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# COLUMN

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

## GAME SHOWS FOR TOMORROW

If there's one thing people will always love, it's a round of fresh, clever game shows to watch on TV, while they forget the day's trudge from chasin' that dolla. There's a problem, however, and that problem is that all the game shows out there are neither fresh, nor clever. Sure, everyone likes *Jeopardy* and *Wheel Of Fortune*, as those are classics at this point. Battles of knowledge and flirtation with chance are great, but people want something *new*, wherein others compete in some kind of contest with ridiculous rules, in order to win a burlap sack full of cash. With that said, here are some new ideas, where people do ridiculous shit for our amusement and their enrichment.

### IN THE DOG HOUSE

A person is to live in a modest, one-bedroom house for an entire month. Each day, a new dog is added to the house. The person must remember the names of—and, take care of—each dog added to the house, even as the numbers grow. The dogs will be monitored constantly and the audience can vote on whether or not their quality of life is deemed good enough to merit the contestant winning the jackpot at the end of the month. There will be another, similar show, as well, called *Cathouse Blues*, and it will be the same—but, instead of dogs, it will have prostitutes.

### DR. FEELGOOD

This is a game show, where people are presented with ten unassuming men, one of whom is a medical doctor. The contestants will have to judge which of the men is the incognito physician, solely by how each physician touches the contestant's genitals.

### MY BODY, MY MONEY

In this hilarious show, a panel of celebrity judges, consisting of Tara Reid, Tae Bo pitchman Billy Blanks, either Kid or Play and Guy Fieri, all vote to approve audience-

submitted suggestions for tattoos, that the contestants will get in exchange for money. The kicker is, the more money involved, the more the tattoo will alienate the contestant from society. However, none of the money will be sufficient to sustain a person for the rest of their life, so the contestants must weigh their entire future of employability and social acceptance, against \$75,000 in cash, to get a whole-back tattoo of Hitler peeing on dead toddlers.

### HUFFIN' & PUFFIN'

This delightful program features one of the most challenging obstacle courses ever constructed for a TV show and contestants willing to take a shot at making it through this course without being disqualified. The handicap is as follows: before each leg of the course, each participant will have to strap over their nose and mouth a greasy rag, soaked in various industrial solvents. If they can fight the fumes—as well as gravity—they will walk away with a new car and a lifetime supply of varnish.

### BUST-IN RHYMES

The concept for this particular show is a pair of strangers who must share a very small house—and a bed—together, for a solid three months, regardless of their age, gender, sexual preference or hygiene level. Oh, and periodically, low-level hip-hop artists who are trying to make it will literally break into this house at any and all hours of the day—having been told it is part of a different game show and that the two inhabitants are record label executives, whom they must "wow" with their sickest rhymes, in the time before they are removed by either security or the occupants themselves.

### CHILL, BABY, CHILL!

In this fanciful show, new parents will first answer a series of true-or-false questions as a distraction, before being told that their baby has been placed in a freezer. To get the lil' one back, they must begin answering personal questions truthfully—the answers to which may end their relationships, their careers, ostracize them from friends and family or, at the very least, shred their dignity. In the end, a curtain is raised, revealing that their baby was not in a freezer, but rather a comfortable pen that merely looks like a freezer. As the contestants leave the stage, a hateful audience will pelt them with wadded-up dollars, which they have 60 seconds to grab and stuff in their pockets, before being forced to go straight to the airport and return home.

### THE BONG SHOW

For this one, an ever-increasing amount of bong rips is administered to participants, who are then made to watch brief clips from famous movies, before re-enacting a scene with the rest of the contestants. The studio audience determines the points awarded for each scene, and instead of being paid money, the contestants are merely led out an exit-only door and not let back in.

### MONSTER SQUAD GOALS

Teams of contestants compete to design the most frightening movie monster possible. Then, their ideas are taken to a customer, who makes a big-budget and bespoke costume to bring the monster to life. Following the construction of the costume, someone in the squad must wear it, as they tear through classrooms in a randomly selected preschool. A point is awarded for each child determined to be terrified by hidden cameras and bonus points if the children lose control of their bodily functions or revert to regressive, more infantile behaviors. The winners take all and the prize money is split among them, with the costume-wearer getting a bonus.

### FERTILIZATION NATION

A gaggle of women, all desiring a child, each spin the Wheel Of Semen and are given a turkey-baster to the spatch, with the gogurt of one out of ten possible men. After the insemination, a curtain is raised and we find all the men are skilled doctors, lawyers or professional athletes—except one, who has *massive* physical and mental handicaps. A cash prize is awarded for becoming pregnant, and only at this point do they reveal whose sperm they got. If they want to lose it all, they can hit the 'Bortion Button at any time or go double-or-nothing on a healthy baby.

So, there we go. Seems that tormenting children is hot this year. If you're reading this humble publication, TV executives (and, I know you are), please consider these concepts as my way of helping to improve a bleak landscape full of mystery briefcases. Help me help you help us ALL.

Happy viewing,

-WSTM

*Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a writer, hoarder-show hoarder, Eurotrash compactor, hippo cook-to-be and retired rapper from Portland, Oregon. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook by name.*



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# Sober & Straight In The NYC Gay Bar Scene

I'm going to have to be very honest with all of you, right up front: when I moved to NYC, I missed the LGBTQ scene in Portland a lot. That, and the sexually free nature of Portland, were things that made me homesick all the time. But, as time went on and I met new comics and friends in the city, I opened up to the scene more and I quickly fell in love with it here. But, wait...I'm a straight dude and I've been sober for a year, so why in the fuck would I be such a fan of the scene? As bluntly honest as I can say, they're better people and the clubs are 1,000% better than anything we've got going for us. It's true, our straight dance clubs are mostly dog shit and our people can be really fucking creepy. So, what I decided to do, is plunge myself as deeply as I possibly could into the scene, even though I had certain handicaps, so to speak. But, I don't regret one second of it. This month, I'm going to give you the rundown of the scene here in NYC, for when you travel here.

I wanna start off hard and dirty, so let's give you a baptism by bathroom blowjob. Over in the East Village/St. Marks area of Manhattan lies a legendarily sleazy glory hole in the wall bar known as "The Cock." I live with a gay roommate and he had gleefully warned me about this place before, so I was apprehensive. Here's the twist—it was everything he warned me about and it didn't bother me at all. And, the fact that I was straight didn't bother any of the men there. I'm not saying it should, but a lot of straight men often have a motive when going to a gay bar. So, it's understandable if they'd been unhappy I was there—after all, this was their house and I was a guest. If you're looking to get down and dirty with some man love, The Cock is your place.

So, let's go from barrel-chested big boys, to the leather-clad bar sitting directly in the

Hell's Kitchen neighborhood of Manhattan known as The Eagle. One specific part of the gay community is "leathers," which are dudes that love all sorts of leather attire—from codpieces, to chest straps, to full body coverage. The Eagle is not a fucking joke, when it comes to the leathers. Oiled up, hairy-chested, leather-covered bears roam this place, and yet again, the boys didn't give a fuck about me being sober and straight. Well...a few of them wished I wasn't straight...but, otherwise, we were good. The non-alcoholic drinks were on point here, as well. I'd absolutely recommend The Eagle, if leathers are your thing.

So, we've covered sleaze and niche so far. On to the Greenwich Village/West Village area of Manhattan, for one of my absolute favorite venues in NYC—Marie's Crisis. The name alone makes you wonder what you're going to walk into and it's not what you think. This place is legendary in the scene and has a deep-seated place in NYC history. This quaint, intimate basement venue is actually a piano bar that has almost-round-the-clock live piano and showtunes rocking the fuck out. The bartenders here were happy to cater to my non-alcoholic needs and they were totally interested in exactly what the hell I was doing, being straight and sober in their boozy, gay, musical oasis. The patrons were fun, fabulous and it was some of the most fun I've had in a long time in the city. I didn't want to leave. However, there were more bars to hit. So, move on. I did!

Another personal favorite venue of mine is in the same area as Marie's Crisis, so I snuck over to Duplex. Duplex is a really cool place, because it's really three venues in one: a downstairs bar with a stage, an upstairs bar and an upstairs theater space. Duplex is where you go, if you want the full experience

in Manhattan. You've got overpriced drinks, lively clientele, burlesque, drag and the occasional celebrity being spotted. No celebs dropped by when I was there, but it's not uncommon for them to stop by this legendary NYC venue. They were real slim on the non-alcoholic options, but they were definitely not pushy about it, so they get points there. The clientele was really...interested in each other, so they couldn't have given a shit less about me being there. Even with the lack of non-alcoholic options, I'll always come back here.

