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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
Dr. Helen Shepard
Tiffany Greysen
Matt Rose
Jaime Dunkle
Ericka Rachelle Mendoza
Wendy Weiss
Wombstretcha The Magnificent
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DJ HazMatt
Brad Cox
Julia Laxer

Cover Photography
London A. Lunoux

Cover Model
Jinxy
Hawthorne Strip

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ly—sometimes it didn't work.

We've used our kids to get out of dates.

We've claimed to have more kids than we do, in order to avoid rejecting someone.

Our kids' friends and friends' dads have hit on us.

ters know they don't need a guy to be fulfilled.

Your Mom As A Bully

I trolled the "perfect" moms on the NextDoor app and mocked Karen for her post about "leaving because she can't stand the drama." Then, I got banned for two weeks to "think about what I have done."

We've yelled at teachers without the kids knowing.

We've secretly hated kids' shitty boyfriends/girlfriends.

As Moms...

Secret Confessions Of Portland Moms

I talked to over 15 Portland moms, asking them what they never want their kids to know about, in regards to their personal lives. Here are some of the results:

Moms have had amazing, dirty and inappropriate raw sex.

We frequent porn shops and have sex toys.

We've cheated on our partners.

We've had pregnancy scares and maybe even caught an STD or two.

We've dropped our kids off at school and called out sick for work, only to go home and take a day off without telling anyone.

We belong to secret Facebook groups. Did you know there are Facebook groups where strangers share their darkest secrets with each other? I, personally, associate with about 40 other women who know more about my life than my close friends and family do.

We've let strangers pay for our drink and, when asked if we have kids, we've answered "no."

We've excused ourselves from conversations at a bar to use the restroom (then went to our car).

We've made you dinner, helped with your homework and did your laundry, while our minds were preoccupied with a broken heart.

We've stood up dates.

We've canceled dates because we couldn't find our good eyeliner, a missing shoe or a better offer.

We've been in scary situations where we had to manipulate a situation to get out safe-

We're often not as good of moms as our kids think we are. I work late at night quite a bit. I love my kids, but if you think I can always take time to double-check homework or make sure that they eat, I can't and I don't.

I don't always pay our bills on time.

I've eaten their candy and lied about it.

Sometimes I smoke cigarettes, but hide it from them, because I don't want to normalize cigarettes.

I swear in front of them, because I want them to know what a normal amount of swearing is, so they can recognize reality.

Our job is to slowly prep our kids for the big flight from the nest. It's a selfish parent who creates a dependency who doesn't allow their children to leave without the tools they need to survive alone. I'm not one of those parents who thinks their children belong to them—they are their own person. My job is to help them find themselves, to teach them how to think for themselves and to process information that will enable them to keep safe. But, we will always be there if they need or want us. Still, verbalizing this to your kids comes off as heartless, so I just kind of do it without talking about it.

It's okay if my kids choose not to have children. Stories of the princess getting married are old and tired. They don't need to have kids if they don't want—they don't even have to have a partner if they don't want. But, I feel that if I say this, my daughter will argue with me and run out to get pregnant as soon as possible, just to defy me.

I'm sorry that I let her watch so many Disney princess movies without a lot of thought. However, I do get the hidden messages now and, the older I get, the more I realize the princesses were mostly seeking love (and the men were often shitty). We hope our daugh-

We've verbally—or with body language—told other parents that their kids are monsters

We've declined invites to allow you to stay the night at a friend's house, because something didn't feel right. Even though this made you really, really mad.

Being a bully isn't always the answer. Sometimes being close to someone and getting to know someone will help you influence them. Not everything has to be a fight.

Your Mom As A Former Kid

Our rooms were just as dirty as yours are today—if not worse.

Some of us didn't do most of our homework, even though we tell you we did.

Our grades are not what we've told you they are.

We cut school—a lot. Often times, we got away with it.

We got by on charm, not grades.

Lies Moms Have Told You To Your Face

"We don't have the money for that."

"Grades are really important for a good job."

"An education will unlock every door."

"This is the best time of your life."

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

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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.

Given that this month's theme is *The Underground Issue* and it's my life's goal to fight the shame we put on sex, sexual preferences and sexual acts, it seems the logical place for me to go is necrophilia. But, this topic has shown me that there are some places that even I don't want to go—some activities, I don't want to normalize.

Digging dead bodies out of the ground to have sex with their rotting carcass, *for some reason*, seems needlessly dangerous. I'm not just talking about contracting a maggot infection or gangrene or something... there's also the issue that, when you're distracted by the ecstasy of fantasy fulfillment, cops might easily sneak up on you and arrest you and I can't imagine somebody who was found fucking corpses would fare too well in prison. First of all, sexual deviants are often victimized in prison. Secondly, prisoners don't exactly get good access to basic hygienic items, let alone good porn. Of course, the lack of hygiene in prison and generally morbid depression might turn out to be the closest thing to real necrophilia, so what do I know?

Of course, the other issue with necrophilia is consent. Now, as an atheist, I want you to know that it isn't like I have some perverse attachment to our flesh sacks. I fully plan on donating my body to science and I guess if my corpse had been refrigerated and all measures were taken to ensure safety, I could understand and even get behind the argument of having sex with a corpse for science. Frankly, I never would have realized I had this perspective until I started writing this article. But, here we are. I digress.

Without an ethics committee and peer review board, it isn't science, but my real point is that—barring access to proper refrigeration—a corpse is going to have to be pretty fresh, in order to still be hygienic. I'll give you the benefit of the doubt and assume that, just because you're a necrophiliac, doesn't mean you're a serial killer. Even if you wake

up lucky to have had your loved one or one-night stand die overnight, we just can't be sure how dead they actually are. Do you know how long the brain continues to function after the heart stops? I don't. How do we know people aren't just riding high on the biggest drug trip of their lives and then having sex with their corpse would be like having sex with somebody who is so high on LSD they can't even talk to you? This isn't just giving somebody a bad trip or even "just" violating consent—this is ruining somebody's final moments—their entire life is flashing before their eyes, they're learning the secrets of the universe and your unimpressive penis is impaling them?

No. Fuck off. Absolutely no sex with corpses.

ED: We at Exotic rarely share a universal stance on controversial issues, but in this case, our staff is one-hundred percent behind Helen.

Unless—and, now I'm starting to get serious about it—you can involve a whole scientific community. First, you'll have to get past that ethics review board, but let's just assume there's a sizable enough chunk of mad scientists out there, that you can somehow convince to get on board. Second, you're going to need to team up with some sort of end-of-life specialist. I feel like you need brain scans and needs to be at a time in the future when we've researched DMT more, which is a naturally-produced hallucinogenic drug that is released during birth, childbirth and probably death. We need at least a basic, scientific understanding of how DMT works before we can research how sex on DMT works and then how sex during death works. I dunno, it just seems like it's a whole problematic process and where are you even going to get the funding for this research?

The easiest and most seemingly ethical way to go about this in my mind would be to advertise online. This has happened before with things like consensual cannibalism and I find it super fascinating! But, people

have been busted by the cops, numerous times, for both trying to find somebody to eat them and offering to eat somebody else. Sure, I'd like to say, "your body, your business," but this does bring up a whole array of new problems. Could somebody who desires to be murdered (with or without the eating before or after) possibly be mentally healthy? Like, as a chronically depressed person I'm not saying it's illogical to want to die in this day and age, but I am totally saying being suicidal is a pretty clear sign of mental illness. So, no matter how much permission somebody tries to give, they just can't be giving consent.

Remember the consent analogy involving tea that made the rounds online? If you come over to my house to hang out and I offer you tea, even if you say "yes, please" and I make you tea, but then you've fallen asleep, I can't force feed you tea. That's fucked up. Similarly, even if you say you want to bone, but then you fall asleep, it's immoral for me to fuck you, because you can't consent while you're asleep—you just can't. So, frankly, no matter how many consent forms you sign saying some Craigslist stranger can fuck you after you're dead, they're invalid! Dead people can't consent and, I know this goes back to the sanctity of our flesh sacks, but I already told you; I don't know what happens after we die—nobody does—maybe it's an opportunity to live the most fantastical reality that seems like eternity, but some weirdo insists on having sex with you and that ruins everything.

So, look, okay. I've explored your options here and in the end, all I can say is that I maintain: Necrophilia is not okay. The subject may be fascinating and tempting to justify, but seriously, I can't find any way that it is morally defensible. If you want to debate the morality of scientific exploration and review boards, though—that's a different, but related, topic, so come at me!

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Trim SEASON

PART III

GREEN ROOM DIARIES
BY STONED GOLD SATIVA AWESOME



(Continued from January's Green Room Diaries, which can be viewed online at TalesFromTheDJBooth.com)

They had taken everything.

Every trim season in Humboldt County, CA is the same shit; once the crops are harvested, the waiting time between trimming and meeting with a potential buyer is not only tedious, but dangerous. Thugs from L.A. know all about the Emerald Triangle's lack of law enforcement. For every cop in Humboldt, there's at least a few hundred plants. This means that the small, unassuming towns scattered throughout the county are ideal targets for robberies; plenty of cash on hand, processed and dried weed (often times bundled up in turkey bags) and very little that growers can do about it.

When you leave the lights of whatever small Humboldt town you're shacking up in, heading for the hills beyond miles of gravel road and redwoods, that's when it becomes a little safer. This doesn't make a lick of sense to the average Californian, but when one considers that every property east of the 101 is armed, while the college town of Arcata and the tweaker hub of Eureka are full of trusting and/or too-high-on-meth-to-notice targets, it makes sense. In fact, the farther away from "safety" you get, the safer you are.

I had already been prevented from hitting up the people who I planned on working for—trimming weed—as the entire side of a cliff had caught on fire (and Northern Cali has a bad reputation for unsafe cliffs, even when not engulfed in flames). On my way back to Arcata (college town on the 101) from just outside of Willow Creek (uncharted nature and home to Sasquatch), I noticed that my cellphone signal was working again, thanks to a rapid series of text message notifications. I was expecting some work from a backup source—a friend of mine, who lived in the town of Arcata.

"Meet me at Toni's for a burger"

"Fuck. Dude, where are you at?"

"Do NOT come to the house. Shit's fucked. Cops are on their way."

"Cops haven't showed up yet, I'm freaking out."

"Meet me at Toni's for a burger."

The last message wasn't a duplicate. Toni's is to Arcata, what The Roxy is to Portland. A 24-hour grease pit,

that appeals to literally everyone but sober folk. You can get a milkshake with bacon in it or you can just order fries. Or, you can get a milkshake with fries and a side of bacon. The amount of Franken-food that this place must put together at the demand of the red-eyed has got to earn them a spot in the *Guinness Book*. Toni's is also a safe place to discuss—out loud—dealings that relate to cash, drugs, murder and anything else you'd care to discuss while drinking an Oreo taco smoothie.

"K," I replied before arriving at the diner.

"We're cleaned out," my buddy said. "The dog was just chilling, I bet he knows whoever it was."

I was immediately calculating the dollar amount of money I wasn't going to be making on this trip, but since it was in the hundreds, I just decided to keep my sentiments to myself and asked, "Did the cops do anything?"

"Dude, the cops have been taking reports of this shit for days now. I only had, like, ten pounds and it was mostly outdoor shit. There is no way the police are gonna find whoever took it. A guy in Garberville got taken for a half mill—and, that's just what he reported. All these fuckers are scared of ending up on some sort of list, plus they all keep their money buried in the backyard."

