a common complaint: every year, rap lyrics seem to get dumbed down just a little more. The literate street slam po-
etry that it once was has been worn down to an unrecognizable nub of its former glory—think Kanye West’s recent offerings or the truly moronic lyrical abuses of Tekashi69. We wonder where the bottom is and the an-
swer is, “you’ll see it soon enough.” Caverap will just be lustful, angry grunting, over heavy beats and bass. Performers will chest thump, snort, growl and bark, but won’t actually have to write any lyrics, at all. Roger brought us back a thumb drive with a few tracks on it and we’ll admit that “ Hungh, Ugh Ugh Gar!” has been stuck in our head for a week.

**Reaction Videos**

Yes, reaction videos will still be a thing. But, in a world of outsourcing one another and one-upsman ship, reaction videos will reach peak-
weird when a popular YouTube channel has its wacky teen protagonists react in their usual hyperbolic fashion to snuff videos and hard-
core scat porn, among other things. The beautiful part is, they’ll just blur out the seriously graphic stuff for the viewers, while the content creators WILL really be forced to sit through beheadings and piss drinking in their full glory. Way to circumvent the rules, guys! The clickbait cover stills will still feature the video makers looking shocked and laughing—giving big thumbs ups...
and cheesy grins, but to a pixelated mass of entrails and human waste. Turns out, it’s still possible to traumatize kids who think they’ve seen it all. A rash of suicides will put the kibosh on this fun little niche.

Well, that’s all that Roger felt like telling us—we’re sure he knows more, but he won’t tell us what and the haunted look on his face (and retreat into the broom closet) tells us this next year is going to be an adventure, at least.

Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle is an alchemist, phrenologist and avid Bible tract collector. She can be found on Facebook as Esmeralda Marina and MeWe by name.
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The best thing about flying is taking a dump in an airplane toilet. I know, I know…but, hear me out.

Usually, when you pump mud beyond the confines of your home, you can pretty much kiss your privacy goodbye. You’re facing a multi-stall situation, with God only knows who squatting next to you, tighty whities or panties drooping around their ankles, tooting their bung flute and stinking up the joint.

Not on a plane.

On a plane, you enter your own personal sanctum, complete with toilet, sink and everything else you need for a solemn, private defecation experience.

I travel a lot in my job and the airplane toilet experience is always the highlight of the trip. My wife is totally the opposite—when we fly on vacation, she makes sure she unloads at the terminal, before setting foot on the plane. Not me, man. I hold it. I even plan my meals the day beforehand, to ensure I’m packing fudge when I step on board.

There are two kinds of airplane toilets. The first features a shiny, stainless steel bowl, with a matching flapper at the bottom. You hit the flush handle and a beautiful whirlpool of turquoise water swirls around and around, swishing your crap away to the belly of the plane somewhere.

The second kind I call the “sh*t sucker.” It has a dark-colored bowl, with no flapper in its throat. It looks like a third-world adobe pot that some cave-dwelling terrorist might shit in.

The stainless steel bottom on the blue flusher may or may not present you with a view of your rectal deposit—it all depends on the weight and consistency of your turds and whether they hit the flapper plate head-on or slide down the side of the bowl first. Small turds can sometimes resist the flush, especially if they settle near the hinge of the flapper. Repeated flushing won’t accomplish anything—in this case, you need to top it with some extra clumps of dry T.P., so the flush water has something to leverage to whisk the stuff away. I have used this technique many times, with success.

The shit sucker is a whole ‘nother animal. It can be frightening at first. The bowl is strategically dark brown, to give it the illusion of bottomlessness. Turds blend in like camouflage. Your crap just sits there when you’re done, looking up at you and laughing. But, you will have the last laugh.

After you wipe and deposit your tissue on top, like whipped cream on chocolate ice cream, you hit the flush button and all hell breaks loose. The bathroom is filled with a loud roar and your ka-ka is sucked into oblivion. I’m pretty sure the suction is created by a direct link between the toilet and the jet engine that propels the plane—that’s how loud and strong it is. Unlike the blue flusher, I have never seen a turd—even the stubborn ones—survive the initial flush.

WARNING: NEVER, I MEAN NEVER, REMAIN SEATED ON A SHIT SUCKER WHEN YOU HIT THE FLUSH BUTTON! The force is such that it can rip your balls clean off or pull your vag inside out—I’m not kidding.

I admit that cleaning up when you’re done is a little anti-climactic, with a teenie-weenie kiddie kitchen sink, that dribs water on you a little bit at a time. But, hey, that only affects you if you’re one of those prudes that bothers to wash your hands...
Voted best small strip club in the West!

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I won’t name names, but I recently performed at a kitschy little spot downtown called The Big Legrowlski. Nothing particularly wrong with this venue, except that it was clearly an idea that sprung from lots of cocaine with close friends, sitting around a couch late at night. We all have these talks (sometimes without cocaine) and then they are quickly forgotten in the morning after the hangover wears off.

