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NATURE'S EIGHT WORST CREATURES

THE MONTHLY

COLUMN

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

People are always talking about animals. We have entire television networks dedicated to watching animals and having commentary on their behavior. However, most of these channels and programs focus on their habits—or the plight of their conservation—as opposed to whether or not they're actually any *good*.

Naturally, I figured I'd take it upon myself to do the exhaustive research into the animal kingdom and compile a list of nature's absolute worst creatures. Only contemporary animals are in this list, so don't get on social media chastising me for a lack of dinosaurs. It's also only proper animals—no insects, arachnids or other things in the taxonomic group known as “bugs 'n' shit.” That would need its own article and it'd be a list of hundreds. I do not like bugs. Especially ants. To any ants, or ant sympathizers—fuck you.

Number 8: The Hippo

The hippopotamus. The fucking hippo. Do you want to know why the hungry, hungry hippo made this list? Well, I'll tell you. For one, they kill a lot of people—like, 500 a year—on purpose. They might look like a giant sack of shit, but they are fast and they will hippo you to death. TO. DEATH. That is not an epitaph anyone wants. “Here lies Henry, hippo'd to death, as he went to pick wildflowers. Loving husband, okay fa-

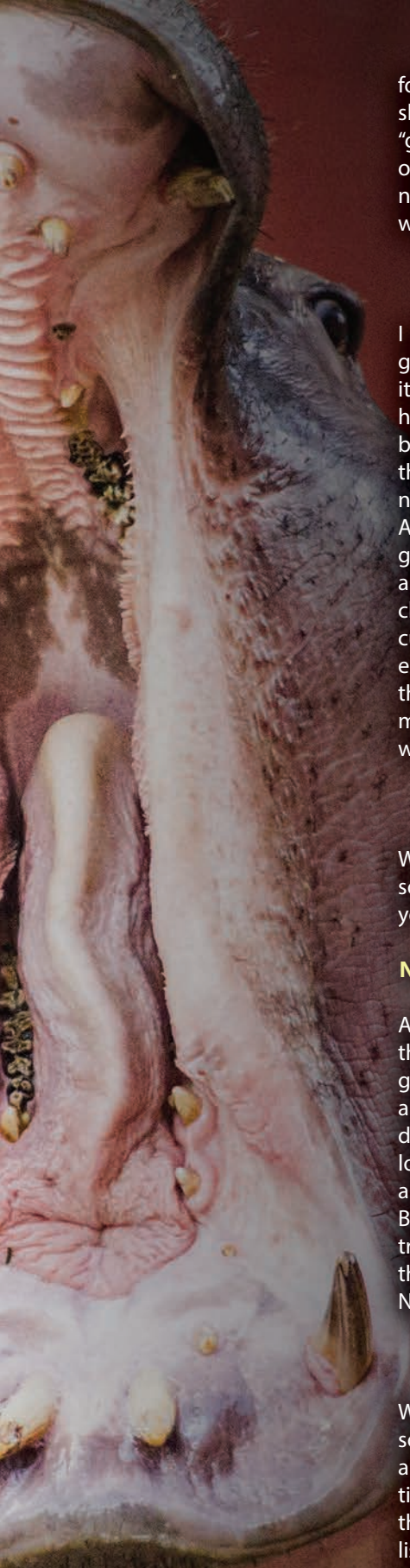
ther. R.I.P.” So, avoid them. Plus, when they shit, they flip their dung around with a deliberate, spastic flailing of their muscular tails, in what is known as “muck spreading.” So, literally every time they shit, it hits the fan. Additionally, when the London Zoo first got one in 1850, it was such a popular attraction, that someone wrote a polka about it.* A fucking polka. Though the polka is not directly their fault, I still blame them.

Number 7: Eastern Glass Lizard

Endemic to the Southeastern U.S., these lizards are the legless kind, but they couldn't just be *snakes*—oh no. They had to ditch the legs and still be a lizard. Like lizards, they still do that thing where their tail falls off if you manhandle them too hard. Thus the “glass” part. Wussies. They are the hipsters wearing non-prescription, horn-rimmed glasses of the animal kingdom and absolutely deserve this spot on the list, for being annoying and pretentious.

Number 6: Budgett's Frog

Also known somewhat famously as the “ree frog,” from a series of viral internet videos, this frog is a fat asshole. They sit around and are fat, becoming bloated by eating mostly other frogs. If you try to get up in their grill, they do their famous, shrill cry, “REEEEEE!” for what seems like



forever, then they try to bite you. They have sharp teeth, so if they get you, they do not just “gum” you like many other frogs. If it were just one of that handful of things, they likely would not make the list, but since it’s a gumbo of un-wholesomeness, they’re number six.

Number 5: Emus

I was initially going to throw the entire subgroup of large, flightless birds known as ratites into this entry, but decided that truly, the humble emu stands tall among them as the biggest piece of shit. There are many factors that contribute to this, such as their powerful, nut-kicking legs. Also, their victory over the Australian Army in 1932’s ill-fated “Emu War” gives them points. That was an event, wherein a detachment of soldiers armed with light machine guns (Lewis Guns) went to attempt to cull emus who were destroying farmland. The emus did not have a significant percentage of their population reduced by the various skirmishes and they continue to wage a guerrilla war against Aussie farmers to this day.

Number 4: Children

Why are they on this list? Well, if you have some, you’ll know—and, if you don’t have any, you’ll also know.

Number 3: That Fish With The Human Teeth

Also known as the sheepshead fish, it makes this list because of its bizarre dentition. I was going to take points off because they are apparently quite delicious, but being tasty doesn’t mean you’re not an awful creature. It looks like a Fleshlight for someone with a really particular fetish—a fishlight, so to speak. But, I would not put any genitals, limbs or protrusions into its mouth, as it can bite clean through clamshells with them man-teeth. None of this is good.

Number 2: The Goose

Well, everyone knew the goose would be somewhere on this list, and I have to say, they almost made first place. But, due to objective, scientific considerations, they only make the second spot. The reasons they *are* on this list are likely obvious to anyone who has ever encountered a goose. They are vile, feathery wads of anger and loose poop. Hell, we have an old expression, “loose as a goose,” which was coined by someone who likely had a front

lawn covered in a sheen of slick, ripe goose shit**. Also, they are quick to anger and have a very nasty honk-and-bite routine they will perform, if you rouse their ire. Science has shown that the goose can detect the presence of a wiener and will seek for it when biting.

Nature’s Absolute Worst Creature: The Horse

Yes, the horse—nature’s greatest monster. While we tend to regard domestication of the horse as an achievement for our species, in our quest to be masters of our world, I feel it may have been a mistake, as it brought us into closer contact with them and we eventually bred out most of their fear. Now, they are uncomfortable, brutish creatures with fearsome jaws—ready to take a bite out of anything, as soon as that anything isn’t looking. They might whinny and nicker and make all sorts of noises that would have you believe they are humbled—but, this is all lies. They do not know humility and are just waiting for an opportunity to do you wrong (and, they do not care after they do). Beware, the horse! It lacks remorse!!! Plus, it is indirectly responsible for “horse girls,” who, if you know anything about them, have been utterly corrupted by this odd-toed ungulate of misery.

There’s the list. Surprisingly, fewer animals than I thought ended up being from Australia. But, science is about changing criteria and re-examining data, so if the list changes, perhaps more down-under creatures will make it.

I wish you all the best of luck avoiding all the creatures on this list.

Regards,

-WSTM

**It was known as the “Hippopotamus Polka.” Super creative.*

***Probably from “the perception that a goose has loose bowels” (Dictionary of American Slang, 4th Edition, 2010).*

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a writer, childcare hazard consultant, gorilla masseuse and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook & MeWe (the no-ads Facebook) as “Wombstretcha The Magnificent.”



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Mailing Address:
818 SW 3rd Avenue, Suite 1324
Portland, Oregon 97204
Telephone: 503.241.4317
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Email: info@xmag.com
Exotic Online: www.xmag.com

Publisher
XMAG LLC.

General Manager
Bryan A. Bybee

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Vote By Bitcoin To Save

by Ray McMillin

Okay, that's a clickbait header, but the technology behind Bitcoin—known as blockchain—can literally fix the election process overnight (or, at least, the second that a stable blockchain is up and running). Last year (in this very publication, I believe), I suggested that blockchain could fix voter fraud. Some dorks in the crypto space told me that this was too complicated of an idea to sell to the masses. Flash forward to last month, and, according to *Coindesk*, the USPS is applying for a patent to:

"...combin(e) the 'dependability and security' of the USPS with blockchain 'to prevent tampering' of electronic ballots...saying in the filing that voters want a 'convenient' means to access the polls, USPS offers a number of different methods to accomplish this objective."

Once again, shitposter Ray's "dumb autistic ideas" are ahead of their time (to hell with humility, I'm done screaming at you people).

Fine, I'll Bite...What Is Blockchain?

For those of you with hobbies and ca-

reers, you may not know why Bitcoin/blockchain is so damn special. As it turns out, anyone can understand it; you've just gotta think of "Bitcoin" as a brand, whereas blockchain is the underlying technology or product class—Bitcoin simply happens to be the first mover and most popular. If blockchain was soda, Bitcoin is Coke, Ethereum is Pepsi, Litecoin is RC, Dogecoin is Faygo, etc. Each of these "currencies" (brands) are basically just tokens that are stored, recorded and run on a ledger using the underlying product, in this case, that sweet, always-fresh, blockchain soda. But, what is a blockchain, you ask? A blockchain is a publicly accessible, immutable ledger. That's it. It's a glorified bank account balance of every transaction ever conducted by anyone using said bank. For purposes of reading-about-technology-in-a-counter-culture-porn-magazine clarity, visualize the "chain" part as a chain of numbers (001, 002, 003...) and the "blocks" as groups of transactions. Think of when you purchase several things at the mall during the same trip, then you see the charges for various stores show up all at once on your bank statement—this is a "block" of transactions that were verified

as legitimate by Visa, for instance. The "chain" would be the transaction number (tied to a specific date, time and place that sorts the order of your transactions or "blocks"). Each block is built upon (or, at least affected by) the previous block, much like a bank account balance is affected by each transaction.

