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*Natalie*

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# GREAT ADVANCES IN MEDICAL SCIENCE

BY ESMERALDA RUPP-SPANGLE

As we begin to collectively emerge from what might well be the weirdest year anyone under the age of 110 might recall, as bumpy as it is, it can behoove us to reflect on some of the most important and impactful medical advances in human history. Things that allowed our frail species to live and fight another day. Because, if we're not fucking, we're fighting. That's just how humans roll. It's served us well enough to not be extinct yet, so let's take a look back at how the greatest human minds have tackled some of the deadliest biological threats we've yet faced.



## The Black Death

We've all watched enough overdra-

matized historical documentaries to know that innovative ideas like blaming the Jews, stuffing herbs into nightmare-fueled masks, killing all the cats, and shrieking about miasmas were perplexingly ineffective against this nasty little bacterium. Fortunately, though, there was French-born physician and surgeon Guy De Chauliac, who advised Pope Clement VI to lock himself in his chambers and admit no one. This may well qualify as the first time social distancing was ever employed. Despite his revolutionary work and insistence on continuing to treat sick patients rather than fleeing in terror like his more sensible peers at the time, he did eventually kick the proverbial bucket in 1368, but not before contracting—and apparently overcoming—a bout of Bubonic plague himself. Count this one as a true badass of history. His reasonable, compassionate medical treatise on plague remains a high point from a time that most sensible people assumed the end of the world was fucking nigh.

## Smallpox

Despite its diminutive name, this absolute downer of a disease had been a scourge of our species for pretty much ever. If you weren't covered in horrible, disfiguring scars from beating it, you were almost certainly dead—at least, that is, until this Eng-

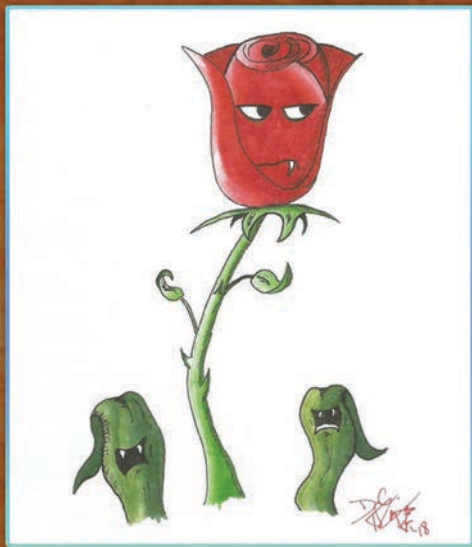
lish country doctor from Gloucester was making eyes at milkmaids and happened to notice they seemed to be largely unaffected by arguably the worst disease in human history. He'd noticed the milkmaids would get one gnarly pustule on their hand (I assume this was during a clandestine tryst—"WTF?! No girl, just bend over and do NOT touch me with that shit!"), but then they would never get smallpox. He got the bright idea to cut open one of their pustules and rub the diseased goo into a scratch he made on the arm of one of James Phipps—then, an 8-year-old son of one of his employees. Despite violating like every OSHA rule ever, it actually worked, and thus the very first vaccine (called variolation then, for whatever sciency reason) was born.

## Bacterial Infection

Strep, staph, gonorrhea, pneumonia, and a host of other less-than-awesome infections we now regard as little more than itchy irritations, were once a major, major problem for humanity. Lucky for us all, there was Sir Alexander Fleming, a Scottish researcher and intelligent slob, who accidentally left some of his research in less-than-sterile conditions. One fateful evening in 1928, after returning from a 2-week holiday (bender, I assume), he noticed the specimen plate he'd coated in staphylococci



had grown mold on it. Amazingly, this mold had retarded the growth of the bacteria, and thus the first antibiotic, penicillin, was created. So next time you ignore your dishes for a couple of weeks, and someone gives you shit about it, just claim you're a misunderstood bacteriologist like Fleming.



### Angry Rose Bushes (AKA Penicillin Part 2)

Howard Florey, Ernst Chain, and some other nerds eventually realized that Fleming's discovery was like, mad dope, yo. In 1941, they decided to trial run their antibacterial drug (penicillin) on one poor shlub named Albert Alexander, who was dying from an infected scratch on the face he'd sustained from "falling into a rose bush" (right, whatever man). At the time they administered the first dose, he was at death's door. Within 24 hours, he was walking, talking, and ready to kick that rose bush into powder. Unfortunately, despite isolating the penicillin from his urine and re-injecting it, the team ran out of the life-saving drug, and Alexander lapsed back into a coma and died. The moral here is definitely do not fuck with the wrong rose bush. Also, maybe make enough of a medicine to cure someone instead of just "almost" curing them. That'd be cool.



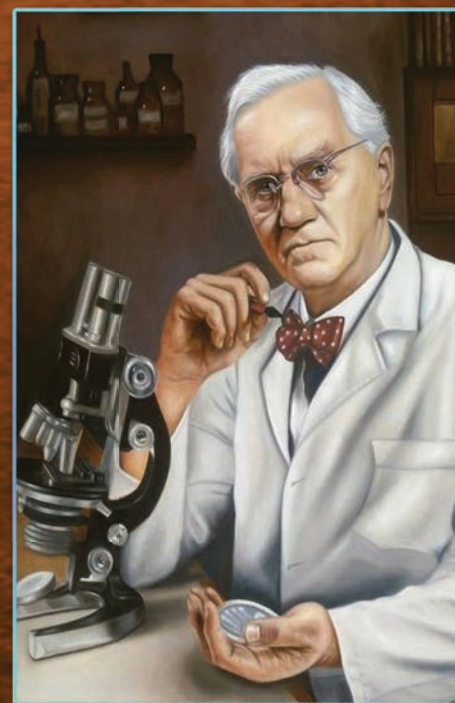
### Malaria / Yellow Fever

Jesse William Lazear is arguably the first guy who thought dying of a hemorrhagic fever would be super. He'd been studying these afflictions at Johns Hopkins since 1895, and in 1900, decided moving to Cuba and seeing them firsthand was the only way he could make this happen. At the time, malaria and yellow fever had killed more soldiers than had died by human hands in the Spanish-American war. Lazear was bunking with these very military folks when he made the trek down there and there hatched his brilliant scheme. Most physicians thought these fevers were the result of "contaminated linens" (oookay?), but Lazear had other ideas and secretly exposed himself to an infected mosquito. He'd suspected they were vectors for the parasites that were the source of all this woe. Lucky for him, he totally scored and died of yellow fever in 1900 while still working on a vaccine.

The list goes on. Humans have never coped all that well with disease, even at our most sincere. The crux of this—the lesson to be had while reflecting on these medical breakthroughs—seems to be this: Disease is ugly, and humans are at least that bad. You thought I was going to add

a happy caveat to that, and I totally didn't; joke's on you, microbiology will always win. All we can do is muddle through, try to make the best of it, and please, don't run around in a cloud of malarial mosquitoes?

Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle has never even once intentionally exposed herself to an incurable disease... so far. She can be found on Facebook as Esmeralda Marina and Instagram as @EsmeraldaMarina. Please, keep your filthy human germs to yourself.





BY BRYAN A. BYBEE



## “DO IT FOR THE TITTIES”

Open. I like open. Open is good. In fact, it's *better* than good—it's wunderbar! Think of all the great things that involve “open.” Open mic, open bar, open-minded, U.S. Open, open-source (shout-out to my nerds), open relationship, wide open, open-mouthed... umm... okay, you get the point. Open is fucking awesome, and we should be celebrating the fact that our industry is back open—and most likely for good.

Hard to believe, right? Yup, I know. After enduring three closures scattered across 13 months, it's hard to trust that our latest re-re-re-opening will be the one that sticks. What's even harder to believe is that our industry's ability to stay open depends on you. Well, you, Uncle Ernie, your neighbor Lula and that asshole at Starbucks who always spells your name wrong on your Vanilla Sweet Cream Cold Brew. That's right, folks. Your ability to enjoy deep-fried jojos, a pint of PBR Easy, and set after choreographed set of beautiful naked ladies all hinges on everyone's vaccination choice.

You see, the metric used for individual counties to reach the “Lower Risk” level

has changed—it's now tied to the percentage of vaccinated residents. Once a target of 65% vaccination is attained (for 16+), the county then has the option to move to the all-coveted lowest risk level.

So in Layman's talk: if you love boobs, get vaccinated. Stop with the endless, bullshit excuses and weak-ass arguments. You weren't crusading with anti-vaxxers prior to this pandemic, and I bet you haven't once complained to your mom about that MMR shot she helped hold you down for.

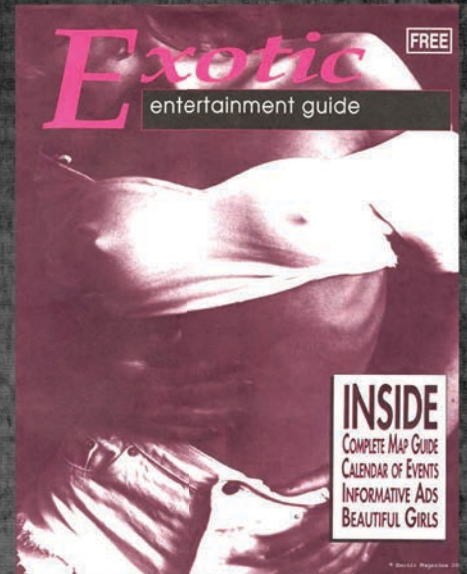
Time to stop the shit. No, the government won't track you once you're poked—they've had that option all along. That's right... you're not off the grid, Einstein, because you carry around that tablet-sized phone and can't stay off IG for longer than five minutes. No, you won't develop autism, die of a stroke, become infertile, or have your genetics permanently altered. And no, you won't be injected with any form of aborted fetal cells. This is the kind of ludicrosity that



festers when your major source of news, social life, and anything else related to human contact comes from social media.

