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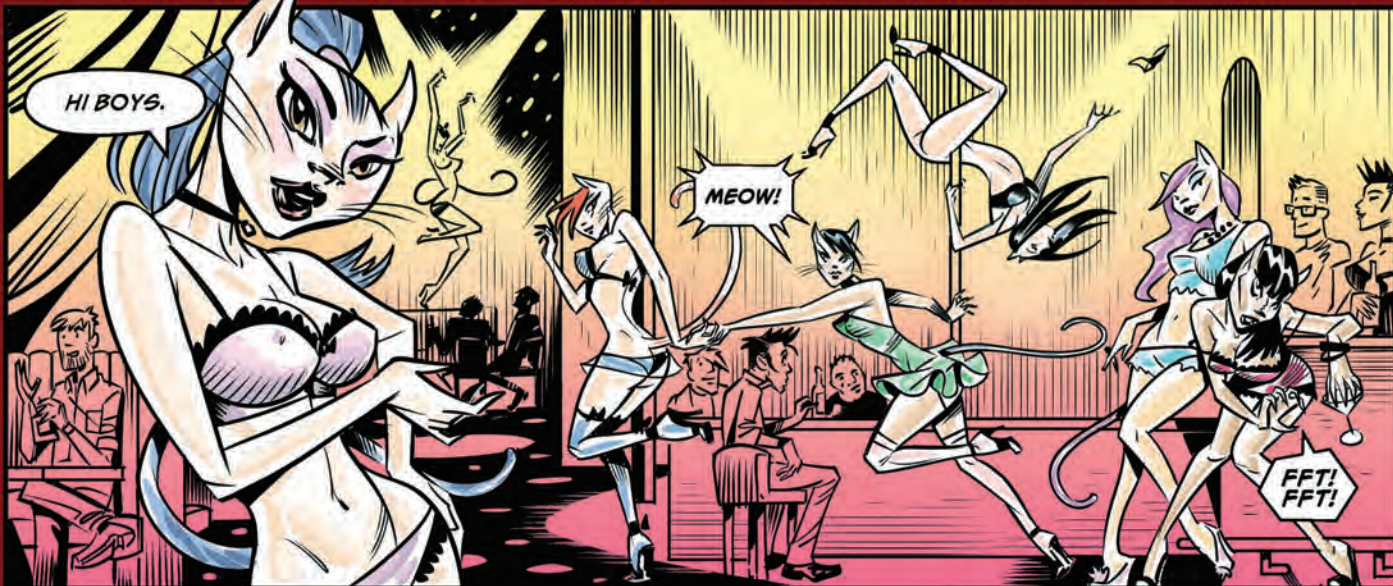


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SEX IN BRAZIL

BY DR. HELEN SHEPARD

You might find it particularly appropriate, that I received the assignment to write a travel-themed article, while vacationing in Rio de Janeiro. This city, with its global reputation for flagrant sexuality and hedonism is, I'm sorry to tell you, underwhelming. Everybody seems sure there are sex clubs, but nobody seems to know where they are.

You know what Rio does have? Relaxed pharmaceutical regulations. So, to be honest, it's possible that the focus of this trip has been hijacked by the top-quality painkillers. Last time I was in Brazil, there wasn't ubiquitous wi-fi, either. And, once you have wi-fi and painkillers, you may as well be anywhere in the world.

Though I'm only visiting now, I lived in Brazil for 18 months during my most adventurous and fun-loving time: my mid-20s. So, I have some wisdom to impart about fucking here and I bring you...

Helen's Top 5 List Of Places To Fuck In Brazil.



5—Motels.

In Brazil, a *pousada* is what we might think of as a motel or bed and breakfast. A *motel* is a pay-by-the-hour sex hotel, with names like *Love's* and *Super Exotico*.

Positives: It's a unique cultural experience and therefore worth investigating. There are multiple channels of porno on the TV and when you order room service, they leave it in a box with two doors (one on the outside, one on the inside) so they can just drop it by while you're boning, without either interrupting or seeing anything.

Negatives: It's kinda gross. Inside the room, everything is a surface that can be easily sprayed-down and bleached—which leaves you wondering, just how many surfaces have had cum squirted on them and if any of those surfaces were overlooked when the last people checked out. The beds are uncomfortable (with vinyl mattress covers) and the TVs are more distracting than anything else, with weird 80s porn.



4—The Beach

Positives: It seems romantic, especially with the reflection of the light of the moon in public—which is a big turn-on for me.

Negatives: Sand in all the orifices and the wetter things get, the more sand there is. Your hands are always dirty, so while you rub your clit, you'll be imagining all the infections and bugs you might be introducing. Always public, which means you might end up in jail or at the very least, having to bribe whoever catches you.



3—The Jungle

A native told me once, that in his small town, people don't use the motels, they use the *matel*, which is a pun on *mata* (jungle).

Positives: Free, easily accessible and slightly less messy than the beach. The sense that a panther could jump down and eat you at any moment, is an incentive to stay focused. Also, nature has always turned me on with its in-your-face way of saying, "Fuck me!" (Frogs croaking, flowers opening, etc.)

Negatives: First of all, there's the humidity, which is so oppressive, I'm not sure how anybody can breathe under normal circumstances, let alone keep themselves from passing out during orgasm. After that, it isn't actually all that clean—monkeys might pee on you and there are also spiders, snakes and even poisonous frogs, for fuck's sake.



2—The Bus

In Brazil, everybody travels by bus—both long and short distances. If there's one thing I've learned from watching online porn clips, it's that pretty much

every public bus is covered with cum from people jacking off in the back row and leaving their jizz on the seat in front of them. This option is most practical for handjobs/mutual masturbation, but that's arguably the best part of sex anyway.

Positives: Especially during long-distance, nighttime bus rides, it is easy to hide under blankets and there isn't much else to keep you occupied. The swaying of the bus, gives things physical variety, and the close proximity to other people, is particularly exciting.

Negatives: For me, it's hard to cum quietly. And once you do cum, there's the issue of what to do with the bodily fluids. There's a sink on board the long-distance busses, but no soap. I've ended up basting in my own juices for hours afterward.



1—Just In Complete Public

One of the first things foreigners tend to notice about Brazil, is how acceptable public displays of affection are. I once sat next to a couple at a bus stop, just the three of us, while they made out with her straddling and grinding his lap. I wasn't sure quite what to do with myself or how to not seem like a creep. Culture shock!

Positives: For people with exhibitionist fetishes, you can't get much better than actual public display. The main positive point here is, that if you are focused enough to fuck in full view of whomever; you're so goddamn badass that nothing else really matters.

Negatives: Wherever you are, you probably aren't very physically comfortable and you have no control over who is going to walk by. It might be a group of six teenage boys who walk right up to you and make lewd comments. It might be a grandmother and her grandchild that stumble across you. Or, it might be the police. Because you're in public, you should try to at least keep yourself covered and you're probably just doing p-in-v stuff—no oral—so, at least some of us are unlikely to cum under these circumstances.

We might not all be lucky enough to find a stranger and/or loved one to orgasm with while we travel Brazil. Shit, some of you might not even want to. In those cases, I recommend checking out the pharmacies. Maybe take some Viagra to the jungle with you or else investigate Valium, painkillers and Wi-Fi. I also recommend eating açai.

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I enjoy sex, but I love weed. If I had a choice between sex or weed, I'm gonna pick the one with the least amount of risk. Until I have a roach call me up, informing me that I now owe back taxes on a growsite I've never seen, I'm gonna side with the needs of my lungs, over the desires of my lower half. However, the combination of the two is fantastic. Kind of like feeding antacids to a seagull (which automatically makes you a serial killer, by the way—don't ever fucking think of doing such a barbaric thing), adding weed to sex can result in an explosively-fantastic experience, best observed by the strangers sharing the beachfront property vacation rental with you (this is why I used such a horrible metaphor—it's just too applicable). Here are my three favorite, sex-enhancing strains of weed. I suggest that if you want Mary Jane to roll into bed, OH JUST STOP WITH THE FUCKING PUNS, DUDE.

a few years. I don't remember more than two or three days, but I know I got tested at least a dozen times during my stay. When the beach is a five-minute drive from the sex shop, life is good. Speaking of which, Lincoln City has a really cool sex shop that feels more like a gag gift store, than it does a place to buy dildos. Where was I? Oh yeah, Girl Scout Cookies. The strain is just like actual Girl Scout Cookies; it tastes good, costs a pretty penny and you know that buying a few pounds is gonna put a young woman through school.

vehicle to the entrance of an Applebee's are listening to "Mad World," while staring at a loaded gun on the passenger seat wondering whether or not the hose in the trunk would be able to reach the exhaust pipe from the back window—but not the guy with the OG Kush. He's simply too damn hippie crippled to open the car door.



Sour Diesel

Some people hate the way this strain tastes, while others can't get enough of it. With a tart, pungent aroma that is preferred by men who have an appreciation for tastefully-swampy flavors, it's no wonder why you aren't already seeing where I'm going with this. Yes, like the crisp, but overpowering taste of a fine IPA, Sour Diesel is truly the cheese to cunnilingus wine. I'm not sure if the strain goes well with the taste of more phallic-shaped genitalia, but I can only assume so, as it's the number one requested strain from women with whom I share oral casual encounters in shady dispensary parking lots. Going down? Stock up...on Sour Diesel. Why isn't that a slogan yet?

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com



OG Kush

Have you ever had so much sex, that you can barely see straight, thanks to the way that sweat and euphoria meld together under the artificial light in an Applebee's parking lot? Okay, let's back up. Have you ever had sex in an Applebee's parking lot? If so, you were probably high on a strain that assists in the digestive process, while at the same time providing a swift kick in the ass of your short-term memory—allowing for things like Applebee's parking lot sex to manifest. OG Kush is one such strain, with a very "sit down and enjoy this" type of high. Plus, it makes you sweat, just like parking lot sex does. By the way, did you know that you can order Applebee's from the parking lot, using your phone? I'm assuming that most people who don't want to make the trek from their



Girl Scout Cookies

Although the name is kinda creepy when considering it for a strain to accompany sex, the fact of the matter is that GSC is a perfect combination of physical and mental relaxation. Put it this way, it's been a favorite of Humboldt County, CA for at least three or four harvest seasons. There is literally nothing to do in Humboldt County, besides fuck and grow weed. Trust me, I lived there for

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Foreign Places to Journal About That Will Make Frank Jealous

(If I Ever Hear From Him Again)

by Tiffany Greysen



May 3, 2016

Finally...I met an awesome guy. He was even an extra in the first season of *Portlandia*. Although it's not really my thing to sleep with someone I just met, I did. I was just kind of swept away by him—he's really into his health, and on our first date, he brought over vegan-gluten-free food for dinner, Pabst Blue Ribbon and his American Eagle cigarettes. Smitten.