“Duuuuude, remember that Coen Brother’s movie? Like...what if we had a whole bar that was like, based on that movie?”

Okay, maybe they were stoned, not high on blow.

“Yeeeh, and like, we’ll sell white Russians and, like, all the drink names will be references to the movie;”

“Shiiit yeah, and then we’ll, like, sell that sweater he wears as like a touristy thing. ”

“Dudes, dudes...I got it, it’s a tap house, right, and we’ll fill growlers there, too, and call it ‘The Big LeGROWLski.’”

Uproarious laughter ensues.

Great idea, right? But, you don’t actually expect these guys to go through with it! Someone in that conversation had mad stacks. Anyhow, if a bar built around references to a 1998 sleeper hit film is a possibility in Portland, then anything is. Hell, at least The Tartis Room (“cough” Future Bar) and Lovecraft have a broader-reaching aesthetic. Fuck it, let’s get really obscure—this is Portland!

Below are four solid gold ideas that any rich manchild out there is welcome to use, for Portland’s next hottest meat market. God knows Portland needs more of those. And, I’m not being flippant! If a place hosts live music of any kind, I couldn’t care less what gimmick they use to get trust fund hipsters in the door. Behold!

**The Soma Lounge**

If there can be a 1984-themed bar, why the hell not a *Brave New World*-themed bar? In fact, I implore you bored family fortune heirs to put it right across the street from the Victory Lounge! A rivalry can start, à la The Acropolis and Casa Diablo III! It will be Buzzfeed headline gold, I tell ya. The thing is, Soma Lounge can go all in, where Victory Lounge is only half-cocked, with their epoch-blended propaganda and clever drink names. Soma Lounge should be a full-on swingers joint, that also sells salvia (if that’s still legal). Hopefully, by the time this article comes out, MDMA will be re-legalized and there will be pill dispensers of it there. If that fantasy can’t come true, at least a titular Soma cocktail, that would be like a long island ice tea, but loaded with CBD soda and then Red Bull or some shit. Gold, I tell ya.

**Hotel California**

I guarantee this will be a wildly successful haunt for nativist hipsters, who moved here ten years before the transplants they are complaining about. Imagine a gawdy, brightly colored homage to the state that everyone in Portland loves to shit on the most. I’m talking cheesy art installations resembling the Golden Gate Bridge and the Hollywood sign. Overpriced cocktails, with names like The Apple, The Facebook and The Google. Just as hipster douchebags “ironically” listen to Lady Gaga, so too will the true Portlanders flock to this pastel-colored hate train of the state that produces practically all of Portland’s cultural imports. Money in the bank! I advise the owner to only book A.M.-friendly yacht rock and west coast G-funk groups, in order to maintain a consistent vibe.

**Pandemonium**

A pansexual strip-club-slash-music-venue, where literally anything goes. Debauchery that would make C.C. Slaughters’ patrons blush and enough polyamorous flirtations that scare people back to The Velvet Rope. Every possible dot on the gender spectrum is on display, on the poles that flank the rainbow-blasted stage. Nobody will be excluded from this all-inclusive fuckfest. Unfortunately, that will be the downfall of this borderless, human-on-human smorgasbord. The Chads and Kyles will find out and hear that there might be naked, cis gender females there, who want to have sex. Then, they will invade in droves—overtime—and stand in the corner, lecherously watching, before date raping enough poor gals there to give the place a bad rap. Then, it will get shut down. Still, you’ll make a shit ton of money before the eventual bro-pocalypse.

**The Hall And Oat Milkshake Bar**

A present to you, the ultimate bar-slash-venue-slash-meeting place for Antifa members, as well as a hot brunch spot. Can you think of a more Portland concept for maximum crossover appeal? Extreme leftist propaganda decorating the walls, while being serenaded by family-friendly, blue-eyed soul. I picture a Mt. Rushmore-esque bust behind the stage, featuring Lenin, Mao, Hall and Oates—but, not necessarily in that order. This establishment would obviously only sell alcoholic milkshakes. Vegan milkshakes, of the oat variety, of course. While this respectable venue won’t necessarily encourage you to chuck your overpriced boozy shake at fascist enablers, they do have a stack of to-go cups at the exit and what happens outside the bar is none of their business. When anarchopunk bands aren’t getting the stage wet from beer, sweat and broken glass, the house music would consist of the beloved duo’s hits from the ’70s and ’80s, spliced with clips from the Chapo Trap House podcast.
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I awoke, eleven minutes ago...naked, half-wrapped in red sheets—Egyptian Cotton, smooth as silk, but with the heaviness of lust—a little patch of sunshine warming my thighs. I awoke, feeling rested and content...and hungry. A different sort of hunger, down deep between my legs. My eyes close again and imagine, dreamily, my stockinged legs splayed open on your bed. That hunger gnawing at me, as you watch. My tender rosebud lip caught between my teeth, as I slide my fingers between my thighs. The hot, electric chill felt in my spine and the soles of my feet, when your knowing fingers graze my swollen clit. But, you stop me. You reach down and you hold my hand still. You say, “Turn over. Show me your ass.” I oblige...blushing. Deep red flowers blossom on my cheeks. The ache and want and throbbing inside of me grows. My breath feels shaky in my chest with wanting. I start to feel like a little sort of animal, wild and half-crazed with hunger, under the complete control of instinct, nature and perversion—my mind overcome only by satiating my desire. You see it and you take control. Bring back the girl in me, the softness, quell the feral wanting, just enough.