But wait! It's your *personal choice*! Right? *Wrong*. “Personal” implies that it's a choice that *only* affects you. When your

choice affects my privilege to see naked ass, that's where a line must be drawn! In short, don't be an anti-vaxxer prick (or prickess), and please go get pricked. Do it for the titties!



## 28 YEARS OF DEBAUCHERY

Next month, it's official. *Exotic* will turn 28 and likely be older than many of your favorite industry watering holes. That breaks down to 328 months (COVID math—it's complicated) of *Exotic* being put into sweaty little hands across the region. In fact, *Exotic* is now the third-oldest publication in the Portland metro area and the second-oldest industry magazine in the U.S.

Now that I'm fresh out of fun facts to share, it's time to be serious for a moment. We are a local, homegrown magazine that serves a very niche market—we're *very* aware that the only reason we're still alive after 28 years is because of our loyal advertisers and diehard readers, who routinely pick up each and every issue. You've supported us for over a quarter of a century, and we hope you continue to do so.



**eroticcity** spotlight

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**DV8**  
**HAPPY HOUR NOON-3PM**

**THE LOUNGE**  
**HAPPY HOUR 12PM-2PM**

Let's visit the proverbial "memory lane" and take a look at what started it all—the May 1993 issue of *Exotic*. While our logo and cover art has drastically changed, we've stayed true to our original issue's hallmarks. We're still a **FREE** publication with a *complete map guide, calendar of events, and full of informative ads with beautiful girls.*

We look forward to celebrating our 28<sup>th</sup> anniversary next month, within the pages of our July issue. You don't have to own a strip club, lingerie shop, smoke shop, dispensary, or other business to take part in our anniversary issue. You can place any type of ad that you want to show your support. Rather than begging for your donations like certain other local publications, we will be giving you something in return: your photo, social media handle, or whatever else tickles your bits—all in full color, glossy brilliance. You will be instantly famous and the talk of all your family and friends (okay, maybe not, but it's still going to be *pretty fucking cool!*)

Tantalized yet? We thought you might be. Seriously though, if you're interested, hit us with a DM, text message, or email, and we'll make it happen. We'll appreciate the support, and you'll love being industry-famous, even if it's only for a month.

Until next month, stay safe out there.

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# DELTA UPD-8: THE INCREDIBLE EDIBLE LEGAL TREAT — PART 2

**GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME**

What a long, strange month it's been. While Delta-8 (see last month's Green Room Diaries) remains somewhat legal on a national level, it is no longer available at Oregon-area dispensaries. Moon-Wlkr Delta-8 gummies are still available online (go ahead and have some delivered by federal carriers), and GWAR of all people sold me a bottle last week (thanks to Consequence Of Sound). But, alas, you cannot pick the stuff up when you're buying flavored hash pens that absolutely nobody over the age of 22 uses.

As it stands at the time of editorial submission (mid-May, 2021), Delta-8 is currently playing the definition game that has applied to nearly every political or legal debate in the last few years. "Well, it's not technically a rifle, because I stripped down the barrel and made it into a handgun" or, better yet, "Even though I am biologically THC, I present as CBD due to my status as being hemp-derived" sounds like something that belongs in a politicized argument not dealing with cannabis (and, no, I'm not attacking gun owners or trans people—I'm attacking people who pretend to be gun owners and trans people, simply to win an argument by changing the agreed-upon definitions).

Delta-8 is a drug. It's a fantastic, intoxicating high—one that cannot be produced by smoking hemp or taking CBD gummies. However, it is technically a type of

hemp-derived substance (true) that is also a type of THC (also true). So, by skirting technicalities the same way I would to prove that I'm "technically" black (read Irish history), Delta-8 is a truly current-year phenomenon.

And, it won't last long.

Already, laws are being put into place by politicians and lawmakers who are able to call a skunk a skunk, regardless of how well it hides its odor. Just last month in this column, I was snitching on the Delta-8 crowd on our around the 10th of the

*tion, OLCC personnel discussed the emerging issue of Delta-8 THC. While the discussion focused primarily on the unregulated nature of products containing Delta-8, primarily because it is derived from federally-legal hemp products, OLCC took the position that its current rules prohibit the manufacturing of Delta-8 THC by OLCC-licensed processors."*

Welp. There goes the idea of taking the family to the dispensary for after-dinner treats. Medical patients, however, get a break:

***"The OLCC doesn't necessarily have a problem with Delta-8; they have a problem with safe, legal fun."***

month. Shortly after we went to press, the following headline appeared via *Green Light Law Group's* website: **BREAKING NEWS: OLCC Determines Delta-8 THC To Be A Prohibited Additive For Recreational Marijuana Processors.** According to the article:

*"In a webinar put on by OLCC personnel for the Oregon State Bar's Cannabis Law sec-*

*tion, OLCC clarified that its prohibition applies only to the OLCC's regulated adult-use market, and referenced OAR 854-025-3220(3)."*

As the trend goes, medical patients are allowed to purchase something that has, well, very little medical use (as we know so far). I am not discounting the miracle

of the hemp plant but rather pointing out that cancer patients already have Rick Simpson Oil and horse-tranquilizer-level THC gummies. The OLCC doesn't necessarily have a problem with Delta-8; they have a problem with safe, legal fun. Get shit-faced and hit the road? No worries—there are two, maybe three cops in the entire Portland area. Eat a gummy and giggle while feeding the ducks? Bye-bye, dispensary.

By the way, you can still get Delta-8 in Florida. "Progressive" Oregon and Colorado are, as of May 2021, more anti-cannabis than the state that brought us mask-free flag waves.

In even more irritating news, cannabis may soon be federally decriminalized (as in, no longer a Schedule X Super Bad AAA Felony or whatever), thanks to... *Republican* lawmakers? That's correct—in more "maybe voting blue is a bad idea" news, *MarijuanaMovement.net* reports the following:

*"A pair of congressional Republican lawmakers have introduced a bill to federally legalize marijuana, protect banks that service state-legal cannabis business and ensure that military veterans are specifically permitted to use marijuana in compliance with state laws."*

*The Common Sense Cannabis Reform for Veterans, Small Businesses, and Medical Professionals Act is being sponsored by Rep. David Joyce (R-OH) and Rep. Don Young (R-AK).*

*The main crux of the legislation is to federally deschedule cannabis—and it's similar to past bipartisan proposals—but this one goes a few steps further, with language on legal protections and mandates for federal studies into medical cannabis. It does not contain social justice provisions to repair the past harms of the war on drugs, however.*

*'With more than 40 states taking action on this issue, it's past time for Congress to recognize that continued cannabis prohibition is neither tenable nor the will of the American electorate,' Joyce, co-chair of the Congressional Cannabis Caucus (CCC), said in a press release.'*

The fact that *any* legislation is seeking to reduce the criminality of cannabis use—for any reason—should be championed. Further, anyone who has read this column for more than four weeks and twenty days knows that I've been calling for overturning any and all weed offenses for those currently locked up, as well as the racially biased history (and enforcement) of cannabis laws. With that said, the phrase "... (the legislation) does not contain social justice provisions to repair the past harms of the war on drugs, however," makes me cringe laugh—how much profit does Green District Holistic Cannabis Recreational Paradise Outlet donate to "social justice provisions" (and, no, yard signs don't count)? My inner Gadsden flag unfurls every time a right-of-Stalin lawmaker

I don't care if AOC or Tucker Carlson grew my weed—it's weed, and I'm glad that anyone is in favor of it.

Okay, rant over. Back to the lecture at hand...

*Leafly* reports that the legality of Delta-8 will ultimately be determined by... wait for it... the ability for Delta-8 to be regulated:

*"Ultimately, delta-8 needs stronger regulation," said Kelly O'Connor at Columbia Labs. 'Because without it being regulated like a drug, it's being sold on the open market in a way that is bypassing a lot of the contaminant testing and batch traceability that you get from a highly regulated market, like a delta-9 market.'"*



does something actually progressive, only to be met with the screeching hiss of the social justice mob (all of whom cashed their Trump-singed stimulus checks without a second glance and/or donation to social justice causes). If Orange Man mandated vaccines and masks, Oregon would be re-opened, and Kate Brown would be hosting sweaty, naked hug piles to protest racism or whatever. I'm so fucking sick of the faux sports game being played.

Again with the intensifying libertarianism, are we seeing a trend? If it's innovative, natural, and good for you, the government won't be having it (at least, not without regulations). Keep this in mind while exchanging your proof-of-Pfizer-vaccine for a free Krispy Kreme donut.

Stick around for more updates on Delta-8.



## FIVE REASONS

# PORTLAND SHOULD HOST AN ALL-NUDE MUSIC FESTIVAL ON SAUVIE ISLAND

by Blazer Sparrow

This may be the side effects of fourteen months in isolation talking, but I can think of no better way to kickstart the first summer after this absolute shitshow of a year than a cock-out rock-out party on everyone's favorite nude beach in Portland.

Now, hear me out. This is a fairly modest proposal. I mean, let's be honest... If they aren't happening already, amongst the anti-maskers and anti-vaxxers, there's going to be an unprecedented number of open-invitation, pansexual, bareback fuckfests across the globe—to ring in the end of these rolling lockdowns. The sheer volume of fluids exchanged in Miami alone will defy physics.

What I am suggesting will be Tele-tubbies by comparison. We all miss live music. We miss seeing faces *not* on Orwellian Zoom screens. Let's just swing the pendulum a bit further in the other direction and bare all. I don't believe that some hipster shuffle fest in the Widmer parking lot is really go-

ing to cut it after a year of pajama bottoms and existential dread.

