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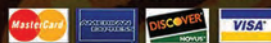
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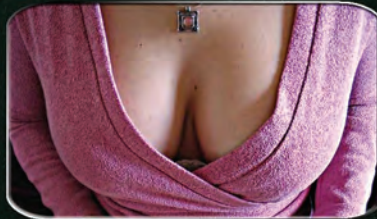
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SLUTSCAPADES

By Dr. Helen Shepard

Slut (noun) — a person who likes sex for its own sake and doesn't give a fuck what you think about it.

Slut it up (verb) — to share the pleasure of your body with whomever you please.

I asked two friends for back-to-school topics. The first, a mother and a teacher, mentioned shopping lists. I grimace to think of how inextricably tied to capitalism our educational system is. Getting the back-to-school jitters? Soothe yourself by spending money! People use this as an excuse to market literally anything to you; I just got a "back-to-school" email encouraging me to buy more GPS trackers for my car keys. I'm not a student and my lifestyle is not about to change, but they're right—I could probably spend more money on their product.

The second person I asked about this topic was my primary partner. He recommended that I encourage you to "go back to school" with your lovers' bodies, to encourage you all to have a "beginner's mind" when it comes to sex and forever try to learn more about how to pleasure each other. Although I could hardly help feeling that this was a thinly-veiled supplication for me to have a little more curiosity about his own body, I'll extend that advice to you all anyway.

Because that's the type of person I am; I will use your ideas and follow your advice, but not without rolling my eyes and complaining about it.

I don't believe there's any such thing as being good at sex. In my experience, people who think they're really excellent lovers, tend to suck...poorly. This is because no two people react the same to any particular technique. To be a great lover, you have to admit that you have no idea what to do with a new partner and be willing to learn.

Periodically, throughout your life, you should be going back to school—even if you don't have a new sexual partner. Because, there's nothing sexier than a willingness to try harder to please your lover (or yourself).

Here's what you'll need:

1. Not just any ordinary sex shop

When you're opening your mind to learn to be better at opening body parts, no ordinary megastore will do. Check out Eugene's As You Like It—the eco-friendly, gender-inclusive pleasure shop. They'll not only have the best books and toys, all their em-

ployees are sex educators, enthusiastic about your pleasure. Look for a radical sex boutique in your area; as long as we're going the capitalism route, we may as well stick with revolutionary badasses.

2. Toys for the most powerful erotic organ

Books! Although a bit heteronormative, one recommendation I have is *Guide To Getting It On* by Oregonian Paul Joannides. Oregon transplant Janet Hardy has written BDSM guides *The New Bottoming Book*, *The New Topping Book* and the sex-positive bible, *The Ethical Slut*. Find these titles and many more at your locally-owned sex boutique or bookstore.

3. Lubes

From massage, to mutual masturbation, to anal sex—everything is better with lube. Coconut oil is the best multi-purpose lube (get it at the grocery store in a jar or now in spray bottles), but, I've said it before and I'll say it again: LABEL YOUR LUBE. There's no bigger faux pas than cooking dinner for your date with the same jar you used on your last date's genitals. For anal exploration, you'll want a silicon-based lube, since it won't rub into the skin.

4. Wartenburg Pinwheel, Ice Cube, wax candles, cashmere sweater and feather duster

When you're (re)learning to please your partner, it helps to try different sensations. A Wartenburg Pinwheel is a spinning prick tool—kinda like Brian Boitano. But, this is a tool you'll want to use for sex. On the opposite end of the spectrum is a feather duster—experiment to see which is sexier—painful or ticklish. While experimenting with temperature can be fun, Ice Cube would be best for sex, because I respect his career and stance on the police. I'm not sure how expensive he'd be, but I'd start with a fancy dinner. The cashmere sweater is fun during sex, but is also, frankly, a good fashion investment.

5. Condoms—Lots and lots of condoms

If you own your own penis, experiment with different types of condoms—there are different materials, textures, cooling or heating effects and each brand will have a slightly different fit. Find what makes you feel groovy. If you're a person who has

sex with penises, get a few variety packs. Keep them in your kitchen, your hall closet, your garage...be ready for spontaneous sex that's safe—and fits and feels right!

6. Disposable gloves

If you're like me, you want to pretend like you're so sex-positive that touching the inside of somebody's asshole is purely sexy, not at all gross and you're up for anything that will make them feel good! I got over this by investing in disposable gloves, because, honestly, the inside of people's ass is shitty. I recommend dark-colored Nitrile gloves, so you'll never have to know just how shitty the situation actually is. Gloves also keep infections out of cuts, while softening fingernails and hangnails, so you're less likely to scratch people. It's an all-around LIFE HACK!

7. Hardware

BDSM toys are expensive, but you can do it yourself at a hardware store. I made a fun flogger with rubber tubing and electric tape. Be creative!

The best investment in your sexual education is probably facing your fear and talking to your partner. As a sexuality professional, people often ask me for quick advice. 90% of the time I have the same response: "Have you tried talking to your partner about this?" People don't know where to start, or like the occasionally-recurring professional relationship (whose name you don't know, because you're embarrassed to admit you never actually bothered to remember in the first place and now you just have to smile and say, "Hey you!" when they address you by name), you're afraid of the fall from grace that might come from telling the truth. Sometimes people are their own worst enemies. TALK TO YOUR PARTNERS—that's all the school you really need. But, the supplies listed above can give you a good starting point.

The cashmere sweater will also get you lots of unsolicited hugs, which helps break the ice.

Dr. Helen Shepard is a Clinical Sexologist and cashmere enthusiast in Eugene. She can be reached at EugeneSexology@gmail.com

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HELPING YOUR CHILD DEAL WITH SCHOOL BULLIES:

A HANDY

PARENTING GUIDE

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

It's about time for the children to once again fill the halls of our nation's grade schools, to deal with all the trials and tribulations which come as part of life at that age: book reports, crabby teachers, nauseating cafeteria food and, of course, school bullies.

There's no one single factor known to create the bullying little monsters who terrorize hallways and playgrounds, but speculation on this subject is wild. From "they watch too much TV," to "they eat too much sugar," to "they don't get enough attention at home," to "spindly uncle Bob thumbed their buttocks," everyone seems to have a pet theory about how the little sadists are made. Regardless of the cause though, bullies are a reality and you must be ready to help your child deal with them. Here's a list of "Do's" and "Don'ts" for the parents of a bullied child.

Do: Analyze bullying incidents and help your child think critically by asking questions. For example, you might ask if your child was, in fact, being a "total penis-chewing dork," as was suggested before they were pushed to the ground. Questions like these can lead to important realizations for them.

Don't: Instruct your child to report bullying incidents to the authorities. Snitches, they say, get stitches and you don't wish to risk more harm to your child. They will understand when you explain this.

Do: Tell your child not to beat themselves up over the incidents, because, after all, that's what they have a bully for.

Don't: Encourage your child to seek support from their peer group. This could lead to the other children realizing that your child is an easy mark—then their bully problems will be multiplied!

Do: Dress your child in ill-fitting or mismatched clothes from thrift stores. Bullies are less inclined to pick on someone who looks like they are socially disadvantaged, or even better, mentally handicapped!

Don't: Forget that social exclusion is a form of bullying. If your child is being deliberately excluded by the other students, have him or her deal with this by making friends with the lunch lady, animals or inanimate objects. This will show the others that your child doesn't need their acceptance.

Do: Encourage your child to cope with being bullied by escaping into surrogate realities, such as online video games, movies or TV. It is preferable if these escapes are excessively gory, have revenge-fantasy elements or feature an overarching theme of problems being solved by the use of violence. Those factors help provide catharsis.

Don't: Let them feel like they're alone. Explain that grown ups are also constantly surrounded by assholes and that things never really change all that much from the schoolyard, except that eventually you can buy cigarettes, liquor and all the hardest-of-core porns.

Do: Be supportive and work towards solutions. For example, if your child says a bully is spreading malicious rumors about them, help them fabricate photographic evidence of their bully's mother getting spit-roasted by a busload of guys dressed in Ewok costumes, then distribute that evidence at a PTA meeting.

Don't: Neglect the power of odor. Buy a jacket from a street punk. It should already smell like urine, sweat and vomit. Mix together some dog food, garlic and ammonia in the pockets. You have now got one noxious school outfit! Nobody wants to get close enough to bully someone wearing that and your kid may eventually get used to the scent.

Do: Be a role model and show your child how mature adults deal with stress. Humiliate a waitress, berate a cab driver, gamble with their college fund, shoplift things for no reason or talk shit about friends, neighbors and parents of other children.

Don't: Undervalue toadying. If your child wishes to avoid being bullied, have them submit com-

pletely to the will of their tormentor, who may in turn lessen their bullying or possibly stop altogether!

Do: Teach them the old lesson, "if you can't beat them, join them!" Encourage the youngster to find other children who are weaker (or more vulnerable) and give those poor souls a taste of pain.

Don't: Believe your child if they say they're being "cyber bullied," because that's like the dumbest shit ever.

Do: Remind them that they're likely to see their bully again at a school reunion of some kind, in 20 or so years, and that their bully will probably feel really bad and apologize to them then.

That wraps up the do's and don'ts for parents of bullied children. Now you have some more tools in your parenting belt (you know, the leather one with the weird stains) to help your child deal with bullies. Remember, times like this are when children need adult guidance most of all. Dealing with such adversity together can help you forge a stronger bond with your child, child-like robot or emotionally-stunted adult.

If all else fails, see a doctor and get them to prescribe the kid some Valium or something. The medical industry does love to throw pills at children these days, but there's no guaranteeing what those pills will be. Try a little bribe to make sure you get something good. If you succeed, you have just secured an opportunity to educate by example, not only the joys of sharing, but also the dangers of mixing prescription pills with half a bottle of bourbon and a bag of Funyuns.

Good luck!

-WSTM

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a writer, philosopher, playground photographer, mouthwash connoisseur, ranch dressing enthusiast, fake Beatle, terrible horse whisperer and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found online at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook by name.



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DEAR HIGH SCHOOL KIDS, DON'T SMOKE WEED

GREEN ROOM DIARIES: STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME



Back in my day, you couldn't just shoulder tap for weed. Now, I'm not saying you *should* be out there, risking the livelihoods of the good men and women who run weed dispensaries. What I'm saying, is that the bad men and women, the ones who run shady-ass "zero, letter O, upside-down W, P" stores along the outskirts of town, are the equivalent of those dusty-ass bodegas that sell alcohol to the bums I used to give money to, so I could get drunk as a kid—meaning that they *will* sell teenagers weed. Which is nuts. You kids these days, with your Pokemon Gold and your cellphone sticks, you have *no idea* what it feels like to sit in a Taco Bell parking lot for an hour and a half, going back and forth between a pager and a public phone, only to end up buying two grams of seedy, vacuum-sealed dirt weed from a grown man with a Stüssy tattoo.

Here's the thing, though: I don't think anyone should start smoking weed until they're well past high-school age.