I rounded out my bar crawl with a place that many of you will know. I made my final stop at a place that is a piece of NYC history. The final stop in my journey was the historical Stonewall Inn. The Stonewall has a footprint pressed into the LGBTQ history of NYC and it likely always will. And, for a great reason—it was at the forefront of the fight for gay rights in the city. Every night, there are different events—from karaoke and trivia, to comedy and burlesque. The clientele is a mixture of all walks of LGBTQ people and extremely respectful of everyone that comes in. And, above all, the people here always know how to have some fucking fun. They only serve lime-'n'-seltzer or Red Bull for non-alcoholic options, but they're great, so they get a pass.

What I found out, is that the scene was more accepting of me, my friend and my sobriety than they had any right to be. They accepted me with open arms and didn't resist me at all. It was very welcoming and I loved it. I felt zero pressure to drink or do...anything. It's a scene lush with happy people that know how to have a hell of a lot of fun. I made friends, new fans and I have a whole bunch of new regular haunts. I love you and all of your fabulous LGBTQ love, NYC.

Happy Pride, Portland.



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# TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH

BY DJ HAZMATT

## SEMI-UGLY TRUTHS I LEARNED AS A STRIP CLUB DJ

Santa Claus isn't real. Taco Bell is not bringing back the Chilito. Spiderman dies in *Infinity War*. These are the certain, harsh truths, that most adults have already come to accept. But, if you've never worked as a strip club DJ, you have no idea the extent to which truth can be ugly. I mean, sure, it's not like I've ever stormed the beaches at Normandy or told a girl "I love you," but shit gets real in these streets. Here are some harsh truths that I've come to grips with, as will any strip club DJ, eventually...

### DJs Work For The Club, The Dancers And The Customers

As the line from *Office Space* goes, "I have eight different bosses, Bob." As a DJ, your job is to entertain the customers in a way that the nude entertainer on stage can entertain, all while entertaining the club owner's oddly specific "no rap music from 2008-2012" rule, regarding entertainment. Trust me—it's not as entertaining as it sounds. If you piss off a dancer, there goes a tip (and, possibly some customers). If, in an attempt to please the customers and dancer(s), you piss off the club owner, there goes your job. And, if the dancer you're working with/for demands that you play some stuff that her customers hate, there goes the whole show.

Further, if you ask any one, specific entity, they will be quick to tell you that you work for them. And, they're all technically correct. If I'm on the payroll, then, yes, Forgotten Daughter, LLC is my boss. But, if that payroll amounts to a third of what

each dancer tips me, then I'm technically working for the dancers. That is, of course, until Pimp Steve shows up and gives me a small stack of twenties to play his mixtape. Then, I'm working for Steve. I imagine that, at some point, mobsters have held a strip club DJ at gunpoint (for whatever reason... likely drug-related) and asked, "Who do you work for?!" at which point the DJ replies, "I have no fucking idea." This is how DJs die. There's a lot of holes in the desert... lots of SoundCloud accounts buried in those holes.

### Each Decade Has A Genre That Will Not Die

We've all been there—pushing 40 and arguing with a teenage stripper about what the fuck an "A\$AP" is and how to plug in her iPhone 9 to make it work. When she decides to give up and say, "Fuck it, just play anything," it can catch the DJ off guard. That is unless the DJ is well-versed in whatever genre of music was huge when that stripper was still in diapers. You could have a club full of newly 21-year-old kids, throw on Toto's "Africa," Snoop's "Who Am I (What's My Name)" or any EDM song from ten years ago, and the crowd will love it. Why? '80s, '90s and '00s are technically genres if you focus on the appropriate cuts. With the '80s, anything that was sung by a band with no more than one other hit, is a hit. Two or more hits and it's old people music—save for Michael Jackson, Prince and Journey. As far as the '90s go, any and all hip hop produced west of the I-5 freeway or east of Michigan is a sure-

fire hit. And, for everything else, there's "Sandstorm."

### Most Of The Cool Kids Are Lonely Douchebags

You've probably been in a busy Portland strip club at some point, trying to squeeze past a group of entitled, smug hipsters, who are back-to-the-bar relaxing and Pabst-spreading over two or more empty bar stools. When the bartender steps toward you to take your order, Johnny Haircut and his posse of washed-up has-beens interrupt her to talk about tattoos or some dumb shit like that—preventing you, a customer who won't order something from a can, from obtaining a drink. You shrug it off, because this group of scenesters is here every day—they must be important, right? Wrong. As a DJ, you're often the last person out of the bar. This means, you get to sit there while the club closes and security informs the cool kids that, while they don't have to go home, they can't stay there. And, this is when it gets good. Half of these kids can't afford a taxi and end up calling a friend to get a ride. The other half usually rides their bike off to some "after-party," which consists of six tattooed dudes and an unlucky girl, sitting on a porch in Southeast Portland, bumming cigarettes off of each other and talking shit about the strip club they were just at (I know this because I used to frequent said "after-parties" and sell baking soda to hipsters). If you want to know who the real winners are at the strip club, come in between rush hour and midnight—the



guys in the half-loosened ties drinking gin are the folks who will make a difference in the world. Everyone else is just pressing up recycled indie rock or writing music columns for *Exotic*.

### Beauty Is Not A Social Construct

As a fat, middle-aged guy with tits and hip problems, I'm not coming at this from a position of superiority. Yes, I feel that everyone should be comfortable in their bodies. But, no, I'm fucking realistic enough to know that I won't be starring in the sequel to *Magic Mike* (unless the role calls for a washed-up, *Rocky V*-style lead). For as much bullshit as current-year political sensitivity calls for, it's refreshing to see a room full of various genders, ethnic backgrounds and sexual orientations all drop their jaws, simultaneously when a bomb-ass stripper steps on stage. Sure, there are preferences all over the place, as various body shapes, beauty types and styles exist, but that's the type of thing I'd type before making a crass, sexist generalization. Such generalization is as follows: symmetry, youth, a nice smile and a bangin' booty are undeniable qualities in any woman—stripper or otherwise. I'm not saying this is a good thing or a bad thing—I'm just saying that it's one of those small acid tests that put bullshit to rest. Hot is hot, and if you don't "conform to media standards of beauty, blah blah blah, liberal arts degree professor says...," you're gonna need one hell of a smile and personality if you want to make money as a dancer.

### The Money You Make Will Spend Itself

Any industry has its business expenses. If you're in the weed game, you're going to have to spend more money on sandwich bags and candy than a soccer mom would. If you work real estate, you're gonna need a Prius and a best friend named Marci. Expenses are to be anticipated, but when you work late into the evening (and want to grab a bite to eat or a drink after work), unexpected costs arise. First, you've got the lifestyle expenses associated with waking up ten minutes before every government office, billing department and healthy grocery store close. Late fees become a habit and your family wonders why you never join grandma for church. Next, you've got the post-shift meal and/or drink which, unless planned for in advance, is usually purchased in an after-hours establishment, at a significant upgrade, in the company of

co-workers who may or may not pressure you into coming over for "just a beer"—a decision that often leads to waking up in Gresham, while the sun sets, telling yourself that you'll never do lines of MDMA with strange girls in fuzzy animal ears ever again. Even if you're squeaky clean and sober, it's always easy to spend your paycheck when it's given to you, nightly, in cash.

### Dating Becomes Impossible

I'm not exaggerating here. Speaking as a male DJ, at least (female dancers will have their own nasty mess of problems when it comes to relationships), you've got three options when it comes to women you date: those who are cool with the industry, those who have worked in the industry and those who detest the industry. The first group will, at some point, become a member of the second or third group, so we'll skip that one. As far as dating people who also work in the industry...man,

eating Taco Bell and watching *Shameless* in pajama pants, while she has no makeup and I'm still smelling like cigarettes and Nickelback. As a plus, all that "personality" and "connection" crap that women's magazines throw around is legitimized, as the mere sight of your partner naked is not enough to get you off (I mean, it's part of your job), nor will your witty remarks and amazing taste in music do anything for her.