And, that right there, is a perfect metaphor for everything right and wrong with Humboldt County. The entire economy runs on that which is produced from backyard soil. The cash is literally and figuratively dirty. And, while everyone pretends to keep shit on the low, the rest of the state is completely aware of the pits of money that move through Humboldt—hidden from the federal radar and protected solely by some guy named Jeff and his dog.

I decided to cut my losses and finish my burger. Yes, I was damn near out of gas money. No, I wasn't out of weed. Yes, it was Oregon weed. No, I hadn't been murdered. Yes, that would probably happen if I stuck around in my easy-to-break-into car, complete with Oregon plates. Blunt rolled, losses cut.

Before I left, though, I needed to get fucked up. I used to drink a lot. Like, I still drink a bit here and there, but, back in the day, I was sponsored by various liquor companies for random events and, well, let's just say

I don't know how Dick Hennessy hasn't died of liver failure yet; it's really, really hard not to develop a one-bottle-a-day vodka habit when Portland makes some damn good vodka.

My booze shivers had taken over, probably due to the whole almost dying and then almost dying again experience. So, I went to this underground club that fronts as a pipe shop (again, only in Humboldt can you use a pot leaf to deter legal scrutiny) and drank one too many, before having another one for the road. I never, ever drive after drinking even a drop, but this was a once-in-a-lifetime scenario.

On the trip back from the club to the 101, I took a back road shortcut, where you are likely to hit a cow if you're not careful while driving (farms in the fog are cheap for a reason). With the radio up loud, a burning bowl in the passenger seat and the taste of a Tom Waits song on my tongue, I noticed the red and blues flashing behind me.

"Fuck," I thought. What are the chances of narrowly avoiding death by cliffside and death by gang-bangers, only to risk death by cop (I may be white, but in California, everyone is suspect to cops—since 1992, the LAPD has added Asian, White and Samoan to their police brutality quotas)?

Pulled over, turned the car off, tossed a hoodie over the bowl and prepared to go to jail. A cop no older than sixteen approaches my window—his badge says "volunteer," patched in ugly green thread.

"Hey, so, umm, I pulled you over because you were swerving into the other lane pretty bad. When's the last time you smoked or drank?"

"Uhh, Arcata?"

"That's a place," the officer said. He was shaking. "I just need to know a time."

"I dunno, like, noon?"

The cop was looking over his shoulder in both directions, still shaking. If I wasn't half-drunk and recovering from a bad high, I would have guessed that the cop was scared of me.

"We just get a lot of out-of-towners here this time of year. Do you happen to have any firearms?"

And, then, I realized...minimal cellphone service, limited police officers, at least ten miles in either direction to the closest streetlight; this cop was not only scared of me, but I could probably get away with leaving his car next to a posse of cows, after robbing *him* for whatever weed he probably had in the cop car trunk.

"No," I said, honestly. "I left my firearm in Oregon."

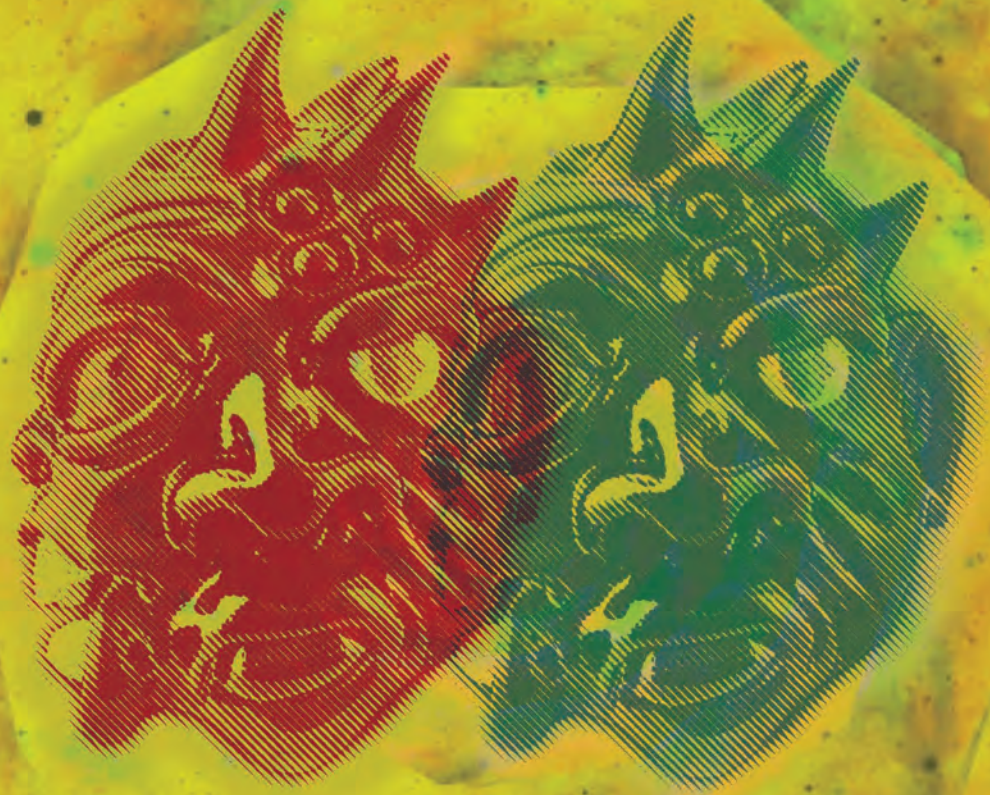
"Well, then," officer Shaky said. "It's probably best that you get back home."

And, that's exactly what I did.

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Welcome to the *Underground Issue* of *Exotic*. This may confuse a handful of you, as our previous editor, John Voge, ran a mirror magazine called *Underground* in Seattle a few years back. We're currently trying to pitch *Exotic* to Washington State once again, but that has literally nothing to do with this issue. Rather, we're dedicating this month's pages to everything that you won't see above the surface. Some of the best music, clubs, video games and, of course, sex, runs under the radar of larger (but, far less relevant) media outlets. However, I'd like to start off with the topic of the one thing the underground produces the most of: cash.

Cash Rules Everything Ousside Me

Dr. Phil is a program that has as much to do with healing and therapy as *Jerry Springer* has to do with acceptance of the polyamorous lifestyle; yes, from a skewed, extremely technical perspective, there are a few episodes in which the host treats his guests like human beings—but, for the most part, it's just shitposting on broadcast television.

Most of the *Dr. Phil* program consists of an unlicensed, balding, fat dude giving bad advice to teenagers, their parents, teen parents and an audience that appears to be cast directly from an infomercial for a blender. All guests are meme'd at some point, but few make it farther than Reddit and most guests are forgotten in due time.

And then, there's the amazing case of Danielle Bregoli.

Known as Cash Me Ousside Girl by a large portion of the Internet-savvy world, Danielle is your typical white-girl-out-of-control (which is a brand in itself, partially created for—and, entirely fueled by—the world of reality television). Nothing about her appearance was out of the norm for Phil, including a powerless-but-clearly-well-off mother, poorly-executed slang and a general sense of "that girl is gonna get tossed out of a club someday, for throwing a pint glass at a customer."

Danielle became a meme when, after the host suggested finding alternative hobbies to grand theft auto (the kind you can't buy at GameStop), she suggested that the audience members were "hoes," that people deserve to have their automobiles stolen and—with the grace and tact of a teenager getting busted for stealing cigarettes—she proceeded to tell the host, audience and her

own mother to "cash her ousside," following this up with a version of "how about that" which came out as "how bow dah."

Now, at this point, any other 13-year-old hoodrat would turn into a meme and experience fifteen minutes of 4Chan fame, before being bullied into cutting her hair, attending private school and becoming a third-wave feminist icon.

Danielle? She hit up WorldStar.

Complete with her own custom line of uberhood clothing (including white shirts with neon airbrushed text and black tanks with giant Impact font), Danielle appears in a recreation of Kodak Black's "Everything 1K" on top of a car that she's not legally old enough to drive, in a pose that suggests she just got done selling bricks of coke to buy a third house, wearing a shirt that says "CASH ME OUSSIDE" on the front ("HOW BOW DAH" on the back) and, at one point, holding approximately \$360 worth of pimp cash, waving it at the camera like it ain't shit (and trust me, \$360 is like ten stacks in teenager money). When she holds the cash "ousside" of her car, a flash of artistic merit graces the screen and the viewer is left realizing that WorldStar is producing better music video television and black entertainment than MTV or BET.

"But, hold up Ray...didn't she have to go back on the Dr. Phil show?"

Yup. And, she did, after getting a hair job, a makeover, several endorsements from Twitter accounts run by popular rappers and launching her own web store, which includes "Yup A Blanket Ho" for the price of \$250 (that's nearly two-thirds of the "ousside cash" that Danielle is seen flashing on WorldStar). At the time of this publication, she has only received one cease-and-desist letter from a clothing company (Hane's), but our sources anticipate more to follow.

Upon returning to the Dr. Phil stage and being asked if anything has changed since the last time Danielle had been on the show, she replied with "You were nothing before I came on this show."

Mother of god, we've created a white, teenage, female Kanye...and she is fucking wonderful!

Most teens who were bullied throughout the rise of recent Tumblr years have turned their experience into a love-and-praise fest,

with "cyber bullying" taking the forefront of the discussion, in place of seemingly lesser issues (like HPV and school shootings). Being a victim-turned-survivor of cyber bullying during the first half of this decade was seen as more inspiring than beating cancer using nothing but a knife and some WD-40. "Oh my god, what will happen to our young children when we let them out of their participation trophy spaces and the real world tells them that they're not beautiful?" was the question on every helicopter parents' mind. The world was expecting a suicide, or possibly a video with Rebecca Black, every time a child was told they weren't special by a YouTube commenter.

Cash Me Ousside Girl, on the other hand, ate that shit up and flipped a profit within a matter of hours. The *entire fucking world* was making fun of her (literally, every interaction I've had with a cashier during the last month has involved a reference to this meme, while not one single person has asked for clarification of what the fuck "how bow dah" means) and Danielle took that shit to the bank, *even after a video of her being beaten up* (or, how you say...caught ousside) showed up on YouTube. That's like surviving Columbine and starting a goth band later on that day, booking a Denver-area mini-tour and selling bootleg merchandise with Marilyn Manson's logo scratched out to make way for yours.

Now, for anyone who says she's faking the whole "hood" thing, I beg to differ; there is *nothing* more hood than taking a shitty situation, airbrushing it onto an overpriced t-shirt and slinging it to strangers. This girl is the Master P of Boon's Farm. So, she not only flipped a profit, but in the words of the black friend I will token out for this month's column, "I guess that bitch *is* ratchet." I asked him if he thought that Danielle's "ghetto slang" was harmful to media representations of black people, but he countered, "No, this kind of shit just makes white people look worse and we can use that right about now." Happy Black History Month, dude.

Sure, Unnamed (and un-meme'd) Mom is probably disappointed in her daughter, but the world is in love with Danielle—and, the girl's not even old enough to smoke (but, we're all sure she does, portable ghetto-ass dab rig and all). Dr Phil remains a C-level daytime talk show host, with the enthusiasm of a potato. And, The Internet—aka the judge of all things—has given Danielle a gold star of approval. Yeah, she got bumped off the front page by a purple pigeon, thanks



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to some finely-tuned trolling on part of a 4Chan group, who has now convinced reputable leftie-outrage publications that the pigeon is a symbol of white supremacy (excellent work, gents). But, she will forever live in the hearts of everyone, especially those of us who dated hoodrats in middle school, only to watch them never realize their own potential as boss-level hustlers.

