

EXOTIC

uncovering the northwest since 1993...

www.xmag.com

OUR SMOKIN' HARVEST ISSUE!

A Turkey Bag's Worth Of Dank, Sticky Bliss



**FEATURING
THE BLAZING VINCENT
FROM DEVILS POINT**

PULP FICTION! NEIL YOUNG! GENTRIFICATION!

SPEARMINT RHINO PORTLAND

LADIES : ALWAYS AUDITIONING

WE WANT YOU!

**BAR STAFF
WAITRESSES
DOORMEN**

**STOP BY CLUB
TO APPLY**

NEW
**HAPPY
HOUR**

SPECIALS DAILY
4PM-7PM

**OCTOBER 8TH
COME SAY FAREWELL
TO BARTENDER
JESSICA!**

DANCERS

**PAY NO LATE FEES
NO MANDATORY TIP OUTS
KEEP AN OPEN SCHEDULE**

21+ DANCERS

15826 SE DIVISION ST PORTLAND, OR 97236 (503) 894-9219

4 PM - 2:30 AM 7 DAYS A WEEK 21+ FULL BAR
SPEARMINTRHINO.COM RHINOSUPERSTORE.NET

Club Rouge

Come see
Amethyst!

THE ONLY
DOWNTOWN
CLUB OPEN
FOR LUNCH

COME SEE OUR SPREAD

403 SW Stark St

Portland's Premier Gentlemen's Lounge

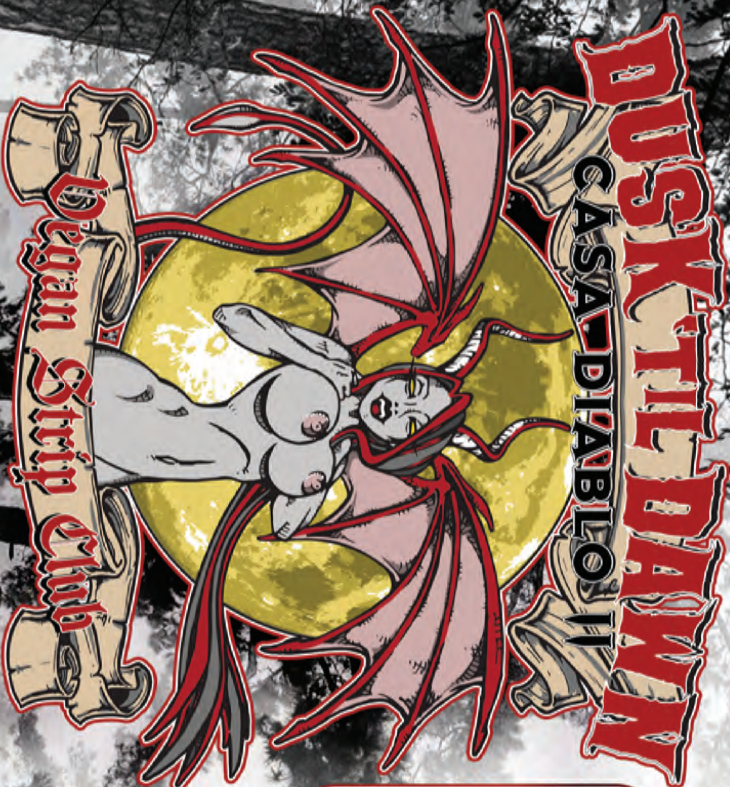
OREGON LOTTERY GAMES
AWESOME LUNCH DEALS

(11AM-4PM)

21+ FULL BAR • FULLY NUDE • 4TH AVE AT SW STARK ST • OPEN MON-SAT 11AM-2AM, SUN 2PM-2AM • 503.227.3936

CLUBROUGEPORTLAND.COM   

\$\$\$ ALWAYS CONTRACTING PORTLAND'S BEST ENTERTAINERS • STOP IN AND SPEAK WITH A MANAGER TODAY \$\$\$



8445 SE McLoughlin Blvd,
Portland, OR 97222
(503) 222-6610
Open Daily from
2:00pm 'til 2:30am
www.DuskTillDawn.club



Sweet
Succubus
of the
Month
APRIL

ADDITIONS
AT CASA DIABLO
WED & THU 4PM-7PM
[HTTP://BOOKING.DANCE](http://BOOKING.DANCE)

More Than Just A Strip Club!

Cabaret

SE STARK ST & 176TH AVE



HAPPY HOUR 2PM-7PM DAILY • 4 VIP CHAMPAGNE ROOMS

17544 SE STARK ST • (503) 252-3529

ENTERTAINERS ALWAYS NEEDED

CALL TO SCHEDULE AUDITIONS
(503) 252-3529

LARGE DRESSING ROOM WITH
SHOWER AND TANNING BED!

ASK ABOUT OUR BIRTHDAY &
BACHELOR PARTY PACKAGES!

LARGE HEATED & COVERED PATIO
WITH 2 BIG SCREEN TVS!

HUGE MAIN STAGE, LONG CATWALK
STAGE AND CAGE STAGE!



EROTIC 2-GIRL SHOWS ON STAGE
AND IN THE HOT TUB!

HOME OF THE



DOLLAR DANCES!

COME CHECK OUT OUR DIFFERENT
DAILY FOOD & DRINK SPECIALS
DURING HAPPY HOUR!

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



OPEN 2PM-2:30AM DAILY

Voted Top 50 Strip Clubs Nationwide!



Aubrey

The New

SAFARI

SHOWCLUB

PORTLAND'S PREMIER STRIP CLUB!

3000 SE POWELL BLVD - (503) 231-9199

OPEN MON-SAT 11AM-2:30AM, SUN 4PM-2:30AM

VIP ROOM ATM FULL MENU FULL BAR



MISS Exotic OREGON 2017

HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY

QUALIFIER ROUND II

FRI, OCT 14 @ 9PM

10/27 - AUBREY'S BIRTHDAY BASH

10/29 - HALLOWEEN COSTUME PARTY
PRIZES FOR BEST COSTUME

VIDEO LOTTERY

DAILY LUNCH & DINNER SPECIALS

FOLLOW US ON FACEBOOK @
FACEBOOK.COM/SAFARIPDX

AUDITIONING DANCERS 21+!

FOR BOOKING OR TO SCHEDULE AN AUDITION AT SAFARI SHOWCLUB, CONTACT ALÉ @ (503) 268-7429 BETWEEN 10AM & 10PM

WWW.SAFARISHOWCLUB.COM POWERED BY XOTICSPOT · CALL TO BOOK BACHELOR PARTIES!



**NOW FEATURING
ALL VIDEO
LOTTERY GAMES!**

XPOSE

XposePDX.com  XposePDX

Chyna

CHYNA'S BIRTHDAY

TUE, OCT 18

**COME & JOIN US AT
XPOSE TO CELEBRATE!**

XPOSE HALLOWEEN PARTY

SAT, OCT 29

**NO COVER CHARGE!
HALLOWEEN-INSPIRED
DRINK SPECIALS**

NO COVER CHARGE

HAPPY HOUR 3PM-6PM

BARGAIN BEER MONDAYS

**2-FOR-1 LAP DANCES
ALL DAY TUESDAYS**

AUDITIONS

DAILY

(503) 482-3494 / (971) 295-3780

(503) 430-5364 · 10140 SW CANYON RD · BEAVERTON, OR 97005 · OPEN 3PM-2:30AM DAILY

The Name Says It All!

COSTUME PARTY • SAT, OCT 29



Violet

*Bartender
Claudia*

**Come In And Check Out Our
Daily Drink & Food Specials!**

Alameda's Only Strip Club!

SKINN

GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

OPEN 10AM-2AM • (503) 288-9771
4523 NE 60TH AVE • PORTLAND, OR 97218
(CORNER OF NE 60TH & PRESCOTT)

NOW HIRING NEW DANCERS 21+ | AUDITIONS MON-FRI 10AM-5PM

Taste The Stars!

Sylvia's PlayHouse

**Upscale, Private
Adult Fun!**

Bella

**OPEN
24/7**

Karissa

**Vegas-Style
Lineup
Friday, Oct 28**

**www.PlayHousePortland.com
8226 NE FREMONT ST • 503-568-4090**

Fantasyland

ADULT SUPERSTORE

DVDS STARTING AT \$9.99

COME ON IN!

- KAMA SUTRA**
- GREAT GIFTS & TOYS**
- FULL ARCADE**
- EXOTIC OILS**
- LOTIONS & CREAMS**
- DVD SALES & RENTALS**

503-655-4667 • 16014 SE 82ND DRIVE
JUST EAST OF I-205, OFF THE ESTACADA EXIT

PUSSYCATS

PRIVATE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
CHECK US OUT ONLINE!

www.PussycatsPortland.com

**SPECIALIZING IN LAP DANCES,
MASTURBATION/TOY SHOWS,
FETISHES & MORE!
COME GET NAKED WITH US!**

**NOW SELECTIVELY HIRING BEAUTIFUL
AND QUALIFIED ENTERTAINERS**
PLEASE EMAIL CURRENT PICS & INFO TO
PUSSYCATSAUDITION@YAHOO.COM

ALSO FEATURING APRIL, ANGEL, CARMEN,
CHARLIE, EMERALD, KARMA, KENNA, KIM,
LALA, LEI' LANI, NYLA, RYAN,
SAMARA, TATIANA & ZOE

ATM

*New-Girls At
Each Location!*



Chloe

*Mon & Tue - NE 12nd Ave
Wed - SW Barbur Blvd
Thu - SE Foster Rd*

BEST IN TOWN - 3 LOCATIONS - OPEN 24/7

PDX AIRPORT LOCATION

3414 NE 82ND AVE
PORTLAND, OR 97220 :: (503) 384-2794

SE PDX LOCATION

5226 SE FOSTER RD
PORTLAND, OR 97206 :: (971) 255-0133

SW PDX LOCATION

10813 SW BARBUR BLVD
PORTLAND, OR 97219 :: (503) 206-5874

PUSSYCATS' PRIVACY POLICY: NO CAMERAS, VIDEO OR AUDIO RECORDING DEVICES ARE EVER PLACED IN THE PRIVATE SHOW ROOMS. PUSSYCATS ALWAYS PROTECTS YOUR PRIVACY.

DICK & MATT'S HAUNTED STRIP CLUB TIME MACHINE

SPYCE

— GENTLEMEN'S CLUB —

33 NW 2ND AVE | PORTLAND OR 97209

SUN-THU 7PM-2:30AM | FRI-SAT 3PM-2:30AM | (503) 243-4646

www.SpyceClub.com



YouTube Strip Club Haunted House

\$15 COVER / \$25 VIP

STRIPCLUBHAUNTEDHOUSE.COM



Steak & Lobster
\$9.99 every friday

Villain

Taboo



VIDA

exotic

JIM BEAM
DEVIL'S CUT

HYPOKX
PHOTOGRAPHY

EFFEN
VODKA

Mystic

Gentlemen's Club

9950 SE STARK ST • (503) 477-9523

CORNER OF 99TH & WASHINGTON • 2 BLOCKS OFF I-205

OPEN 11AM-2:30AM DAILY

WWW.MYSTICPDX.COM

MISS
EXOTIC
OREGON
2017
HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY

QUALIFIER ROUND I

THURSDAY, OCT 6 @ 9PM

HAPPY HOUR

11AM-6PM DAILY

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

Little **AMSTERDAM** 
Wellness Center

VISIT OUR WEBSITE FOR
LOCATIONS AND HOURS
WWW.LITTLEAMSTERDAMPDX.COM

THREE LOCATIONS
TO SERVE YOU

Cherry



HIRING DANCERS 21+ • OPEN AUDITIONS TUE & FRI 2PM-8PM • (503) 803-1830

MAX & FIDO

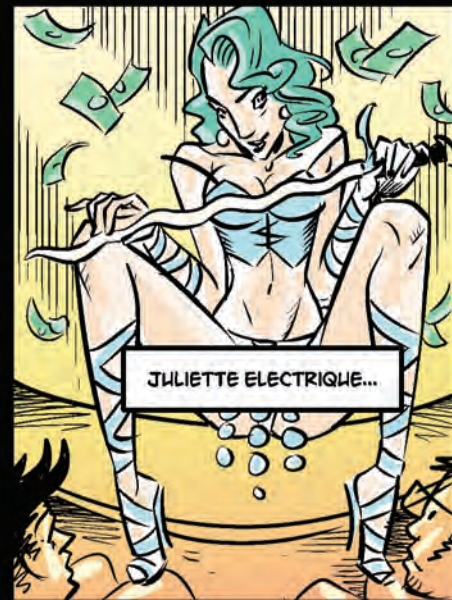


YOU SURE T'S OKAY THAT WE DON'T HAVE COSTUMES, MAX?

DONT SWEAT IT, FIDO! THE KIT KAT GIRLS HAVE THAT TOTALLY DIALED.



LIKE, BIRDIE LE' TRAMPE...



JULIETTE ELECTRIQUE...



AND ASIMOV ATOMSMASHER!



THEY'RE BEAU-TI-FUL...



GYAAAAAGH!!!

ROAR!



WHOOSH!

WHOOSH!



INDIGO MONTOYA

EVERY NIGHT IS HALLOWEEN AT THE KIT KAT CLUB.

Kit Kat Club

WWW.KITKATCLUBPOX.COM
231 SW ANKENY STREET - DOWNTOWN PORTLAND OREGON

A. PANDER '16

Copyright © 2016 XMAG LLC.
Exotic® is a registered trademark
owned by XMAG LLC. All rights reserved.
Published monthly by XMAG LLC.
Circulation: 75,000 per month at 200+ sites
Mailing Address:
818 SW 3rd Avenue, Suite 1324
Portland, Oregon 97204
Telephone: 503.241.4317
Fax: 503.914.0439
Email: info@xmag.com
Exotic Online: www.xmag.com

Publisher
XMAG LLC.

General Manager
Bryan A. Bybee

Editor
Ray McMillin

Copy Editor
Adam J. Burt

Production Manager
Shawna Stephens

Graphic Design
Shawna Stephens
Darkstar Graphics

Contributing Photographers
London A. Lunoux • HYPNOX

Advertising
Adam J. Burt (503) 804-4479
Dawn (503) 241-4317

Distribution
Enrico Carrisco • Adam J. Burt

Contributors
Jaime Suicide
Keith Cameron
Eric Alexander Moore
Tiffany Greysen
Ericka Rachelle Mendoza
Wombstretcha The Magnificent
Belinda Carroll
Jimmy Newstetter
DJ HazMatt
Your Estranged Older Cousin
Wednesday Weiss
Dr. Helen Shepard

Cover Photography
London A. Lunoux

Cover Model
Vincent
Devils Point

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

FEATURES



HUFFINGTON ROAST
virtue signalling and clickbait run wild
page 18
by ray mcmillin



**A REVIEW OF NEIL
YOUNG'S HARVEST**
the classic album revisited, exotic style
page 42
by your estranged older cousin



**A MODERN LOVE
LETTER**
anxiety, text messages and golden showers
page 50
by jaime suicide



**THE WHITE-WASHING
OF PDX**
living under the guise of a post-racial pdx
page 54
by jaime suicide

INSIDE STUFF

**A GUIDE TO WEED
BAD ADVICE** PG. 24
IS WEED REALLY THAT BAD? PG. 28
EROTIC CITY/SPOTLIGHT OF EVENTS PG. 30
EKOTIC PINUP PG. 31
TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH PG. 32
KARMA'S A BITCH PG. 36
SLUTSCAPADES PG. 44
EASY FOOD IDEAS PG. 46
PG. 48

Scarlet Lounge

FACEBOOK.COM/SCARLETLOUNGEPDX
FORMERLY PITIFUL PRINCESS

CHECK OUT OUR NEW FOOD MENU
& DRINK SPECIALS!