What? The guy who got tossed out of Sprague High School for selling bunk acid to Jake's older sister wants you to consider waiting until you're an adult to get high? No, quite the contrary; I'm simply saying that, as a high-schooler, you should be getting fucked up on high school shit. First of all, what are you doing with this magazine? This is for adults, but it's brightly-colored and available all over the Oregon area. This means you're at least a little bit "cool," right? Secondly, based on the answer to the previous question, you may as well ask whoever gave this magazine to you to buy you some Four Loko and Whip Its. Do both at the same time, have unprotected sex with the sluttiest person in sixth period (i.e. any girl whose mom pays for the good kind of birth control) and YOLO like a Millennial, goddamnit. Live it up while you're young, free of sexually-transmitted diseases and unable to be tried as an adult for vehicular manslaughter.

But, here's why you shouldn't smoke weed until you're an adult. Trust me on this, I fucked up hard when I was younger by doing so.

You'll Get Ripped Off

...at least if you buy the good stuff. When I was about 15, I used to get these bricks of

Mexican dirt weed for what I thought was a good deal. The name isn't a racist title; they literally grow this stuff in the ditches near Mexico, guarded by armed men who give zero fucks about feminizing their plants (or even watering them). It takes about an eighth's worth of Mexican dirt weed to even feel an effect—that's only after you dig through all the seeds and stems, which are squished down as a result of the



vacuum seal required for transport from Mexico to Oregon. It makes sense, then, that you'd try to get the good stuff from Eugene, but anyone willing to sell kids weed is gonna charge wayyyy more than what you'd pay at 21.

You'll Waste Your High on Paranoia

Marijuana causes paranoia, sure, but that shit is tenfold when you're hiding from your parents, the cops and whatever demons your teenage brain can muster up. If your tolerance (see below) is low enough that you can actually enjoy weed, why not hold off until you can get into concerts or travel to exotic places, like Seaside? Again, trust me on this, you will get much higher (and enjoy it) while not having to look over your shoulder. On the flipside, smoking weed while you're in the middle of puberty will take that dream you have about waking up naked in class and make it a plausible reality.

Your Tolerance Will Go Through the Roof

It takes me about two blunts, a solid listen through Pharcyde's first album and a handful of Oreos to feel anything from pot. After two decades of smoking weed nearly every day, I may be an upstanding example of journalistic success, but I'm still unable to take a single bong rip and feel anything but contempt for whichever one of the neighbor's kids mistakes my bubbler for a large cup full of soda. This means, that even though I get good old fashioned "You DJ'd my stripper sister's wedding, correct?" hookups on the dankest weed you can imagine, it takes me about eleven bucks to get a head change. In high school, a gram and a half of dank sticky would have me believing that UFOs were real and that Tupac was still alive, but that's because I was in high school during the 1990s, when Tupac was alive and UFOs were real. I forgot where I was going. Oh, yeah, that...

Short-Term Memory Loss, Man Boobs and Shitty Taste

If you want to know what it's like to wear a one-size-down undershirt like a sports bra, while explaining to your friends how the first Sublime album is better than anything Phish ever released (but, only by a few points), smoke a ton of weed while you're young. Each time your older, more cultured friend from the mall explains to you that Sublime was just a ripoff band who rarely gave credit to the artists they stole from, you'll throw away those black-lit posters of gnomes getting high while sitting on mushrooms, only to find yourself forgetting, the next day, what happened to all your cool gnome posters and Sublime CDs. Then, after returning to Spencer's gifts week after week to replenish your supply of "kid that gets high" decor, you will eventually deplete your dad's debit card and have to get a job, likely in the mall, at a place that drug tests, where you will spend all day dealing with kids like you.

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MUST-HAVES FOR BACK TO SCHOOL THAT SAY I'M A FEMINIST WITH AMAZING TITS!

BY TIFFANY GREYSEN

Fall is just around the corner, and whether it's your first year in your Women's Studies class or your fourth, it's important that you not only talk the talk, but also that you walk the walk. Time to hang up your sexy clogs and replace them with non-sexy clogs.

TOPS

Pretty much anything goes. If you love it, wear it. I say this with one exception: scratchy shit. No one wants to see you minding your own business picking out tampons, while they imagine your perky nipples rubbing up against a coarse wool sweater. You don't want to be a distraction, because as a woman, no matter how you dress, you will always be a distraction to someone.



NAILS

Keep your nails short. Keeping your nails short will show that you do what you want. You will not be forced into keeping long nails in order to be sexy, to scratch his back at his whim or pop his zits with greater ease. Keeping your nails short will show that you are a no-nonsense kind of woman! Or, alternatively, keep your nails long! Having long nails has advantages too. It shows men that you're not going to cook, do dishes or change a diaper. Hell, you may not even want to have kids at all! Also, it sounds cool as fuck when you're typing.

PANTS

There are no rules with pants. You can wear whatever kind of pants you like: tight, loose, short or long. However, it's important that when you wear pants—you are wearing them with your favorite dress.

NYLON

Fuck nylons. Nylons were invented by men to give you yeast infections. Nylons are bad for your vagina and bad because they cost about \$8 a pair (and are practically disposable after every single use). Nylons were created to make women late for

work, because they had to stop at Target in order to replace the pair they just jabbed a long, freshly-manicured nail through, causing them to miss the meeting and be passed over for a promotion in favor of that moron Seth from accounting who has, like, zero goddamned experience! Fuck them to hell! For the most part, nylons have been on the secret underground outlawed list in progressive cities such as Portland, Seattle and San Francisco. Sorry Salem, I hope you join the cool kids soon.

SPANX (aka the 21st century girdle)

Spanx allow for all the pleasure of pulling up and pulling down that nylons do, but they don't hide your leg tattoos. Both nylons and Spanx were invented to keep people from being able to tell that Plan B wasn't around when your kids were little—and when I say little, I mean really little...like zygote-sized little.



GLASSES

You can wear your cute, black frame glasses—this shows you are smart—or you can wear contact lenses that change the color of your eyes. Or, you can reject both altogether and just bump into shit all the time. They are, after all, your fucking eyes.

BRAS

For God's sake, wear a bra. Or don't. They are your fantastic tits, after all, and you get to choose whether or not you wear a bra and, if you do, whether or not you wear a push-up bra. They are literally your tits and you get to pick how much or how little you show of your sweet, sweet knockers.

MAKEUP

It's really important to wear sunblock and to

moisturize...and, to remember that you are beautiful without any makeup (because I am a mother, I am legally bound to say that). However, if you love makeup like I do, wear the fuck out of it. Wear eye-lashes, or not. Wear eyeliner, or not. Wear red lipstick! But, please...do stay away from that frosted lipstick shit.



Feminists aren't supposed to look one distinct way or another. Not only are women in charge of their own reproductive systems, they are also individually in charge of what clothes they wear, how they do or don't do their makeup and how they do or don't wear a bra. They get to choose whether or not they augment their breasts or throw a couple units of Botox in their face or do cage fighting on weekends. It's their body—no one should tell anyone that they are too sexy (or not sexy enough). No man, or woman, is allowed to tell you how much of your firm, supple, amazing tits you should show.

Tiffany Greysen is a stand-up comedian and writer from Portland-ish, Oregon. She is a freelance writer for several humor publications. Her comedy is part advice columnist and part parenting guide...neither of which should be followed. You can find her on Twitter as @TiffanyGreysen or on Facebook by name.



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Dear Wendy,

Is there such a thing as too much masturbation? What is a healthy amount?

-Ricky Sun



Dear Ricky,

Have you fed your pets? Were you able to go to work? Do you have at least one other healthy, non-sexual interest, that you invest your time into regularly? Are you making sure you aren't bothering other people? Are your genitals okay? Are you okay with the amount that you masturbate? If you answered yes to these questions, then don't stop 'til you get enough. If you answered no, or if you feel like it's becoming an unhealthy compulsion, consider that masturbation can sometimes be an unhealthy form of escape and self-medication, like any drug. Try looking into other forms of energy outlets or stress relief, like meditation, yoga, cardio, screaming into a pillow, cutting, rabid calorie counting, bingeing and purging, crying, verbally belittling yourself, reminding yourself of every horrible thing that's happened to you in succession, pulling your eyelashes out...the list goes on. Find what works for you!

Xo Wendy

Dear Wendy,

Is it critical for dudes to shave their balls these days? Single dudes anyway.

Dixie Normous



Dear Dixie,

What's critical is not forcing the people, who are graciously sucking your balls, into having to pull a hair out of their throat—one that's long enough to recreate the handkerchief trick that clowns do. You know the one. TRIM your gentlemen GENTLY, because you don't want to tear a hole. Shaving is probably not worth the effort, because nobody wants to have to keep pushing the phrase "I bet this is what baby balls taste like" out of their head when they're sucking scrote. So, no. Don't shave.

xo Wendy

Dear Wendy,

My new roommate is a nice, gorgeous, talented woman—just insecure as fuck. She's constantly asking me for validation and texting me, at work, freaking out about whatever Tinder date from last night hasn't messaged her back ("Dude, you saw him three hours ago," is not an answer she will accept). It is very clear that she is uncomfortable in her own skin, which is making her seem real uncool. How do I kindly let her know it's this insecurity that's pushing people away without making her more insecure?

-Anonymous

Dear Anonymous:

Hand this column to your roommate.

Hey, roommate. We're all uncomfortable in our own skin, because skin is gross. Nobody likes themselves. Everyone sucks. In this sense, you're just as good as everyone else is, okay? Just remember, that you, and everyone around you, is a piece of shit who has bad breath, makes immoral choices and, occasionally, gets the diarrhea. Anyone who seems to have confidence is faking it. Confidence is a conscious decision to stop being a bitch and to force yourself to meet the fucking day. Confidence isn't just so you can talk to a boy or go skydiving or wear a pair of bright green suspenders with abandon. It's a pact between all human kind, that we won't remind each other of the existential fear and soul-clutching need for validation that hovers over us all, constantly. When you let your insecurity get the better of you all the time, you bring us all down. Your choice is to find

confidence in an inspiring audacity to overcome the fearful human condition, or be weak, let everyone know that you're weak and die grasping for the validation of men, because you couldn't snap out of it and pull yourself up by the tits and live like a human being with a backbone.

Plan B: Tell her "I'm tired of talking about this. Let's talk about something else." Every time she asks for validation or whimpers about whatever (undoubtedly undeserving) boy she's after. Do it consistently, even if she gets mad. If she wants to argue, literally walk away. Learning to redirect her thoughts to something more pleasant will be good for her. By calling her out every time, you're socially reinforcing that her behavior is unacceptable.

xo Wendy

Dear Wendy,

I wear a 2g Prince Albert. Should I take it off?

-Anonymous



Dear Anonymous,

I did mouth sex on a guy one time, he had a very large plastic Prince Albert and it was quite unpleasant. Knocked my teeth around slightly more than sex should. A quick poll of about ten women I know, who have bedded a Prince, revealed that about three out of the ten are indifferent and the rest did not care for the experience, mostly due to the fact that it is painful. No one said they enjoyed it. I'd recommend saving the dick jewelry for the toothless honeys with iron canals.

xo Wendy



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DON'T SHAME THE DANCERS

A strip club I'm too lazy to Google information about was recently under fire from some uber-right (or uber-left, it's hard to tell these days) news publication because their marquee read "Now Hiring Class Of 2016." Now, I'm one of those pseudo-Libertarian neckbeards who instantly thought "Good, someone is willing to accept Millennials into the labor force." But, the rest of the world, mainly the comments sections of the news article (as well as every linked Facebook discussion), felt that it was beyond inappropriate for an 18-year-old girl to put down the drugs, tattoo gun, American Spirits, Four Loko, cocaine, triple venti double plus good mocha and pornographic Snapchat, apply for a job at a place with responsible, adult male figures given the duty of protecting her safety, get naked and earn a living. For a minute, I thought that I was the only one out there who was dumb enough to believe that stripping is not the most degrading thing a high school graduate can do.