However, with a bank account, you have the ledger part of "immutable ledger," but not the immutable part. Think of a regular ledger as one written in pencil, whereas an immutable ledger is one done by a tattoo artist, using platinum for ink and witnessed by thousands of other people. This is why your bank account balance is *not* immutable—in the case of a fraudulent charge showing up (say, a \$500 purchase of Uganda Knuckles stickers from Wish), the ledger (bank account balance) is compromised. To remedy this, a human being at your bank will audit the ledger and then they will decide—using their human brain and judgment—whether or not to refund the charge (thus retroactively "muting" a previous transaction on the ledger). For better or worse, this simply means that both Wish and Bank Of Whatever are able to

The Electoral Process!

reverse transactions, in order to adjust (mute) part of the bank record (ledger). And, as it stands, in the case of voting, this audit is done by whatever nothing-fifty-per-hour wage slave is responsible for verifying crucial decisions regarding who governs everyone else for the next four years.

In contrast to your Bank Of Whatever account balance, blockchains are run by complex algorithms, executed by endless amounts of miners, who all work on the same “block.” Or, to put it simply, they’re all chopping away at the same stone to find gold. Once the stone has been mined, there’s no going back and there’s no putting it back together—each block is basically Humpty Dumpty and the miners are all the king’s men. If 4.2069 Bitcoin are sent to Address “L0Ln1c3” on July 31st, 2020 at 7:10pm, it’s a done deal. There is no “rolling back” the transaction (which, again, is stored on a publicly available ledger, so folks can verify this).

Further, with blockchain transactions, thousands of individual computers help to verify small portions of each block,

which is the equivalent of a credit card charge being looked over by every employee at Visa, before it is ever accepted as valid. So, imagine having a credit card where you could not dispute any of the charges and the whole world could find out how much money you spent on Uganada Knuckles stickers from Wish—that’s blockchain (and, if you swapped

Wish with Silk Road, this would be a literal example).

By this point, you may be wondering what the hell this has to do with fixing voter fraud...two months before the most divisive election since the 2007 Trailblazers draft. Sure, Bitcoin is associated with money, and thus, folks think that blockchain technology is limited to the financial realm, but much like how oil can be used for cooking (and, not just automobiles, lube or globalist war-mongering), blockchain can be used for non-monetary purposes. The whole discussion surrounding voter fraud deals with fake ballots, multiple ballots, fraud clouded by secrecy, improper collection methods by human beings pushing ninety years old, etc. Every single one of these issues or risks could be eliminated by incorporating the immutability and public visibility of blockchain technology into voting. It’s basically a way to prove that X votes went to Y candidate and/or Z ballot, without exposing the first and last name of your hippie neighbor, who secretly voted for Trump.

Right now, you can look up any Bitcoin



(or, Ethereum, Litecoin, etc.) address and see every transaction on the blockchain, but you wouldn't have any idea who it belongs to. For instance, here is a transaction (number "0x7c90272bee5ff6559...") from the Ethereum blockchain, accessible via EtherScan.info:

As we can see, a user with the wallet address "0xe508a1e7284b75f..." sent 5,390 MATIC coins to address "0x5e3ef299fddf15ea..." on August 15, 2020 at 4:20pm. This is a "block" of one transaction from one wallet address (user) to another. Now, do you know whose name is associated with "30xe508a1e7284b75f..."? Probably not—unless it's another one of Elon Musk's kids. But, you *do* know that "Thirty Oxy Five Oh Eight" sent that exact amount of coins on that date.

So, with blockchain voting, a voter identification number would be stored on a ledger (similar to a Bitcoin wallet address). "John Q. Shithead" would be "a185b1ks89fbsf," and only people with access to voter registration databases would be able to connect these dots (as opposed to a disgruntled postal worker or ballot box maid deciding to rip open an envelope and read the signature). Basically, as far as anonymity goes, a simple algorithm would obscure one's legal name from being able to be translated from the publicly visible number—think of your car's license plate and how the numbers are generated by factors that have nothing to do with your first or last name. Anyone not directly involved in storing individual voter identification

numbers would have no idea how their neighbor voted—but, everyone *would* be able to see how *many* people voted and, therefore, be able to see if the audited results show signs of a fair election (or, if a car with California plates with "Y0L0SWG" was somehow parked in your assigned spot).

When it comes to the election process, for each vote (whether a yes/no ballot measure or a red/green/blue/pink candidate), a transaction would be stored on the voting blockchain along with the associated address (voter identification number). If a single address (voter) tried to vote twice (or "broadcast the same transaction" in cryptocurrency speak), said transaction/vote would be rejected. To choose your preferred candidate, you would cast a transaction (vote) to one of several addresses (candidate choices). Every qualified voter would be issued the equivalent of one "vote coin" per respective ballot measure and/or candidate, and to make it easy for Boomers to cast their votes, some overpaid tech nerds from San Francisco could create an app to make it as easy as buying Dogecoin on Robinhood (disclaimer: do not buy Dogecoin on Robinhood). Again, the back end of this app would be transparent, just like any Bitcoin wallet app being used by Zoomers on their iThings. So, as long as the whole process of voting is done using blockchain technology, it would not be "hackable" in the traditional sense (and the overpaid tech nerds who built the app would not be responsible for launching the blockchain, but

rather, building a simple front-end app to access it, once it is up and running).

Even if vote-casting-by-blockchain is out of the question this late in the election game, blockchain ledgers could still be used to store, verify and validate the results of an election, after it goes down. By using blockchain as an alternative to—or, even an after-the-fact tool to audit the results of—a paper or screen election, the sum total of the votes stored on a blockchain ledger would be able to be audited against the voting population of any one district, state or even country. For example, if Bob Asshat claims to have received 10,000 votes, but the blockchain ledger shows that only 8,000 went to Asshat (and, 2,000 of Asshat's supposed votes actually went to Jane Dipshit), then the election results would be re-audited to see if the people actually chose Dipshit over Asshat. On the other end of the spectrum, individual voters could look up the blockchain ledger and track their own votes, using their own voter identification number (that only they know), to verify that their vote ("transaction") was actually sent to the correct candidate ("address"). Even without knowing which address corresponds to which voter, anyone could check the "transactions" from a given election and notice, "Wow, Estacada has a population of 3,700, but somehow they voted 25,000 times" or, "It appears that ninety percent of District 23 voted for Chloe Clueless, but somehow she lost to Fringe Freddy."

If it sounds complicated, well, it is—but, birth control is more complicated than pulling out, smartphones are more complicated than pagers and cocaine is more complicated than the coca leaf. Sometimes, complicating things actually makes them work better. At the end of the day, just like Depo, iPhones and blow, we can make voting better by adopting new technology.

How can you help? Well...to be honest? Buy Bitcoin. I'd like to see it smash 20K this year and Portland's gonna riot no matter who wins, so what's the point in even caring about voter fraud?



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WE GOT THIS

While I'm committed to keeping divisive politics and potentially controversial opinions out of this column, I'm going to take a leap and assume that every person—from left to right, center to fringe, Donnergcrats, Republikarens, libertarians, Libertarians and "I really don't pay attention to politics"-ians alike—can agree that there has been some serious hypocrisy on behalf of our "government" "leaders," when it comes to COVID lockdown rules. Particularly, there has been an almost braggart-like arrogance on display from every mayor, governor, city council member, neighborhood watch director and school election supervisor, in every city and state, from coast to coast.

For instance, take New York's Mayor Bill De Blasio, whose city tossed COVID-positive elders into a senior care facility (which is the equivalent of rounding up all the lost dogs and leaving them at the kitten shelter). Get this—after closing the city, asking everyone from bodega owners to taxi drivers to take a loss (and, in some cases, their own life), De Blasio made sure that his wife maintained her two-million-a-year gig. Why? Well, apparently his wife and her crew are an "essential business" that includes a \$143,000/year public relations advisor and a \$70,000/year "racial equality task force" (while black businesses close down and Harlem is forced to evacuate). Now, compare New York's "essential" workers to "just a" stripper workers (I'm using normie language to prove a point)—dancers are often psychotherapists, athletes, social workers, best-friends-for-hire and otherwise a vital part of many people's social life (and, thus, mental health), yet they are being written off as "non-essential" by assistants of supervisors to the second-in-command at some rich dude's wife's public relations practice.

Basically, the elites hate you—ignore their hashtags, ignore their "positive messages" and forced memes. They hate you. You are *nothing* to the people who live behind gold gates and call the governmental shots. There is one party—read *1984* before it becomes nonfiction.

Yet, there exists some bullshit "dichotomy"

that keeps us all divided. What is the solution? How can we reach a nice medium between "everyone should stay inside and die" and "I refuse to wear a mask in hospitals and crowded stores," without appealing to moral, political or emotional reasoning? Further, how can we detach from our own biases, in order to find a way to make things resemble the "old normal," just a little bit? I say we first need to stop being part of the problem and then hustle like there's no tomorrow (or, rather, that there *is* a tomorrow...but, it's gonna be a tough one).