HAPPY HOUR
1PM-7PM DAILY

•
VIDEO LOTTERY

•
ATM

•
OPEN
9AM-2:30AM DAILY



FREYA
2016 VAGINA BEAUTY
PAGEANT WINNER

DAILY AUDITIONS
FOR DANCERS 18+

**GRAND
OPENING
PARTY!
SATURDAY,
OCTOBER 8**

12646 SE DIVISION ST • (503) 954-1019 • SCARLET-LOUNGE.COM

Salem's **WILDEST 18+ Entertainment!**



3453 SILVERTON RD NE • SALEM, OR 97301 • (503) 316-6969

SALEM'S HOTTEST AFTER HOURS!

SHOWER SHOWS
EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY!

Star



NOW OPEN LATER! TUESDAY-THURSDAY 'TIL 4AM
FRIDAY-SATURDAY 'TIL 5AM OR LATER

Fully NUDE EVERY Set! Auditions 7pm-10pm

Seeking Dancers 18 & Up!

OPEN TUE-THU 7PM-4AM, FRI-SAT 6PM-5AM (OR LATER!) & SUN 7PM-2AM • MODELING OPEN 24 HOURS

Natalia

BOOM BOOM ROOM

ONLY 5 MINUTES FROM DOWNTOWN PORTLAND
8345 SW BARBUR BLVD
(503) 244-7630 • OPEN 11AM-2:30AM DAILY

WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/BOOMPDX

**TWO STAGES FEATURING
PORTLAND'S HOTTEST DANCERS**

PRIVATE DANCE BOOTHS

SUNKEN COCKTAIL BAR

LUNCH SPECIALS

POOL TABLE

VIDEO POKER & KENO

*Every night is a good night
for a little Boom Boom*

**TEXAS HOLD 'EM POKER
GAMES EVERY DAY & NIGHT**

FOR DANCER AUDITIONS, EMAIL PHOTO & INFO TO
BOOMDANCERS@GMAIL.COM
OR TEXT (503) 453-3946

CLUB SINROCK

DJ DICK HENNESSY'S
THRILLER PARTY

10/21
9PM



FEATURE PERFORMANCES
THEMED GAMES
GIVEAWAYS & PRIZES
FREE DOUGHNUTS

VIP TABLES
AVAILABLE

DICK & MATT'S HAUNTED
STRIP CLUB
TIME MACHINE
VIP TICKET GIVEAWAYS!



P.Y.T.
PUNCH

PARLAE

E-40'S
SLURICANE
HURRICANE

VIDA

doctor
GueRRILLA



HYPERPIX
PHOTOGRAPHY

HAPPY HOUR
EVERY DAY!
NUDE DANCE SPECIALS!
2PM-7PM

Audition Hotline – Text/Call (360) 335-7721



12035 NE GLISAN ST • PORTLAND • (503) 889-0332 • 2PM-2:30AM DAILY



LIVE MUSIC - GABARET - BURLESQUE & ROCK-N-ROLL

DANTE'S

SINFERO CABARET SUNDAYS KARAOKE FROM HELL MONDAYS

350 WEST BURNSIDE • PORTLAND • 503-226-6630
WWW.DANESLIVE.COM

Portland's Home for Live Music, Cabaret, DJs, Burlesque & Rock-n-Roll
Open Daily at 11am • www.danteslive.com
Tickets available at Dante's, www.danteslive.com
& facebook.com/DantesLive

FRIDAY OCT 7
DISCHARGE & EYEHATEGOD

TUESDAY OCT 11
D.O.A.

FRIDAY OCT 14
CJ RAMONE

SATURDAY OCT 15
SUPERSUCKERS & REV. PEYTON

SATURDAY OCT 22
SHE WANTS REVENGE

WEDNESDAY OCT 26
DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN

THURSDAY OCT 27
THE SONICS

FRIDAY OCT 28
HELL'S BELLES

SATURDAY OCT 29
THE KING KHAN & BBQ SHOW

Kit Kat Club

Keeping Portland Weird.

Voted Portland's
Best Strip Club

Portland's
Neo-Burlesque
Showclub



One bitcoin
at a time.



NOW ACCEPTING BITCOIN FOR DRINKS, FOOD & DANCER TIPS!
231 SW ANKENY IN DOWNTOWN PORTLAND
NEXT TO VODOO DOUGHNUT - FACEBOOK.COM/KITKATCLUBPDX

JAG'S CLUBHOUSE



Adele

COME PLAY
VIDEO LOTTERY
HERE NOW!

HAPPY HOUR
3PM-7PM DAILY

COCKTAIL/SMOKING
PATIO

FULL BAR

ICE COLD BEERS

POOL TABLE

DANCER AUDITIONS
ALL DAY, EVERY DAY
605 N COLUMBIA BLVD

RIP CITY BOOKING AGENCY JASON (503) 713-3572 OR CASSIDY (503) 875-3870

605 N COLUMBIA BLVD • (503) 289-1351 • OPEN 11AM-2AM DAILY

HUFFINGTON POST: HARVESTER OF SORROW

BY RAY MCMILLIN

Wikipedia defines "virtue signalling" as "the expression or promotion of viewpoints that are especially valued within a social group, especially when this is done primarily to enhance the social standing of the speaker," while Urban Dictionary claims it is "saying you love or hate something to show off what a virtuous person you are, instead of actually trying to fix the problem."

There was a day when two very polarized, but independent, sources of sociopolitical commentary and news were widely recognized as go-to websites by the respective right and left: *Drudge Report* and *Huffington Post*. I'm not much of a right-winger, outside of my opinions on guns, meat and taxes. So, I'm not at all disappointed to learn that the *Drudge Report* has devolved into a virus-laden Craigslist for white nationalists and Trump supporters. I am, however, a bleeding heart progressive, when it comes to social issues. Therefore, I am saddened to have watched *Huffington Post* become what it has in recent years—a BuzzFeed clone, surviving on a strict diet of clickbait addicts and white feminism. Yet, I rarely get riled up about *Fluffington* anymore, because so much of it is forgettable and rarely gets shared.

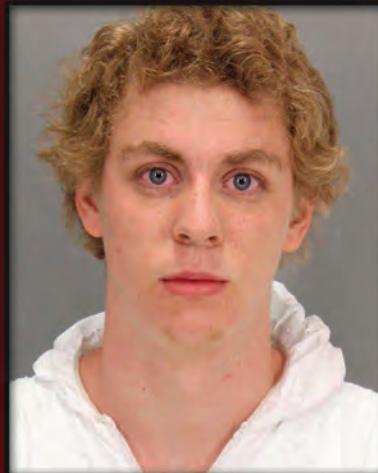
Enter the Brock Turner verdict and *Huffington's* pathetic, parasitic attempt to cash in on trauma, through shameless virtue signalling and zero regrets about making yet another ad dollar from the rape culture witch hunt.

For those of you still living behind a dumpster, Brock Turner is a rich, white, college athlete (these are the key factors, pay attention) who, after pleading guilty to rape (as in, rape rape—not some post-drunk-hookup verbal consent debacle—we're talking assault on an unconscious woman), was given a prison sentence that would make a slap on the wrist look like, well, rape. After being let out from his three-month long stint in the clink, approximately 100% of any and all commentary on the issue, whether conducted by neckbeard-covered MRAs or cat-eye-lensed misandrists, concluded that Brock Turner (and the judge who gave him two hours in timeout for sexual assault) are both disposable scum and should be forced to live out their lives as such. Armed revolutionaries with AR-15s (not college kids with cardboard signs) are currently surrounding Turner's house, while hacker groups and vigilante justice-seekers are threatening Turner with justifiably-deserved revenge. Outrage, in this case, did not require a bumper sticker or hashtag.

What does *Huffington Post* have to do with any of this? Well, Ruth Starkman (a name that confirms Poe's Law) ran an opinion piece titled *Until Brock Turner Apologizes, He Should Not Be Allowed To Speak On Campuses*. Does anyone see the problem with this? Who is the intended audience? Where is

the counter point? Find me *one* person who thinks a rapist should be given a tour bus and access to college girls, besides the *Huffington Post* Editorial Board (and I'll get to why they'd support such a tour in a minute).

For one, no, Brock Turner is not doing a campus tour. Speakers like Milo Yiannopoulos and Christina Hoff-Sommers generate bomb threats from college students, for fuck's sake. But, more importantly, the implication that such a thing could happen is a false narrative, created by the same people who rely on it for clicks and ad money. Let me be completely clear: if you're making money off of rape, you're making money off of rape—end of story. *Huffington Post* is making money off of rape—they are rape culture—not Family Guy or rap music. A culture is defined by its mode of currency, and one that relies on juicy rape headlines in order to stay relevant, is by definition, a "rape culture." Family Guy is off the air and Nas declared hip hop dead. I rest my case.



To summarize the article in question, it's the equivalent of *Hey Hitler, You're Not Coming To Our Family's Hanukkah*, or *Dear People Who Think Killing Babies With a Hammer Is Okay: Guess What? It's Not!* Basically, a straw-man, feel-good argument is created for purposes of self-congratulation within an echo chamber. It works, because any discredit to the author is, by proxy, an endorsement of sexual assault, rapists, Hitler, nu metal, etc. I could easily pen a column titled *Why Strippers Are Amazing*, submit it to this magazine and ride the pussy train to back-rub town. In fact, I have, and it's worked—many times.

Huffington Post desperately wants there to be some rabid audience of rape supporters, who would gladly click "attending" on the "Monster Energy Drink Presents: Brock Turner, Smash Mouth and Guests" Facebook event page. Worse, the paper/website/blog/app/whatever depends on flashy rape headlines, and thus, actual rape, in order to survive. It's the same tactic that our own govern-

ment uses to engage in oil wars that happen conveniently after a brown person of a non-Christian faith blows up a plane. The truth is that men—and, I know this is a radical concept—of all backgrounds, races, sexual orientations and political ideologies, unanimously and thoroughly reject the idea of sexual assault. In fact, and this may come as a shock to anyone reading this from a re-blogged Tumblr post, men find the idea of rape repulsive and disgusting. In fact, most men in prison (many of whom have been convicted of murder) *only* condone the idea of rape when it's carried out against another man, from inside a prison shower, as punishment for what said victim did on the outside—specifically, when said outside crime involves sexual assault on a woman or child. Brock Turner was likely subjected to a taste of his own medicine while behind bars (in fact, whatever Bubba did to him in the shower was likely the *only* justice he faced in prison—cutting mixtapes and updating Instagram seems to be the life of the modern inmate).

Let's all keep in mind that *Until Brock Turner Apologizes, He Should Not Be Allowed To Speak On Campuses* concludes by giving readers the number of the sexual assault resource line, which positions the author of the piece as some sort of Mother Theresa figure—helping the heaps of rape survivors who are viewing clickbait nonsense, instead of, ya know, engaging in professional therapy (or numbing themselves with escapism, but definitely not searching for the latest trigger-warning-free rape headlines). In Starkman's defense, it's not like she goes to the exact same school as Brock Turner—you know, putting her in a position to step aside from the social justice facade and, say, volunteer at a campus sexual assault resource center, reach out to the victim or engage in her own speaking tour. Oh, wait...she does. How weird. You'd almost think (and, I could be way, way off here, so bear with me) she's diffusing any proximal accountability, by engaging in echo-chamber nonsense as an easy way out. Nah, that can't be it. She's probably addressing all the people who think Brock Turner *should* be able to do a national speaking tour without apologizing first.

All two of them.

Let's face it—without the myth of a men-need-to-be-trained-to-not-act-like-animal rape culture dialogue, *Huffington Post* would be just as tin-foil-hatted as *Drudge Report*. Your homework is to research "horseshoe theory," then follow it up by calling your local sexual assault resource center, asking *where, when* and *how* you can volunteer, donate or otherwise help. I'm not gonna leave the crisis number here, because if you're a survivor, you're probably smart enough to find that information on your own, regardless of what *Huffington Post* thinks.

Full Arcade, Toys, Lube, N20 & More!

PARADISE ADULT VIDEO

14712 SE STARK ST | PORTLAND | 503-255-9414

Always
Open

Large Glass
Selection

DVDs As
Low As
\$4.99

GET YOUR HALLOWEEN COSTUMES HERE NOW!

Over 20 Styles In All Sizes,
With Plus-Size Costumes & Lingerie!

DANCERS DISCOUNT 20% OFF

Check Out Our Huge, New Line Of
Lingerie, Dancerwear & Shoes!



THE NEW
Hawthorne Strip

**HAPPY HOUR
2PM-6PM!**

**GREAT BEER
& COCKTAIL
SPECIALS!**

**HIRING
PROFESSIONAL
ENTERTAINERS
21+**

**HALLOWEEN
PARTY!
SATURDAY, OCT 29
8PM-2AM**

Mae
Violet
Riley
Vanessa

3532 SE POWELL BLVD • OPEN 2PM-2:30AM DAILY • (503) 232-9516 • WWW.HAWTHORNESTRIP.COM

CHECK OUT OUR NEW FACEBOOK PAGE & INSTAGRAM! WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/HAWTHORNESTRIPONPOWELL | [@HAWTHORNESTRIP](https://www.instagram.com/hawthornestrip) | [#HAWTHORNESTRIPONPOWELL](https://www.instagram.com/hawthornestriponpowell)



VIDA

Doctor Guerrilla



HYPNOSIS PHOTOGRAPHY

Ivizia Dakini
MISS EXOTIC 2016



MISS EXOTIC OREGON 2017

HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY

**\$5,000 IN CASH,
\$3,000 IN PRIZES
& THE COVER OF EXOTIC'S
JANUARY 2017 ISSUE!**



QUALIFIER ROUND I
THU, OCT 6 @ 9PM
9950 SE STARK ST



QUALIFIER ROUND II
FRI, OCT 14 @ 9PM
3000 SE POWELL BLVD



QUALIFIER ROUND III
SAT, OCT 22 @ 9PM
1550 WESTON CT NE • SALEM



QUALIFIER ROUND IV
THU, OCT 27 @ 9PM
231 SW ANKENY ST



QUALIFIER ROUND V
TUE, NOV 1 @ 9PM
33 NW 2ND AVE



QUALIFIER ROUND VI
SAT, NOV 12 @ 9PM
12035 NE GLISAN ST



FINALS
FRI, NOV 25 @ 9PM
350 W BURNSIDE ST

TO ENTER OR FOR VIP TABLES
CALL/TEXT (503) 380-5800 OR EMAIL MISSEXOTIC@XMAG.COM

ROCKTOBER



OCT 28

live music tues-sat

contests & prizes

OCT 29

TYRANNY OF HOURS

KIDJEL POWDER COUNTY

SACRIFICE TO SURVIVE

Disciples

WARPIG A Salute to Black Sabbath

DISCORDIA

HALLOWEEN WEEKEND

13639 SE Powell blvd, Portland OR [FACEBOOK.COM/ROCKHARDPDX](https://www.facebook.com/rockhardpdx)

SEDUCTIONS

OPEN 24 HOURS

PORTLAND'S MOST EXTREME, LIVE, NUDE, XXX SHOWS!

THE BEST IN 1-ON-1 FUN!

WWW.SEDUCTIONSPODX.COM

SPECIALS & MORE PICTURES ON FACEBOOK


 SEDUCTIONSCLUB

NOW HIRING DANCERS, CALL (971) 352-2414



5321 SE FOSTER RD • (503) 719-5046

ROCK HARD KARAOKE



EVERY LIGHT IS BURNIN' IN A HOUSE ACROSS TOWN

hosted by KARAOKE DUDE

SING LIKE A STAR

8 TO CLOSE EVERY TUESDAY

1-503-760-8128 WWW.ROCKHARDPODX.COM

13639 SE Powell blvd, Portland

CLUB PlayPen

Now Under New, Industry-Friendly Management

6210 NE COLUMBIA BLVD · PORTLAND, OR 97218

OPEN DAILY AT 11 AM · (503) 281-3212 · WWW.CLUBPLAYPEN.COM



**DAILY DRINK AND
FOOD SPECIALS
SERVED BY THE BEST**

**HAPPY HOUR
SPECIALS
3PM - 6PM**

**ALL OREGON
LOTTERY AVAILABLE
6 VIDEO POKER MACHINES**

**FEATURING HOT ENTERTAINERS
WITH 2 STAGES, GREAT LAP DANCES
& VIP ROOM AVAILABLE**



DJ

NOW AUDITIONING INDEPENDENT ENTERTAINERS - CONTACT JESSE TO BOOK AUDITIONS (503) 451-4339

**NEW
ENTERTAINERS**

PRIVATE SHOWS

FETISH

TOY

MASTURBATION

2-GIRL

LINGERIE AVAILABLE

MINUTES FROM

PDX AIRPORT

Whispers

EVE

*Come Get Naked
& Naughty With Us!*

**DAILY AUDITIONS FOR 18+
CALL JAMIE @ (503) 839-1131**

6218 NE COLUMBIA BLVD · PORTLAND, OR 97218

WWW.WHISPERSOFPORTLAND.COM · (971) 255-1039 · OPEN 11AM-3AM DAILY



Most folks around these parts understand that the celebration of “harvest season” translates, with a wink and a nod, to the seasonal end for cultivation of the cannabis plant—also known as marijuana, weed, chronic, doja, kush, nugs, Horn Of Africa, Carmen Sandiego, sticky-icky and the Pauly Shore Experience.