Consider these bullet points:



**It Will Naturally Be Socially Distanced**

In the likely event that we're "still not out of the woods," as we've been told

for the past, who knows or cares, I still think we can go ahead with this tits-out jamboree. Anyone who has ever been to a nude beach knows that you really do tend to keep to yourself and whomever you're fucking. Guaranteed, the crowds will tend to be a bit... spaced out. Nothing puts a six-foot barrier around people like genitalia they're not already familiar with.

**The Naked Bike Ride Is Canceled**

For better or worse, Portlanders *need* a giant gathering of loose wangs. Out of an abundance of caution, it appears our favorite birthday suit parade is not happening for the second year in a row. This will not stand for the alarming number of us that insist on showing our unflattering bodies. The anti-clothed can't hold it in anymore, and something bad is going to happen if they don't have an outlet. It seems like a good compromise. Plus, they won't hold up traffic or offend the eight Christians in town.



### It Would Get You Outside

Let's face it; if you're not one of them fancy *essential workers* literally holding the world together, you've either been inside in your undies playing video games or inside in your undies and a suit-and-tie top, pretending to work on Zoom. You need to get the fuck outside and give your skin some fucking sun. We can't half-ass this. Full-ass is very necessary, after this year in the dungeon that is our home. Trust me, you look worse than Max Schreck in full makeup, and you need some goddamned vitamin D. Post-pandemic, we will all need some fresh air and maybe a shade or two darker. You might think that getting buck-ass naked at a music festival with many other equally naked folks isn't the best way to re-enter society, but you would be wrong. Buckle up, buckaroo—we're going helicopterin' at a non-clothed NOFX show. Or, whoever. Still working out the deets on which musical acts are okay with performing sans threads. Oh GG, where are you when we need you the most.

### Out Of Sight, Out Of Mind

An addendum to the above bullet point, this junk-free jubilee will be *miles* away from any prudes, shrewds, and general Debbie Downers. Unlike the World Famous Naked Bike Ride, which sort of... asserts itself into everyone's business, this flesh fest will be on a literal island, with one bridge in or out. It's a hell of a drive out to Sauvie from the city, and then you literally gotta drive up the length of the goddamn island to get to the boobie-and-weiner part. If nudity offends you or you're worried about the children (since you obviously equate a lack of clothes with sex), you're in luck! It's nowhere near you. Also—unlike the naked bike ride—it'll be harder for the creeps and perverts to lurk and do their thing. I mean, unless they got boats. Hopefully, they don't have boats.

### You Get To See Your Favorite Artists Naked

Still not positive who we can buckle down for this besides an older-than-you-realize Red Hot Chili Peppers and

like Amanda Palmer or something, *but* I can guarantee that the performers will be as naked as you, but more famous. Leaked nudes are tacky and invasive, but just straight up belting bare would be a much more magical way of seeing your favorite singer buck naked. Come on. Don't pretend you don't wanna see what your local music crush's dangly bits look like. What's more punk rock than that?



*Natalie*

FROM  
DESIRE LOUNGE



**EXOTIC**  
PINUP JUNE  
**2021**







*Natalie*  
FROM  
DESIRE LOUNGE





# STRIP CLUBS

**ACROPOLIS 1** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
8325 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 231-9611  
Daily 11am-11pm

**BOTTOMS UP! 5** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
16900 NW St Helens Rd | (503) 621-9844  
Tue-Sun 12pm-11pm

**CABARET 7** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
17544 SE Stark St | (503) 252-3529  
Daily 11am-11pm

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

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

**CLUB SINROCK 29** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
12035 NE Glisan St | (503) 889-0332  
Daily 2pm-11pm  
215 W Burnside St | (971) 339-2972  
Daily 2pm-11pm

**CLUB TEASE 21** **FOOD**  
4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771  
Tue-Thu 11am-11pm, Fri 11am-9pm

**COLUMBIA STRIP 32** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
605 N Columbia Blvd | (503) 289-1351  
Daily 11am-11pm

**DESIRE 18** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
535 NE Columbia Blvd | (971) 339-2198  
Daily 12pm-11pm

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

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

**DVS 17** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
5021 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 788-7178  
Daily 12pm-11pm

**THE GOLD CLUB 72** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
17180 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 908-1177  
Daily 12pm-11pm

**GRIND GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 65** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
15826 SE Division St | (503) 206-4851  
Daily 2pm-11pm

**HAWTHORNE STRIP 19** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
3532 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 232-9516  
Daily 1pm-11pm

**KIT KAT CLUB 69** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
231 SW Ankeny St | (503) 208-3229  
Daily 4pm-2:30am

**THE LOUNGE 30** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
6210 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 281-3212  
Daily 11am-11pm

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

**LUST LOUNGE 15** **FOOD**  
13550 SE Powell Blvd | (971) 279-4244  
Daily 2pm-11pm

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

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

**REVEAL LOUNGE 4** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
8345 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 477-6628  
Mon-Fri 2pm-2:30am, Sat-Sun 4pm-2:30am

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

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

**SASSY'S 34** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
927 SE Morrison St | (503) 231-1606  
Daily 10:30am-2:30am

**SHIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 40** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
8000 SE Foster Rd | (971) 230-0047  
Daily 10am-2:30am

**SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 49** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
210 NW Couch St | (503) 957-5293  
Sun-Thu 6pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am

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

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

**TOMMY'S TOO 39** **FOOD**  
10335 SE Foster Rd | (503) 432-8238  
Daily 11am-9pm

**THE VENUE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 52** **FOOD LOTTERY**  
9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523  
Daily 10am-2:30am

**X ULTRA LOUNGE 35** **FOOD**  
15 SW 2nd Ave | (503) 790-9090  
Sun-Thu 7pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 4pm-2:30am

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

# EVERYTHING ELSE

**ADAM & EVE 121**  
9220 SW Barbur Blvd #115 | (503) 224-1604  
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-11pm

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

**ARMCHAIR FAMILY VIDEO 105**  
3205 SE Milwaukie Ave | (503) 477-5446  
Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm

**BLACK DIAMOND RECORDING STUDIOS 172**  
1424 SE 162nd Ave | (503) 477-6523  
Daily 7am-9pm

**EYE CANDY FASHIONS 171**  
10412 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 771-0080  
Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 12pm-5pm

**FANTASY FOR ADULTS ONLY (4) 180**  
3137 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 239-6969  
Daily 10am-10pm  
1703 W Burnside St | (503) 295-6969  
Daily 12pm-8pm  
15536 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 203-6969  
Daily 12pm-8pm  
6440 SW Coronado St | (503) 244-6969  
Daily 24 hours

**FANTASYLAND (2) 116**  
5228 SE Foster Rd | (503) 775-0094  
Daily 24 hours  
16016 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 655-4667  
Daily 24 hours

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

**HOT BOX 157**  
3785 SW Hall Blvd | (503) 574-4057  
Daily 10am-9pm

**JUST BLISS 158**  
6712 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 384-2373  
Call For Hours

**LOVE TOYS 123**  
10660 SE Division St | (503) 257-6881  
Daily 24 hours

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

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

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

**PUSSYCATS 134**  
3414 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 477-7019  
5226 SE Foster Rd | (503) 208-3768  
10813 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-5356  
Daily 24 hours

**SECRET RENDEZVOUS 136**  
10518-B NE Sandy Blvd | (971) 279-2940  
Daily 24 hours

**SHEENA'S 6 SPOT 137**  
8315 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 972-1111  
Daily 24 hours

**SILVER SPOON 139**  
8521 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 245-0489  
Mon-Sat 10am-7pm, Sun 11am-5pm

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

**TABOO VIDEO (4) 144**  
Downtown: 311 NW Broadway | (503) 227-3443  
Daily 10am-10pm  
Portland: 237 SE MLK Blvd | (503) 239-1678  
Daily 10am-12am  
Portland: 2330 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 777-6033  
Daily 10am-2am  
Portland: 14712 SE Stark St | (971) 888-5159  
Daily 8am-12am  
Vancouver: 4811 NE 94th Ave | (360) 254-1126  
Daily 8am-10pm

**TORCHED ILLUSIONS 149**  
17935 SW Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 259-2310  
Daily 6am-12am

**TORCHED ILLUSIONS II 169**  
12963 SW Pacific Hwy | (503) 430-5140  
Daily 11am-10pm

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

**VICTRESS ENTERTAINMENT 156**  
7303 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 788-3354  
Call For Hours

# DISPENSARIES

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

**MANY BUSINESSES HAVE TEMPORARILY ADJUSTED HOURS OF OPERATION. PLEASE CALL OR CHECK ONLINE FOR THE LATEST INFORMATION.**



17544 SE STARK ST  
503-252-3529



605 N COLUMBIA BLVD  
503-289-1351



535 NE COLUMBIA BLVD  
971-339-2198



15920 SE STARK ST  
503-253-8765



5021 SE POWELL BLVD  
503-788-7178



3532 SE POWELL BLVD  
503-232-9516



6712 NE SANDY BLVD  
503-384-2373



231 SW ANKENY ST  
503-208-3229



6210 NE COLUMBIA BLVD  
503-281-3212



10813 SW BARBUR BLVD  
503-206-5356



17939 SW MCEWAN RD  
503-726-2403



8226 NE FREMONT ST  
503-568-4090



14712 SE STARK ST  
971-888-5159



7303 SE 82ND AVE  
503-788-3354



15 SW 2ND AVE  
503-790-9090



## OREGON ALBANY

### ADULT SHOP

3404 Spicer Dr SE / (541) 812-2522  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

## ASTORIA

### ANNIE'S SALOON

2897 Marine Dr / (503) 325-2746  
Full Bar, 1 Stage  
Tue-Sat 5pm-11pm

## BEND

### IMAGINE THAT

197 NE Third St / (541) 312-8100  
Videos, Mags, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts  
24 Hours / 7 Days

