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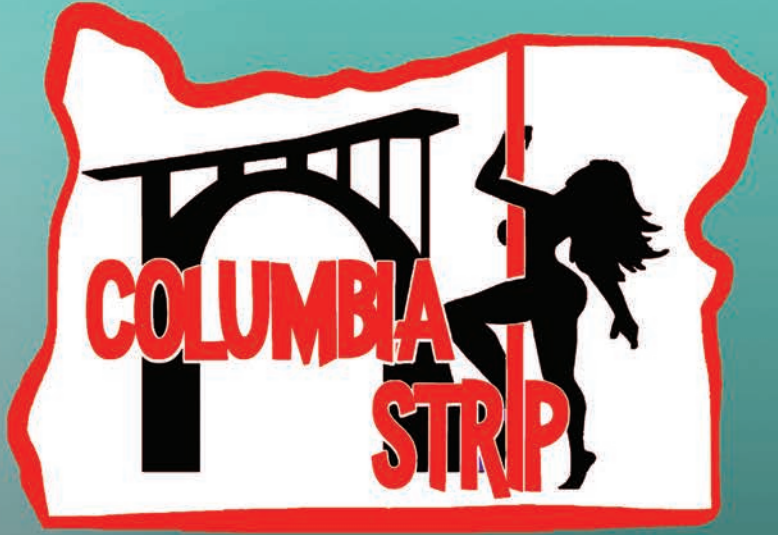


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by Blazer Sparrow

I'm sure you think you're a good friend and proud American, when you pull those three sweaty pocket dollars out of your unwashed jeans, before picking the lint and Jolly Ranchers off the crumpled bills and handing them to the surly, tatted-up door guy. I bet you're just patting yourself on the back, knowing you've helped your mostly unemployed friends, by putting money directly in their band fund, helping them on their way to making a below-poverty-line living as a "professional" musician. You think those hard-earned dollars of yours are going straight to the talent, right?

Wrong!

You are being swindled, friend!!! Big Local Music is sucking you dry with inflated prices, NONE of which are actually going to your girlfriend's brother's shitty punk band (that does mostly Exploited covers, thinking no one will notice). Behold, this handy pie chart, to give you an actual idea of where your three Sour-Patch-Kids-dust-covered dollars are *actually* going.

\$2.15 – Get ready for a shocking revelation. Most of the money you're giving to the door guy (to give to the band) is staying right in the door guy's pocket! Since, more often than not, the bar (*cough* venue) doesn't really have a budget to pay a guy to watch the door (and, thus a budget to, ya know, have shows), they use door money to compensate the sur-

ly, tatted-up, ex-biker for his valuable time.

\$0.65 – Whatever pittance is left of the measly door fund goes to the guy behind the soundboard, who is pretending to check levels for the shitty punk band. Again, the only actual paid staff of this so-called venue are the ones serving booze and making food. Some higher-end bars (*cough* venues) will set aside a small stipend for the person who books the shows (but, doesn't attend them). On the other hand, the sound guy's job of leaving the board to smoke cigarettes outside is less difficult than checking I.D., so they get a smaller cut of the door takings.



\$0.10 – This is kept seriously on the down low, but the venue has gotta keep the lights on somehow. A good ten cents of those three dollars you so generously gave up is going straight into the bar owner's pocket—to cover the "extra labor and stress" of putting on this shitty punk show. Don't act surprised—business is business and when business is all cash, some is always going to be skimmed off the top.

\$0.06 – Musicians gotta pay their dues and bar owners gotta pay theirs to the mob. Do you think this fun community rock show just happens in a vacuum? You think your younger sibling's Strokes ripoff act can just throw their little recital at a local watering hole and not upset the deli-

cate balance of capitalism?! You fool! I don't mean to shatter your innocence, but the only reason the cops aren't coming around and putting you up against the wall after planting a little bag of cocaine in your pissed jeans is because the bar owner pays his "protection" fees.

\$0.04 – And, here it is, the actual amount that goes to the snot-nosed kids on stage. Only four measly cents of those three dollars is actually going to the band. Keep in mind, that little sliver of the pie is also being split amongst however many bands are playing that night! Just let that sink in, dear victim.

There you have it. Sorry to burst your bubble, but you're not supporting the local music scene at all! You are supporting dirty capitalism and the mob—so, rebel!!! Say you are a photographer. Say you are on the guestlist. Tell the door guy you are just going to the bathroom. Or, just scoff at such a ridiculous asking price for a night of live music and parade on through like you own the place. The only way this broken system can be fixed is if we tear it down and start over. Be a true American hero and hold on to those three sweaty pocket dollars—because, they belong to you, not the man! Your broke musician friends will thank you in no time.

And, if they interrogate you on why you weaseled your way into the show for free when they see you spending upwards of forty dollars on drinks at the bar, just tell them you are helping them in the long run, by tearing down this facade of trickle-down economics. Then tell them not to vote or pay taxes either, because elections are rigged and taxes are theft. Finally, pat yourself on the back for being awesome. You sure showed the system tonight, by not paying that door guy three hundred pennies.

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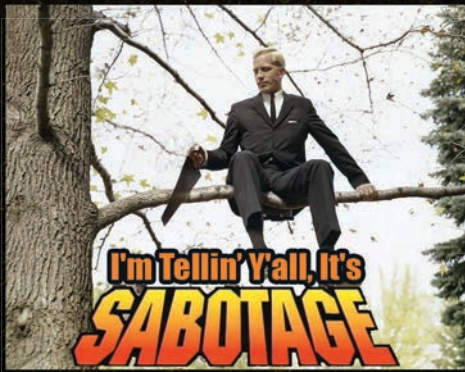
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BY DISCOUNTTHERAPIST

I am self-destructive and self-sabotaging. I sometimes just won't do things, because I'm afraid of failure. The thing is, I know exactly why I'm like this—I know all the reasons, but it just doesn't help me get over these feelings. Sometimes, I just quit before I begin. I think I need someone to push me, challenge me and force me to commit. I know that person should be me, but I just can't do it. The self-sabotage is a killer, because I will always find a way to justify putting things off, even when a critical deadline approaches. I've made some improvements—I no longer have a panic attack at the thought of having to pick up the phone to talk to someone, but that doesn't mean I like talking to people...I don't even go out...I hate crowds and interacting. So, any advice?

Dear Sabotoge,

Oh, how I can relate to what you have written. I have been doing the same since I was very young. I pay for health insurance, yet don't go to the doctor. I pay for a gym membership and go through long periods of not going there, either, even though it's good for me. I deprive myself of sleep, feeding myself well and hydrating. I live in a shit hole, even though I could maybe afford better. Why am I like this? After years of therapy, I'm still not sure. That means the answer won't be easy for you, either.

I also wanted someone to push me. I very actively sought out a partner who is more successful, more put together and more intelligent than me. He sees right through all my bullshit and calls me out on it. I thought that's what I needed, but I've found myself hiding

things and self-sabotaging even more. Also, resenting him, even though he's just trying to help. His advice is really thoughtful and appropriate, still I don't act. Why? I cannot explain why our brains do this to ourselves. I've come to understand that this particular behavior is a feature of anxiety and depression. More acutely, it's a form of body dysmorphia. The illness where you look in the mirror and don't see what others do. The one where you think you are hideous. You look in the mirror and see things that aren't there. It's a mild offshoot of that. Where you think you don't deserve things. You punish yourself, in essence—depriving yourself of things you know others need. You won't give them to yourself. The brain is complex. We don't know why these defects occur. The only thing we know is that most brains are depressingly similar. These problems occur so often, with so many people—it's sad how alike we all are as humans—but, can't seem to find a way to unite. Bottom line, you are not unusual and this is a common problem. I'm sure this is of little comfort.

How do we work on this? The bad news is that working on yourself and going against your natural instincts is very hard work. Harder than you'll imagine. We are creatures of habit, and once you form one, it is incredibly hard to break. If you truly want change for yourself, you need to be willing to work—*hard*—and be uncomfortable. You also have to look hard at yourself, which is the thing you've neglected the most. It won't be fun. You'll have to break your rut. You have to really want it, though. You need to be able to look yourself in the mirror and honestly say you can't live like this anymore. You may not be there yet. You may never be there and that's okay. I'm going to list some things you can consider actively changing, starting now—some are simple, some more involved. It's up to you, to decide what is realistic for you and your life.

* Look at your life and pick just one thing that you wish you can change. Something others seem to have a handle on, but you just can't seem to do.

Doing laundry regularly, flossing, vacuuming once a week...whatever it is. Pick just *one* thing and commit to doing it. Prove to yourself that you can set a goal and achieve it. It goes so far. If you end up not being consistent, try again. Keep trying until you succeed. Change is a long game. The reason why New Year's resolutions don't work is because you can't change five things all at once, when change is hard. You're not going to sign up for skydiving lessons tomorrow to battle your fear of heights. Start with just the one little thing. When you continue to do it consistently, enjoy how much easier your day-to-day is because of it. The next thing will be much easier.

* You don't have to love yourself right now. You can try to inject some positivity in your life. When things around you are good, it's probably because you're a good person. Sometimes, it's good to recognize that. This may sound like some hippie-dippy shit. Trust me, I'm the most cynical person in the world, when it comes to that. I was challenged in therapy to wake up every day and take a minute to list things in my head that are going well. It can be as basic as "I HAVE A JOB, I HAVE A PARTNER WHO LOVES ME (WHO ALSO ISN'T PERFECT), I'M ABLE TO PAY RENT..." It sounds stupid, but self-love comes from its foundation. You wouldn't have those things, if you weren't a great person who has things to offer.

* Force yourself to do something selfish, even if you believe it's undeserving. Lock yourself in a room and play that favorite record, undisturbed. Have a *you* day. Buy yourself a nice pair of shoes and enjoy how much more comfortable you are. You won't believe it at first, but being nice to yourself is more worth it than anything. You only get this one life, and at the end of it, you'll face it alone. You are your best friend. Treat yourself as such.

* Therapy always helps anyone, no matter the problem. If you can afford it, go. I know when you're not taking care of yourself, it's hard to invest in this kind

of service, but it can help. Insight, perspective

and understanding—it's more valuable than gold. If you can't afford it, that's okay too. There are other ways to gain inner perspective.

At least you are recognizing the need for change by reaching out. That's well more than half the battle.

Analyzing Fun

Why do they call the little candy bars "fun sizes"? Wouldn't it be more fun to eat a big one?

Dear Candy Conundrum,

I fully agree with you, that a smaller piece of candy may not be as fun as a full-sized one. Let's get that out of the way. Few, if offered, would select the smaller version. The name "fun sized" is not going to ever go away, however, as it is trademarked. Since we won't stop seeing it, let's try to point out some things that *are* fun about them.