May 8, 2016

I haven't heard from Frank, but I hope he's okay. I think he must be really busy looking for a job. Weird. I noticed that when he left, he took the rest of his beer, all of mine, plus my Tupperware with all the dinner leftovers.

May 10, 2016

Frank hit up my friend on Tinder. I'm crying.

I have to get out of here. I booked a flight. I'm going on a girl-only European vacation with my friend Tess. We are not shaving from this point on.

DAY ONE: I'm at the airport with Tess. She met a guy while waiting in line. They are hitting it off, and it looks like we will be on a ten-hour flight with him.

Tess changed her seat to sit next to the guy. She's really hairy, so I know her lady garden is a god-damned mess right now. She's just entertaining herself.

Made it to London, headed out for drinks.

Tess invited the the third wheel. It looks like she's staying the night with him.

DAY TWO: I just heard from Tess. I can tell she feels bad about last night. We're meeting at the cutest little café for breakfast.

Tess is abandoning our trip. She's going to spend the next three weeks with the creepy friend-stealer.

DAY THREE: I've arrived in Paris, it's dirty. Found my hotel, going to bed.

DAY FOUR:

DAY FIVE: I can't believe I slept through a whole day. It's 10 PM and I'm heading out. I am so brave—in Europe all alone!

DAY SIX: I ate at the hotel restaurant last night—all things happen for a reason. I met a guy, Albert! He

was super cute and we talked all night. He said he would show me around the city today and he ended up staying the night with me! Oh shit. I can't wait to post about this on Facebook for Frank to see. I fucked a Frenchman. HA, take that, FRANK! Albert is taking me to breakfast—he should be back any minute.

DAY SEVEN: I waited for Albert until about 7:00pm. I bet he came back when I was in the shower. He probably thinks I took off without saying goodbye. Poor guy.

DAY EIGHT: I'm on the train—Swiss Alps here I come!

Checked into the hotel, but I'm tired. Going to bed.

Woke up. Can't sleep. Going to get food in the hotel.

DAY NINE: Okay, I'll make this brief. It was just a hookup. The bartender could see that I was lonely in need of a friend to talk to. We walked to his place and I ended up staying the night. I snuck out first thing the next morning. I left him my name and Frank's phone number. Ha! Now he will call to talk to me or text me, but he's going to get Frank.

Made it to Tuscany!

I arrived at the hotel and noticed my ring, earrings and a few other pieces of jewelry are missing. Weird. I'm venturing out to see the sights.

DAY TEN: I met a man, last night, at an open-air market—his name is Giovanni. He's so different from any other guy I have ever met. He was so sweet, so I let him stay the night.

DAY 11: Yeast infection in Italy.

DAY 12: I think I'm going to try to meet up with an existing tour.

Found a tour. Meeting up with them tonight. Canceled other reservations.

DAY 13: So glad I found the tour—this is so much

better.

DAY 14: Drank too much. Woke up in hotel room with the tour guide. Although he is cute, he is flirting with everyone. Of course his name is also Frank.

Today, we are heading to Venice.

DAY 15: Awkward all day with the tour—another lady hates me. Apparently, she slept with Frank three days ago.

DAY 16: My tour group broke up with me. Frank explained that the group felt my presence was ruining their trip. FINE. Frank said he would refund half of my money. Even though he charged me full price to join them halfway through their leg of the tour, I was with them for less than 24 hours and I stayed in his room.

DAY 17: My credit card was charged full price for tour with an additional cancellation fee.

Vienna — fuck, who cares? I hope Tess gets chlamydia.

Bagging the rest of the trip. Just going to get a driver to take me back to London and enjoy my final few days.

DAY 19: The driver, Nathaniel, was so great. We drove, we talked and we found out we have a lot in common. He decided to take a few days off to give me a proper tour. He's older and not really my type, but he is nice looking. He's been nothing but a gentleman.

DAY 20: Spent all day with Nathaniel. Although he stayed the night, we didn't have sex. I feel very respected. I think this is what it must be like to find the right person.

DAY 21: Nathaniel and I had sex! But, he had to leave first thing this morning because of a work emergency. I guess he had to drive someone somewhere.

DAY 22: Received an angry call from a woman claiming to be Nathaniel's wife. I said she had the wrong number and gave her the number to reach Tess

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TUES.
- 3RD - HARD ROCK / METAL JAM NIGHT
WED.
- 4TH - SOFT ROCK / BLUES/JAZZ JAM NIGHT
THUR.
- 5TH - T.B.D
FRI. check sight for updates
- 6TH - DISCORDIA/SPLINTERED THORN/THE PUNCTUALS
SAT.
- 7TH - OUTLAW COUNTRY JAM NIGHT
SUN.
- 8TH - ROCK HARD KARAOKE NIGHT
MON.
- 9TH - ROCK HARD KARAOKE NIGHT
TUES.
- 10TH - HARD ROCK / METAL JAM NIGHT
WED.
- 11TH - SOFT ROCK / BLUES/JAZZ JAM NIGHT
THUR.
- 12TH - KLEVERKILL/FALL/KINGDOM UNDER FIRE
FRI.
- 13TH - SOUTHEAST METALFEST
SAT. 12 BANDS LINEUP ON WEBSITE
- 14TH - OUTLAW COUNTRY JAM NIGHT
SUN.
- 15TH - ROCK HARD KARAOKE NIGHT
MON.
- 16TH - ROCK HARD KARAOKE NIGHT
TUES.
- 17TH - HARD ROCK / METAL JAM NIGHT
WED.
- 18TH - SOFT ROCK / BLUES/JAZZ JAM NIGHT
THUR.
- 19TH - *FASTER PUSSY CAT*
FRI. THE KINGS OF SLEAZE/MADAME TORMENT/CHERRYBOMB 13
VH1'S DON JAMIESON COMEDY ACT
- 20TH - T.B.D
SAT- check sight for updates
- 21ST - OUTLAW COUNTRY JAM NIGHT
SUN.
- 22ND - ROCK HARD KARAOKE NIGHT
MON.
- 23RD - ROCK HARD KARAOKE NIGHT
TUES.
- 24TH - HARD ROCK / METAL JAM NIGHT
WED.
- 25TH - SOFT ROCK / BLUES/JAZZ JAM NIGHT
THUR.
- 26TH - T.B.D
FRI. check sight for updates
- 27TH - *SAVING ABEL* VEIO/
SAT. SET IN STONE/ IDLE TAP/ CASTDOWN
- 28TH - OUTLAW COUNTRY JAM NIGHT
SUN.
- 29TH - ROCK HARD KARAOKE NIGHT
MON.
- 30TH - ROCK HARD KARAOKE NIGHT
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- 31ST - HARD ROCK / METAL JAM NIGHT
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A woman with dark hair is shown in profile, looking at a large globe of the Earth. Her hand is near the globe, and she appears to be in a classroom or office setting. The globe is the central focus of the top half of the page.

eroticcity

A New Beginning? BY RAY MCMILLIN

Dearest loyal readers of *Exotic* magazine, before enjoying what is arguably our most on-theme issue ever, I feel that an introduction is necessary. My name is Ray McMillin and I have a master's degree from Portland State University. Thus, becoming editor of this here magazine is, without a doubt, the most legitimate career move I have ever had the opportunity to make. Yes, I could be busy teaching a class on Underwater Transracial Gluten-Free Basket Weaving For At-Risk Antarctic Youth at PSU. Instead, I have opted to share my ability to put letters next to other letters, before adding questionable commas, with you, the reader; sometimes, I may even toss out a semicolon. Many of you remember me as the guy who does *Tales From The DJ Booth*, alongside a few other columns (*Green Room Diaries*, *Portland*, etc.), but not that many of you may *want* to remember me. Well, I have some good news. What if I've never written for this magazine at all? What if you are suffering from what armchair physicists refer to as "the Mandela Effect?" Chances are, this is the first article I've ever written for *Exotic*. Perhaps, I've been Editor this whole time...and you only *think* you remember some dude named John Voge.

What is the Mandela Effect, you ask? Well, without bringing quantum physics into a beer-soaked magazine, that you're probably reading while a stripper asks you for a lighter, put simply, a large portion of the population remembers things differently than they are said to have occurred

during this timeline. Named after the demographic who remembers Nelson Mandela dying in prison sometime during the 1980s, sufferers of the Mandela Effect have pointed out a slew of other WTF phenomena that elude to an ever-shifting reality, which some say is proof of parallel realities, or possibly, a computer simulation.

A popular slice of childhood evidence for this theory, the *Berenstein Bears* are remembered by many (including whoever does the spellcheck for my word processing software) as the *Berenstein Bears*. Although a Google image search supports the "stain" spelling of the word, the kosher variation of the fictional bears' (and real



authors) last name only appears in a newspaper scan, which is recent enough to list Cool Whip at \$1.39 per tub (the price of Cool Whip, used as my own alternative to the gold standard, is currently at \$1.77 per tub). Weirder than the spelling of fictional bears' last names, is the Forrest Gump quote that we all know and love. Go watch

the clips on YouTube...they now have Tom Hanks telling Random Black Lady that "life was like a box of chocolates," even though he's still alive—as was his mom when she passed down the famous line. So, the context makes absolutely no sense. Life *is* like a box of chocolates; it's full of wormholes and contradictions.

Want more evidence? There appears to be a phantom body of land located off the coast of Australia, that is *not* inhabited by a former penal colony, as is shown on the globe spun by the characters during a particular scene in *Dazed And Confused*. For a mindfuck finale of epic proportions, go watch *Empire Strikes Back*. Vader never says "Luke, I am your father," but rather, "No, I am your father." This is the only consistent element among all versions of the film released by George Lucas, even during his "I got this dope remix" days.

Although there are pressing issues facing Portland area strip clubs, a transition from "who the fuck is this guy," to "oh, shit, he edits the magazine now" and an entire adult entertainment industry waiting to have their stories made public, I really, truly feel that the best way to introduce myself as a legitimate journalist, is by presenting further evidence of a conspiracy theory—one that usually busts under three solid straws of evidence. Here are discoveries I have made, while digging deep into the Mandela Effect rabbit-hole:

Some People Remember Britney Spears Being A Sex Symbol

Everyone knows that Britney Spears is a human pillow, who has been stuffed with McDonald's and corporate sponsors, promoted to third-world countries and featured on TMZ more times than most Kardashians. However, there is a strange cult of men who can vividly recall masturbating to a music video (see below) that featured an attractive, twenty-something Spears, dressed in an outfit not purchased from a K-Mart in Stockton. Even more bizarre, is the idea that said music video featured a song, in which a non-Auto-Tuned Britney displayed vocal abilities reminiscent of actual singers, using a memorable hook and a catchy beat. It's insane to think that a grown woman known for tabloid fame, who Internet Guy insists we "LEAVE ALONE," is remembered by some as a not-that-innocent tween heartthrob.