### STARS CABARET

197 NE 3rd St / (541) 388-4081  
Full Bar, Full Menu, Beautiful Dancers  
4pm-11pm / 7 Days

## COOS BAY

### BACHELOR'S INN

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

## CORVALLIS

### ADULT SHOP

2315 9th St NW / (541) 754-7039  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
Sun-Thu 12pm-10pm, Fri-Sat 12pm-12am

## DRAIN

### TOP OF THE BOWL

335 W C Ave / (541) 670-5230  
Full Bar, Full Menu, 1 Stage, Poker  
Wed-Sun 6pm-10pm

## EUGENE

### ADULT SHOP

90 Holeman Ave / (541) 688-5411  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Lingerie  
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

### ADULT SHOP

86784 Franklin Blvd / (541) 636-3203  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Arcade, Novelties,  
Lingerie  
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

### B&B DISTRIBUTORS

710 W 6th Ave / (541) 683-8999  
Videos, Arcade, Clothing, Novelties, Viewing Room  
24 Hours / 7 Days

### EVA'S BOUTIQUE

720 Garfield St / (541) 345-2873  
Huge Selection Of Lingerie, Shoes,  
Dancewear, Novelties, Gift Cards & More  
Sun-Thu 12pm-10pm, Fri-Sat 12pm-12am

### THE NILE

1030 Highway 99 N / (541) 688-1869  
Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers  
Mon-Sat 12pm-2am, Sun 3pm-12am

### SILVER DOLLAR CLUB

2620 W 10th Pl / (541) 485-2303  
Full Bar, Food, 3 Stages  
Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

## GERVAIS

### LAST CHANCE SALOON

7650 Checkerboard Ct / (503) 792-5100  
Full Bar, Lottery, 1 Stage  
12pm-2:30am / 7 Days

## KLAMATH FALLS

### THE ALIBI

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

## LINCOLN CITY

### IMAGINE THAT

2159 NW Highway 101, Ste C / (541) 996-6600  
(Downstairs When Entering From Highway 101)  
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts  
Sun-Thu 9am-11pm, Fri-Sat 24 Hours

## MEDFORD

### ADULT LAND

2755 S Pacific Hwy / (541) 770-5493  
Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie  
Mon-Fri 9am-7pm, Sat 10am-5pm

### ADULT SHOP

261 Barnett Rd / (541) 772-5220  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

## NEWPORT

### SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

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

## OAKLAND

### ADULT SHOP

726 John Long Rd / (541) 849-3344  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

## ROSEBURG

### FILLED WITH FUN

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

## SALEM

### ADULT SHOP

155 Lancaster Dr SE / (503) 585-8288  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
Sun-Thu 12pm-10pm, Fri-Sat 12pm-12am

### ADULT SHOP

2410 Mission St SE / (503) 763-3556  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

### ADULT SHOP

3113 River Rd N / (503) 390-4371  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
Sun-Thu 12pm-10pm, Fri-Sat 12pm-12am

### BOB'S ADULT BOOKS

3815 State St / (503) 363-3846  
Adult Books, Videos, Arcade & Mini-Theater  
9am-2am / 7 Days

### CHEETAHS KXK CABARET

3453 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 316-6969  
18+ Juice Bar  
Tue-Thu 7pm-2am, Fri-Sat 7pm-4am & Sun  
7pm-2am

### DIZZY'S SMOKE SHOP

1051 Commercial St SE / (503) 585-0050  
4823 Commercial St SE / (503) 385-1564  
21+ Head Shop & Gift Shop  
10am-8pm / 7 Days

### EVA'S BOUTIQUE

3593 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 385-8111  
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am  
5530 Commercial St SE / (503) 763-6754  
Sun-Thu 12pm-10pm, Fri-Sat 12pm-12am  
Huge Selection Of Lingerie, Shoes,  
Dancewear, Novelties, Gift Cards & More

### THE FIREHOUSE CABARET

5782 Portland Rd NE / (503) 393-4782  
Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery  
Mon-Sat 12pm-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

### SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

3473 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 370-7080  
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade  
24 Hours / 7 Days

### STARS CABARET

1550 Weston Ct NE / (503) 370-8063  
Full Bar, Full Menu, Sports Room, 4 Stages  
Mon-Sat 2pm-11pm, Sun 4pm-11pm

### SUGAR SHACK GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

3803 Commercial St SE / (503) 371-1565  
Full Bar, Full Menu, Light-Up Dance Floor And Pole  
11:30am-2am / 7 Days

### WIKENS

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

## SPRINGFIELD

### BOBBY'S VIP ROOM

1195 Main St / (541) 844-1019  
Full Bar, Full Menu, 4 Stages  
Mon-Sat 12pm-2:30am

### EVA'S BOUTIQUE

3270 Gateway St C / (541) 726-2445  
Huge Selection Of Lingerie, Shoes,  
Dancewear, Novelties, Gift Cards & More  
Sun-Thu 12pm-10pm, Fri-Sat 12pm-12am

### SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

1166 South A St / (541) 726-6969  
Videos, Mags, Clothes, Novelties, Arcade  
Mon-Tue 8am-12am, Wed-Sun 24 Hours

## THE DALLES

### ADULT SHOP

3506 W 6th St / (541) 298-1874  
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade,  
Lingerie  
Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

## WASHINGTON ABERDEEN

### KINK ADULT SHOP

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

## BREMERTON

### ADULTS ONLY BREMERTON

317 N Callow Ave / (360) 627-7318  
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade  
Sun-Thu 10am-12am, Fri-Sat 10am-2am

### ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO

338 N Callow Ave / (360) 373-0551  
DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade  
Mon-Sat 9am-1am, Sun 10am-10pm

## CENTRALIA

### PARADISE FOR ADULTS ONLY

1011 S Gold St / (360) 807-8932  
Adult Products, Smoke Supplies, Arcade  
Mon-Sat 10am-2am, Sun 12pm-12am

## CHEHALIS

### KINK ADULT SHOP

821 W Main St / (360) 748-6247  
Adult Products & Smoke Supplies  
Mon-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm,  
Sun 12pm-8pm

## DES MOINES

### AIRPORT VIDEO 2

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

## EVERETT

### AIRPORT VIDEO 1

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

## KENNEWICK

### CASTLE MEGASTORE

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

## KENT

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# COLUMN

**BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT**

## **POORLY KNOWN ROADSIDE ATTRACTIONS FOR YOUR SUMMER ROAD TRIP**

It's summer again, which means barbecues, water parks, fireworks, outdoor human sacrifices, and of course, the humble American road trip.

Road trips are a staple of fair-weather activities. You and a carload of people set out to experience the open highway and the freedom to do whatever you please and find yourself wherever you end up. After all, it's about the journey, not the destination. The hallmark of any solid road trip is the little stops at novel roadside attractions, put up in big cities, small towns, and the middle of nowhere alike. From the breathtaking to the bizarre, these attractions are meant to fish a few coins from your pocket in exchange for the memory of being there. While I tried to avoid things that are already famous, there are a few which stick out, and if you don't see your favorite (or something you feel must be included), you may either a) cram it or b) let me know via social media. See details on that at the bottom of the article.

Behold, my list of often-overlooked, but not-to-be-missed slices of pure Americana, by state, alphabetically.

### **Alabama**

In the Southern state of Alabama, there exists a town called Dothan. This is a worthwhile

stop for the road tripper as it contains within its borders not only a "Monument to the Hog" (which is a 26-foot-long pig made of metal) but also the World's Largest Peanut Statue. If that's 'nut' enough for you, there are also smaller peanut statues scattered throughout town, including a golden peanut and an Elvis peanut.

### **Alaska**

Alaska is huge, and it'd be impossible to name all the weird shit they have there, but notable is "Mukluk Land," in Tok, where can be found not only a giant boot but also a sight called "Santa's Rocket Ship." The jolly old elf went all space-age on us. Additionally, of the famed dog runs bringing precious serum antidote to quell the 1925 Nome diphtheria outbreak, we recall Balto, who got a couple movies, but seldom his fellow sled dog, Togo, who is taxidermied and on display in Wasilla. Also, there's a place called Trapper Creek, which has a store called "Wal-Mike's," that retails junk and boasts a jar containing a severed human hand of unknown provenance, begging for your gander.

### **Arizona**

In Phoenix, there's a pyramid constructed by a beloved early 20th-century governor, which actually is his (and his wife's) tomb.

There's also a rock in Scottsdale which looks like a floppy, flaccid cock, featuring free parking nearby. Moving on to Sun City, which is itself a giant old folks' home, has a museum about... old folks' homes.



### **Arkansas**

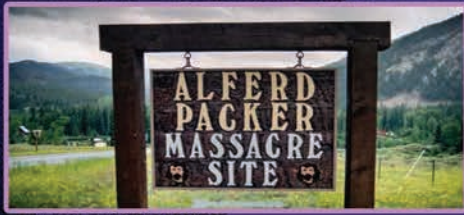
There's a 30-foot tall, giant, dancing hog—the second hog-related entry on my list. It doesn't actually dance but is instead frozen in mid-dance step. Also present in the state is a Monster Mart, enshrining the local version of Sasquatch, known as the Boggy Creek Creature<sup>1</sup>. And speaking of monuments to strange creatures, you can also visit the house where Bill and Hillary Clinton got married.

### **California**

Cali is known for many popular tourist attractions but seldom mentioned are the Alien Fresh Jerky outlet in Baker, which sports statues of UFOs and giant little green men. There is also a Pee Wee Golf place in Guerneville, with utterly bizarre mini-golf statuary, such as cannibals cooking a man and a deranged head of cartoon Yogi Bear. They, too, have a giant metal hog named "Lord Snort" in Healdsburg.

### **Colorado**

There is a castle made of scrap aluminum, mostly beer cans, in Antonito. It is run by an eccentric fellow named Cano, who built it because God told him to. Also made of aluminum is the largest fork in the US, which is not



(in any way) related to the previously mentioned castle and is in the town of Creede. No hogs in CO, but there's a monument to the Alferd Packer cannibal massacre in Lake City, which is "America's Favorite Cannibal Town," according to them.