1. A 2014 article in *The Huffington Post* pointed out that, sometimes, the ratio of chocolate-to-various-fillings is better in the miniature form. This article asks you to consider this, especially in the case of the Crunch Bar, Mounds and Butterfinger bars. The article also points out that certain bars lose their magic when shrunk down—such as Twizzlers and the Snickers bar—for the same ratio reason. The article doesn't mention it, but I will absolutely mow down a handful of mini Mr. Goodbar. It's so much better in mini form—probably because the peanuts can't be mini for the fun size and they can't get any bigger for the full size. It just *works*. We also have to consider freshness. Mini bars usually only occur around Halloween. A full-sized Crunch or Mr. Goodbar may sit on the shelves for eons, by the time they are purchased. No one likes when the chocolate is old and gets all white and weird.

2. Variety! When you buy a bag of fun-sized candy bars, rather than eating one

really big thing of all the same stuff, you can eat a lot of different stuff (well, not a *lot*, but still...). Based on ounces and calories, four or five fun-sized bars equals one full-sized bar. This will depend on the individual bars, of course, but you get the idea. I would much rather eat four or five different candy bars. That's just my personal preference. There's not one candy bar that I feel is so perfect, that only that one will do. I'm sure the fact that I rarely eat candy plays a factor into this opinion. If I'm going to do it, I want to taste it all.

3. Guilt. Perhaps someone is struggling with weight issues, health issues or even just trying to cut out empty calories. When the craving strikes, a tiny chocolate is a hell of a lot better than scarfing a pint of ice cream. That little taste in those instances *is* fun.

4. People like tiny foods. Think of the mini muffin, baby carrot, cupcake, bagel bite and sliders. Why? Maybe people feel like they aren't eating as much, or maybe it's that they're somehow getting more, because there are multiple things on the plate? Easier to eat? Fun for tiny child hands? Who knows? If you've ever seen how baby carrots are made, you'll know that the fixation with tiny foods is real, because that particularly laborious process exists and somehow the demand makes it worth it.

5. Baking needs. Have you ever had a cake or cupcake that had forgone the need for common sprinkles and cherries, then topped that shit off with mini candy bars? For no reason other than that, they have a right to exist (and, yes, that does indeed make them fun). Of course, we can focus on the negatives: cost versus size, amount of trash produced from all the little wrappers and outer packaging, ease of meltability and year-round availability. These are valid. I'd like to point out that candy was never made to sustain anyone. It was solely made because it tastes good. Candy was made for fun, therefore candy of any size is, indeed, fun.





REEFER-ATIONS

GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED GOLD SATIVA AWESOME

My uncle's friend spent twenty years in prison (not jail) for a joint.

Currently, there are people still sitting in prisons, in southern states (like Alabama or Idaho), for shitty, seedy pot that probably didn't get them high in the first place. And, even in our weed-legal state of Oregon, it's technically a jail-able offense to give medical-only consumables to non-medical (also known as "recreational") cannabis users. Weed isn't "legal," any more than the market is "free." Yes, people are trading cannabis shares on the stock exchange, but as far as the teens who got pulled over on suspicion for being black in Utah (who are now doing time for a few grams of hash oil), well...never mind them, right? In fact, bringing race into things actually works here—because, what is happening to cannabis is the same thing that happened to gangster rap. Years ago, N.W.A. was jailed for performing "Fuck Tha Police," but these days, you can get cute, pink, Ice Cube babydoll tank tops, complete with "Fuck Tha Police" in beautiful, white girl Snapchat fonts.

To put it bluntly (sorry), cannabis legalization has shed light on the elephant in the room... that being a class war, in which those on the bottom are rotting in prison for the same thing that those on the top are becoming millionaires doing.

Down in Humboldt County—weed capitol of the world—a rapper named Garth Cultivator has discovered that it's actually cheaper and more cost-and-time-effective to grow and sell pot illegally, than it is to obtain all the necessary licensing and fees required to start a "legal grow." Basically, if you sell a few ounces—in front of a cop—you're not going to end up with anything more than a ticket or a few weeks in jail, tops. But, if you apply for a legal grow license, good luck raising the \$100,000 or so that it takes to be on the up-and-up in the eyes of the law. Otherwise, you're going into the clink for all sorts of shit, from tax evasion to illegal processing of (whatever legal terminology they're using these days to make pot sound like pharmaceutical-grade opiates). Cultivator has taken to social media (and the recording studio) with the #BlackMarketsMatter

hashtag, and while it may seem like just a fun play on words, it's actually turning into a legitimate cause—generations of weed growers—many of whom are actually indigenous to the land on which they're growing—are finding it impossible to be compliant with the new cannabis regulations. "But, it's just a plant, why is it illegal?" is a valid argument, but then again, hops is just a plant and good luck opening a bar without paying out the ass in fees and liability.

Meanwhile, eight hours in any direction of Humboldt County, CA (San Francisco, Portland, Vegas, etc.), huge companies are holding cannabis conventions, advertising their ultra-supreme, vegan, organic, disposable and extremely expensive dab pens on billboards. Remember when dispensaries were basically trap houses with a decent lock on the front door and a clean counter top? Not anymore—we're talking Nordstrom, minus the clothes, add fifty jars of connoisseur cannabis (don't call it "weed," you uncultured swine) and a sign that says "We Take Visa, Mastercard And Tax Returns." And, if you can't catch a Lyft to Green Holistic Designer Remedy Solutions, just order an ounce from their website and get it delivered to your front door.

Twenty years for a joint, kids.

Discussions have come up regarding "reparations" for those imprisoned for cannabis crimes, which would basically involve the dismissal of charges and possible repayment of fines. But, even that has seemed to either turn into a useless debate ("what about *insert any group that is also being fucked over by the system here, and, no, I'm not talking slaves, but more like white chicks who feel underpaid at their office jobs?*") or gone completely ignored. For some reason, if two monks in the middle of Tibet are arrested for not wearing shoes or whatever, it makes the front page of CNN's website. Yet, if you're reading this, you're no farther away than 500 miles from an institution that is currently housing weed felons—many of whom have never even seen more than an ounce of pot, let alone bought one after they saw a sign-waver spin a display board that reads "\$42 OUNCES NEXT RIGHT."

Why is it, that once something becomes legal/accepted/tolerated/etc., society just soaks up the benefits and ignores those who still suffer the consequences of the previously established shitty laws/attitudes/morals/etc., as if consumer cannabis makes up for everyone living in a cell, simply because they sold a dime bag or hit a blunt in front of an undercover officer at a concert? The un-addressed issues surrounding cannabis legalization mirror those of the LGBT struggle, particularly the corporate takeover of Pride. Anyone with half a heart and a basic knowledge of predatory capitalism understands that the tire store isn't waving a rainbow flag during June because they want their gay mechanic to feel accepted (and, he's still in the closet, by the way, thanks to the jokes that the guys at the counter make), but, rather, they're doing it because they want that sweet, sweet rainbow money. Is it cool that acceptance is becoming mainstream? Sure. But, to the upper class, it's about accepting someone's credit card, not orientation—especially when same-sex couples are statistically less likely to have children and, thus, their disposable income is taken from them via companies who pander to their struggle. Same shit with weed. If your "top shelf consumer cannabis products" come complete with bar codes and cute logos, but you don't donate to legal funds designed to assist cannabis criminals, then you're just as bad as the "Sleazy Rick's Payday Loans Are Now Gayday Loans For June!" advertisement.

I have neither the skill, nor the sobriety, needed to find *legitimate* services that help funnel cannabis money into good charities, so do me a favor and do your own research. But, the research that I was able to do, regarding where Oregon's weed tax dollars are going, resulted in me learning that the majority of tax revenue generated by Oregon sales went to...drumroll, please...cops and schools. Shout out to anyone still sitting in jail for selling an eighth in a school zone.

But, hey, did you know that you can get CBD ice cream delivered to your gated community?

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July means two things, here at the office. First, it's *Exotic's* birthday! We're celebrating our 26th anniversary, so be sure to drink some champagne and eat cake off of a naked person in celebration. Secondly, welcome to the hottest month of the year! Well, perhaps it's cold and shitty outside in Oregon, but we've got multiple articles about Satan and a fire breathing dragon on the cover, so the heat is on. Before we go into the big news, here's a few small updates on local club news. First off, we've got a brand new club in town (well, new ownership and remodel, anyway), Club Oasis at 15826 SE Division ST—it opens mid-month, so keep your eyes peeled. Next up, Stars Cabaret (all locations) is running a contest in which one lucky customer will win a Tesla! Come for a drink, stay for the dancers and perhaps win a car. On Thursdays, Columbia Strip will be starting up their stripper karaoke night, so be sure to roll out that way and sing a song to swoon a stripper or two. Lastly, all month long, Club 205 will be hosting a virtual party—follow @Club205PDX on all social media to find out more about that. Now, on to the big items...

Congratulations To Polerotica 2019 Champion, Devin Divine

While I cannot stress how talented every finalist for *Polerotica* was, the winner brought just enough heat to put herself above the rest of the best, with an impressive performance and a super entertaining theme. The dragon slayed, to put it simply. Devin Divine from Kit Kat Club, from what I know, has yet to win one of our contests, so if you see her out and about on the club scene, be sure to give her props. Also, runners-up Maria Knox and Violet deserve a mention, as well, because the scores were so close that it was almost a tie—big ups to the producers for making the voting system more based on scores (as opposed to factors such as beads),

making *Polerotica* even more competitive and entertaining than ever.

Do you want to compete for a chance to land the cover of our magazine? Keep your eyes peeled for Ink 'n' Pink, happening all summer long (see the calendar on the page to your right for dates). Of note, the girl on the cover this month is Alice, from The Venue Gentlemen's Club. Devin Divine was unable to do the shoot, due to unrelated and unexpected circumstances (usually, the winner jumps on the cover and into the centerfold of *Exotic*).

The Vag Pag Takes Over Portland For July

Up here in the Pacific Northwest, we're bouncing from one big event to the next. With the Exxxotica Expo having just wrapped up its first Portland weekend and *Exotic* finishing up two months of *Polerotica*, it would seem that we've exhausted ourselves with competitive nudity and exhibition. But, everyone in this town knows the truth—we really can't get enough of anything even remotely related to "adult entertainment." So, we're not stopping for a breath before heading into July.

What, you ask, is the only event that could follow up hundreds of porn stars and months of pole competition? Well, the *Vagina Beauty Pageant*, of course. In fact, it's entering its tenth year, with host and creator DJ Dick Hennessy having upgraded the festival (and the famous Vaginamobile) to its maximum awesomeness, over the course of the last decade. The pageant has seen two U.S. Presidents, awarded nearly a dozen women with ample money to go to Burning Man and crowned enough vaginas to produce a small village. The host, Dick Hennessy, also spends the rest of non-*Vagina-Pageant*-months putting on event after event, each of which has its own unique theme, rang-

ing from haunted houses to pirate-themed booty shaking competitions.