I, myself, have never really been much of the “420 blaze it” type, owing mostly to a long series of probation-related restrictions. But, now it’s 2016 and the green stuff is legal*. So, after a series of cleverly-placed bribes, I’m ready to do some investigative journalism, get myself some of that “hocus pocus” and live it up. What follows are the lessons I learned in doing so and I hope they’re helpful to the others out there, who are new to cannabis culture.

STRAIN NAMES

When it comes to picking your pleasure, I can assure you that the amount of separate varieties available is staggering. A gillion people grow a gillion different kinds of “Mary Jane” and they all have different names. The protip seems to be that the thing which will get you the most high, will have a gross name; “musty basement,” “pineapple dogshit,” “pork-rind milkshake” or “sumo crotch rot.” The more you kinda gag thinking about the name, the better it will be.

You would be wise to avoid things that sound like they’re a 12-year-old’s Call Of Duty player name, such as “death creeper,” “pimp chocolate,” “dank widow” or “ninja assassin 6969 XXX.” These only have names like that to make you *think* they’re gonna be good (when, in fact, they generally aren’t).

PARAPHERNALIA

Along with the wide variety of “ganja” strains, there’s an equally wide variety of methods to consume the stuff. Some of the methods I’ve seen or heard described include joints,

blunts, pipes, bong, hookahs, knife hits, vaporizers, mutilated fruit and the mysterious “Peruvian armpit.”

Personally, the method I found most reliable was putting the “bud” into a non-metal container, microwaving it for several minutes (until the oven fills with smoke), then cracking the door and inhaling the smoke using a crazy straw. Some people think that the smell of “reefer” is a joy in itself, but I found it smells like melting plastic, burnt popcorn and three-week-old, crusted-on Spaghetti-Os. Not my favorite aroma, but to each their own.

PLACES TO PURCHASE

Since legalization, the “wacky tobacky” has become available in a number of rather professional-looking storefronts all over the place. However, these places are fool’s gold. They’re too high-pressure, with sales staff always trying to get you to buy the extended warranty and such.

The actual best place to get a super deal on some “hootie mack” is—and apparently has always been—at the Greyhound bus depot. My friends told me to go there and look for the guy wearing a faded army jacket, covered in stains, or anyone constantly looking over their shoulder. What you should do is state to this person that you want to get high and they will conduct a very brief transaction with you in the restroom, wherein a small pouch of goods will be handed to you in exchange for good ol’ cash (with none of that hard-sell business).

HOW TO TELL IF IT’S QUALITY

You can usually tell if you got “the good shit” by inspecting it. If it’s fluffy and green, it

may be hit-or-miss. Features like red hairs and purple streaks are what set the “dank” apart from the “schwag.” Be certain to look closely to verify that the red hairs aren’t clippings from a ginger wig or that the purple isn’t just magic marker. Legal or not, there are tricksters out there.

If your purchase happens to look like a wad of very dark brown earwax, you might have what’s known as “dabs.” This one gentleman, who I bought mine from, assured me the strain was a highly sought-after type called “black tar.” I smoked it in some tinfoil as instructed and found myself quite high. So high, in fact, that I ended up nodding off into my short stack at Denny’s, which I was subsequently evicted from. Be careful with those black tar dabs! I’d have to say though, that the best variety I had was kind of a yellowish-white color and was called “Jimmy crack corn,” or something like that. It looked and felt like a small pebble, as opposed to a piece of plant, so I was a little concerned I had been ripped-off. I smoked it out of a small glass tube that the bus stop salesman recommended and my doubts about the product were immediately dismissed. I got so “stoned” after my smoking session, that I ended up having a loud conversation with myself in the parking lot of a 7-11 at 2:00am. It was wild! This variety of dabs didn’t even give me the famous “munchies” you hear so much about. In fact, I didn’t eat for like two days after “toking up.” This must have been a kind of “diet weed” or something. This seems to be the best kind and I would recommend it to anyone.

So, that was my experience. Having found my preferred strain, I think I’ll continue to smoke up. In fact, I feel almost compelled to. This stuff is amazing! I hope my guide is useful to any of you out there who are also just diving in to this very deep pool. Happy smoking, fellow marijuana enthusiasts!

-WSTM



THE SILVER SPOON

SILVERSPOONPDX.COM

FOLLOW US ON INSTAGRAM
@ SILVER_SPOON_SMOKESHOP



E-CIGS & VAPORIZERS

ONE-STOP SHOP FOR ALL YOUR SMOKING NEEDS!



DISC GOLF

WIDE VARIETY OF GLASS



OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

8521 SW BARBUR BLVD | MON-SAT 10AM-7PM & SUN 11AM-5PM | 503-245-0489

TORCHED ILLUSIONS SMOKE & VAPE

LARGE VARIETY OF WATER PIPES • SPOONS • VAPORIZERS
INCENSE • CIGARS • ROLL-YOUR-OWN • SHISHA • BUTANE
E-CIGS • MODS AND HUNDREDS OF JUICES!



It's 4:20
Somewhere

NOW OPEN!
TIGARD

12963 SW PACIFIC HWY
503.430.5140



OPEN 10AM-MIDNIGHT DAILY

BEAVERTON

17935 SW TV HWY | 503.259.2310
OPEN 6AM-2AM DAILY



www.TorchedIllusions.com

Exotic's Most Notorious Column
Is Now Available Online  

NEW
*Tales
From The
DJ Booth*
by Ray McMillin

Full-Length Book Coming
January 2017

BLACK DIAMOND

RECORDING STUDIOS



Radio Ads - Beat Creation - Sound Design - Mixing - Composition



(503) 477-6523

www.BlackDiamondStudios.net | Info@BlackDiamondStudios.net

17 FLAT SCREENS • ALL SPORTS • POOL TABLES • LOTTO



King's



Brynn

DAILY LUNCH SPECIALS
\$5 1/2 LB BURGER AND A BEER

DAILY DINNER SPECIALS
STARTING AT 5PM

EROTIC
Tattoo
BALL

\$9.99 12oz RIBEYE OR 8oz FILET
WITH LOADED BAKED POTATO, JUMBO SHRIMP & HOUSE SALAD

FRI & SAT
NIGHT
ONLY!

PRESENTED BY KING'S & HYPNOX

PDX LEGENDS: OCTOBER STRIPPERFEST

SATURDAY, OCT 22 @ 9PM



**JENAE
SINSANITY**



**RACHAEL
RECKLESS**



JACKIE



**INDIGO
MONTAYA**

**A Pre-Halloween Night Of Kinky-Themed Performances With
Four Of Portland's Most Infamous Adult Entertainers.
You Can See Them Performing All Over The City But This One Night,
King's Is Blessed To Have All Of Them Under Our Roof.
We Hope You Enjoy These Girls' Creative And Slightly Bent Shows.**

**SATURDAY,
OCT 15**

STARTS @ 9PM

HOSTED BY KING'S OWN AUBRIELLA



**\$1,000
IN CASH & PRIZES
ANY FEMALE CAN ENTER,
NOT JUST DANCERS!
CALL ADRIAN @ (503) 780-0388
OR HYPNOX @ (206) 226-3853**

SPONSORED BY



13550 SE POWELL BLVD • (971) 703-4248



Dear Wendy,

How do I turn my hemorrhoids into something sexy, instead of painfully uncomfortable and embarrassing?

-Anonymous



Dear Anonymous,

Assuming that just knowing how to spell "hemorrhoids" doesn't make them disappear (I thought that was the cure), your treatment lies in tender-loving butthole care. I don't have hemorrhoids, but I do have fissures from past butt mistakes and it has made my anal sex life more difficult (which is a shame, because anal is

my fave). Definitely make sure you are not doing butt things while you are having a flare-up. Aside from that (and, I cannot stress this next part enough), take it slower than slow when you are having anal play. If it hurts AT ALL, cease and desist. Use copious amounts of silicone-based lube, start smaller than you even think you need to, don't stick anything in until you are already good and turned on and build slowly. Also, make sure that you can communicate to your partner that your asshole is a delicate fabergé egg, that will fucking break and must be treated with care. Not having to hide your ass 'sitch goes a long way in relaxing your mind and body, so that you can move on to more important things—instead of worrying. When in doubt, stay away from your ass. I am serious—it is just not fucking worth it. Also, keep in mind that your o-ring is compromised, which places you at a potentially higher risk for STD contraction in that area, so wrap it up (P.S., EVERYONE REMEMBER THAT GONORRHEA IS MORE OR LESS INCURABLE NOW, SO WRAP IT UP ANYWAY). Outside of sex, eat fiber (psyllium husk capsules are wonderful for quick, easy fiber), drink water and a warm, wet washcloth compress on your asshole is a dream. I personally like to rub vitamin E oil on my b-zone, because it relieves irritation and softens any calluses.

xo Wendy

Dear Wendy,

The holidays are coming up and I'm vegan, but I want to bring something that is delicious and fattening that we can all eat. Will you share a vegan holiday recipe?

-Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

I have always been a huge fan of vegan gravy—both the food and the result of sucking off an environmentalist. If you're willing to start from scratch and literally punch anyone in the face who tries to tell you that vegan gravy is gay (yeah, fine, it's kind of gay, which makes it more delicious), then you will LOVE my recipe:

- 2 carrots
- 3 celery stalks
- 1 onion
- 4 cloves of garlic
- 1/2 qt. mushroom broth

- 1/4 cup chopped parsley
- 1-3 sprigs of fresh rosemary
- 1 bay leaf
- 1/4 cup corn starch
- 1/2-1 cup unsweetened, unflavored almond milk
- water of some amount



Chop them vegetables up and throw them in a pot. Now, you can either put them in a *Crock-Pot*® and let them stew on low for four hours or so, or you can simmer them in a pot on the stove, for half an hour. I prefer the *Crock-Pot*®, but you want to cover the vegetables and herbs with the mushroom broth—maybe about an inch or so over the tip of the tallest veggie. If you need more liquid, use water. Let them stew, take sips and stand by the stove with your stirrin' spoon in your hand (and suck your own dick about what a domestic badass you are). When that shit's done stewing (taste it—you'll know), strain the solids out and keep the liquid in the pot on medium heat. Throw the vegetables in some asshole's face—you don't need them. Take that almond milk and, with a fork or actual whisk (what are you, a Rockefeller?), whisk small spoonfuls of cornstarch into the almond milk in a separate dish. Did you ever make Oobleck in school? It's not a liquid, but it's not a solid—you're basically making that. Use your fork/whisk to stir out all the corn starch chunks and, once it's smooth, stir it into the broth liquid. Keep stirring, until the liquid thickens. You may need to add more of the corn starch/almond milk mixture, until the mixture thickens. If it's too thick, just add water or mushroom broth. When the liquid thickens, you got yourself some gravy. You can bring it to your family Thanksgiving event, but it's also great for drinking alone in your room by yourself. Bon appetite!

xo Wendy

FANTASY
FOR ADULTS ONLY



Performer Discount
15% Off | Shoes
Apparel
Accessories

5 Portland Locations

Hollywood - Downtown
Clackamas - Tigard
Beaverton

fantasyforadultsonly.com

Shoes By



Sylvia's
PlayHouse

24/7,
Private,
Adult Fun

Sexy Halloween Party



Vegas-Style Lineup

Friday, Oct 28 • 3pm-3am

www.PlayHousePortland.com
8226 NE FREMONT ST • 503-568-4090

THE MANGAVE
EST. 2016

NEW OWNERSHIP,
NEWLY-REMODELED
& OPEN NOW!!!

SPRINGFIELD'S
NEWEST HOT SPOT!
COME CHECK US OUT!

**GRAND
OPENING
PARTY**

**SAT,
OCT 8**
DOOR PRIZES
& GIVEAWAYS

DAILY DRINK SPECIALS
AUDITIONS 7PM-9PM DAILY

MON-FRI 12PM-2:30AM, SAT-SUN 4PM-2:30AM

1444 MAIN ST • SPRINGFIELD, OR 97477 • (541) 515-6656

IS IT REALLY THAT BAD?

BY KEITH CAMERON



I grew up in a state where pot was FAR from legal. So, to come to a state where they have billboards advertising dispensaries and strains of pot, is completely mind-blowing to me. As a stoner, the Pacific Northwest is like a dream come true.

My experience back home was vastly different from here. Instead of “dispensaries,” we had “trap houses.” Those were just random houses or motels, where you met some guy or girl to get said pot-slash-whatever-the-hell-else you wanted. Unlike a dispensary, there was ZERO walking in unannounced to these places—that is a surefire way to get shot. Also, there were no menus; no budtenders coaching you along to help you find the perfect strain to match your situation.

“I just found out that my girlfriend is pregnant.”

“Well, we have an Indica-based hybrid called ‘God’s Breath OG Kush.’ We also have...(inserts countless other names).”

Ask a drug dealer what’s on their menu and they may respond with, “You want mids or lows?” Now, I know that most of you have no clue what mids are. It is a nickname for crappy, poorly-made brick weed.

The fact that I have made several references to “mids” in conversation, or on stage in a joke, where I am met with blank stares most of the time, proves to me that you all are just plain spoiled. Spoiled, I say!!! I really don’t think you understand how good you really have it. YOU. CAN’T. GO. TO. JAIL. FOR. POT. If I go pick some up from down south, I’m scared shitless the ENTIRE way home while driving back. I had a friend go to jail for six months over a seed. One frigging seed sent a law abiding citizen to jail (and also landed him with a one-year pro-

bation-upon-release deal)—all for possessing one of the key things used to make a plant!

Okay. Let me put it a bit differently, adding some perspective to this. Imagine getting a sunburn. What’s a plant that helps...aloe? Sure, let’s go with that. You go to whatever store nearest to you that sells the aloe vera plant. You have a medical reason to purchase/possess this plant. Now, imagine that, on the way home with said plant, a cop happens to pull you over. For arguments sake, lets just say that your taillight is out. Now, this cop comes over to your car and notices that you have a bit of aloe sitting next to you in the passenger seat.

“SIR, GET OUT OF THE VEHICLE WITH YOUR HANDS UP!”

“But, what for...?”

“SHUT UP, YOU DAMN ALOEHEAD! YOU’RE UNDER ARREST FOR POSSESSION OF A CONTROLLED SUBSTANCE!!!”

“But, officer...it’s for my health. I’m not hurting anybody by using aloe.”

“YOU FILTHY DIRTBAG! YOU’RE THE WORST KINDA CRIMINAL!!!”

See how dumb that sounds? This was my fear, as a pothead in the south. That, or possibly getting shot, because of some sketchy dude that your buddy said was a “pretty cool guy.” Yeah, I personally don’t miss that crap one bit.

Now, lets talk about the difference in quality. Yes, I have come across some really good weed down south, but nothing like the weed from the PNW. Wow. I grew up knowing

about THC and that was pretty much the extent of my knowledge—I had zero clue as to the culture and dedication that people have applied to the art of pot. Yes, I said art. Look at dabs. Look at some of the flower—beautiful. The colors, the smells, the different effects... nothing short of amazing.