This, by all definitions of the word, is the making of an underground success. No one, in the history of being meme-bullied as a result of a trash talk show appearance, has ever pulled off the double-backflip, triple-overtime, CBD-infused jujitsu that Cash Me Ousside Girl executed, well before her any of her peers got their first learner's permit. I applaud you, Danielle Bregoli, even though you won't read this column for five years.

One final word of clarification; mentioning—let alone printing pictures of—a teenage girl in a magazine like this may justifiably raise some eyebrows, as it should. But, there is literally nothing sexual about this story. Anyone who considers a teenage meme to be an object of inappropriate adult thoughts, isn't legally allowed to pick up this publication. However, if you can watch those *Dr. Phil* episodes and still tell me that this girl isn't headed for the top of the pole, well, you're clearly new to Portland. Quoting my token stripper friend of the month, "I think it's fucked up that this girl is gonna end up a stripper, but it's really fucked up that she's gonna have her own album and clothing line by the time she's old enough to dance."

So, perhaps, by printing this story in a Portland-based stripper magazine, we'll keep her out of the clubs. If anything, just to make sure our current dancers can still make money.

How bow dah?





THE MONTHLY
COLUMN
BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

UNDERGROUND SEX GAMING

Back before you could play video games on everything from your watch to your microwave, computers and their software were the domain of very serious hobbyists, exclusively. With the advent of home computers, it was only a matter of time before someone got the idea to make games for *adults*—whoa. The mind boggles.

In the late 1970s and early 1980s, the video games you had to choose from were either at the arcade or on an expensive home computer—then, only made to run after manually typing in thousands of lines of programming code found in a computer magazine. Whew! This was the real underground and, even more underground than that, were sex games. Here, I will examine three relics from a time when the computing world was anything BUT the sea of adult content it is today.

SOFTPORN ADVENTURE

Softporn Adventure was, as far as my diligent research can show, the very first adult-themed video game. It was developed in 1981 for the Apple II, by a single guy (his name is Chuck Benton, just so he gets credit) in his spare time. Interestingly enough, most games and significant projects back then were developed by just one lone, determined guy with a programming manual—something unheard of in today's gaming world, where Rockstar Games, for example, spends actual billions of dollars to develop a single game, using a team of thousands.

Now, here's the other thing about *Softporn Adventure*...it's a text adventure. Yup, no pictures, no graphics at all. The plot is you're an inept, party-animal-type guy, who has to find out what items it takes to bed a series of women and solve puzzles that largely consist of figuring out what to type.

Naturally, the whole game was very tongue-in-cheek and contained brisk adult references and humor. It sat around for a while after being bought up by what would become Sierra On-Line (the *King's Quest* people), who released it. This was the only game they ever released which was text-only.

A 1981 article in *Time Magazine*, which briefly profiled the game, caused them to be inundated with hate mail. Naturally, this caused sales to soar and *Softporn Adventure* sold over 50,000 copies. Not bad, for a market wherein there were only 200,000 Apple II computers at the time.

Naturally, text adventures, even erotic ones, began to lose traction, as actual graphics became a thing. Having sat on a shelf for five years, someone at Sierra got the bright idea to repackage *Softporn Adventure* into a graphical-interfaced game in 1986. The name of that game? *Leisure Suit Larry In The Land Of The Lounge Lizards*. That's right, the very same. From humble beginnings.

Also, text adventures of this sort (sext adventures?) are proof that people in the 1980s simply had astonishing imaginations and patience. In order to make this for Millennials, we would need a series of animated graphical scenes, no reading AT ALL and something factored for an attention span of around six seconds.

MERIT SEX TRIVIA

This one is a stand-up arcade game. Like a no-foolin', in-a-wood-cabinet and everything proper arcade game. You were supposed to play this shrill-sounding, ribald sex trivia game in an arcade somewhere. But, where? An adult arcade? Just in the back corner of the regular one, next to *Jr. Pac-Man*? In a bar maybe? No idea, but I'd lean toward a bar.

Photos of this beast in the wild are exceedingly rare, but we know—through surviving marketing pamphlets—that *Merit Sex Trivia* came in both a stand-up cabinet and a tabletop cabinet. You likely won't see this one at the nickel arcade anytime soon.

However, that doesn't mean that yours truly was unable to actually play this far-flung artifact from the past. Yup. I've played this. In fact, I have a copy at home

(not one of the cabinets, sadly) and will gladly torture guests by making them play it for themselves.

"So, what's gameplay like?" I hear nobody asking. Well, fairly standard for 1985; coin-operated, you deposit your quarters to match sex trivia wits with a friend, or, lacking one, merely against the CPU. There are no graphics—like, none at all. It resembles an old poker arcade game, but without even the pleasure of looking at cards. It's all various hues of text on a bright blue background.

Once you hit play, you pick from one of four different categories and both players can pick the same one if they want. After that, you answer five questions from that category. If you answer all five questions correctly, it will ask you bonus questions until you miss one or get five right. This allows you to really rack up your score. Naturally, this being a 1980s arcade game, it's all about that high score and getting them three-letter initials (looking at you, "ASS") immortalized on the leaderboard.

The categories are interesting. They are as follows:

1. ADULT SEX
2. AROUSING SEX
3. INTIMATE SEX
4. SIZZLING SEX

As far as I can tell, the questions asked in each category are all fairly similar. In fact, I'm not sure if there's any difference at all between them. I've yet to see a question repeat (that I've noticed), but then again, I've only spent about two hours playing this game.

The questions are not really all that tough, aside from a few topical things you'd likely only know about if you were a sex-conscious adult in 1985 and some odd historical sex trivia. The answers are multiple choice, with three options to pick from, so you have pretty decent odds—even if you're stumped like a redneck's mule.

Some examples:

Q: A bathroom fixture used to wash the genitals only is called a...

1. Bidet

2. Pussy Slushy
3. Pecker Purifier

Yeah, half the questions have joke answers in there, which also makes it easy to get them correct.

Q: Male prostitutes who render services only to other males are called?

1. Hustlers
2. Gigolos
3. Smart

Depending on whom you ask, number 3 could very well also be the correct answer.

Q: What do you call a homosexual on roller skates?

1. Big Wheels
2. Roloids
3. Scooter

The correct answer being “2” of course. Now, naturally, that sort of joke would be a bit...well, let’s just say there would be many angry Twitter posts about, it if someone said it today, but this was the 1980s (I recall this also being a popular playground joke during the mid-1980s).

Also, as far as I’ve noticed in running through about 600 questions, that’s the only exclusive jab at homosexuals I’ve seen and the questions seem to be about both hetero and homosexual sex, so pretty much anyone without a Tumblr account could probably stomach playing this for a round or so and not feel terribly offended by much, aside from the fantastically atrocious sound. Seriously, every fucking time something happens, it plays a shitty, Atari-quality, “I’m in the money” riff, which gets real old, real fucking fast. That’s about all there is to say about this one.

Oh, and if you do play it, if you think the answer is “Mae West,” it’s not and if you don’t, it is.

CUSTER’S REVENGE

Okay, of these three underground sex games from the 1980s, this is probably the one you’ve heard of. It’s *Custer’s Re-*

venge. It was made by a company called Mystique in 1982. It was an unlicensed video game—one of the first of such things. They had no sanction from the Atari company, but had a stack of programming manuals for the 2600 and went to town making a variety of sex games. Can’t do that shit today, no sirree. You’d be buttfucked to hell by Sony or Nintendo’s squad of soul-devouring lawyers—it’d be like something out of the Bible.

Anyhow, *Custer’s Revenge* is likely the most infamous. It has been known, in its day, to piss off womens’ rights groups, Native American rights groups and historical re-enactors societies. Why?

Well, the premise is that you are a nude General Custer, save for your boots, cavalry hat and fancy scarf. You have a bobbing erection and must plant same firmly in the native woman tied to a cactus at the other end of the screen. What stands in your way is a hail of arrows—which you must dodge—in order to make your way to the goal. Once reaching the woman at the end, there is a gleeful humping animation, along with music you’d expect to hear if you won at video poker. It is debated as to whether or not Custer is raping the woman. The crude animation seems to place a smile on her face as her legs fly up with each thrust, but...she’s still tied to a cactus, so, I’m gonna go with “they really should have put a LOT more thought into this... and maybe just not have made it at all.”

The alternate titles under which this was published were *Westward Ho* and *The White Man Came*. Pun titles are the best.

Interestingly, there was a version called “General Retreat,” where it is Custer who is tied to the cactus and it is the woman who must cross the screen to hump him. Same game, reversed roles. Is that progressive or still just weird?

So, there we have it. That’s my rundown on underground sex gaming in the dark days of the computing past. You can look up all these games online, find them



readily and even play them—if you’re determined to. Would I recommend this? For historical curiosity, yes. For fun, not so much.

-WStM

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a Tetrish shark, horse puncher, hallway/hotdog relationship analyst, corn enthusiast and retired rapper from Portland, Oregon. He can be found online at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as [@Wombstretcha503](https://twitter.com/Wombstretcha503) and on Facebook by name.





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Sex and relationships involving more than two partners—the base idea of polyamory—isn't new. Human beings have always been involved in complex, sexual and romantic entanglements. And, while the mainstream media has touched on the subject of polyamory (and increasingly continues to do so), it is a concept and practice that remains largely hidden. But, what exactly is polyamory and how can you do it? And who can we thank for inventing it?

The term “polyamory” wasn't coined until sometime in the 1960s, but the notion and practice of it began with an unorthodox, Yale law-student-turned-minister named John Humphrey Noyes. Noyes was a strong advocate of sexual union between men and women, but he rejected the idea of monogamy and started the practice of “complex marriages” in the 1800s, when he founded the Oneida community in Vermont. The community embraced the idea that every man was married to every woman (and vice versa) and both genders had an equal say in all decisions. The community sustained its ideas of free love—as well as farming and logging—and eventually became the Oneida silverware company.

Today's definition states that polyamory is an umbrella term that refers to the practice of having more than one open relationship at a time. One of the unique concepts behind polyamory is that there isn't a typical “poly” relationship. Relationships take any and all forms, but remain under the basic consistency that “everyone involved knows about—and agrees to—everyone else's involvement” (this is according to Franklin Veaux's *MoreThanTwo.com*, a polyamory resource page). Veaux and his partner, Eve Rickert, are active polys who wrote a book on the subject titled *More Than Two: A Practical Guide to Ethical Polyamory*.

“You'll need courage, because polyamorous relationships can be scary,” writes Veaux. “Loving other people without a script is scary. Allowing the people you love to make their own choices without controlling them is scary. The kind of courage we're talking about involves being willing to let go of guarantees—and love and trust your partners anyway.”

Veaux's book offers readers guidance on everything poly from how to create boundaries and where to find partners. The poly lifestyle also has its own vocabulary, including cool words like “compersion” which means “a feeling of

Opening Up (Tristan Taormino), *Sex at Dawn* (Christopher Ryan) and *The Art and Etiquette of Polyamory: A Hands-on Guide to Open Sexual Relationships* (Françoise Simpère) are just a few that cover multiple aspects of poly life.

And, for those ready to find a new partner or partners, recommended poly dating sites include OkCupid.com and Meetup.com. OkCupid allows users to search for like-minded people in similar dating situations, while Meetup features polyamory groups.