Fear not, though, because I've done my research. Within reach of any Portland-area high school graduate, there are several jobs that are far more degrading than that of being a stripper. Including...

Dutch Bros Barista

There are so many strip clubs in Portland, that we've actually resorted to assigning sequels. Cabaret II, Tommy's III, Ray's Sticky Kitten IV (sorry, still trying to manifest that one), etc. But, I'm a movie geek. Therefore, I want to know what a *prequel* to a strip club would look like. It would probably consist of tween-age women, who shop exclusively from the children section at Victoria's Secret, surrounded by a few select dudes, one or two of whom would be big, beefy security types, while the guy responsible for talking to customers would TALK IN THE STRIP CLUB DJ VOICE! HEY GUYS HOW YOU DOING TODAY ALRIGHT THIS IS CRYSTAL, HAVE YOU MET CRYSTAL? CRYSTAL, WHERE'S THE WHIP CREAM!?! OKAY MAN HERE'S THE CHANGE, DO YOU WANT A STRAW TO HELP FACILITATE THE INTAKE OF THIS HIGHLY ADDICTIVE SUBSTANCE!?! Somewhere in the public view, there would be a huge pile of cash tips and, in the background, a dubstep remix of "Turn Down For What" would be blaring from a surprisingly upscale speaker system. Please, tell me how this is any different from the average Dutch Bros coffee cart.

Now, don't get me wrong, I'm an avid supporter of the sugary chain or coffee goodness.

Sure, sometimes it's tough to tell Skyler or Kev-Kev to "turn down for work" and remember that folks who need their coffee aren't always in the mood to have a bidding war with a juiced up auctioneer, before the sun comes up. With that said, I'm convinced that a large percentage of Dutch Bros clientele must be comprised of people who don't feel uncomfortable talking to a sweaty 17-year-old girl in Daisy Duke shorts. Look, when the guy who edits the free porn magazine thinks it's kind of sketchy, you may want to consider dialing down the prom-queen-who-just-started-smoking-menthols aesthetic. Still, this place is a great start for women who want to get used to being objectified every few minutes, while at the same time earning cash for college. Of note, each chain seems to be owned by a different regional operator, so if you're reading this near Salem, small beach towns or anywhere in Eastern Oregon, you're not gonna know what I'm talking about. For an illustrative example of the strip club prequel-style Dutch Bros cart, find one located within a five-minute drive of a college with a real football team or one in downtown Portland. Order a Spazmatic Unicornbot Sparkle Energyfuck from Tiffbecca, then drive to the closest strip club and immediately begin talking to the 19-year-old dancer stuck in the corner. It will be a seamless transition. If you are, on the other hand, forced to order from an actual Bro, replace the underage stripper with the club DJ. In fact, I'd pay good money to tape a conversation between an amped-up barista dude and any strip club DJ that still rocks Puddle Of Mudd. ITWOULD LITERALLY BE THE MOST MOUTH CONVERSATION EVERRRRR!

Copy Editor For *The Portland Mediocrity*

Look, much like Dutch Bros baristas, I don't mean to clump all the writers of another free publication into one single, solitary, opinion-presented-as-fact, overly-personalized statement (with a quirky inside joke attached to an improperly used semicolon). Did I mention that, the other day, I saw this thing on the internet that made me really question my role as an art deco feminist poet based out of my new home in Gentrified District? LOL. That made no sense and thanks for reading my column!!!! Please follow me on Twitter, Instagram, Pinterest, Geocities, Avon Plus and Hulu, where I will be giving a Ted X Talk (ED NOTE: Can you make that X really, really fucking small?? I'm trying to submit to a festival, kay, thanks! Oh, and make sure this part actually stays printed, because it's cute as fuck. Oh, add a

few more "fucks" into the article. Cussing is really popular right now.)

Petty jabs aside, I'm figuratively shitting bricks trying to edit literal last-minute columns written by people who host vagina contests or beat rabbits to death and, goddamnit, every word will make sense. What some may consider a niche, we at *Exotic* consider a deadline. Rumor has it, that we've never been late to the rack, even during Snowpocalypse seasons (for transplants out of the loop, this is whenever we get more than an inch of snow that sticks longer than thirty seconds) and, if you've ever compared the words in this magazine to the standard Portland-area paper, you'd wonder why the fuck a porn magazine is doing a better job at keeping their shit together—especially when compared to a free paper available to minors, pastors and Republicans. I don't know what's going on in the *Mediocrity* office—maybe some sort of weird ritual, where they summon the spirits of rejected Gawker articles and bring them back to life. Still, a heartfelt, empathetic run-on sentence goes out to whoever has to edit those fucking columns. Holy shit. I feel for you, dude/lady/other. Your job requires the same amount of labor as a makeup artist for a fashion show made up entirely of burn victims.

Ethnically Ambiguous Female Stock Photo Model

This has to be one of the last vocations that a person with even the smallest shred of pride would want to take. Stock photos are wonderful, because anyone can pay five cents to Getty Images (or do a "reuse permitted" image search, if they want to get really janky), download a photo titled CoupleOnTheBeach.jpg and make a quick little bang-up ad for herpes medication. There are thousands of poorly-watermarked photos just waiting for copyright infringement. But, if you notice, most of these stock photos are *pretty* obvious with their intentions. Black guy sitting in front of a library? Definitely gonna see that dude on a bus stop ad for an unaccredited and/or overly-white college. A happy, un-shamed white male? He's telling you which portfolio is the best one to invest in, regardless of the visible lack of minorities working in his firm's office. Three or more women smiling? That spells birth control.

However, if you've ever actually dug through the other pamphlets in the lobby at Planned Parenthood, you will notice a disturbing trend. Anyone and everyone who is ever the photoshopped subject of domestic violence, HIV,



eroticcity spotlight

homelessness, SARS, AIDS, rabies, stigmata martyr, leprosy or attacks by dangerous wildlife, is a mixed-race woman who possesses features indistinguishable from common ethnic traits. If she's black, she will have blond hair and light skin. If she's Asian, she will be large in size with cornrows. Basically, if you're a female who doesn't fit the qualifications to be part of a typical sitcom cast, you're destined to be the face of dark, violent trauma. Sure, you may be working on the side at Cold Stone, singing royalty-free versions of popular songs in exchange for tips, but in the eyes of literally everyone who has ever had to wait on an STD test, you are constantly on the verge of tipping off this mortal coil. I shit you not, I've seen the same French Alaskan Indian woman on at least three different pamphlets, all of which were for completely unrelated trauma resources. If you've ever been sexually assaulted while running from a bear and trying to acquire the West Nile virus medication that your abusive spouse pawned off to gamble with, you might be an ethnically ambiguous female stock photo model. The reason that most women think (bad thing) "can't happen to them," is because roughly 0.000001 percent of all females can even identify with the Australian Albino Mexican stock photo model chosen to represent women in crisis everywhere.

So, there you have it. Your job as a stripper is no more (or less) degrading than the job of whoever models for Dutch Bros ads in the *Mediocrity*. Don't ever let anyone tell you differently, unless they're actually offering you a better job. "You shouldn't strip" is a statement that should be met with "Agreed, when do you want me to start working for your publicly traded company?" If you've just graduated high school, not only should you consider being a stripper, but you need to realize that right now is the absolute best time to save up for college. And, if you work in good clubs, retirement. Take it from a guy in his mid thirties who makes his living spinning records.

Speaking of which, I have officially stepped (back) out of the strip club DJ role, opting instead to run an 80s and 90s music night in Independence, OR, at a place called Mekanico. I'm there on Wednesday nights, so swing by and say hello (or, violently ask me about why I printed that one thing I printed).

-Ray McMillin

THU 1 – STARS (SALEM)
MISS EXOTIC SALEM CONTEST ROUND 1

SAT 3 – KING'S – HOT RODS & HOT BODS @ 12PM

THU 8 – JAG'S CLUBHOUSE
STEIN HOIST COMPETITION @ 8PM

FRI 9 – KING'S – LIVE MUSIC W/ THE ROCKS

FRI 9 & SAT 10 – STARS (BRIDGEPORT)
COMIC-CON PARTY

SAT 10 – SHOTSKI'S (SALEM)
COMEDY W/ RAY MCMILLIN & ERIC ALEXANDER MOORE

THU 15 – STARS (SALEM)
MISS EXOTIC SALEM CONTEST ROUND 2

SAT 17 – THE RUNWAY
LIONS' DEN ALL-MALE REVUE

SAT 17 – CLUB PLAYPEN – BIKINI LUAU

WED 21 – MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
TRADES DAY

WED 21 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST ROUND 1

THU 22 – EMBERS
ANGELSPIT, DIE SEKTOR, THE DEAD ROOM

FRI 23 – KNOCKERS (SPRINGFIELD)
BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST ROUND 2

FRI 23 – ROCK HARD PDX – PUDDLE OF MUDD

FRI 23 – SUNSET STRIP – BACK TO SKOOL PARTY

THU 29 – CHEETAH'S (SALEM)
LIONS' DEN ALL-MALE REVUE

THU 29 – THE RUNWAY
BEST BREASTS OF THE WEST FINALS



Chyna
from Xpose



EXOTICPINUP2016
SEPTEMBER



THE SUNSET STRIP EXIT 69



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SKOOL PARTY
FRIDAY 23RD**

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WWW.SUNSETSTRIPDX.COM
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THE FINALS! THU, SEP 29 @ 9PM

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THE LIONS' DEN

ALL-MALE REVUE

SAT, SEP 17 - 5PM-10PM



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DEEP INSIDE

This month, we turned the pen over to Dick Hennessy, so he could use it to interview the honorable winner of this year's Vagina Beauty Pageant, Freya from Club Sin Rock. Hard hitting and sexy, like any Dick-on-vagina action, here is the skinny on this beautiful dancer. - Ed

Is the contest rigged?

Absolutely not. I had only ever met one or two of the judges previously. I just happen to have a beautiful vagina.

What do you plan on doing with the prize money?

Real-life, serious stuff! I plan on being a business owner, so the prize money is going towards the creation of my own business. I have a passion for the health industry and want to make a positive impact, so I am building a company that reflects that. I can't wait to share with everyone what it is!

How did you come up with the correlation between Donald Trump and vagina?

Frankly, Donald Trump is a sexist pig and I wanted to take the opportunity to publicly roast him. I've always felt sexier when I'm being funny, anyway. I find it hard to take myself seriously enough to be overly sexy.

Do you have a nickname for your vagina?

"Cheetara." I am pretty nerdy and definitely a fan of Thunder Cats. I wanted a fierce name for my vagina and was having a conversation about my friend's dick's name—then I decided it was time to name her.

What do you like best about working at Club Sin Rock?

It's the most gorgeous club, with delicious food! I love performing and the main stage has two 15' spinning poles, which are perfect for swinging on. Oh, and the fireplaces in every VIP room. Not to mention, all of the stunning, sexy women I have the pleasure of working with. I could go on, but I really love everything about it!