The third group of woman I've mentioned as a dating possibility, is the one that (often secretly) has a distaste for the entire strip club industry. And, trust me, this group is the worst. You've never gotten into a real argument until you've had a self-described "sex-positive, body-positive, feminist" tell you about how all of your friends are money-grubbing whores who have never met their dad. Aah, the irony of current-year ethics. Personally, I have more respect for the most stereotypical, *Dr. Phil*-ish, ghetto dancer, than I do a stuck-up, rich bitch who marries old men for money (or expects



there's something to be said about trying to get sexy, after six hours of faking it to make a buck. I'm not saying that some dancers aren't amazing, in terms of being able to put on a genuinely sexy and erotic performance—I'm just saying that it's a performance. Any stripper who acts the same on stage as she does in the bedroom, is faking it. The same thing goes for DJs—if we appear to have rhythm and confidence, know that it's a front that will cease to exist as soon as we get five songs into the shift. Plus, the last thing a stripper wants to hear after a night of being told "You're beautiful, I'd like to fuck you," is, "You're beautiful, I'd like to fuck you." I've dated some fantastic women who were dancers and, to be honest, nothing would spur sex quicker than

working-class dudes to buy them expensive shots). Further, I am always suspect of chicks who claim to be cool with the strip clubs, but wish I'd "do something else, like write for the free paper." I'm sorry, but *Exotic* pays writers five times what they'd make writing for *Columbia Weekly* or *The Gresham Venus* (and, no, we're not currently hiring, so don't email me). Strip club DJs make the same as wedding DJs, without any of the setup or violent bridesmaids. And, if you want to talk about women in skimpy outfits being exploited and forced to have conversations with douchebags for tips, look no further than a Dutch Bros coffee stand. The bottom line? Get a sex doll.



# BEYOND DABS

## GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

While at a party, I noticed a group of sketchy kids at the kitchen table, huddled around pieces of burnt metal and glass. They were using a torch to heat up a waxy, yellowish substance that seemed to provide an instant and addictive high. A shady hipster stood in the corner, selling miniature balls of the substance to customers. However, before I was able to inform the host that a nest of tweakers had taken up residence in his kitchen, one of the party-goers informed me that the kids were simply smoking weed—"dabs," actually, otherwise known as butane hash oil (BHO).

Apparently, concentrated marijuana is the new big thing. And, with any new thing, I plan on capitalizing on it. "Dabs, schmabs," I say! We need some real, modern-day, AI Jourgenson-overdose, barter-sex-with-a-stranger, make-Rush-sound-good type shit if we're gonna let our subculture attempt to remake *Half Baked* with the undertone of *Breaking Bad*. The following is a list of marijuana mutations that I would like to see hit the streets within the next few years:

### Herojuana

Clean, distilled hash oil that is viscous enough to be used intravenously. Why bother smoking your weed and forcing your lungs to suffer harsh, unhealthy combustion, when you can mainline THC directly into your bloodstream? Herojuana is often first prescribed by doctors in the form of Sativacottin—yet, everyone knows that shit is just a synthetic version of the same shit. Sure, one air bubble can kill you—but, the high is *fantastic* and it hits you quicker than a dab. As an added bonus, it is a widely-known fact that music produced by users of herojuana is typically more awesome than the stuff put out by consumers of combustible smoke.

### BHOcaine

Stuck at an after-hours party with a bunch of strippers and college kids? Why not add a touch of alien abduction conspiracy talk

to the grandiose display of delusional nonsense being passed around with the mirror and razor? BHOcaine is a clean, purified and snortable energy-laden powder that can also be easily concealed in bud-loons for international transport. Sure, the good stuff only comes from Mexico and the stuff you're gonna find in Portland has been stepped-on to high hell, but hipsters love this shit and you can charge three or four times the street value, even more when selling to transplants.



### Methdocino Crystal Purp

Barely recognizable as part of the THC family, this cheap and easily-manufactured variety of nature's nectar is popular amongst rural demographics. If you finding yourself wanting to clean the entire trailer after just a few tokes, this is the stuff for the job. Also known as "dieter's weed," Meth Purp contains several naturally-occurring, scientifically-altered chemicals, that suppress appetite—perfect for the stoner who is watching their figure. However, the chemicals involved in making this stuff often result in the users suffering from horrible, physical damage, such as the sudden appearance of dreadlocks on white addicts and an unexplainable affinity for Pink Floyd in other demographics.

### Power Cannabis Powder

Some ancients believe that marijuana has healing powers. Modern cultivators have taken this myth literally, developing a strain

of "PCP" THC that makes it almost impossible to feel any physical pain at all. Whether cleaning out bad guys on the Xbox console, or attempting to use an actual AR-15 assault rifle to protect your sacred herb from make-believe federal agents, this stuff has the power you need to get the most out of your high! While first popularized in the street-smart film *Training Day 2*, PCP has become more widely accepted among non-urban demographics in recent years.

### Maridrenaline Dimethyl Mega-Ajuana (MDMA)

MDMA is all the fun of regular dabs, without any of the health benefits or intellectual stimulation. However, this stuff is great for emotional well-being and healing. If the doctor who prescribed your medical marijuana works from behind a desk and a DSM, or if your "qualifying medical condition" dates back to the dark evening when touchy Uncle Carl stayed late for Thanksgiving dinner, this stuff will clear your palate and reset your suppressed memories. After just a few hits, even the most traumatized victims will find themselves groping strangers and dry-humping stuffed animals in abandoned warehouses.

### Four-Twenty Loko

Simple to consume (but, a mess to clean up), Four-Twenty Loko is a liquefied version of nature's leafy medicine, blended with other, naturally occurring grains, hops and watermelon flavors. Sip on some of this stuff while watching a sunset dissolve into a velvet coastline, then beat up a homeless stranger in the line at the doughnut shop, all while screaming quotes from *Blue Velvet* and making terrifying faces at the closest baby. There exists no known medical use case for Four-Twenty Loko, but doctors in the military are currently working on using it to send troops into battles they have no possibility of winning.



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BY RAY MCMILLIN



### Get Inside This Summer!

*Polerotica* is finally wrapped up, but we can't announce the winner on these pages, thanks to bullshit concepts like "time" and "production deadlines." Thanks, Obama! Anyways, even though the world's best pole dancing competition has finished (peep Facebook.com/XoticMag or Xmag.com for details on the winner), the best competition for inked-up talent begins next month. After a seven-year hiatus, *Ink 'n' Pink*, featuring the best in tattooed talent, begins on Saturday, July 7th at Rose City Strip, continues Friday the 13th at Club SinRock, followed by Thursday, July 19th at Kit Kat Club, with finals on Saturday, July 28th at Dante's. I highly recommend you check this out, along with DJ Dick Hennessy's *Vagina Beauty Pageant*, which also happens throughout the month of July.

New clubs keep popping up all over town, which means that you have no excuse to stay outdoors this summer. Desire, which will be located at 535 N.E. Columbia Blvd., opens up soon, while Grind, at 15826 S.E. Division St., is already in full swing. Dancers seeking to audition should check out the ads for each club in this issue. Customers, well, you know what to do. I haven't been to either location yet, but the ad girl for Grind, Carson, has a Star Wars tattoo and that's good enough reason for me to give the club props, at least in terms of the dancers they hire.

### Stormy At Large

Last month, Stormy Daniels visited all three Stars Cabaret locations, as part of a mini-tour in which she performed striptease sets, met with fans and sold signed merchandise. As opposed to many sets hosted at local clubs, this particular pornstar is currently in the headlines, thanks to Trump's past affiliation with her and reported hush-money payments. I sent homies to all three gigs to check 'em out, and although the reports were generally positive (especially regarding the venues—Stars always keeps a well-staffed house and high-quality dancers on shift), there was apparently an incident in Bend, in which a drunk man threw his entire wallet at Stormy Daniels. I mean, in his defense, the news stations have reported that our President did the exact same thing, but that was probably meant as a figure of

speech. Sadly, however, this brief incident encapsulated the entirety of what was reported on by local news outlets, Facebook posts and Tweets.

Thankfully, Lisa M. Hayes at *Confluence* took a much deeper and more open-minded approach to the Salem appearance. Here is a snippet of her angle, used with permission:

*"We got a chance to ask one question: 'How do you want your daughter and other children to remember this whole thing?' Stormy Daniels answered it, 'I would not be bullied.'*

*This is a special kind of personal for Stormy Daniels. Her life is on full display in the headlines—every single day. The history books won't tell her story. The tabloids will. She's paying a price for all of us that most will never understand. I will die with a smile on my face, if it's a pornstar that takes this President down. As it's playing out now it's not hard to imagine that could happen. Karma can be a bitch.*

*Stormy Daniels is an unlikely hero. She's an even more unlikely patriot. Like so many people who've found themselves being forced into places they never expected, to save what's left of our democracy, Stormy isn't comfortable in that particular spotlight. She recently said, she's never been afraid to take the stage before, but she is now because she's at her most vulnerable."*

Politics aside (sort of), I couldn't agree more with the above sentiment. Often times (and, I'm clearly not talking about clubs that we feature in *Exotic*), a touring-pornstar act is often the sign of a B-level celebrity, attempting to cash in on whatever fame they obtained when they fucked Jenna Jameson or made a sex tape with that kid from *Saved By The Bell*. Stormy, however, is as current as one can get, in terms of being in the public eye. Sure, stripping down while "American Woman" plays in the background might not be an exact recreation of the Women's March On Washington, but what her tour lacks in cookie-cutter feminism, the mere act of taking a potential media shitstorm into her own hands, with her own voice and on her own terms, is what makes me respect Stormy Daniels. Big ups to Stars Cabaret for hosting what is undoubtedly the biggest thing to happen to Salem, Bend or Tualatin in years.