### Connecticut

PEZ museum! Everyone's favorite candy dispensed by heads on a stick has a whole museum dedicated to its existence and thousands of unique dispensers. It's in the PEZ factory in Orange. CT also sports another severed limb attraction: the severed arm of St. Edmund, in the appropriately named town of Mystic.

### Delaware

Delaware has a "merman" on display in Lewes, one of the famous "Fiji Mermaids" from the mid-1800s. It's appropriately gross and cheesy at the same time. The municipality of Milford also has a large statue of an Amish man, and Georgetown contains the World's Largest Frying Pan. You could fry a whole cow in this thing, or as they tell you, 200 chickens.

### DC

Behold the nightmarish landscape that is the seat of the United States government! Post-cards available.

### Florida

There's a headless brontosaurus statue in Brooksville. It's headless because the guy building it fell off a ladder and died halfway through, so the citizens said "fuck it" and left it there for the last 54 years. Jacksonville has a restaurant, Clark's, which has a taxidermied sasquatch head, among thousands of others, as well as a live alligator. Also, while you're in FL, visit Marathon and see the grave of Flipper, the TV dolphin who captured the hearts of a generation, which is, you guessed it, a giant statue, though not in the "world's biggest" range of size.

### Georgia

So, this one may be more well-known than some of the others, but it's another giant peanut—this time with Jimmy Carter's trade-

mark grin, and it lives in his hometown of Plains. It has been featured internationally in the popular Internet meme, "this pleases the N U T." There is also a lunch box museum in Columbus and an amusement park of sorts, called "Tank Town," in Morganton. Here you can drive tanks (actually, tracked APCs<sup>2</sup>) over junker cars for a couple of hundred bucks.

### Hawaii

Hawaii seems like an outlier here, as you can't really drive there. That said, for completion's sake, here it is on the list. There is, for some reason, a statue of Abe Lincoln chopping down trees with an ax in Ewa Beach and a giant bust of Jack Lord, from Hawaii Five-O, in Honolulu. Hawaii also sports its own phallic rock in Molokai. I've actually been to this one. It's decidedly less cock-like than the one in Arizona but is sufficiently cock-like nonetheless.

### Idaho

Potato-themed stops are the norm here, the more notable of them are located in Driggs, with its giant spud drive-in theater and the Big Idaho Potato Hotel, wherein you can actually stay in the eponymous tuber, which has way more room than you might think. There's also a museum to prostitution in Wallace, called the Oasis Bordello Museum.

### Illinois

There's a Dungeons and Dragons-themed park featuring sculptures of wizards, knights-errant, ogres, and, of course, dragons littering the grounds. There is also a maze of hidden passages and secret doors. Sounds pretty boss. The town of Casey is home to not only the World's Largest Pitchfork but also a giant mailbox, birdcage, and pair of antlers, for some reason.

### Indiana

There is nothing of note in Indiana. Please avoid the entire state.

### Iowa

There's a giant spider sculpture in Avoca, where the spider's body is an old Volkswagen Beetle. There is also a tour, by boat, of "Spook Cave," which is a haunted house-type deal with extra cheese, but the water and the boat trip are the real deal, and all in an underground cave. There's also a movie theater in Newton, where there's a domestic pig who sits in on every showing, in a seat of her own, often sporting costumes related to the film being shown.



### Kansas

These motherfuckers keep the World's Largest Ball of Twine in Cawker City. There is also a 60-ton concrete buffalo in Longford, and Lucas features "America's Most Artistic Giant Toilet." No word on whether there are larger, more artistic toilets in other nations.

### Kentucky

Kentucky features the world's premier hillbilly museum. Located in Calvert City, it's chock full of, well, hillbilly art and is curated by a man who once played a Romulan on "Star Trek: The Next Generation." Admission is free. You can also see famed frontiersman and politician Daniel Boone's skull in Frankfort.

### Louisiana

Behold! Another severed limb! This time, it's the arm of St. Valerie. Would it be too much to ask for a leg at some point? The arm can be seen, though not touched without a significant bribe to staff, in Thibodaux. There's also a Jerry Lee Lewis Museum and Liquor Store in Ferriday. They have his training toilet from when he was a small child. Lewis, who is still alive as of this writing, presumably doesn't care that people come to see where he shat as a child.

### Maine

They have their own desert. A freak natural phenomenon, the desert of Freeport looks nothing like the rest of Maine. It's an arid collection of sand, dunes, and sand dunes. It's buried its surroundings in the 100-some-odd years since it showed up and remains to this day. Also, be sure to visit the Future Burial Site of Stephen King, an open pit in Bangor, just waiting for his corpse to be tossed in.

### Maryland

Baltimore has, like, a dozen Edgar Allan Poe places, including two of his ostensible graves,

but if you must truly visit Bodymore, you should see the head of Frank Zappa on a pole. Well, it's a sculpture, not his real head, which is presumably interred with the rest of him. You can also visit the grave of famous drag queen Divine in Towson and Van Gogh's "Starry Night," recreated in doorknobs in Bethesda.

### Massachusetts

You can see the skull of legendary cranial puncture veteran Phineas Gage, as well as the giant steel rod which penetrated it in Boston. If you're keen, you can also see that "controversial" statue of Baphomet in Salem and the grave and statue of a man "Persecuted for his Beard" in Leominster.

### Michigan

In Mackinaw City, there's a 65-foot hot dog, the world's largest, atop a restaurant called "Wienerlicious," which serves smaller versions. Ossineke features a "Prehistoric Zoo," which has statues of dinosaurs, some of which you can go inside of... only to find statues of Jesus. Gotcha! There is also another taxidermied dog inside Crane's Pie Pantry in Fennville.



### Minnesota

The SPAM Museum in Austin. That's all I have to say about that. Oh, and MN boasts the world's largest statue of fictional lumberjack Paul Bunyan in Akeley.

### Mississippi

Ever want to eat well-reviewed "home cookin'" underneath the skirt of a giant Aunt Jemima knockoff-shaped building? Well, visit Mammy's Kitchen in Natchez to do just that. Also, if you're really into that antebellum South vibe, you can stay in "a cotton picker's shack" as part of an odd motel called Tal-

lahatchie Flats. You may pick your very own cotton while there if you so desire. In fact, you can pick as much as you like and do whatever you want with it. Cotton gin not provided.

### Missouri

Not to be outdone by the other "world's largest" objects in the rest of the country, Missouri claims, as their own, the World's Largest Goose. No, not a real honker, but a 40-foot-tall statue of one, in Sumner. Also, they feature a 12-foot pecan with the title of *former* World's Largest Pecan, having been surpassed in gigantness by another pecan sculpture in Texas about a decade ago.

### Montana

Okay, I finally get to mention Cut Bank. An eye-blink of a place, purportedly the "coldest spot in the nation," is made more prominent by a 27-foot-tall, giant, talking penguin. It is a statue that does indeed talk. It doesn't converse but instead plays an endless loop of telling people to buy postcards with its likeness. For yet another severed limb, visit Virginia City to see what they call "Club Foot George's Club Foot." You could probably make an entire road trip out of just seeing preserved limbs.

### Nebraska

The Cornhusker State is the birthplace of popular beverage Kool-Aid and has a Kool-Aid history museum, called "Discover The Dream," in Hastings. In Omaha, you can visit the Alpine Inn, which features large windows, so you can watch raccoons eat the leftovers they throw in front of them while you, yourself, eat ideally fresher food. There's also a creepy "Klown Doll" museum in Plainview, which is worth seeing if you sleep too easily.

### Nevada

Not to be outdone by Nebraska's museum, the town of Tonopah has a whole clown MOTEL, for if you really want to see if you can sleep with clowns leering at you. Oh, and it's located right next to the town cemetery. Pleasant dreams. Additionally, there's a UFO-themed bar called the "Little A'Le Inn" over by famously top-secret Area 51 in Rachel.

### New Hampshire

The town of Laconia features the world's largest video arcade, and a large portion of this arcade is dedicated to classic game machines from the earliest days of video gaming. Not only is it a blast from the past, straight out

of 1984, but they play naughty but '80s tunes on the PA to really take you back. Now *that* is what I call a road trip stop!



### New Jersey

The famed Atlantic City has many an interesting sight within its borders, but one of the lesser-knowns is "Hot Lady Liberty," a fully nude statue of the famous patroness of freedom, seductively posed atop... a mound of dead WWI soldiers. Newark features the so-called "Catacombs of St. Joseph." You might be thinking there's another severed limb here, but nah, just weird wax replicas of saints in tombs.

### New Mexico

The famous atomic town of Alamogordo, apart from many nuclear-themed attractions, sports the World's Largest Pistachio, at some 30 feet tall. You can also visit the grave of the real-life Smokey Bear, upon whom the famous cartoon character was based, in Capitan.

### New York

The locality of Flanders hosts a building shaped like a duck, known appropriately as "The Big Duck," which sells merchandise of itself inside. On a farm in Kerhonkson, there exists the World's Third-Largest Garden Gnome, named "Gnome Chomsky," for the famous linguist. Rome, NY contains a caveman statue dressed and armed as a US Army soldier... or maybe a GI Joe. Ooga booga.



### North Carolina

The Tar Heel State has its own world's largest, of course, and it is the World's Largest Chest of Drawers in High Point. There's a taxidermied horse head in New Bern of a famous firefighting horse named Fred, but the mother lode of taxidermy lies in Southern Pines, home of the Taxidermy Hall of Fame (and Creation Museum), which pretty well sells itself.

### North Dakota

The world's largest in NoDak include the World's Largest Holstein Cow, the World's Largest Buffalo, the World's Tallest Salesman, and the world's largest turtle, made from old wheels. They are not all in the same location; they are in New Salem, Jamestown, Rugby, and Dunseith, respectively. A good state for checking off a lot of *very large things* on your to-see list.