Back to vagina. For familiar with Oregon law, you know that we allow complete nudity on stage, even with alcohol in the building (but, really, please don't move here...there's no more room). While some clubs "encourage" full nudity, there is still a vibe of tease, flashing and/or suggestion, when it comes to below-the-belt showgirlship. We really don't have a lot of clubs in which the dancer is as up front with her downstairs as she is with the rest of her body (and, not everyone frequents the places that prove to be the exception to the rule). But, the *Vagina Beauty Pageant* takes the stigma of the va-jay-jay away, putting it on display and celebrating it like a work of art. It is very "classy," as in, it's the kind of vagina event that you could bring the whole family to, if your family was of legal age. Plus, for a guy named "Dick Hennessy," the host is a pretty classy dude and the contestants all seem to enjoy the multiple rounds leading up to (and including) the finals.

Previous *Vag Pag* winners have all gone on to do great things, but the real focus of the *Vag Pag* is on the customers and the experience of being able to say "Yeah, I visited Portland...bought Doughnuts, saw the coast...met the winner of the *Vagina Beauty Pageant*, ya know, the usual." It will make for a better road trip than any other destination north of California.

For more information, check out *VaginaPageant.com*. To read our own interview with founder and head-Dick-in-charge, check out last month's *Exotic* at Xmag.com.

Speaking Of Pageants, Cover Shoots, Rumors & Myths

I get approached all the time, by folks asking me about how to get on the



eroticcity spotlight

cover of *Exotic*. I tell everyone the same thing—the truth. But, the truth doesn't circulate as far as rumors, so I'm spelling everything out here...

In order to land a cover shoot, you have to either win one of the contests *Exotic* puts on (*Miss Exotic Oregon*, *Polerotica* and *Ink 'n' Pink*) or work for a club whose turn it is to be on the cover, making sure that the owner and/or manager wants you to be their model for the shoot. That. Is. The. Only. Way. Unless you're Masumi Max, in which case we will make an exception.

Being a semi-public face to the magazine in certain contexts, people think that I'm the person who puts this magazine together—this is only true when it comes to writing certain articles and proofreading the rest of them. I have nothing to do with layout skills, ad production or anything that actually requires talent—trust me. The ninjas responsible for getting these magazines to your favorite strip club or head shop work around the clock to make sure you have a fresh copy by the first of the month, folks like Hypnox or London spend thousands on camera lenses to make the photography happen and the *only* sway I have, when it comes to putting your face on the cover of our magazine, is that I'm able to decide what text goes next to it.

Basically, I'm trying to let folks know that if you have a column idea, feedback on our articles or want to contribute in the editorial department, I'm the guy to talk to. Otherwise, emailing Ray@Xmag.com with a pitch about how much it would mean if I could feature your Instagram in our magazine isn't going to do much. But, you *can* become a super-famous and well-respected model by either competing in one of our contests or getting in good with a club that has a cover shoot coming up. And, yes, we're always looking for great writers.

Good luck and may God guide you in your quest.

**FRI 5 - THE WHISKEY CLUB
VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 1**

SAT 6 - XPOSE - VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 2

SUN 7 - DANTE'S - SINFERNO W/ HOST RAY MCMILLIN

**FRI 12 - SCARLET LOUNGE
VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 3**

**SAT 13 - GUILTY PLEASURES
VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 4**

SAT 13 - REVEAL LOUNGE - SUMMER SOCIAL

SUN 14 - DANTE'S - SINFERNO W/ HOST AARON ROSS

**WED 17 - SUN 21 - VARIOUS VENUES
PORTLAND QUEER COMEDY FESTIVAL**

**THU 18 - CLUB SINROCK
INK 'N' PINK PRELIM ROUND 1**

**FRI 19 - THE VENUE
VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 5**

**SAT 20 - DREAM ON SALOON
24-YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY**

**SAT 20 - STARS CABARET (SALEM)
VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 6**

SUN 21 - DANTE'S - SINFERNO W/ HOST RAY MCMILLIN

**THU 25 - CLUB SINROCK
VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT FINALS**

**FRI 26 - ROSE CITY STRIP
INK 'N' PINK PRELIM ROUND 2**

FRI 26 - TOMMY'S TOO - DAISY DUKE CONTEST

**SAT 27 - PLATINUM CLUB
PD X ADULT AWARDS & SWING PARTY**

SUN 28 - DANTE'S - SINFERNO W/ HOST JON DUTCH



Devin Divine
Kit Kat Club
1st Place



Chyna
Xpense



Julie
Riverside Corral

polerotica

PRESENTED BY *EXOTIC* 2019
HOSTED BY DJ DICK HENNESSY

FINALS

PHOTOS BY
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PHOTOGRAPHY



Klover
Stars Cabaret (Salem)



Allison
Spyce



Maria Knox
2nd Place

Aphrodite
Stars Cabaret (Salem)



Envy
Cabaret



Kit Kat
The Venue



Vella
The Venue



Dakota
Guilty Pleasures



Mary Jane
Scarfot Loungo



Sin
Club SinRock



My
Stars Cabaret (Salem)



Violet
Guilty Pleasures
3rd Place



Zelda
Rose City Strip



Alice
Wanderlust
Mary's Club



Hail Satan? Illuminates The Satanic Temple's Legitimacy And Humanity

By Jaime Dunkle

Hail Satan? (2019) reversed my erroneous misconceptions about The Satanic Temple.

The film reveals The Satanic Temple isn't the joke news and commentary portrays. Director Penny Lane (*Nuts, Our Nixon*) exhibits the politicized religious organization through a lens of genuine inquiry that the mainstream media failed to encapsulate. In the beginning, the documentary paints the newly government-officiated religion as a mere gag, that started with an actor. Then, the group transforms quickly into a growing humanitarian movement. Membership went from 50 people in 2013 to around 50,000 in 2019, according to the film. The IRS granted tax-exempt status to The Satanic Temple on April 25, 2019, so dispelling its legitimacy in the future will be tough for naysayers.

"This acknowledgment will help make sure The Satanic Temple has the same access to public spaces as other religious organizations, affirm our standing in court when battling religious discrimination and allow us to apply for faith-based government grants," states The Satanic Temple's website.

They deserve a venue, freedom and funding, because The Satanic Temple holds what was missing from all the initiatic occult groups I joined between the ages of 16 and 26: tangible community action. Collective activism, on a local and national level, is conveyed in the film, when members of The Satanic Temple clean up beaches, protest policymakers and crash anti-abortion protests in grotesque baby-head costumes. Even though I read arti-

cles about The Satanic Temple online, I didn't know the scope of advocacy involved, until I watched *Hail Satan?* Such direct action adds a concise, collective purpose that was missing from The Temple Of Psychick Youth and the Ordo Templi Orientis—and other groups I avoided, such as the Church Of Satan.

I didn't have a good first impression before watching the documentary. I scoffed at The Satanic Temple's approach to Satanism that somehow reminded me of cornball Marilyn Manson fans in the '90s—an era that played out shock for shock sake. I realized how gravely mistaken I was, after watching the movie.

The Satanic Temple seems to be on an ironically righteous path, but it's still a relatively new organization. The first campaign was a rally for Rick Scott at the Florida Capitol in Tallahassee, after Bill SB-96, which permits student prayer in schools, was enacted on January 25, 2013. Footage of the rally, and commentary on it, is in the documentary. The seven tenets are also unpacked in the film's interviews. They coalesce in an inarguable finale: "Every tenet is a guiding principle designed to inspire nobility in action and thought. The spirit of compassion, wisdom, and justice should always prevail over the written or spoken word."

My introduction to The Satanic Temple was from the reports on a life-size statue of Eliphas Levi's Baphomet—with Iggy Pop's abs, as unveiled in *Hail Satan?*—cruising the State Capitol in Little Rock, Arkansas, in protest of

a 10 Commandments Monument on State Capitol grounds. As a lifelong occultist, I was taken aback, because I never thought the word "Baphomet" would be added to the mainstream lexicon. I want to personally thank The Satanic Temple for that milestone. The Satanic Temple also humanizes Satanists. Since I formerly identified as a Satanist, I think their work is a necessary way to heal the ongoing Satanic panic that damages lives and brainwashes feeble minds.

Satanists of this credo appear more wholesome than their right-wing, Christian-opposers. The Temple is nonviolent and advocates for human rights. Its philosophy promulgates compassion, science, depoliticizing religion and exposing hypocrisy. In *Hail Satan?*, goodwill, benevolence, open-mindedness and free expression were also cited as some main elements of The Satanic Temple's values. That's a far cry from the propagated messaging of diabolical mayhem, probably meant to suppress personal freedom, so the patriarchal moral-majority can continue to usurp control.

My favorite quote in the film, from Lucien Greaves (who co-founded The Satanic Temple), says it best:

"It's a great day to be a Satanist."

Indeed, it is—so much that I miss being one.

The following Q-and-A with Lucien Greaves was truncated for brevity. I found him to be just as eloquent, sophisticated and humorous as he was in the film. Read on, to make

your own assessment.

After I saw the movie, I realized I was fed a lot of misinformation via mainstream media. There's a lot of that going around. We always knew we were in it for the long haul. It would take a long time before things would be vindicated. We have to get through the layers and layers of Satanic panic misinformation, before we get to the point where concerned organizations or individuals stop misrepresenting what it is we're actually doing.

Jaime: The Satanic Temple has a very clear message—something that was missing from any organization I was involved in over a decade ago. You all have an actual agenda.

Lucien: The film didn't get into it very deeply. It just had a couple of us talking about the damage that Satanic panic had done. If you're more interested in the ways that we fight back against the current and ongoing Satanic panic, check out our site, *GreyFaction.org*. It's a separate subsection of The Satanic Temple that deals with these issues, specifically. The focus there is against the licensed mental health professionals who still use discredited tactics—which were used to draw forth memories of Satanic ritual abuse during the Satanic panic. A lot of them are still doing exactly as they did before—still treating multiple personality disorder, which is known as dissociative identity disorder, in this way in which they start with the assumption that there's some kind of repressed, extreme trauma. A therapist who believes in Satanic ritual abuse and the Satanic cult conspiracy always tends to draw forth these memories of Satanic roots or inter-generational Satanism within somebody's household, as being the root cause of whatever psychiatric malaise they're suffering. It's the same discredited cast of characters that you see sitting in Geraldo Rivera's studio, talking about these things, still in practice, doing these things now. They just don't bring it out publicly, and they don't try to make a media spectacle of it. And, for the most part, they try to discourage their clients from seeking legal recourse against those whom they revealed through their new memories (and have committed abuse against them), because a conspiracy theory has grown to say that you're not going to get a fair shake amongst the courts.