### Shock Opera!

Over the years, I've slung a lot of shit at the local theater community. I don't know if it's the sub-par production of *Diary Of Anne Frank* that did it to me, or that weird, six-month period a few years ago, when *everything* was a tribute to a tribute of an adaptation, with zombies. Thankfully, there exists Alice Cooper rock opera. Aside from being a staple among strip-club-appropriate rock musicians, Alice Cooper embraces everything about rock 'n' roll—having shocked the masses during his rise to fame, and later, his fans, with his golf swing.

Portland-area writer and actor, Dylan Hillerman, began *Shock Opera: The Authorized Alice Cooper Story* way back when it was *Shock Opera: The Unauthorized Alice Cooper*



per Story—meaning that the A.C. himself has co-signed the project. As rock opera and dark comedy, the project sounds like a blast, but one reason *Shock Opera* gets a mention in this column, is thanks to the fact it stars *many* familiar faces from Portland-area strip clubs—both behind the scenes and on screen. Rocket, Una Solitaire, Jeanette Trexler, Jed, Angus...the whole damn happy hour is here. I really don't like plugging things in this column, because it only ends up in piles of mixtapes and requests for interviews from white rappers, but when you're employing strippers to star in an Alice Cooper-based rock opera, you can bet your ass I'll toss you some free publicity. The show starts Friday, September 7th and Saturday, September 8th, 2018, at The Paris Theater in Portland, OR.

### Pride, Prejudice, Choices And Co-Opting

Here we go. A "cis male scum" is gonna weigh in on Pride, LGBTQ issues and identity



politics, inside the pages of a nudie magazine. Get your popcorn out and your emails ready. Bloggers, you may have to stay late tonight.

I'm from the '80s. 1980, to be exact. This means, by the age at which my nuts dropped, the dialogue regarding "homosexuals" (we didn't have less-derogatory terms or acronyms, yet), particularly that surrounding "gay marriage" (again, the term "same-sex" had yet to gain steam), was taking over the media. Being from a socially liberal—but working-class (read: fiscally conservative)—background, my parents were already ahead of the curve. To quote my dad, "Sometimes, two men can love each other the same way they love women, but now people are just mad because gays want to suffer the same hell that your mother and I did, before our divorce. I don't see the problem—I'm just wondering if any gender can make a marriage work." To be fair, in 1992 or so, this was the most woke thing an old white dude had ever said.

The argument, however, really boiled down to one thing: choice versus biology. The radical, far-right conservative Christians argued that being gay was a decision, while the liberals-of-yesteryear argued that sexual preference was biologically determined. The latter argument has not only been backed up by science, but it also extends to transgender (then referred to as "transsexual") people. In short, regardless of who your god is, I firmly believe they made you in their image—even athiests, your pagan dirt god or whatever is all-knowing, as well.

Flash to 2018, and instead of the far right, it's the far left who is denying that gender and sexual orientation are fixed. The acronym "LGBTQ" used to be enough, as it covered all logical outcomes of non-straight identity (girls who like girls, guys who like guys, folks who swing either way, girls with guy parts, guys with girl parts and *everyone else who doesn't fall at one point on the binary spectrum*, hence, "queer"). Sadly, this has now been bastardized (the "Q" has been replaced with "QQIP2SAA"), by the regressive fringe, to include literally anyone who

doesn't fit into the white, vanilla suburban lifestyle. Poly, Androgynous, Two-Spirit... these are all valid, real and legitimate identities, but I'm wondering what the fuck happened to letting the gay community have its own identity, its own struggle and, god forbid, be recognized as not being the same as, say, claiming that your gender varies as a result of mood swings (Tumblr calls this "Affectugender"). "I'm considered a queer-friendly, straight, top, whose mood changes depending on how many tacos he's had—this does not make me Harvey Milk and I don't deserve a spot in the history books, for being the first person to sexually identify as Mollyamorous (I only fuck when high on MDMA).

Call me ignorant, but I'm well-versed in all of the identities—to me, alphabet soup just feels the same as saying "non-white," as if Asians are profiled in the same way black people are, or saying "VGOL" in reference to vegan, granola, organic liberals. Yes, these identities *tend* to be affected by similar things, from a societal perspective. Yes, big-



ots in trucks and red hats are probably going to hurl the same slurs at a lesbian couple, that they would a dude in a pink hat, who identifies as Polysexual. But, if you know what any of these terms mean, you know that the gay man who works in an office and hits the gym on a regular basis shares *no more in common* with a teenager who wants to fuck inanimate objects (Pansexual) than anyone else does. "Lesbian, Gay, Trans, Queer and Coprophiliacs" has the same ring—just because it deals with a bedroom, doesn't mean it's all the same, easy-to-clump-together-for-discussion group of

people. Again, I know this is not my struggle (and, thus, not my lane), but from over here, I'm seeing a lot of pissed off gay, bi, trans and queer people who are wondering why their identity is being turned into a fun game of Mad Libs for bored college students who, up until last year, had a perfectly firm grip on their gender and sexual orientation. Ya know, like how that annoying white rapper suddenly met his "black friends" the day he got a SoundCloud account.

To me, this attitude of reckless, postmodern nonsense also says "sexual identity and/or gender are a choice." Trans people didn't just get sick of being the gender that matches their junk, and one day, just up and decide that purses and lipstick are easier than backpacks and beard cream. Gay people spent years—probably centuries, if you think about it—trying to be seen as real. The same thing that causes my lower half to do things (and people) that my upper half would never consider, operates the same way in all humans—LGBTQ or otherwise. I will always respect a trans person's pronouns and it is not up to me to determine who is or isn't "legit" on the LGBTQ spectrum. But, I'm not going to call some pink-haired girl with a victim complex "Zir," because he, she or they want to feel a few notches more oppressed than boring-ass, regular trans people who only shop at the mall and listen to mainstream music (...losers). Does this make me transphobic? No, it means I fucking hate kids and the adults who act like them. My trans friends and family mean so much to me, that I don't want to watch their gender identity and/or sexual orientation turn into a fucking joke. My friend Sarah has a penis. She's

a woman (well, more of a girl...always posting pastel memes and shit), but I call her "her" and treat her as she presents: as a woman. My old co-worker, whose name has changed three times this year—let's call her "Dolezal," informed everyone that they should check in with her, each week, for her current pronoun. She's in her thirties, has dated nothing but men, always presented as a woman and lived completely fine as such, up until a few years ago. Sorry, but something tells me that Dolezal has never (and never will) experience(d) the internal and external struggles that Sarah has.





# eroticcity spotlight

To me, it seems that Dolezal is, in fact, co-opting oppression, as she...ahem, Dolezal, can go right back to being “Dolezal from the block” in a few years, while Sarah will live her whole life as a woman who was born with the wrong genitals.

The term “LGBTQ” is restrictive enough, but members of said community all experience hatred, discrimination, closeted identities and a disproportionate amount of struggle—especially considering that it has to do with who they love. Because of (and, not in spite of) this fact, the trend of post-modern extremism, in which having “a gender that changes to fit the people around you” (again, Tumblr has this...it’s called “Mirrogender”) is seen as the same struggle as telling religious parents that you fell in love with someone who has the same genitals as you, or going under a goddamn knife just to feel at home in your own skin, is far beyond the level of ignorance possessed by traditionally conservative or closed-minded people. Gender and sexual orientation are not a choice. They do not vary, day-to-day, depending on who is reading your blog. And, so help me god, I’m not going to look back at my flannel-wearing, Nirvana-supporting, heroin-shooting generation of dropouts and fuck-ups as being more “woke” or progressive, when it comes to this issue. Pride means being proud of who you are and not letting the world convince you that you can change. Postmodernism is saying, “Hey, Macklemore won a Grammy off of these people—what can I take from their struggle?” Yes, gender *roles* are on a spectrum, but if you’re trying to convince me that being shunned by guys for having hairy pits is even close to on-par with the death threats a lesbian couple receives upon moving into an Idaho suburb, you might as well just come out as a narcissist. Put down the need for attention and let the inner child go. This struggle does not belong to me, nor does it belong to you, the Tumblr-gendered, trend-riding, capitalize-on-the-struggle blogger.