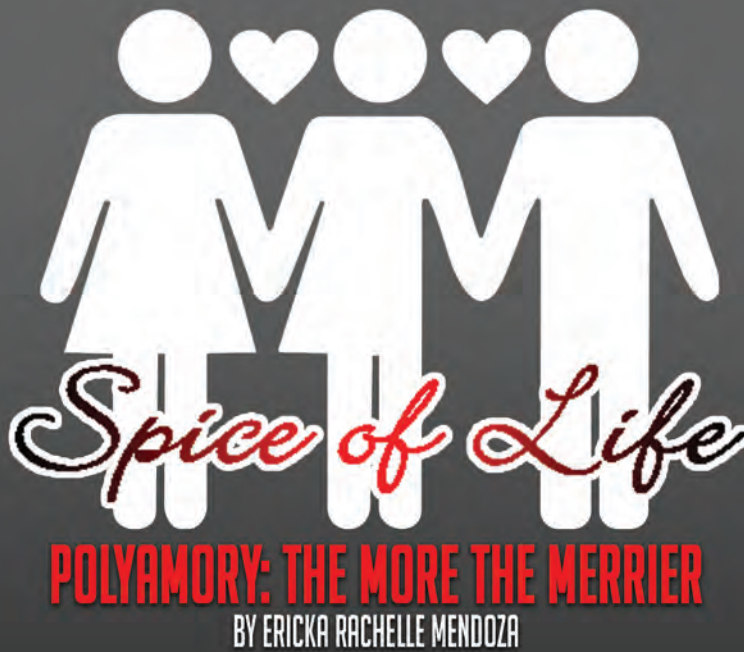
For the most part, polyamory is still a young concept. Not everyone who practices it is comfortable opening up about their unconventional love lives. But, anything that offers an alternative to the drudgery of monogamy—and the unrealistic expectations of pinning all your hopes and dreams and desires and problems on a single person—has to be positive.

“Environmentalists believe that monolithic solutions—be they in the auto, nuclear, or genetics field—are doomed to fail and lead only along the path to dependence,” writes Françoise Simpère in *The Art and Etiquette of Polyamory*. “They feel rather that it is far more sensible

to approach the future by opening up more possibilities.

Likewise, polyamorists believe that monogamy sterilizes love and fosters unhealthy codependence, whereas multiple relationships feed off of each other's differences and ultimately lead to an enriching fulfillment.”

And, while I can't speak for one of my favorite authors and say she was a practicing poly, this quote from her makes me wonder: “I reserve the right to love many different people at once and to change my prince often.”



joy experienced when a partner takes pleasure from another romantic or sexual relationship,” “fluid bonding,” which means “practices that involve the exchange of bodily fluids from the genitals, such as barrier-free sex” and “wibbles,” which means “minor twinges of jealousy”—monogamists never had so much fun naming their terms!

The wonderful worldwide web has given polyamorists more resources than ever before, but there are several other books out there that can help the curious, as well as seasoned veterans, navigate through the sometimes delicate balance of poly relationships: *The Ethical Slut* (Dossie Easton & Janet Hardy),

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



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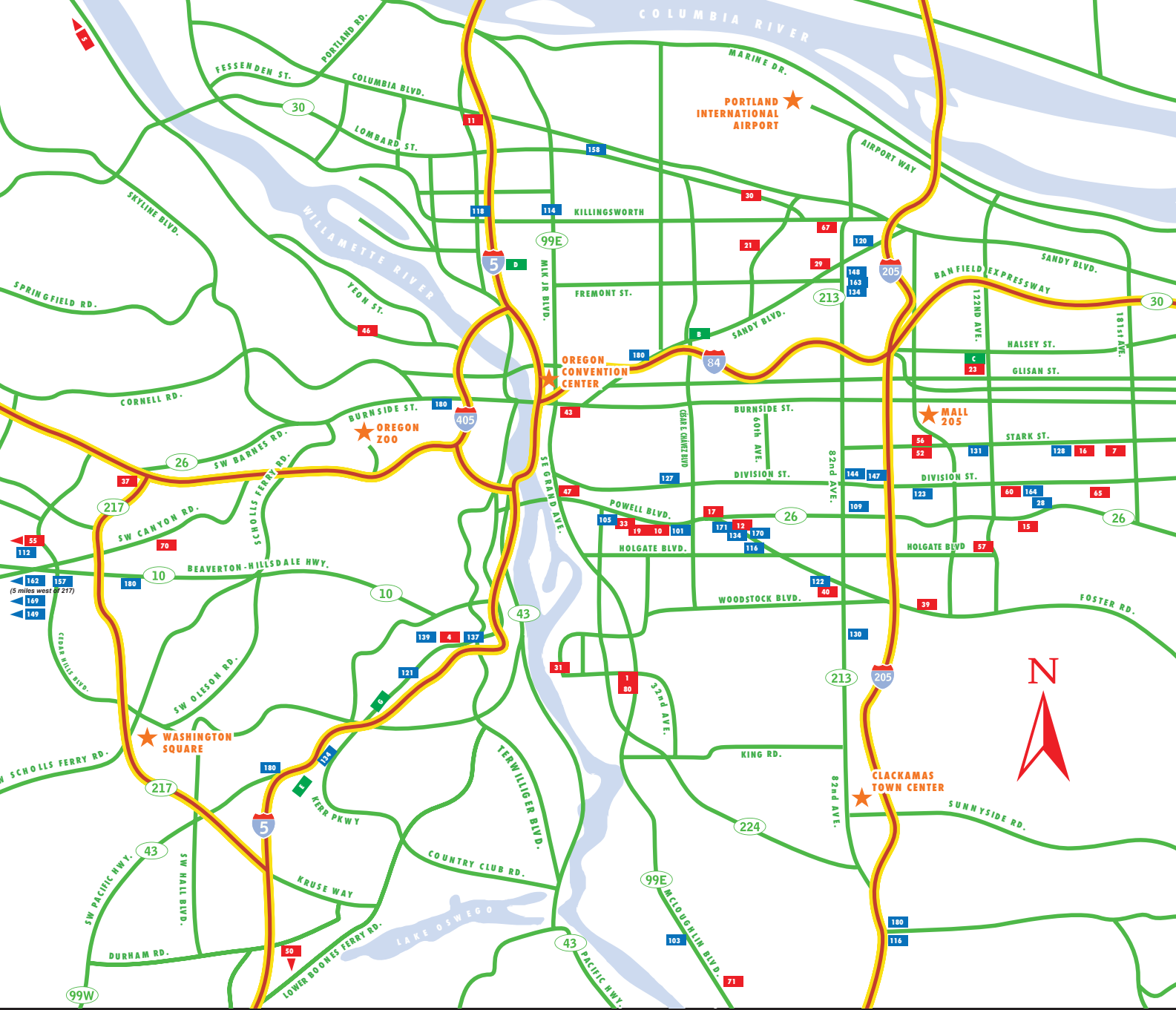
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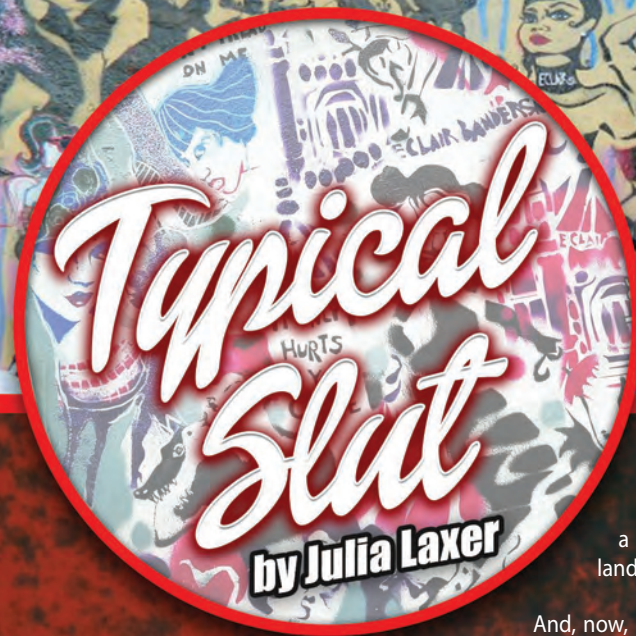
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ECLAIR ACUDA BANDERSNATCH: THE QUEEN OF THE UNDERGROUND

different. Or, maybe not...I am surviving here, in the T.L. for no rhyme or reason, other than for a desire I once had—to leave Portland and to see California.

And, now, I'm here. In the thickest thighs of the city—where the sweat is the thickest and the smell is the stankest.

With my shades on, I walk past lost tourists and ever-present dealers. Hookers in scuffed lucite heels glare as I pass. They think I am working and give me side-eye. I keep walking. Pigeons peck at stale, orange-y popcorn on the sidewalk. A double-decker tour bus drives by, painted with images of San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge, with an ad for Macy's on the back. Passengers with wide eyes balk at us through the reflective bus window.

I stand up taller and stride faster, feeling the wind now in my hair.

In the midst of the cackle and chaos of the city's daylight and the constant stream of pedestrians, prostitutes and pushers, I spy Eclair Acuda Bandersnatch a block down on Geary, over near Terhan's Coffee Shop and Khaled's Hookah Bar.

With a black umbrella shielding her as she crouches on Geary Street, Eclair Acuda Bandersnatch is crouched to the sidewalk—just finishing up a piece, spray paint can in her hand. She digs in her purse and pulls out the finishing touch: glitter. I watch her curvy hips and strong shoulders as she expertly squats in her five-inch stripper heels in the midst of high-flow panhandling, pedestrian flow and the lunacy of the city. She deftly rolls up the mylar stencil and stuffs it into her bag next to the paint cans. She stands up, steps back and pauses for a sweet, brief moment to admire her piece, smiling.

Eclair Acuda Bandersnatch's mini pincher, La Fonda, sits deep in the bag too, looking completely unfazed. Elvis, her muscly pit bull, stands guard on the sidewalk. Everyone's a threat in these parts, you know. *Especially everyone.* Especially to a dog.

The ups / The downs / The downs / The ups...up and down, the graffiti surrounds us.

Eclair was a cherry-flavored firebomb. Born and raised in The Bay, she knew character when she saw it. And the snooty woman in kitten heels, walking her two poodles up and down Nob Hill that morning was just the sort of bourgeois crap that fueled Eclair's artistic antagonism. La Fonda growled from inside her purse as the woman passed.

"Tuna bitch!" Eclair cackled through clenched teeth, as the rich woman strode quickly away—not daring to turn around.

I walk towards Eclair's bright body, sheathed in a pencil skirt, ruched onto her fit frame, like icing on a cake. She was always striking and she wore a different look each day, with candy-colored wigs and wild sunglasses.

Eclair Acuda Bandersnatch had talent, but not for scaling buildings. She preferred roaming the streets in her glitterized stripper shoes and with her puppy entourage. The woman was always in disguise. At her most natural, she was all artifice. She had more good angles than a screen siren. And more wisecracks than a late-night T.V. host. Her eyes sparkled with plot lines and devious narratives. Any day with her meant the best kind of trouble...the best.

Today, her hair was pink and she wore a colorful skirt. Her lips were done plummy and she looked loud and delicious. Like a lost parrot from Telegraph Hill hanging out on the wrong side of the tracks. Blaring bright, against the gray-stained sidewalk.

"Eclair!" I yell, over the commotion of chasing sirens, tow trucks and taxis.

Eclair Acuda Bandersnatch was Tenderloin-famous—not Hollywood-famous.

Tenderloin-famous. In the T.L., that's about as famous as a broad can get without getting murdered. She was admired and remembered in the hood for her wild appearance, her even wilder antics and her down-the-rabbit-hole art.

I adored her stories of growing up in the Haight,

"I left my heart in the Tenderloin."

-Said by no one, ever.

"I have seen the River Styx. I have eaten the food of the dead."

-Me

Looming from heavenly spots on tall buildings, graffitied monsters with ogling eyes stare down on the city, through the foggy Frisco air. They can see us walk through the streets of the Tenderloin—through the darkest, dirtiest part of the city. The part where, if you leave your heart, it gets bed-bugs and spare-changed.