(We discussed contemporary Satanic panic and Greaves's hope for a separate documentary to run with the topic). Will there be hard copies of *Hail Satan?* released anytime soon?

I don't know when there will be hard copies,

but I know when they do make hard copies for purchase, they have a lot of great bonus material they want to put in, which I'm looking forward to seeing.

Is there anything that got cut, that you hope gets included?

I kind of jumped right into that, with mentioning Grey Faction. That's one of the reasons I really wanted to work with Penny. I really appreciated her skeptical approach. I first saw her documentary *Nuts*. I thought the way that the narrative was constructed—this historical documentary—was just genius.

Lucien says he doesn't typically care for narratives in documentaries, because they're usually chronological and uninteresting. When we were first talking about her making a documentary, I was trying to convince her to make something entirely focused on Grey Faction. It ended up being far more general, but I'm really happy with the documentary.

I think a lot of people don't realize, like with The Satanic Temple, we're not really seeking

rest me in Little Rock for The Pink Mass.

In the final scene, where we're doing the rally, I was worried that me putting on the bullet-proof vest would seem overly dramatic, because people wouldn't know how many threats we had gotten. I'm kind of disappointed that the cameras missed the number of people milling about with guns. It was open carry and, technically, on the State Capitol grounds, you're not supposed to have a weapon—this is right across the street, right behind me, these people were milling about with guns. Waving and signaling to us that they were there. It seemed very plausible that I was going to get shot. I wish that was conveyed in the film, because it takes away any notion that there was a bit of theatrical grandstanding in that.

Have the death threats toned down?

I wouldn't say they've toned down. I would say that I don't think we're getting more because of the film. By far, it feels like the least controversial thing we've done. If anything, I feel like journalists are now approaching me



out press the way people think—we do get a lot of media, but we try to be careful that the media is focused, and that we're not seeking media for its own sake, but to draw attention to issues and problems that we see—to give people a better understanding of where we are and what we're doing.

In terms of some of the things I wish were there and got missed, I regret that some of Jason Rapert's tirades were missed. When I was there—when the 10 Commandments Monument was being reinstalled—he was on the phone, trying to get the police from Mississippi to come over to Arkansas and ar-

with a lot more respect, after having seen the film.

We continued discussing the variety of Satanic groups and their likenesses, differences and where The Satanic Temple fits in historically, culturally and philosophically, but that will have to be a separate piece.

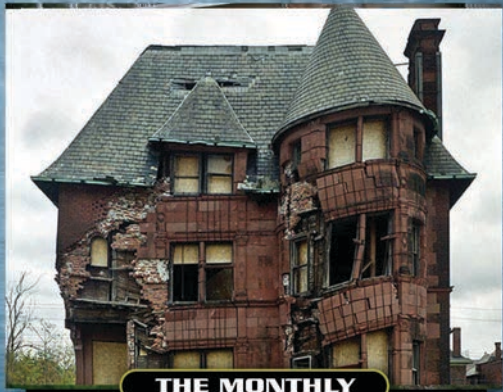
In the meantime, look for *Hail Satan?* in your local theaters and visit HailSatanFilm.com/Tickets for more information. Not playing in your town? Rumor has it, this film from Magnolia Pictures will be available for streaming this summer.

EXOTIC
PINUP JULY
2019



Alice from
The Venue Gentlemen's Club





THE MONTHLY

COLUMN

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

ALTERNATIVE SUMMER AMUSEMENT PARK FUN

It's summer—at long last—and summer brings the craving for adventure and excitement. People grab their families, friends or court-ordered supervisors and head out to see what thrills they can find at many of America's (or possibly Canada's) amusement parks. The usual attractions of Disneyland, Disney World, Disney Reich and Six Flags are great and provide top-flight entertainment... but, they also cost hundreds of dollars for a day's admission and are crowded—ensuring hours-long waits for everything but the damn teacups. There are a host of other little-known gems, which don't have quite the mainstream appeal, but are nevertheless fine places for the discriminating individual to spend an afternoon. So, load up the car, sedate the kids and head off to some of the nation's more obscure amusement destinations.

Iowa Joe's Corn Labyrinth

Just off the highway, following the Goiter Grove exit, is Iowa Joe's. They take the corn maze concept and run wild with it, creating a vast series of confusing, interconnected pathways with pure corn walls. Featuring over five linear miles of corn corridors, sprawled over dozens of acres of once-pristine farmland, Iowa Joe's features corn, corn, corn and more corn. The only facilities inside the giant maze are occasional first aid kits, plus stands which sell corn dogs and corn whiskey—both made fresh on premises. After an hour or so of tromping through the corn and a jug of corn whiskey in you, you'll get to the middle—a wide, open area in the corn where staff members in giant corn costumes taunt visitors and record the inevitable fights (and crying children). For a nominal fee, which you'll pay to

avoid arrest by a bought-and-paid-for on-site Sheriff, you'll get your very own custom Blu-Ray of the events in the middle, as an enduring souvenir of the trip, which you can treasure until the next big disc format change renders your memories finally inaccessible to your kids.

Sausage World

Do you like sausage? Do you like seeing it get made? Well, come on down to Sausage World. Men in more-than-slightly-creepy pig masks silently escort you on a tour of the Sarcoma County Sausage Factory. Stay within the painted lines of the tour or the pig-masked staff will start screeching and pointing their fingers accusingly, until you get back on track. Watch the magical journey a pig takes, in real time, as it enters the processing center, the kill floor, the conveyor, the grinder and, finally, the sausage press. Your family will forever remember their experience, as they get five pounds of sausages, in a box marked with the name they gave the pig as it entered the processing center, and, boy, is it deee-licious!

Lil' Jon's Crunk Universe

Located on in Atlanta, Georgia, on Carter street, just west of the Georgia Dome, lies this fantastic attraction. Featuring a workshop where you can build your own pimp cup, a ride that emulates what it's like after you sip too much lean and an entertaining educational ride taking participants on a journey through the history of bling. Gaze in wonderment, at the two-story high, animatronic Lil' Jon and behold, as his cup runs over and splashes down. First six rows will get wet! Finish out your day in the parking lot, where you'll be robbed at knife-point by people who look suspiciously like staff members you saw near the entrance. Fun for ages six and up!

Ron Jeremy's WangWorld

Adult entertainment star, Ron Jeremy, has invested in a theme park centered around the tool of his profession—that is to say, his mighty weiner. This roughly two-hour, safari-style, drive-through ride has people take their own cars through several acres of pristine scrubland, where gargantuan statues of his wang, in amusing and bewildering predicaments, are the centerpiece of each segment of the experience. Oddly enough, this is billed as "family entertainment," so grab the kids and watch a summary of Mr. Jeremy's career displayed in macro format. Avoid the suggestive hotdogs—the cream filling is apparently an acquired taste.

Urban Decayville

As you make your way through Urban De-

cayville, you'll see the remnants of a once bright-and-shining example of what was, for a time, a gem in the United States landscape. Illustrating the neglect of recent decades, it's a thrill-a-minute, as you navigate through crime-ridden neighborhoods and watch formerly-proud buildings fall to pieces right in front of you...wait...you can't fool me, Detroit! You just sent me a travel brochure with an amusement park name written over the title in Sharpie! Still, prices are reasonable.

Stalinland

After paying the very modest admission fee, you'll be guided to a bleak landscape of hunger and rock-breaking, at the tips of staff members' bayonets. There's an animatronic rendition of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, who cheerfully waves and smiles as you pass him on your train car. As you participate in the activities of the gulag ride, you'll discover that you are, in fact, helping to build the new gift shop and other park amenities. Only once your work is complete, will you be allowed to leave, and you'll be left guessing as to whether the people collapsing in front of you and being beaten are actually other guests or just park employees play acting. At the end of your experience, you'll be given a photo of the rides, with you edited out of them after the purge ride is complete.

Cowboy Carl's Reverse Petting Zoo

Filled to the brim with realistic habitats and dangerous animals, Cowboy Carl's Reverse Petting Zoo keeps you on your toes, by constantly reminding you that there are no guard rails, barriers, windows or anything else, to stop the menagerie of creatures from trying to take a bite out of you. Yes, alligators, crocodiles, snapping turtles, hippos, cougars and even a very angry horse are all part of the interactive fun, which you try to get out of in one piece. Don't bring the slow kid and be sure to bring your own pen, to sign the 16-page indemnity waiver. Soon, you'll be having a truly unique time that few can claim to have survived.

So, there it is, seven alternatives to just deciding to go to Enchanted Forest and drop acid again.

Enjoy your summer.

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is an egg roll enthusiast, slip-n-slide abuser, BASE jumper from objects less than six feet high, writer and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook (and MeWe) by name.

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TOP

THINGS YOU DIDN'T EXPECT WHEN YOU DID YOUR OWN THING



BY BRAD COX

Last month, we talked about what was stopping you from making art. This month, we're going to talk about what is going to happen, once you go for it. As you all have come to know over the last few years, I do a lot of shit in my life, most of which is all related to one thing that is really important to me—being independent. I can't—for one reason or another—exist in a world where the majority of my life is spent in a prison cell, called work. I love work and I'm not allergic to it at all. But, any time I have a normal job, I get physically and mentally ill. I have to keep moving forward, to continue finding my path—where I can support myself and my family, financially, while being true to what my needs are. So, to that end, I am always doing new shit and evolving my game plan. I think everyone who feels the way I do experiences a set of circumstances that are basically universal for all people like this—a whole bunch of stuff that you thought you could count on goes to shit, and a whole lot of shit that you never planned for happens. So, if you want to be your own person and forge your own way in this world, read on, fellow dreamers and entrepreneurs.

1) No One You Actually Know Will Care

Your immediate family will probably care. And, when I say "immediate," I mean the people in your actual house—not your adult siblings, not your cousins and certainly not your friends. A few people might click the "share" button, but way less often than you expect, especially if you're starting out for the first

time. I don't know why this is true, but it is, in fact, true. I often think it's because they assume that their shares and comments and subscriptions don't matter, because you're going for millions of followers and a massive amount of exposure. But, if you are one of those people, please know that this isn't true. Every click, share, like, comment, follow or subscriber matters quite a bit. It takes a lot to get to a point where content can carry itself onto the recommended feed on YouTube, land on the front page of Twitch or start trending on Twitter. That push forward, from your immediate peer group, can be the catalyst you need to get that ball rolling. Unfortunately, the reality is that the people in your peer group aren't going to do those simple things. You are on a fucking island, until you reach a certain amount of success...*then* those people will jump on board, maybe because they see some social currency in associating themselves with you, or maybe because our species is a monkey-see, monkey-do species. Just prepare to be ignored by people who used to engage in all of your normal social media posts. They'll continue to comment and engage in that shit, but they will always ignore your posts where you're sharing your content. Get used to resenting them for that.