With all that off my chest, I want to give a shout out to those who live, have lived and always will live, as gay, lesbian, trans, queer or non-binary. Gender identity is hard enough to unchain yourself from and we don’t need the leftists of today to be adopting tactics from the bigots and right-wingers of yesteryear. Be proud of who you are, okay with who you aren’t and embrace the fact that categories are secondary to individuality—unless you’re co-opting a struggle that’s not yours, just to obtain said identity.

**SAT 2 – MYSTIC  
17<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL STRIP POKER RUN**

**SAT 2 – THE NILE (EUGENE)  
DJ PUSSYFOOT SUPER SQUAD**

**THU 14 – CLUB SINROCK  
2<sup>ND</sup> ANNUAL BIKINI \$10,000 CONTEST ROUND 1**

**SAT 16 – MIKE BRASS’S THE MAIN ATTRACTION  
DJ PUSSYFOOT SUPER SQUAD**

**THU 21 – CLUB SINROCK  
2<sup>ND</sup> ANNUAL \$10,000 BIKINI CONTEST ROUND 2**

**THU 21 – STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT)  
WILD, WILD WEST PARTY**

**SAT 23 – CABARET  
12-YEAR ANNIVERSARY LUAU PARTY**

**SAT 23 – GUILTY PLEASURES  
SUMMER KICK-OFF PARTY**

**SAT 23 – KIT KAT CLUB  
5-YEAR ANNIVERSARY SPECTACULAR**

**SAT 23 – STARS CABARET (SALEM)  
ISLAND BREEZE LUAU W/ BIRTHDAY GIRL BLISS**

**SUN 24 – DEVILS POINT  
6<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL STRIPPARAOKE CONTEST**

**THU 28 – CLUB ROUGE  
FETISH SUPERSTAR RUBBER DOLL**

**THU 28 – CLUB SINROCK  
2<sup>ND</sup> ANNUAL \$10,000 BIKINI CONTEST FINALS**

**FRI 29 – SKIN – CONTEST NIGHT**

**FRI 29 – TOMMY’S TOO  
WORLD-FAMOUS DAISY DUKE CONTEST**

**SAT 30 – MIKE BRASS’S THE MAIN ATTRACTION  
TRADER DICK’S 2<sup>ND</sup> ANNUAL TIKI PARTY**



If you live in the Pacific Northwest, you probably look at the start of summer with a lot of anticipation and a bit of dread. “Yay” for warm weather and less clothing, but “bummer” to the fact that everyone’s still coming out of their homes—pasty white and squinty. And, around mid-June, North America is treated to the longest day of the year, with sunrise around 5:00am and the sun setting just before 9:00pm, giving Oregonians around 16 hours of light—an event known as Summer (or June) Solstice. “Summer Solstice is the time of the year, when the sun stops its northern climb and stands briefly before turning back toward the equator,” explains astronomy expert Jim Todd at Portland’s OMSI. “This is the day that the Earth is tilted, so that the North Pole is at its closest point with the sun.”

While the scientific facts are cool enough, Summer Solstice also represents a time of fertility and sexuality and kicks off a season of harvest. “A lot of children are born nine months after Midsummer [Solstice] in Sweden,” said Jan-Öjvind Swahn, a Swedish ethnologist and the author of several books on the subject in an interview with CNN. The Swedish do get pretty fanatical with the holiday. Next to Christmas, it’s the country’s largest celebration.

According to VisitSweden.com, the event lasts for four days and involves a “never-ending party formula that includes flowers in your hair, dancing around a pole, singing songs while drinking unsweetened, flavored schnapps (and) downing a whole load of pickled herring served with delightful new potatoes, chives and sour cream.”

Okay, but there has to be more to Solstice than just getting dressed up, getting

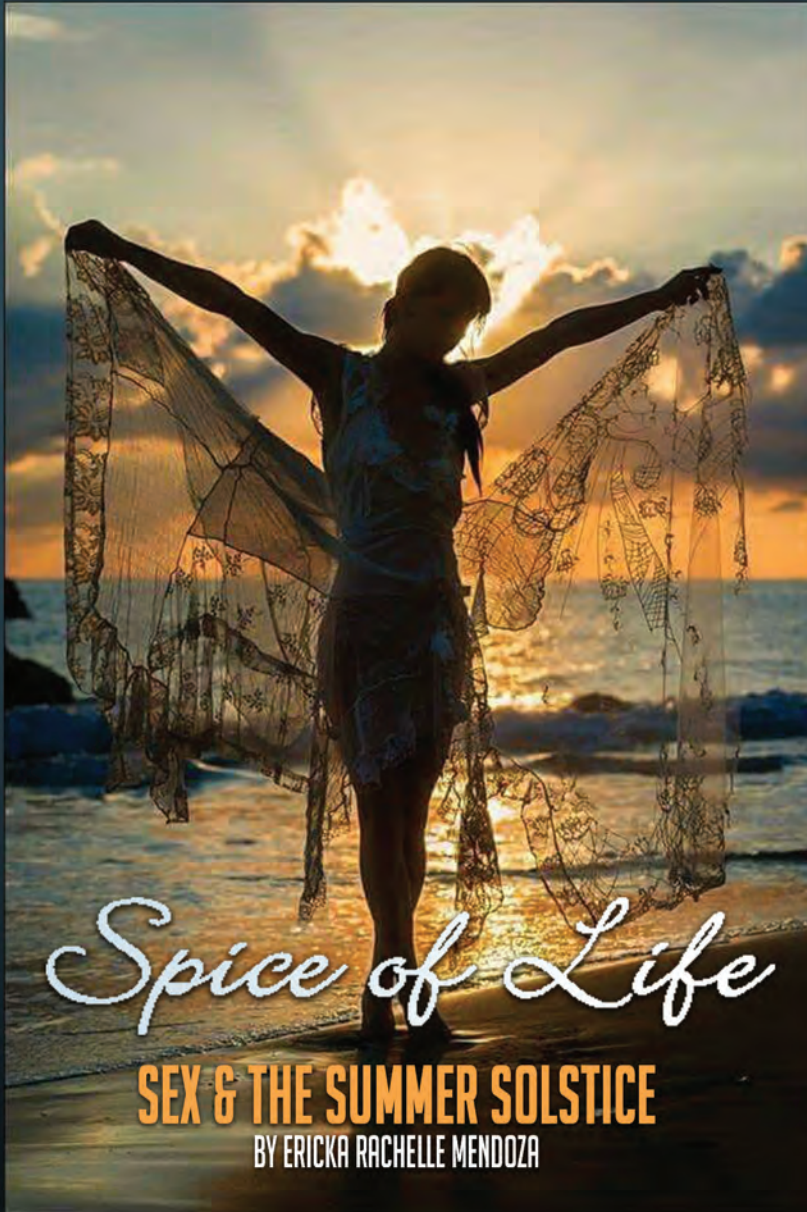
drunk, eating hearty and getting laid (although, all that sounds good enough for me). “When there is more sunlight each day, our mood and energy are biologically pumped up,” says Christopher Berland of *Psychology Today*. “Midsummer is a supercharged time physically and emotionally, which makes it ideal for making resolutions to kickstart new habits, strengthen human relationships and let

intent of utilizing the sun’s energy. Bonfires are believed to be symbolic during Solstice, acknowledging the time (before Christianity) when pagans believed bonfires would “boost the sun’s energy for the rest of the growing season and guarantee a good harvest for the fall.” Bonfires were also associated with magic and were thought to “banish demons and evil spirits, and lead maidens to their future husbands,” according to History.com. Couples would also leap through the bonfire flames for good luck. According to legend, ancient Romans celebrated around Solstice by honoring the goddess Vesta, goddess of the hearth. During the celebration—known as Vestalia—married women were allowed to enter the goddess’ temple with offerings, in exchange for blessings for their families. And, in China, Solstice celebrations were centered around the feminine force known as “Yin.”

A number of local Oregon businesses have their own Solstice celebrations. At press time, Sweet Cheeks Winery (Eugene), Mudra Yoga (Eugene), 10 Barrel Brewing Company (Bend), Ecliptic Brewing (Portland) have events scheduled for Solstice. Further down the coast, Santa Barbara, California hosts one of the largest Solstice festivals, featuring a parade, performance artists and a three-day-long celebration. Up north, Seattle’s Fremont neighborhood

also hosts a celebration put on by The Fremont Arts Council. The 2018 June Solstice happens on June 21 at 3:07am west coast time in North America.