Merely for example, I will note two anecdotes that convince me we're pretty much fucked, unless the whole "collective good" thing becomes less about individual identity, politics or identity politics, and starts to resemble, well, a collective good. These are from opposing ends of the spectrum, simply to illustrate how everyone is guilty of being an idiot.

The first example of "Okay, someone put the brakes on the crazy bus" is a Facebook post from a friend, in which she was letting folks know that she had tested positive for COVID and was planning on suing the bar she worked at during the beginning of lockdown, because it was the "only place (she) had been besides the protests, and there are studies that prove there is no COVID risk at protests, because everyone is wearing masks." Put your politics aside for a second—red, blue, black or white...tear gas, physical contact and screaming are not things that reduce viral transmission. It's the same as saying you don't have to wear condoms with pornstars, because "they get tested" (ignoring the fact that there is an incubation period for both HIV and COVID-19, which are oddly similar in make-up).

The second example of "No, really, someone pull the cord and see if there's even a stop coming up soon" comes from another protester, who was attending a "Re-Open Oregon" rally, in which the goal was to, as you may have guessed, get businesses to re-open. What did the group do? Well, they marched to a local Starbucks—about 200 people deep—causing the employees to lock their doors in terror. After all, the employees had no idea if this was a protest or a real-life sequel to *The Purge*. While the in-

tent of the protesters may have been "mostly peaceful" (that's a phrase I wish we hadn't been introduced to this year—9/11 was "mostly peaceful" after the morning hours) bunch of boomers, the Starbucks employees had no idea what was going on, as hundreds of angry people showed up to demand that an already open (and corporate at that) business open their doors. So, like any rational wage slaves, the baristas locked the doors and hoped for the best.

In other words, people on one side think that protesting makes them immune to non-partisan viruses, while folks on the other side are holding "re-open" rallies, which result in business being forced to close early.

So, what's my point here? People are fucking stupid and you're probably smarter than most of them. Trust your gut and know your value. Stop looking to a television screen or a free sex-and-drugs magazine for instructions. You got this.



As with literally every other historical era, no one has any idea what the fuck they're doing. And, this is good news for you, the stripper, bouncer, DJ, bartender, customer and/or "not-technically boyfriend, but we're fucking" driver, because, what was once an "alternative lifestyle" has become yet another legitimate casualty of 2020.

Why is this good news? Rebirth.

You are in an extremely rare position, one in which you can finally re-apply your skills to any area imaginable, without the same societal judgment that would be present in a non-insanity year. Want to become a better pole dancer? Time to practice at home. Want to up your networking skills? Time to text

some old regulars. Want to open your own club? There is likely one going up for sale (or, at least an old coffee cart that you can turn into a bikini espresso place—just to get a start). The world is currently distracted with plagues, riots and politics. I cannot think of a better time to get good at what you do, than while everyone else is losing their shit.

Plus, the stripper stigma is practically absent right now. Let's say that Tom Hanks was president, the economy was doing great and it was still illegal to wear masks in banks—people living in this type of world are gonna judge you for being one of those “sex worker types” in “weird-ass Portland.” But, in 2020, the phrase “I have literally any job at all” is godlike and worthy of respect. The moral authoritarians—on both sides—are too busy arguing with Karen and/or trying to recall Kate (both of which I am okay with), and it's a noticeable difference from the days of evangelical Susan and her crew of Christian cat moms playing protest-the-new-strip-club-for-being-demonic, while at the same time, the local papers denounce the place for not having enough gluten-free options or supporting patriarchal gender roles. The point is, it's hard to be authoritarian and smug when your Tell Everyone Else What To Do store is boarded up.

There is a subtle shift of power going on right now—local Portland newspapers are no longer news, nor on paper, while this glossy, full-color publication is still piling up on the backs of toilets everywhere, providing narratives that aren't echoed by every rag on the block. Four of my favorite steakhouses have closed entirely, but the Acropolis is still open (and, this place has had dozens of “closing” rumors throughout the years, so props to them). I know lobbyists who are out of work (during an election year, even), but my stripper homies are using various apps to post their schedules, sell private videos and otherwise “buy the dip” in this market—some are even running for office.

Without stereotyping, I will make the *assumption* that many people are drawn to this industry as a result of having experienced some form of hardship—so, remind yourself, that most normies at the nine-to-five have never, ever experienced this type of situation. You are leagues ahead of the neighbors next door. Take some time to reflect on this and then, most importantly, take a deep breath.



eroticcity spotlight

**SAT 12 - STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT)
WILD, WILD WEST PARTY**

DAILY HAPPY HOURS:

**CABARET
HAPPY HOUR 11AM-5PM**

**DV8
HAPPY HOUR 4PM-7PM**

**GUILTY PLEASURES
HAPPY HOUR 1:30PM-5PM**

**LUST LOUNGE
HAPPY HOUR 2PM-7PM**

**SCARLET LOUNGE
(CELEBRATING THEIR
4-YEAR ANNIVERSARY
ALL MONTH LONG)
HAPPY HOUR 10AM-4PM**

**STARS CABARET (SALEM)
1, 2, 3 & 4 HAPPY HOUR 4-6PM**

THREE TIPS FOR NEW STONERS

GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

This year has been a trip—some dude ate a bat and then everyone was paid to stay home for the month of 4/20. Suddenly, we're supposed to wear masks inside banks and

them that you're protesting something and they will give you money and disappear. Trust me, 2020 is best experienced while high. I couldn't handle this shit if I wasn't. Much like

fine—more people die every year of *[insert right-wing talking point]* than they do *[insert left-wing paranoia]*, but no one has ever died from smoking too much weed.



Still, like buying a house or a shotgun, it's important to know what you're working with, before the person in the Bi-Mart parking lot tricks you into another bad purchase. With that said, here is my list of things that every new smoker needs to be schooled on...

Like Cigarettes, Pot Stinks—And You Will Stop Smelling It

As anyone with a “bad uncle” knows, the smell of cigarettes is strong enough to last for decades, depending on how traumatic the memory is. Personal details aside, the scent of cigarette smoke travels about ten times as far (and, sticks around about ten times as long) as burning plastic, Thai food farts and chicks who say, “I think I’m gonna travel this summer,” combined. No one likes the smell of cigarette smoke. However, as a stoner, you *will* eventually come to like (and, in most cases, love) the smell

there's a one-hour window to drink inside bars after sundown, to “reduce crowds” or something. Smoking weed in the park is just fine, because there aren't any cops around, it seems...but, if you're not wearing a mask while doing so, an entire complaint of Karens swarms up and hassles you. However, you can just tell

home ownership or firearms purchases, the rate of first-time weed smokers is through the damn roof. And, it makes sense—if you're unemployed and on house arrest, with your only options for dinner being McDonald's or Taco Bell, at some point, you can expect Mary Jane to move in, unannounced. Well, that's

of pot. This is bad, because, also like cigarette smoke, you will become accustomed to it, unlike those around you (such as potential employers or pissed-off highway cops, who just took a pay cut because anarchists in Portland kidnapped a bronze elk). Because of this, I advise two main-



stays of stoner living that are just as essential as regular Mainstays (the white-trash-pretending-to-be-rich furniture line that I am trying to pitch a sponsorship deal with).

The first, is Ozium. It's like an air freshener, if air fresheners were designed to cover up the smell of decaying flesh. This stuff literally removes the smoke particles from a weed-filled room. The second—and, trust me on this, even though it sounds kind of odd—is lavender soap. For some weird reason, the smell of lavender and the smell of pot are inches apart on the smell spectrum. By constantly washing with lavender soap, your girlfriend's father will think you're just one of them "metruh sexels" from Portland (and not some piece-of-shit stoner, who won't be able to

provide for her until Bitcoin pops 20K).

Munchies Can Be Beneficial Or Dangerous

After the initial paranoia and dry mouth, the first thing any new stoner will want to tackle is the snack cupboard. This can be a blessing and a curse, as damn near everything tastes good when you're high—vegan brownies, water, chicks who travel...all friendly to the palette, given the right strain of cannabis. But, if your snack cupboard (or, in my case, pile on the side of the bed) is full of sugar-based soy products and soy-based sugar products—give or take a box of leftover pizza and whatever this bag of melted candy used to be—you're going to get fat and lazy. So, fill your cupboards, drawers, and if you still have a clean kitchen, fridge, with healthy, easy-to-consume snacks such as nuts, any crackers that say "health" on the box, leftover pizza *without the crust*, etc.

Exercise Can Be Equally Beneficial Or Dangerous

The "stoners are lazy" stereotype is

harmful, because like most harmful stereotypes, it's true. We may not be *mentally* lazy (especially when churning out articles at the last minute or trying to finish the final level in a video game designed for teenagers), but any couch can become more comfortable than the idea of standing up, if you're high. So, force yourself to smoke outdoors a walk-and-a-half's distance from your home. It's fucking Oregon—no one cares, and if anyone says anything, play dumb and say you just moved here from *[insert third-world hellhole, such as Idaho]* to garnish sympathy and validate your ignorance regarding the law. Then, offer Karen a hit off your blunt and watch how quickly she tells you how to get to a hidden spot around the way. But, like food, be careful while engaging in exercise under the influence—if you screw up and fall in with the wrong crowd, you may end up falling victim to one of the most dangerous, harmful and downright embarrassing exercise cults around: yoga. It's like CrossFit with ugly people and, you should avoid it at any cost.



TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT



NOW HIRING (JOBS FOR FORMER STRIP CLUB DJs)

Years ago, after working as a dance commander for over a decade, I decided to hang up the mic and apply myself in other areas (and states), to see if the skills I learned in the strip club DJ booth would be applicable elsewhere. As it turns out, they kind of are—weddings share more in common with nude bars than they do any other ceremony (weird father-daughter elements, drunk chicks taking their clothes off to '80s music, strangers giving money to a hot lady before she leaves with some other dude, tons of alcohol, etc.), and night clubs are finally adopting the “bitches, money, swag, repeat” format that has been popular in our neck of the poles for years. Thus, it was quick and easy to pick up shifts outside of the “urban dance studios for marginalized, at-risk and tattooed youth” (always play up your old gig on job applications).

But, like any other almost-midlife crisis, it's important to remember one's roots and realize that you won't ever technically stop being a strip club DJ (or, a stripper, if that's applicable). You can take the club out of the DJ, but you can't get him a job interview with anyone who does background checks, so to speak. In late 2019, I made a quiet return to one of the only Portland-area clubs I would consider working at again, and man...it was awesome. Steaks, ladies, music of any genre, great pay and cool co-workers. “What could go wrong?” I thought, as I decided to once again dedicate my life to the art of talking over music to draw attention to the closest nude co-worker.

Well, COVID-19 happened. Even as the last night of work approached, after Kate Brown gave her final back-and-forths regarding new rules to the newspapers (seriously, it was like the chorus of “Gravel Pit,” trying to figure out

early stage lockdown guidelines), I was handing out rolls of toilet paper to any customer who got a private dance and our dancers were doing “sanitizer shows” that were oddly sexy (and now I have another weird fetish, so thanks for that). But, alas, as the Rona caught up to Oregon, our childless leaders decided to ground everyone out of spite and the clubs closed.

Flash forward a few months later and I'm here with some good news (at least for other out-of-work DJs). It is really, *really* easy to start a business right now, there are more free handouts being given away by the government right now than the dumpsters behind the prosthetic limb factory. And, if you default on a loan or just invest in a bad idea (PrintOnMyFace.com for your custom masks... now with NO MINIMUM ORDER), your future lenders and/or employers will see that it happened during the height of the 2020 election cycle...excuse me, “pandemic,” which is a better excuse than, “Oh, I defaulted that summer because I spent most of my time smoking pot.” Even better, you can still spend most of your summer smoking pot!

But, not everyone wants to go into the plague fashion industry, so here are some suggestions that I have for you, the out-of-work strip club DJ:

Dutch Bros Coffee Barista

Can you say things at fifteen-words-per-second? Are you comfortable being less than an inch from barely legal and even-less-clothed women, without popping a chubby? Can you sell a stranger on extra whipped cream shots? Well, congratulations—you are beyond quali-

fied to work for Macklemore's coffee company (I'm not joking—he recently bought the chain). In order to apply, you just have to be “white in style,” meaning that you can have dark skin, but you must resemble a stock photo from a PacSun advertisement, with the attitude of a first-time homebuyer, whose wife thinks missionary position and Miracle Whip are both spicy. Of course, this only applies to dudes—if you're a female, you literally just have to be able to fit into the cart (so, like a size seven or eight, tops). But, if you're an out-of-work female strip club DJ, you're probably not using your niche or leveraging identity politics in the first place (seriously, there are maybe four or five female strip club DJs in the world and they're all really, really good at what they do...maybe I should stop typing, before I cost every other male DJ in town their shifts, too).



Not only is “the best little coffeehouse from Grants Pass” a constant source of loud rap and/or techno music and verbal commands, but in addition to resembling all the fun of a strip club, Dutch baristas make a gang of tips. And, this has actually *increased* since the lockdown. Although Dutch Bros has been a well-established source of cash gratuity for years, their

new “digital only because COVID or something” credit and debit card policy means that, now, baristas directly ask customers whether or not they want to tip. Do you have any idea how fucked up it is to tell a teenage girl “no,” when she asks for a measly dollar? In fact, one of them asked me, “Tip it or forget it?” and it took me a sec to realize she was talking about gratuity. Dutch Bros is basically a strip club without the pole. A former strip club DJ would fit in without missing a beat.

Drug & Alcohol Counselor

For some dumb reason, regular drug and alcohol counselors require a ton of schooling, training and...get this...they fucking drug test for the job. Look, I get it—you might not want your counselors smoking crack in the parking lot before work (they’re not schoolteachers, after all), but the “takes one to know one” mentality works wonders in certain areas—rehab being one of them. And, don’t try to sell me on that “I used to be hooked on blah blah blah, back in the ‘80s” talk—the only thing worse than a junkie is a former junkie. We get it—you found God after Tammy took the kids. But, does that make you a good counselor? Probably not—otherwise, you’d still have the kids.

What *does* make a good rehab roster, is one full of people who are surrounded by people on drugs...but don’t really do anything other than alcohol, weed and caffeine. This is where strip club DJs come in—I can tell what drug a dancer is on by talking to her for a few seconds, and sometimes, even looking at her playlist. Downtempo techno, Radiohead and Slayer? Cocaine. 2000s hip hop, country, nu metal and Hot Topic goth rock? Meth. Current pop music and two random songs by Tech N9ne? Molly. It’s that simple—strip club DJs have an observational skill set that real drug and alcohol counselors can only dream of having—even after spending half a decade studying “signs of drug use.” Please. As if “jittery speech and dilated pupils” has anything on “Slipknot shirt and chewed-up nails,” when it comes to profiling.

But, what about the whole “help people recover” thing? Well, we may not be good at that. But, we are great at keeping people safe and spotting potential relapse situations, by applying our profiling skills to not just dancers, but the company kept by dancers, as well. For instance, if an “I’m pretending to be her driver”

boyfriend sits politely with the bouncer while his stripper girlfriend cashes in her ones the end of a shift, he’s probably not a bad influence. However, if the guy shows up late, fumbles with his wallet around the bouncer, acts nervous around the DJ, knows the cocktail waitress for some reason, hands her a wadded-up baggie and then says “These are Crystal’s keys...tell her I’ll be at Roger’s place after work,” well, that’s a drug deal, kids.

Point is, you can either hire some Zoomer straight outta Rip Me Off University to use “social work tactics” and “group treatment” to assist in drug and alcohol recovery, or if you’re smart, you can hire a former strip club DJ who can tell you what different types of pills are,



just by their shape, or what substances a particular dancer is on, simply by judging which era(s) of Aerosmith she is comfortable dancing to.

Car Salesman

You can lie to desperate, cash-wielding people who shouldn’t be on 82nd Avenue this time of night, right? Cool—you can sell cars. Being a former strip club DJ, however, will put you up there with the best of ‘em (I have no idea who any famous car salesmen are, but I’m guessing one’s name is “Earl,” so consider yourself up there with Earl).

Trust me, out-of-work strip club DJ, you’ve done this job before. A couple from Seattle walks in, looking a little lost. You address them in your best voice and sleazy swagger.

“You looking for something a little new? Maybe with some trunk room? Or, perhaps you’re in the market for something a little cheaper... this one in the pink trim is cute. Smells a bit like cigarettes, but she’s easy to turn on. Now, this one, on the other hand, this is right off of the lot. Hasn’t even been around the establishment—the owner barely even looked her over when she came in. A few miles, sure, but you can’t tell with the body work that’s been done. But, if you want to look around, we got ‘em all...Porsches, a few Mercedes and even an old Gremlin that usually just sits there, but I think the asking price is bottom dollar. The lady up front can even help you out with financing, if you need to break things down into smaller payments. Let me know if you

have any questions, I’ll be behind that dusty desk over there, dicking around on the internet and looking at porn...in between playing shitty nü metal and inappropriate-for-work rap music.”

It’s a pretty basic skill set, right? Well, so is selling cars.

And, if this column is received as well in the dressing room as I anticipate it being, you may just see me at your next vehicle trade-in, after you realize that Ford, Subaru and VW are all extremely racist companies with direct ties to Adolf Hitler (it’s true) and that you better swap yours in for something a little more “Portland friendly,” like a Bugatti. Or even a car.



Nia
FROM HAWTHORNE STRIP

EXOTIC
PINUP SEPTEMBER
2020



EDUCATION IN PANDEMICVILLE: THE MOST ATTRACTIVE ONLINE COURSES & SCHOOLS

BY ESMERALDA RUPP-SPANGLE

Boredom. Time stretches between you and infinity—a seemingly endless loop of reruns, bottles of cheap wine and not putting on pants unless absolutely necessary. Maybe, you're even still "lucky" enough to be working. They call you "essential," but you're just box-

they say—getting real. How do you fill the endless, lonely hours? Well, I'm sure I'm not the only one who's considered going back to school—and, in my hunt for interesting and new ways to broaden my mind, these particular courses and schools popped out to me as most

ply can't get enough of the action-packed, fun-filled world of spandex tights, patriotic capes, laser beam eyes and...philosophy, I guess? Offered via SmithsonianX and HarvardX, you learn some fundamentals of philosophy, lensed through the quandaries of the modern superhero. I'm not sure how you could make defeating inter-dimensional space monsters boring, but it seems like these guys are sure as hell gonna try.

The Monroe Institute

Based in Faber, VA, this one-of-a-kind paragon of scholastic fulfillment offers courses on how to have an out-of-body experience, as well as how to use hypnosis to experience past lives, perform psychokinesis, tune your chakras and bilk gullible suckers out of thousands of dollars, by using words like "psychokinesis," presumably.