2) People You Don't Know Will Show Up

If you work hard and you care about what you make, it will probably be good. It won't be good the first time, but it has to get better as long as you keep doing it. I challenge you to think of something you have done repetitively and not improved at doing. Even mundane tasks become more interesting, if you apply the idea that you should focus on and accelerate that process of refinement. We have a thing programmed into our brains that makes us want to be validated based on (or, because of) what we like or are fans of. So, if you consider this tick in other people's brains, then you see that you can't get fans until you have fans—sort of like needing experience for a job that you need a job to get experience doing. Everyone who makes something new, that is totally their own, understands this roadblock. You need to reach out to people like you, about your same status, who may be willing to share their audience. And, praise whatever God you believe in every time someone clicks that "subscribe" button, because those people will share the fuck out of your shit. Strangers are fans and, therefore, are the soil where your success grows.

3) You Have To Buy Shit

Making something good means spending money on a lot of shit you probably didn't see coming. Take, for example, my recent experience, when I started my own live show on Twitch and re-uploading it to YouTube. First of all, I needed a real computer that could ef-

ficiently encode high-def video—that was a thousand bucks. Then, I had to get a camera and a microphone—there went another pile of money. Oh, and then I realized I needed a USB mixer, because I have guests on my show and I want them to have the best audio they can (in person or via Skype). I also had to have good headphones and all the cords, cables and adapters required to wire all that shit up. So, unless you have some serious expendable income, it's going to take your family believing in what you're doing to pull it together financially.

4) You Have To Learn Shit

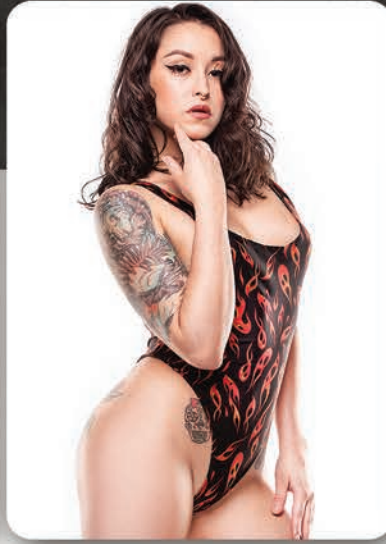
I had never even taken a home movie before cell phone cameras were everywhere. I had no idea how to edit a video or how to set up a live broadcast. I didn't know how to do good audio or have cool background graphics and overlays. I had to learn all that shit from scratch. I've picked up some social media tricks and marketing stuff over the years, and I can write well enough to be on a glossy page, but I had a lot to learn about how to make the things I had in my head. You should expect to spend about three months, fully drowning in information about how to do your thing. Oh, and the first month is not going to make any sense, because that's the period where you are learning what you need to learn (and not the actual bulk of what you will be focused on). Trial-and-error begins at about the third month. The next period will be spent doing and refining your thing, and that takes however long it takes—just don't stop.

5) Only Quitting Is Failure

Like I said earlier, you absolutely will improve at what you do, as long as you keep doing it. You will save up or sacrifice to get the tools you need, eventually. You can go from your bedroom to your own studio, eventually, but only if you don't stop. In my life, some of the biggest regrets I have are only regrets, because I gave up on something. I'm not going to blow smoke up your ass, though—you may not be able to succeed. There may be a time to move on to another idea, but you have to give those ideas a real chance to fly, first. How long that time period lasts is very personal, but keep working on things and you will become wiser (and those decisions will get easier). See what I did there? I tied that whole motherfucker up in a nice bow for you. Keep pushing forward—you will get better at your craft and become wiser. Stop pushing and you stagnate and die.

Thanks for coming to my Ted Talk. If you want to watch me or talk to me, do so on Twitter via @NextGenRetro1, YouTube via @NextGenRetro or on Twitch via Twitch.TV/NextGenRetroPDX. Or, just email me your spreadsheets to NextGenerationRetro@gmail.com.

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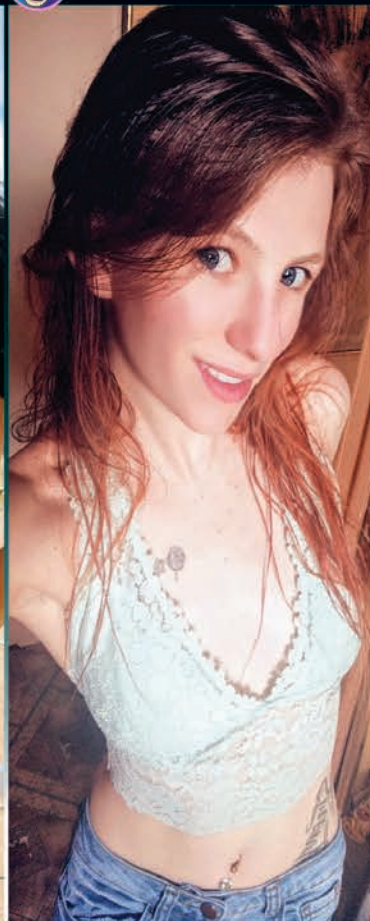
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NUDE BEACH

DOS AND DON'TS

BY ESMERALDA RUPP-SPANGLE

As the temperature rises this summer, we'll all be looking for ways to escape the heat. An always popular destination to waste away a long Sunday afternoon is the beach—I prefer the “clothing optional” ones, because there's nothing like being spied on from the bushes by creepy old men, to make you feel like a million bucks. I have noticed some faux pas and poor choices on my many excursions there, so for those of you who are curious to know the ropes of fitting in on the nude beach, I present them for you here.

Do always critique everyone's physique loudly. Bring a clipboard, if you think of it. Follow people around making disapproving “tsks” and scribbling notes. People wouldn't come to a nude beach if they didn't want to be reviewed and analyzed, and you're nothing, if not a servant of the people.

Don't bring drugs or alcohol. This will get you booted almost immediately. I recommend in-taking heroic quantities of both *before* you arrive. This will make sure your inhibitions are lowered enough to run around smacking every ass you can, with paint-*covered hands.

Do tape off large portions of your body into offensive words or symbols. You rarely get an opportunity to represent your dislike of Turks or your passion for double anal in such a dramatic way, so make sure you get creative and speak your mind through your tan lines.

Don't bring a camera. Naked people will get super mad if you take their picture without asking—I know from experience and a visit to the ER. Just use your phone to photograph everyone, and if anyone asks, just say you're playing Words With Friends (then post all of them on social media later).

Do bring a canister of ashes from your fire pit and pretend that you're scattering

a dead relative. It's a fun prank to loudly mourn and pretend to reassure “Grandpa Joe.” That he's where he wanted to be, surrounded by T&A. Make sure some of the ashes blow onto some of the beachgoers. This works at normal beaches, too, but it's more fun to watch nude people dance around trying to get Grandpa Joe out of their hair, than it is at bathing suit-clad beaches.

Don't go without your sock garters. What other opportunity could you possibly have to show them off? Accessorizing with quirky wigs, fake beards, horse head masks and costume jewelry is also fun. Best of all, though, is if you have a full-body Spiderman costume and you just cut out the genital region. Whatever you do, just make sure to leave an impression!

Do creepily hand out bottles of sunscreen to people. Chuckle softly, as you hand them to your chosen victims. Wear a trench coat and large sunglasses. It's completely innocent (and, actually, pretty generous). But, if you try hard enough, you can make people deeply uncomfortable with your helpful acts.

Don't ask someone's gender. We all know that sort of thing isn't okay anymore. Instead, stare openly. Follow people at an awkwardly close distance or bring binoculars and use them from six feet away. This way, you can know *for sure*.

Do try to start an orgy. That's why half the people are there, anyhow. Just make sure there aren't any authority figures around (or, if there are, they're in on it), because they'll put the kibosh on it right quick. Spoilsports, the whole lot! Last year, we all had to spend the night in jail, because that ecstasy-fueled group sex was spilling over onto the normal beach and “traumatizing the children.”

Don't bring farm animals. It seems like a good idea, and in principle, it is. Here's the thing, though—every time I've brought a horse (to ride majestically like Lady Godi-

va) or a pot-bellied pig (just because), it's gone sour. The horse kicked an old man in the caboose, and the pig became irrationally upset, after I tried to ride it (I know). It bit me and ran off. I'm still fighting an aggressive antibacterial resistant infection.

Do hand out religious literature—the more orthodox and stricter, the better. But, make sure to do it in the nude.

Don't laugh. Human bodies are weird, it's true—but, so is yours. Instead of laughing, try crying or shrieking in terror and fleeing at the sight of someone's unsightly armpit hair. Being laughed at isn't nearly as haunting as making someone weep openly.

Do use the opportunity to build your conversational skills. See how many times you can make unwanted sexual innuendos in conversation with strangers and have them be just vague enough that they can't be offended—but, just suggestive enough to make them uncomfortable.

Don't barbecue in the buff. Sharing sausage dogs on the beach with friends is great, but grease burns are real and all that exposed skin is an invitation for massive burn trauma (unless you're into that sort of thing, in which case, good for you).

Do start your political career there. There are already a bunch of people around, and the photos of you giving a campaign speech in a top hat with a megaphone (and nothing else) will keep you relevant and viral for months.

Remember, this etiquette guide is just an outline, but it's never led me wrong. So, I recommend following it as close to the letter as you can.

Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle is an aspiring cult leader, alternative historian, cryptozoology fanatic and abductee. She can be reached on MeWe by name or Instagram via @George_Loves_Hats.

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JEFF HENNER

As a self-described scene critic, it is my job to make extremely lazy and over-generalized observations of the music community, based on nothing more than deep-seated prejudices. Which makes me no different than any other critic, ever—especially when it comes to music. Regardless, you are lying if you claim to go to shows and not do a quick size-up of the band—deciding immediately whether or not they are going to be worth your time. It's just an efficiency thing. If you can find out whether or not the group will be any good before they even play the first note, it'll be that much easier to get your three dollars back from the door guy.

Not to be a guitar-centrist, but it's just an easy instrument to judge someone by. If you own one of the guitars listed below and are offended in any way, good—this applies to you and you're offended, because it's true.

If you are a poor show-goer who is tired of spending their hard earned sweaty pocket dollars on sub-par acts, please use this list as a guide of what to expect when you see these axes resting innocently on their guitar stands on the stage (*cough* corner) of the bar.

Rather than try to suss out the nature of the little musical combo's content by how often they wash their hair and what '90s celebrity they have screen printed on their shirt, I give you a more comprehensive list to see if this band is worth watching.