Happy fornicating!



go of negativity.”

For some of the population, Solstice is a pagan holiday known as Litha or Midsummer. Pagans celebrate by honoring what they see as light and dark energies and celebrations are held internationally, with bonfires and day-long events. Many pagans perform personal rituals, with the



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# The Curse Of Being Bisexual

by Miss Tini



In this age of the internet, folks have become much more aware and sensitive to people, their various identities and differences, which is a beautiful thing. It wasn't that long ago, when life wasn't like this. I'm just about old enough to remember a very real time when, if there was even a rumor that you were g-a-y, it was complete social suicide and could even lead to your personal safety being threatened. The times have thankfully changed, for the most part. Of course, this is being said as a resident of Portland, in which we all enjoy a lovely bubble of acceptance sadly still not available in other parts of this world. A bubble I, for one, do not take for granted by any means. This town has changed so much in the last few years, but one of the things that has remained is you can be you here, and you will be accepted. This is why, for the first time in my life, I am going to discuss my sexuality and its unique challenges publicly. I am a bisexual female and being one is really fucking hard.

## It's Not A Phase

Many people view bisexuality as some sort of stepping stone to fully coming out as gay. I know this is even more of a stigma for males. Women struggle with it, too. By nature, females are more fluid with their sexuality than men. Therefore, to call yourself "bisexual" can be viewed as someone just being sexually adventurous,

trying to garner attention or part of self-discovery. People say bisexuality is a myth. I am living proof it is not. I fuck women, but I am not gay. There is something particularly painful about growing up and knowing that you're different than the other kids. Knowing that if they knew your secret, they'd probably not want to be your friend anymore and they most definitely won't understand it. There's also a lot of self-searching that comes along with it. Am I gay? I spent a lot of my adolescence wondering if I was going to turn into a lesbian one day—like a caterpillar becoming a butterfly. It never happened. I still liked guys...A LOT. I also sorta liked girls, too. If trying to understand a bisexual seems confusing to you, try actually being one. For most of my life, I just decided I was weird and left it at that.

## Trying To Fit In

Being bisexual leaves you in a sort of limbo. You're not gay enough to hang with the gays and you're not straight enough to fit in with the breeders. You can't tell your straight girlfriends that you are bi, because then they'll think you're looking at them in that way and nothing will ever be the same. The gay community will accept you with open arms, until you decide to have a boyfriend—then, you don't belong anymore. A lot of people will accuse you of calling yourself bisexual for "attention." Like the Beckys who make

out with each other at douche parties for the Coors Lite-guzzling bro's attention. It's fetishized, but being actually accepted is near impossible. No one understands it, and let's be honest, you don't even fully understand it yourself. You like what you like and it comes in many different forms. There is no rhyme or reason. I actually sort of envy people with a self-described "type." It must make things so much easier.

## Male Fragility

I'll try not to write a novel here on this subject, but the male ego is a very real thing. I love men—being with them, having them as a partner and fucking them. One thing I've learned about most, is that they are very insecure and they hide this insecurity in peculiar ways. They're quick to call any woman "crazy" when they are emotional, yet hide the fact that they have overblown egos and have little-to-no interest in learning how to please their female partners—emotionally or sexually. That's not all dudes, of course. However, stereotypes exist for a reason. I have never had a male partner who wasn't threatened by my bisexuality. I truly believe this is because men are terrified of understanding a woman's body and what gets us off, and the thought of us with someone with better knowledge of the parts makes their blood run cold. For whatever reason, the subtle nu-



ances of the clitoris seems to baffle those who don't have one and they are too proud to ask how to handle it or take direction. Perhaps porn plays a large part in this, where men believe women scream with orgasm the minute they enter them and we're all cock-hungry whores. If that's true, then they should be experts on the ins and outs of vagina, based on all the girl-on-girl porn they're watching (but not taking notes on). When I date someone, I believe in honesty. This means disclosing to my partner who I am. When I tell a man I would like to be in a relationship with that I have had female partners too, I can literally see the gears turning. They are so threatened that they won't be good enough, it almost always ruins everything. When I have a female partner, same thing. They are convinced I'll have a literal void I'll need filling. Women just tend to get in their heads too much and give up. Men think of it differently—they tend to see it as an opportunity, which brings me to the next problem.

### Threesomes

I have never *not* had a male partner not only ask, but also feel it was their right, to have a threesome, when they are in a relationship with me. Here's the thing: threesomes aren't my bag. I've never been a surf-and-turf kind of gal. I've done it, and I've always felt like it was better on paper, than reality. This isn't just when I'm in relationships. When I'm single—which I find myself a lot—I don't like threesomes then, either. They are sloppy, awkward and frankly unsanitary. I actually don't want a dick shoved in my mouth after its been deep inside someone's vagina. My fantasy is monogamy. A person that truly knows me, so we can get off together and it would be familiar, comfortable and intimate. It may be boring, but that's what I'm into. I want to be able to masturbate in front of my partner and not be shy. I want to have a quickie with them and they know exactly what buttons to push

to make that happen. I want to get weird with them, with no judgment. A guest star has no place in this fantasy for me. They feel as if they are being personally robbed, if I don't agree to do it, while the anger and resentment build.

Frankly, it usually leads to the end of our relationship, because I don't want to invite someone else in our bed. The last few relationships I've had have ended over this and it breaks my heart. I could have kept them if I had agreed, but at what cost? When I'm with women, it's different. They don't want threesomes, but they never fully feel like you're "all in," because you like men, too. They always feel like they aren't enough and you need a cock in your life. I've never had a relationship with a woman last, because of the inherent feeling of sexual inadequacy—even though all I care about is being loved. You must want

sex with everyone. I feel as if bisexuals carry the stigma of "hypersexual," which is a completely different game. Dating is not "easier" and certainly not less complicated. Truth be told, I find it easier most times to just be alone. Vibrators don't ask questions. I like what I like. There is no rhyme or reason.

### Solitude

The biggest takeaway of this is that I am lonely. I believe others in this boat are lonely as well. Bisexuality is not the free ride, sexually open journey people think it is. It is a difficult road to travel. I feel as if I can't have a successful relationship with a man or a woman. I feel as if I'm destined to be alone forever. No one will ever be cool with my orientation. I like a big, fat cock. I also love to caress a clitoris in a way no one has ever taken the time or cared to do. I love a beautiful woman's breasts, nipples and plump ass. I love a man's broad shoulders and square



to fuck everyone. People who aren't bisexual assume that I want to fuck everyone, when the truth couldn't be further from that. I'm attracted to a very small percent of the population. It's hard to explain to my partners that I don't want to fuck my friends. Yes, they're attractive, but I'm not sexually interested in them. Also, my coworkers. Or my boss. Or my roommate. Just because you're attracted to both sexes doesn't mean you want to have

jaw. I love the way a man smells completely different from a woman and I'm intoxicated by both. If this seems confusing to you, imagine living it. I am a bisexual female. I do not fully understand my sexuality, but there is a pretty good chance I may want to fuck you



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**FAT COBRA VIDEO 118**  
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# THE ANIMUS RITUAL

LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE: BY JAIME DUNKLE



*This essay is fifth in a series, based on the suggested writing assignments and exercises in Antero Alli's The Eight-Circuit Brain. Each essay delves into a specific circuit. This one falls under Circuit Seven, which is tied to Saturn, Binah, the supernal mother and the unconscious mind.*

*My definitions of the eight circuits change, as I continue my ongoing experiments. Currently, I label them as (C1), Survival Of The Fittest, (C2), Emo Power, (C3), Logos, (C4), Community, (C5), Pleasure Dome, (C6), Psychic Intuition, (C7), Synchronicity and (C8), Morpheus.*

*The circuits run in pairs: C1/C5, C2/C6, C3/C7 and C4/C8. Some of my essays handle them individually, while others combine them. This one digs into the C7 unconscious projection of The Dream Lover onto our partners—the Anima/Animus urge to control.*

\*\*\*

I've never had much luck with the concept of a twin flame or soul mate beyond my teen years, save for maybe once (and that didn't go very far). My stance of such idealization typically results in an eye roll. However, I've always been curious about Carl Jung's concept of the idealized partner: Anima for men and Animus for women (sorry, folks, but I didn't create this binary system. You're free to modify the terminology so it better suits your sexuality trip).

I never ventured too deep into Jung's

Anima/Animus urge—I just sort of mashed it with alchemy and didn't revisit the subject. In my youth, I often felt a deep melancholy for a magical partner that could double as a lover. But, it never happened, not even when I dated alleged magicians and occultists, so I gave up on the notion.