And, you can’t forget about edibles. I have been almost too high off them before. The deliciousness of them makes me forget how many I’ve actually eaten. Which, we all know can lead to terrifying times and horrible realizations about oneself. We’ve all been there; eat a 100mg brownie because you thought that it said 10mg, then your brain fires crazy stuff off like “Hey, Keith. Remember that time you cheated on your test in the 5th grade off Amy Tran and still failed? Yeah, well, maybe that’s why you’re 31 and have absolutely zero prospects and you are super lucky to have the woman that you DO have...but, wait. Holy shit. What if she finds out about the test? Oh, she will leave you for sure...wait. I forgot to feed the baby! I don’t have a baby...or do I? Okay, just me? Sure. I believe it.

Long of the story is, I don’t have the slightest clue why weed is not legal across the board. I don’t want to rehash an argument that’s been had 100,000,000 times, but here we go: I can have a few drinks and my actual vision and judgment are impaired. Cocaine, heroin, meth—all those are intense enough to ruin families, friendships, jobs, children and just about everything else you can think of. But, weed? Come on man, get real. Only thing I will tear apart with my drug use is a calzone. Man I love those things. Oh, and a milkshake. Great, I got high to write this and now I want to go get a calzone and a milkshake. Thanks a lot weed, you’re ruining my life.





eroticcity spotlight

THU 6 – MYSTIC

MISS EXOTIC OREGON QUALIFIER ROUND I

FRI 7 – STARS (BRIDGEPORT)

REDNECK WHITE TRASH BASH BIRTHDAY PARTY

SAT 8 – SHOTSKI'S (SALEM)

COMEDY W/ DAN PAUL, LANCE EDWARD & RAY MCMILLIN

SAT 8 – SCARLET LOUNGE – GRAND OPENING PARTY

SAT 8 – THE MANCAVE (SPRINGFIELD) – GRAND OPENING PARTY

FRI 14 – SAFARI

MISS EXOTIC OREGON QUALIFIER ROUND II

SAT 15 – KING'S – EROTIC TATTOO BALL

TUE 18 – XPOSE – CHYNA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

FRI 21 – CLUB SINROCK – DJ DICK HENNESSY'S THRILLER PARTY

SAT 22 – STARS (SALEM)

MISS EXOTIC OREGON QUALIFIER ROUND III

SAT 22 – KING'S – OCTOBER STRIPPERFEST

SAT 22 – THE RUNWAY – URBAN COWBOYZ ALL-MALE REVUE

WED 26 THRU SAT 31 – SPYCE

HAUNTED STRIP CLUB TIME MACHINE

THU 27 – KIT KAT CLUB

MISS EXOTIC OREGON QUALIFIER ROUND IV

THU 27 – CHEETAH'S (SALEM) – LIONS' DEN

THU 27 – LUCKY DEVIL – ZOMBIE STRIPPER NIGHT

SAT 29 – TOMMY'S TOO – NAUGHTY GIRL CONTEST

SAT 29 – HALLOWEEN NIGHT PARTIES

DREAM ON SALOON, HAWTHORNE STRIP

XPOSE, SAFARI, SKINN

SUN 30 – DEVILS POINT

STRIPPAROKE HALLOWEEN PARTY

MON 31 – KIT KAT CLUB – HALLOWEEN PARTY

Welcome to *Exotic's* Harvest Issue, a theme clearly inspired by the lovely changing of the colors, pumpkin spiced coffee and...oh, who am I kidding? We love our weed here in Oregon. So much so, that every single publication with a Harvest Issue thinks they're the first ones to do weed strain reviews or an interview with the guy who borrowed a billion dollars from a New York bank to move here, open a dispensary and pronounce our river "willa-met." We're not the first Harvest Issue and we're not the last (yeah, I stole the idea from *Savage Henry*, but they still owe me a few bucks for a comedy show, so this makes us even), but if I told our writers that they could cover anything related to fall, everyone would just make jokes about the white girls who look like Han Solo and take Instagram pictures of leaves. That, or fifteen articles about Halloween. Next year, we'll return to the typical spooky October theme, but for now, we're not gonna be the girl dressed as Harley Quinn, trying to enter the costume contest, while her Joker boyfriend hits on That Character Will Smith Played.

I was supposed to do a review of the Oregon Hemp Expo which happened last month in Salem, but I got high. Ironically, Aframan played in Salem last month and I missed that as well.

Even more ironic, since there is enough weed-related material in this issue to justify a legal search and seizure in Idaho, *Green Room Diaries* is taking the month off. Further, I'd like to personally welcome Portland-infamous Belinda Carroll to The Usual Gang Of Perverts. Big ups to her first contribution having *nothing* to do with weed, but rather, she tackles the issue of gentrification in Portland. As they say, beat someone's ass the first day in prison. Also, huge ups to the rest of our new writers, none of whom have appeared to have jumped ship after I took over the wheel like a drunken sailor. We value our contributors so much that I've trimmed this here column just to avoid having to skimp on other stuff (we got a few new advertisers, so let's welcome them, too).

With that being said, this column is the only trimming I will be doing this year. Fuck trimming. If you want to make money off of weed, sell it. Seriously, listen to me here. It may be a fun job, but it's still a laborious, back-breaking, monotonous series of repetitions that no one should endure. In fact, I will prove it to you—hire me as a trimmer for one season and, at the end, I will bitch and moan to you about how much it sucks, while staring at all the cash I made from convincing our entire reader base that trimming isn't worth it, simply so I could take the position first.

So, anyone got any trimming gigs for a brother? My burner phone is (707) 456-7887 and I bring my own Fiskars.

—Ray McMillin



EXOTICPINUP2016

OCTOBER

Vincent
from
Devil's Point



THE SUNSET STRIP EXIT 69

10205 SW PARK WAY
PORTLAND • 97225
10 MINUTES FROM DOWNTOWN
EXIT 69B OFF OF HIGHWAY 26

3RD ANNUAL VIP PINK PARTY

Charity Poker Tournament & Auction

THURSDAY OCTOBER 20TH



WWW.SUNSETSTRIPPDJ.COM



Payton

HAPPY HOUR
MONDAY-FRIDAY NOON-7PM

**ARE YOU SMARTER
THAN A STRIPPER?**
TRIVIA WEDNESDAYS
\$50 CASH PRIZE FOR WINNER

**VIDEO POKER
NOW AVAILABLE**



The Runway

www.RunwayGC.com



ALL-MALE REVUE
SATURDAY, OCT 22
FROM 6PM TO 9PM

AUDITIONS MON-THU NOON-6PM, CALL (503) 713-3572 - OPEN MON-WED NOON-1AM, THU-FRI NOON-2:30AM, SAT 4PM-2:30AM & SUN 4PM-1AM

1735 SE TUALATIN VALLEY HWY · HILLSBORO, OR 97123 · (503) 640.4086

TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH MFNW'S ANNUAL

BY DJ HAZMATT

Music Fest Northwest (MFNW) is a historically over-hyped and perpetually-forgotten Portland music festival that usually features headliners who require a one-paragraph explanation as to why you should care about them. This year, the event got sponsored by Pabst, a drink that is usually consumed at MFNW, but only because it's cheap and tastes like irony. Although the multi-venue roster of shows was typical for all non-waterfront listings, the main stages in Tom McCall Park were given the "artists you'd pay to see" treatment. Here's the Ray-port from the shows I attended. Apologies to any local acts I missed, but you aren't Ween.

Day 1: Andrew W.K., Ice Cube (w/ Most Of N.W.A.), Duran Duran, Other Artists I Forgot To Watch

I don't know what's in the Cube family jeans, but Ice Cube looked about five years older than his son, as did DJ Yella. MC Ren, on the other hand, appears to have aged just a few handicapped parking spaces closer to the morgue than Bill Clinton. Fans remember MC Ren as the most intimidating, in-your-face, hardcore lyricist in the game. Well, now he's the old war vet, yelling at that lyricist for being on his lawn. Even though it was a wet dream of mine to witness the best cuts from "Straight Outta Compton" live, I was anticipating Ren's Alzheimer's to kick in at any moment. "R-E-N spells... Uhhh..." or something of that variety. Thankfully, Ren just gave the audience the Carrie Fisher treatment and delivered his classic lines with a voice that sounded as if it was going to offer us some hard candy and tell stories about all the people who didn't make it to bingo this week. Ice Cube, on the other hand, is 100% hip hop emcee. Between Auto-Tune, swag, that retarded-sounding stuff that Rich Gang puts out, etc., it's not surprising that Ice Cube holds the test of time, when compared to recent rap offerings. Still, there weren't any backing vocals coming from the DJ booth, there weren't fifty people on stage and, in a live rap concert first, no one was walking around with a towel and a bottle of water, while doing absolutely nothing. The only thing more entertaining than watching Ice Cube C-walk while spitting his verse from "Bow Down," was turning around toward the crowd and noticing which white audience members were,

and weren't, willing to sing along with certain lines.

Somewhere, in a room full of foreign concert promoters who clearly think ABBA is still relevant and consider hip hop to be a style of walking, a dude (or a woman, or a child, or a dog with a pen strapped to his paw, or a self-aware George Foreman Grill) looked at the festival lineup and said, "You know what would make a great follow-up to 'The Nigga Ya Love To Hate,' and hear me out? Really, really gay music from the 80's. I'm talking streamers, divas in leather, the whole enchilada!" And, with that, Duran Duran was given the slot immediately after a sizable portion Compton's most notorious gang.



Now, if anyone has ever read more than a sentence of this column, you will know that I don't use "gay" as an insult, any more than I use women for love—it's quite the contrary. Duran Duran is sandwiched between Echo and Depeche Mode in my list of bands I'd actually fuck a dude to get backstage passes to. And, to call them an 80s band is actually insulting, as the group maintained relevance throughout most of the 90s. Not only did Duran Duran perform their cover of "White Lines" (which helped answer the question I had asked myself earlier, about promoters planned on retaining the Ice Cube crowd), but they also played damn near every song anyone remembers them liking, as well as "Ordinary World." The best part of the performance included an explosion of streamers, glitter and other shit that would equate to what GWAR, ICP and Gallagher would deliver, if GWAR, ICP and Gallagher were allowed to perform at Pride. Also, shout out to the disgusted-

looking basic bitch with the Tame Impala shirt (you were a day early, sweetheart) that stared at the gyrating lead singer (Gene Duran or Dean Duran, I forget) with utter disgust, as her "boyfriend" bit his lower lip and smiled; your visual disgust with gay dudes is admirable, considering the fact you appear to be sleeping with one, without knowing it.

Day 2: A\$AP Ferg, Ween, Tame Impala, More Shitty Openers

Ween is the musical equivalent of those YouTube videos where, say, a geeky-looking white kid gets a standing ovation at The Apollo for busting sick-ass dance moves (while playing a trombone), or a fat kid takes on three bullies with one swift Street Fighter move. Writing Ween off as a "joke band" is easy, from a critic's point of view—the band falls somewhere between Tenacious D and They Might Be Giants, in terms of self-aware whimsy. However, unlike The D or TMBG, Ween's live performances are tied with, if not superior to, the legendary bands from which Ween draws obvious influence (search YouTube and find Ween's live cover of "All Of My Love" for proof). Further, the studio versions of Ween songs are simply stencils of what the band does with them live. Ween fans are basically post-sobriety Deadheads with degrees, families and jobs, minus the hippie stench, plus a few tabs of 1996-era LSD running through the bloodstream. Unlike Deadheads, however, Ween fans are as rabid as Juggalos, in terms of dedication to their/our favorite artist(s).

I made my way up front during Ween's opening song, a somber fuck-off to non-fans titled "She Wanted To Leave," which I swear was subtly dedicated to every Tame Impala fan who stood by the wrong stage, an hour early. Weaving through drunk people is super, super easy, if you haven't been drinking as well—simply "fall" into people, in a forward direction, with a B-line toward the front of the stage, and whenever anyone gives you a dirty glance for bumping into them, just look behind you and cuss out the second-closest person you can see (without making eye contact). This makes it look like some imaginary brute is forcing you to trample mousy girls and their beta dates, while you try to get close enough to enjoy Ween. Once I made it

PABST SMEAR GETS SERIOUS



to what would normally be the mosh pit section of any other concert, I was greeted with literally dozens of joints. Apparently, someone had rolled up hundreds of doobies and, on principle, gave them all away to people standing up front at Ween. Whoever you are, if you're reading this, God bless you.

Upon hearing that Ween was playing a less-than-an-hour set in Portland, I was originally afraid that the band would resort to "Pushing Up Daisies" and "Pissing Up Ropes"—i.e. playing to the fringe demographic of Tame Impala fans who might like Ween if given the chance. Thankfully, this was not the case, as Gener and Deen recognized the true brownness of the crowd. We got to hear "You Fucked Up," "The Stallion Pt. 1," "Object" and a shit-ton of other songs that only the most die-hard of Ween fans would know. Then, with roughly fifteen minutes left in their set, Ween began to play what is arguably one of their shortest, most laid-back and obscure songs—"Fluffy"—about a dog, a porch, a dog on a porch, other dogs on the porch, the walkway and walks. It is not "Buenos Tardes Amigo," in terms of being top-tier songwriting, however, the three-minute album version then morphed into what was the greatest "fuck you" to a mainstream festival I've ever seen; somehow, Ween managed to summon Pink Floyd from a pile of shit, going full-on Woodstock with guitar solos, extended drum breaks, keyboard trickery and a generally un-fuckwithable level of showmanship that was probably the best fifteen minutes of live music to occur all weekend, if not year. Then, with very little to-do, the newly-reunited face of Boognish took a bow and left the stage.

After Ween was done, I tried watching Tame Impala. Like, I gave it the genuine ol' college try. It was boring. And, not like Cure boring, but five guys staring at pre-programmed loops while

nodding their head boring. Every song sounded exactly the same—forced vocals accompanied by feigned emotion from a living portrait of a manchild Millennial, vaguely familiar electronic loops, bored-looking guitarists that don't need half of their strings and a handful of teenage girls that explained why the band got to headline the festival. I wasn't the only one who felt this way, because after the first "song" ended, a sea of folks flocked to the concession stands, where Ben and Jerry's was giving away the last of their ice cream for free. I stuck around and stared at the teenage girls, because they were trying so very hard to look like a band made up of men and I didn't want to join the ice cream exodus. I finished watching Tame Impala with the same amount of enthusiasm I would have watching only the plot portions of a softcore porn video.

After I left the festival gates, I noticed an Impala, with the license plate "IMPALA," slowly cruising down the street. It was just as exciting, if not more, than Tame Impala's performance. In fact, it was doing a better job at being a tame Impala than Tame Impala. Fuck Tame Impala. Following Ween will be the highlight of their career and, hopefully, the beginning of their descent into obscurity.

Considering the availability of Ween, Ice Cube, Andrew WK, A\$AP Ferg and Duran Duran, it was insulting to find out that the MFNW: Project Pabst money shot, Tame Impala, was just another reread hipster outfit. But, then I realized something: Pabst is simply punking the hell out of the MFNW legacy. Not only did all the "local, up-and-coming" MFNW acts get stuffed into other venues (places that will close next year, to make way for lofts) while 75% of N.W.A. performed "Fuck The Police" for the first time in years, but since past MFNW events have proven

to be resistant to talent (offering bills littered with backpack rappers and shitty folk rock alt-whatever), partnering up with MFNW to bring mainstream talent to the Portland waterfront was a sleazy, genius move on Project Pabst's behalf. Pabst knew that, in order to subject scenesters to such mainstream artists as Duran Duran and Ice Cube, they'd have to showcase a band that hipsters can't help but purchase tickets to—meanwhile, Floater is "playing up the block, but I don't know if I'd rather just go home and smoke weed," according to 99% of the people who would normally be stoked about a Floater show. MFNW got gentrified by the mainstream, co-opted by shitty beer and was, strangely enough, the best festival I've been to in a long, long time—and, I didn't drink a single drop during the time I spent watching asshats chug pisswater from makeshift brown bags. Project Pabst Presents: MFNW was easily the most ironic thing to happen to Portland hipsters since the last time someone got shot outside of Salt 'N Straw—which was a long fucking time ago.