Clown For Fun & Profit: Learning The Art Of Clowning

Available through Udemy, this course is pretty self-explanatory. I'm not sure that I'd get much out of learning to make perverse balloon animal hybrids, myself, but for new recruits to the site, the course runs a mere \$12.99, and as I've discovered through my extensive research, is giftable. I guess the reason I don't have very many friends is prob-



ing up giant black dildos at a factory in a bleak, nearly abandoned industrial zone. Maybe you've been laid off, now spending your days overfeeding the goldfish (and, seeing how much solitary confinement it takes before your mind snaps like a twig in the jaws of the void). At first, you posted cute lil' "quarantine crazy" videos of putting googly eyes on your Roomba, but now it's—as

engaging. While some of them may no longer be available, many still are, and if you're up for learning how to properly apply cake makeup (or, a myriad of other skills that will upset your friends and family), one of these may be for you:

Power & Responsibility: Doing Philosophy With Superheroes

This course panders to those who sim-



ably because all of my remaining ones just received vouchers to learn the fine art of nose-beeping. Sorry about that, Hannah, but you should have learned to expect this sort of thing from me by now.

International Ghost Hunters Society

Offering a series of home-based courses, the IGHS (which sounds like coughing up a hairball if you try to pronounce it phonetically) offers ghost researching “certifications”—I’m guessing a hasty thumbs up drawn on a diner napkin. You can sign up for exciting classes, such as ghost photography, taking successful EVPs, becoming a “ghost box specialist” (whatever that is), and most perplexingly, a so-called *master course* on Reiki. Reiki seemed out of place for a website whose main page is a goofy illustration of a haunted house, complete with Casper-like sheet ghost and tombstones, until I read more about Reiki, and then realized it was sort of perfect.

Ecstatic Hearts Tantra

While these classes don’t offer any sort of questionable certifications or continuing education credits (unlike many

of the other “schools” on this list), I felt it was still worth mentioning Scott and Melanie, the couple that claims to be able to teach you to have an 18-hour orgasm...via hugging. Listen, if we’re going to be sequestered away from one another indefinitely, let’s you and me put on our hazmat suits and just have a nice long squeeze, okay? The chance that this is absolute and utter bullshit is 110%, but like every other lonely 40-year-old lady out there, I can’t help but hope—and, I just spent my last \$80 on classes. It’s possible that I won’t be able to pay my mortgage, but my optimism that maybe—just *maybe*—is how these fine folks will pay theirs. Turns out that \$80 just taught me to be a better con artist. Does anyone want to take a course on tantric hugging? Only \$80 a pop.

American Taxidermy Online

Here’s one I can actually get on board with. Learn how to mount everything, from wee beasties to the more hefty beastie. This school offers virtual classes, every weekend, on impressively mounting fish, fowl and a host of miscellaneous wildlife. Procuring what they call “study materials” (carcasses) is up to the student—and, you have to send photos of your completed works to earn your certification. So, if you’ve ever wondered what to do with all those bodies you’ve got jammed into the crawlspace in your basement, wonder no more.

Communicate With Your Animal Telepathically

Being around people is just too dangerous in these troubled times, but we all need someone to whom we can pour our hearts out. Welcome this class into your life and you’ll be able to do just that—or, possibly, Udemy’s just gotten another \$12.99 from you (and, you’ve merely learned to steer clear of their website). Either way, you will know in your heart of hearts that your dog loves the smell of your farts more than life itself and your cat would eat your dead body immediately, should you perish and no one were there to clean up the

mess. So, why not better yourself during this time of uncertain peril? On the one hand, you could widen your intellectual horizons and open up unique, new career possibilities, or if you DO catch the ‘Rona and die, at least you won’t have to pay back all the dough you spent on bizarre classes and seminars.



Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle is a Tantric hug master, human taxidermist, ghost hunter, philosopher, animal psychic, professional circus clown and out-of-body space traveler. She can be found on MeWe and Facebook by name and Instagram as @EsmeraldaSilentCitadel.





BLAZER UNIVERSITY'S MFA IN MUSIC SNOBBERY

by Blazer Sparrow

What a time to be alive, am I right?! After a three-month coke bender (well-documented in my last editorial), I am now out of money, unemployment has run out and bars and businesses are boarding up left and right. The unprecedented global pandemic is only partly to blame, too. We should all know that rampant, unregulated capitalism is mostly at fault for laying the flimsiest of foundations for us peasants, that just the slightest of economic breezes can knock down. And, yet, the system remains...so, might as well take advantage of it. I've lost count how many times on social media or streaming services I am face fucked with an ad that starts with, "In these trying times..." Why the crapping hell are you trying to sell me something?! You know I don't have any money. Like, read the room, ad. We all lost our jobs and can't go outside!

And, yet, the ads persist. The beast is hungry and demands consumers. So, ol' Blazer is going to stop complaining and start selling.

Taking a page from our Dear Leader, yours truly has finally discovered some worthless thing to sell to you peasants. Did you know that entire "universities" exist online? You can print out fucking degrees! And, feel good about 'em!!! Hell, they're about as valuable as an actual degree in Art History or English or some useless major from Harvard. Education is just about the most lucrative and least risky grift there is!

You see, in these trying times, there's no better way to spend your countless hours at home, than on learning some completely unnecessary—but, ego-inflating—discipline. We all know that there's no way to make a career out of music. Academia has tried, in several pathetic ways, to craft a col-

legiate path to a job in music, with virtually no success. I mean, you can play in an orchestra for 400 dollars a month. Whoop-de-fucking-do! I suppose there are music production degrees, however, you're much more likely to get a job in that biz by moving to L.A., sleeping on couches and doing about a hundred hours a week of unpaid internships, until the right rapper likes the weed you sell. And, you're probably gonna do that after graduating with your worthless music production degree, anyway.

However, one thing academia is good for is learning things — so that you can tell people that you've learned them. What's one field in music where this is literally all you do? Music snobbery!

I know you think this is the kind of thing you could be come a master in, just by spending hours on Wikipedia and *Pitchfork*...but, think about it for a second, dear sucker **cough**, I mean consumer. Could you not also get the equivalent of a Master's in Eighteenth-Century French Literature or Ancient Greek Poetry simply by, ya know, reading a bunch of it?! You one-hundred percent could, but no one would care and you wouldn't have a fancy piece of paper showing that you did, **twirls mustache** ya see?

And, before you think that I just made up Blazer University for the sake of swindling you dumb bastards out of your hard-earned money, just remember: if our Dear Leader can do it, why the hell can't I? Everything is online these days—even this goddamn magazine (I actually haven't been outside in months and am still sweating cocaine boogers).

If you think I'm just setting up some Pow-

erPoints and YouTube videos of me ranting about the difference between goth and emo, think again sweet mark **cough**, potential student. Blazer University's Master of Fine Arts in Music Snobbery is an intense, research-heavy, two-year program. Below are just a taste of some of the complete wastes of time **cough**, academic series, that you will need to complete before receiving your Master's.

Outdated Media 400-402

This series will take all year and cover every delivery service for music that the average person (hereby referred to as "poser") has never even heard of. You will literally be kicked out of this MFA program, if you so much as mention vinyl—that's hipster undergrad shit! If you wanna be a true music snob, you need to step up your game!!! How are you gonna sound like an elitist prick, without making up the subtle qualities that make 8-track and laser disc superior?! There is a small, introductory course to cassette tapes and annoying anecdotes about their importance in helping spread punk and new wave to the popular kids, but we'll soon be dropping that course due to the hipsters making them cool again for some reason.

Lesser-Known Jazz Artists 567-569

Highly recommended, if you're planning on doing your dissertation in the field of alienating people trying to connect to you at parties. These courses will give you in-depth timelines and histories of jazz artists, who helped pave the way for you to sound like you're a cultured white guy at a casual get-togethers. Miles Davis and John Coltrane are for posers. Now, when you scoff at people for not knowing who Art Tatum is, you'll

have a couple one-liners to back up your mood-killing jabs. And, no, I promise this isn't just a bunch of word documents basically copied-and-pasted from Ken Burn's *Jazz* series. That would be plagiarism, duh.

Joy Division 305-306 (Cancelled)

At the time of this publication, our series on Joy Division has unfortunately been removed. Now that the album artwork of *Unknown Pleasures* has gone the way of Ramones and Misfits t-shirt logo fodder, there is no justifiable reason for knowledge of this band to constitute anything even resembling music snobbery. Sucks, 'cause it was a fun course. And, it left you loaded with ammo to make fun of posers for liking New Order.

Obscure One-Upmanship 600-603

The most difficult aspect of being a music snob is thinking of ways to belittle your peers' music knowledge on the fly. This program is not for a Bachelor's Degree in Music Snobbery, but a Master's, damnit! This is the most difficult series we offer and not for the faint-of-heart. While most useless arts and letters courses revolve around diligent memorizing and regurgitating, this part of our program is very active and we almost got approval from the state to make it count as a P.E. credit. When someone talks about how they found an artist on Sub Pop, you'll be able to own that poser's pleb knowledge, by casually spinning yarns about how K Records is not only older, but provided a much larger and longer-lasting influence on alternative



rock. If some jock at a party puts on a William Onyeabar record and you see him getting female attention that clearly belongs to you, just breathe heavily in those ladies' ears about how this is amateur hour compared to Fela Kuti or Thomas Mapfumo. It's all about bringing a gun to a knife fight, that isn't really a fight and that you weren't even invited to.

This and much, much more can be all yours, for the high, high price of some arbitrary number I will eventually come up with, when I launch the site. Tell your friends! You could do worse! Why be some dime-store, quick-Google-search music snob, when you could spend thousands (or tens of thousands...I haven't decided yet) and have a piece of paper to prove you are a true music snob!? These are trying times, and after all, you may be reading your favorite magazine or rag as a PDF. You can't do worse!