The closest I ever came to any literal sex magic—that wasn't purely symbolic and non-sexual—turned out to be a total disaster. I slept with one of my initiators, only to realize he was a sexual predator, abusing power differentials and manipulating young women (like myself) across the country. Even though I learned something, I would've been better off without the trauma.

To experiment with the seventh-circuit realm of synchronicity, spirits and the unconscious mind, *The Eight-Circuit Brain* suggests performing an Animus ritual in my case, since I prefer a male partner. As I read the outline for Alli's ritual, I learned that I had erroneously assumed the Anima/Animus dichotomy was the same dualistic archetypes as female/male, within myself. Alli states, "the Anima and Animus express completely autonomous forces not subject to our own propriety; we do not own them." I wanted to see how true that was, so I geared up for the ceremony.

I covered a table with a red cloth. I set a collage—framed in red paint—of black-and-white images of Lucifer, Orpheus and Eros. Red equals sex. Black equals

death. White equals come. Welcome to Jaime's Morbid Tantric Alchemy 101.

The ritual called for a mélange of items, that represent unconscious desires projected onto a mate. I adorned the altar with a small sequencer, because I love music and the creation of it. The Knight Of Wands tarot card, because I prefer emotionally mature men. Dried calendula marigold flowers in a white bowl, for solar power. A figurine of Shiva. A phallic quartz. A sanded twig. A copper disk I engraved with sigils that represent spirit descending to earth, which a magical partnership should focus on. A banana, for its shape (and so I can eat the energy later, which I did). A piece of amethyst, for its connection to Saint Valentine. And, the Taschen book *Alchemy & Mysticism*. I also offered dragon's blood incense and lit a candle in the cardinal points when I called the Animus.

I started by taking a salt bath, infused with calendula, rue and wormwood. After that, I popped in Download's *Side-winder* CD. Then, I meditated in savasana or the death posture. The music amplified my meditation. I felt and heard an astral wind roar and envelop me, as I sank deeper into an altered state. I lay in the death posture and repressed memories—of when I shot heroin at age 15 in Indianapolis—bubbled. I relived moments with K.R., an artist who was much older than me, maybe a decade or more. We had an affair that didn't end well. I remembered how I originally hung out with him, because I wanted to learn how



to combine metal and bone in sculpture. I didn't intend to sleep with him, but it happened. Tears soaked my cheeks, as I traveled back in time. I saw C.O.—who was 21 when I was 13—and swirled through the good and bad memories there. Then, I fast-forwarded to an ex I didn't treat well, who was two years younger than me and deserved more than what I offered. I scrolled through the past relationships at hyper speed. Not all of them were unsavory—especially not the last one. I saw his face and got stuck in a loop of him turning away from me and falling back into me. Which is kind of weird, because that's what happened later, with the Animus.

I did the C1 body work portion of the ritual, meant for grounding in the beginning of the C2 Emotional Polarity Ritual, which is inserted in the Animus Ritual. I did a round of yoga and Pilates, to stretch my spine, raise heat and sweat. Sweat is proof of energy to any chaos magician. Then, I projected opposing emotion before me and behind me. I stood in what Alli calls "no-form," a kind of quasi-Qigong stance, whereby you silence your mind and dissociate from your body. I threw resentment behind me and cast love in front of me. I should mention, I've done this emotional polarity ritual numerous times—it's always visual and psychedelic for me. I stepped back into resentment and my feet anchored in puddles of tar. I entered bat country. Bats were everywhere, flapping, flying and out of control.

A wicked vine curled and descended across my scope of sight, reaching down beyond my lens. I thought of various resentments from relationships, like words not followed through with action, someone being emotionally unavailable at a time of need or someone just doing something shitty, like not taking you seriously when you're physically injured. I centered back to no-form. I leaped into love. A soft flame that didn't burn, flickered. A woven matrix connected two tilted eyes that linked at the pupils and formed a single eye at the bottom of a heart. Two seahorses kissed, pulled back, then coiled their tails and floated in union as a heart. I tasted seaweed and sea foam lapped at my ankles. I returned

to no-form.

I turned my back to the altar. I called on the Animus and invited him inside of me. The melodious—yet, chaotic—music enhanced this and I felt a tingling sensation roll from the top of my head, down my spine, to my tailbone. A DNA double helix spiraled in my mind's eye. Heat moved through my torso. I felt a presence turn around inside of me and fall back into me. I let him ruminate, before I extracted myself from him. I turned around, faced the altar and invited the Animus to enjoy its shrine.

This is where it gets really weird and uncomfortable for me. I executed the Q&A portion—which felt ridiculous—but, I was in a trance state reminiscent of an



LSD trip. So, I went with it, staring at Lucifer's image the whole time.

Q: Why am I obsessed with eras of the past?

A: Because you're not happy with the present.

Q: How do I find fulfillment in my intimate relationships?

A: You have to know yourself better than you do.

Q: How do I know this is you saying this and not me?

A: Because I'm going to tell you the truth.

Q: And what is the truth?

A: The truth is, that you're unaware of your own desires and your own needs. You're torn between wanting a normal life in the physical world and wanting a spiritual life in another world. Your magical practice leaves you unfulfilled in this world, because it is lonely by nature. And you *are* alone.

Q: Will you be my magical partner?

A: Yes.

Q: Is it not possible for two people to have that in a relationship?

A: It's possible, but, it's just not likely. Come find me when you seek more, because you're not going to find it fully in a human, anyway. Besides, you call me when you don't even know it.

I've got other hyper-personal questions about heart matters that I don't want to share here. I'll just say, the response I got made sense and made me think more about where I'm at, emotionally.

I said my goodbyes and sent the Animus on his way, back to the ether. I centered in no-form, banished the space, blew out the candle, ate the banana and tried to come down from the bizarre, natural trip.

This ritual forced me to face my own weaknesses and expectations. It brought me to terms with a past I've denied. Whether the conversation occurred between conscious and unconscious parts of myself didn't matter. I entered an altered state—sans drugs—and brought back some homework to contemplate. I'd call that a success. And, I didn't need a magical partner to get there. Or, did I?

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



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Memes make up the backbone of the internet. Some are merely vertebrae (Ugandan Knuckles, Internet Grandpa), while others serve a more vital role, as the internet would cease to work the same way without them (Pepe, Michael Jackson Eating Popcorn). However, some memes transcend their typical use-case, becoming more than just a Facebook photo comment or Tinder conversation-starter. One such example is the BBQ Becky meme.

of that cherry, a few days later, Oakland residents threw the biggest block party the area has seen in years. Yes, there was barbecuing going on. No, no one died.

Sadly, Jennifer Schulte was never allowed to participate in the *Soul Train* dance line:

Of course, the internet has produced some of the best responses ever, thanks to the wide-reaching appeal of BBQ Becky's meme-ability. My favorite is this one:



And, of course, I had to update the meme to reflect current events:

Next up, a classic page from the history books:



... and another:



What does the BBQ Becky meme say about the current cultural climate? Well, it's bringing us together—and that's what matters. At the end of the day, no one likes a snitch and we all can't stand bored, middle-aged white women with nothing better to do. Yes, the threat of racial violence is a very real experience for black and brown people, while my white ass can sit here and meme the whole thing without much fear of being shot by a cop who mistakes my mouse pad for a gun. Still, it's a step in the right direction, to hold hands as a nation and put a racist soccer mom in her place. John Lennon would be proud.

For those not in the know, Oakland resident Jennifer Schulte is a middle-aged white woman (and a liberal university graduate) who, while visiting Lake Merritt, parked her car between a passed-out junkie and a stray dog, walked past piles of heroin needles, abandoned buildings being used to house raves where teenagers snort molly, empty shell casings and heaping mounds of trash, only to report a group of people who were barbecuing in the park...because, in her words, "coal barbeque grills are a safety hazard to the community."

If you can guess the racial makeup of the people she called the cops on, give yourself a cookie.