Thousands Share Memories Of MTV Playing Music Videos

Many readers were stumped by the above paragraph, noticing that I made reference to something called a "music video," that supposedly existed back in a time when YouTube was limited to a handful of channels—all of which featured cats and toddlers. Besides "Uptown Funk" and Rebecca Black's "Friday," no known professional music videos exist anywhere online. However, hundreds of people remember the reality television station, known as MTV, for showing professional music videos. These videos were said to have showcased visual images of band members who played actual instruments, many times synchronizing their videotaped performance with documented footage of live concerts. Of course, most Mandela theorists agree that MTV never actually existed, as the Dire Straits song demanding the fictional television channel has no known associated music video to accompany it, therefore eliminating the possibility that obscure artists, like Crash Test Dummies or Blind Melon, would have ever formatted their songs for the screen.

Playboy Magazine Is Said To Have Contained Photos Of Nude Women

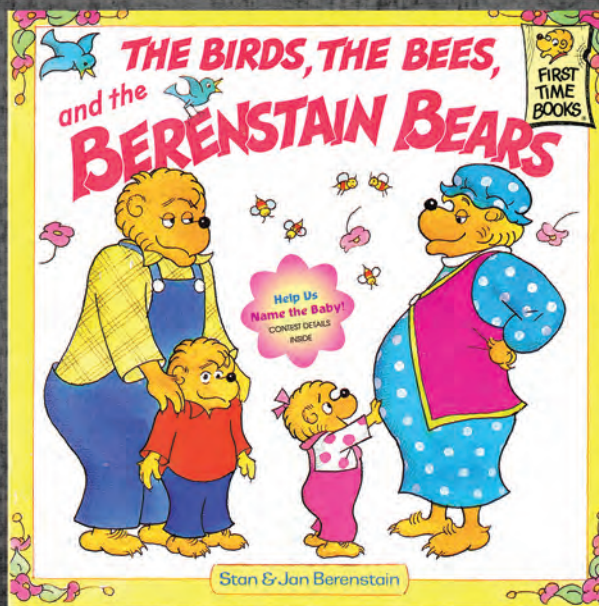
Although it's insane to think that a reputable magazine, not restricted to racks at the fine titty bars and adult shops throughout the Oregon-area, would feature scantily-clad women with exposed breasts and buttocks, a handful of people remember discovering nudity-filled *Playboy* magazines in their parents' attics. What millennials recognize as a printed-out Instagram feed with articles about which cologne suits millionaire thirtysomethings with disposable heaps of Bitcoin, many American adults reaching middle age collectively remember such left-field, working class names as Pamela Anderson (famous rock-and-roll wife) and Jenny McCarthy (autism denier), for having posed in the publication's pictorial spreads. Some even go as far as to insist that the October 1985 cover of *Playboy* featured a transgender model—one who was supposedly a Bond girl at that! But, this is clearly a mistake, as Caitlyn Jenner is recognized as the world's first.

it's impossible to think that rap music has ever been something not entirely dominated by Caucasians. We all know that, like white NBA stars, black rappers are rarely given the spotlight. When Eminem invented hip hop in 2001, he even went as far as to help his black friend "Doctor" Andre Young produce an album, but said Dr. has not been heard from since. While Eminem continues to promote other white artists, like Yellawolf and Tech N9ne, some superstar Caucasians choose to share their earnings with rappers like E-40—one of the only black emcees on the west coast. A handful of music journalists suffering from the Mandela Effect, also suggest that there was a time in which rap music incorporated things like "live spray paint" and "spinnny-head dance poses" into what conspiracy theorists refer to as "The Four Elements" of hip hop (hardcore tin-foilers believe that the Chris Tucker film, *The Fifth Element*, alluded to this fact).

A Third-Party Candidate Has Supposedly Run During Mainstream Presidential Elections

This one is fucking nuts. Thousands and thousands of people somehow recall a third option during many presidential elections of the 1980s, 1990s, even into the early 2000s. As we've seen with Bernie Sanders, it is entirely impossible to join in the political spotlight as a third party, without first endorsing the lesser evil that falls closest to one's side of the political spectrum. A two-party system has clearly been in place for hundreds of years. Even crazier, many folks remember third-party candidates, who not only participated in televised debates, but some are said to have even been allowed to use charts, graphs and quirky Texas, accents to acquire double-digit percentages in the turnouts. Although many of these third-party candidates are only remembered for running during a single election cycle, a man named "Nader" has appeared in various time periods, as illustrated throughout many shared reports. Perhaps a subconscious desire for an alternative between alpha racism and histrionic warfare, is responsible for these Freudian, flu-dream-like, mass recollections of a supposed non-binary political system.

Whew. What a roller coaster of insanity!



Many Recall Hip Hop Having Mostly Black Rappers

Okay, this one is both touchy and pretty far-fetched. Groups of music historians, although unable to find solid evidence to support their claims, insist that hip hop is a traditionally black art form, with the DJs and emcees responsible for its creation all coming from an African American background. Nuts, right? With about six, maybe seven black rappers on the radio today,



eroticcity spotlight

Is anything real? Well, to figure that out, I sent each of our fantabulous writers on a voyage to different reaches of the globe. Some decided to venture as far as Antarctica, while others simply stayed in their own backyards and burned things to the ground. We have an advice column (possibly the first of many), a global play-by-play from a former *Hustler* writer, a retired rapper's take on how to fuck in Zimbabwe, a stand-up comedian who accidentally turned the word "Chyna" into the world's most hard-hitting journalistic typo, a story I wrote while DJing the Insane Clown Posse show on mushrooms, another reason to blame it on Rio, some stuff about vaginas and a review of weed strains. Plus, whatever else I can squeeze in here, before Adam runs out of ink in the pink highlighter he uses to turn all my semicolons into proper grammar; Adam is our Copy Editor and Sales Manager, by the way. Hit him up if your strip club isn't found anywhere in our fine pages—he sells ads so fresh, that they will make your day girls look like night girls who work days. And, hit me up for weed. Ads, I mean. Ads for weed. Dispensaries. Next to *Green Room Diaries*. I'll even test your strain on real-life strippers. To whom I would sell weed, if it was legal to sell weed.

Please enjoy the Sex All Over The World edition of *Exotic* and be sure to sneak a copy over the border whenever you decide to finally make that trip to Juarez. Their weed is super cheap, but the mass transit is hella sketch.

Exotic is turning 23 years old and we'd love it if you (yes *you*), joined us for a celebration at Dante's, Sunday, August 28th, at 9pm. You'll get a chance to meet *Exotic* covergirls, winners of *Miss Exotic Oregon*, *Polerotica*, *Vagina Beauty Pageants* and more. Our new editor (that's me), Ray, will be referring to himself in the third person, while the rest of the staff will be seen in their natural habitat, schmoozing with off-duty strippers and talking shit with local bands. Meet all the dancers, celebrity midgets, vagina judges and local Portland faces that help keep the phrase "reading it for the articles" legit. Bring us a present, but we're turning 23, so make it something we can use at this age (like a juicer or a Fit Bit).

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SAT 6 – SILVER DOLLAR CLUB – PENTHOUSE PET & ADULT FILM STAR CHRISTIANA CINN

SAT 6 – THE SUNSET STRIP – BIKINI CAR WASH, 2PM-6PM

THU 11 – CLUB ROUGE – XXX STAR MARY CAREY

FRI 12 – DANTE'S – MICKEY AVALON

SAT 13 – KING'S – ROCKING PATIO PARTY WITH MUSIC BY THE ROCKS 7:30PM-10:30PM

**SAT 13 – THE RUNWAY
THE LIONS' DEN ALL-MALE REVUE, 5PM-10PM**

SAT 13 – STARS (SALEM) – WHITE TRASH BASH & TOPLESS CAR WASH

SUN 16 – DEVILS POINT – BIKINI CAR & DOG WASH, 2PM

**FRI 19 – ROCK HARD PDX
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**SAT 20 – DUSK 'TIL DAWN
BIKINI CAR WASH, 2PM-6PM**

**SAT 20 – ROSE CITY STRIP
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**TUE 23 – LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE
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THU 25 – CHEETAHS – THE LIONS' DEN ALL-MALE REVUE

**THU 25 – MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
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For **TITS & GIGGLES**

By Wednesday Weiss

I'm going to be up front, guys. I don't feel like being funny, so this edition is going to be light on the giggles. I've been pretty low lately. What? You too? Everyone else in the country also? Well gee whiz, how about that, a whole country full of people down in the dumps? What are the odds, of everyone having a mental health crisis all at once? What a coincidence, that we're all having a series of synchronized panic attacks! What a harmonized chorus of wailing we are! What an obvious weight of mental and emotional pain our nation is bearing—both personally and collectively (special bonus: personalized horror if you're black, honorable mention for queers, women and veterans, and for fuck's sake, if you're a black, queer, female veteran, come to my house...I will tuck you in, kiss your forehead and feed you soup. Maybe we can watch *Scrubs*). Surely, this widely-shared and recognized pain pushes us toward a nationwide focus on finding ways to heal mental dysfunction...LOLOLOLOL

About ten years ago, Durex sponsored a global survey on sexual satisfaction (as it relates to mental health and sexual education). While the survey was obviously intended to increase condom sales, the main conclusions were that:

- 1) People weren't having enough sex.
- 2) People who were better educated on sexual matters had *better* sex.

How the fuck can you go wrong with such conclusions? The survey, conducted by a person named Kevan Wylie, actually found a wealth of valuable (and very telling) information on global sexual practices. Wylie and Durex both discussed a couple of interesting points about the survey. First, the fact that sound mental health and stress levels have a direct correlation, to the quality and quantity of sex people engage in. Second, that the United States is not even in the top 20 nations, in terms of how much sex we are having and how satisfied we are with our sexual lives.

Now, assuming most of us would like to be

having more sex of a better quality (but, not *all* of us...I see you A's), why ain't we fuckin'? Is it because we're too busy fucking each other in the head with a lead dick? Is it because we hate ourselves and each other? The number one subject that participants didn't feel was discussed enough was the emotional side of sex. We're talking about a study of 26,000 people, across 26 countries, with almost equal parts men and women. That's a lot of people who want to talk more openly about a very personal subject—their emotions. Following emotions, the remaining top 5 things people wanted to talk about were relationships, where to find more info, HIV and contraception. Notice that "What's up with that bush?" "Why his penis so tiny?" and "Who even does that weird tongue thing?" are conspicuously absent from the items participants wanted to discuss (none of them were even in the top 20). No, it's emotion. We want to fucking FEEL and we want to talk about how we feel. When it comes to sex, we don't feel that we have the freedom to do that. All across the world, in developed and undeveloped nations, people feel this way—some more than others (including the United States).