### Ohio

The Buckeye State has a surprisingly vast array of weird shit on display, despite its boring reputation. Sadly, I can't touch on all of them. There are severed human fingers in a jar in Bowling Green, a deformed, taxidermied set of bovines called "Andy D-Day and the 2-Headed Calf" in Brookville, and the "History of Contraceptives Museum" in Cleveland, which is free to enter.

### Oklahoma

OK is OK for world's biggest things as well, with the World's Largest Praying Hands, in Tulsa, the World's Tallest Gas Pump, in Sapulpa, and the World's Largest Pop Bottle (and store!) in Arcadia. Not to be missed, as well, is the Twister the Movie Museum in Wakita and the bone overload at the Museum of Osteology in OKC.

### Oregon

My home state. I know about all sorts of odd-ball shit we have here, so it's hard to pick just a couple, but I'll say if we're doing the whole state, then there's a real-live, government-approved Sasquatch trap in Jackson County, which is out-of-the-way, but... it's the only one such thing in existence. The Oregon Vortex in Gold Hill is fairly well-known and is the first of such "mystery spot" attractions in the USA and worth a stop. Sadly, there's only one world's largest here, and it's Howard Hughes' famous "Spruce Goose," which is the world's largest wood airplane in the aviation museum in McMinnville. Also in McMinnville (an otherwise dreary place) is Alf's: a burger joint with a live monkey who fucks around and does monkey things while you eat. Avoid Portland; it's full of assholes. Assholes like me.



### Pennsylvania

Penn's Woods is home to an edible world's largest: world's largest hamburger, which clocks in at 15 pounds (6.8kg) and is available at Denny's Beer Barrel Pub in Clearfield. There's also the shopping mall from "Dawn of the Dead" in Monroeville, and while already famous, the bones of freaks at the Mütter

Museum in Philly must be mentioned all the same.

### Rhode Island

Providence is home to the world's largest bug, which is a giant termite. There is also the grave of a suspected vampire in Exeter and a rejected gravestone, intended for JFK, in Newport.



### South Carolina

Their world's biggest count includes the World's Largest Fire Hydrant, World's Largest Man-Made Crab, World's Largest Boll Weevil, world's largest child (a statue, not a real one, thank fuck), and largest boiled peanut, located in Columbia, Myrtle Beach, Bishopville, Columbia again, and Bluffton. You can crawl through the intestines of the giant kid, but not inside any of the others.

### South Dakota

In the southernmost Dakota, their world's biggest count includes the World's Largest Log Chair, in, fittingly, Deadwood, as well as the World's Largest Wooden Bigfoot in Keystone, the World's Largest Hairball in Webster, and the World's Largest Quarter-Pounder, a non-edible statue, in Rapid City. There's also a remarkably large prairie dog statue, but it is curiously not billed as the world's largest, which leaves me with questions. It is in Cactus Flat.

### Tennessee

Tennesseer is Tennebelievein', but they have only one world's biggest thing: the World's Largest Museum Attraction, which features half of the legendary steamer Titanic, recreated in very-far-from-the-ocean Pigeon Forge, where it is noted that one cannot, anywhere, purchase a forged pigeon. There is also a giant statue in Knoxville in the likeness of Alex Haley, of "Roots" fame, and while it doesn't boast of it, it is considered the largest statue of an African-American in the USA.



### Texas

They say everything is bigger in Texas, but despite all that, their only prominent world's biggest is a giant pair of cowboy boots in San Antonio. Lubbock has a 13-ton sculpture of John Wayne's head, which I feel must be the world's biggest one of these, but it is not boasted as such. There's also the Texas Prison Museum in Huntsville, where you can see "Old Sparky," the electric chair through which 361 condemned souls met their demise. Oh, and the *actual* World's Largest Pecan is in Se-guin.

### Utah

Utah has the world's biggest, uh, hole. A large, open-pit mine in Herriman, which is some 2.5 miles wide and 1/2 mile deep. There's also the World's Largest Watermelon Slice in Green River. Another taxidermied domestic animal, previously the world's largest St. Bernard, has its head on the wall of the Shooting Star Saloon in Huntsville.



### Vermont

Their credits on the world's biggest list include the World's Tallest Filing Cabinet in Burlington and the World's Tallest Ladderback Chair in Bennington. There's also a grave with a window in New Haven and a museum featuring art constructed entirely of bugs in St. Johnsbury.

### Virginia

Regular Virginia doesn't have a lot of *world's biggest* anything, save for the World's Largest Apple in Winchester. However, they do sport the World's Oldest Edible Ham, though they will not serve you any, and in the same place, there's the World's Oldest Peanut. Not sure how they're quantifying that one, but they're both in the same building in Smithfield.

### Washington

The Evergreen State's contributions to large things include the World's Largest Collection of Chainsaw Carvings in Allyn and the World's Largest Egg in Winlock. Also worth mentioning is the World's Largest Spitting Clam in Long Beach, which does indeed spit water—every hour on the hour or if you shove a quarter in its clam-hole. Next to that clam is the *former* World's Largest Frying Pan, since surpassed by the one in Delaware.

### West Virginia

The Mothman State's contributions to America's roadsides include the World's Largest Teapot in Chester, the World's Largest Horse, a taxidermied equine in Point Pleasant, and a pair of mummified corpses of former insane asylum residents in Phillipi. Also, if you're a fan of the former *Weekly World News*, you can visit the ostensible home of "Bat Boy," introduced in that publication in 1992. It's a cave in Lewisburg, and apart from that notable credit, it's also *huge*, and well worth a tour.

### Wisconsin

The Cheesehead State just might be the king of very large things. It features the World's Heaviest Ball of Twine in Lake Nebagamon (not to be confused with the aforementioned World's Largest Ball of Twine in Kansas), the World's Largest Badger in Birnamwood, the World's Largest Six Pack (of beer) in La Crosse, the World's Largest Talking Loon in Mercer, the World's Largest Cone-Top Beer Can in Potosi, and the World's Largest Fiberglass Fish (which has an observation deck in its mouth) at the Freshwater Fishing Hall of Fame in Hayward.

### Wyoming

The Cowboy State has a few *world's biggest things* as well, such as an archway over a downtown highway in the town of Afton (made entirely of elk antlers), the World's Largest Jackalope, *former* World's Largest Jackalope in Douglas, the World's Largest



Hot Springs in the appropriately-named Thermopolis, and of course, the World's Largest Active Geyser, in Yellowstone. The town of Rawlins also has a pair of shoes made from the flesh of a former horse thief. They take that shit seriously there. Fuck around with a horse, and you end up as a pair of goddamn shoes.

That's all fifty states. Nothing on territories or Canadian provinces, as yet.

So, gas up your ride, grab some friends and set out to capture the essence of the obscure, the bizarre, and, of course, the world's biggest.

Safe travels,

-WStM

<sup>1</sup> We're drivin' down the road, lookin' for a Waffle House, drinkin' lots of Wiiiild Turkey!

<sup>2</sup> Armored Personnel Carriers — basically steel-plated, tracked minivans, typically full of infantry.

*Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a greasy burger connoisseur, severed limb analyst, world's biggest enthusiast, writer, and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at his website, wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @wombstretcha503, and on MeWe (yay!) and Facebook (boo!), as "Wombstretcha the Magnificent."*



## **DEAD LEAVES IN THE SUN: PART 8** BY CM BROWN

As J woke up, the wind came rushing through the boxcar with a roar that sounded like disembodied voices. They were chanting along with the clang and boom of the steel skeleton all around him—the whole operation swaying around turns and groaning through the night. He imagined the voices as ghosts of long-dead suicides by train, their warnings unheeded and unknowable. By the height of the moon flying by between the dark green sheets of trees, he determined it was late. He looked across the car at the corner where the three newcomers snored and scratched themselves in a heap of rags and half-zipped sleeping bags. Earlier that day, he had hauled the trio aboard—sunburned, windswept, and dressed in dust, with a yellow, gauzy aura. They had come trotting out from behind the sage and garbage, struggling to make pace with the train as it slowly pulled out of the yard. The three of them a strange sight, after he had spent most of the morning listening to the distant thunder of cars being picked up and dropped off in that yard—the train jerking forwards and back again in false starts, as the new shipment was built. As they had come running from their hiding spot, he knew that

there was a chance they wouldn't make it. They lumbered forward, holding up their baggy clothes with detritus fleeing from their bags, mouths, and eyes agape, as they also realized they might not make it. He thought about the last three days and nights, alone in this boxcar, that he had made his own. His signature was tagged in red along one soot-smearred wall, and he planned on staying until his destination made itself known. He didn't generally like company, but as he watched the three struggle, his sense of comradery got the best of him, and he slid on his stomach to the door, reaching one hand out and anchoring himself with the other. One by one, he heaved the three sweaty runners up to safety before curling back away out of sight, eyeing them as they clumsily did the same. He wanted to scold them for their stupidity in trying a train on the run but held his tongue. Desperation can make a person do stupid things.

He watched them sleep for a bit and pulled out his pouch of tobacco, easing himself up against the boxcar door and rolling a cigarette. His zippo stayed strong against the wind as he lit it, then clicked it shut, squinting his eyes out at the passing

night, one leg straight and stiff into the floor for better balance. The forest roared by under the waxing moon, and the wind alternately whipped the smoke from his exhale away or threw it back in his face. He pulled the flask of moonshine from his pocket and sipped contemplatively at the stars. He considered his new roommates.