Yellow taxis almost collide and a MUNI bus passes by. Above doorways, fat-faced marble cherubs smirk—the remainder of the T.L.'s romantic architecture remains. When I look up, beyond the cherubs, I see the monsters—eyes watching my every move—and I walk faster. And, when I look down, I dodge needles and human shit. There is no relief. Honking horns, screeching tires, begging, change and poverty surrounds. A seventy-year-old man serenades me, singing shooby-doo-wop songs. He swings up behind me and dances across the intersection, like a tap dancing soloist. He always sees me on this block, early mornings. Yeah, he sings by Union Square on Thursday nights. But, he sings to his people in the T.L., in the daytime. I am his morning crush—his lost coffee-cup girl.

"Girl, whatch ya' doin' round here, girl?"

His smile is eternal.

I have no money in my pocket and I'm not lying when I say to everyone that I'm broke. I live dollar-to-dollar, day-to-day, like everyone else around here. My reasons for living here may be

her descriptions of her parents and the flimsy, pink curtains in her dark bedroom. I loved her even darker past and the secrets she readily shared with me in the light afternoons.

Eclair made that garbage town come alive. She turned the nightmare psychedelic. Yet, her glitter was real.

We go into the cafe and art school kids surround her as she draws, buying her pastries and coffees. And, by proxy, I get free breakfast too. Milan Love, a stripper with big, deep Betty Boop eyes comes over and gives us cosmic, vanilla-scented hugs. Lou Anne, the elderly neighborhood composer in her fuzzy neon green house-slippers, fleece bathrobe and stained, gray sweats plays the dusty piano in the corner. We keep Lou Anne's coffee hot while she plays jazz like dark secrets, soaked in Night Train. Her song fills up the room like potsmoke.

Everyone knew the coffee was weak, but that's not what mattered. Terhan manned the counter and everyone wanted to fuck Terhan. He was the T.L.'s answer to a real-life Adonis. All good glow, kindness, positivity, taut skin and deep dick. He was a giver...married to Vicky, yet Terhan loved the neighborhood and the neighborhood loved him back. The coffee shop was wildly successful—moldy blueberry Costco muffins and all.

I watch Eclair's notebook come alive. I watch the rude woman on the street become a caricature of capitalist snobbery in Sharpie. Queen Eclair's art covered the city with loud, glittery, pink messages decrying hypocritical wealth and painting the obvious truth to anyone willing to open their eyes. Eclair signs the page with a wild flourish. Her paintings and stencils cover the cafe. The block...the city—her hand prints, everywhere. Another original.

The art kids ask for advice, for her secrets...they want to soak up her ego, or at least her ambition. She just laughs as she sketches in her book, claiming, "I do that with him for money so I can afford to do this for you, with love...besides, if you walk in five-inch heels, you shouldn't have to pay for your meals."

I had to look at her strong ankles and agree.

It's been eight years since I lived in the Tenderloin. I finally left California. My will to live and my will to survive, in a place past the pain and ambulances, survived me.

For years, I wondered, was she still in the area? Born and raised in The Bay—it was hard to imagine her anywhere else. What could she be doing? Was she well? Was she safe? Was she still painting? Her name, her phone number—unlisted. It was like her identity was nonexistent. She was not *that* type of person, you know, one you could easily reach on the phone...

Eclair Acuda Bandersnatch is a woman beyond myth. The Queen Of The Underground doesn't exactly have voicemail.

A few nights ago, I was walking in the stained gray sleet of February in Portland's Chinatown, and for a split moment, I felt the Tenderloin's shadow creeping overhead. I felt ghosts of SROs and hotel liquor signs and bodies assaulted with sit-lie laws. I looked around at my neighbors' tired faces. The wind picked up, and for a moment, I could taste the salt from the bay. I felt the quickness in my step...

And, then I paused. I had to look above me to see if there were looming buildings with tall, graffitied monsters, painted by Spiderman, staring down, down, down on me and everyone out in the streets...

But, there weren't.

And, yet, that city skyline is forever changed and ours is changing, too.

Some kids (probably from the San Francisco Art Institute), made "I LOVE THE T.L." T-shirts. I think they're funny, I think they're cool...but, I'm still too broke to get one.

And, I just got a rent increase.

Later that night, when I came home to my studio off of Burnside, I went online and searched for images of my old hood. Geary Street. Leavenworth. Hyde. My old neighbors, my old me. My old friends. The cafe. Our antics. San Francisco. The dirt. The filth. The glitter.

I didn't exactly find what I was looking for. Memories are not something visceral that can be trapped. You can't capture a memory like that, but I did learn something as I read article after article dedicated to Eclair's amazing talent. The world had caught on.

#Hashtag.

Eclair Acuda Bandersnatch is famous now. Not just Tenderloin-famous—she's Internet-famous. Art-gallery famous. Compared-to-Banksy-famous...

I remembered being with Eclair, leaving a karaoke bar on Polk Street on a wild night during Pride Week. We were headed back down towards Geary—it was late—when she noticed someone putting up a piece in a piss-stained alley. Empty popper shells were strewn like bright confetti in the shadows. A figure in a hoodie froze in mid-



spray, paint can in his hand—we startled him.

"You!" she shrieked and he ran off like a comic-book caper as he jumped into a dark, unmarked sedan that expertly jagged into the mad-meth-flow of yellow cabs, ebbing drivers, parallel parkers, MUNI buses, cyclists, wheelchairs, high heels and druggie bodies weaving, and bobbing between vehicles. Dirty dogs.

We chased the car.

Eclair was fast in her heels. She hailed a taxi.

"Follow that driver!"

We never found Banksy that night. But, being in that wild cab ride that night with her, chasing a hidden Banksy through the dark streets was like moving faster than time. Faster than the speed of something...light. Magic. I don't know. Something. It was like we were beyond the celluloid. Beyond the word. Beyond, even the glitter and *all* the grace. Even beyond the noise. These days, knowing that Eclair is getting her due is *just* the beginning...

Julia Laxer lives for the stories and writes in the afternoons, in a rose-lit room in downtown Portland. Read more at www.JuliaLaxer.com and send love/hate tweets to @JuliaLaxer.

TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT

Dante's
SAT THE BEATNUTS
SUN SINFERN C. BARET



THE BEATNUTS: STREET LEVEL UNDERGROUND, LIVE IN PORTLAND

I'm talking shit with the door guy outside of Dante's, when a pair of humble-looking dudes in NYC gear attempt to enter the venue without acknowledging the security guard.

"Hey guys, gonna need I.D. and it's a \$22 cover tonight," the man in the black vest says.

I lean in close to the door guy, about to tell him that security just carded the headliners, but Psycho Les is already reaching for his back pocket as if to diffuse any possible problems. JuJu, on the other hand, speaks up and says, "Actually, we're, umm...supposed to be on in, like, ten minutes."

This is the first lesson about underground acts that I want to bring to this column; here I am, being let into the venue without question, because I write for *Exotic* and used to play songs for strippers, but when the actual artists—whose songs I used to spin for said strippers—show up, they're carded. Now, this is by no means the fault of door staff or venues (in fact, it's refreshing to know that Dante's staff actually does their job, which is becoming rarer and rarer at *any* underground music show), but rather a testament to the humble, real-person vibe that surrounds established independent artists like Beatnuts.

Yeah, these guys have collaborated with Akon and appeared on television, but they're not above reaching for their wallet if that's what the bouncer asks them to. Could you imagine A\$AP Whoever being cool enough to even talk to a door guy? Or, say, carding Kanye? And, it's not just the Beatnuts. Tech N9ne asked me for molly at his merch booth once and, later that night, I ran into ICP at the Hotcake House. Both times, their entire "crew" was nothing more than some scary bald dudes with neck tattoos; no limo or entourage needed (even though every act here is worth millions of dollars).

Put simply, underground acts, in the music world, are the equivalent of construction workers in the real estate world; they build everything, they make extremely good money, but are nowhere to be seen in terms of billboards, advertisements and brochures. Their satisfaction is not derived from ego, but rather, confidence. And, as the Beatnuts have shown, many

mainstream acts come and go throughout the span of a legitimate underground act's career.

The sign said 11:30, so naturally, the Beatnuts took the stage at...11:35??? What kind of magical sorcery is this, a recognized band being *on time* for their set? Opening with a freestyle, backed by an actual DJ who was spinning and instrumental completely void of backing vocals (okay, it's a freestyle...give it a few songs), Psycho Les (one half of the 'Nuts) spit a tight sixteen to a somewhat dead crowd. Maybe it's the east coast attitude, or maybe the Beatnuts just really love what they do, but the stage show just turned the fuck up, as if the place was filled to the walls. JuJu took the mic and the duo started their set with a handful of fan favorites from their older albums. Still no backing vocals in the beats. Then, fan favorites from the newer albums. "DJ, change the song." DJ changes the song. "Let me hear you say (things that rappers ask the audience to say)!" Audience mumbles. "No, LET ME HEAR YOU SAY..."

And, with that, a hip hop show. No Kanye-esque rants about the government, no pandering by telling stories about weed and donuts, no "this is off our new album and it sucks, but our manager made us do it." A solid hour of raw, uncut, NYC hip hop. I was able to grab some shots of the band, thanks to a green light from the venue owner, but fans weren't having it.

"Why don't you put that shit down and enjoy the show?" a girl in her early 20s asked me, in the form of a statement. No cellphone in sight. Well, maybe a few in the hands of hipsters that heard about the group two hours before the show, but not one 'Nuts fan was on Snapchat (save for the opening act, who had been taking selfies since he hit the stage, but hey, white kid on tour with the Beatnuts...I would have done the same shit).

After the show, I caught up with Psycho Les in the green room. Consistent with the theme of the night, homeboy was as chill as they come (I'm guessing that NYC weed isn't as bad as folks make it out to be, or maybe we're just the ones that sell it to 'em). One thing that I can actually empathize with on some level, having been a far-deeper-underground hip hop performer

for a bit, is the "I just want to chill and unwind" feeling that is so hard to embrace when the green room is shared with, well, pretty much anyone who could spot the staircase in the corner. Thankfully, all the hipster groupies needing photos were upstairs with JuJu, who was lit up like Independence Day and chatting with fans in the bar. So, instead of bugging Les for a half-hour long interview, I just chopped it up for a bit and wrote down what I could.

I asked about the difference between producing modern, iTunes-ready digital music versus the old school sound from *Street Level* that reminds listeners of early Nas or Wu Tang. "Big," Les said. "Clean or lo-fi, we keep it big." And he's right; Beatnuts source their beats from a variety of sounds, ranging from Latin beats to golden-era east coast sample-based records, but it's always "full" in terms of production (as opposed to trap-style loops or synth nonsense). "We like to keep it fun, too. If we're doing a political record with Dead Prez, we wanna keep it as musically dope as everything else. Even if it is all about fuck the system and all that...gotta just keep it big."

I asked him what he thought about Portland.

"It's cold, but the weather is nice."

For some reason, that made sense. I took a hint and let Les unwind without the pestering of a half-rate journalist. But, as I was leaving, dude said "Oh, you out of here man? Lemme get one of those magazines." A few more puffs on the blunt, some thank-you-for-letting-me-chat-it-ups and I was thinking, "Wow, these dudes are mad chill." Then, I went for a handshake and wasn't met with one of those secret-society paper-rock-scissor things that remind me of my whiteness. Short, but easily the most successful interview I've ever had with a rapper.

If you don't know who the Beatnuts are, change that, especially if you're a DJ. Their shit is perfect for the "we don't play a lot of hip hop" clubs, plus they're cool as fuck and I want them to come back to Portland.