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Hey y'all. Do you remember that time you dated that man who was much older than you? You kind of kept it a secret from your friends—even from yourself, in a way. Maybe it was that he seemed more established in the world, less emotional and stupid than guys your age. Or, maybe it was the context around dating an older man as “taboo” that turned you on. Anyways, it was 2015 back then. Obama was still president, you were 22. Yeah. Its not *that* weird.

Cocteau Twins

When you first heard Elizabeth Frasier's ethereal vocals and Robin Guthrie's swirling, dream-pop-guitar style, it was when your older boyfriend put on “Heaven Or Las Vegas,” before eating you out to all of Side A. That's right—it was on vinyl. He was so much older than you!

That first time sure was great, but when it became routine, you noticed he ate you out with the same unambiguous gratitude shown by a...well, by a much older man, who wants to fuck young women, but doesn't get to often...huffing like a pioneer scuba diver.

He wasn't a musician himself, which wasn't what you were expecting. But, still, pretty good taste.

Lizzy Mercier Descloux

LMD is the ultimate manic pixie dream girl; she went to art school, made post-punk music in the '80s, tried some acting, is French and just like you, dated older men—one of whom, named Esteban, produced an album and several singles for her. The guy who I've been talking about this whole time, the one who was like, twelve years older than you, introduced

you to Lizzy Mercier Descloux while you were on a day trip out to some nudist hot springs. You hadn't expected for the age difference to be so obvious, when the two of you were naked.

When he is standing up, walking around naked, his stomach has horizontal lines from all the years of sitting down with his fat, little gut. Most men look terrible all the time and it's a curse to be attracted to them.

Love & Rockets

Anyways, everyone knows that the age difference being such a big taboo makes the whole thing hotter. And, you know that when you break up with him, it's less likely that he will have some embarrassing meltdown, like men in your own age group. Also, up to that point, you had yet to have sex with a guy who could last for the length of “The Dog-End Of A Day Gone By.”



Felt

When sex becomes routine—a dull, one-sided ritual intended to prevent another pathetic emotional meltdown from your much older boyfriend—you know its time to get out.

He would go down on you, then get up on his knees to put the condom on, allowing his genitals to hover near your head, like a panhandler at an intersection—just hovering near your face waiting for SOMETHING. Ugh.

Around the time things started to get stale, when you could see he was as much of a child as the men in your own age group, he introduces you to the lucious, unique sounds of Felt.

Felt is one of the most underrated indie acts of the '80s and their ten-album, ten-EP catalogue is best enjoyed all at once—ideally, spread out over several day trips to the river, in your much older ex-boyfriend's old-but-well-maintained car.

Things were pretty chill between you

two for the first five months, then he just flipped and started getting super clingy and asking a ton of questions about who you hung out with. It was a bummer, but also well-timed. He wasn't the worst, just kind of depressing. So, it was when he specially curated a playlist of Felt instrumental tracks on Spotify, ending the relationship became much easier.

China Crisis

If you read enough feminist literature, you will no doubt be left with the strong impression that when older men are in a sexual relationship with a younger woman, there is a power imbalance in the man's favor, and further, that the man is wittingly cultivating this imbalance. In your experience, however, you had power over him the whole time. After watching him sob pitifully multiple times because you “got mad at him,” you realized that it is difficult for men to not be pathetic. Sometimes, they just don't get it, regardless of how long they've been on this planet. Rather than being straight up abusive power dynamics, sexual relationships with older men are as layered and nuanced as the sophomore album by one of the greatest art pop bands, China Crisis. Like the Chameleons, they had a distinctive dreamy style, which highlighted your much older ex-boyfriend's problematic emotional addiction.

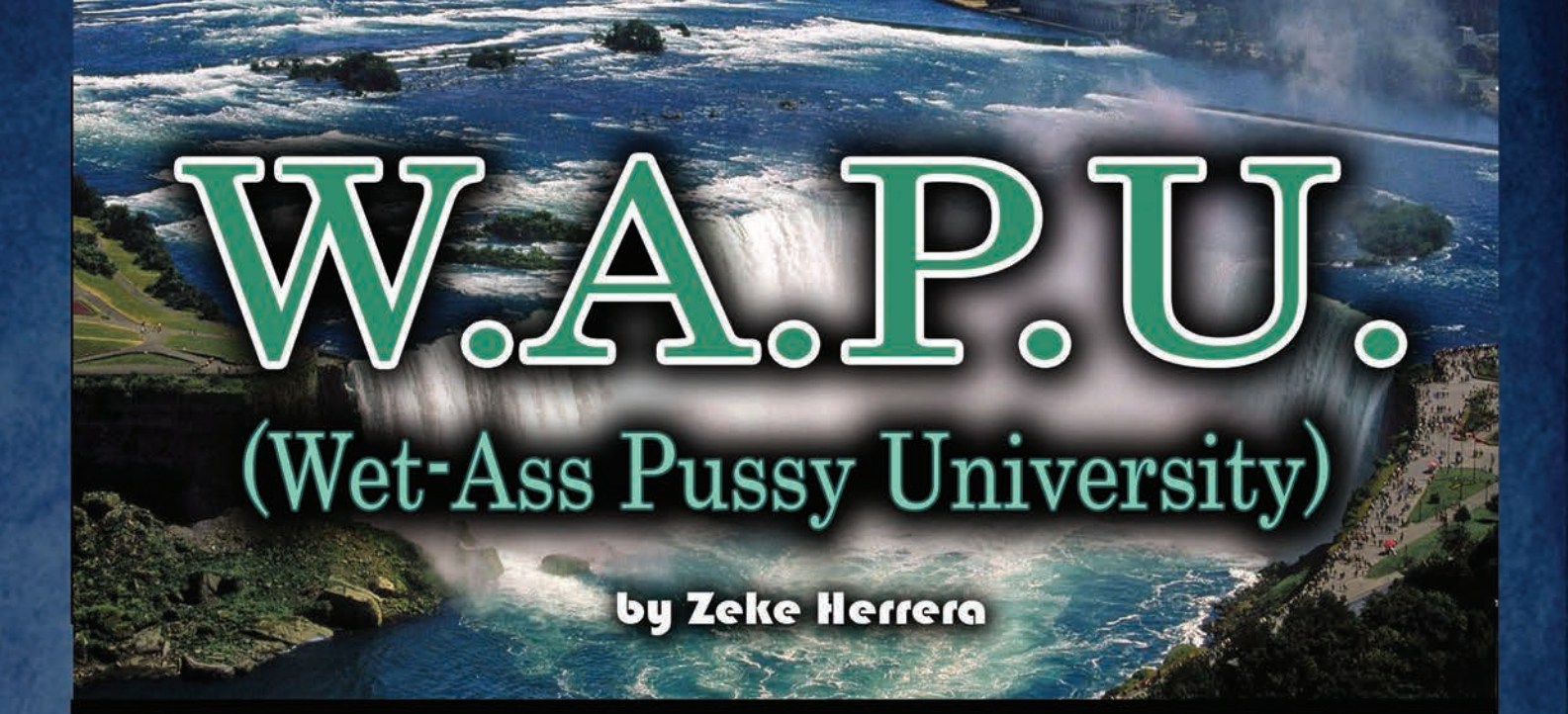
The upside, though, is that you didn't have to spend all that time researching music—all you had to do was have a nine-month relationship. An experiment, really.

So, you get to come across as a bit more interesting, to some people, by saying you know about stuff like Kitchens Of Distinction or Wire. That's pretty sweet.

Wait...37 minus 22...15! Holy shit. All this time you kept telling yourself he was twelve years older than you, but it was...wow. He was probably masturbating the exact second you were born.

Man, did that guy like '80s music, though. Probably because of how much older he was. To him, the '80s don't seem so long ago, because he was alive then. And, you know his parents probably played that stuff while he was a child, way back then, during the 1980s. Such a long time ago.

(Stephanie Anderson is a lifestyle blogger, food coach and cat lover who loves tea, from San Francisco, CA)



W.A.P.U.

(Wet-Ass Pussy University)

by Zeke Herrera

The ancient Sumarians referred to W.A.P. as “Dispu tubu hallu hashallatu,” which literally translates to mean “honey from the meat leaves.” Early fossil records show that wet-ass pussies have been around since 3400 B.C., but some evidence suggests that the early neanderthals had the gush bush over 40,000 years ago. W.A.P.s have been influencing our society longer than pyramids, aliens or even sandwiches. Yet, they remain a mystery to nerds. In this article, we will be answering some of the bigger questions like, “Where did they come from?” “Who’s got one?” and “Where should I keep my mop and bucket?”

The Bronze Age

Deep within damp caves of Maltravieso, Spain, are paintings of gatherers giving away all the nuts and berries that they collected, just for a chance to kiss a wet-ass pussy. Hunters would track herds of wild deadly animals—sometimes for weeks—just for a picture of that W.A.P. With water scarce in the dry months, most tribes heavily relied on W.A.P.s to provide hydration for survival.

Some of the earliest inventions can be

traced back to drippin’ kittens—water slides, back massagers and snorkels. If these W.A.P.s weren’t around, it’s very possible we could be living in an entirely different society—even groundwork for the great pyramids was laid upon the foundation of prime puss. All scholarly experts agree that Cleopatra was packing one; as the story goes, you could hear it sloshing around as she walked past you.

The Middle Ages

Joan Of Arc was sopping so hard, they had to reignite that fire three times. And, this is far from the first pandemic with W.A.P.s—smallpox, malaria and black death were all filled with that nut-her butter. Even leprosy sufferers had it going on (when they weren’t falling off). Unfortunately, some believe the crusades might have also been caused by what they called “God’s Pocket.” Others disagree—but, those guys weren’t marching for civil rights, I’ll tell ya that much.