Did you feel confident going into the pageant?

I felt extra confident in my performance. I had quite a few fun little tricks planned and I love putting on a show. But, I also loved watching all of the other beautiful women compete. I'm fairly competitive, but I want everyone else to win too, so I love to cheer on all of the amazing performers!

Did you have a favorite performance/performer other than your own?

There were WAY too many gorgeous performers for me to ever be able to pick just one that I loved! So many women put time and effort into their themes with costumes and props, I had the best time watching foxes, mermaids, comic book characters and all of the beautiful performers I got the privilege of competing with.

Would you recommend other dancers to compete in competitions? Why?

Competitions are a fun way to break out of the sometimes-mundane routine we get stuck in as strippers. Showing your buttocks for money can get taxing! If you want to do a fun themed performance, I would say "pick one and go for it." I think it's fun to put some glitter on your tits and dance like a Bond Girl.

Freya

Winner of the
7th Annual
Vagina Beauty Pageant





Vagina

beauty pageant™ 2016
 PRESENTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY
 PHOTOS BY **HYPOX**

Best Vagina Pageant experience/memory?

I had a fake, American-flag-themed cock and I gave a “blowjob” to a pregnant woman who had a beautiful mustache and bald spot. Yes, there was confetti involved and it was glorious.

Favorite food?

Mac and cheese. I could eat it every day for the rest of my life.

Favorite drink?

I’m a tequila kind of girl.

Favorite movie?

So, I have a fairly large ladyboner for military men and I think it’s entirely to blame on my love of Top Gun. Seriously, it’s my favorite movie.

Favorite show?

I don’t really watch TV, but I am a huge nerd so I watch Game Of Thrones. I love the fierceness of some of the women.

Favorite thing to do on a day off?

I am way too busy to ever have a complete day off. I have many activities I do with my life, but I love to relax by smoking some weed and playing disc golf with my dog.

Ideal vacation location?

Adventure and history are two of my favorite things, so I would probably hike the Inca Trail in Peru. Then, I would do some skydiving.

Best Halloween costume idea?

That I’ve ever had? One year, I dressed as the Scarecrow and dressed my golden retriever as

the Cowardly Lion—complete with a huge, fluffy mane I made myself.

Dog or cat?

My dog, Freddie Mercury, is the most precious thing in the world. He’d make anyone a dog person.

Weed or alcohol?

Weed, 100%. It has so many more positive benefits. The worst thing I’ve ever done while too high, was order delivery and the charge was \$40. Most expensive ramen ever.

Ultimate life goal?

I want to be a personal trainer, the owner of a vegan food company, farm and winery. I would consider myself ambitious and I have a lot of fun stuff coming up!

STRIP CLUBS

ACROPOLIS 1 FOOD LOTTERY
8325 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 231-9611
Daily 10:30am-2:30am

BOOM BOOM ROOM 4 FOOD LOTTERY
8345 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 244-7630
Daily 2pm-2am

BOTTOMS UP! 5 FOOD LOTTERY
16900 NW St. Helens Rd | (503) 621-9844
Daily 12pm-2:30am

CABARET 7 FOOD LOTTERY
17544 SE Stark St | (503) 252-3529
Daily 2pm-2:30am

CASA DIABLO 46 FOOD LOTTERY
2839 NW St. Helens Rd | (503) 222-6600
Daily 11am-2:30am

CLUB 205 56 FOOD LOTTERY
9939 SE Stark St | (503) 256-0527
Daily 11am-2:30am

CLUB PLAYPEN 30 FOOD LOTTERY
6210 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 281-3212
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am

CLUB ROUGE 48 FOOD LOTTERY
403 SW Stark St | (503) 227-3936
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am

CLUB SINROCK 23 FOOD LOTTERY
12035 NE Glisan St | (503) 889-0332
Daily 2pm-2:30am

DANCIN' BARE 11 FOOD LOTTERY
8440 N Interstate Ave | (503) 285-9073
Daily 11:30am-2:30am

DEVILS POINT 12 FOOD LOTTERY
5305 SE Foster Rd | (503) 774-4513
Daily 11am-2:30am

DREAM ON SALOON 16 FOOD LOTTERY
15920 SE Stark St | (503) 253-8765
Daily 11:30am-2am

DUSK 'TIL DAWN: CASA DIABLO II 80 FOOD
8845 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 222-6610
Daily 2pm-2:30am

DV8 17 FOOD LOTTERY
5021 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 788-7178
Daily 2pm-2:15am

THE GOLD CLUB 72 FOOD
17180 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 908-1177
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-12am

THE NEW HAWTHORNE STRIP 19 FOOD
3532 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 232-9516
Daily 2pm-2:30am

HEAT GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 57 FOOD LOTTERY
12131 SE Holgate Blvd | (503) 762-2857
Daily 10:30am-2:30am

JAG'S CLUBHOUSE 32 FOOD LOTTERY
605 N Columbia Blvd | (503) 289-1351
Daily 11am-2am

KING'S 15 FOOD LOTTERY
13550 SE Powell Blvd | (971) 703-4248
Daily 1pm-2:30am

KIT KAT CLUB 69 FOOD LOTTERY
231 SW Ankeny St | (503) 208-3229
Daily 5pm-2:30am

LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE 47 FOOD LOTTERY
633 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 206-7350
Daily 11am-2:30am

LURE EXOTIC LOUNGE 2 FOOD LOTTERY
11051 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 244-3320
Daily 4pm-2:30am

MARY'S CLUB 25 FOOD LOTTERY
129 SW Broadway | (503) 227-3023
Daily 11:30am-2:30am

MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 52 FOOD LOTTERY
9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523
Daily 11am-2:30am

NICOLAI ST. CLUBHOUSE 27 FOOD
2460 NW 24th Ave | (503) 227-5384
Mon-Fri 9am-2:30am, Sat 11am-2:30am

PIRATE'S COVE 29 FOOD LOTTERY
7417 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 287-8900
Daily 2pm-2:30am

PITIFUL PRINCESS 60 FOOD
12646 SE Division St | (503) 954-1019
Daily 9am-2:30am

RIVERSIDE CORRAL 31 FOOD
545 SE Tacoma St | (503) 232-6813
Mon-Sat 10am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-1am

ROSE CITY STRIP 10 FOOD
3620 SE 35th Pl | (503) 760-8128
Daily 3pm-2:30am

THE RUNWAY GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 55 FOOD LOTTERY
1735 SE Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 640-4086
Daily 7am-2:30am

SAFARI SHOWCLUB 33 FOOD LOTTERY
3000 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 231-9199
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am

SHIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 40 FOOD LOTTERY
8000 SE Foster Rd | (971) 230-0047
Mon-Sat 9:30am-2:30am, Sun 10am-2:30am

SKINN GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 21 FOOD
4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771
Daily 10am-2am

SPEARMINT RHINO 65 FOOD LOTTERY
15826 SE Division St | (503) 894-9219
4pm-2:30am Daily

SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 49 FOOD LOTTERY
33 NW 2nd Ave | (503) 243-4646
Sun-Thu 6pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am

STARS CABARET BRIDGEPORT 50 FOOD
17939 SW McEwan Rd | (503) 726-2403
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 4pm-2am

THE SUNSET STRIP 37 FOOD
10205 SW Park Way | (503) 297-8466
Mon-Fri 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 5pm-2:30am

UNION JACKS 43 FOOD
938 E Burnside St | (503) 236-1125
Mon-Thu 4pm-2:30am, Fri-Sun 3pm-2:30am

TOMMY'S TOO 39 FOOD
10335 SE Foster Rd | (503) 432-8238
Daily 10am-2:30am

WHISPERS 67
6218 NE Columbia Blvd | (971) 255-1039
Daily 11am-3am

XPOSE 70 FOOD LOTTERY
10140 SW Canyon Rd | (503) 430-5364
Daily 3pm-2:30am

EVERYTHING ELSE

ADAM & EVE 171
9220 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 224-1604
Mon-Thu 11am-9pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm,
Sun 12pm-6pm

ADULT VIDEO ONLY 102
Vancouver:
10620 NE 4th Plain Rd | (360) 891-3988
Mon-Tue 12pm-10pm, Wed-Sat 12pm-12am,
Sun 12pm-8pm

ALL ADULT VIDEO 103
14555 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 652-2004
Daily 24 hours

B.A. VIDEO 122
7964 SE Foster Rd | (503) 477-5446
Mon-Fri 11am-7pm, Sat 11am-5pm

CATALYST: A SEX POSITIVE PLACE 171
5224 SE Foster Rd | (503) 726-9930
Hours vary by events

CINDIE'S 109
8201 SE Powell Blvd #H | (503) 771-9979
Mon-Sat 9am-12am, Sun 11am-10pm

CLUB FANTASY 158
1232 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 445-6688
Daily 24 hours

EXOTIC NIGHTS BOOKS 114
5620 NE MLK Blvd | (503) 493-3944
Mon-Fri 12pm-11pm, Sat 5pm-12am
Live Models: Mon-Sat 12pm-11pm

FANTASY FOR ADULTS ONLY (5) 180
3137 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 239-6969
Daily 24 hours

FAT COBRA VIDEO 118
5940 N Interstate Ave | (503) 247-DICK (3425)
Mon-Fri 6am-3am, Sat-Sun 24 hours

FROLICHS 120
8845 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 408-0958
Daily 24 hours

HEAD EAST 164
13250 SE Division St | (503) 761-3777
Sun-Thu 10am-9pm, Fri-Sat 10am-10pm

HOT BOX 157
4589 SW Watson Ave | (503) 574-4057
Mon-Sat 11am-10pm, Sun 11am-9pm

HUNNIES 148
3520 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 254-4226
Daily 24 hours

LIBERATED WORLD 123
10660 SE Division St | (503) 257-6881
Daily 24 hours

MR. PEEP'S / MR. PEEP'S TOO (2) 162
13355 SW Henry St | (503) 643-6645
20625 SW TV Hwy, Aloha OR | (503) 356-5624
Daily 24 hours

OREGON THEATER 127
3530 SE Division St | (503) 232-7469
Daily from 12pm

PARADISE VIDEO 128
14712 SE Stark St | (503) 255-9414
Daily 24 hours

PASSIONATE DREAMS 130
6644 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 775-6665
Daily 10am-4am

PEEP HOLE 131
709 SE 122nd Ave | (503) 257-8617
Daily 24 hours

PUSSYCATS 134
3414 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 384-2794
5226 SE Foster Rd | (971) 255-0133
10813 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-5874
Daily 24 hours

ROCK HARD PDX 28 FOOD LOTTERY
13639 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 760-8128
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-2:30am

SEDUCTIONS 170
5321 SE Foster Rd | (503) 719-5046
Daily 24 hours

SHEENA'S G SPOT 137
8315 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 972-1111
Daily 24 hours

SILVER SPOON 139
8521 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 245-0489
Mon-Sat 10am-7pm, Sun 12pm-5pm

SPARTAGUS LEATHERS 141
300 SW 12th Ave | (503) 224-2604
Mon-Thurs 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am,
Sun 12pm-9pm

SYLVIA'S PLAYHOUSE 163
8226 NE Fremont St | (503) 568-4090
Daily 24 hours

TABOO VIDEO (4) 144
Downtown: 311 NW Broadway | (503) 227-3443
Portland: 237 SE MLK Blvd | (503) 239-1678
Portland: 2330 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 777-6033
Vancouver: 4811 NE 94th Ave | (360) 254-1126
Daily 24 hours