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TOP

WAYS TO PICK UP LADIES ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB

BY BRAD COX



I love women. Don't we all? And, since the advent of digital socializing, we've been gifted the ability to shop for mates online, as though they are ill-fitting argyle socks. I started using a keyboard to woo women out of their pants using AOL chat rooms. So, please believe I'm the Leonardo Da Vinci of that shit. Also, please use your new powers for good, because with great power, comes expensive lawsuits and angry husbands.

1) Become An Interesting Person

I don't mean that you should pretend to be an interesting person, because a superficial knowledge of any subject is quickly seen through by a woman who's been blocking cocks like a Brazilian goalie who just grew boobs. You need to read, a lot. You need to travel, and if you can't afford to travel, you need to study other cultures from home. You need a varied skill set, the ability to fix things and the ability to be of use. Gentlemen, I hate to say this, but your dick is literally the least interesting thing about you, so build up your depth of conversational agility and be flexible. Does she love photography? Well, you need to know details of at least three photographers whose work you legitimately enjoy—their names, influences, style and career arc. No matter what she's interested in, you need to be able to at least show some form of literacy on that subject (or, one directly related). If you don't—or can't—she'll never be into you, broski.

2) Realize That You Are Not Special

If the girl you are talking to is kind enough not to tell you, then please, allow me. You

are the 100th dude today who has tried to get her to send him naked pictures or "come over to watch a movie." Nothing you say will be original. Not one single salutation will come across as fresh. So, if you followed my advice from item number one, then just be sincere. I know you think you need to be a super pimp who gets all the pussy, but most likely, you just aren't. But, sometimes, by sheer luck alone, sincerity will get your foot in the door and your vast experience and cultured view of the world will get you in the lobby of her vagina.

3) Don't Ask Her For Pictures

"Wanna trade pics?" More often than not, this phrase will murder your conversation. If you're on a dating site like OKCupid or Matchbox20.com or whatever the fuck its called, they already took time and much effort to choose the pictures they put on their profile. In this circumstance, the question makes you scream, "I AM A NARCISSIST AND NEED MORE!" If you're chatting with her on an anonymous site (Whisper is a great example), it's *anonymous* and that means it's rude as fuck to ask her for pictures. If she likes you, she's going to send you one with or without your prompt...settle down, bro.

4) Learn The Pattern

Humans love to think of themselves as unpredictable machines of anarchy and mayhem. Unfortunately, this is just not true. If it were true, then advertising wouldn't exist, would it? I have spent my life studying my interactions with people. Every time I talk to another human directly, after that interaction, I analyze it

and look for flaws in my technique. Why do I do this? That is a perfectly reasonable question and one that deserves an answer—I'm nuts. Anyway, there is a definite pattern that you can follow that will lead to the person you've met to have a positive opinion of you. The first thing is to politely engage with a respectful compliment, for example, "Hi, how are you today? Your profile pic makes you seem like a really fun person to hang out with and I'd love to chat more." Don't directly compliment her appearance—it makes you look fucking insipid and shallow. Feel free to PayPal me \$250 and I'll send you guys the rest of this list *wink wink*.

5) Change Your Motivation

Women are smarter than you, most of the time. And, especially so, when you're thinking with your dick brain. Are you looking for a wife? Eww, that's fucking creepy dude...this is OKCupid, not Christian Mingle. Are you looking to fuck in the back of your SUV? Eww, women aren't walking Fleshlights, bruh. See where I'm going with this? No matter what your motivation is, know that you have one. There is an agenda to your interactions and you are playing chess with her. Also, not for nothin', she's winning...ALWAYS. She sees your pathetic attempts to steer the conversation to sex and, conversely, she sees your desperate loneliness and desire for a "real connection." Be like water—Bruce Lee said that, about how he got so many karate groupies to bone him. Learn what her motivation is and become that. You both have an agenda and hers probably makes more sense anyway.

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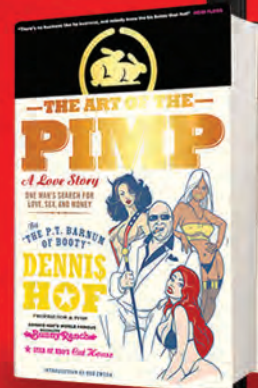
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TRIGGER WARNING: This first question/answer contains reference to rape and misogynistic language.

There's this girl; she's into kink. Specifically, she's a "brat." How can I tell if she really wants me to try fulfilling her rape fantasy or if she's just being a little cunt?

I think this question is actually more of a statement...that you couldn't get a fake girl you made up to want to have sex with you and you wrote to me about it for some reason. Okay, for a moment, I'm going to give you the benefit of the doubt, that this isn't a thinly-veiled question about actual rape (more on that later). Assuming you actually want me to answer a question, I'm not sure what that question is. Does she want a rape fantasy or...or what? Does she? Fucking ask her, dipshit. The proposition, "Does she want rape or is she cunt?" means nothing to anyone, except for your dumb dumb brain. Dynamics that include a single fucking WHIFF of rape play need to be discussed outside of the bedroom clearly—and, to an absolute agreement. Otherwise, you know what that makes you? A rapist. And, if this is a genuine question (which would surprise me a lot), don't include strangers in on your name play. I'm not interested in hearing you say the word "cunt." Part of the fun of calling people horrible names in bed is being able to trust that someone doesn't call people names like that in real life. You bringing it up to a stranger shows a lack of shame in using that terminology and a lack of understanding on what it means. So, my guess is, you're just a piece of shit who was just thrilled at sending me this message anonymously. YOU'RE interested in making ME read the word "cunt," because that's literally all you've done today that made you feel good. I hope that seeing me address your question in a public forum gave you all the jollies you need, so that you can stay in your hole and keep away from people who get to fuck each other and enjoy human contact.

I'm a guy and I'm going to have my first threesome with two hot ladies. Have any tips for my first time?

My sincere congratulations! Grab a bunch of condoms from Planned Parenthood. To locate a center near you, call 1-800-230-PLAN (7526). While you're at it, get an STD screening, so that you know your status beforehand. Super gonorrhea is out there. Throw the condoms on the nightstand or somewhere handy, so you don't have to dig through your bathroom closet telling your dates you "know they're around here somewhere," because that takes up valuable fuck minutes. Go somewhere to grab a drink or dinner beforehand, so that you guys can chat and relax. If you're going for food, keep in mind that you want to fuck these people later, so don't go for sloppy joes. Go somewhere with light food and nice ambiance.

Or, you could skip the food and go to a dive bar like The Trap (my fave). Clean your room/house, if you're hosting. Set up candles. Make sure the lighting is soft and low. Plan out some music—make a playlist if you want. If you're using Spotify or Pandora, you might find it worthwhile to pay for premium, because listening to a commercial about Spotify Premium while you're trying to suck a dick is less than hot. Buy a bottle of wine or something nice to drink, a bowl of diced fruit and keep it chilled for company. You're probably not going to be fucking the ENTIRE time and that's fine, take water breaks, munch on some pieces of mango, chat about the current state of our government and get back to it at your leisure.

Notice that almost all these things need to be done in advance. A good threesome is planned out and the details are accounted for. Be attentive to the energy of your guests, make them feel safe, heard and not pressured to do anything. You're a hospitable host more than anything. If nobody cums, that's okay. If someone just wants to watch and not participate physically, that's okay. If nobody even has sex at all, that has to be okay too. If you guys joke and laugh throughout, that's fine—a threesome doesn't have to be a constantly-glorious and elevated ordeal. Go with the flow and don't feel like there are certain "checkpoints" or positions you guys have to hit. It's your guys' threesome; you can do whatever the fuck you want. One of my favorite threesomes I've had was me doing yoga by candlelight, while I watched a hot lady ride my partner. You can steal that if you want.

What about puppet fucking?

What ABOUT puppet fucking?

How do I know if my girl is faking an orgasm?

Should I be worried about this?

Worried? Certainly not. Inquiring and discussing? Possibly. There are a lot of reasons a woman might fake an orgasm. Sex often feels like a performance that we'll be graded on. People get caught up in their thoughts during sex, instead of concentrating on the feeling of the moment. The pressure to have a mind-blowing orgasm that validates their partner is often a factor (and, a complete fucking downer). Some people forget that it's okay not to orgasm every single time during sex. Women can feel self-conscious about doing what ACTUALLY makes them cum, because it doesn't fit the way they're "supposed" to be having sex. It takes some women a long time to cum and we don't want to put people out to make that happen.

All these factors can come into play. The bottom line is trust. Trust, that if you don't orgasm, you can tell your partner and it won't be the end of the world. Trust, that you can comfortably do what it takes to cum without being judged. Trust, that your partner is mature enough to see zits on your ass or other unsavory aspects of nudity without being disappointed (because, when it comes down to it, we're all gross—get over it). You may not be judging these things, but we ARE constantly being judged on how much our physical body is pleasing to the people around us—it's a hard thing to let go. So, remedies to these problems: Ask what she likes and what makes her orgasm. Listen. If it takes a long time, be patient. Don't destroy her pussy (unless she wants that). Turn off the lights. A blindfold is amazing, because when your sense of sight is taken away it allows you to concentrate on what your body is feeling. Don't make her orgasm about you, how YOU'RE doing in bed, about YOUR confidence—that's just making her feel bad for something she can't control. If you're not doing what she needs to cum, it just takes communication—not a meltdown and an ego trip.

Don't expect some porn-level gushing and screaming, because often those things are just for show. A version of sexual mindfulness meditation is really useful, if you feel comfortable casually bringing it up (it's really just a cool thing for everyone). It basically consists of concentrating on sensation and nothing else. Every time your mind strays or something pops up in your head, just gently bring yourself back to the sensation you're concentrating on. Keep your breathing deep and relaxed. This is really fun with sensation play—using different tools to create different sensations. Happy fucking!