Sex is the arena of the subconscious, the expression of everything you can't express when you have a steady heart rate and normal breathing rhythm. People express emotion through sex, even when the sex is anonymous with someone they don't feel for, and even when the emotion they're expressing has absolutely nothing to do with sex. Although cliché to the point of seeming meaningless, our early sexual experiences (and ongoing mental health status) do play out heavily in the bedroom and are very much worth paying attention to. The fact that people all over the world want to talk about their sexual emotions more, is important. Sex is the canary in the coal mine of mental health, and although this survey is over a decade old, I am willing to bet that our sex lives haven't improved in the U.S., and strike me dead if our mental health has. One classic hallmark of an unhealthy sexual mentality, is sexual obsession. Hypersexuality. Non-consensual sexual violence. Non-consensual degradation of sexuali-

ty. Non-consensual sexualization. Policing sexuality. Objectification, hatred toward women, sexual shame—check, check, check. All behaviors widely present in our society.

What am I getting at here? I don't exactly know. I just know that I worry about us sex-having creatures. I worry about us, especially we who participate in the sex industry, both as patrons and providers—from full service to panty selling. In many ways, we stand as a whole on the forefront of society's psychological hangups. We interact with each other on such an important, emotionally-charged level that is necessary for our personal fulfillment, as well as a reflection of our vulnerability. We are therapists and patients for each other in a big way; a way that, for many of us, is not offered in any other area of our lives. The therapeutic infrastructure of sex and sex-work vastly exceeds the mental health resources offered by the institution, in a time when we all need a reprieve (but, are hard-pressed to find one). So, we're handling it on our own. But we can absolutely be there for ourselves and for each other. Find someone and be their therapist. Be strength and guidance for them. Be gentle. Find someone who will let you be their patient (they are there) and be vulnerable with them. Put your heart into playing the role that someone else needs you to play. Vocalize yourself, ask questions. Be conscious, deliberate and careful with each other. This is more than escapism—It's nurturing—don't forget that! Stroke each other's hair and renew your safe words. We're out here for each other. We fucking need this.

Dat boi,

Wednesday xoxo

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National Sexual Assault Hotline: 800-656-4673

Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration [SAMHSA] : 800-622-4357

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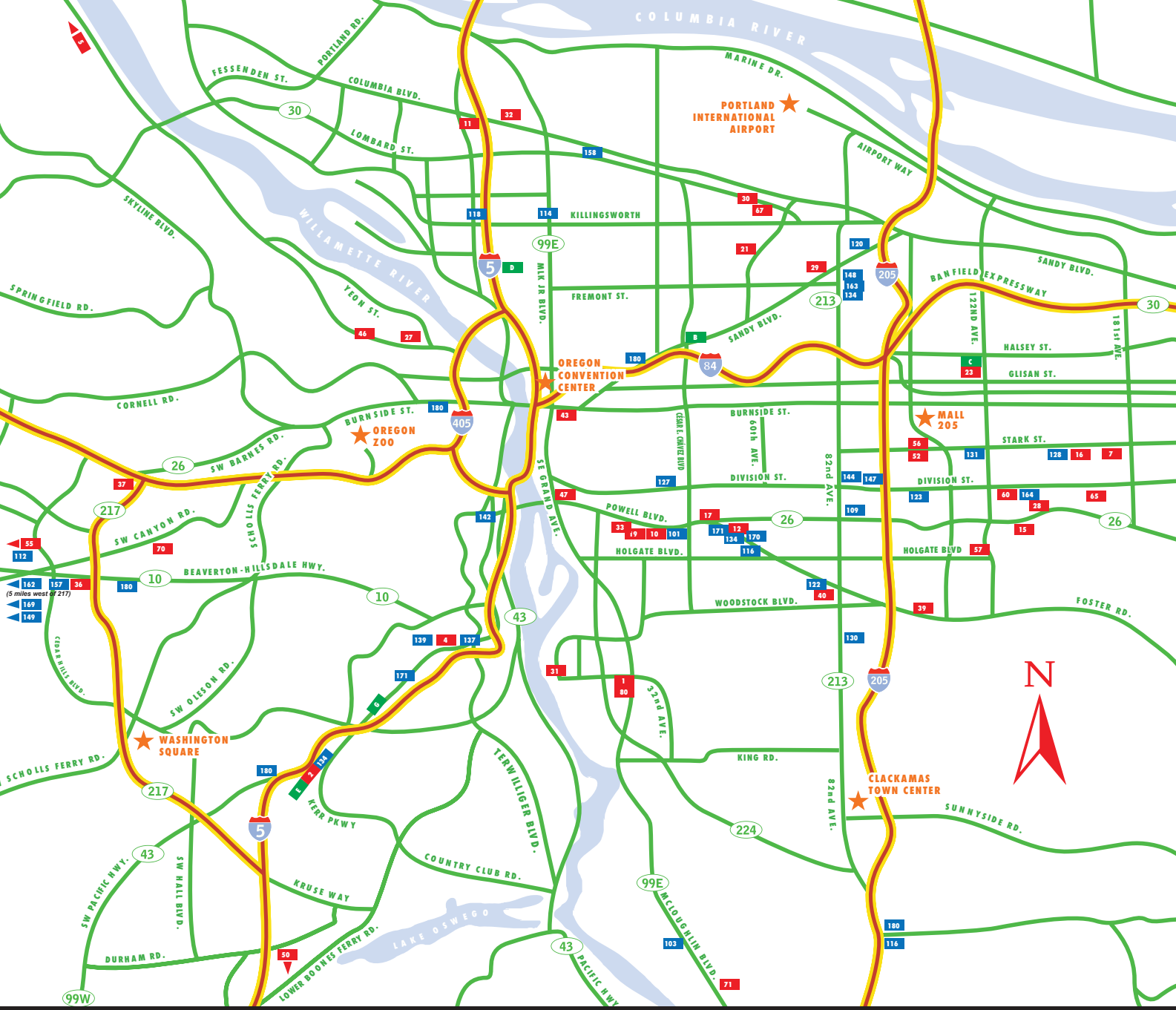
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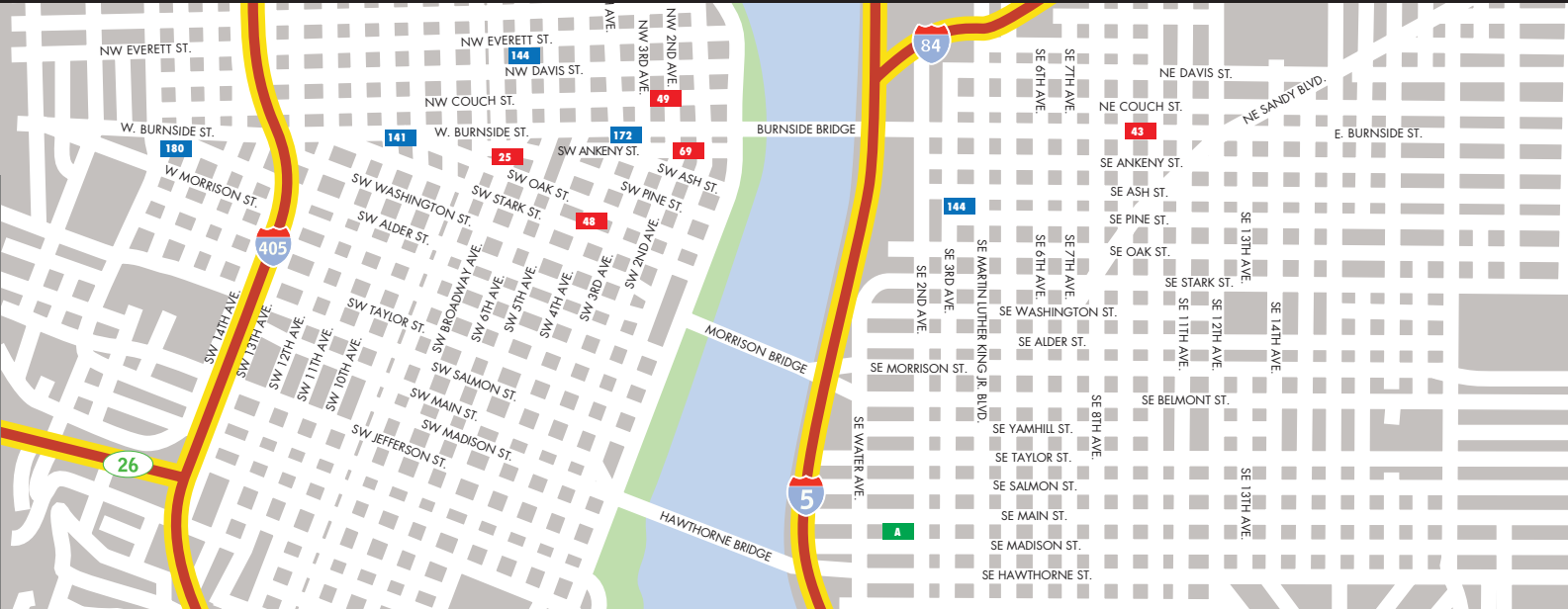
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Q: Is it true that women prefer men with 11-inch dicks?

A: Let's ask my anal fissures...nope!

Obviously, it depends on what you want out of sex, but the resounding consensus I've heard from just about every girl I've talked about dicks with (i.e. every girl I've ever met, yes, even the gay ones), is that **BIG DICKS HURT**. A few dicks ago, I had a boyfriend with a giant dick and, while rough, bloody anal was my thing at the time, it really took a toll on my body and the guy expressed that he had a difficult time finding sexual partners who wanted his dick, because it hurt people. Now, my thing is hot dogging and you barely even need a dick for that.

If you're feeling neurotic about your dick size, let me refer you to page 36, where I talk about a global sex survey, where not a single person wished for bigger dicks. Also, if you really can't let go of the "women prefer big dicks" thing, might I suggest actually getting to know a woman? Most people who believe that women prefer huge dicks have some sort of intimacy issues—unfamiliar with the fact that "women" refers to a loose-knit group of different individuals. They are not pornographic fuck robots, who **WANT THAT HUGE COCK...YEAH, GIVE IT TO ME, DADDY...FUCK ME RIGHT IN THE LACK OF SENSATION, WHERE MY PUSSY WOULD NORMALLY BE.**

My advice: stop getting caught up in one minuscule, but overblown, facet of sexuality and realize how cerebral and complex women (a.k.a. people) are as sexual beings. Don't be a tool.

ALTERNATIVELY: keep being needlessly self-conscious about your sad dick and ignore women's constant attempts to make men feel better about their dumb wieners, because we don't have enough of our own body bullshit to deal with.



Q: Hi! I'd like advice. What do you suggest when you are a girl who mostly hangs out with guys that aren't your boyfriend/partner/etc. and people assume it's because you want to bone one or more of said guy friends. I have already unsuccessfully tried to grow some balls and just roll my eyes when people bring it up. Should I start dragging my partner out to social events more or should I just get used to the idea that people will gossip about any dumb thing?

A: I've been friends with mostly guys

for a good deal of my life. Just happened to happen that way.

I remember talking with one of my guy friends in middle school, telling him how frustrating it was to me that, if I was hanging out with my friends, most people looking at us would assume I was dating one of them (instead of just hanging out). He couldn't even understand why that would be frustrating, so I gave up talking about it. But, it *is* frustrating that, as a girl hanging out with guys, boning must be seen as imminent. It implies that you're just a walking dick receptacle.