Gibson Les Paul

You are mostly likely old, white and overweight. I can guarantee that your favorite guitarists can be skimmed off the top of Rolling Stone's list a few years back and you constantly complain about this newfangled rap music all the kids are talking about. I am also certain every one of your songs will sound like a bad Led Zeppelin cover. Your interest in the blues is solely for the purpose of trying to sound like your favorite British '60s rock bands. You probably play it through a Marshall JVM, too, you fucking baby boomer.



WHAT YOUR GUITAR SAYS ABOUT YOU

BY BLAZER SPARROW

B.C. Rich Warlock

You are apparently a thirteen-year old, living in the early 2000s and your favorite band is Slipknot. It's 2019, what in the living hell are you doing playing a B.C. Rich? Do you run that thing through a Boss Metal Zone into some tiny, line-six combo amp, to create the loudest, most toneless guitar tone to deafen everyone in the small club you're playing in? Why are you playing a Warlock? Those weren't cool in 1999 and they sure as shit aren't cool now. As an audience member, if you see one of these on a stage, do everyone—including the guitarist—a favor and set it on fire.

Gibson SG

Ahhh...the Les Paul's more cost-effective cousin. This guitar is a bit of a wild card. Its solid tone and reasonable price

attract a wide variety of players, from obnoxious AC/DC tribute bands to unhinged post-hardcore acts. This is a pretty universal tool of rock. If you were to wander into a local watering hole to see an SG leaning on the amp, you could be in store for some high-energy, raucous punk or you're about to see Zombië Mary Ford—there is no in-between.

Anything By Schecter

Fuck you and get off the stage! Unless you're Robert Smith.

Yamaha SHS-10 Keytar

You are clearly trying too hard if this is your "guitar" of choice. The keytar, like the saxophone, has tried time and time again to be a staple of rock 'n' roll. While it finds its way into little pockets here and there, it's just never going to completely fit in. Not for lack of trying, though. Although used in everything from cheesy, coked-out '80s pop to jazz fusion (good on Herbie Hancock for stubbornly trying to make this abomination seem cool), it's just impossible not to giggle, when you see someone rocking out with one of these. One thing is for sure—if you decide this is how you're gonna front for your little musical group, you are swinging for the fences. I highly recommend show-goers stick around if there's actually a fucking keytar on stage, 'cause God only knows what you're in store for.

Fender Jazzmaster

You are A-okay in everyone's book. The Jazzmaster is the new Les Paul (of thirty years ago). It is invited to all the parties and everyone wants to be its friend. While the Jazzmaster has always been a staple of the rock scene—and, specifically, the indie music scene—it has lately become the flagship of all guitars. You could be in the whiniest Arcade Fire-rippo softboi band or a hardcore meltdown. You could even be in a live band hip hop group. It's anyone's guess. Every guitarist playing in a band today uses a Jazzmaster—it is the rule. If you, the audience member, see this guitar on stage, this just means you are at a rock show somewhere in America. It is important to note that one thing the Fender Jazzmaster is never, ever under ANY circumstances used for is jazz.

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Hello, fellow readers. For the dozen of you that follow this column, you probably noticed that I decided to take last month off and let other folks take up space, while I attempted to refuel my muse juice. You see, I've been particularly uninspired as of late and that's because I really don't DJ much these days. Yes, I work weddings and the occasional private gig, but I'm way too old and white to be keeping up on the latest genres of music, let alone artists. But, it occurred to me that I still

regularly host at clubs and I won't stop hanging out at them...until I'm completely sick of naked women (which won't happen anytime soon). Why not just dig into the customers? I mean, not the *good* customers—I've covered them before. I'm talking the shitheads. Just like political columns or anything dealing with modern ethics and morals, it's much easier (and far more entertaining) to illustrate what we are against, than it is for someone like me to print something positive. There-

fore, I want everyone who knows how to act in clubs to give yourself a cookie and buy a dance—you've earned it. But, to satiate the dancers in the dressing room who read this column, I plan on running this series for the next few months. This series is dedicated to the staff who deal with all types of customers, especially those mentioned in this series. Ladies, gents and non-binaries, I present to you...

TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT



A BAD CUSTOMER FIELD GUIDE

Part 1: The Pretend Employee

Every bar has one of these and they're especially common at strip clubs. No, I am not talking about someone on payroll (or contractor status) who is just lazy or a shitty worker. Rather, I mean the opposite—someone who is in no way employed or contracted by the bar, but who acts as if they run the place, because they've been hanging around longer than anyone else (or, they just act like it).

Usually, this person starts off as a normal, lonely regular, i.e. someone who supports the bar during slow days and still lurks around during the down season. Of course, staff and other regulars will begin to respect this person, but The Pretend Employee isn't out for respect—they're out for power. So, over time, The Pretend Employee tests the boundaries—being constantly asked to step out of the bar well area, using the club's parking lot as overnight storage for his shitty car, "forgetting" to tip while talking to dancers at the stage and pestering the bartender about her failed marriage. From a DJ's perspective, The Pretend Employee is particularly irritating, as they will often "pass on" song requests from dancers, who clearly didn't ask for them. Trappi Swag is not dancing to Bob Seger, dude. But, if you insist, let's give her one more reason to hate you.

By chatting with servers, strippers, door folks, etc., The Pretend Employee learns things about the establishment that are usually reserved for employees, before eventu-

ally "helping" by keeping other regulars (and newly hired staff) informed of rules and regulations—bordering the line between a V.I.P. and a flat-out snitch. "Oh, the pint glasses go down there," The Pretend Employee says to the new bartender. "Hey, don't leave through the patio door next time," The Pretend Employee tells the smokers. "Oh, it's okay...I can give them a ride home," The Pretend Employee says, referencing an over-served regular customer, who just met them a few minutes prior. Put simply, The Pretend Employee is every club's worst asset, disguised as a benefit.

While they feel as if they're adding something special to the club—even to the point of feeling entitled to compensation, perks and/or free entry—The Pretend Employee is by no means a high roller. Instead, they're a consistent source of semi-decent money, for when the high rollers and weekend crowds are busy at work—that's it. The Pretend Employee is basically a loss leader, in terms of any club's bottom line. If anything, having a warm body in the club on a Monday mid-shift keeps the pretty girls from quitting altogether, even at the cost of having to deal with The Pretend Employee. But, if they are not corralled early in their attempted faux-career, The Pretend Employee will end up costing the club more than a few dollars in comp'd drinks. Are you a stripper who is trying to score a private dance with the owner of the local sports team? Too bad, because The Pretend Employee won't stop talking your ear off and now the new girl is stealing your money customer. Are you

a customer trying to get a drink, take a piss or just make your way through the bar? Well, if The Pretend Regular has any say so, you'll be stuck behind them in line at the bar, while they chat up the bartender, then you'll get stuck behind them in line at the restroom, as they chat up the attendant, and finally, you'll be unable to retrieve your belongings from coat check, because The Pretend Employee has taken it upon themselves to stand in for the coat check girl, who is taking a break and smoking a blunt in The Pretend Employee's car.

Of note, do not confuse The Pretend Employee with The Owner's Friend—a good customer type who may actually be a silent partner in the company. The best way to find out if The Pretend Employee actually works for (or owns) the club you're hanging out at, simply stay until closing time and use the restroom, seconds before the final cut-off. When you're done taking a leak, chances are, there will be a bouncer lurking by the restroom door, ready to remind you that the club is closed. While walking to the exit, see if The Pretend Employee is hanging out and counting their tips—they won't be. Rather, they'll be hanging around outside the club and they will tell you "Thanks for coming in, see you next time..." when you leave. Just ignore them and keep walking, otherwise you'll be stuck sharing a cab.

Next month, we will tackle The Costume Lady.



By Ed Lawrence



When I first noticed my yeast infection, I figured “no biggie.” They’re pretty commonplace, not life threatening, etc. But, after striking out with an assortment of over-the-counter cures, I ended up in the stirrups at my gyno’s office. These professionals specialize in maintaining their demeanor in front of a patient, so when I glanced over my bush and saw the look on her face, I got concerned—that, plus right afterward when she stepped aside and puked in a trash can. Uh oh.

Apparently, I’m setting records when it comes to skanky hoohoos—especially when it comes to discharges. I got second and third opinions, industrial strength ointments, suppositories, creams...nada. It’s chronic and I’ll just have to live with it. Thanks a lot, medical science.

This is pretty discouraging as you might expect. But, after a week of sitting around itching and feeling sorry for myself, I thought, “Hey, I gotta get on with life.” That’s when it hit me—I’m crankin’ out a shit-ton of yeast, so why not start my own craft brew?

I have a buddy who brews his own beer, so I reached out to him on the basics. I decided to start with ales, since they have lower gravity and require less yeast. I mean, my snapper gushes like a fracked oil well, but even I have to be realistic about quantity, if I’m going to scale from a hobby into a business. I bought the brewing paraphernalia online and set up shop in my garage. I tweaked the hops, grains and malt mix to get the wort to my liking, then pitched in my secret ingredient to kick off the fermentation. After some trial and error, I produced my first five-gallon batch.

Pretty damned good, if I may say so myself! I took a sample to a local expert, for his opinion. He described it as, “Hearty for ale, with a curious amber tone and an intriguing background taste of cheddar and sardines.” With my formulae set, I turned my attention to sales and marketing.

First, the name. I wanted something catchy and connected to the special sauce behind it all. After noodling it for a while, I settled on Puh-See Poo-See Pale Ale. Interesting wrinkle here—it turns out that pussy (having pus) and pussy (my snatch) are spelled exactly the same! If I spelled them both correctly, they would likely be read wrong on the label. That’s why I had to go with phonetic spellings.

After some artful persuasion (blowjob), I managed to get the editor of the local newspaper to do a writeup on me in the food and drink section, which got me some initial attention. Then, I approached a couple of local pub owners I know with some free samples and cajoled them (more blowjobs) to stock my brew. That led to my first sales and I was off to the races!

It takes a little extra work to get the volume of yeast needed to make a business out of this. I wear a pad during the day, when I’m out and about. Then, I wring it out like a wet dish rag in a pail, when I get home. In the evening, it’s easier. I bought one of those little portable potties with the stainless steel legs and a lit-

tle plastic bucket under the seat. I sit on that bare ass and watch TV, while I drip away. I watch salacious stuff, because I leak more when I’m all lubed up.

Fortunately, craft beers are snooty enough to fetch a premium price. I sell mine for five bucks a bottle and the bars mark it up for a comfortable margin. A five-gallon batch works out to about fifty twelve-ounce bottles, once you sift out the residual mash and some stray pubes. I ooze enough yeast for two five-gallon batches a week. I considered stretching my personal yeast by blending it with standard liquid brewing yeast, but I decided against that, because I didn’t want to compromise product integrity. Still, 100 bottles a week works out to about two grand a month, which pays a lot of bills.