So, new week, new racist bullshit, right? Well, not quite—as opposed to most racially charged news headlines (police shootings, reports of discrimination in department stores, etc.), there was absolutely zero disagreement among the extremes. Everyone—from Trump supporters to radical feminists—came together in our *Imagine* moment to hold hands, as one, while laughing in the face of bored, racist white ladies everywhere. It's been heartwarming, to see both *Feminist Frequency* and *Infowars* take the same stance on anything, let alone annoying white ladies who want nothing more than to call the cops on anyone and anything. As a cherry on the top of the sundae, the cop who arrived at the scene was equally appalled at Schulte's waste of police resources. And, as a cherry on top



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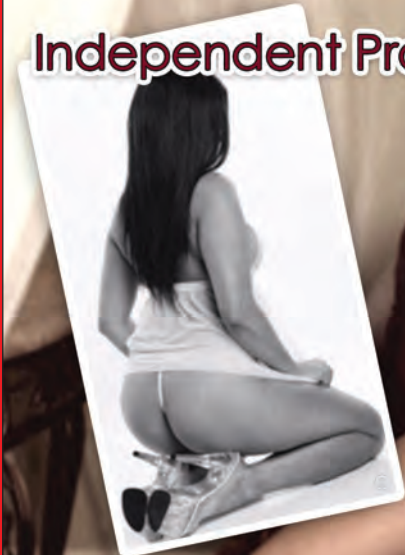
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# Five Things Bands Need To Stop Doing

(Because You're Making The Rest Of Us Look Bad) By Blazer Sparrow



## SHOWING UP LATE TO LOAD-IN

I get it. Traffic. You couldn't get off work early. The bass player had trouble putting his foil-wrapped cucumber in his pants... what have you. We all have excuses. But, seriously, what the fuck? The average load-in time at small venues in Portland is 7:00pm, which is after rush hour. This city is not that big. Gresham to Beaverton is an hour-long drive in rush hour. Touring bands can legitimately get into some trouble, especially if their tour manager is an idiot and they're driving here directly from Phoenix or Boise. But, if you're a Portland (or Vancouver, WA) band, what is your fucking excuse? You got the email and you know what time load-in is. If the touring band from New York or Austin is here before you, you're fucking up hard. Stop.

## AGAIN...SHOWING UP LATE TO LOAD-IN

Like, I need to reiterate this, because it's something that I come across all too often. This isn't a job or school that you don't want to be at (sorry business owners and teachers). This is something we decided to do, because we didn't want to go to school or get a job. Why the fuck are you late?! Don't you like playing music? Isn't this the highlight of your day (or, month, if you're a Portland band and you don't tour, because you realize you make more money bartending or stripping, than you ever could playing music, so why take all that time off of work, to go on a west coast tour that nets negative dollars)? But, I digress. Come on, peeps—show up when you're asked to do so, so the venue doesn't become jaded towards musicians and begin to treat the rest of us like the piece of shit you are.

## TRYING TO GET BOOZE WHEN YOU'RE UNDERAGE (OR, TRYING TO GET YOUR UNDERAGE GIRLFRIEND INTO THE SHOW)

This is another thing I didn't think would

be a necessary thing to ask. But, I've come across it too often not to mention. Yo...the legal drinking age should be lowered to the same age you can vote and get killed for serving your country—I agree. But, currently, it is not—and, the OLCC puts the Gestapo to shame. These venues no longer allow bands who are under 21 to play, because assholes like you try to get the bartender to pour you Jäger bombs cause you're in the band, have a beard and want to be cool. I fully advocate for underage bands to play bars, since playing house parties and your auntie's birthday can only get you so far. But, the reason all-ages shows are rare in Portland, is because you pull shit like this.

Also, stop putting your 17-year-old girlfriend on the guest list. This is a bar. She

You don't need more vocal in the monitor. You don't need less of the lead guitarist, who insists on being jet-engine volume. When you're opening for Queens Of The Stone Age at Moda Center, you'll get to do a meticulous sound check. But, right now, you're at Ash St. Saloon (sorry, too soon) and no one cares about the balance of drums, bass, guitar and vocals. Maybe you could have had a longer sound check, if you showed up to load-in on time.

## THROWING A HISSY FIT ABOUT THE LINEUP

I get it. No one wants to play last. No one wants to play first. We all want that magical second or third slot, but until we're actually getting a paycheck and open-



can't come to the show. This side note applies mostly to males in what I call "accessible rock bands," who often hang at high schools, to impress girls with the fact that they're in the band (because women their age are all the wiser). Either way, she's underage—stop arguing with the bouncer about why she should be able to get in.

## TAKING A DECADE AND A HALF TO DO YOUR SOUND CHECK

If you had a harp, a viola, a trombone and a steel drum, I'd understand. But, more often than not, you are a rock band (pretending you're not a rock band) with drums, bass, guitar and some vocals. It's a time-tested mix, that most sound guys know how to balance. You're not special.

ing for national touring acts playing The Crystal or Roseland, why the pettiness? Are we really arguing for the five extra people who might show up for that magical middle slot? Calm the fuck down—give the touring bands the middle slots and sort out the rest of the bill based on work schedules and back-lining logistics. I agree that playing at one in the morning sucks. But, one of us has to do it, so let's just draw straws and get it over with. Point being, don't make a big deal out of it—especially in Portland, where we're literally fighting over table scraps of an audience that will probably leave when they see the bands have a shouting match in the parking lot over who gets to play second, because they have five more followers on Instagram.



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in my face, get a restraining order, call the cops, have their boyfriend assault me, have their girlfriends assault me, spit on me, catch me on camera or write a scathing blog about me...but, oh, that 0.0000731101 percent!"

Incredible! If this unemployed sociopath doesn't move you to approaching that friend or co-worker you've had a crush on for years, we don't know what will! Share with someone that you think could use a shot of self-esteem in the arm.

### Emotional Volcano Erupts At Local Cafe, Dozens Entertained

### Inspiring! This Aggressive Cat-Caller Has Less Than Fifty Dollars To His Name

What if you had the courage to talk to any girl in the world? Impossible, right?! Not for this guy!



Meet Tan Freegle, the world's most confident man. He literally has nothing to offer the ladies he hits on, but that never stops him! No woman is too beautiful, too rich, too taken, too gay or too disinterested for his advances. Wow! What an inspiration! The truly amazing part? It sometimes WORKS!

"It's a numbers game," says Freegle. "I might tell thirteen thousand, six hundred and seventy-eight women that I wouldn't be frowning with an ass like that, and thirteen thousand, six hundred and seventy-seven women might say no, tell me to fuck off, mace me, assault me, have their husbands assault me, have their wives assault me, hit me with their purse, throw boiling hot tea



Chaos, shock and delight tore a coffee shop asunder today, after a local couple was overheard passionately arguing about infidelity, and after a few explosive moments, had broken up—leaving in their wake a slew of gossip, social media threads and pleasant conversation, shared by the dozens of patrons and onlookers, who happened to be fortunate enough to witness this natural phenomena for themselves.

At approximately 9:43am, the usually dormant duo of Chad Drangus, 32, and Wendy Potrick, 28, started spewing accusations wildly at each other, until they were in the midst of a fully formed, public break-up. Innocent bystanders dove for their phones, covered their kids' ears and held back laughter with all their might, until the episode had ran its course and both participants rapidly exited—presumably, to never return again.

Eyewitness and barista at Andy Cappuccino, Zoe Evans, 19, acted quick. "There was no time to think. It all happened so fast. By the time it was over, I had gained over one thousand followers on Twitter, just by live-tweet-

ing this hilarious tragedy. The whole thing went viral. It was scorching hot and it spread quick."

"I was lucky to get out alive...I almost died laughing," stated regular customer and police officer, Dale Mirphee, 45.

At time of print, it was disclosed that Andy Cappuccino will remain open during regular business hours, though management has asked for patience and understanding, when waiting to place an order—as gossip takes precedence, after such a serendipitous act of nature.



### Real Estate: More And More Women Investing In "Fixer-Upper" Boyfriends

Noting the rapid decline of decent, available men willing to be in a monogamous relationship, straight, single women everywhere have been lowering their standards and pricing mid-range partners, whom they can trade in at a later date for more expensive models, after making a few simple personality and style adjustments.

"You'd be amazed at what you can get out of a man, if you put a little work in," stated 29-year-old dental assistant, Carol Weathers. "In no time, I got him down to drinking just once a week and he only wears shorts around the house now. I've even got him believing in himself, to the point of looking for a job! I figure, after a few more months, I'll get him to stop watching porn and he'll have appreciated as much as he can. Then, I can put him on the market for a decent profit."

This shrewd move has been very beneficial to the dating pool, as it helps to regulate the supply and demand of eligible bachelors (though, typically, these trends favor the upper class). Undersold men are lamenting this rapid gentrification, as it raises the stakes of casual relationships. Yet, most have reported being too content and lazy from all the sex and free meals to do any kind of self-reflection. Many of the savvier ones will rent out room in their heart for a second owner, as a backup relationship, for when they will eventually have to refinance themselves.



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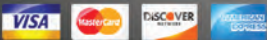
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