If people are just thinking that stuff behind your back, ignore them, because their rumor game is weak AF. Other people are hopefully saying much more interesting things behind your back, so try to concentrate on that. If they're saying things out loud to your face, thank god, because a knit-eyebrowed silence is such a satisfying reply and you rarely get to use those properly. As a last ditch effort, you might try making it clear that, if you were to fuck every single person you hang out with, **SO FUCKING WHAT?!** It's their hang up, not yours—don't let their issues take up your brain space.

xoxo, Wednesday

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In Pursuit Of Global Sex

by Ericka Rachelle Mendoza

Given the jarring political landscape across the globe, it seems like people agree on very little these days. But, there is still one favorite topic that can unite twosomes, threesomes—even foursomes throughout every continent—the thrilling and fleeting moments of orgasm. Sexual preferences, in this country alone, range from the mundane to the bizarre.

Here is a peek into what the rest of the world is doing on their quests for sex and love—from Chinese sex dolls to legalized prostitution—enjoy!



Africa

For hundreds of years, the culture in Africa has been tight-lipped about any sort of open sexual discussion. According to H-Net, PDA is uncommon in cities and villages; a stark difference to the traditional African culture of erotic-style dance. One of the largest ethnic groups in South Africa, the Zulu tribe, enjoy a day-long party celebrating the passage of womanhood for its female residents. Females typically dance topless, while openly talking about pregnancy and sexual issues. Prior to the celebration, women bathe naked with a Zulu princess, who gives them advice on everything, from genital care to marriage. Women in this tribe, dress according to marital status, with single women showing the most skin (there are Pinterest boards devoted to these women—they are fucking gorgeous!). On a sex-positive note, as you read this, there is an unprecedented movement in South Africa working to decriminalize sex work.

Antarctica

Antarctica is the coldest continent on the planet. Historically, male residents have out-

numbered females in Antarctica, with two men for every one woman. Though there isn't a whole lot that can be said about what goes on in the beds of those who choose to live in complete darkness for six months out of the year, one Pacific Northwest writer attempted to reveal the continent's secrets. Late author, Nicolas Johnson, who penned *Big Dead Place* after living and working in their communities for over 10 years, said inhabitants have a strong appetite for "heedless sex."

"Though the gender ratio is unbalanced and some go hungry for long periods, when sex does happen—in the library or the greenhouse—it whips everyone into a frenzy," Johnson said in an interview with *The Australian*, before his death in 2012.

Asia

You would imagine the sexual tastes of the Asian continent to be far-reaching and inventive. The continent spans through China, Japan, through places like the United Emirates, Kuwait and India. China is a country that manufactures and sells life-size sex dolls, an industry that, according to ChinaSexQ.com, is estimated to generate 100 billion Yuan per year. While some of the residents of this continent might not be getting off with an actual human counterpart, that is a *lot* of money being spent on silicone, which probably makes for an easier clean up!

Times Of India recently surveyed couples, who stated that being dominated is their number one fantasy. This is a common fantasy for quite a few people, but with one small detail; the men are the ones who want to be dominated! To be fair, it seems that only husband and wife couples were interviewed, but still, their lovers are happy to oblige.

"The total reversal of roles adds to the sexual excitement and gives me a chance to rule over him in bed," said one New Delhi resident in the Times article. "The sex we have is just wild!"

Australia

This stand-alone continent boasts a political party that advocates for a sex-positive ideology, founded by an adult-industry lobby appropriately called the Australian Sex Party. For those so inclined, prostitution is not illegal in

Western Australia. However, law enforcement is rumored to also turn a blind eye to related aspects that still happen to be illegal, such as brothels. Recently, Perth, the capitol of Western Australia, has seen a large influx of both sex workers and those who employ them.

Europe

Scottish publication, *The Scotsman*, surveyed its readers and found that most Scots believed waiting until the fifth date is an appropriate amount of time before getting down and dirty with someone. And, whether the Scottish are patiently waiting to get naked, or greedily humping on the first date, 40 percent of those surveyed, said they have enjoyed sex outside.

North America

Inspiring news! In the U.S., 70 percent of men surveyed said they have never cheated, while only 60 percent of women said they have remained faithful (based on information from Dred.com). American men said their favorite sexual position is doggystyle (who doesn't love it?!), while women who responded preferred good, old fashioned, face-to-face missionary.



South America

In places like Rio De Janeiro, Brazil (see page 18), the country has a hypersexualized image, with its infamous Carnivale showcasing scantily clad men and women in fantasy costumes. And, we can't forget that this country gave us the bikini wax enjoyed by those lucky enough to experience it with a partner – the Brazilian!

Ericka Rachelle Mendoza has written for Hustler, as well as a variety of other reputable publications and it is our honor to welcome her to the Exotic team.

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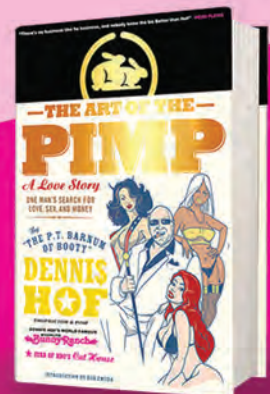
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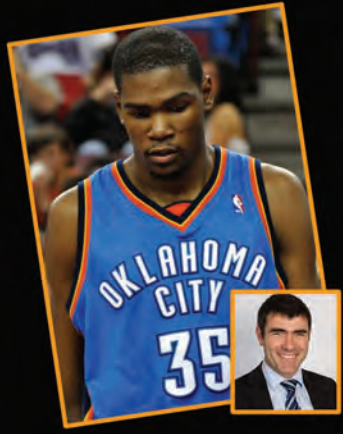
"Those seeking depictions of graphic sex and the ins and outs of prostitution will dig Hof's salacious memoir!" – Kirkus Reviews



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Why I Set Fire To My Oklahoma City Kevin Durant Jersey When He Signed With Golden State

(And Why I Set Fire To Other Things In My Life That Upset Me Too)

by Nate Tannis, Sports Blogger and Fire Man

Whatever happened to the good old days? Like many of my associates, I yearn for a simpler time in sports—when players were owned at minimum cost. Now it seems that all professional athletes want to do is use their unique abilities to play on the best teams that will pay them the most money. That's just absurd. Which is why I set fire to my Kevin Durant jersey when he signed with Golden State and also why I set fire to other things in my life that frustrate me. You see, I have an undying passion for professional sports, as well as a heavily disturbed sense of right and wrong. I judge people and things in my head, making an opinion about them. Then, it's

ing back. She left me for the dumbest reason; her dad took a personal jab at me by poking fun at my lack of a car, so I left his 1970 Dodge Coronet convertible soaking in the sweet baptism of the flames. She should have seen that coming, really.

When a professional sports organization exploits a child right out of high school, it should be that child's duty to stay with the drafting team until their mind is old, their body is broken and every last remaining drop of skill has been squeezed out of them. Kevin Durant is a traitor for leaving the Oklahoma City Thunder—no questions asked. Just like my best friend, Billy

Barnjaard, betrayed me in fifth grade. He decided he liked our other friend, Gerrod Brambles, better than I and was going to officially announce their best friendship at school on Monday. Low and behold, Billy, you mess with the bull, you get the horns. Because, come Monday, I made damn sure there wasn't going to be a fuck-

State, in a Western Conference Finals match that evoked images of the classic Dominique Wilkins/Larry Bird shootout in game seven of the 1988 Eastern Conference Finals. To watch our best player, our rock...our *hero*, sign with the enemy, almost as soon as the season was over, was devastating. Backlash from the loyal fans in the city was inevitable. There were bound to be a few innocent casualties in the world of licensed gear. That's all well and good, but I don't think certain enthusiasts are committed enough. Which is why I have devised an elaborate scheme to torch Kevin Durant's Danville, CA mansion down to glorious, finite, mortal ash, before he even has a chance to relax in it. It's been costing me an awful lot of time, money, manpower, blood, sweat, tears, personal relationships and moral scrutiny to accomplish this task. But, I feel this type of dedication allows me the right to call myself a "Thunder Thanatic."

I know my loyalty to the team can be a bit much at times, but really, it's people like me that make America great. Basketball may have been invented in Canada, and over seventy-five percent of the people that play it are minorities, but it's our national pastime—even if most people will agree, that our national pastime is baseball. I am proud to unofficially represent the Oklahoma City Thunder basketball organization, and hope to one day turn passion for my team and my fascination with fire, into a career. Perhaps, I will open up a cremation center for neglected sports memorabilia—A place where people from all over the world can send me desecrated jerseys, shoes, posters, foam hands, trading cards and collectible cups—to be born anew in the cleansing powers of the flames. Hopefully...eventually... the sports world *and* my girlfriend will come to their senses. Then, and only then, will I apply to work for the Calgary Flames of the NHL. Until that time, messing with the OKC Thunder leads to lightning and lightning leads to flames. That's me. I'm the lightning. Ride it.



literally a trial by fire, if we don't gel. Whether it be a basketball player's uniform, a parking ticket or even just a simple church—if it doesn't align with my interests, I am burning it to the ground.

I love Oklahoma City. It is my home, my stomping ground and my sanctuary. I was born here, I will die here and I don't like to travel. When the NBA came to town, I was thrilled, overjoyed even! To have an NBA superstar like Kevin Durant playing for us made it feel as though anything were possible. I truly believe that if he had stayed, we would have had a championship by this time next year and my ex would come crawl-

ing school standing. I siphoned as much gasoline out of my parents' car as fast as I could, doused our home room with it, then let the dancing flames spread their wings and fly. Flames were glistening all over Thomas Jefferson Middle School, from midnight until the sun came up, on that cool November morning in 1991. Poor Gerrod not only lost a best friend that day, but he also lost his freedom. I set him up good, planting all the evidence from this premeditated act of arson in his tree house, and tipping off the police.

O.K.C. almost made it to the top this year, battling with (and nearly triumphing over) Golden

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TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT

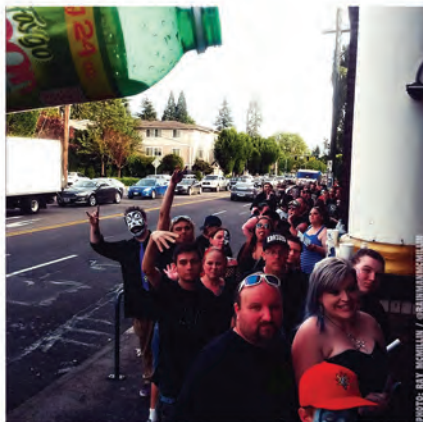
Sharing The Stage With ICP & Knothead

Back in June of 2007, I took a teenage stripper to an Insane Clown Posse concert and submitted a write-up to Exotic. I had intended on simply putting to good use a paper that my sociology professor didn't accept, but what resulted was a decade-long stint as Exotic's "DJ guy." Although some pen names have changed, the game remains the same. Due to editorial duties and outstanding warrants, I cannot self-identify as a "Juggalo" until the F.B.I. removes the group from their gang Rolodex. However, I've got a thing for predicting longevity, when it comes to pop culture. Hate them, tolerate them, loathe them or love them, ICP has outlasted damn near every "90s group" that didn't come from Seattle. Their stage show is better than anything at Coachella, no one who listens to them considers the group to be top-tier musical prodigies, the fan base stays tucked away in a corner and, no matter how hard Scenester Weekly tries, the scene is surprisingly resistant to hipster gatekeepers, attempting to siphon irony from one of the world's last remaining organic subcultures. If you don't want to read about how great ICP is, too bad. I sucked editorial dick for ten years in order to be able to write this piece, so go start your own column if you're on what the Juggalos refer to as the "hater tip." Whoop squared, em em eff cee ell.