What does this teach us about NW-area festivals, musical or otherwise? The ticket-holding masses don't want to watch anymore shitty, acoustic, one-off solo performances from former Decembrists. Portland's music scene is dead, which means that Portland might just have a music scene again. That last sentence will only make sense if you've been in town for more than a decade or two. Viva La Luna, fuck the Doug Fir and, for the love of god, let's have Project Pabst back next year with open arms. Maybe we will get to see Aerosmith, Fugazi, Public Enemy and Tom Waits, while The Shins play to a crowd of four in a basement. It's what Portland deserves.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com

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 55 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

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

SCARLET LOUNGE 60 FOOD
12646 SE Division St | (503) 954-1019
Daily 9am-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

1703 W Burnside St | (503) 295-6969
Daily 10am-3am

10720 SW Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy
(503) 235-6969
Daily 10am-10pm

15536 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 203-6969
Daily 10am-Midnight

6440 SW Coronado St | (503) 244-6969
Daily 24 hours

FANTASYLAND (2) 116
5228 SE Foster Rd | (503) 775-0094
Daily 24 hours

16014 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 655-4667
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

MARIJUANA PARADISE 6
9663 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-7462
Daily 10am-8pm

NECTAR - NE SANDY B 8
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 SOUCE 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

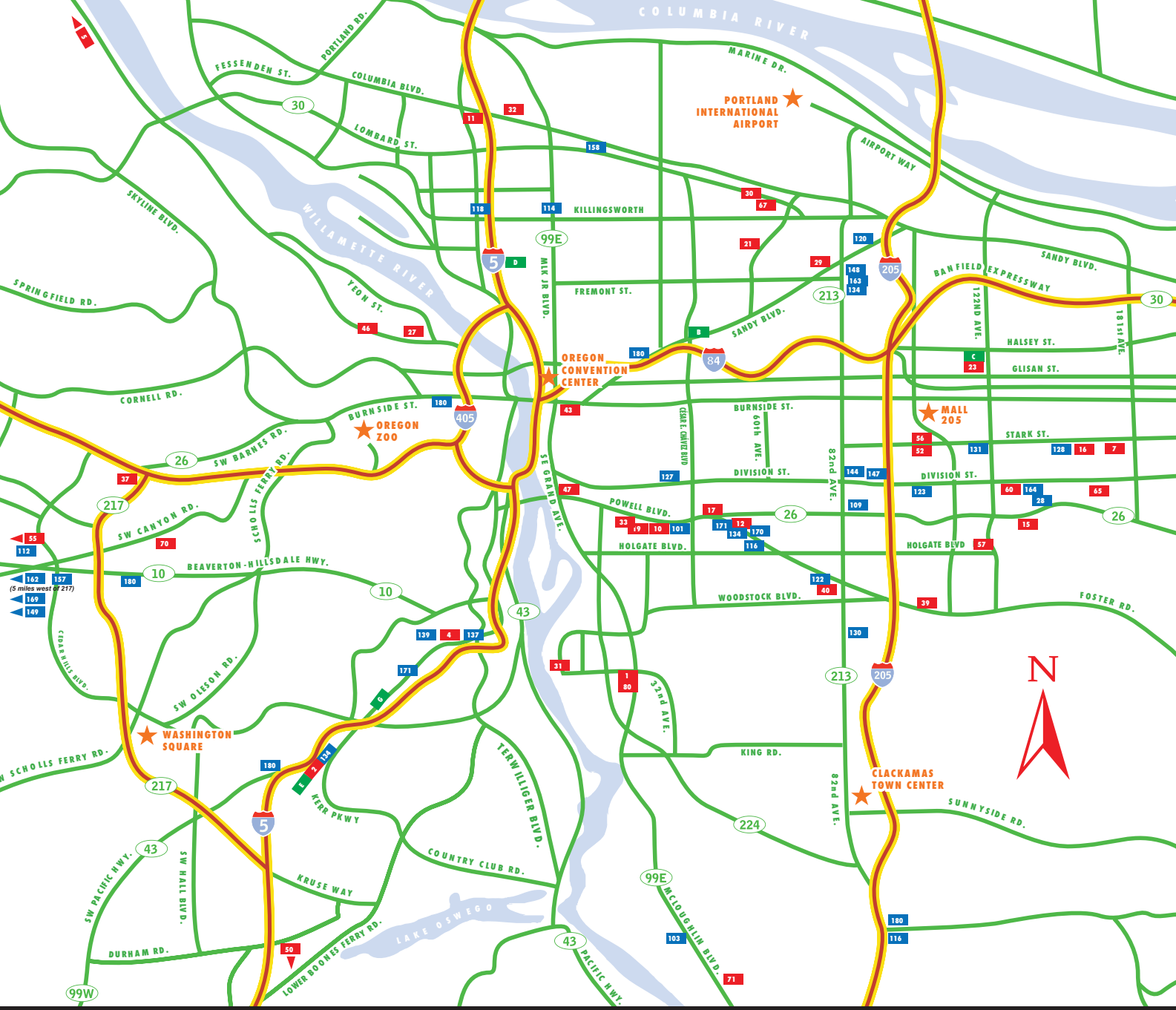
1735 SE TUALATIN VALLEY HWY
503-640-4086

46 CASA DIABLO

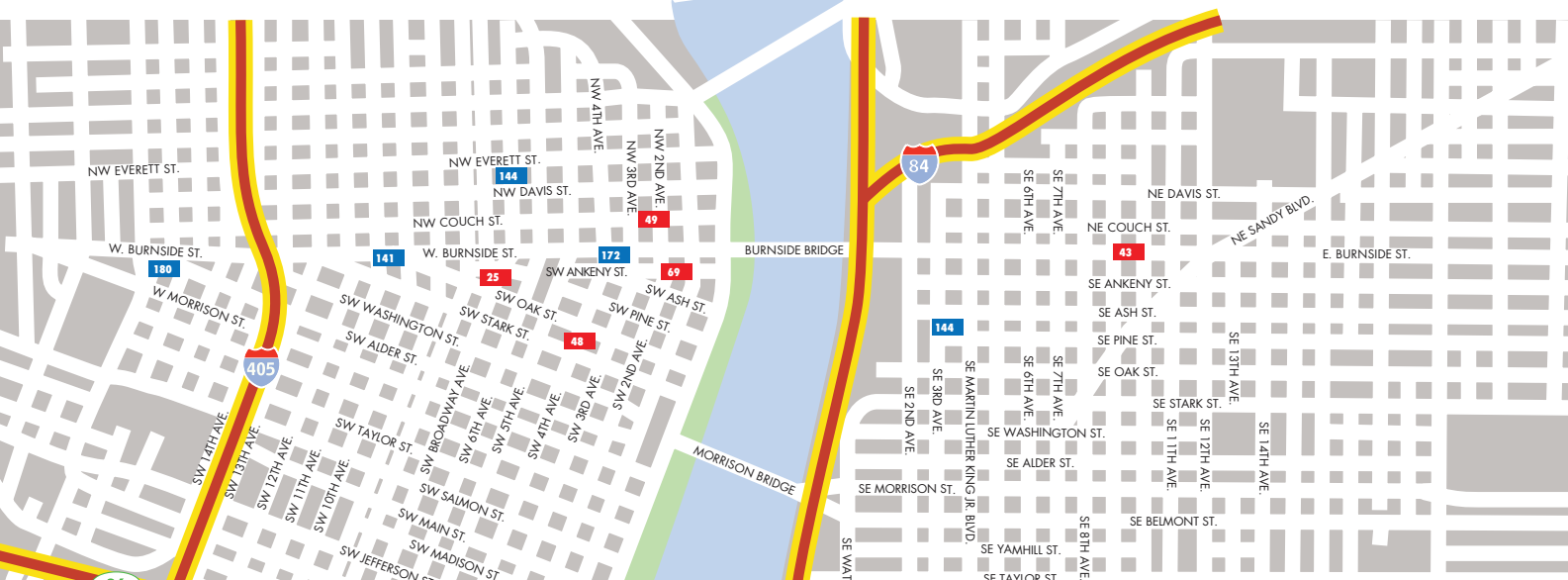
2839 NW ST HELENS RD
503-222-6600

50 STARS Cabaret

BRIDGEPORT - 17939 SW MCEWAN RD
503-726-2403



DOWNTOWN PORTLAND



OREGON

ASTORIA

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

BEND

IMAGINE THAT
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 11th 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

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

VIKENS
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) 844-1019
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

THE MANCAVE
1444 Main St / (541) 515-6656
Full Bar, Full Menu, 1 Stage
Mon-Fri 12pm-2:30am, Sat-Sun 4pm-2:30am

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

DES MOINES

AIRPORT VIDEO 2
21635 Pacific Highway S / (206) 878-7780
Theater, Arcade, Video Peep Shows, Movies,
Novelties & Toys
10am-2am / 7 Days

EVERETT

AIRPORT VIDEO 1
11732 Airport Rd / (425) 290-7555
Theater, Arcade, Videos, Magazines, Novelties
24 Hours / 7 Days

KENNEWICK

CASTLE MEGASTORE
522 N Columbia Center Blvd / (509) 374-8276
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-1am

KENT

PLEASURES PEAK
519 Central Ave S / (253) 220-8509
Lingerie, Dancewear, Novelties & Accessories
Mon-Sat 11am-9:30pm

THE FANTASY SHOP
604 Central Ave S / (253) 850-8428
Adult Products & Smoke Supplies
Mon-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-11pm,
Sun 12pm-8pm

LAKESWOOD

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO
3922 100th St SW / (253) 582-3329
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade
Mon-Sat 8am-2am, Sun 10am-10pm

LIBERTY BOOK STORE
3710 100th St SW / (253) 581-0362
Videos, Magazines, Books, Arcade
Sun-Thu 8am-12am, Fri-Sat 8am-1am

LYNNWOOD

DEANNA'S VIDEO
15329 Highway 99 / (425) 742-7747
Videos, Magazines, Arcade, Novelties, Toys
9am-1am / 7 Days

LOVERS LAIR
4001 198th St SW #7 / (425) 775-4502
DVDs, Novelties, Lingerie, Unique BDSM
Supplies
Mon-Sat 10am-10pm, Sun 12pm-6pm

PASCO

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO
3724 N Rainier Ave / (509) 547-5341
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade
Mon-Sat 9am-12am, Sun 10am-10pm

RENTON

CLUB SINROCK
208 SW 16th St / (425) 255-3110
18+ Gentlemen's Club, 1 Stage, ATM
Mon-Fri 2pm-2am, Sat-Sun 6pm-2am

SEATTLE

CASTLE MEGASTORE
1017 E Pike St / (206) 204-0126
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-11pm, Fri-Sat 11am-2am

DANCING BARE
10338 Aurora Ave N / (206) 523-1227
18+, 1 Stage, VIP Area, ATM, DVDs, Toys, Novelties
11am-2:30am / 7 Days

HOLLYWOOD EROTIC BOUTIQUE
12706 Lake City Way NE / (206) 363-0056
DVDs, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie, Theater
24 Hours / 7 Days

SANDS SHOWGIRLS
7509 15th Ave NW / (206) 782-1225
18+ Gentlemen's Club (No Cover), Pool, ATM
12pm-2:30am / 7 Days

TABOO VIDEO
9813 16th Ave SW / (206) 767-4855
DVDs, Novelties, Arcade, Theater, Best Prices
8am-12am / 7 Days

THE FANTASY SHOP
9630 16th Ave SW / (206) 762-3299
Adult Products & Smoke Supplies
10am-11pm / 7 Days

VIDEO VIDEOS
10326 Lake City Way NE / (206) 523-5973
DVDs, Magazines, Books, Toys, Novelties,
Theater
10am-3am / 7 Days

YOUR CHOICE VIDEO
9811 16th Ave SW / (206) 768-0711
DVDs, Novelties, Arcade
10am-12am / 7 Days

SHORELINE

RONNA'S VIDEO
19540 Aurora Ave N / (206) 542-1044
Videos, Magazine, Arcade, Novelties, Toys
Open Sun-Thu 9am-12am, Fri-Sat 9am-1am

SILVERDALE

CASTLE MEGASTORE
2789 NW Randall Way / (360) 308-0779
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm

SPOKANE

HOLLYWOOD EROTIC BOUTIQUE
3813 N Division St / (509) 324-8961
DVDs, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie
Mon-Thu 9am-12am, Fri-Sat 9am-2am
& Sun 12pm-10pm

SPOKANE VALLEY

CASTLE MEGASTORE
11324 E Sprague Ave / (509) 893-1180
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-1am

HOLLYWOOD EROTIC BOUTIQUE
9611 E Sprague Ave / (509) 928-9499
DVDs, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie, Theater
24 Hours / 7 Days

TACOMA

CASTLE MEGASTORE
6015 Tacoma Mall Blvd / (253) 471-0391
Essentials For Lovers
10am-1am / 7 Days

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO
5440 South Tacoma Way / (253) 474-9871
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade
Mon-Sat 8am-2am, Sun 10am-10pm

TUKWILA

CASTLE MEGASTORE
235 Strander Blvd / (206) 575-7575
Essentials For Lovers
Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-12am

Moonlite Bunny Ranch

est. 1955

Always Hiring Fun Girls

Housing Provided • Open Schedules

18 and up 1-888-BUNNYRANCH

dennis@bunnyranch.com

madamsuzette@bunnyranch.com



AirForceAmy@BunnyRanch.com

Air Force Amy
@AirforceAmy



FaithAnn@BunnyRanch.com

Faith Ann
@FaithAnnBunny



HarleyLane@BunnyRanch.com

Harley Lane
@HarleyLane_Tx



Rain@BunnyRanch.com

Rain
@RainMLBR



CaressaKisses@BunnyRanch.com

Caressa Kisses
@CaressaBunny



Madam Suzette & Dennis Hof's

Red Light District

Northern Nevada

Moonlite Bunny Ranch: www.BunnyRanch.com
 Love Ranch Reno/Tahoe: www.LoveRanch.net
 Sagebrush Ranch: www.SagebrushRanch.com
 Kit Kat Ranch: www.KitKatRanch.com

Southern Nevada

Love Ranch Vegas: www.LoveRanch.net
 Alien Cathouse: www.AlienCathouse.com

Information Available At
888-BUNNYRANCH
 or www.Bunnyranch.com

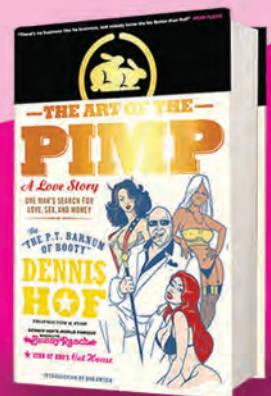
- Just minutes from Reno & Lake Tahoe
- Always Open
- Always Fun
- Full Bar
- Unique Gift Shop
- Senior & Servicemen Discounts

"Those seeking depictions of graphic sex and the ins and outs of prostitution will dig Hof's salacious memoir!" – Kirkus Reviews



amazon **BAM!** BARNES & NOBLE INDIE BOUND

ORDER YOURS TODAY!



A REVIEW OF

Harvest Neil Young

BY YOUR
ESTRANGED
OLDER
COUSIN

Hey.

What's up?

This is your cousin, Brad. You know, Richard's son. I was from his first marriage, so you probably don't know much about me. I think the last time I saw you, it was at a pool party. You were like seven, or 13, or something. Or, you were a baby. I don't remember, those were hazy times for me, haha.

I don't know what you've been up to in your life. No one in the family talks to me. I can tell you all the details sometime, if you want. It's dark.

To be honest though, I like to take a peek at your Facebook now and then. You seem to be doing pretty well for yourself...nice, well-paying job. I remember that picture of your graduation—that's killer. I did a semester once, but it wasn't for me. Too much bullshit.

And now you got a nice job, too. That's cool. And, you got a girlfriend, who also has a nice job—I checked. She's not so bad looking, either. I had a hot one in Ventura one time—that was nice.