Long story short, I was able to turn an unfortunate medical condition into a solid home-based business. Is America great or what? Like the saying goes, “If life hands you lemons, make lemonade!” Only in this case, it’s not lemonade—it’s a tasty craft brew. And, okay, it’s not lemons—it’s a festering twat.

I’ve pretty much hit capacity on the beer thing. But, I’ve established some strong branding, which I plan to leverage going forward. I’m only in my early thirties, so I figure I have over a decade of menstruating ahead of me. Anyone for a tasty craft bloody mary mix?

SORRY SATAN, IT'S HITLER'S TURN: COMPARING THE SATANIC PANIC OF THE 1980S TO MODERN-DAY "NAZI" WITCH HUNTS

BY RAY MCMILLIN

In the '80s, "Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA)" was the source of the biggest, most unfounded and ignorant witch hunt since McCarthyism. Everyone who was even remotely religious was scared that their kids would fall victim to the devil. The concept of Satanic panic, as it appears today, is no different, just swap the pentagram for a swastika and give the devil a mustache, with a funny German hat. Basically, the accusation is that anyone and everyone who leans slightly right of the far left, is clearly a white nationalist. And, this playbook comes directly from the religious right of yesteryear—passed down to the radical leftists of modern times.

Sure, there are probably fringe groups of lunatics who did (or still do) horrible things in the name of Satan, but the degree to which said groups exist in reality is extremely small, when compared to the number of pro-religious-freedom groups (such as The Church Of Satan) who share diametrically opposed ideas, but also (and, unfortunately) similar imagery. Thus, the extremely rare presence of child abuse was used throughout the '80s, to justify a panic surrounding folks simply just like the idea of waving a Satanic flag in the face of bigoted, religious protesters—similar in fashion, but completely different targets. The *only* difference between Satanic Panic and Nazi Witch Hunts is that casual Republicans haven't adopted the swastika in the same manner that Satanists adopted the pentagram. But, everything else (American flags, Pepe memes and "okay" hand signs) is fitting for this analogy. All it takes to accuse someone who doesn't like taxes and believes in the First Amendment of being a Nazi is, well, just printing said accusation on social media or in a local weekly publication. And, because it's fun to provoke misinformed, ignorant people, you're gonna get a few trolls making Pepe memes to provoke the journalists who are convinced that cartoon frogs and hate crimes go hand-in-hand.

How Satan Became Cool

I recall going to a Christian summer camp—not because my family was Christian per say, but because there was very little to choose from in my area and this particular camp was pretty soft on the religious angle. That was, of course, until I met our camp counselor, "Turtle." Turtle was a spitting image of Mr. Van Driessen, from the *Beavis & Buttthead* television series and movie—an irritating, love-everyone, peace-and-blessings, long-haired hippie, but without any of the illicit substances and lacking a Grateful Dead affinity. One night, during dinner at camp,

a kid from our group was drawing peace signs on his napkin. Turtle quickly informed the kid (as well as the whole group) that the peace sign was clearly Satanic. Of course, all anyone has to do to illustrate this, is take a cross, flip it upside down, break the arms and circle it. This, obviously, is "Satan trying to trap Jesus under the guise of peace and love." This intrigued me. As a child from an alcoholic home, any answer to "Why is the world so fucked up?" was welcome. And, as it turned out, everything was clearly Satan's fault, right?

Being a kid who was more into conspiracy theories than he was Jesus, I began to seek out all sorts of "hidden" Satanic imagery in my own music collection, with Turtle willing to help out. AC/DC? Satanic. KISS? Satanic. Weird Al? Super, super Satanic. New Kids On The Block? Don't even bother asking...just cue up "Step By Step" and sacrifice an animal, as the music is instructing you to do. Eventually, everything became "Satanic" and I was convinced that throwing up a peace sign or enjoying any musician who didn't tour exclusively in mega-churches would result in me burning in hell. Literally, anything could be seen as a connection to the upside-down pentagram or the number 666. Eventually, my parents had to sit me down and explain that my obsession with finding Satan behind every corner was not only unhealthy, but it would end up costing me friends in the long run.

Sound familiar yet?

Now, it wasn't just the kids at summer camp in the early '90s who bought into the panic. In the '80s, parents were worried that secret Satanic rituals were happening at the schools their kids went to, with news reports and supposedly true secondhand accounts from "this lady who knows the guy at the gym whose kid definitely got abducted for a ritual." Even more humorous in retrospect, is the idea that *Dungeons & Dragons* was somehow introducing children to Satanism, to the point that there's even a movie about it, called *Mazes & Monsters*, starring none other than Tom Hanks (who would later portray a child who grows into an adult, after reciting a demonic spell and accepting his fate, at an amusement park, of all places). As time moved on, of course, the mid-to-late '90s would birth musical acts such as Marilyn Manson, who would not only embrace the imagery of media-inspired Satanic panic in an ironic attempt at humor and subversion, but the actual Church Of Satan, which, ironically, has *nothing to do* with child abduction (or harming any living creature—see Jaime Dunkle's write-up on page 30). Pentagram art would begin to sell at Hot Topic. "666" became cool, and while there are probably people out there who *do* harm children for whatever reason, it became clear that the fake outrage and paranoia surrounding "Satanic imagery" everywhere was just that—fake outrage and paranoia. Folks stopped trying to look for the boogiemans everywhere and we had a good

ten years of unapologetic, tongue-in-cheek fun with the concept of demonic imagery. Did that mean that folks casually endorsed the idea of child sacrifice or ritual killing of animals? No. It just meant that folks accepted the fact that Satan wasn't lurking around every corner, waiting to abduct their kids. If anything, the act of co-opting "evil" for fun's sake probably destroyed the credibility of anyone who actually endorsed violent, legitimately evil "Satanic" cult behavior. Even more so, The Church Of Satan would go on to support dozens (if not hundreds) of woke-in-the-good-way, progressive causes, such as same-sex marriage rights and access to safe reproductive healthcare.

As the '90s came to a close, it would seem that the moral panic and fake outrage belonged to the far right—particularly, a small faction of seriously religious people who caught the attention of the media and brought their nonsense panic into the spotlight. Now, flash forward to 2019 and Hitler is the new Satan, in terms of outrage-generating panic. And, just as the radical Christians of yesteryear would accuse gay people of conspiring with the devil, the far left of today accuses Republicans and centrists of conspiring with Hitler.

Hear me out.

How Trump (Hitler) Became Cool

While Adolf "The Actual" Hitler was a real person (and most would argue that Satan is not), our country whopped his ass, as well as all the asses of the Nazis who tried to fight for him. He's dead now and no one is grieving. Plus, if someone discovers that the elderly guy down the street is an ex-Nazi in hiding, the neighbors will burn his house down (as they should). Anyone who believes in American values, such as patriotism, free speech or liberty is, for all intents and purposes, anti-fascist and anti-Hitler. Cool? Cool...

Well, sort of. After Donald Trump was elected, the majority of left-leaning voters lost their shit, unable to believe that a country with a whopping two viable political parties would, year after year, come close to a fifty-fifty split during a national election. And, I can understand why—even if you believe in a Dems-And-Cons model of government, Trump is a somewhat accidental candidate, in that he's got about as much political experience as a bag of chips and regardless of where you land on the political spectrum, we can all admit that the guy is divisive. So, instead of admitting that half the country is sick of being lied to by Democrats and establishment Republicans (or, ya know, they supported the old, cool, stoner uncle who got robbed of the nomination and decided to vote against the candidate who stole it), the far left brought the "white nationalist" argument into the discussion. This oddly echoes the "Obama is a Muslim terrorist from Kenya" nonsense that the far right spewed for eight years. Clearly, the only reason that

Trump won, is that half of our country is “bigoted, racist, homophobic, transphobic, woman-hating, immigrant-hating, 4Chan-loving trolls.” There is *no way* that flyover-state-dwelling construction workers and auto manufacturers were sick of getting their jobs taken away, felt that Hillary was a bad choice and didn’t really care that Trump made a comment about how some women will consensually let rich guys grab their pussy, back in 1990 whenever, while Hillary was busy sending death threats to the dozens of women accusing Bill of assault. NONE OF THAT MATTERS, because clearly, anyone who didn’t vote for Hillary is a Nazi and a KKK supporter.

More importantly, I’m *not* trying to be pro-Trump here—I voted for Jill Stein, because she made the most sense and doesn’t endorse the war machine. Rather, I’m going to just say it like it is: no one who is waving “Down With Cheeto” signs at the White Women’s March can name a single policy that Trump endorses (partially because Republican women aren’t even *allowed* at said march). This is similar to saying something like, “I hate Charles Manson for the comments he made about the Beatles” or “9/11 was tragic, because I really wanted to visit the twin towers for an Instagram photo and now I can’t.” There are several—and I mean Republican-approved, factually accurate and/or nonpartisan—reasons that one can cite, to argue that Trump is a bad president. However, there are also a few *good* things he’s done, such as expanding family leave for women, which any rational person cannot argue against (unless you’re CNN). But, because “anyone in a MAGA hat is clearly a Nazi,” we can’t have nice things...



I’m actually convinced that if Trump found a way to cure cancer, most of Portland would start smoking two packs a day—just to protest. On that note, do you enjoy your VW Bus? Congratulations, you’re riding with Hitler.

But, back to the lecture at hand...Trump’s election caused the radical left to form a “Nazi panic,” which is eerily similar to the Satanic panic of the ‘80s. Thanks to dogmatic, left-leaning universities (that are surprisingly still funded by our tax dollars), all sorts of fantastic new buzzwords, conspiracy theories and mental gymnastics have made themselves available for use, when backing up claims of white supremacist activity in your neighborhood. Forget sensible laws and rational approaches to the real world—if you don’t agree in totally open borders, believing any accusation made by a liberal, handing over your guns to the government and only using a

certain set of approved words to express your thoughts, you’re a “fascist.” By the standard modern AntiFa (the new guys, at least—I remember when AntiFa was actually about doxing *real* Nazis and not just 4Chan trolls or out-of-state religious nut bags) or neo-liberal definition, merely being patriotic qualifies someone as a Nazi. Now, that seems odd, seeing as how Uncle Sam kicked Hitler’s ass. To me, if you’re a right-wing patriot, you should have no problem being anti-fascist. But, because “Trump equals Hitler and Hitler equals half of the U.S.,” there *clearly* have to be Nazis floating around, right?