Kneeling in front of and above me, I look up to you with my soft, dark eyes, widened—the wanting reflected in their mercurial pools. You, strong of hand and stronger will, pull my hair and lift my face to meet your eyes. Though I am by nature stubborn, smart-assed and wild, I realize now, in you, I’ve met my match. You cup my supple ass. Slap. Spank. Rhythmic. Hard. Once. Twice. Again.

I think I might explode. I wonder if you know that, with just the tiniest touch, you could release oceans from within me. Of course you do...this is part of the game—the fun, the power and play. My eyes flutter shut and I bite hard on my lip, my hands balled into fists, clutching handfuls of blanket.

“Look. At. Me.” You say it firmly, smoothly—it slides out of your mouth and fills me hot and sweet like honey. I feel your voice on my skin like hot pavement in summertime. You hold your strong, hard, perfect cock in one large hand, my dark satin hair in the other. You press yourself against my wet and glistening mouth and ask me if I want you to fuck me. I part my lips to answer, “yes.” Please. Now. Please fuck me.

You shut me up with your sex. Slide yourself into my mouth. You ask again, commanding this time. “Do you. Want me. To. Fuck. You?” I take as much of you in my mouth as I can. Hoping and pleading with my searching tongue that this will suffice as an answer. Still, I try to say the words. I hum, “Yes. Please...” as much as I can, with my small mouth so full of you. I love the hard, full feeling of your cock between my lips. Filling my cheeks—the heat of you. Choking. Sputtering. I start to get lost in running my tongue along you, the taste and feel of you...and you bring me to. A little slap in my face. A harder one on my ass. I am dripping now...

“Turn around,” you say, with such calm, such a juxtaposition to my absolute loss of control, my unrepentant wanting. I do as I’m told. You slowly, rhythmically, slap your cock on my ass. “Where do you want me to fuck you? Here?” You slap my ass again. “Or...here...?” You press yourself against my opening. I want both. I want everything. I want you to fill all of me at once...you stay with your cock pressed just slightly, almost inside of me. But only just. I arch my back and rub myself against you. You remind me that you’ve asked me a question. You want an answer. I don’t know. “I don’t know, I...please. Please fuck me.”

You pull away from me. I can feel your eyes behind me, watching as I lose what little semblance of self-control that had remained. I hear little animal noises bubbling out of my mouth from some deep unknown inside of me. They are feral and wild and unconstrained. Uncontrollable. Little whines and whimpers escape me, I can’t hold back. I want you so badly...

I slide back, towards you. Pushing hard—bucking. Arching my back, my ass in wide circles. My small feet digging into the mattress. My body begging you to fuck me. I hear you chuckle, softly—satisfied with my acquiescence, my complete and total submission to you. I am warm and wet and dripping. You slide slowly into me. Deeply. Languidly you fill me...my breath draws in sharply. And, then...finally...I am released into pleasure’s beckon.

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Hello again, my main motherfuckers. As you may have gathered, over the years that I’ve been writing this article, I sometimes fall victim to being quite a bit introspective. When that mood strikes me, I like to read a lot of books written by great philosophers and strategists. Through those late-night manic reading sessions, I’ve developed some rules I attempt to follow on my journey through this mortal coil. I want to share some of my favorites this month and I hope you can find value in at least one of them. If you want to start learning how to make your own rules for winning, I will certainly reference a few books you should check out, so stay tuned.

1) You Need To Plan All The Way To The End

As the old saying goes, those who fail to plan, plan to fail. Something that I think a lot of people struggle with, in setting out to succeed, is a lack of imagination. It’s like playing chess. If you can’t see forward in the game—if you can’t move the pieces with your mind—you won’t ever be able to win at chess against a real player. Life is certainly a real player—it’s the extra player on the field, the one you both can’t see and always see. You are inside of it, while playing against it. You need to learn to move the pieces in your head, predict the outcome of those moves and use that skill to plan all of your goals—all the way to the end. Set small, immediate goals, that build toward your ultimate goal and be prepared for both success and failure at every step. Know what is going to happen. When I played competitive Halo in tournaments, I was once interviewed and asked how I had such a high kill-to-death ratio, and I replied quite simply, “I don’t plan to shoot where the bad guys are, I plan to shoot where they’re about to be.”