The Renaissance

This period was actually a total fucking sausage fest. Most of the artists and philosophers were dudes. While

this era certainly didn’t invent it, it did lead to more practical applications of the pussy. It also raised some questions we are still asking today, like, “Does free will exist within the confines of that ass?” and “Is it better to be the wettest fish in a small pond or a dried-up fish in a big pond?”

The American Civil War (Which One? [JK, LOL])

One of the many uterine linings of history—this was a period devoted shedding and expelling racism. Periods like these are needed often and even missing one could have dire consequences. Unfortunately, bureaucracy has clogged this process with laws and doctrines—causing a systematic syndrome of toxicity. Racism has been plunged deep into the loins of the American justice system and we’ve missed too many periods now for cosmetic changes. We must use the long arm of the law and scrape out all racism that has impregnated our country.

World War II

Hitler had a team of scientists work around the clock every day, experi-

menting with muschisaft (pussy juice). Before Hitler got depressed at the end of the war and committed suicide, he had almost every tank coated in it—he thought it would make incoming fire slide off easier. Eva Braun did not contribute to these experiments, though, as she was usually rockin' a dry one (which some historians believe is why Hitler was so depressed).

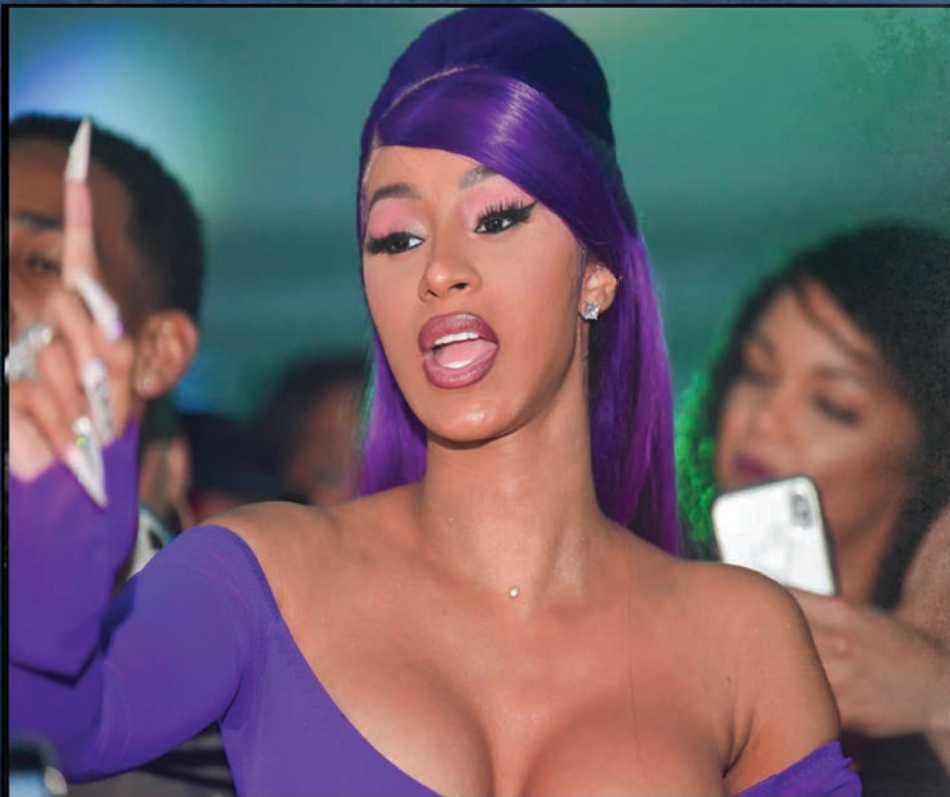
Today

It's apparent now, more than ever, that it's the W.A.P.s time to blossom. Over half the videos I see on the internet got one and I have all the merchandise. Everybody's got a W.A.P.—celebrities, adults and even children (according to celebrities). Sure, there are hundreds of laws dictating what you can do with yours...but, that song

The Future

All that W.A.P. merchandise is bad for the environment, however. Marine life are becoming trapped in Fleshlights—due to all the skush out there—and scientists estimate that at least 30% of sea level rise is due to these extra gushy pussies. Scientists are discovering new, practical applications for skirt squirt all the time—everything from Alzheimer's treatment, to microchip building, to sex lube.

The future can be fickle and even unpredictable at times, but, if you play with it long enough, eventually, it'll tell you not to worry about it and go to bed. While we may not know everything (like, if it's actually pee or why my wife left me), we do know that,



slaps, though! Cardi B could run for president right now and legitimately be the best candidate. It's the golden era of the juice box—hop in the shower.

while we might not be exactly where we want to be, things on this end are steadily on the rise for these wet-ass pussies.





DEAD LEAVES IN THE SUN: PART 3 BY CM BROWN

(Continued from last month's issue of Exotic)

Something like fourteen hours later, the two-seater was getting antsy on the ground as we unloaded my things. After it was all off, the plane revved up with a little too much enthusiasm, turned around on the tarmac and left me on the other side of the world. I stood for a few minutes, blinking as it diminished in the sky. Then, I loaded up and went to find a motel.

After getting into my room, I dialed Henley's number and hung up before he could answer—happy to check in, Captain. I unloaded my bags, checked the bed and closet for bedbugs and assassins, then I went to get some ice. After a reclined whiskey on the rocks, I thought I'd do some sightseeing. First stop was the shelter, Hearts Of The Road.

It definitely looked like a runaway. It squatted between two newer, high-

er buildings—like an anti-social toddler—plaster peeling from the brick facade making strange faces at me... alternating between a hospitable, "Come on in," to a more sinister version of the same phrase—a long-nailed, bony finger beckoning. Someone was struggling to play violin from an open window around the corner, purring out the right notes and then skipping the bow on the wrong ones, translating for the place.

I went on in.

A skinny, elderly woman sat behind glass at the front desk, busy using her 70-words-per-minute typist skills. A row of fifteen plastic chairs lined the wall—the kind of seat that's not designed for sitting, but for playing wingman to the linoleum. Above the chairs, was a framed watercolor by someone who had given up all other mediums. There was an electronically secured door on the left side of the desk, and through the small, unbreakable window, some figures

strolled around. I didn't sit. Finally, Flutter Fingers looked up from her work and gazed at me. We both just sort of stayed like that—one waiting for the other to speak.

"This is a young person's shelter, sir."

I took that as a compliment.

"That's fine. I'm Detective Crawford, I called a few days ago?"

"Oh, yes," she said, straightening out a pen, "...about the girl. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I was wondering if you could give me any more details. How did she look? Scared? Tired?"

"Everyone who comes in here looks scared and tired. Like I told you on the phone, she came in, looked around and left. It was hailing pretty hard that night and I recall thinking how she was not dressed for it—miniskirt and skimpy blouse, I'm not even sure

if she was wearing shoes. That's all I have. Wish I could help more. You said she was in a better place?"

"Well, she's still in the cold, but not in any danger. Thanks."

I wandered around town for a bit, which didn't take long. When I got to the end of one street, I turned onto another, and as I rounded the third one, a bell went off in my head.

The tavern across the road looked like it knew something—and, I needed a drink. The faded, wooden sign read "Tommy's." Well, Tommy, nice to meet you. Inside the door, a jukebox struggled to play Johnny Paycheck classics. One lonely patron sat hunched in non-thought at the bar and the bartender seemed surprised to see me. I didn't know what time it was, probably early. I sat myself down next to the guy—potbelly bulging through a flannel vest, grease stains on the t-shirt, grizzly beard...that sort of thing. He glared at me with that look that all daywalking barflies have—the one that says, "There's a dozen other seats in this place, asshole." We didn't talk much, until I asked how his day was going. He took a slow sideways look at me and said, "Fine." I decided to get to the point.

"Where's that one from, Spring Creek?" I asked, nodding to the light blue, winking skull on his left wrist.

He looked over his glass with the severity of someone who knows the mandatory sentence for homicide in this state (and, that prison is a lot of time to catch up on masturbation and hooch).

"Da fuck you talking about?" he asked.

I decided that a different approach was due. So, I said nothing, eyed down the bartender and ordered one for me and one for my friend. I

looked at him with the honest severity of someone who would prefer not to see the shaggy moss hanging from the tree roots, in the depths of the river just down the way.

We drank. I pulled out the sad, beaten folder and placed my official and

ber, all for the possibility that a name exists somewhere out in the ether. They say she was within drinking age. If you could just take a look, friend, I'd be much obliged."

"Ether? You mean like the alcohol?"



temporary aluminum badge on top. The folder soaked up melted ice as I slid it over to him.

"I got a lead on this girl. It's not much and it's probably nothing, but here I am, about to get my ass beat in the only bar in town, halfway across the world from home and a little too so-

"Sure," I said, as I took a long pull, sucking the moisture from my mustache that was on the fence between itchy and asking for it.

He flipped the folder open and took a glance. He looked at me. He closed the folder and suddenly took an interest in the ball game muted on the

television. We sat like that for a while. I ordered a bourbon, neat. Finally, I pulled out a twenty and dropped it on top of the folder. He took it and slid the folder back over the melting glaciers of the bar.

"Don't know her name. She come in here a few nights a week, shoots pool balls and flutters jailbait eyelashes at everyone. Heard she was staying over at the Starlight Hotel for a spell. That's all I know. Detective."

I finished my drink and thanked him.