Saturday, May 28, 2016

6:37pm

I send a text message to my buddy Knothead. He's a hip hop artist, who is opening for the Insane Clown Posse. I request information regarding guest passes and/or last-minute ticket sales for the ICP show, as I am broke and in need of clown-related entertainment. I also



want to force Exotic into running more Juggalo-themed editorial, perhaps starting the "Should we have a Juggalo pageant?" conversation.

6:40pm

I receive a call from Knothead, in which he informs me that he would like to have a DJ for his set. I accept the offer, not really knowing whether or not said offer was officially extended, or on what terms. Knothead informs me that I need to be at the venue by 4:00pm on Tuesday, May 31.

Tuesday, May 31, 2016

5:25pm

I arrive at the venue, which turns out to be the Hawthorne theater. The line of clown-painted faces wrapped around the block appears to be three times the size of the building in which they are lined up to enter. I decide to take to the back entrance with my DJ gear, eventually bumping into Knothead, who is standing next to an elephant's weight worth of 2-liter Faygo soda boxes. Leaning against the Faygo is a container, with various costumes, stage props and masks—all of which were being sorted through by a couple of guys who looked like Pawn Stars security guards.

5:45pm

After loading my DJ gear into the empty venue, to which general admission access

was still unavailable, I realize that there is an entire crew (local, not part of the touring act's crew) dedicated to covering the venue's walls and floors with tarps, carpet and duct tape. This effort is a last-minute attempt, to thwart the thousands of liters of diet soda that will inevitably be distributed to attendees by Insane Clowns, who make no visible attempt to regulate the disbursement of said soda.

6:15pm

The opening band, DS8, is checking sound. Their sound resembles the rock disc included with Cypress Hill's "Skull & Bones" project. The band seems a fitting addition to the evening's festivities, but they need to check their snare drums again, as well as the guitar. After this, feedback from the mic needs to come down. No, up. Okay, that's good. At this point, the sound tech is seen zeroing out the mixing board—effectively destroying all progress made with DS8's sound check.

6:30pm

My DJ gear is set up, sitting alone on a table toward the right side of the same stage that, within a matter of hours, will belong to an act that has been denied entry to other countries, due to outstanding warrants, felony criminal records and an amount of soda that customs agents insist could only be intended for commercial resale. My entire life is sitting inside the same hard drive that houses my DJ software, so like any responsible adult, I slowly step away from it on my way to the parking lot, where I will spend the next ten minutes getting stoned and praying to god that my laptop comes with a Faygo warranty.

6:40pm

While getting stoned in the parking lot, I notice a taco place next door. I decide that I shall spend the next ten minutes getting tacos.

7:24pm

I swear to god, if another uppity group of Portland vegans slows my restaurant roll with their incessant, picky dietary specifications, I will whip out a sharp (but rusty) object, bury it into the back of their free-range skulls and have sex with the remains.

7:25pm

A couple of Juggalos (ICP fans) are overheard defending accusations that their group is comprised of violent, hatchet-wielding necrophiliacs.

7:30pm

Knothead takes the stage with his hip hop performance. The Juggalos approve. I provide beats. The Juggalos approve. Knothead says, "Give it up for DJ HazMatt, also known as 'Statutory Ray' of the rap group Wombstretcha!" The Juggalos are silent. Knothead says something about weed. The Juggalos approve. I eat a handful of psychedelic mushrooms that I found in my pocket.



7:45pm

DS8 fans are scolded by security for smoking weed. I blame Knothead, who can in turn blame me, for causing him to mention it during our set. I enjoy DS8's performance, but can't figure out why there's only 6 guys on stage, or what "D.S" stands for. The manager, Dirty Dave, answers my question and I immediately forget what he says. The live drums and guitar are a great addition to the group's rappers and I highly recommend checking them out.

8:30pm

The mushrooms I ate earlier are beginning to kick in. A face-painted Juggalo walks out of a tour bus, followed by another face-painted Juggalo. I introduce myself to said Juggalos, whose names turn out to be Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope. The two Juggalos then enter a V.I.P. area of the venue, located in a small room with no air conditioning, where they are greeted by a select group of elite fans, who ask them questions and receive autographs for their personal belongings. I feel like an idiot for not saying something important like "Oh my god, you guys are great. I loved you in *National Treasure*, I mean, *Big Money Hustlas*."

8:55pm

Young Wicked, touring support for ICP and Psychopathic Records artist, finishes his rap

music performance, before returning to the backstage area, changing into a zombie outfit and waiting for ICP to finish up with the meet-n'-greet. I am informed that, when not rapping, Wicked assists with the "posse" element incorporated into the band's onstage performance. I learn that Insane Clown Posse is actually comprised of hundreds of people, but only two of them spit rhymes and soda pop. The rest run a tooth-and-nail crew behind the scenes—swapping out empty tubs of Faygo with full ones, dancing around in clown outfits and tossing redneck scarecrows into the audience to be torn apart. The whole thing reminds me of a nightmare I had in middle school, in which the theater department was handed over to the scary kids that always wore wallet chains.

9:00pm, maybe 11:00pm, or somewhere around that time

I forget I'm at a show, let alone a show in Portland (one that isn't inhabited by hipsters, at that). I am covered, head-to-toe, in what tastes like diet root beer. A nearby Juggalo confirms my analysis, insisting that the rappers use diet soda, because it doesn't sting the eyes. I question everything I've learned in life, realizing that even rappers who spit

rhymes about fucking dead bitches care about their fans' well-being. The mushrooms make me realize that performance art is a subjective, uniquely-experienced phenomenon, presented using an objective set of measurements, rhythmic timing and linguistic mechanisms—meaning that we are all part of the synthesis between that which exists and the figurative narrative responsible for constructing a cohesive presentation.

10:15pm (probably)

Shaggy 2 Dope launches a Faygo bottle directly into the face of a large woman, who is attempting to rush the barricade and get on stage. A nearby Juggalo male yells out, "Fat bitches need respect too! Help her up!" and I become convinced that feminists have finally won the majority of their battles. Fifty or so Juggalos rush the stage, ICP disappears and the venue lights turn on. The amount of empty Faygo bottles on the floor is easily enough to buy a homeless person their own jet, but the Michigan deposit stamp does not appear to lure Juggalos into collecting the empty containers.

July 21st, 2016 - 4:20pm - I finally get around to updating TalesFromTheDJBooth.com

I ATTENDED CHYNA'S MEMORIAL SERVICE

by Eric Alexander Moore, *celebrity funeral enthusiast*



When I was a small child, I could see no transcendent value behind the hideously absurd, mind-warping, hallucinogenic fever dreams I suffered whenever I had the flu. But, after being able to retrace the wits I shed during my descent into the madness that was professional wrestling megastar Chyna's memorial service (which happened in Redondo Beach, CA in June), like so many breadcrumbs tracing safely back to the shared experience we call reality (with my sanity somehow intact), I realize that the experience of sustaining said fever dreams was not wasted.

The following is a recitation of facts, a play-by-play of Chyna's funeral, as I observed them throughout the freak circus that transpired. These are presented in no deliberate order and without pretense, because any attempt to orchestrate a narrative thread in the midst of the mania is as futile as trying to find meaning in a universe in which there exists only questions and no answers.

"They're giving away tickets to Chyna's funeral!," my friend said.

Really?

"Yeah, on her website."

Sure enough, they were—1,000 lucky fans would be selected at random, the website stated. What better way to initiate myself to my new

home of Los Angeles, than by entering to win tickets to a celebrity's funeral?

I didn't think I would actually win tickets and presumably, neither did any of the other 200 people in attendance.

We are waiting in a line outside the venue, like a rock concert. A pickup pulls into the parking lot blaring Ted Nugent. The tailgate opens up, and before the truck has come to a stop, five children between the ages of three and nine spill out—each wearing matching Chyna shirts. Two of them instinctively start battling with their fists. The owner of the car will sit there long enough to finish playing "Cat Scratch Fever," rewind the tape and play it again.

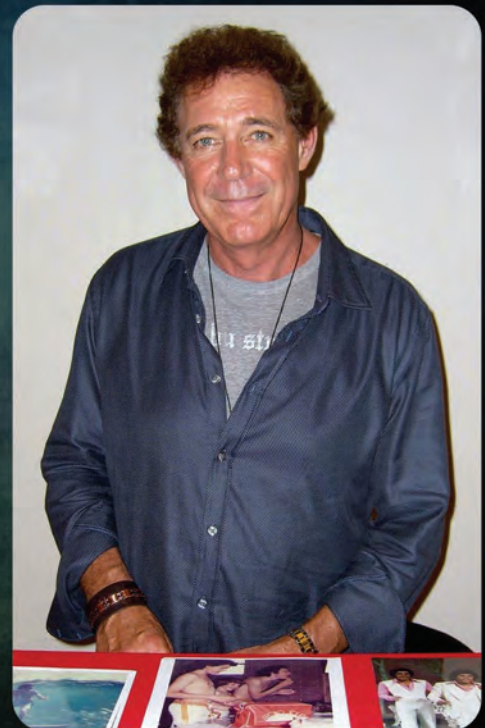
In the distance I hear people chanting "Chyna! Chyna!" A few feet from me, a developmentally disabled adult, wearing a tank top and breakaway, snap-button warm ups, is doing stretches while lightly jumping up and down—occasionally throwing a shadow box jab. I quickly check my six to make sure there wasn't another person doing the exact same thing, because if there was, they were probably about to start fighting and I wouldn't want to find myself at ground zero. I would like to watch it, though, from about ten feet away.

Nick Harcourt, the Santa Monica disc jockey who is responsible for introducing the world to Coldplay (but, still talks about it as if what he did was a good thing) passes me on my left. I almost try to get his attention, but it occurs to me, I can't think of anything to say after "hey" and telling him that he is Nick Harcourt.

A few spots up in line, a mid-thirties man, who looks exactly like Andre The Giant, but standing only three feet tall, is saying something about Donald Trump and "whomp basket (sic)." I wonder if he goes by the obvious Andre The Midg-

et, or something cuter, like Lil' Andre.