TORCHED ILLUSIONS 149
17935 SW Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 259-2310
Daily 6am-2am

TORCHED ILLUSIONS II 169
12963 SW Pacific Hwy | (503) 430-5140
Daily 10am-12am

THE RED DOOR 172
314 W Burnside St, Suite 300
Daily 24 hours

THE VELVET ROPE 101
3533 SE César E Chávez Ave | (971) 271-7064
Thu 8pm-2am, Fri-Sat 8:30pm-4am,
Sun 8pm-2am

X-OTIC TAN 147
8431 SE Division St | (503) 257-0622
Daily 24 hours

DISPENSARIES

FRESH BUDS PDX A
110 SE Main St Ste C | (503) 477-4261
Daily 10am-8pm

MARIJUANA PARADISE G
9663 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-7462
Daily 10am-8pm

NECTAR - NE SANDY B
3350 NE Sandy Blvd | (971) 703-4777

NECTAR - 122ND AVE C
1019 NE 122nd Ave | (971) 279-2512
Daily 10am-11pm

NECTAR - MISSISSIPPI D
4125 N Mississippi | (503) 206-4818
Daily 10am-11pm

NECTAR - SW PORTLAND E
10931 SW 53rd Avenue | (503) 477-8800
Daily 10am-11pm

69 **KIT KAT CLUB**

231 SW ANKENY ST
503-208-3229

49 **SPICE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB**

33 NW 2ND ST
503-243-4646

69 **Mystic Gentlemen's Club**

9950 SE STARK ST
503-477-9523

23 **SinRock CLUB**

12035 NE GLISAN ST
503-889-0332

10 **ROSE CITY STRIP**

3620 SE 35TH PL
503-239-1004

70 **XPOSE**

10140 SW CANYON RD
503-430-5364

55 **The Runway**

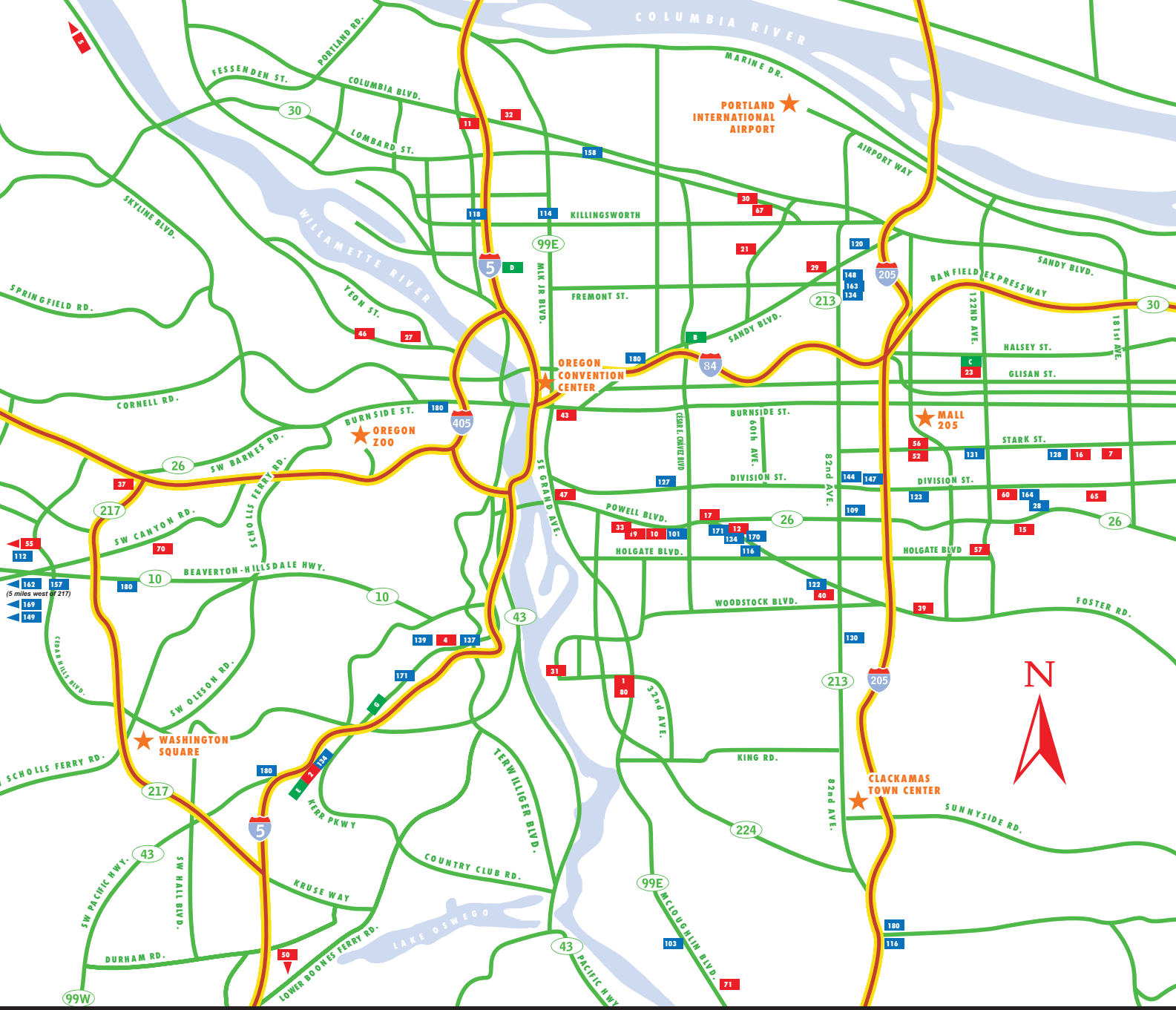
1735 SE TUALATIN VALLEY HWY
503-640-4086

46 **CASA DIABLO**

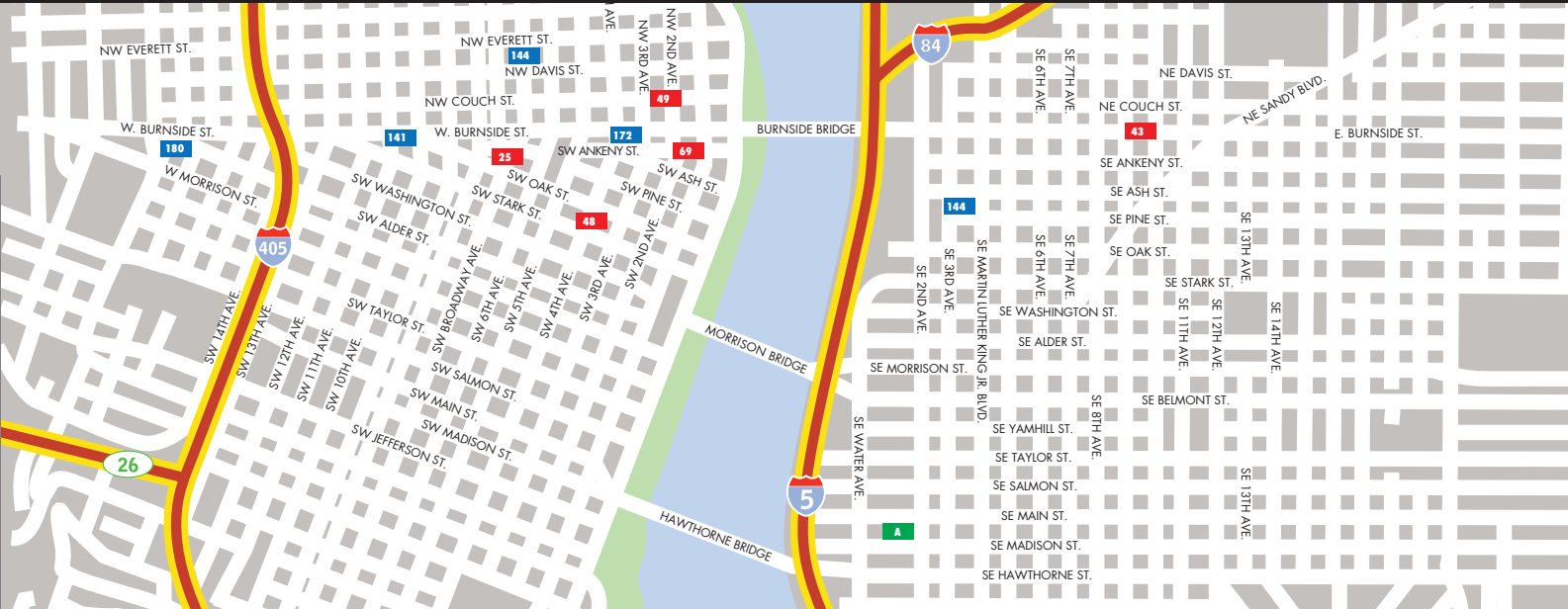
2839 NW ST HELENS RD
503-222-6600

50 **STARS Cabaret**

BRIDGEPORT - 17939 SW MCEWAN RD
503-726-2403



DOWNTOWN PORTLAND



OREGON

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ANNIE'S SALOON
2897 Marine Dr / (503) 325-2746
Beer & Wine, 1 Stage
Tue-Sat 5pm-2:30am

BEND

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197 NE Third St / (541) 312-8100
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry,
Novelty Gifts
24 Hours / 7 Days
STARS CABARET
197 NE 3rd St / (541) 388-4081
Full Bar, Full Menu, Beautiful Dancers
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 4pm-2am

COOS BAY

BACHELOR'S INN
63721 Edwards Rd / (541) 266-8827
1 Stage, Full Bar, Full Menu
Mon-Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

EUGENE

B & B DISTRIBUTORS
710 W 6th Ave / (541) 683-8999
Videos, Arcade, Clothing, Novelties, Viewing Room
24 Hours / 7 Days
CASTLE MEGASTORE
3570 W 10th Ave / (541) 988-9226
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-11pm, Fri-Sat 11am-1am
THE NILE
1030 Highway 99 N / (541) 688-1869
Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers
Mon-Sat 12pm-2am, Sun 3pm-12am
SILVER DOLLAR CLUB
2620 W 10th Pl / (541) 485-2303
Full Bar, Food, 3 Stages
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

GERVAIS

LAST CHANCE SALOON
7650 Checkerboard Ct / (503) 792-5100
Full Bar, Lottery, 1 Stage
12pm-2:30am Daily

KLAMATH FALLS

THE ALIBI
5711 S 6th St / (541) 882-0145
1 Stage, Private Dances, Full Bar, Lottery
3pm-2:30am / 7 Days

LINCOLN CITY

IMAGINE THAT II
2159 NW Highway 101, Suite C
(541) 996-6600
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

MEDFORD

ADULT LAND
2755 S Pacific Hwy / (541) 770-5493
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie
Mon-Fri 9am-7pm, Sat 10am-5pm
CASTLE MEGASTORE
1601 N Riverside Ave / (541) 608-9540
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm

NEWPORT

SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM
611 SW Coast Highway / (541) 574-6969
Videos, Magazines, Multi-Channel Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days

ROSEBURG

FILLED WITH FUN
2498 Old Highway 99E S / (541) 957-3741
Novelties, Videos, Arcade, Toys, Magazines
Mon-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri 10am-12am,
Sat 11am-12am, Sun 12pm-9pm