The boy and girl were younger, with a fresh scent about them, virgin to the violations of the road. They wore new holes in the legs and elbows, with a single layer of grime forming what would become a bedrock of cover if they stayed on the streets long enough. The boy had an angry introversion while the girl was wrapped in a more confident silence. They probably hadn't known each other long. He had a desperate and hungry look in his eye for her, and she was oblivious to it. He called himself something like Rye and was diminutive, small and pale with thin, unruly red hair that wisped about in the wind and would have looked rugged if sickly weren't the first impression. He wore a plain, gray hoodie and black jeans with Chuck Taylor shoes that wouldn't last the journey to wherever they were headed. He carried a polyester moun-

taineering backpack from the eighties, hanging on to life from a hard, aluminum frame. It would have been extremely uncomfortable over long distances, and he seemed the kind of person to slog along in pain rather than speak up. The girl was pretty, though she tried hard to hide it. Large, penetrating eyes dominated a pale face, framed by raven black hair. She wore baggy dungarees and a heavy jacket, carried a small backpack with a sleeping bag attached by a bungee cord. She hadn't offered a name.

The third one went by Nails and tried to pass himself off as a man. He had the years, but that was about it. He was tall and wiry with greasy, shoulder-length brown hair and a shaky, cornered-animal vibration. Self-inflicted tattoos on his knuckles looked desperate, rather than tough, to J, as if he were emulating some heavy-handed biker father figure from his childhood. He carried an old-fashioned, green army duffel—a burden more than an asset on the rails. Heavy and awkward without easy access. His denim jacket was patched over in band logos no one cared about. He carried himself like he was in charge, and the other two seemed to go along with it. They would come to regret it, and sooner rather than later, J suspected. After they had come aboard, the girl curled up in a corner with her back to them all, while Nails and Rye had shuffled up next to J, Nails producing a swollen-looking six-pack of warm and cheap beer. They all drank the foam and were tolerable to each other before retreating to

their separate corners and watching the blurry world pass by, unhindered and apart from this small and autonomous space they rode.

He took a deeper swig of the moonshine and closed his eyes with the white burn. Pure and uninterrupted into the bloodstream, distilled the old way, by men scarred with copper burns, traded for some good or service. J had stocked up back in Virginia and was glad of it, despite the extra weight. Dry was no way to travel. And neither was accompanied by strangers. The constellations dancing above the trees offered no insight, but J focused on them anyway, their shapes familiar and strange at the same time, hovering all about him in names he didn't know and wouldn't learn. Hunters, animals, goddesses. Cosmic travelers. Beings too big to comprehend and just wide enough to contain the stories sky gazers filled them with. He rolled another cigarette and took another swig. By the time he finished the flask, the problem of the three newcomers was stagnant rather than malignant, and J was too dizzy to watch the sky. He unzipped, and his piss flowed majestically into the night, sped away by the wind and spattering his pants. He smiled for no reason, clutching the cigarette between his teeth, the sleeping trio formerly strangers and now just strange.

The train squealed to a crawl early the next morning and J didn't like it. There weren't supposed to be any crew changes for at least a few days. His head was foggy, and

his mouth filled with ash. He sat up and opened a side pocket on his bag, pulling out a plastic canteen and chugging the warm, plastic water. They were passing through a small town. Red lights flashed, and bells clanged above the crossing arms as they crept by intersections filled with frustrated drivers that were going to not only be late but stuck in this part of town. J tried to discern street signs or storefronts, but there wasn't much to choose from. It was one of those towns whose fringe was delineated by the train tracks. Piles of garbage and countless abandoned cars were interspersed with peeling huts of blanketed windows, tar paper, and dark implications. Smoke drifted from unknown furnaces. He crawled out of his sleeping bag and huddled in a corner, out of sight from the open door. The others stirred in their section of the boxcar, and Nails slowly sat up, yawning and peering out at the world passing by too slowly. J caught his eye and nodded for him to stay put. A train passing at this speed attracted bored eyes. J cringed as the squeal of brakes made its way down from the engine, and the freights boomed into each other one after the other, lurching and groaning into a final, heavy stop. A period at the end of the sentence. Outlook, not so good.

It was now time to focus on staving off panic and not doing anything stupid. They all managed to be still for close to an hour as the train sat in the stifling heat, everyone on high alert for sounds of crunching gravel footsteps or the slow



creep of tires making their way down the line. J passed the time watching the mathematical progress of a gigantic, square, yellow crane—two stories tall and almost a city block wide, moving among the cubical forest of boxcars, lifting and lowering, blinking and beeping—arranging the yard in a massive Tetris. He wondered if the machine were manned, and if so, what that person's life was like, organizing the goods of civilization M-F, trying not to crush anyone.

Finally, the booming started up again, and the train inched forward. Rye and Nails looked about to jump for joy, but J silenced them with a raised palm. The train was little help, as it took its time moving forward and backing up again, building and rebuilding. Hopes raised and hopes dashed until J found himself nodding off from the heat and tedium. He slipped into waking dreams, unfamiliar faces mouthing mute prophecies at him, with a look of disappointment when he couldn't hear them. There was a moment when he saw through closed eyelids, the interior of the boxcar in dark relief, the silhouettes of the strangers in their corner, and in another, an old man sitting cross-legged with a skeletal white grin on his shadowed face. J vaguely wondered how he hadn't seen the man get on. He then kicked awake with the train, as it ground, banged, and hissed its way into forward motion, and the strange dream gone like a disengaged eyelash. As the edge of town came rushing by them and the smell of smoke passed through the wind, J had a feeling that there was another train they were on. A train that never left the yard and had dumped them into the arms of authority and jail, or some other, worse, small-town scenario—that this train moving on was a delusion that he was now living by choice, instead. He shivered and pulled out his kit and moonshine, building the fix on auto mode and high, before he knew what happened. He sipped at the booze and lit a pre-rolled cigarette, no longer concerned where he was or why, feeling the wind water his eyes and clean his hair.

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In recent years, a lot of local Portland-area businesses have closed, re-opened, closed again, and then tried to open up once more, only to find their numbers in the red before they give up and pass the lease on to whatever SoCal-based taphouse owner is in town for the week. But, this has nothing to do with COVID lockdowns, the economy, or even location—there are several ways to run a business into the ground, and of all the businesses that I've seen trampled by bad decisions and internal cluster-fucks, the majority have been live entertainment venues. How somebody manages to fuck up the “stare at naked women while drinking alcohol” business model is beyond me, but it happens all the time. On the flip side, I have seen some of the least likely

locations stick around like a post-nuclear-war cockroach, regardless of a pandemic, economic recession, or Yelp mobs. And, they do this by following some basic (but all-too-often ignored) rules.

To keep this column interesting, I will be avoiding the “what to do right” tone (which usually draws the interest of two to three readers) and replacing it with the much more appetizing and gossipy “what not to do wrong” format that keeps internet click-bait articles in circulation. It's time to talk some shit, and over the course of the next few articles, I will be presenting to you, the entrepreneurial reader, a series on...

# HOW TO RUN A STRIP CLUB INTO THE GROUND

## TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT



### Part 1: Let Dancers Run The Club

As with any form of entertainment, the easiest way to place a giant wedge between paying customers and onstage talent is to make sure that the entertainment (not the management) is in charge of the venue and its operations. Forget strip clubs for a second and let me first share two stories that come from the realm of live music and comedy, respectively, as these lessons apply to every form of live entertainment that doesn't involve animals (and, even then, monkeys shouldn't be put in charge of the zoo).

For a while, Front Avenue Nightclub was the best place for an up-and-coming band to perform, regardless of genre or following. Thanks to great staff, an even better location, and a properly promoted roster of live music, Front Ave was also the only spot in Town Omitted, or to perform as a live musician. As a result, rappers, rockers,

indie folksters, and even industrial bands would grace the stage. This was the case until the summer lull hit, and most of the weekend drinker crowd took to the lakes and campsites, leaving venues at less-than-half capacity for the summer (if you think lockdown laws are bad for business, you should experience a summer in Oregon that reaches over seventy degrees for more than two days, resulting in a weed-fueled exodus that drives everyone from the barstools to the woods).

To fight the low attendance of music nights, Front Ave's manager put a “resident” (house band) hip hop collective in charge of booking the venue's live music for the summer. This was because said hip hop collective always had a packed house (and one that drank heavily, never asking for hookups or special treatment). The first few weekends were fine until it became clear that ninety percent of the new “regular” crowd were relatives, roommates,

and friends of the collective. Further, the hip hop collective booked, well, just hip hop. No rock, no folk, not even “regular rap” or open mic freestyle nights—just the same twelve guys in backpacks, emulating Rhymesayers artists while rapping over dubstep (both of which were popular for exactly six months sometime around 2009). This was *every night of the week*.

With each week that passed at the “New” Front Avenue Club, the few former regulars who remained loyal eventually found other venues to patronize. Bands that were once popular got back from their month-long camping trips in August, only to find that they couldn't get any stage time at the club. Eventually, the lead emcee of the hip hop collective was effectively managing the club because the club manager had turned over their power to the emcee. And, after one single, solitary disagreement between the two

parties, the hip hop collective decided to boycott the venue by taking their friends, relatives, and roommates elsewhere, two towns away. With this, Front Ave turned into a ghost town for a few weeks before burning down after a suspicious “kitchen fire” (caused by either a microwave, a deep fryer, or the world’s dumbest insurance claims adjuster).

This is the first lesson—diversify your patrons or risk losing all of your investment by putting it into one basket/crowd. By putting your entertainment in charge, you are investing in exactly one “stock,” so to speak. If everyone at the venue is friends with your staff or entertainment, then all it takes to lose your entire customer base is a simple falling-out or petty argument. And, in the case that you should need to regulate with some “fascist, dictatorial” rules, such as “no smoking weed in front of the OLCC” or “leave your switchblade in the car,” a coup will dry up your customer base. Club owners don’t belong on stage, and on-stage entertainment doesn’t belong in management.

The next example involves stand-up comedy, a phenomenon that has all but died thanks to Generation Daycare. There is a life-and-death cycle that every single live comedy venue experiences, one that always signals a swan song (I challenge anyone to prove me wrong).