A fat teenager, in an "I'd rather be in Chyna" shirt, is sucking on a Go-gurt treat like a tweaker on a siphon hose. I imagined how perfect it would be, if a glob were to drip down his chin and onto Chyna's screen-printed face and then watch in wonder as my vision (premonition? fantasy?) is manifested. Behind me, someone asks their parent if they



thought they were going to be selling snacks inside. Now that the thought is in my head, I'm starting to wonder the same thing. There's a McDonald's across the street and I think about going over, but don't want to give up my spot in line and end up with a shitty seat at the funeral.

They finally let us in, an hour and a half late. People take their seats. There was no house music playing, and so I now know what the sound of 200 mouth-breathers sounds like. There are

more pairs of fingerless gloves in the premises than a West Side Story prop department. I smell fried chicken, but I can't figure out where it's coming from. A cover band consisting of five middle-aged white guys takes the stage and breaks into Marvin Gaye's "What's Going On?," as I wonder the exact same thing. This is followed by Dobie Gray's "Drift Away," in which all five band members join in harmony in the chorus on the word "soul," because people are monsters. The band cuts out and the singer gestures for the audience to sing along. The singer says, "Let 'em hear ya —, and while I have no proof of this, I swear to everything holy, that he was about to say, "— in China!"

An alternative street artist, with paintbrushes on each finger like a bohemian Edward Scissorhands, slashes away at a canvas, painting a portrait of Chyna. Everything is proportionate except her neck, which was painted to be approximately as long as her torso. So, then the artist spends extra time on that area, trying to somehow shrink the neck down to normal proportions, by making extra paint splashes up and down the hair that was supposed to have fallen across her neck and down her chest. It's starting to resemble a large rodent.

The band finishes up and the emcee, who will identify himself as Chyna's manager, takes the stage. Everyone is watching an accident that not even Bob Ross could find happy, when finally the emcee asks the painter, "Are you about done?" While continuing to add unnecessary brush strokes to a single area of the canvas, the artist blurts out, "YEP, JUST WAITING ON YOU."

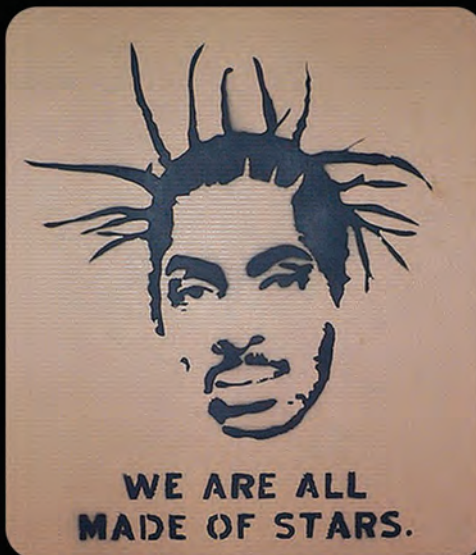
The band finishes up, the painter takes off (presumably for the parking lot) and the emcee shouts, "The bitch is in the house!" Then, I notice that he's holding an urn and I experience the feeling that you get when you can't tell whether or not the elevator you're on is still moving.

I don't know why, but I keep expecting a Trump rally to break out.

Finally, something happens that nobody saw coming, and for a fleeting moment, I no longer feel alone. I watch in horror as the emcee proceeds to introduce not one, but four speakers from the Mormon church, who com-

pletely perplex the audience for the next 45 minutes. This could possibly be the greatest bait-and-switch in the history of funerals I've won tickets to.

There is a choir on stage. The emcee says that he wishes they could've booked the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, but instead they merely got a choir of Mormons. I scan the crowd. Everyone is stone-faced. I see someone mouth the words, "you motherfuckers."



Then Coolio comes out and joins the Mormon choir.

I am leaving that sentence by itself, because I never thought that I would get to write it. Coolio proceeds to perform "I'll See U When U Get There," while backed by the cover band of white guys and a Mormon choir, and he (specifically and exclusively Coolio) absolutely kills it. Then, after that song is over, for a reason that is completely beyond my comprehension, Coolio leaves the stage.

The website said that Paul Sorvino was going to perform "Amazing Grace," but it is instead performed by a scrappy fellow, who looks like the Venice boardwalk personified using a guitar made out of a cigar box. If, by chance, this guy's name happens to be Paul Sorvino, someone's a real son-of-a-bitch.

The emcee introduces Chyna's attorney and the audience seems unsure of whether or not to applaud. The guy name

drops some people he used to manage, then plugs a couple people he recently signed. Next, he tells the story of how he negotiated Chyna's Playboy deal. When I replay that memory, we're all animated, four-fingered, Simpson-universe people.

"How do you top that,?" I wonder. The producer was wondering the same thing and his answer was with X-Poc, Chyna's estranged ex-husband, who basically apologized to the crowd for something that they obviously knew more about than I did (especially the guy who twice broke out in maniacal laughter and, after not getting removed by security, proceeded to throw himself out the side exit).

The emcee then nonchalantly mentions that he plays a little guitar. He used to play this song that Chyna always loved and really thought that he was great at performing, but this certainly wouldn't be the time and place to... "What? Oh no, not now, I'm only here to—well, I suppose I can. Okay, fine, here's my version of "Let Her Cry" by Hootie And The Fuckwads and I'll be joined by my son. Son, come on out! Everyone, please welcome to the stage, nepotism!"

The guy who played Greg Brady comes out and plays a song. Fifteen people walk out.

Greg is followed by the daughter of the Karate Kid himself, "Ralph Macchio's Daughter," backed by two members of the Latin Pop group Los Five (one of whom was either trying to read the lyrics to "One Sweet Day" on his iPhone, but couldn't because of a lighting glare, perhaps was simply illiterate and bluffing or maybe he just didn't know the lyrics and was content making them up as he went along, while simultaneously scrolling through Instagram).

The emcee says that the memorial service is over, but people are welcome to linger and pay respects. However, security has been instructed to make sure that nothing happens to the urn and after everyone chuckles, the emcee decides to act like he was joking. I walk by it and do a double take. The wacky font makes it look like it says "Chimp."

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FUCKING

AROUND THE GLOBE

**A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS CARNAL CUSTOMS
FROM BEDROOMS THE WORLD OVER**

by Wombstretcha The Magnificent

There are 195 countries in this big world of ours. That's one-hundred-ninety-fucking-five! I added the "fucking" because that's what people do in them. Everyone likes to lock legs and swap gravy, but every country does it a little differently. I shall present to our readers, my well-studied observations on the sexual nuances of various nations. I can't fit all 195 of them here, but that's okay, as I can't even pronounce the last third of the list.

In alphabetical order, here are the remarks on various sexual habits across the world:

Afghanistan - The inhabitants of this war-torn country are known to use Soviet surplus rocket grenades as sex toys. When there's a risk of a literal bang on top of a metaphorical one, it heightens the passion. You really do only live once.

Argentina - Whatever you do, don't cry for them.

Australia - Covering your partner in whatever giant-spider repellent you have on hand is a custom there.

Azerbaijan - Surrender your ass, or by John, it's gonna get real.

Bahamas - A little rum, a little fried fish, a little baked macaroni and you got a recipe for romance.

Brazil - Contrary to popular belief, the country is not filled with lost children who grew into feral beast-men, only to unleash electricity on their opponents in the Street Fighter competition. However, this is a popular bedroom role-playing scenario.

Cambodia - Great place to have a holiday, but don't forget to pack a wife.

Canada - Their native dish of poutine (fried cheese curds, served atop fries and smothered with gravy) is key to Great Northern Foreplay, but they are elusive as to why.

Chad - Upon meeting an attractive woman, putting a hat on your penis is considered acceptable introductory behavior. Women then judge the artistry and quality of the hat's manufacture, using "hat

scorecards" that are keep on their person at all times. Get it together, Chad.

Cuba - Glorious Communist Mating Ministry evaluates and determines who will be most likely to populate Cuba with strong, healthy state workers and assigns them to state-run "sex domes" for procreative activity. It's like a Tinder you can't swipe left on, or you'll be thrown in jail.

Denmark - Word has it, that a carefully crafted bouquet of flowers, made entirely from Lego™, is an absolute requirement for getting freaky. The Danes did not specify any additional details.

Dominican Republic - Talking shit about Haiti is considered adequate foreplay in the D.R.

Egypt - You might expect some kind of pyramid reference here, but not so. Instead, modern Egyptians just put on animal-head masks before they do the dirty. Be careful what head you choose, or you might end up having to jackal off behind a dumpster.

France - The French are renowned for their skills in the bedchamber. What they don't want foreigners to know, is that they get those skills by practicing on baked goods.

Germany - Being an efficient and punctual people, it is considered a great bedroom skill if you not only tell your partner when you're about to cum, but also provide a down-to-the-second ETA. Stopwatch optional.

Greece - While being famous for popularizing ass sex in the ancient world, the modern Greeks now prefer to... nah, they're still all about butt stuff.

Haiti - Voodoo rituals are the most common method of courtship in Haiti.

India - Having an entourage do an elaborate dance number while you're busy copulating is almost standard practice these days.

Iran - As activities involving the loins are a bit taboo in Islamic Iran, it is necessary to get a "Permit For The Bumping Of Uglies" from the Iranian Morality Police*.

Jamaica - Smoke a fatty and get down, mon.

Japan - Both parties dress like girls from Japanese cartoons and it eventually ends up with someone getting goey. Tentacles optional.

Kenya - Distance running is involved before the sex-have. This is all we know.

Libya - You fund groups to start a "proxy courtship" for your preferred mate. Then, once they've wooed that mate, you swoop in and take credit.

Malta - Usually, a small statue of a falcon is a suitable offering on a first date.

Mexico - A guitar solo, before hitting the sack, is customary. Bonus points for excessive use of the phrase "mi corazon."

Mongolia - Stuffing your bride-to-be in a sack, before riding off with her on horseback, is still a strong tradition.

North Korea - You make fuck like Great Leader says you should... or at least you pretend to, before you get down to serious functions.

Oman - Oh, man...you don't want to know.

Papua New Guinea - Nobody is really certain what they get up to, but it's presumed to involve cannibalism.

Poland - Poland, you get a pass. This time.

Russia - Adidas-branded condoms are considered the height of eroticism.

Serbia - Removal of the kebab is considered the height of foreplay.

South Korea - Nobody has sex, because they're too busy playing Starcraft, but occasionally, it happens. Removing electric fans from the room beforehand is a must.**

Thailand - It is considered rude to check and see if your date has a penis before heading to bed. This applies to both (perceived) sexes.

Trinidad and Tobago - KFC delivers in T&T. Presumably, sex acts somehow incorporate this fact.

United Kingdom - You meet someone you find attractive, then have sex with them. The government then sends you a bill for "sex tax."

United States - Buying a date a morning-after pill as a gift is seen as a kindly gesture.