2) You Need To Learn Charisma And Body Language

Most people probably believe that charisma is a gift—that you’re either born with it and become well-liked (and popular) or you aren’t (and you don’t). This is not at all true—there’s a great book called How To Make Friends And Influence People, which will teach you most of what you need to know. But, in summary, you need to use your body language and eye contact to make people feel connected with you. People who feel connected with you will want you to like them. People who want you to like them will do shit to help you achieve your goals. Additionally, people who see that you are kind and confident will recognize your path and see that path as likely to succeed. People who think you’re likely to succeed will align themselves with you, because they will hope that once you do, you’ll help them reach their goals.

3) You Need To Learn How To Read People’s Motivations

Humans are incredibly predictable animals—they generally don’t act in a random, chaotic fashion. It can seem that way sometimes, but once you learn how to ask the right questions and read between the lines, you can learn what a person’s motivations are. People will always act in line with what motivates them. Generally, I’ve found people have two layers of motivations—conscious and subconscious. As a rule, it is easier to spot the conscious ones: love, money, fame, revenge, prestige... etc. The subconscious ones can manifest themselves in several ways. But, generally, they are linked very closely with how they were raised in childhood—faith, morality, ethical values and level of psychopathy are all excellent indicators of what drives a person on a very deep level. Once you learn to understand a person’s motivation, you can understand how that person can be utilized to reach your goals. It sounds very manipulative—and, it can be—but, if you have solid moral and ethical values, you can choose not to use people for your own good at the cost of theirs. Life is definitely competitive, but this isn’t the Highlander universe and there actually can be “more than one” at the end of the race. If you are smart and ethical, you can build a team of people and move as a unit toward the goal. If you aren’t ethical, but you are smart, you can line them up like steps on a staircase. Whichever one happens is up to you. But, no one wins without using other people to do it.

4) Only Engage When You Know You Will Win

The Art Of War is one the best and most confusing books on strategy you can read in your life. You need to read this book and you need to read it enough times that you understand it. I have read this book more times than any other book. I started reading it in middle school and I didn’t understand it much (if any) at that point, but I did understand one important thing: you should never fight a battle you aren’t sure you will win. Any conflict that
is destined to fail does two very, very bad things for you. First, it wastes your resources—whether those are tangible resources or your emotional ones. Second, it allows your enemy to capture whatever resources you didn’t burn in the conflict, making them more powerful and giving them more information. In a battle of wits or a battle of will, information is the most valuable asset you have. Don’t teach your enemy how to beat you, by going into conflict before you’re ready. It is truly foolish. And, you will go into a cycle of loss to the same opponent, and eventually, you’ll lose your ability to use logic or make good decisions, ensuring you are permanently defeated.

5) You Need To Learn Self-Discipline

*Meditations*, by Marcus Aurelius, is one of the most valuable pieces of writing for anyone who cares deeply about being successful and well-respected. Marcus Aurelius was the last of the five good emperors of Rome and he left behind his thoughts on stoicism in this book. The main theme of this book is self-discipline and I think most people who hear that phrase think it refers to going to the gym or eating right, but it is much more than that. You should force yourself to experience suffering—an example is when Aurelius slept on a stone floor, even though he had access to the most lavish palaces Rome had to offer. He spent most of his time on his countryside farm, with very few guards or servants. The reason he did, is that he didn’t want to be defined by luxury—that type of life is easy to take from you. If you are good at living simply and find joy in your work, you can never be broken by loss, because you can always rebuild your simple life (even if completely alone). Don’t complain, always do your work and don’t expect a reward for doing what you are supposed to do. Speak simply and without lying, so that your words can never be twisted against you. Learn everything that can be learned from your betters and always credit them for their wisdom, if only in your own mind. And, in my opinion, most importantly, learn the balance you have of power and wisdom. Because, great power with little wisdom has never served the greater good and certainly would not lead you to success. No one wants to be the king of the rubble pile, because they used their great power without any wisdom.

I hope something in here sparks some inspiration in you, so that you use it to go out and really learn the rules of the game. Everyone can win in their own right and everyone’s dream is worth following, as long as it serves the greater good. We all have the ability to be our best selves, but being your best self and really, truly, living your best life is not easy—it’s really fucking hard. It requires sacrifice and self-discipline.

As always, I welcome you to reach out with any questions, comments or just to tell me I’m an idiot and you wish I’d shut up. I’m on Twitter at @NextGenRetro1 and on the electronic mail at NextGenerationRetro@Gmail.com. Have a great month, motherfuckers and motherfuckettes.
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