SALEM

ADAM & EVE
4635 Commercial St SE / (503) 763-6020
Lingerie, Clothing, Books, Gifts, Novelties
Mon-Thu 12pm-10pm, Fri-Sat 12pm-11pm,
Sun 12pm-6pm

BOB'S ADULT BOOKS
3815 State St / (503) 363-3846
Adult Books, Videos, 63 Ch. Arcade and
Mini-Theater
9am-2am / 7 Days
CHEETAHS XXX CABARET & MODELING
3453 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 316-6969
18+ Juice Bar, Full Menu
Tue-Thu 7pm-4am, Fri-Sat 6pm-5am,
Sun 7pm-2am
Modeling 24 Hours / 7 Days

DIVA'S SPIRITS & GRILL
3165 River Rd N / (503) 304-5230
2 Stages, Full Bar, Full Menu
2pm-2am / 7 Days
THE FIREHOUSE CABARET
5782 Portland Rd NE / (503) 393-4782
Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery
Mon-Sat 12pm-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am
PRESLEY'S PLAYHOUSE
3803 Commercial St SE / (503) 371-1565
Full Bar, Full Menu, Light-Up Dance Floor And Pole
2pm-2:30am / 7 Days

SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM
3473 Silverton Rd / (503) 370-7080
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days
STARS CABARET
1550 Weston Ct NE / (503) 370-8063
Full Bar, Full Menu, Sports Room, 4 Stages
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am

VIXENS
3815 State St / (971) 304-7082
Lingerie Modeling
24 Hours / 7 Days

SPRINGFIELD

BRICK HOUSE
136 4th St / (541) 988-1612
Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers, 1 Stage, 2 Cages
Mon-Sat 3pm-2:30am

KNOCKERS
1195 Main St / (541) 741-0402
Full Bar, Full Menu, 4 Stages
Sun-Thu 7pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am

SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM
1166 South A St / (541) 726-6969
Videos, Mags, Clothes, Novelties, Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days

UMATILLA

HONEYBUNNZ HIDEOUT
1206 6th St / (509) 942-8067
18+ Juice Bar, 1 Stage
Thu-Sun 8pm-3am

RIVERSIDE SPORTS BAR AND LOUNGE
1501-6th St / (541) 922-4112
2 Stages, Full Bar, Lottery, Full Menu,
Closed Mon, Tue-Thu 4pm-2:30am,
Fri 11am-2:30am, Sat-Sun 12pm-2:30am
Adult Entertainment: 6pm-2am

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN

THE FANTASY SHOP
213 E Wiskah St / (360) 532-8078
Adult Products & Smoke Supplies
Mon-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm,
Sun 12pm-8pm

BREMERTON

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO
338 N Callow Ave / (360) 373-0551
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade
Mon-Sat 8am-2am, Sun 10am-10pm
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Letter From The President by Wim Wiewel

Dear College Students,

Fall in Portland is always nice for everybody. Close your eyes right now and imagine that you are walking down a nice sidewalk and that there are many nice trees, with leaves of the brightest colors. Several, lone buildings, with many nice people who are going to school inside of them. You can smell a nice breeze and a nice smell from the good food carts. Does that sound familiar? Congratulations, welcome to Portland State University. I am the President. Portland State University was founded in 1946. If you need to say my name, you have to say the Ws like Vs, because that is how you are supposed to say it in the Netherlands, which is where I am from.

Webster's Dictionary defines a University as an "institution of higher learning, providing facilities for teaching and research and authorized to grant academic degrees" [1]. I am the President at Portland State University. Do you know how many college students go there?

If you look at the facts, PSU is "Oregon's urban research university, located in the heart of downtown." It is ranked as one of the nation's "most innovative" universities by U.S. News & World Report:

STUDENTS: 29,057

RESIDENT UNDERGRAD TUITION: \$8,034

FOOD CARTS ON CAMPUS: 45

AVG FRESHMAN CLASS SIZE: 28

RESIDENCE HALLS: 11

FRESHMAN CLASS DIVERSITY: 40%. [2]

However, it is such a nice campus to be the President of, year after year, in the heart of downtown Portland, OR. I love September. Because of the nice trees and brightly-colored leaves and the smell of the nice breeze and all of the delicacies at the very good food carts [3]. In the Dutch language, the letter W sounds like the letter V, but not the other way around.

However, I am happy to be President at this university where there is always diversity in the college students, where you can even earn a degree online. We also have a Starbucks downstairs that is pretty good. There is a really big cafeteria down there, too, and it has a bunch of really nice food. But, if you hate it down there, then you can go to a bunch of food carts that are outside. I think this is very good, even though we do not make any money from it.

"The direction in which education starts a man will determine his future in life." - Plato [4]

Imagine being a college student in a famous city, which is known for its many well-known features. You can go look inside the Shanghai Tunnels and soon you will find that, in the past, there were tunnels that Portlanders used to use, a long time ago. Our downtown has the tallest buildings in the state and we also have the biggest used book store in the world, called Powell's. The culmination is that we all learn together, because life is a constant lesson that we get to share. Reasons like these may be why the university system was invented inside Ancient Greece [5]. There is a saying here; Portland is the city that works. It's very true, because if you just look around, you will find out that everyone is working. I am working right now.

And, don't forget the best basketball team, the Blazers, or the Timbers, which is soccer. We also have the most bars in the world and the most bridges, too. You can ride a bike anywhere, anytime. Sometimes it rains a lot here, but lots of people get used to it. Portland was almost named Boston. It nearly happened, but if it did, everything would probably be different.

In conclusion, Portland State University is the best one to go to, in Oregon and beyond. Being a college student is really good, because it is about being passionate, concupiscent, demon-ridden, fanatic, fanatical, fervent, fervid, fiery, impassioned, lustful, overzealous, perfervid, rabid, torrid, wild, hard-working and visionary. If you are reading this, then Portland State University might be the only college you will go to—so, try and get good grades, so you can make thousands of dollars.

Also, I have received so many emails from college students who are mad at many things in school. Very angry emails, from the college students angry at too much racism and rape culture, to guns in the hands of the campus police. They want to have my help, because I am the President. So, I tried to ask the Board Of Trustees if we can do anything about it. They have to make many of the decisions, even though I am a President at the university. But, I am not mad though—it's how universities are supposed to be [6]. They told me to tell you that they want to help, but it's probably too hard.

[1] <http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/university>

[2] <http://www.pdx.edu>

[3] <http://www.foodcartsportland.com>

[4] https://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/p/plato384971.html?src=t_education

[5] www.wikipedia.com/ancientgreece

[6] <http://www.pdx.edu/board/>

*A little piece of **hell** in Southeast Portland...*



Lily

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STUDENT BODIES: STRIPPING THROUGH SCHOOL

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

College students, between the ages of 20 and 30 years old in the United States, this year, will be graduating with an average of almost \$40,000 in student debt—including a monthly student loan payment of \$351 bucks (source: StudentLoanHero.com). There isn't a doubt in anyone's mind, that \$1,000,000,000,000 dollars in student debt is a problem. Plus, college students are known for their ingenuity when it comes to frugal living and finding ways to cut costs while in school. Recently, a growing number of women (and men) have found a way to help reduce the debt themselves: by paying tuition on the stripper pole.

Being able to pay for classes, books and general costs of living without incurring debt is a huge relief for these students. And, it's something that is happening on an international scale. In the U.K., an organization called The Student Sex Work Project presented findings that at least five percent of students at a single university engaged in some type of sex work—whether it was stripping, nude/glamour modeling or prostitution. The organization was founded on the need to provide sexual health services to, as well as to promote learning and understanding of, student sex workers. The non-related, U.S.-based Sex Work Project also aims at helping sex workers by providing legal and social services, though they are not specifically geared towards students.

"We now have firm evidence that students are engaged in the sex industry across the U.K.," says Dr. Tracey Sagar, who researched the subject for the Student Sex Work Project. "The majority of these students keep their occupations secret and this is because of social stigma and fears of being judged by family and friends." Another U.K.-based

study published by the *British Journal Of Sociology Of Education*, claimed that there was a "growing acceptance and normalization of sex work among undergraduate students in the United Kingdom."

The study also concluded that "student dancers often saw the financial aspect as only one of the advantages to the work; being in a party atmosphere, among the night-time economy, was often a significant attraction. The decisions to enter the industry are complex—not only driven by financial incentive, but also by the desire to engage in a 'forbidden' occupation."

Stripping to pay for school is not something new. Several classic films were based on the premise, including the 1952 film "She's Working Her Way Through College," starring Virginia Mayo and former president Ronnie Reagan, as well as "Sex Kittens Go To College," which starred Mamie Van Doren.

Socially accepted or not, sex work is coming out of hiding, when students are choosing a job that can potentially allow them to make six figures, instead of minimum wage at dead-end jobs.

Portland stripper, podcast host and writer, Elle Stanger, is one of these women.

"I graduated with a B.A. in Criminal Justice from PSU in 2013," says Elle. "I paid off my school debt this year. I keep other expenses low, because I typically do my own hair and nails, rarely go to movies, shows or events and I trade goods and services with friends if I can. Frugality is important, no matter what you do. I think there is a rise of people doing work that they formerly wouldn't have considered, in order to make money that isn't necessarily readily available in a conventional job setting. It's

not even sex work or adult entertainment, but lots of people have to get more crafty and figure out supply and demand."

I'm not an economist, but I would suggest that young people figure out the institutions that will never be replaced by technology and learn to work in those," says Elle. "Sex, birth and death are always going to exist. So, perhaps I should be a nurse or a gravedigger."

Still, Elle has some good advice for those considering a part-time career in sex work.

"Just because I thrive through my chosen route of stripping, does not mean that all strippers do. I am not encouraging women or men to begin sex work, unless the desire or curiosity already exists."

David V., a Texas-based male stripper who put himself through school by taking his clothes off, chose to continue his late-night job, even when he graduated school (and landed an additional job as a programmer).

"I stripped on and off for four years," said David. "I was able to buy books and pay for what I needed. I'm still stripping. It's fun."

Some strip clubs have taken to directly recruiting student dancers. Not long ago, a group of strip clubs took to advertising in University Of California, Berkley's student-run newspaper. One Canadian strip club even promised dancers the club would pay their tuition, as long as student dancers maintained a B average.

Robert Katzman owns the Canadian strip club Leopard Lounge, which has offered the tuition payments.

"The girls can take any class they want to help better themselves," Katzman told the *Toronto Sun*. "We have girls studying business, finance, nursing and one [studying to become a] chiropractor."

Ericka Rachelle Mendoza has written for Hustler, Xbiz and AVN, as well as the fine publication you're currently holding in your hands.



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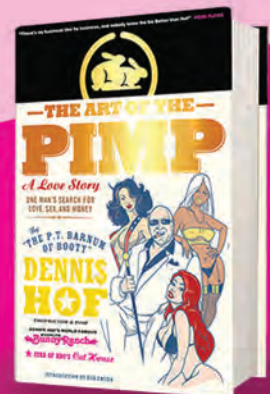
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BACK — TO — SCHOOL

ADVICE FROM A JADED DAD
BY KEITH CAMERON



Parents everywhere, rejoice! Its time to send your living, breathing mistakes (intentional, unintentional—they're still leeches) to a more-than-likely-understaffed, underfunded human puppy mill. I mean...back to school—YAY!