Vatican City - Snickers bars are common gestures of kindness, given to one's partner, before swatting said partner on the ass and telling them to get back to the boys' choir.***

Yemen - From what I've read, the women do a crab walk into various "dong caves," where they are blindfolded and made to grab dicks, while being told that they are stalactites. Very warm stalactites.

Zimbabwe - You can establish a successful relationship in Zimbabwe, but then, they'll kick you out, only to ask you back later, when they realize they have no idea how to form successful relationships themselves.

Well, that's the end. I hope everyone learned something, so that the next time you travel, you'll be aware of the fine customs of the many other nations on this Earth.

-WSTM

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a writer, novelist, raconteur, cook, graphic designer, echidna farmer and retired rapper. He can be found at wombstretcha.com, or on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503

***Yes, this police force is a real thing. Imagine your grade school teacher being able to arrest you, in adult life, for talking to a member of the opposite sex in a non-approved fashion.*

***Google "Korean Fan Death." Yes, they think having a fan on in the room will kill you.*

****Yeah, I know. I'm sorry.*



Why I'm done dating

In 1998 terms, I would be defined as sexually liberal. I am only concerned with knowing my partners' personal details when it comes to sexual health. I don't want kids and could care less about marriage (having watched a divorce bankrupt both of my parents, I am not in any rush to sign up for a raw deal). Many of my friends are gay, bi, poly, genderfluid, pansexual and, in general, very few people I interact with go to strict churches or wear chastity belts. Sex is something that I believe should be celebrated by all genders—of any size, background or orientation.

The problem I'm finding is, that in terms of seeking a partner with a basic sense of self-respect, I feel like a conservative.

Something about the current social climate has turned a necessary, healthy, sexual revolution into a cesspool of narcissistic slime—one that completely minimalizes the groups it is supposed to empower. It seems as if un-traumatized, heterosexual people can't exist without being able to latch on to an identity equated with either self-identified oppression, gaslighting or lack of self-respect disguised as free-spirited uniqueness. BBW women, rape survivors, foreign women who live under archaic rulers...these are groups whose actual, real struggles have been co-opted by bored heterosexuals, who see openings created by the lifestyle acceptance and collective empathy windows, as opportunities for membership in the "no longer a basic bitch" club. Our attempt, as a collective society, to extend protective rights to the groups who deserve them, has, like an unattended handicapped space, only served to benefit opportunistic cultures.

With that being said, here are a few lessons that I feel need to ring true in the hearts and spirit of many modern heterosexual women and men (but, since I don't sleep with guys unless I really need drugs, this article will be

written from a hetero dude's perspective). If you're an LGBTQ-aligned person, first, thank whatever higher power and/or Golden Girl you identify with the most that you weren't born into the binary trap of nonsense I'm about to address, then grab a bowl of popcorn and take a look at this yellow grass growing on the other side of that fence you wish I'd finish painting. I'm not saying this doesn't



apply to LGBTQ communities, I'm just not authorized, nor experienced enough, to speak on your behalf. Now, for all the straight women and men who "can't find the right person" (insert beach sunset image macro here, juxtaposed against improperly cited quote from Adele), listen up.

Body Positivity Does Not Apply To Gaudy Piercings, Shitty Tattoos Or Musky Clothing

The anti-body-shaming movement has gone from attacking unrealistic beauty standards, to justifying the presentation of oneself, in any horrific fashion, as immune to criticism. I have no problem dating a woman who is BBW, plus-sized and proud. Where I take issue, is with fit, mainstream-attractive women who don't brush their hair or teeth, wear clothes that haven't been washed in weeks and ignore deodorant altogether. Is there a market for these types? Sure, a huge one. But, there's also a huge market for Pokemon Go.

I'm simply choosing not to support it within the small, confined boundaries of my sex life. The excuse is, that "some men grow all the hair they want, are cool with moth-ball-infested, second-hand attire, avoid cologne and dress like a mascot for free clothing bins all over the world, so why can't women look like Tom Waits?" Again, I'm down with these guys. Their band rocks. I'm just not one of them. Big is beautiful. Burnt out is not.

Rape Jokes Are Usually Not Funny, Even If Told By Women

In fact, they're *only* funny when told by comedians who are dead and gone. Closed casket, ixne on the aperay okejays. The "yes means yes" campaign, an urgent call to (in)action directed toward frat boys and douchebags, which promotes things like affirmative consent (and respect for the withdrawal of said consent), is an entirely legit movement. But, thanks to pop culture, Tumblr and a general trend in which decent

activism gets mutated into Franken-causes, I've heard dozens and dozens of anecdotes, in which a man will decide to not return a phone call after a few dates and the woman in question, whether jokingly or begrudgingly, suggests that what happened in bed may have been influenced by alcohol, so, well...

How classy is it, that people are crying rape wolf in order to mess with their partners? The false accusation "joke" not only reduces the chances of real survivors being believed (as all of them should be), but it removes all agency from consenting adults who share a night of wine, a morning of brunch and a change of heart (in that order). If I could press charges against all the one-night stands that I've come to regret (pun accidental), there would be a lot more women behind bars. Rape is the worst thing that can happen to a human being, without question. Fuck anyone who retroactively warps the definition of the word after not getting a second date. Wait, poor choice of words. Do NOT fuck these people. And, to

any third-waver screaming “misogyny” at me for suggesting that men avoid women who joke about rape, give the social rights pendulum five years—men’s rights asshats will have made it possible for fedora-wearing trolls to be able to toss you in jail, simply for not calling them back after sex. Equality is a beautiful and unapologetic creature.

Polyamory Is A Lifestyle, Not A Trend

Polyamory acceptance is an important movement that aims to reduce the stigma of couples who partake in alternative lifestyles. One key word here is “alternative.” If pop radio was filled with nothing but Sonic Youth and Radiohead, effectively barring standard chords and four-pattern beats from the airwaves, the music industry would die (even harder) and no one would have any reason to continue the basic rhythms that date back to infinity. Same thing goes for our sexual rhythms. Alternative lifestyles (“lifestyle” being the second key word), by definition, need a relative, statistical norm from which to establish the meaning of the title that positions them as “alternative,” as well as a consistent moral compass that spans for more than two semesters of college (i.e. a “lifestyle”).

Wanting to date one person at a time, for reasons limited to sexual health, while establishing an emotional connection or just being able to answer affirmatively when grandma asks me if this is the same girl from last week, has put me into a category of “undateable” that rivals anything seen on a sitcom. I’m friends with plenty of poly people. They’re loads of fun (pun presented with apology), as well as the best folks to go on an adventure with. However, I have this kink fantasy, where I enjoy knowing that, if I engage in unprotected, Facebook-official relationship sex with a woman, the risk of me getting an STI is not up to her ten other partners. For some reason, this makes me ignorant, un-evolved scum, destined for MRA forums on Reddit, where I shall spend all day drinking Diet Mountain Dew, while discussing how much I hate the idea of a female Ghostbusters.

I have dated women who are “allergic to latex” and balk at the suggestion of condoms—calling me “paranoid” for assuming that one of us may have engaged in risky sex at some point in time. I recently went on a date with a girl who offered me sex almost instantly, but was defensively offended when I postponed the invitation—accusing me of being in the closet about my “true” sexuality (because sitting through two hours of Game Of Thrones and eating shitty microwave pasta, while waiting for the kid to go to bed, is just such

a common date activity among gay men). The most recent first date I had with a woman involved hearing, over a fancy dinner, her manifesto on how monogamy is slut-shaming rhetoric, forced on women by the patriarchy. Here’s the thing; I didn’t see three other dudes pop up and offer to help pay the bill when it arrived. If her other “partners” were so selflessly concerned with her well-being, where’s our fucking Groupon discount?



The point I’m making here, is that these types aren’t actually “poly” any more than they are “amorous.” Do not confuse lazy skanks with proud sluts, or pick-up artists with open-minded gentlemen. Real poly couples have long, open talks about roles, conditions and exceptions related to something that at least resembles a relationship. Some poly couples even have *more* rules about their partner’s bedroom habits than traditional couples do. Swingers clubs don’t involve a bunch of random chaos in which all holes are on clearance. Quite the contrary; endless rules, requests, boundaries and fetishes keep multiple genres of sexual preference happy. However, the “go ahead and fuck everyone you can because YOLO”-themed swinger club has yet to open. Probably because, like healthy adults, poly and swinger couples pay extra close attention to those pamphlets at Planned Parenthood. You know, the ones titled *Don’t Just Fuck Everyone You Can Because YOLO*? It takes a lot of self-discipline and emotional stability to be in an open relationship, yet these are the two qualities that a lot of modern singles seem to lack.

So, What Does This Have To Do With Dating?

Where does the boundary between “stop shaming me and find me sexually attractive” and “shut up and take it” begin to blur itself? How can ignorant men (and, a surprisingly large percentage of ignorant women) learn to

respect the word “no,” if our partners see it as a joke at best and a two-letter slur at worst? If my body, my consent, my sexual identity and my self-worth do not align with the idea of sharing boundaries with a bunch of other people, it does not make me “possessive” of anything other than my own cock and balls. It appears as if the only remaining form of traditionalism involves church on Sunday, waiting until marriage and spitting out kids. To me, that’s the worst kind of traditionalism.

The blogosphere and social media have taken the struggles, issues and uniqueness surrounding body-positivity, affirmative consent and alternative bonding, hijacked their respective movements, then used them as excuses to promote sloppy, narcissistic and non-committal single life for otherwise well-off, traditional, vanilla individuals who have no reason to identify as fringe, other than to excuse themselves from their own privilege, in an attempt to reap all the benefits with no risk (aside from fashion crimes, custody battles, HIV, ass beatings from the lady who wasn’t informed her man was in an open relationship, etc.).

My preferred demographic of women is “any.” Women of any legal age, from any racial makeup, of any physical shape or size, from any religious, scientific, political or cultural background. Hell, I’d date a trans woman if she split the tab, spent at least two minutes in front of a mirror before a date and was at least a tiny bit concerned with seeing me again before going to town on six other dudes. I’m simply interested in dating a woman who doesn’t consider Coachella’s Apocalyptic Fuck Puddle Tent to be the mecca of true romance.

This is why I don’t date in 2016. I’m not into sloppy, professional victims who see no problem riding the genital carousel until it tests positive for HSV-7 or some shit. Like a new form of “metrosexual” or “wankster,” the “I wish I was born an overweight rape victim, with an appreciation for open relationships, even though I come from a vanilla-ass background with a BMI-standard figure, a traditional need for commitment and no history of trauma whatsoever” archetype has become the normative standard among everyone-is-special 80s babies. We don’t see other groups and think, “Wow, I’m going to respect the ways in which that person differs from me, in a manner that validates their experience as unique.” We think “Hey, now *there’s* an ideal!” This is why Rachel Dolezal will likely star in a porn within the next decade. It’s also why I’m done dating.

-A. Nother MGTOW

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