Anyways, while I was looking at your Facebook, I saw that you like music. Then, I was like, "Hey, what's an estranged cousin got to offer besides hooking it up with crunchy music recommendations?"

If you haven't already, you should def check out Neil Young's *Harvest*. Each track is solid. The whole album was like a sleek, rare animal—like a horse that wants you to ride it. Or like, a bird.

Heart Of Gold

This is what it's all about, right here. Fuckin' "Heart of Gold." I mean, immediately, when the song starts, its like da da da da da duh da duh, buh reow reow, duh duh duh duh duh duh, da duh duh, buh buh du reow...and I'm goin, "Fuck yeah, 'Heart of Gold' is on!" Trust me, this

song rules. And, it's true, you know? What he says in it... keeps you searchin' for a heart of gold. Bein' a miner for it. So true. Some people are just dicks out there, like Will. And then, there was Connor, who pretty much stole my car. It sucks when your friends turn on you, trust me.

Harvest

Can't go wrong with the title track on an album. It always kicks ass. "Thriller" from Michael Jackson's *Thriller*, "Sail Away" on *Sail Away* by Styx, The Kinks *Greatest Hits*, track four on Led Zeppelin's *IV*. Fuckin' title tracks—remember that!

"Will I see you give more than I can take? Will I only harvest some?" That line is perfect and really speaks to me, especially since I used to have this grow-op goin with fuckin' Will. Will and I were friends for a bit. I totally trusted him and thought he was cool, but you know, sometimes in life, shit happens and Will turned out to be a dick. I was doin' a bunch of trim for him—and his old lady was there with me—and I guess he got all suspicious, 'cause he only paid me HALF of what he promised. Thought I was messing around with his honey dip (Michele?) and I was, but Will couldn't have found out about it, 'cause he rode a wheelchair. Plus, it only happened three times, so he was just being paranoid I think.

A Man Needs A Maid

There was this one I had in Salt Lake City, Karen I think it was, who knew how to treat a man. She was a great cook. Always made the bed in the morning, stuff like that. Ran out on me after her landlord said I couldn't stay there anymore. Just kept saying the word "volume" to me. Speaking of volume, gotta know how to use it right. Rock music? **CRANK IT UP!**

Words (Between The Lines Of Age)

Actually, I do remember this one guy from Alabama, who was dumb, but really nice. He would do Whip-Its every night—carried a medicine bag around with him full, of nitrus cartridges. One day, he disappeared. Kind of a fucked up way to go out, if you think about it. You know, disappearing.

Are You Ready For The Country?

Yeah. I mean, it depends. Pretty good song. Might be the best one on the album.

The Needle And The Damage Done

I never really like this track. I usually skip it or leave the room when it's on.

Margaritaville

Total classic. Seriously. Good song. Maybe the best one on the album. Margaritas are expensive though. Unless you get one of those ones that Budweiser makes—they're pretty good and they get you faded real quick.

Old Man

"Old man take a look at my life, I'm a lot like you." Hell yeah!

I remember the first time I heard this song, I was like 19, or 26 or something and it was in the Rockies. I was with a tasty broad just riding around in her Volkswagen. We parked at a switchback and made out for a while—then she blew me. "Old Man" had played earlier that day on the radio.

P.S.

Anyways, do you think you could float me \$350? Shit's been dire here and I don't have much work on the horizon. It's the Indiana economy, I heard it crashed recently. I figured it would be cool to ask, considering I helped you discover some new tunes and some new inspiration.

I would ask someone else in the family, but no one's returning my messages, which I understand, since they are probably pissed about stuff—I would be too. And, I got into an actual fight with one of the people who live in this house, 'cause of dishes or some shit. I didn't do anything. Sometimes, people just don't know that they don't know...you know? Ha ha.

Zeke was living there too, but he didn't get my back. Instead, Zeke decided to act all paranoid. Some people are so hung up on material possessions, you know? So, now, I am staying with this single mom, Megan. Her son is 14 and we hate each other.

Also, no checks—cash or money order only, por favor. I can't have a bank account for reasons I won't go into and those check-cashing places are always trying to fuck you in your asshole, trust me

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



PLAYBOY TV

CHECK OUT OUR
PLAYBOY TV EPISODE
OF **UNDERCOVER**
WITH **VINCENT**
NOW ONLINE AT
PLAYBOYTV.COM!

*Featuring
Exotic Covergirl
Vincent*

**STRIPPARAOKE
HALLOWEEN PARTY!**

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30
\$500 COSTUME CONTEST

"Home Of World-Famous Stripparaoke"

DEVILS POINT

5305 SE FOSTER RD (503) 774-4513
OPEN 11AM TO 2:30AM 7 DAYS A WEEK

NOW HIRING TALENTED, SEXY ENTERTAINERS • EMAIL PICS AND INFO TO SHIFTS@DANCERBOOKING.COM
FOR LIVE MUSIC AND DANCERS' SCHEDULES, CHECK US OUT @ DEVILSPOINTBAR.COM #DEVILSPOINTPDX @DEVILSPOINTPDX

Karma's a BITCH

(You Reap What You Sow)

By Ericka Rachelle Mendoza

The guy who stole and sold the Pamela Anderson/Tommy Lee sex tape is now a former pornstar, turned electrician.

When former Baywatch star (and, usually-naked PETA activist) Pamela Anderson married Mötley Crüe drummer Tommy Lee, she probably had no idea that their sex tape would lead to another title—Most Downloadable Woman On The Internet (according to *Guinness Book Of World Records*). The illegal media (illegal, because neither Tommy Lee nor Pamela Anderson signed their copyrights over for it) would eventually go on to make millions of dollars, turn Anderson into an even bigger name and confirm Lee's bravado of having one of the biggest dicks in the music world. But, what isn't widely known, is where (and how) the tape originated from or the bad karma that ensued, once the VHS tape was stolen from the then-couple's Malibu home.

Enter Rand Gauthier, a former pornstar turned electrician, who made XXX films under the name of Austin Moore. Gauthier had been hired to complete work on the Lee's Malibu home, along with another employee, but the business relationship went bad—when Tommy Lee allegedly threatened Gauthier with a gun in his face, Gauthier decided to retaliate. Along with one other alleged accomplice, Gauthier devised a plan to steal a safe in the Lee's garage. Gauthier went so far as to allegedly disguise himself as a furry dog, to get a hold of the safe. Once Gauthier and friend transported and opened the safe, they discovered, in addition to other valuables, the couple's honeymoon sex tape—considered one of the first celebrity sex tapes.

Gauthier, unsure of how to sell the tape, ended up getting a loan from a crime family to make copies of the tape to peddle—a

deal that left him working for that family to pay off the loan. The tape made little money for Gauthier, and once the Lees realized that the safe and its contents were stolen, probably by Gauthier, everyone, from Hell's Angels to lawyers, came looking for the tape (and Gauthier). Eventually, an Internet porn pioneer, Seth Warshavsky, was able to claim rights to the tape and streamed it online, via his porn site ClubLove.com, beginning the age of celebrity sex tapes.

Warshavsky went on to make millions off the tape and although the Lees did sue Warshavsky for \$90 million (for copyright infringement), a judge dismissed the Lee's suit. The blonde bombshell and drummer settled for less than \$2,000,000. The tape did some damage to Anderson's career—the former Playboy centerfold smokes a joint in the video, after having publicly claimed to never have smoked marijuana—but, Lee's reputation as a cocksman was cemented. Anderson later changed her mind about weed, however, when she wrote an open letter to Obama on her official blog, urging the legalization of marijuana.



"I think we should legalize marijuana, tax and monitor (it)— farm hemp, etc.," wrote Anderson on her blog. "This would make our borders less corrupt...we should be able to farm hemp in America—it's just silly. It would create jobs and be good for the environment."

And, last year on an episode of Bravo

Channel's *Watch What Happens Live*, Anderson stated she personally never made any money from the sex tape. Anderson said she grew tired of dealing with the legal fallout when she was pregnant (with the younger of two sons she has with Lee).

"I was seven months pregnant with Dylan and thinking it was affecting the pregnancy with the stress and said, 'I'm not going to court anymore. I'm not being deposed anymore by these horny, weird lawyer men. (I) don't want to talk about my vagina anymore or my public sex.'"

According to Rolling Stone, Gauthier, who shared his full story with the rock and roll magazine, continues to practice the skill that brought him to Tommy Lee and Pamela Anderson's home almost 20 years ago—he is an electrician, living somewhere in California, growing weed in his garage. And, if you try to find the man responsible for uncovering (and stealing) the sex tape that would crown Pamela Anderson as the Most Downloaded Person On The Internet (2005), you will find only a lonely WordPress page with these words:

"The owner of Q Electrical Services, Rand Gauthier, and his business are based in Santa Rosa, California. His company specializes in wiring motor controllers and equipment used to control the speed of machinery."

CAUTION

9TH ANNUAL

ZOMBIE STRIPPER NIGHT!

THURSDAY, OCT 27 AT 9PM!

PIXIE & HARLEY



ZOMBIE STRIPPERS
ZOMBIE FOOD



COSTUME CONTEST
TUNES BY DJ ROB
PRIZES & BRAINS!

LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE

633 SE POWELL BLVD • (503) 206-7350

FACEBOOK.COM/LUCKYDEVILLOUNGE

PHOTO BY JEFFHELEN.COM

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.

From BDSM Usenet message boards, to webcams, to Tinder, technological advancements of the Internet have always been used to facilitate casual sex with strangers. As a baby of the 80s, coming to sexual awareness during the era of dial-up AOL, I've been around the block of casual sex technology. Let me share with you some tips on how to get the maximum casual sex harvest from your energy crop.

1) Stick to situations where you're both anonymous. Never proposition sex column writers or Facebook acquaintances. It's easier on everybody involved.

2) Craigslist "casual encounters" will forever score at the top for me, in terms of ease of use and yield of the crops. Dating sites you pay for are filled with people looking for commitment. OKCupid is a step up, in terms of likelihood that somebody will casually bone you, then graciously disappear for a few months until you stumble upon their phone number, but OKC seems to take a lot of energy to find compatible people; displaying our personalities gives us more opportunity to judge each other. Why even bother getting to know somebody, when you can just play with their genitals and part ways—without ever needing a conversation?

Sure, Tinder is easy to use and I hear Grindr has a much higher success rate. These apps are onto something, but I'll never get over my love for Craigslist, because when I post an ad, I get hundreds of responses that I can deal with on my own terms. It is both an affirmation that my body is desirable, as well as an opportunity to judge the people who respond to me—all while staying anonymous!

3) Open your mind to the idea of having sex with people who aren't women (trans or cis). The ratio of people looking to casually fuck women, compared to the number of women looking to casually fuck, is just too far out of whack to be realistic. The energy output is so exponentially greater than the likelihood that you'll find a DTF female sexpot, that it is a statistical impossibility. You like what you like and, obviously, I completely generalize genders.

Personally, I find the most quality yield comes from gender non-binary folks, who I find to be creative and open-minded. But, if you're trying to optimize the quantity of response to your crop of a casual encounters ad, post an ad looking for cis men.

4) When responding to a CL ad, be charming (or at least make conversation), make sure to read the ad ahead of time and don't take rejection too personally. If you're making the ad, suggest ways people can win in their response to you.

Every time I've put an ad on Craigslist looking for casual sex, I've been met with 200-300 eager responses, within a day, at which point somebody ends up flagging my post. Was it an undersexed mother policing the net who flagged me, upset about my awesome boobs? Or, just somebody who is sad I rejected them? I'm only seeking exactly what's supposed to be advertised in the Casual Encounters section—nothing flag-worthy here.

In my ads, I state specifically how people can engage with me, by providing a list of potential conversation starters. Still, many men write me with simply, "I want to fuck you." Yes, DucksFan84, 197 other men *also* want to fuck me. What's your point?

CapnBroBomb told me he wants to defoul me. I'm not sure what defouling is, exactly, but I'm pretty sure I don't want anything to do with it.

A lot of men just choose to send pictures. EagleHawk69 chose to just send me a picture of the top of his head and an American flag on the wall. No text, no picture of his face. It felt like a practical joke or a booby trap, not like somebody who bothered to read my ad. These are examples of what NOT to do.

Much more common are the dozens and dozens of pictures of painfully-average dick pics. Now, I'm no size queen. Frankly, I put genitals of all shapes and sizes in my mouth and vulva. I just think, if you're going to send

nothing but a picture of your penis, it should at least be an impressive penis. I mean, I do get the occasional beautiful penis. I'm impressed by the color range of dick pics people send me, given the ethnic diversity of Eugene.

And, I know, I know...what's "impressive" is subjective, but you would be downright shocked at the number of short, skinny dicks (with huge circumcision scars) that flood my inbox.

I still wouldn't hesitate to play with a sad-looking penis, if it were attached to a person I care about—or, a person I just met at the bar while I was the right amount of drunk. I'm just saying, an average-looking penis isn't enough to *grab my attention*. A couple dozen pics of what could very well be the same white guy, with the same unimpressive penis, aren't enough to draw me in.

The message you send in response to people's ads is your sexual cover letter. Folks, if you're going to copy/paste your sexual propositions, at least add something new each time—to show you're paying some attention. Once your cover letter has been read and approved, a dick pic can be the *résumé* (if they request it).

5) Stay on the lookout for weirdos.

Some people get off on kicking other people in the balls or spitting half-eaten food into another person's mouth. Some may invite you over to to drink wine and play chess, but then, after you've been rolling around half-naked in bed for 20 minutes, they suddenly kick you out. And, those are just three examples of the myriad things I've done with men I've met on Craigslist. So, be careful, because the person on the other end of that message could be me!

Dr. Helen Shepard is a Clinical Sexologist with a private practice in Eugene. She is available for professional consultation, but really, really doesn't want to be propositioned for casual sex.

FROLICS

SUPERSTORE

WWW.FROLICSSUPERSTORE.COM
8845 NE SANDY BLVD | PORTLAND, OR | 503-408-0958

**CHECK OUT OUR
BRAND NEW
ARCADE!**

OVER 2,000 CHANNELS!
PREVIEW ROOMS WITH
BIG SCREEN HD TVS!

**PRIVATE, SEXY
1-ON-1 SHOWS
YOU WONT FORGET!**

**ONE-STOP ADULT
SHOP OPEN 24/7!**

**DANCER & MILITARY
DISCOUNTS!**

LINGERIE, SHOES & MORE!

**HUGE SALE ON
TOYS AND NOVELTIES!**

**DVDS FOR RENTAL
& SALE!**

ATM!

**18 &
Over**

*Get Your Sexy-Ass
Halloween Costumes Here!
Select Costumes up to 75% Off!*

**OLIVIA
SPARKLES**



LINGERIE PROVIDED BY FROLICS

ALSO VISIT LOTUS, SHERRY & VALERIE! • CALL 503-408-0958 FOR MORE INFO! • OPEN 24 HOURS • NOW HIRING MODELS 18+



QUICK & EASY FOOD IDEAS
FOR WHEN YOU'RE HIGH AS FUCK
(BUT CAN'T FIND YOUR SHOES)

BY TIFFANY GREYSEN

Whether you have a fully-stocked kitchen, or have to dig through your cupboards to find last year's uneaten cranberry sauce or literally have nothing to eat, here is a list of some food ideas you can put together when you are so high that you can't find your shoes.

1. Chicken pot pie. Chicken pot pie is tricky. While it sounds like a good thing to eat when you are stoned, it takes fucking FOREVER to cook—like 45 minutes. Then, when it's done, you still need to wait another two-and-a-half minutes for it to cool off. So, while you're wait-



ing for your real dinner to cook and cool, you will need to have another dinner to tide you over. A good first dinner to have, before your second dinner, is nachos. Nachos only require the use of a microwave oven, while a chicken pot pie requires you to use that pan storage unit under the microwave, called the oven.

2. Ranch Dressing. Sometimes you start with your condiment of choice, then you work around it. Ranch dressing should be in every hungry stoner's toolkit. You can eat ranch on yesterday's pizza, a pickle, those 17 pretzels from last year's picnic you found in the trunk of your car or the three french fries you discovered in your couch (the ones you can't even remember where they came from).