That's right, it's time to break out the old plastic "Love Can't Buy Happiness But I'm Damn Sure Going To Try" card, then stand in atrociously long lines, with other sweaty parents, to buy your children the latest in fashion and technology. Will it be outdated in a month? One can hope, can't he? Will they blame and resent you for the fact that you can't keep up with them, financially? Does a bear shit in the woods? (Disclaimer: I was stoned throughout most of my middle and high school years, so I missed out on Bear Shit 101.)

"So, Keith, is there anything I can do to keep me and my child (or children) happy this Back-To-School season," you ask? No, nothing. The only thing you can do, is sit back and watch your ideas and views get washed away by crappy music and superficial friends, or they can grow up to become their own person, which...eww, gross.

Why bother sending your kids to school then? If you're anything like me, you really didn't pay attention anyway (unless you were one of those random weirdo kids who now sign our paychecks and they wouldn't be reading a back-to-school article in a porn mag). It's definitely not for the education. Try asking any 16-to-25-year old who the third president was or what the capital of Wisconsin is. You're going to get "That dude with the beard," or "Is that the place that has all the cheese?" if you're lucky. Have you seen the latest test scores for the United States, versus anywhere else? America has this really bad habit of judging other countries because they "talk funny" and have their shit together, when, in actuality, they are producing more doctors, lawyers and all-around world-changers. Meanwhile, pick up a textbook from 30 or more

years ago and it reads like a KKK membership pamphlet. Seriously, *Roots* is less racist than some of the U.S. History books I doodled penises into, before and after my high school naps.

I don't know at what point it happens—and, it happens to most of us; we reach a certain age where we are less "Yay, school!" than "What do I do with this boner?" (...boys anyway. I'm not even attempting a female perspective; if I sat down and tried to think about the complexities of girls in high school, my mind would explode). I really used to love school, but the change I'm talking about is what makes me nervous for my son. At his age, you really do worry about fitting in and trying to get laid, more than you do about getting your homework done and achieving higher learning.

Maybe my jaded outlook on school in general is due to the fact that I had a miserable time in high school. Sure, I had groups of "friends," but somewhere along the lines of drugs, striving to get out of a shit town and finally growing up, did I realize that, with the very few exceptions, high school bonds do not remain. Then again, what would I know? I'm a 30-year-old stand-up comic that, only in the past year, has attempted to get his shit together.

Before it starts to sound like I am going to drop dead of a frustration coronary, there are definitely some good things about back-to-school season.

1. It gives you ample time to raid your kid's room and find their weed stash, which is undoubtedly better than yours.
2. You hope they end up with a hot teacher and have one of those really cool sex

scandals. When did *that* start happening, by the way? Not even *one* of my teachers was attractive—except for the lunch lady, Ms. Brown, but that's only because she had Choco Tacos.

3. Maybe, just maybe, they'll luck up and be good at a sport. Then you can daydream about your son or daughter possibly getting a Chico's sponsorship. Linen is so classy.
4. In the absolute best-case scenario, they succeed. They outsmart the system and their genealogy.

5. I'm still banking on number 2, for nothing more than selfish reasons. I wanna live vicariously through him.
6. You hope, that because you son has it better than you did, he'll be able to make a difference. He'll be informed enough to learn from history's mistakes and avoid them, instead of repeating them.
7. Best worst-case scenario—he'll learn enough in computer class to become a YouTube sensation (or at least make a decent cat meme).

So, here we are, first day of school. He's so excited and I find that I'm the scared one. Is it because I'm jaded? Is it because I fucked up in school? Or, is it because I don't want him to wake up one day, like I did, hating life and, instead, realize his potential. And, if nothing else, he'll at least know what to do with his boner.





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TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT



There's an article in last month's *Exotic*, about me getting asked to be an opening DJ at an ICP show. It's clear that I get invited to do relevant, timely studies in popular culture, social trends and other such activities. Well, I also get asked to judge vaginas. Such is the life of a man with an easy-to-remember Google Voice number (it's 456-7887, but I'm not printing the area code...anyone from Humboldt County already knows it). Weddings, insane clowns, vaginas and strip clubs are basically the same gigs when it all comes down to Freudian implications, substances and free pastries. But, at what exact point in a man's life does he get asked to validate his journalistic integrity by assigning a numerical value to female genitalia? Friday, July 15, 2016 is when. Around 9pm.

Now, before anyone who is reading this recognizes me from a slightly-more-upstanding place of business, I ask you, what are you doing reading this magazine? Go ahead, try to get me booted from the Mormon choir I volunteer with. You're the one who will be left explaining to the pastor why you were staring at vaginas in print form (do Mormons have "pastors" or is there some more Utah-cult-subculture title, like "grand panda?"). Meanwhile, here I am, taking on the task of judging said vaginas in person—the same way that Christ judged his apostles; fairly, without malice and based strictly on how little hair they have. Shit, that's Buddhist monks. I'm mixing up my deities again.



(like the name implies). Diva's was the club, drinks were stiff, complementary blunts and donuts were within arm's reach, I was accompanied by a beautiful woman half my age and all was well in the dreams of everyone except my parents.

My duty? To JUDGE THAT BOOTY. Sort of. I mean, I got so close to these girls that, after a pollen-infused attack on my eyes during a walk the next day, I honestly thought I had acquired a wild Pinkeye while hanging out at the va-jay-gym. The whole evening felt like one of those cough syrup dreams you have on the freeway—realizing that you're operating a motor vehicle and have been doing so for the last however many hours, even though all you remember is telling your wife and kids to fuck off. It's almost an "I can't believe I ended up here in life, but some higher power is guiding me" type of feeling.

First up on stage, was an awkward (in her defense, she was first contender at a vagina contest) young woman who, while possessing a visibly undamaged and manicured genital arrangement, danced in a somewhat clunky fashion. Apparently, it was her first week as a stripper (and, she decided to go for gold by entering into the most famous competitive genitalia critique in the world, which is admirable). She had the general disposition of a dancer who regularly returns to Destiny shoes that she actually borrowed from Crystal, because she's not used to working around black girls and they all look the same to her in low lighting. I ended up giving this girl a "6," using one of the cool Olympic-style judges cards provided to us. Although I was really judging the girl's apparent inability to dance (and, my assumption that she was racist for some reason), it didn't click that I'd just assigned a quantitative value to her privates. This made me feel kind of bad, so I instantly prepared my "10" card for the next girl on stage, which in turn made me feel even worse about the "just above the halfway mark of acceptable" score that I had given to the small town girl from before. What a lonely world it must be for her, catching trains at midnight on the way to anywhere (hopefully somewhere with dance lessons).

A RETROSPECTIVE CRITIQUE ON THE COM

Thank God for guilt and timing, because the second (and third, fourth, fifth...) girl to take the stage actually knew how to dance. This made it easier for me to publicly, silently announce "your cunt is worth exactly this much," like some sort of twisted auction at the pussy market. Dick Hennessy had instructed us to judge on "skill, attractiveness and vaginal beauty." Thankfully, most of the competitors in Who Wants To Be A Vaginaire possessed all three of these traits. The night progressed as any other vagina pageant would, with an enthusiastic crowd, plenty of entertainment and a bunch of banter regarding prizes, donuts and sponsors (these three things were each one of the same).

At one point in the evening, a friend of mine noticed me while she was sitting at a table in the bar section. "Hey Ray!" she yelled, "How does it smell up there?!" I turned around and replied, "It reeks of proud parents and success!" A few minutes pass, then a stern-looking esé comes up and grabs me on the shoulder. "Look man, if you don't like the way that shit smells, keep it to yourself, holmes." His buddies were staring at me from a back table—equally un-amused. After a second, it became apparent that Angry Esé was either dating, friends with or related to the girl on stage. Suddenly, I realized why Dick Hennessy had given us score cards that went up to eleven, which is the score that I gave to Esé's dancer friend/bae/sister. This guy never said another word to me, but I thank his buddy for telling him, "Hey man, that dude you just stepped to has a pussy judge pass hanging from his neck—you better step off if you want her to win." That judge's pass is still hanging from the rear-view mirror in my Hyundai. My landlord has stopped asking me what I do for a living...probably as a result of my new car bling.

What makes a "winning vagina?" Well, apparently, nothing more than group think. Generally, the first male judge to hold up a card would receive a glance or two from the other judges, who would follow in suit with a +/- deviation of 1 or 2 points max

(p value < 0.05). None of the vaginas on display were visibly unique, as they all resembled what I'm used to seeing in person, in textbooks and on screen. In fact, had one



of the vaginas been presented with teeth, tattoos and unique personality, I would have judged it higher than the standard.

spective, one that would assume societal norms are to blame for the interpretation of a va-jay-jay's artistic merit, this does say something about the simplicity of dudes—

I've been a strip club DJ for the better part of my career as an "adult," yet I still judge a vagina based mostly on the personality attached to it. Interestingly enough, the women who were present to judge seemed to give consistently high scores, but I also know for a fact that at least one has a bush (and was just playing along for fun). Perhaps, female in-group preference leads to vagina participation trophies...or maybe I'm simply reading entirely too much into a contest between pussies. Only the upcoming election will tell.

It reeks of proud parents and success!

Instead, I simply used the opinions of my male peers to inform my decision. I don't know how this speaks to the idea of women being objectified. From a feminist per-

If I learned anything from the 7th Annual Vagina Beauty Pageant, it's that I'm way too old to be submitting the absolute best "What I Did For Summer Vacation" report to my high school teacher, so it's gonna stick to these pages like things that stick to the pages of porn magazines (I'm talking hot sauce and cigarette ash, you sick fucks—get your minds out of the gutter—this is a column about art).



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PETITIVE DISPLAY OF FEMALE ANATOMY

BIBLE CAMP MEMOIRS

BY ERIC ALEXANDER MOORE

Most people will never know what it's like to beat a rabbit to death with a tire iron. But, most people also didn't go to the private Christian high school I went to. And, of the people who went to said religious establishment, none of them know what it's like to write "most people will never know what it's like to beat a rabbit to death with a tire iron" in the pages of *Exotic*. So, if for no other reason than to be able to say "FIRST!" at the next class reunion that I catch wind of on Facebook (despite the wishes of my former classmates) and show up sans *invitatio*, here's the context behind the most savage thing I've ever done.

My high school touted a lot of things—it had to, because the only money it received was the money it convinced people to give it. One of the biggest selling points was their "college prep program," which not only offered a grand total of zero Advanced Placement Courses, but also removed any allusion to evolution entirely from its science curriculum—creating graduating class after graduating class of virtually held-back, scientifically-illiterate college freshmen, with a dangerous combination of the requisite arrogance to think they can outsmart their college professors (and the courage to attempt it publicly), in conjunction with a lack of the critical thinking skills needed to know when they're wrong. As it turns out, the only colleges they prepared you for were obscure, unaccredited Bible institutes in rural Canada, which is consequently where most of my teachers were from.

However, the crowning jewel of my high school's academic offerings, which I'm surprised to say that I don't mean sarcastically, was the "mini-term," a two-week intensive study in a particular field, such as photogra-

phy, theater or music performance. This is a great idea that more schools should implement. A dozen or so students would be shuttled to Ashland to catch some Shakespeare. Another group would spend half their time shooting street photography in Portland, on actual (film) cameras, while the other half of their time would be spent learning how to use a dark room. My sister, a couple years younger, even got flown with her friends down to Cabo San Lucas, to help build low-income homes.