Take, for instance, comedian Sarah Silverman, whose Trump Derangement Syndrome meltdown produced this gem of a Tweet:



Remember when she was making semi-racist jokes and audiences laugh *at the same time*? Add to the mix millionaire Democrat, Jussie Smollett, who falsely claimed to be attacked and lynched by “white nationalists” while they supposedly yelled “this is MAGA country,” 4Chan memes, such as “it’s okay to be white” or “the okay sign is racist” being used for outrage bait (and working, in the exact same way as Satantic imagery did with shock rock or how Sid Vicious wore a swastika shirt in an attempt at ironic humor) or the extremely disturbing trend of associating the term “free speech” as “code for white nationalism.” Imagine, if you will, Berkeley in the 1960s, where students would protest in favor of free speech, only to watch the 2018 class burn a sign that says “free speech,” while protesting the idea of allowing “problematic” speakers to attend the campus.



“But, Ray, real-life white nationalists are co-opting those slogans, signs, symbols and memes, so you better stop using them!” Again, there are people who murder children and wear Satanic imagery—does this mean that the extremely progressive and anti-violent Church Of Satan needs to be blamed for those cases? Only if you

want to target the good guys, while simultaneously ignoring the real problem.

How A Trump/Satan Ticket In 2020 Might Win, Due To Backlash Votes

Personally, I have been the target of a recent smear campaign by LARPing, local activists, because I accepted an invite to speak at a “free speech” event. Were two of the speakers invited to attend associated with the far right? Sure. But, were they Nazis? No—just, well, Trump voters and Christians. In fact, three of the other speakers spoke out *against* religion—one called the church a “cult.” One was a YouTube star who called for agreement, between the right and the left, in opposing actual fascists. I, personally, introduced myself as a “classical liberal cuck” and proceeded to explain things, like how you can’t be pro-free speech and anti-transgender-rights at the same time—the same way you can’t be pro-self-defense and anti-choice. I was given ten minutes to be as pro-left as I could (and where it counts, I still am...I’m just really done with the fans of this team at the moment). The event was, how would you say...diverse? Anyways, none of the alt-right attendees (all two of them) threatened me with hatespeech, but they did come up afterward, to tell me it was cool that someone who disagrees with them had the balls to speak. Meanwhile, outside of the venue (a public library, at that), chants of “NAZIS GO HOME” surrounded a small group of protesters, who were handing out flyers, claiming that there was a “hate rally” happening in the library. Because I was merely seen at the event without a “fuck you, free speech” sign, I am now being called out as a “white nationalist” via social media (and yes, I can see your posts...I don’t think you kids know how the internet works). Thankfully, no one from the alt-left actually has any money and I work mostly on commission from people who do (and, oddly enough, tend to vote Republican), so my wallet hasn’t suffered the same way that my reputation has.

The best part of this event, was when the organizer of the event invited every one of the Anti-Fa folks and protesters to come in and speak for the same amount of time allotted to the scheduled speakers, and none of them accepted the offer. Why? Well, although you’re not gonna get them to admit it, I’d argue that it would have a behind-the-Wizard-Of-Oz-curtain effect, in which (*gasp*) they would realize that not a single Nazi (i.e. boogiemán) was in attendance. Thus, by remaining outside of the venue and protesting, the *illusion* of a boogiemán would continue to serve as “proof” for the existence of a boogiemán. Much like how the “Satanic panic” people of the ‘80s never took the time to visit Stull, Kansas (which is apparently the gateway to hell), modern day “fascist hunters” don’t spend time in the trailer parks of Idaho, looking for klan hoods and swastikas—they’re too busy trying to prove that these things are hidden behind memes and hand gestures, used by liberals

in a progressive town.

Anyways, I got the “dox-and-dig” treatment for having the balls to show my face at an event that was not approved by the Nazi Ghost Hunters and a grand total of four (4) people have unfriended me from Facebook, but not without threatening to “call my boss” (on that note, if someone could please pass on a few copies of this magazine to the head of Outrage Inc., letting them know what kind of filth we proudly print, perhaps that would save them some time). So, I asked for evidence. I told everyone to show me one lick of proof that I’m a white nationalist. I posted video of my talk at the event. Shit, our boy Eric let me know that if you search “Ray McMillin” and the word “white” on Facebook, every one of my posts on said topic could appear in *The Root* and no one would know the difference—I make fun of white people so much, that I’m no longer allowed in Applebee’s, I’ve been cut out of my racist aunt’s will for “dating a colored” and Nickelback will self-censor if it appears in my Pandora playlist. Trust me, if I’m the new face of white nationalism, David Duke needs to really think about reorganizing his human resources department. I refuse to date white women and have since they made smiling at one a felony. How much more clear can I be, in my refusal to pass on “white nationalist” genes?

But, all of this echoes—down to the note—the same shit that hyper-religious people (who were still stuck in Satanic panic mode) told me in the ‘90s, when I’d show up to class in a Marilyn Manson or White Zombie shirt. “Don’t you know who you’re endorsing?” “Did you know that he removed his own ribs to suck his own dick?” “Aren’t you afraid of being on the wrong side of history?” Yes, huh and no. Because, in my heart, I know that we’re stuck in the world’s biggest game of Outrage Ball. Team Left has the ball, which they took from Team Right years ago, by showing proof that, say, being in a same-sex relationship or listening to secular music isn’t an endorsement of an evil lifestyle (and, now that I think about it, television shows used to avoid showing gay couples kissing, because it was “offensive speech...” hmmm). But, since Team Left is still playing Outrage Ball, they need a panic for their own cause, and recently, it’s been the idea that anyone who lands slightly right of Stalin on the political spectrum, is a Nazi.

Again, I am not saying that rational-minded Republicans, Libertarians, centrists and rational liberals should be able to wave a swastika and claim that it means something different (analogous to the modern Satanist use of the pentagram). What I *am* saying, however, is that, like the folks who wear Church Of Satan gear and attend goth metal shows, people who simply wear American flag gear and attend right-of-Stalin events aren’t endorsing the worst-case example of the fringe groups who claim to side with them. Memes are fun. Poking fun at people

who take everything too seriously will always be fun. And, knowing that these same, supposed “anti-racists” hold mostly white rallies in which they attempt to take speech away from statistically under-represented groups, is fucking hysterical.

However, speaking of sports, I think that’s a great jump-off for the point I’m really trying to make: guilt by association is not a legitimate cause for panic. Because, well, some Blazers fans are racists—I’m sure of it. In fact, I’d bet that some actual (read: swastikas, shaved heads and suspenders) Nazi skinheads absolutely love the Blazers. Further, Hitler was a staunch, radical vegetarian. So, if you, too, are a staunch vegetarian, you may as well just unfriend yourself right now, because this is no place for hate groups. Shit...I just found out that Donald Trump drinks water, brushes his teeth and married an immigrant. Hey, wifey...you hear that? Time to deport your ass, but not before throwing away the toothpaste and turning off our faucets.

Ridiculous.

The best part of the event was watching a leftist protester call a black dude in a MAGA hat an “Uncle Tom.” First of all, that’s a racially-specific insult, end of story. But, ironically, white liberals are the only group with out-group preference, meaning that they are...damn, what’s a word for people who go against their own self-interest because they’ve been brainwashed by their plantation masters? I dunno, but “Aunt Karen” has a nice ring to it. Let’s use that term to refer to people with blind allegiance to the party responsible for destroying the groups they’re claiming to protect.

We live in a society where we need a boogieman. Why? Well, it’s a lot easier to blame *[insert literally any bad thing about the world here]* and/or *[insert something you don’t agree with here]* on an all-inclusive conspiracy theory, which can help explain away cognitive dissonance, than it is to accept that the world might be a complex and nuanced place, full of overlapping ideas and non-defined boundaries. Plus, fixing real problems with real solutions requires real work. Sure, we can toss money into the donation box to “find a cure” or “raise awareness,” but who do you think that money goes to? Oh yeah, doctors and researchers—they’re the ones who do the actual labor. So, by waving a sign that says “Nazis Go Home” in front of a crowd of self-described “pro-speech, patriotic Americans” regardless of who shows up to rub elbows with them (just like at the Blazer game), you’re saying “Hey, someone else, fix this for me.” Then, the cops these kids hate so much are asked to do their legwork. How’s that for socialism? Seems pretty anti-laborer to me. Anyways, the modern left just does the rinse, ban, boycott, dox, harass, shame, bully and repeat thing...but it’s not doing anything to help their cause, except for creating a whole new demographic of pro-

test voters, come 2020. The bottom line is that accountability and responsibility go two ways, but they’re hard for most people and next to impossible for anyone who relies on “society” to fix shit for them. In fact, if you one-hundred-percent agree with every policy and idea put forth by your political affiliation, you’re not a free-thinker, but a cult member. I agree with Bernie on big corporations, Hillary on reproductive rights and (trigger warning) Trump on the economy. As. Does. Most. Of. The. Country.

On the same note, it’s much easier to believe that half of our country are bigoted Nazis, than it is to accept that many Trump voters probably did a cost-benefit analysis and decided that his politics and policies are, on a whole, a better (or, more likely, an immediate) choice for their own wants and needs. Perhaps—and go ahead with the “fascist” accusations if you must—voting for someone because of their sex organs or collective identity isn’t going to fix our country’s decaying middle class. Maybe, and I’m going wayyy out on a limb here, explaining “hetero-normative systems of oppression that are ignored by cis white males and endorsed by the patriarchy” to Bob from the auto parts store is the same thing as explaining how “the devil is using his tricks to convince children that role playing games and classic rock aren’t gateways to demonic possession that goes against God’s word” to a kid in a KISS shirt. It’s all preachy, dogmatic, elitist, cult-like nonsense—end of story. It’s no wonder why the kids who claim to be socialists never bring up the concept of class, because they’d be the first to go, once folks realized who has the power over thought, speech and behavior in our current climate.

Perhaps the religious right of the ‘80s and the neo-left of the 2010s are the same people. If not, they sure as hell...excuse me, Germany...act like it.

Lastly—and, possibly, most disturbing of all—there *are* actual child killers and real-life racists. But, much like how you never saw a pastor attempt to infiltrate actual Satanic cults in the ‘80s, you will *never* see a group of modern-day leftists who claim to be “anti-fascist” strap on their bonehead-stomping boots and head out to Idaho (KKK capital of the northwest) in search of a fight. Why? Because we’re not dealing with actual anti-fascists here—we’re dealing with hurt children. A generation that grows up allergic to responsibility and addicted to blame will never understand self-ownership. A culture full of people who insist that any unfairness or uncomfortable truths be blamed on a grand conspiracy theory will not survive the winter, so to speak. And, a population that calls everyone who shares an appreciation for free speech a “Nazi” is simply turning 1984 into a reality.

But, it *feels* good to assume that everyone who doesn’t toe your ideological line must be a bigot, doesn’t it?

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