The manager of the Starlight Hotel eyed me like a dozing cat and yawned with the same indifference, when I told him what I was looking for. His mood changed slightly when I flashed the aluminum shield and the swivel chair he sat in cried to be rescued as he stretched and stood up.

"Okay, okay...let me find the key."

The stairwell was like any other you'd expect to find in a week-by-week hotel in a town with one bar and two churches. Dust drifted like glitter in the weak light and someone was listening to metal music on gravelly speakers some way down—early '90s and Scandinavian. We finally found the door and he had some words with the lock, until it opened.

"I'll be downstairs. Lock the door when you leave." He lumbered back down to torture that swivel chair into talking.

The room was small, but clean.

It smelled of Clive Christian perfume that she couldn't possibly have afforded and there was a cheap, white linen sheet over the one window (that probably didn't lock). The stove was unused—the bed was. Rumped sheets covered it, the way that teenage girls pretend to make their beds

on the way out the window.

This folder was getting emotional. I took a closer look.

Not much. Fridge empty. A sweat-stained B-cup bra in the closet, which I evidence bagged. Not even a fucking speck of dust on the floor.

As I considered the lack of dust, I saw paper peeking out from beneath the bed. I recognized the small, blue print and thin, receipt-like build of a lottery ticket. I figured there were winning numbers on it. I picked it up and checked the date. Lined up. I turned it over. Scribbled on the back was the address of the Starlight and this room number. I went to find somewhere that cashed lottery tickets, leaving the lock open on my way out.

The ticket was good for 200 whole dollars. I pocketed 200 whole dollars. I bought a carton of smokes, a cou-



ple of responsible beers and some scratch-offs, because it's not every day you get winning numbers. Then, I asked questions.

The cashier didn't know the girl, of course. In fact, he didn't know nothing and kindly asked me to never return. I kindly obliged.

She had been to that store. She had been to that store, probably every night for the past six months. It was within stumbling distance of the Starlight and the only place for ramen and last-minute deodorant, but my old reliable—my gut, so to speak—knew the ticket I found wasn't her ticket. So, whose 200 bucks did I just cash?

He didn't need a key to open the place. He walked in and noted the light blue color of the room—the only furnishing, a large armoire against the

far wall, standing stoic and sentinel. He stood looking at it. He stepped across the room and pulled the doors open.

He stood and stared for a moment at the contents—at the wimpled, red fins drifting in the murky water



in a nondescript bowl on the middle shelf—the fish occasionally making a turn and passing around the glass, exploring its small world, as if there were to be something new born to it.

He wondered about fish that spend their lives in dark places. Blind and phantom things. Huge, unseeing eyes. Sharp-toothed jaws.

He squinted out the window at nothing. Somewhere in space, a monumental diamond spun spectrally on its axis, silent in the vastness and sparkling past uncountable suns—the silent corpse of a long-dead star fired away in its own furnace.

He turned back to the armoire. Neighboring the fish on the middle shelf was the tool. Sleet, matte black, it felt cool and heavy in his hand, as he tested it. He turned it in the blue light and it reflected nothing back at him. He turned and left the place.

Unseen and closeted, the fish opened its mouth and inhaled water—again and again.

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Everyone's Uncertain Future

I'm writing to get your take on something that has myself—plus, a lot of my friends and colleagues—thinking. I'm hoping that, as a fellow service industry professional, you can give your personal take on this.

The impact of COVID-19 has laid bare the vulnerabilities and issues within the hospitality industry. We, as a community, are not immune to this sort of disaster and I know it has a lot of us thinking about what the future of our livelihood—and, our community—looks like. It took me years to become okay with the idea that I may be a career bartend-

er and I even have laid plans to open my own bar someday soon. Now, I feel like the rug has been pulled out from under me. It's gotten me considering saying "fuck it" and pursuing another field entirely. My question is, do you think I'm being dramatic? Is it better to play it safe and get an early start on a new career, or is this me abandoning ship?

I can't imagine my life without the community around me and I also don't want to hear a hearty "I told you so" from those that don't believe what we do is real work.

Thanks!

- Up In The Air

Dear Up In The Air,

As a bartender myself, I totally relate to this question. I, myself, have done a lot of soul searching as far as my future holds. I also have questioned whether or not I need to seek a new career. I was concerned about this, even before the pandemic. The restaurant and bar industry is one of the riskiest businesses to invest in, including your livelihood. It's a constant roller coaster. You

literally don't know what kind of money you're going to make. I downloaded an app once, to track it and create graphs and stats for me, so I could get an idea—and, it was so all over the board, it didn't make sense. It is definitely not for everyone and we know that. Not just anyone can host a party, squash another person's good time by swiping their drink or 86ing them, monitor creepy or dangerous behavior, clean up bodily fluids, cut our hands on broken glass, watch miserable Tinder dates, listen to yelling and screeching to the soundtrack of blasting music, break up fights or deal with disgruntled customers. To us, it's all in a night's work. Not everyone is cut from that cloth. Those of us who have chosen this profession (or, have it beset upon us) have made a deal with the devil. You will make a lot of money—but, in exchange for part of your soul. You won't see people the same way again. Ever.

These times are unprecedented and scary for all of us. Literally NO ONE knows what they are doing right now. We are all just taking baby steps and trying to learn how to deal with the "new normal." It's completely reasonable to fear what is to hap-

pen next. Hell, everyone should always worry about what should happen next—COVID or otherwise. You are right to be introspective and be forward-thinking.

I'm no expert, but I do know a few things about bars and restaurants—in the history of everything, both have always managed to survive. People will always want to go out to eat and drink. ESPECIALLY drink. Even when it was illegal during prohibition, people went to great lengths to get a drink. People literally died and were imprisoned, going to great lengths to consume and supply alcohol. History has shown us that people are never NOT going to go out and drink. When I was a manager of a certain well-known coffee chain that exists on every damned corner of everywhere, we talked about "the third place." What that means, is all humans seek a comfortable place to go other than home and work. Something in a routine that provides solace. It could be a coffee shop, and more relevant to our conversation, it would be a bar.

What is my point? For the rest of time, virus or not, people will show up to get a drink. Always. Now and forever. Is it a glamorous line of work? We both know it is not. The most important thing is supply and demand. There are a few lines of work that provide that level of job security and we are lucky enough to be in one of them. The well isn't going to dry up.

If you happen to be burnt out, that's an entirely different thing to consider. It happens to a lot of us. The constant social interaction, attention, various bullshit...trust me, I know—it can wear your ass down. Sure, the money rush can feel amazing, like winning at video poker. Coming home and pulling out that wad of cash and counting it. Reaching into a back pocket of a garment you haven't worn in a while and finding random bills. Also, becoming a therapist—a sounding board for intoxicated people. Being objectified. Feeling unsafe. Sometimes coming home from a shift and marveling at how little you made. Just like gambling, it is a true crapshoot.

I don't know what the future holds for any of us. All I know is, if I was going to go all-in on a risky bet right now, a bar would still be my choice. They're a pain in the ass to work in right now, I know—and don't even get

me started on what it takes to own one. As long as it's not sending you down the drain of insanity, you are in a safe investment, as far as a job for now. Long term? I'm not sure. Only you know.

Awkward Drinks

I moved here (to Portland) about 13 years ago, with my then-boyfriend of seven years. We ended up breaking up because he cheated on me. I said I would be willing to work it out, but he said he was no longer interested. I was devastated and never saw it coming. I



thought we were happy. We have remained amicable the last five years we've been split. He watches my dog any time I go out of town. It's mutually beneficial. I don't have to board her or pay a sitter, and he gets to see the dog (whom he is very attached to). The last time I had him watch the dog for a few days, his new girlfriend got jealous, for whatever reason. My ex and I have no interactions—except for business—and, we even always meet in a neutral place, such as a park. My ex's new girlfriend has made an ultimatum that he cannot come and get the dog anymore, unless we have drinks together—my current partner included. He has no interest in this. My current partner is already try-

ing to understand the nature of our relationship. He literally gets nothing out of going to get drinks with my ex and his new girlfriend. I should mention that the girlfriend becomes an unpredictable shit-show when she drinks. I want my ex to still see the dog. I want the dog to spend time with him. I do not want to do this drink date. I know it will be horrible.

-Dog Mom

Dear Dog Mom,

I completely understand that you want your dog to live its best life and see all the people it loves. I also understand how convenient it can be to have a built-in babysitter that you know and trust. Boarding a dog can be incredibly expensive. Also, if your roommates are as responsible as mine, it's definitely not a viable option. I can't trust mine to lock the front door, much less take care of a living, dependent thing.

This is an interesting dilemma, because if you don't get the drink, you seem petty or jealous. If you want to remain friends and have any sort of relationship with your ex, it sounds like it is important for this meeting to happen in order to make his life easier. It sounds like your friendship makes your life easier at times, as well. If you do go, it may be drama. It may be uncomfortable. I'll tell you this...being a bartender, I cannot stand being around bad drunks when I'm not being paid to—at all.

It will be awkward as ass. If you've truly moved on from this relationship, just do it. If you still have residual feelings, I can see how this could be hard. If it gets too crazy, you get the option of getting up and leaving. He made his bed, he gets to lie in it. I would challenge your current partner to show up as well, for support. You shouldn't have to face that situation alone. Perhaps, suggest coffee or lunch instead?

You also don't need to do this at all. You owe this person nothing. They treated you with disrespect by breaking your trust. If this is extremely uncomfortable for you, there is no need to do it. If all you need is an occasional dog babysitter, I'm here for you. Just message me. I love dogs. I'll bet there are a lot of people in your life that would do it, too. Don't stoop if you don't want to. I'd ask yourself if there's a deeper-rooted issue there.

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