3. There's always toast—toast is always good.

4. If cooking isn't your thing, you can opt to go over to your neighbor's house and ask to borrow something very pathetic, like a bowl of

cereal. Tell them that you lost your shoes and are starving. They should, at the very least, throw a few chips under your face and offer you a beer.

5. A whole box of mozzarella sticks. Just kidding, no one ever has a whole box of mozzarella sticks.

6. Tic-Tacs are good. Stick with the brightly-flavored ones. Stay away from white and green, as they will shred your mouth up. Orange is my Tic-Tac of choice. I always keep a couple of boxes in my car, for the nights I don't feel like cooking.

7. Your last resort is to hit up a drive thru (please use ride share).

In most cases, I recommend avoiding the drive thru, because of their high-pressure sales tactics and their judgmental attitudes about single women/men ordering more than four number sixes. However, there are a few things you can do to make sure they don't think you are single, alone and crying again. Here are my strategies:



A. When ordering a foot-long sub sandwich, ask them to cut it into thirds. This will make them believe that you aren't going to eat the whole thing in bed, while watching Three's Company re-runs.

B. When ordering at the drive thru, say "Ummm hmmm, what did he want?" and pause a lot. Be sure to ask for two identical things; for example, "I'll have two quarter-pounders with cheese, hold the pickles on one because he

can't have pickles—he's allergic to pickles and I know this because he is my boyfriend."

C. When you are ordering drinks, order your own drink first, then order for your made-up boyfriend. I like to order "him" a Dr. Pepper—this plants the seed that "he" might just be a doctor.

D. If you are really hungry, you can order even more food by claiming that your boyfriend's niece and nephew are visiting from the UK—you don't even have to pick a specific place. Let the drive thru person wonder exactly where in the UK they are from. Say something like, "Pippa and Harry from the UK will be needing food as well, what do you recommend for a six and eight-year-old?" Six and eight years old are good ages to say, because kids at those ages are rotten and nobody is going to think you're lying about having kids who are six and eight.

E. Once you have the previous items handled, now comes the tricky part. You have to be careful not to panic. And, whatever you do, don't roll up to the window while starting to cry, before admitting that you don't have a boyfriend, that you lied and that all the food is really for you (before speeding off). You see, if that happens, you don't get your food and you have to go back the next day to get the credit card you left with the drive thru shift leader. The good thing about fast food, is that every few months, everyone working the 11 pm shift is different. It took me a couple swings to get this right, so don't be hard on yourself if you blow it the first, second or third time.

Bon appetit!

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.



pussycats

PRIVATE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
www.Pussycats.Portland.com



Curvy Girl

Kim

Every Mon,
Wed, Fri & Sun
@ SE Foster Rd Location

5226 SE FOSTER RD • (971) 255-0133

Passionate Dreams

BEST IN PORTLAND!

PRIVATE MODELING

WHAT'S YOUR DREAM?

MASTURBATION,
TOY SHOWS,
FETISHES & MORE!

Layla

MON, TUE, FRI
10AM-7PM

15
MINUTES
FROM
AIRPORT!

6644 SE 82ND AVE / 503-775-6665

NOW SELECTIVELY HIRING BEAUTIFUL & QUALIFIED ENTERTAINERS, CALL LEXUS 503-438-5203

OPEN 10AM-4AM
7 DAYS A WEEK



COME ENJOY PORTLAND'S MOST PROVOCATIVE PLAYHOUSE!

Fetishes Welcome!



Jessie

MON 9AM-9AM (24 Hours)
WED 9AM-9AM (24 Hours)
THU 9AM-5PM
SAT 9AM-9AM (24 Hours)



Hunnies

3520 NE 82ND AVE • (503) 254-4226

Kamilla

@ *Sylvia's*
PlayHouse



Friday 6pm-10pm
Sunday 10am-6pm
Check Schedule
For More Availability

**Vegas-Style Lineup
Friday, Oct 28**

www.PlayHousePortland.com

8226 NE FREMONT ST • 503-568-4090



LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE: THE PISS TEST

By Jaime Suicide

Impotency. Obsession. Resentment. I associate this Bermuda Triangle with relationship anxiety. It differs from other types of anxiety, because it relies almost exclusively on the behaviors of another individual, at least for me. I tend to reflect the emotions I receive. So, if someone is aloof, I tone down my innate enthusiasm and hopefully run the other way, because my therapist told me to avoid the emotionally-unavailable. Most of my discomfort and fear in the beginning of a new romance likely stems from an experience I had with a previous partner. I check myself again and again, but I can't always talk myself out of the fear factory or off the past-pain train. And, if the tracks are too littered with red flags, I wave a white one and haul my ass back to lonely island, at least these days. Because the power plays obliterate trust, distrust leads to intimacy issues and unfulfilled desire devolves into disdain. Frankly, I'd rather masturbate.

My struggles with relationship anxieties often involve communication breakdowns and sexual dysfunction—and, somehow, they're connected. The worst is when I fret over what (and when) to text my partner. Like in the following story I call...

The Text Message Masochist

The screen of my cell phone illuminates my face. No other lights are on in my 150-square-foot apartment. The walls threaten to cave in with each breath. Thoughts hammer through my mind at the speed of light. I try to clear my head with that absurd yoga trick, whereby you say "thought" to yourself. But, the thoughts fail to cease. Instead, they rapid fire like an AK through my brain. Blat Blat. Blood-spattered fears.

The darkness of the room suffocates me, but accentuates the downward spiral of repetitive banter in my skull. Stale air sours the space—a decades-old musky stench. I prop open the tiny, street-level window and tug the rusted chain that's fastened to the ancient wood to block intruders. Then, I turn on the strand of white Christmas lights that hang over my bookcase with half its bulbs burnt out.

I cradle my cell phone. I type a message, "Are we hanging out tonight?" The floodgates of worry spew over my consciousness. He's going to laugh at me and think I'm pathetic. I'm just a needy loser, sitting in this shithole on a Friday night—alone. I press the backspace button, until each letter in the sentence that seemed perfectly reasonable a moment ago—but now somehow reads as embarrassing and inappropriate—is gone.

I can't let my anxiety win completely—I wrestle it to the ground, put it in a choke hold to silence its screams. I grab my phone, out of breath, a little bruised—but, not too disheveled—and type a cooler, less desperate invite. "Whatcha up to 2nite?" I press send.

Minutes go by. No reply. An hour, two hours. Silence. The night moves on, but I don't—per usual. I could've played that *Sopranos* pinball machine at the bar down the street, or danced to 80s music at the Jack London Bar. Instead, I waited for his text—a text that never came. I meditated the night away in the death posture, on the commercial carpet in my room, to the entire Joy Division box set (because I know how to party).

This strange, digital power struggle would continue throughout our entire relationship. It took us breaking up for me to see it was a way for one of the two of us to establish dominance. After a few months, I caught myself doing something similar—after he ignored me too many times, I'd avoid answering his texts. I'd wait for his frantic follow-up, "Is everything alright?" Then, spitefully wait a little longer, before I'd respond with a simple, "Yeah. I was just busy. Sup?" It was our game. Silence. Power. Absence. Control. All fueled by fear and anxiety. At least I was closer to understanding what it was like to be a power bottom.

This S&M text game interfered with our trust—at least it did for me. I envy the women whose trust issues aren't wired directly to their vagina. For me, no matter how much I intellectualize it, sex and emotion are forever entwined. I can't orgasm if I can't trust. And, I can't trust if I'm ignored.

Sexual dysfunction doesn't only happen to dudes. My friend asked me to imagine a female's equivalent to a flaccid dick, which he said would be a pussy without elasticity. But, I argued, no—it's the inability to have an orgasm. Both put all the pressure on the one not delivering. It's the silent relationship killer.

It took two months for me to have an orgasm with one of my exes. The process is almost always the same—I tell them what to do and what not to do, but it often doesn't seem to register with either of their heads. Usually, the same guys who keep playing on my phone,



don't know how to get me in the zone.

Which brings us to...

The Lust-Trust Battle

My stomach muscles tighten. My body stiffens like a sheet of glass in his bed. I watch him between my legs. If he doesn't stop, I'll climax. I gave him the instruction manual, so now it's up to him to follow it.



My breath becomes shallow. I try not to think of reminding him of our conversation. I don't want to come across pushy.

It seems like I've stopped breathing; I can tell it scares him. But, I already told him it was normal for me and to just trust that I'll be alright.

I manage to squeeze out, "Almost...there." That's part of the ritual, so he knows not to stop anytime soon. I try to push the please-don't-stop mantra out of my mind. I take a deep breath. Our fluids cover my thighs. My glass body is about to shatter all over his face. But, the please-don't-stop mantra won't shut up. I hold my breath. He lifts his head, "Don't forget to breathe." The window to my soul slams shut. I can't figure out why he'd do the exact opposite of what we already talked about. My anxiety turns to frustration. I let him keep trying for another 10 minutes—just for the hell of it. Then, I rub his back and tell him to stop—it's just not going to happen this time. I try not to make a big deal about it, but he sulks.

"It's not you, it's me," I tell him. He tells me again that I need to relax and breathe. My heart races. Is it me? Am I just a total freak? I'm sure starting to feel like one. I take a shower and try to forget about it. But I don't. Instead, it ruminates. I even almost cheat on him. And, the resentment remained, even after he started listening, because it was part of a bigger pattern. I couldn't handle being ignored and he couldn't handle being told what to do.

Sex was almost always missionary, which was something I was not used to and it stressed me out. It got to the point where I would have to literally ask to change positions and he usually wouldn't. But, then one day, he surprised me.

He mentioned it after we had sex. We were sprawled across the flannel sheets on his bed. I turned my face toward the window, so he couldn't see my pursed lips and furled brow. We talked about it a couple of times after that

first conversation, but it never happened and he never brought it up again. Even though I initially winced, I eventually found myself looking forward to it. I obsessed on it, until it became a metaphor for our draining relationship.

He asked me to pee on him—specifically, on his chest and in his mouth. I agreed to do it. At first, it made me nervous. It needed to be as clean as possible, at least for me. I would have to be prepared, so no coffee before seeing him and no asparagus. I'd have to drink plenty of water. Maybe this was the answer to his occasional erectile dysfunction, which I always silently blamed on myself and never discussed unless he brought it up, which he only did twice.

Urine play was new territory for me, that I was willing to explore for the sake of more boners. I suggested the bathtub. The shower was dirty anyway. A pink ring encircled the drain and mildew stained the inside of the tub.

For days and weeks, I anticipated it. I wasn't sure if I should initiate it, so I hinted at it in

stead, as an effort to make him feel comfortable. I stood in his bathroom doorway naked and drank a glass of water in one long gulp. He'd just walk by, pat my ass, then go sit on the couch. Was I doing something wrong? Did he change his mind? Did he just bait me to see how much of a freak I was? Who knows.

Me whizzing on him was just another thing we'd never do. So many of those botched plans flash through my mind—no trips to Enchanted Forest, no sex in the woods, no role playing wearing go-go boots and false eyelashes—and, I roll into a sweaty ball and weep to Soft Cell on my bed.

Was I actually crying over a missed opportunity to give a golden shower? Or, was it because the same person who confided in me about this taboo fantasy was so unwilling to do normal relationship stuff like answer my texts? Now, I feel guilty, because I actually do want to pee on him.



SEE? WE DID IT! WE'RE POST-RACIAL! BUY A HOUSE!

By Belinda Carroll

Dear Charlie Hales, Ted Wheeler and the City of Portland,

Good morning! And, it is a good morning, isn't it? Portland's misty rain covers the sun and makes everything look like a Disney movie...like Narnia, or *Labyrinth*, if you're more of a Bowie fan. It's one of my favorite kinds of mornings in Portland; a hard choice, since we have so many distinctive beautiful day breaks—many of them rain-based. Which is what everyone who ends up in Portland secretly believes; that, if they work hard enough, they can exist in Fantasia with Mickey's robe and a magic wand—making a living off of their Etsy shop. Which hasn't been too far from the truth in Portland, up until the last 5 years or so, right?

Fantasia, for the uninitiated, was the third full-feature animated color film by Disney. The film was made in 1940 and re-released in 1968 because of a very racist scene—a centaur-girl named Sunflower was drawn in a mammy style character, embodying all of the stereotypes that exist(ed) about black folks. The scene is a minute or so long, horribly offensive and cut out of every re-release since 1968.

This struck me as a hauntingly fitting analogy to our problems in New Portland; Disney did the right thing and removed the racist imagery of the movie—once everyone admitted (i.e. after racial justice groups protested), that Sunflower was a mammy-style character and not a fun-time servant or nostalgic; only then did she get the snip snip, removing her from the movie and in no way addressing the actual problem of extremely racist imagery.

This feels exactly like what the powers that be do—try to pretend that PoC (Persons of Color) and poor people aren't getting pushed out of neighborhoods, or that they've "decided" to move—pretending that "hobo tents" are occupied wholly by adult criminals and addicts who have "made choices," instead of homeless kids and families with deep problems rooted in exclusion.

Meanwhile, we housed folks have brunch at Gravy, patronize "hip" businesses (and, I'm not without guilt here; I'm a grown-up punk-hipster, who's been on the TV show *Portlandia*) and roll over, accepting that a three bedroom, two bath, 3,100 square-foot house on Mississippi costs

\$689,000 today (but was worth a third of that in 1998).

Yet, we blame the victim.

According to the shining (and mostly) white liberals of New Portland, Portland has never been racist or cruel to marginalized folks—they just take them out of frame and call it "better," "progress" or "a good livability rating." A couple of days ago, near Powell's Books, I heard a mom say to her kid, "Well, I feel bad for 'these people' [the homeless], but what can I do?" (*calling to kid*)



Jaden! Don't touch him, honey, he's dirty." As if the simple act of showing compassion to a person isn't the very thing you can do to begin to help.

But, I digress.

Back to my point of (e)racism. In *Fantasia*, the new release didn't include Sunflower...she didn't exist. They didn't put new, positive black characters in or change the movie at all—just made the movie white. Does this sound at all familiar? Portland, instead of creating better solutions to egregious problems (whether it be racial equality, homelessness, living wage or no-cause evictions), would rather (or, so it appears to the naked eye) eradicate the people they find distasteful altogether or kowtow to investor whims, as opposed to taking real steps to protect Portlanders during this "growth period." In our *Fantasia*, black people aren't mammys! They are a diverse community on their own, working hard to maintain a handle on the parts of the pie they have fought so hard to hold onto—fighting erasure daily, by folks who claim, they "simply don't exist."

That is the attitude of New Portland in a nutshell and, when all's said and done, reflects the

priorities set by Charlie Hales and his allies. I hear good things about you, Ted. Forgive my skepticism that you truly will do what you promised—I've had a lot of white guys make promises they couldn't keep.

I'm sure you know your Oregon history—you are the Mayor(s)—so, I won't retread our origins as a state that wouldn't allow black folks in (to avoid the "slavery debate"), the de facto segregated "city" of Vanport, the eradication of black businesses in North/Northeast Portland or the fact that black folks make 55% less than white counterparts in a state with a low standard wage—making it much harder to live here as a PoC (especially in this current winner-takes-all economic environment).

Reminding you, this is happening in a city that claims heartily, loudly and often, liberal equality, sustainability and equitable living. Our city is mired in hypocrisy. But, I'm sure you guys know all of that.

In case you need more education, however, the book *Breaking Chains: Slavery In The Oregon Territories* will really fill you in. Charlie could read it and give it to Ted, I guess (since you're leaving). Maybe you guys could do a book club! That'd be fun! I'd buy it for you and send it to you, but my rent is probably going up again, so I need to conserve. You get it.

By the way, some background on me; I'm white. I'm female. I'm queer. I have lived in this city for 32 (ish) years. I was born at Emmanuel, I started on SE Hawthorne and 36th, was raised by a single mom who worked as a line cook in various restaurants—we moved every year. Growing up, my mayor was Bud Clark. My governor was Barbara Roberts. My main man was Tom Peterson. My surrogate dad was Ramblin' Rod.