Whether a professional stand-up comedy club or a “Yeah, we book comedy whenever the poker crowd is out of town” dive bar, the same sad, predictable story occurs with minimal variation (I call it “comedy *Colombo*”). First, a venue owner somehow learns that comedy shows draw more people than whatever tired cover band or karaoke night is driving out regulars. In the case of comedy clubs, this step is already covered (still, rest assured, Bob’s Laugh Den used to be a steak-and-lobster jazz bar before they went into the red and were forced to sell most of their speakers, replacing nine-member-deep musical ensembles with road comics and open-mic’ers). In the dive bar situation, this phase occurs after one of the regulars offers to book his comedian friends for a night; the night goes well, and then the owner says, “Hey, this comedy thing

worked once, how about we do it every single Friday and Saturday night?”

Next, the owner tries to book comedy by themselves, which is next to impossible. For one, most of the good Portland-area comics aren’t available because they already moved to LA and are currently happily living in a ghetto while writing for the *Late Late Later Show With Unlikeable British Asshole*. So, this means that it’s up to local staples and touring road comics to fill the slots. Since there are approxi-

favors from established comedians who think, “Hell, why not, I’ll give the Brewberg Oregon Pint Palace a try.” Then, after a month of booking talent who will never, ever return for “twenty percent plus drink tickets” again, the pool dries up, and ninety percent of every bill gets filled with no-name amateurs, who were booked because they are friends with the host (and, likely share their specific style of humor, politics, attitude, etc.). Suddenly, it’s Amateur Night every night, and on the rare chance that a professional comedian at-



mately two good comedians for every twenty open spots at comedy shows, the duty of “booking funny people” is eventually passed on to the resident host, who is usually an amateur comedian or part-time strip club DJ. Of note, hosting is a win-win situation as a comedian because if you’re funny, that’s awesome, but if you bomb, you can just cut to “...okay folks, get ready for our next comedian,” passing the mic to someone else, who now has to follow your poorly executed jokes. Being a comedy show host is like being a side dude—no one expects anything from you, and there is minimal responsibility (plus, the next asshole has to clean up your mess). Anyhow, the host is given the duty of booking comedians, and this is where the disaster starts.

At first, there will be a steady roster of good comedians... for about a month. This is because the host is already sitting on a dozen or so Facebook messages and/or

tempts to get booked, they get told, “Oh, sorry, we’re full that night” and/or “That style of comedy doesn’t work here” (plot twist: their style of comedy would fucking save the establishment from going under, but the host won’t book them because of Eskimo brother status, political differences or simple jealousy—crabs in a bucket always pull each other down). This results in crowds (many of whom are carryover lunch crowd customers taken hostage, with the rest expecting actual talent for their ticket price) associating “stand up comedy” with “hipsters whining about Trump for six hours” or “inside jokes performed over a ukelele, in front of confused truckers” (a staple in rural towns outside of Portland). Sooner or later, the phrase “comedy doesn’t work here” pops up, a la “it’s not me, it’s you” or “I just need my space.”

How does this apply to strip clubs? Simple—if a club owner puts a mediocre-

but-enthusiastic dancer in charge of the booking process, the club will develop an unspoken theme and draw a specific type of dancer—that being, “whoever gets along with the dancer in charge of booking and/or fits her style/cliq/ue/class/etc.” Worse, once the trend is established, it will stick around long after the dancer in charge of booking retires, deterring any new breed of dancer from coming in. Any club that has had to remove the stigma of the previous owner/name/location knows exactly what I’m talking about.

When you turn Semi-Popular Dancer into Queen Bee In Charge Of Night Shifts, you get the same show, over and over. Friday night with two dozen girls? Every single

In both of the above examples (of which I have witnessed dozens of times over), management decides that it would be easier to pass off the duty of giving a shit about one’s business to someone who has neither the skill set nor the investment to perform (literally and figuratively). I can’t count how many venues I (as a promoter, comedy show host, and hip hop DJ) have walked away from as flames lit the pathway of the bridge I just burned. My investment as a host who books talent? Two Fridays a month and maybe a few hundred dollars in weed bribes. The club owner’s investment? Six to seven figures, depending on how bad the lease was.

This brings us back to the theme of this

ing with them. Is this sexist of me to point out? Very much so—but it’s true. “Misogyny” is when men treat women the same way that women treat women—put simply, many women just seem to hate other women. Okay, let me correct that... women hate other women who are more attractive/successful/fat/skinny/blonde/brunette than they are. Make no mistake—the phrase “Oh girl, your hair looks so good” is an insult, with the amount of emphasis put on the word “so” being proportional to the amount of hatred behind the sentiment. Whereas men will beat each other up and then have a drink, women will offer each other a drink, but poison that shit before it’s served. Put another way; if Tupac and Biggie were women, there wouldn’t have been any diss tracks. Instead, they would have penned “RIP to my sister” tracks that were written while the respective guns were still warm. There may be some comradery between strippers who work together, but once a stripper is put in charge of the schedule, you can kiss the hotter dancers (and most customers) goodbye. Of course, this doesn’t apply to former strippers who book strippers—in fact, this can be a gold mine due to the networking factor alone (not to mention the “I used to do what you do, so listen to what I say” factor that a retired dancer can flex on baby strippers). And, to roll back the sexism a bit, I think that the perfect booking agent would be a woman (preferably, a butch lesbian in her fifties, one that used to be a dancer—someone who can tell if a girl is hot, but has no current interest in taking a shift). But, as long as the girl doing the booking is also picking up shifts, the club is destined to fail.

Don’t believe me? Find a club that “used to be good.” Find out when it started going to shit. Then, look at their schedule changes. See that name that suddenly went from Monday mid-shifts to Friday and Saturday nights? That’s the bitch who took Destinee and Crystale off night shifts for “stealing customers.” Worse, if the dancer in the champagne room is as old as the champagne, she’s the owner, the booker, and the reason there’s no hot dancers on Fridays.

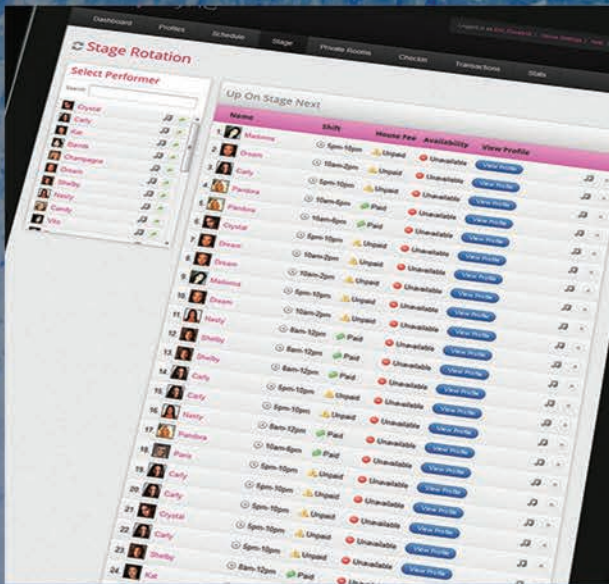
Like music, comedy, journalism, politics,



one will dance to the same music, share the same hairstyle, drink the same thing and draw the same customer type. In Portland, this usually results in “Green-Haired Shoegaze PBR Night” every night. Bonus points for the touring pornstar or “I think I want to try stripping” girl-next-door that looks like a *Playboy* model because there is no way in hell she will land a feature night. The lesson here is, well, diversity matters. That phrase may be tattooed on the arm of every girl working the shift, but if every single one of them is the exact same, mass-produced, current-year model of dancer, it’s not exactly diversity, now is it? Fifteen angry white chicks who agree on *[insert social cause here]* are still fifteen angry white chicks, even if the black girl from the punk band does occasional guest spots.

column—strip clubs. People come to strip clubs to see beautiful performers, end of story. This applies to traditional strip clubs, male strip clubs, dive bar strip clubs, steakhouse strip clubs, vegan strip clubs, virtual strip clubs, drive-thru strip clubs, and strip mall strip clubs alike. And, trust me when I say that the easiest way to make sure beautiful performers stop showing up to perform at your strip club is to put a beautiful performer in charge of booking the beautiful performers.

Because I’ve mainly worked in traditional, naked women strip clubs, I cannot speak to male strip clubs. With that said, my experience has been as follows: oftentimes, semi-hot women who compete for money and attention don’t want hotter, more attention-worthy women compet-



and whatever it is that activists pretend to do these days, skilled, talented, and experienced parties are wedged out of the strip club scene because they pose a threat to the lazy, mediocre, and unskilled people who took it over once a tyrannical democracy took over. Mediocrity will never book talent, and talent doesn't need the money that comes with doing the schedule.

In all of the above examples and/or extremely biased and sweeping, overgeneralized arguments, there is one person to blame—the club owner who got lazy. As a rule of thumb, anything that is made easier by passing it off to someone who has more ambition and charisma than they do qualification or ability will eventually fail. This applies to live entertainment, cell-phone apps, presidential administrations, and anything else that requires time, investment, and risk.

If you own a club, *own* the fucking club—don't perform at it, drink at it, or use it as practice space for your friends. If you own a comedy club, spend at least two hours a day on YouTube looking for bookable talent. If you own a live music club, spend at least two hours a day harassing Kate Brown on Twitter about venue capacity restrictions. If you own a strip club, spend the two hours a day it takes to vet the talent you're featuring at your establishment. The point is, do whatever you have to do to keep your club open and running. But, for the love of all things sober, bored, and bad with money, don't put your entertainment in charge of entertainment—it's like putting an alcoholic in charge of managing the bar because they "know beer."

Next month, we will be going over part two: the ability for a nightclub DJ to utterly destroy a strip club. Stay tuned.

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*Jessye*

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