I signed up for what I thought was a camping trip. It was my senior year. I passed all the other classes. What better way to coast out the last few days, than by toasting marshmallows and peeing wherever I wanted to pee?

Once we arrived at our site, just outside of Juntura, Oregon, I was quickly corrected—you don't pee wherever you want. You pee in a "solar still," which is a four-by-four-by-two-foot-deep hole in the ground that you and your classmates dug and lined with a plastic tarp—forming a moat that surrounded an empty coffee can—which was closed off across the top with another plastic tarp. As the day got hotter, the water would evaporate from the urine, gather on the ceiling above the coffee can (by virtue of a carefully placed stone weight on the upper tarp) and drip into the can, leaving you with purified drinking water.

"Wait, I thought we were actually going to drink pee," said one kid, who would later grow up to be a well-experienced fetishist. "No," the teacher replied, "this is a wilderness survival course. Now grab the rabbits."

We had wondered what was up with the

rabbits in the back of the van. Or, maybe everyone else knew and I was just projecting my naiveté onto the group. The teacher explained the process—one student would grab the rabbit by the ears and another student would grab the feet. After that, each student would pull it tightly in opposite directions. Then, after explaining the procedure, the teacher pulled out a tire iron and said, "Who's first?"

"DIBS!" It was Brennan, one of the school's star athletes. The teacher handed him the tire iron and said "aim for the neck." "Sweet," Brennan said, then he shattered the rabbit's spine. "Who's next?" the teacher asked.

There were seven remaining rabbits and also seven students. Kayla, the quintessential girl-next-door, volunteered, grabbed the tire iron and approached the rabbit with the benign indifference and awkward curiosity usually reserved for the first time a person uses a hole punch. She must've been crushing bunny all her sick life.

Eventually, it was my turn. You can only override your conscience so long and, despite my best efforts to bludgeon God's innocent, voiceless creature, the last ounce of decent humanity still alive within me kicked in at the last second to prevent the impending onslaught—but, it was all too late and, instead of stopping me, my inhibitions merely caused my swing to stutter—turning what could have otherwise been a lethal blow into more of a stern tap.

Stern taps evidently really piss off rabbits, because this one started growling, kicking and trying to bite my assistants. "Keep hitting it!," the teacher yelled. "DUDE!," Brennan yelled.



At this point, the scene was a fury of teenage limbs and occasional fluttering rabbit parts, like some primitive version of whack-a-mole, so I started swinging. By the time the dust settled, there was a dead rabbit and two bruised-and-bloodied teenage rabbit-wranglers, sitting under the hot Eastern Oregon sun. And, me, holding a tire iron, trying to figure out what the hell the takeaway from all of this was.

I didn't say much for the next three days, but on the ride back I finally snapped—probably because we were in an old van that didn't have air conditioning and I had an itchy asshole from not showering in two weeks.

"Have you always been an outdoorsman?" I asked my teacher.

"All my life."

"Ever have any close calls?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know, like any survival situations?"

"Absolutely, that's why I teach this class. Even the simplest camping trip in the wilderness can become dangerous and it's important to know what to do in the time of a crisis."

"Uh huh. And, in any of those survival situations, did you ever happen upon a cage of rabbits just sitting out in the wild?"

It was quiet the rest of the drive. I don't know what I was expecting him to say, considering this was the same guy who decided to prepare us for college by leaving out evolution.

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As students scramble to register for fall classes, us alumni scramble to make ends meet. When I walked across the stage for commencement and shook hands with the Portland State University Liberal Arts Dean at the Moda Center in June, I had no idea I'd prance across a seedier stage in a forlorn strip club and shake my ass on the pole not two months later. Thanks, college.

My freshly-printed B.A. in English hasn't landed me a stable job, yet. After a ten-year hiatus, I never thought I'd strip again—but, I'm so glad it's an option. Lucky for me, I've always been a graduate of ghetto booty. Thanks, ancestors.

Reality showed me that a degree and professional experience wasn't going to land me a solid gig right out of college. But I wasn't going to let life piss on my parade. I lived off of savings and kept looking for media work. I had a few side gigs, a few false promises, but nothing stuck. I started go-go dancing with my clothes on and that opened me up to the idea of stripping again. But, it took a different catalyst to push me toward the black light district—vanity and the desperate need for financial stability.

After a conversation with a dude I admire (who asked me what I did for money), I listed all my freelance gigs and other prospective jobs that continue to linger in limbo, then I decided it was time to stack real paper again. Before I lost the gumption and let anxiety change my mind, I went home and Facebook messaged a woman I know, telling her I wanted to dance at a club that wasn't popular (this way, I wouldn't run into anyone I know), a place where I didn't have to be an Olympic gold medalist in gymnastics and somewhere I wouldn't be surrounded by pristine 20-somethings who would make me feel older than I did in college. She recommended the perfect place—no, I'm not going to reveal it here.

The booking agent at the suggested club wore a Mr. Bungle shirt and combat boots with one-inch spikes in the eyelets, so I took that as a good sign. The bartender's red curls and freckled cheeks jogged my memory. She happened to be a woman I worked with 16 years ago at another club. She poured me a Diet Coke. We reminisced. The carpet design glowed in a neon rainbow, while the blonde lady on stage greeted me with a face full of soft titties when I left a couple of dollars on her rack. I didn't have to audition and I scheduled to work for the week.

The first thing I noticed when I came out of stripper retirement, was how much the industry has changed since I danced (which was a period from 1999 to 2006). Men no longer insult me about my tattoos—they're intrigued and tip really well because of them. I've officially entered Bizarro World. Thank you, progress!

The guys who now pay me because of my pussy tattoo are the same guys who used to belittle me for it. One time, when I was a minor, I chucked an ashtray against the wall of mirrors at Union Jacks, because a burly farmer guy pissed me off so bad with his invective language. The ashtray shattered, pieces soared across the bar and a shard sliced him about an inch above the eye—enough to draw blood.

Now, mostly everyone seems really nice—at least when they're not being a racist or sexist. Like A-hole. He's a fixture at my new club. He never tips—maybe one dollar, per year, to one girl. His clothes never match—he wears a brown and blue Hawaiian shirt, yellow and black Adidas shorts and a pair of flip flops. His jagged toenails jut out and scrape against the bar. He shows up every day and drinks cup after cup after cup of coffee with cream and loads of sugar. He only has four front teeth. He's a close talker, so his mouth is like a disease sprinkler. When I met him on my first day, he spat on me when he talked. "Say it, don't

BACK TO POLE SCHOOL



BY JAIME SUICIDE



spray it, man," I said and reeled back in disgust. He apologized, stepped back, laughed, then leaned in about six inches from my face again and told me a racist joke about Native Americans and Jewish people (or some lame bullshit). For a moment, I rethought everything. This is not what I went to college for, but I'm already making way more money than I would at an entry-level newspaper job, so I decide to stick it out. I don't leave entirely; I just head to the dressing room. "Sorry," he said as I walked away. I wasn't sure if I was allowed to react, so I didn't. If I was me 10 years ago, I can't promise I wouldn't have hurled curses and objects at his gnarled face. The next day, he told me the same idiotic joke. And, that time, I called him out because I'm fucking educated, damnit.

"Why aren't you laughing? Have you heard it before?" he said. "Yeah, you told me the same dumb, racist joke yesterday," I said as I pushed in my bar stool and grabbed my purse to beeline for the dressing room. "Racist? Racist?" he said in my face as he threw up his arms in disbelief. "Yeah, racist," I said as I got out of my chair, then walked across the bar away from him.

piece of Northwest history," he said condescendingly. I ground my teeth and turned away from him at the bar. I took a deep breath. I couldn't



believe he actually thought I needed or wanted a history lesson about the worst players of rock. "You probably don't know much about the 60s," he said, sipping his Coors Light. That was the last straw. I spun around on my barstool. "Yeah, because it's not like I've ever read a book or watched a documentary," I said. "What?" he said. "Nothing," I said, then stomped to the dressing room, appalled. It was evident he assumed I was just a dumb girl and that I knew nothing of music, even though I've worked in record stores, fronted bands and spent years as a music journalist. And, this is just one example of the institutionalized sexism I've had to endure. The kind college warned me about.

But, back to the subject of music—I've also seen some more positive changes in the stripping industry since 2006. I'm specifically impressed

with the song selection several strippers choose, at least at my club. Most dancers dress all goth or punk, but they listen to Drake instead of Dead Can Dance or Dead Milkmen (which is fine). But, I'm glad to say my club is different. One lady I work with, a 22-year old named Dee—maybe the only 20-something on the schedule—gives me hope. Recently, I ran out of the dressing room half-naked to give her a hug on stage, because she played "Sensoria" by Cabaret Voltaire. That was considered really edgy back in the day. I'm glad it's more common now. Come to find out, she graduated from Reed College. No wonder we adore each other.

Another stripper also enlightened me—in a completely different way—when she barged into the dressing room, slapped down her top on the counter and gyrated to herself in the mirror. "I totally forgot I'm wearing a buttplug," she said as she twisted her hips out of rhythm. "You don't feel it?" I said, without skipping a beat. She climbed onto the chair, bent over, pulled down her black hot pants, tugged her thong to the side and turned to look at me. "See?" I couldn't help but look. There it was, a giant, clear rhinestone plugged her asshole. "Can you even wear those here?" I said, truly unaware of the laws. "Uh. Everyone at my last club wore one," she said. I had no idea wearing a buttplug at work was a stripper trend. "As long as it doesn't plop out on the stage and make a mess," I replied. She immediately put on her clothes and peeled out of the dressing room, clearly not appreciating my sense of humor. I didn't expect her to act like she had something shoved up her ass, even though she literally did.

But, Diamond Buttplug Girl made me realize something. Although tattoos, non-mainstream music—and even buttplugs—are acceptable in strip clubs these days, so is racist and sexist behavior. I wish the chronic racism and sexism I've witnessed in the clients so far could be channeled into a buttplug, so us strippers could shove it up their asses, then they'd finally face the constipated discomfort of their own ignorance and maybe break free from it in some sort of fetishized rude awakening. Maybe that's the dadaist in me coping with the fact that I've gone deep in debt with student loans, just to go back to pole school, instead of fulfilling my punk rock dream of becoming the media to destroy it from within. Either way, I'm grateful for the positive changes in the club and myself. I hope institutionalized racism and sexism gets pushed out, as more of us graduates get sucked in for the sake of survival.



Another old-world baby boomer with bad fashion sense (and a lethal combination of arrogance and ignorance) approached me with his stringy gray hair and permanently sweaty face. He leaned in every time I squatted fully naked in front of him when I was on stage (as if I'd really sit on a stranger's face). He babbled incessantly about Country Joe And The Fish and Eric Clapton and all this garbage music that doesn't represent the 60s for me. I looked the other way when he spoke and hoped he'd catch that I wasn't interested and scam. But, he didn't. He talked down to me about shows in Portland, and hitchhiking to Seattle and seeing these crappy bands there too. "I just thought you'd just want to know a

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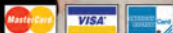
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