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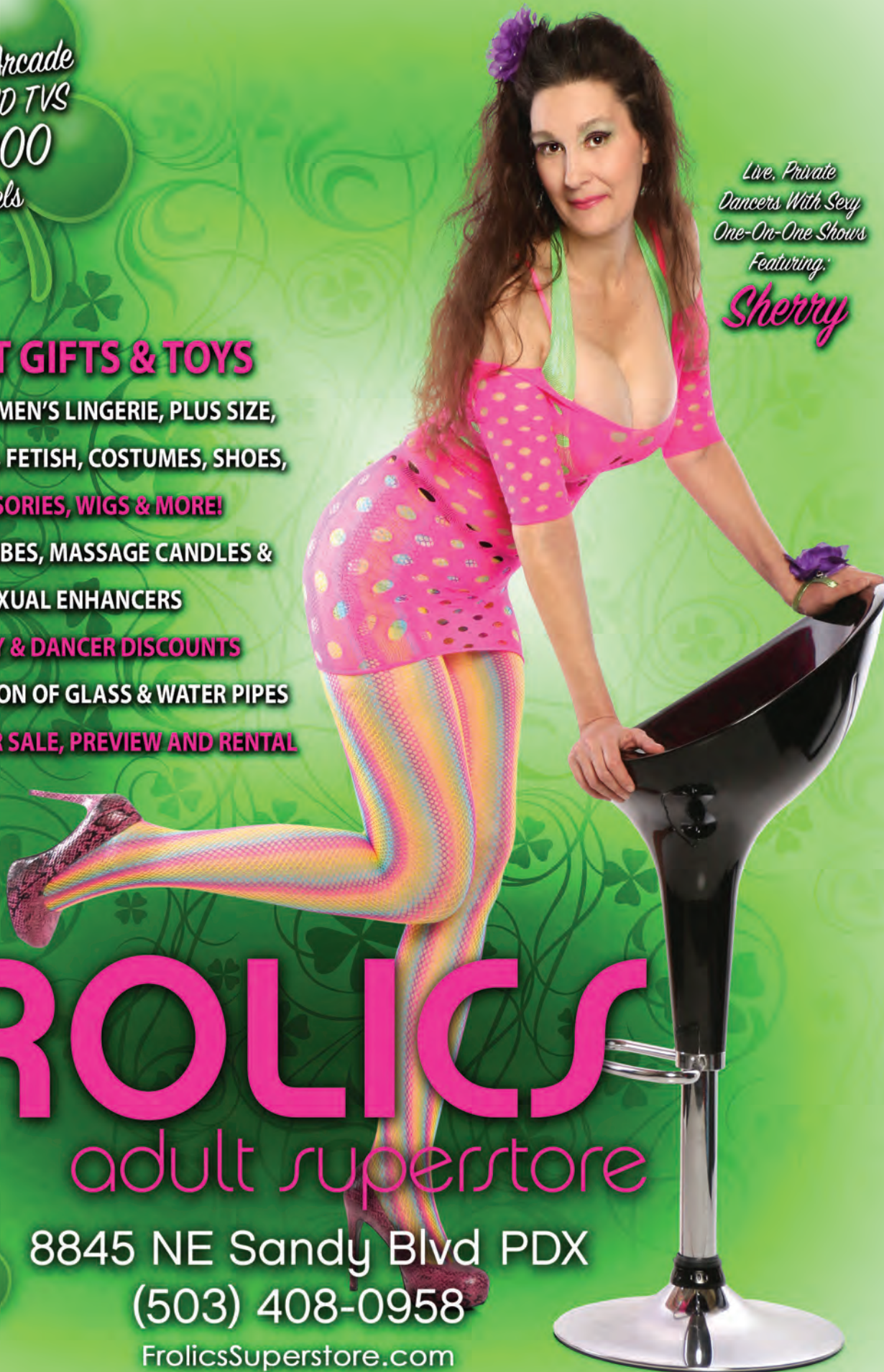
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LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE: A Hate/Love Letter To Florida



Everyone has an opinion about Florida, home to voter fraud and bath-salt zombie cannibals. The scotched earth where Donald Trump hides from his humanity, despite the Sunshine State's rich multiculturalism. I survived Florida and that's why I thought I'd try something different this month and share this automatic-writing piece I scribbled in a bizarro workshop. Peer into the subconscious mind of a Floridian. Hopefully, it doesn't burn too much.

I just want to run. Hide. Quiver. Escape. Scrape myself out of myself, with a hot spoon.

Molten. Magmatic and metallic, until I'm only chemicals. Let me die a chemtrail, leading blind vultures into the River Styx. Where the fuck is this path leading, anyway?

Fuck you, Florida. You're a cunt. A rotten, festering predator. A stinking, polluted pit of dead souls and soulless husks, bank accounts with too many zeros and not enough. A blister on America's ass, filled with rancid puss that leaks plastic surgery and too much animal fat.

You fed the pigs your mother. You killed your babies. You ate your lover. You smoked crack in the 80s. You are neon itself.

You're the bruised and dying and the dead move to you in hope of more life—but, really, it's just warmer.

You are the demons on Earth.

You're shaped like a gun and a dick and you bang the fuck outta reality with your astronomical mortgages and even higher HIV-positive rates.

You are the conflict between beauty and the sublime. My nightmares come from your womb. My daydreams come from your sunbeams. Your canal juice fills my blood with lily pads, algae and tadpoles, with luminescent alligator eyes at night under flashlights.

Your fists fly for no reason, because the heat pisses everybody off. That's why you have so many drive-bys and daylight murders.

Sidewalk art and chalk paintings will build community, but so does hardcore pornography and cocaine.

You are the capital of underage sex crimes.

You are where Daisy Dukes go to die.

The state you're in is a perpetual death rattle.

When I see you, the real you, I want to drink bleach. I want to shake my ass. I want Miami bass to quake my soul into seven million pieces.

Let the Bermuda Triangle take me to space. I give it my arms. She can take my flesh. I want her to rip my bones apart and cut my skin with fabric sheers, then fasten my gruesome bits into sacred drums, to call her legion of predatory darkness to enter the Everglades, visibly and with pride. Have her children march through the swamps, a hurricane behind them with winds that reach 180 miles per hour. Topple houses. Tear off roofs. Dislocate more families. Discredit more cultures. Discriminate against basic human rights.

Turn oppression on itself, oh children of the swamp and fucking eat the rich raw! Feast on their gristle—their fat, luxurious consumerism. Devour their estates in flame and flood. Pierce their family crests with draconian cruelty and the rage only a hungry reptile can execute. Massacre their minds with nightmares of hardship and loss.

Stomp on their genitals. Bite their dicks and slice their pussies.

Let them breed stillborns until they die.

This is their own dreamt up revenge. This is their own fear. They disgust themselves and this is just a mirror. No one forced them to fuck people over, so fuck them, right? Right. Write. OK.

This is not me or you, but it is 'us' in the cultural sense. In the words of my favorite living poet, "We're fucked. We got fucked. They fucked us." But, don't blame it on Florida. It's not her fault. She was a catalyst for a darkness that is a result of cultural oppression and destruction. Violent crime and hard drugs are a reaction to the ruling elite and class divide. It's a defense against socioeconomic disadvantages and social stratification. It's complicated. Not the best choice, but all too often, the only choice.

It's too damn hot. Imagine the sewers. In summer, it's worse. And, all that shit they allow in the tap water now—how is it even legal to allow chemicals in water!

But, the Spanish moss hangs in the wind, like a Greek god seduces his next rape victim.

I once knew this dude, Nick, who overdosed on pills and booze, but before he died, he lived in the apartment of a killer. His father owned the building. I used to live next door, but that was years earlier. Anyway. A killer lived there. Well, a meth addict gone bonkers. This was on Lake Ave in Lake Worth, FL, my hometown, about a ten-minute walk from the Atlantic Ocean. Anyway. The meth dude killed a girl and slept with the body in the apartment for a week, before he drove her to Boynton Beach and dumped her body in a 50-gallon barrel in the parking lot of some strip mall. Nick lived in the apt after. Rumor has it, he ate the food in the fridge, kept all the furniture, dishes, bedding and everything. He didn't even have the room detailed. That's Florida. At least, a snapshot of it.

But, it's also beautiful. I miss the texture of sea grape and sitting beneath Banyan trees, their giant roots sprawled from branches and reaching into the earth, like some big secret handshake. The wood storks that are almost as tall as me, begging for bacon outside of Denny's. Dancing until 5AM. Swimming in the warm ocean with fish you can see, the colors never fail to amaze. The roar of mother ocean and her breeze against your skin. The generosity of strangers. Large blades of grass against your bare feet. Starfruit trees. Mango trees. Hibiscus. Oranges. Grapefruit. Honeysuckles. Lizards scampering on the sidewalk. Riding bikes for days. Warm rain. Alleyways. Flea markets. Honesty. People who say what they mean. Arthur Rimbaud in the middle school library. Jim Morrison poetry in the middle school library. Polar Cups were these flavored, crushed ice drinks you could get in lemon or watermelon—the latter was superior. That sweet, slushy drink embodied the joys of Florida.

But, it could be ruined instantly, if you were enjoying your ice-cold watermelon Polar Cup while planting marigolds in your front yard after a hard day of fourth grade, just to look up and see the pasty wang of a middle-aged pedophile flop past, while pedaling a bike toward the major street your house is near.

Yes. That fucking happened. I had to identify him later. Yes, really.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction, to personal narrative and often blur between the two. For more info go to JaimeDunkle.com or [@JaimeDunkle](https://twitter.com/JaimeDunkle). No creepers allowed.



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TRANS-TRENDERS, FAT WHITE HIPPIES AND GREEN-HAIRED BIGOTS

Science—a concept which modern regressives wish to do away with at all costs—has shown that there may be some valid truth to the concept of a “transgender biology” or, more specifically, the ways in which brain activity and makeup of transgender individuals is different than non-trans people (2011, *National University of Distance Education*, Spain). If this research were expanded upon and allowed to enter the mainstream discussion regarding sexual identity, it would be of great benefit to transgender people, much how the “born this way” discussion has caused even the most judgmental of Christians to understand homosexuality as anything but a choice (therefore acknowledging it to be on the same playing field as original sin and all the other boring abominations).

So, in twenty years or so, if these same scientists attempt to re-create their experiment, this will require interview subjects who *self-identify* as transgender to participate. Because transgender people are not defined by obvious physical traits—such as race, physical disability, age, etc.—the process of verifying the background of a participant in such a study would rely on the honesty of participants.

Guess what happens when only .3% of the respondents are actually transgender, while the rest simply discovered the blogosphere during a phase?

If you answered “the study will be watered down with non-applicable subjects and, thus, appear to debunk any biological or neurological component to being transgender,” give yourself a gold star.

Sorry, actual transgender people, you have just been returned to the 1950s, so a fat dude with green hair can get more attention on “xir” Instagram page. Your biology is now a social construct, even though science was *this close* to validating your life experience.

Something doesn’t add up. If it did, there would be consistency among outrage.

How have we gotten here? Simple—positioning oneself as a victim is an empowering experience. Plus, bored white people like to steal shit. Hold on there, Harvey Milk...Macklemore has feelings of guilt that he needs to get off his chest.

While an effort is made by disenfranchised groups to *overcome* victimhood, perpetual (and, sometimes, professional) victims self-align with disenfranchised groups to which they don’t technically belong, in order to be seen as a victim. A great example of this is Shaun King (three-quarters white), whose social media timeline features a photograph of him after being assaulted. Meanwhile, Rodney King (R.I.P.) didn’t want to see the media using imag-

ery of his attack—and who would? The only people who enjoy being disenfranchised are those who are no longer (or have never been) disenfranchised. Notice how Beyonce became a black-power feminist *after* ditching her sisters, lightening her skin and making millions of dollars? Same shit.

Basically, modern liberals are just sitting around the emergency room, with full health insurance, stabbing themselves in the foot, so that the doctor will see them quicker than the guy with the gunshot wound, give them a Band-Aid a lollipop. And, since boring-ass vanilla Millennials in Portland have run out of grievances (seriously, you can get a divorce at a drive-thru, buy abortion pills over the counter, smoke weed in your living rooms and order a salad at McDonald’s), we seek to co-opt the grievances of other cultures, which results in pushing them out like the black families who lived in the Alberta district before cruelty-free hummus carts replaced



them.

But, unlike blonde dreadlocks attached to a white girl, gender identity crimes aren’t easy to call out.

There is no glass ceiling when it comes to the limit of bizarre, smug bullshit churned out by the modern brand of trans-trender. I recently sat through a YouTube video hosted by a “lesbian trans woman” who “reject(s) beauty standards and gender roles.” Now, to call this person a guy in a dress who doesn’t wanna exercise but still wants to fuck chicks, that would be extremely insensitive, yes? Yet, I challenge anyone to tell me how this is any different than a white person in blackface, or the “I’m a male feminist, have a drink on me” approach to date rape.

It *baffles* me that, while Mike Pence is seen as a piece of shit—by even the most staunch conservatives—for endorsing electroshock conversion therapy, the majority of left-wing media has doubled down on their “gender is a myth made up by wizards to sell energy drinks and tampons” stance, which is

equally as harmful to the acceptance of gay, lesbian and transgender people. Saying that one’s private parts and life partners are a social construct is the same thing as telling a black person that blackness doesn’t exist, because race is a social construct. Modern heating is a social construct. Are you gonna turn off the thermostat in an effort to fight the patriarchy?