Sometimes, to get by, we waited in cheese lines (they used to give out government cheese on Saturdays), ate free park lunches in the Summer or my mom risked her jobs to smuggle food out of the kitchen to feed us until I was nine. She wouldn't take food stamps beyond a couple of months; "rich" people (people who bought food) made her feel bad and she implied—often aloud and in front of us—they shamed her for not being able to do more, being a single mom with four kids and a deadbeat husband, born in 1936 with an 8th-grade-West-Virginia farm edu-

cation. She was—and I have been—what we call now, “generationally poor.”

Mom later went on disability, because the work killed her back. She made something out of nothing and \$4.45 an hour. She barely could afford an apartment on minimum wage, but she managed. I have lived in every segment of this town, including as a homeless LGBTQ teen when I was 18. I left PDX in 2003 and went to Austin and Dallas, only to find my feet too webbed to settle in the South. Although I loved Austin, I missed the uniqueness, beauty and locals of Portland. I returned in 2009—our mayor was Sam Adams and the TV show *Portlandia* had just debuted.

I was asked to go to brunch on North Mississippi and was shocked at the change. It wasn't the shiny new businesses I was impressed with—I had an instant burning question: what happened to all of the black-owned businesses in North Portland? What happened to the African-American, Latino/a and low-income communities?

I found out quickly. They had mostly been pushed above 92nd, into The Numbers; the city had sat by idly, while folks lost their homes, while people danced at First Thursday, while bike lanes went in and artisan coffee shops overtook barbershops, Baptist churches and Stacey Adams shoes.

In the words of Portland-born writer Renee Watson, “Of course I like the (store) where you can make your own stationary or the restaurant that has only grilled cheese sandwiches on the menu, (but) I can't help but wonder why the changes we've always wanted in this community had to come from other people and not us.”

On the bright side, thanks to gentrification, every shitbox ghetto house we lived in as kids now looks like an Ikea showcase. It's as if someone has taken an Instagram filter to my childhood and created a Portland where everything is layered in that soft pink you know is not quite real. Who wants to assure access to housing, food and a sustainable living wage, when you can buy a family's home, kick 'em out, slap on new siding, paint and charge \$500,000 for a two bedroom?! That's a double-digit ROI—you'd be just nuts to pass that up! You'd probably feel as nuts as a single mom with three kids, getting a 90-day no-cause eviction with no money in the bank, am I right ladies?

What if you don't have \$50K for that down payment, or established credit? Don't worry! The new developer that owns your house will let you scrape up five grand to afford the move-in

for the rental, where you'll be unceremoniously kicked on your poor-person ass as soon as a hotter someone from California moves to town. It'll be just like your high school girlfriend, who dumped you out of nowhere, for that dude from Santa Cruz. Only now, you have kids that are crying, because they have to leave their school, leave their friends and live with Grandma, who has to work part time at 73. Doesn't that sound fun?!

Once again, rooted in slavery in the South (and exclusion in Oregon), marginalized and/or PoC families are uprooted time and again, in the name of profit with a nod to “progress.”

I have to believe, for the city that I love to thrive, in the potential of solutions to these problems that don't include further marginalization and oppression of the populaces that



actually love this city enough to live here; rent caps/stabilization, a required percentage of income-based housing to be delivered—and in use—at the time of development completion or a 15% transfer tax on foreign buyers (as was implemented in Vancouver, BC). We can look to the Salt Lake homelessness initiative, or a historical house registry that actually stops historical houses from being destroyed without reason, like they did in Connecticut. The African American community did half the work for you with their resource, Cornerstones Of Community, except, per usual, the city failed to protect many of these spaces. Or, we can pioneer some of our own solutions! I have a modicum of faith in the the next Great White Guy of New Portland, Ted Wheeler.

Portland's growth is good news overall. I love showing my city to new people—we have new opportunities, better jobs, Pok-Pok is a godsend and who doesn't love legal weed? (Confidential to Mr. Wheeler—if you enjoy legal weed and also funny queers who have too many opinions, you have an open invitation to hang with me anytime. We don't even have to talk about what

magazine you read this in.)

I know that it's complicated—all gray areas and one grand solution doesn't exist. The reasons are myriad on why we are here, but here we are. The current lack of planning, the radical and sudden shifts in homeless policies (regarding the one population that could benefit from less instability) and lack of protections on Portland homes, isn't just affecting Portland people—it's also killing the history, charm and livability of our city and, worst of all, leaving people on the streets with nowhere to go. The question is, why hasn't Charlie been addressing these (or similar) ideas? It's distressing to think that someone would put making a buck over Portland's future, but I guess that's my plucky, Portland-native idealism in local politics showing.

So, Wheels (may I call you that, Ted? What? NO? Okay, then...), can you do me a big ol' favor while you're running this ship and worry more about passing some reform that helps Portland live, create and thrive and less time worrying about what developer A, B or C will say, if you make a decision to create low-income housing, add green space or dream about when Voodoo Donut will have a mayor doughnut? Although, now that I'm thinking about it, if you play your cards right, you could rectify the problems of Portland, still grow the city ethically and we'll unveil a Voodoo called The Wheels. (Wait. What? Still no? OK!)

Love,

Belinda

Addendum: A good friend of mine and a bright, shining star of the Portland LGBTQ and social justice communities, Bryony Nesbitt, died due to complications of diabetes on 9/11/16. Bryony was 33 years old, the strength for many people and they will be missed greatly. In honor of Bryony, dance some hip-hop, protest an injustice or sing a song with your loves tonight.

References:

[wsj.com/articles/property-surcharges-aim-to-keep-out-siders-away-1470848372](https://www.wsj.com/articles/property-surcharges-aim-to-keep-out-siders-away-1470848372)

pewtrusts.org/en/research-and-analysis/blogs/stateline/2015/07/27/as-rent-skyrockets-more-cities-look-to-cap-it

cttrust.org/cttrust/page/connecticut-environmental-protection-act

npr.org/2015/12/10/459100751/utah-reduced-chronic-homelessness-by-91-percent-heres-how

*Babes, Booze
and B Movies!*

ROSE CITY STRIP

3620 SE 35TH PL • (503) 239-1004

OPEN 3PM-2:30AM DAILY

MISS METAL

2016 *Pocket*

AUDITIONS DANCERS,
TEXT FOR A SHIFT TODAY!
DEVIN (503) 347-3267



TOMMY'S Too!

NOW OPEN!
10AM-2:30AM DAILY

PATIO OPEN

NAUGHTY GIRL CONTEST!

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29

SPONSORED BY **Coors LIGHT** CASH PRIZE!

VOTED A "MUST SEE" ON PDXSTRIPCLUBS.COM

COME SEE THE NEW TOMMY'S TOO!
IT'S NOT YOUR DAD'S BAR ANYMORE!
ALL-NEW FUN!

CONVENIENTLY LOCATED OFF I-205
MINUTES FROM HAPPY VALLEY



\$5.99
Daily Lunch Special!

Now Hiring Hot Girls!

ATM

10335 SE FOSTER RD · (503) 432-8238

TOMMY'S TOO GUARANTEE:
ONE HOT GIRL ON SITE AT ALL TIMES!

COME SEE WHAT EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT!

OREGON'S VERY OWN, INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN...

ACROPOLIS

STEAKHOUSE

Stormy

40

Years Of Portland's Hottest Nude Entertainment

OPEN 10:30AM-2:30AM DAILY

HAPPY HOUR SUN-THU 2PM-5PM
ALSO, HALF-PRICE MUGS AND MANY OTHER FOOD & DRINK SPECIALS!

LEGENDARY STEAK BITES \$5
STEAK SPECIAL \$7
FULL SALAD BAR 65
BEERS ON TAP 300
LIQUOR VARIETIES 4
HUGE STAGES

ALL DANCERS WANTED
ONLY 4, 6 OR 8 DANCERS PER SHIFT MAKING ALL THE MONEY IN THE HOUSE
FOR AUDITIONS CALL JIM (503) 810-2902 OR TONY (503) 810-2893
FALL IS PRIME TIME AT ACROPOLIS! OUR STAGES HOLD 25-35 CUSTOMERS PER STAGE!

PHOTO BY FOTO DAZE - WWW.FOTODAZE.COM

8325 SE MCLOUGHLIN BLVD · (503) 231-9611

**B.A. VIDEO HAS BEEN IN PORTLAND FOR 40 YEARS!
FOR YEAR 41, WE ARE B.A. COLLECTORS!**

For This Month, We Have MORE...

- Rare Bestiality & Z*O*O*S*K*O*O*L On DVD
- Family Nudist & Junior Miss Pageant On DVD
- Young Nude Girls Out Of Russia LS Mag & BD Mag On DVD
- We Now Have Photo Slide Shows On DVD

New, Nice & Just In...

- Asian Rape/Forced Sex On DVD
 - The Golden Age Of Porn On DVD
- Classics From The Past

On Our Website BACollectors.com, You Can Download...

- Panties Girls – Dirty Panties, Wet Panty Lickers

CELEBRATING YEAR 41!

THANK YOU FROM THAT BITCH ANGIE!



B.A. VIDEO 7964 SE FOSTER RD · (503) 477-5446
MON-FRI 11AM-7PM, SAT 11AM-5PM

DICK & MATT'S HAUNTED STRIP CLUB TIME MACHINE

MONTH DAY PM HOUR MIN
OCT 26-31 09:00
DESTINATION TIME

SPY

-GENTLEMEN'S CLUB-

33 NW 2ND AVE | PORTLAND OR 97209

SUN-THU 7PM-2:30AM | FRI-SAT 3PM-2:30AM | (503) 243-4646

www.StripClub.com

YouTube

Strip Club Haunted House



STRIPCLUBHAUNTEDHOUSE.COM

\$15 COVER / \$25 VIP



Jim Beam
DEVIL'S CUT

Toboo



WDV

HAPPY HOUR
PHOTOGRAPHY

exotic

PIFFEN
VODKA

Bottoms Up!

UNDER NEW OWNERSHIP

**NOW
AUDITIONING
DANCERS 21+**

OPEN @ NOON • 7 DAYS A WEEK

FIND US ON FACEBOOK

WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/BOTTOMSUPTAVERN



Rogue & Carmen

**JUST 10
MINUTES
AWAY FROM
DOWNTOWN
PORTLAND**



**PAVED DRIVEWAY
TO PRIVATE
PARKING AREA**

16900 NW ST HELENS RD • (503) 621-9844



UNIONJACKSCLUB.COM



Open Mon-Thu 4pm-2:30am
& Fri-Sun 3pm-2:30am



Alternative Friendly



Full Bar, Full Menu,
2 Stages, Private Dances



938 E Burnside St. • (503) 236-1125



Jackie

A Touch Of Class...

Auditions

EVERY NIGHT 9PM-10PM • (503) 740-7141



DREAM ON SALOON

A COUNTRY & POP MUSIC STRIP BAR
DREAMONSALOON.COM

HUGE HALLOWEEN PARTY

SATURDAY, OCT 29

•
LAST THURSDAY
COUNTRY NIGHT

•
HAPPY HOUR
11:30AM-5PM

DANCERS

- PAY ONE LOW STAGE FEE
 - THREE PRIVATE DANCE AREAS & NO TAKE OUT
 - NEW VIP ROOM, SEPARATE VIP RENTAL FEE
 - NO MANDATORY TIP OUTS
 - WORK ANY SHIFT THAT IS AVAILABLE
 - 21+ DANCERS ONLY
 - AUDITIONS EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY @ 7PM
- DANCERS CALL BRYAN (503) 607-3668
• SEE SCHEDULE AT DREAMONSALOON.COM

Nikita



GIVERWAYS
PROVIDED BY
Cindie's

15920 SE STARK ST • (503) 253-8765
OPEN 11:30AM-2AM DAILY

Infamous Vegan House of Sin **CASA DIABLO**

2839 NW St. Helens Road, Portland, Oregon 97210 • (503) 222-6600
Open Daily from 11:00am to 2:30am • www.CasaDiablo.com



Sexy Sirenita
of the Month
Star

AUDITIONS
Weds & Thur
4pm to 7pm
at **CasaDiablo**
<http://booking.dance/audition>

WE'RE DIFFERENT!

185 HOT GIRLS WEEKLY!

Brooke



9939 SE Stark St - Portland, OR 97216
503.256.0527 - 10:30AM-2:30AM DAILY

www.Club205Live.com

HOME OF THE COVERGIRLS!

HAPPY HOUR BLOWOUT
10:30AM-5PM DAILY

MOSCOW MULE MONDAYS
ALL MULE DRINKS ON SPECIAL
9PM TO MIDNIGHT



12131 SE Holgate Blvd - Portland, OR 97266
503.762.2857 - 10:30AM-2:30AM DAILY

www.HeatGentlemensClub.com

**WHERE STEAMY, HOT GIRLS MAKE YOUR
DREAMS COME TRUE!**

HAPPY HOUR
10:30AM-7PM DAILY

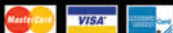
MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL IS BACK
ENJOY FOOD & DRINK SPECIALS, HALF-TIME TRIVIA
AND A WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE GIVEAWAY!

MOSCOW MULE MONDAYS
ALL MULE DRINKS ON SPECIAL - 9PM TO MIDNIGHT

WILD WEDNESDAYS
DROP IN WEDNESDAY NIGHTS 8PM-10PM FOR OUR
FAMOUS BEER SPECIAL - YOU KNOW WHAT WE MEAN!

**OUR SERVERS TAKE THEIR TOPS
DOWN EVERY TUESDAY**
ALL TOP-SHELF LIQUOR REDUCED
BETWEEN 10PM-MIDNIGHT

**ALL
LOTTERY
GAMES**



FOR AUDITIONS, CALL (503) 619-5602

TRAVELIZATION

STARS

cabaret

BEND • BRIDGEPORT • SALEM

SALEM

503.370.8063 • 1550 WESTON CT NE • 97301
FACEBOOK.COM/STARSSALEM • @STARSSALEM

MISS EXOTIC OREGON 2017

HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY

QUALIFIER ROUND III

SAT, OCT 22

WINNERS GO ON TO COMPETE IN MISS EXOTIC OREGON FINALS

HALLOWEEN WEEK

MON, OCT 24 - MON, OCT 31

COSTUME CONTEST, CASH PRIZES, SPECIALS & MORE

BRIDGEPORT

503.728.2403 • 17939 SW MCEWAN RD • 97224
FACEBOOK.COM/STARSCABARETBRIDGEPORT
@STARSCABARETBRIDGEPORT

REDNECK WHITE TRASH

BASH BIRTHDAY PARTY

FRI, OCT 7

COME CELEBRATE SARA & DANIKA'S BIRTHDAYS!
WEAR A COSTUME, GET FREE ENTRY, DRINK SPECIALS & MORE

HALLOWEEN WEEK

MON, OCT 24 - MON, OCT 31

COSTUME CONTEST, CASH PRIZES, SPECIALS & MORE

MORE ON MONDAYS

\$10 GETS YOU ENTRY & PRIME RIB DINNER

6PM 'TIL IT'S GONE - EVERY MONDAY

T-BONE TUESDAYS

\$12.50 FOR A T-BONE STEAK, FRIES & DOMESTIC PINT

ALL DAY - EVERY TUESDAY

NEW DANCER AUDITIONS DAILY

INQUIRE WITHIN

CHECK OUT OUR NEW AERIAL

HOOP 7 DAYS A WEEK!



Hannah

Bliss



FOLLOW US ON INSTAGRAM [STARSCABARETGIRLS](#)

\$5
LUNCH SPECIALS
MON-FRI 11AM-4PM
ALL LOCATIONS



PHOTO BY
HYPNOX

WWW.STARSCABARET.COM

NEW DANCERS WELCOME • NOW HIRING BAR, COCKTAIL & DOOR STAFF

MARY JANE'S
HOUSE OF GLASS

OPEN DAILY 10AM-11PM

17937 SW MCEWAN ROAD • TIGARD, OR 97224