The left has infiltrated, subverted, co-opted and re-defined literally every struggle that doesn’t belong to us, from race, to sexual preference, to physical ability (do a Google search for “Jewel Drain Cleaner”), to even the culture of fucking animals. No, I don’t mean bestiality; I mean there are people who identify as cats. Cat pictures to cat people in less than ten years. Thank you, Internet.

When someone is born in the wrong body, they’re not given the megaphone, but, instead, a “Yo, I got this” by a straight, white girl in short hair, who thinks that appreciating Xena fan fiction means she must be a perfect spokesperson for the LGBT+W/E-IDK-LOL “community.”

The more we try to pretend that Shaun King and Rachel Dolezal and Lena Dunham aren’t anything other than ugly, talentless white people with no original thought, whose sole purpose in life is to profit off of real, legitimate oppression, by aligning with the targets of said oppression, the more of these fucking columns you have to read.

Why am I clumping together broad concepts of third-wave feminism, body positivity, sexual politics and class into the same rant? Well, they all stem from one phenomenon: bored, white, regressive liberals and their/our need to identify as anything other than a member of a non-oppressed class, thus alleviating our responsibility to ourselves and society. Does doing this take away power from klan rallies, the Trump family college fund or Pepe The Frog? Not one bit. It does, however, completely fuck the groups who provided the source material for our victimhood identity.

Race and gender (non-binary included) have a firm basis in biology. Put simply, yes, trans people exist. No, you’re probably not one of them. If you are, you’re likely sick of being represented by the zimum-zher-zibbitybop-kitten-kin who will undoubtedly email me with a hate-filled rant about how bigoted this column is. Yes, *actual* trans people, I’m on your team. No, I won’t be making up a random, new gender to skip ahead in front of you while in line for the restroom.

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Stripped In Pornland

By Jaime Dunkle

Bandana

Bandana's dark brown hair hangs past her ass. She's no more than five feet tall. Her temperament opposes her stature—the woman fumes at the smallest sight.

The bartender cuts her off. The bouncer sends her home.

"Fuck you," she says.

She stomps back to the dressing room. Her black heels dig into the carpet.

Only one other woman sees her in the dressing room. Bandana lifts up her black dress.

"Say shit and die, bitch," she says to the other stripper, who applies more lipstick, as she looks at Bandana through the mirror.

Bandana spreads her legs and sways, as warm, yellow liquid gushes out of her as she stands. The waves of pee slosh against her stilettos. Her laughter fills the room.

The other dancer leaves. The bouncer enters. He picks her up out of the piss puddle and carries her through the club and out the front door.

Dickforbrains

Dickforbrains sits at the rack, but refuses to tip.

"Don't waste your money on these sluts," he says to every dude who approaches the stage.

I walk over to the bartender, only clad in a black thong and black eight-inch heels.

"Can you get this jerk out of here?" I say.

"He's fine, get back on stage."

No amount of rationale or explanation can sway the equally douche-y bartender.

I walk back to the stage. Dickforbrains still won't leave.

I climb the 20-foot pole and survey the club. Mr. Jagoff Bartender slings drinks for some blonde none of the customers are paying attention, after the stage being cleared moments prior.

The brass pole chills my bare skin. All of my weight balances in my thighs. I pull myself in front of the pole, my arms arched behind me, my ankles wrapped around the brass. I slide down, like the curve of Cupid's bow, and stare down Dickforbrains.

I dance over to him, because I'm a professional. I smile. He laughs with all of his gut.

"Let me see your pussy," he says.

"Dude, you haven't tipped for the last two songs. You don't get to see shit," I say.

"Stupid fucking bitch," he says.

I pick up the ashtray next to him. Without thinking, I chuck it across the room and it shatters against the wall of mirrors. Shards fly through the air. A single piece slashes Dickforbrains two inches above his eye. He screams.

The bartender runs over. I laugh.

"Get dressed and get the hell out of here," he says to me.

"Really?"

We argue.

I go downstairs, put on my jeans and pack my bag and leave—with zero fucks given.

A payphone stands alone, against a fenced lot about a block away from the club. I dial the owner's phone number. I leave a voicemail and explain the injustice with Dickforbrains and Mr. Jagoff Bartender.

I hang up—tears of frustration in my eyes. I turn around and the owner's sitting in his black Jaguar.

"Get in," he says.

"I'm sorry," I say.

"I'll fix it. You know you're my favorite. But, Mr. Jagoff Bartender wants you 86'd. Just take a week off."

"OK."

He hands me an envelope and drives me home.

Desperateforfriends

Desperateforfriends throws cash at the black hole in his life where the need for companionship swells, like a boil on a teenager's back. It festers. Throbs. Stings. He feeds it here, under the black lights and projects it onto me, as I hang upside down from the brass pole like some post-modern mystic. A fiver and ten ones line the rack in front of him. I still have my thong on. I leave the stage. He stops me. I hold the crumbled bills in one hand and my hot pink tube dress in the other.

"I heard you're a rapper. I want to make a bet," he says.

I raise my eyebrows. Stash the cash in my tiny purse.

"Let's battle. You can go first." He pulls out \$40. "If you win, I'll give you this," he holds up the two twenties, "And I'll walk out the door."

"Janet. Judge this rap battle," I say to my nearby co-worker.

The three of us walk over to a love seat in the table dance area. I put down my dress and stand topless in heels.

I clear my throat. I spit:

"Yo, I already said what you wanted to hear

Are you just wasting my time?

Or are you gonna buy me a beer?

Or maybe a table dance?

We'll fake the romance

I look down & I can see your dick in your pants

And it ain't that big

Under these black lights

There's a stain on your leg

And you wear those goofy ass glasses to look intelligent"

Desperateforfriends looks down at his pants, then looks up at me with—real talk—tears in his bloodshot eyes.

He hands me the two twenties, shakes his head and walks toward the exit in silence.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. "Stripped" is her forthcoming book, that's in search of a publisher. For more info, go to JaimeDunkle.com or [@JaimeDunkle](https://twitter.com/JaimeDunkle). No creepers allowed.

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WITH FREE BUFFET

**ALL COLLEGE TOURNAMENT
HOOPS GAMES ON OUR
7 BIG SCREEN TVS**

HAPPY HOUR 'TIL 7PM

LARGE OUTDOOR PATIO AREA

6 OREGON LOTTERY MACHINES

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6 STAGES



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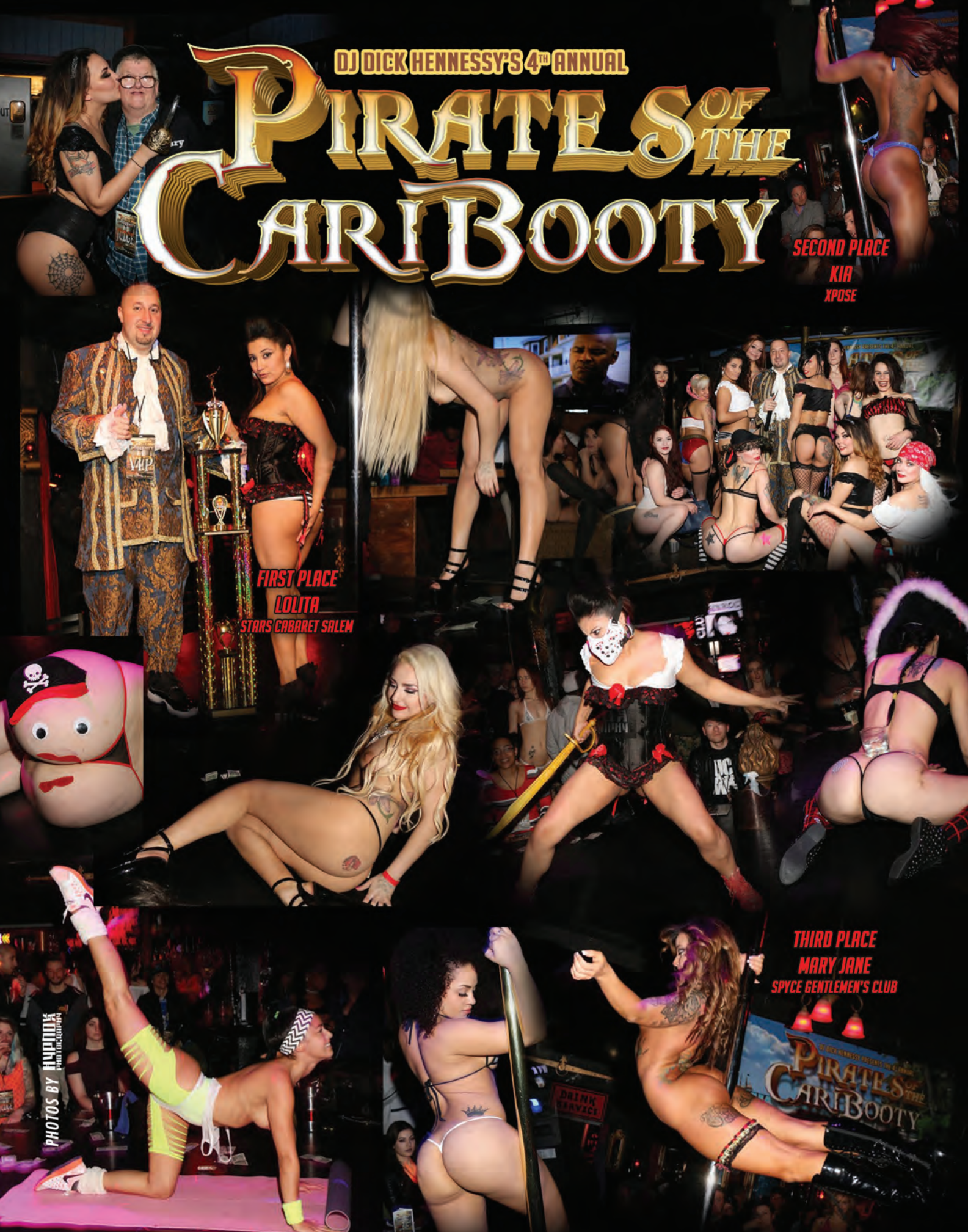
DJ DICK HENNESSY'S 4TH ANNUAL

PIRATE OF THE CARIBOOTY

SECOND PLACE
KIRA
XPOSE

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LOLITA
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THIRD PLACE
MARY JANE
SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB



PHOTOS BY HYPNOTIX PHOTOGRAPHY

PIRATES OF THE CARIBOOTY

Scarlet Lounge Night

Saturday
MARCH
25
@ **9PM**

DAILY AUDITIONS FOR DANCERS
WALK IN / CALL
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OPEN
10AM-2:30AM DAILY

HAPPY HOUR
NOON-4PM DAILY

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ATM
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EVERY DAY



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COUNTRY NIGHT**

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 - NO MANDATORY TIP OUTS
 - WORK ANY SHIFT THAT IS AVAILABLE
 - 21+ DANCERS ONLY
- DANCERS CALL ALÉ (503) 268-7429
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*St. Patrick's
Day*

FRIDAY, MAR 17
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Cameo



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THURSDAY, MARCH 23

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EVERY TUESDAY STARTING MARCH 7

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY

FRIDAY, MARCH 17

ANGELA SOMMERS

FRIDAY, MARCH 24

ADULT FILM STAR ANGELA SOMMERS

BEND - THU, MARCH 23
SALEM - FRI, MARCH 24
BRIDGEPORT - SAT, MARCH 25

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ALL LOCATIONS

