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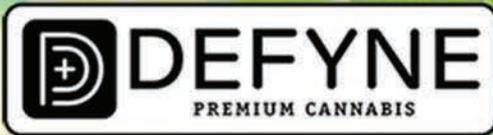
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NEW OLD ALTERNATIVE HEALTH CURES

BY ESMERALDA RUPP-SPANGLE



You've probably heard of the Netflix series *The Goop Lab* by now and its mainstreaming of "alternative" medicine. Obviously, alternative treatments have been around for a while—it's nothing new—rejection of mainstream medicine is as old as the hills. Anti-vax, crystal healing, the Portland Gluten Free Expo, ACV to cure everything, spirit guides, juice cleanses, and now, jade eggs for our vaginas. I was pondering this and wondering if we, in our hubris and modernization, may have overlooked some other viable or useful alternative therapies from the bygone era. In my studies, I discovered a wealth of almost certainly revolutionary treatments, which I firmly advocate we bring back into use. I've compiled a list, which I plan on sending to Gwyneth Paltrow's crack team of open-minded researchers to try—but first, I humbly submit it to you, dear reader.

Radithor

Manufactured from 1918-1928, this miraculous water was said to cure all manner of ills. It reportedly cured impotence, sped healing of physical wounds, treated depression and malaise, and was marketed as "perpetual sunshine." It contained triple distilled water and dissolved radium. Now, don't freak out here—sure, "they" say it was highly radioactive and caused its biggest fan, a playboy named Eben Byers, to develop holes in his skull and have his jaw fall off. Sure, "they" say he had to be buried in a lead-lined coffin. But, that's probably all just misinformation and hype to discredit this amazing potion. We all know, now, that radia-

tion can help cure cancer, so it must be good. Let's bring back this no doubt extraordinary cure-all and add it to our kale shakes—what's the worst that could happen?

Antimony Pills

In this era of eco-consciousness and up-cycling, the Antimony pill is the perfect fit. It was a lauded laxative, purgative and revitalizing medicine in the 17th through 19th centuries and it's honestly amazing that it hasn't retained its popularity. It was sometimes called the "everlasting pill," because when you swallowed it, it would pass through the bowels, leeching out antimony on its way, causing a rapid and violent expulsion of their contents. However, because it was metallic, it wouldn't dissolve. Thus, when it came out the other end, it was recovered, cleaned and taken again. What's more green-conscious than sifting through your toilet for a reusable pill? I can't think of anything.

Trepanning

We all know that ancient wisdom is the best kind and not many medical practices date back further than this one. Evidence for it goes as far back as the Neolithic, so there certainly must be something to this unfortunately abandoned treatment. In ancient times, when someone was depressed or suffering from wild mood swings, they were known to have demons in their head. Our modern equivalent might be "negative energy." What would be the best way to remove a demon (or negative energy) from your head? Why,

to drill a hole in your skull to release it, of course. There is some modern use of trepanning by free-thinking individuals who claim it increases brain blood volume and enhances cerebral metabolism. Really, that's all the evidence we need to bring back this ancient miracle cure.

Blister Poultices

Used to "draw out" infection, hysteria, fever, insanity and a host of other complaints, this practice—sometimes called "vesiculation"—employed the use of crushed blister beetles, herbs and various additional curatives, to be blended and applied as a plaster to the patient. Occasionally, a blister would be produced by immersing a piece of metal into boiling water for several minutes and then applying it directly to the body. A painful blister—or series of blisters—would rise up on the skin and be cut open, to release whatever bad humours were causing the ailment. This technique of purging toxins from the system may not have the same glamour as a juice cleanse, but it's certainly more expeditious and definitely just as effective.

Mercury

Mercury has a long and storied use in the medical treatment of everything, from syphilis to melancholy, psychiatric complaints, constipation, influenza, teething infants and parasites. As far back as the 2nd century B.C., the great Chinese Emperor, Qin Shi Huang, took an elixir of mercury in his quest for immortality. Despite the fact that naysayers claim that



it actually killed him, I advocate for the return of this amazing substance to treat, well, whatever. Just because modern medical science says that this beautiful metallic element is poisonous, doesn't it seem just as likely that this is all propaganda from big pharma? Calomel was a mercury salt containing medicine that was used widely for years and just because "they" say it caused the deaths of babies, I for one don't buy that something with a name as cool as "Quicksilver" could be anything but miraculous.

Tobacco Smoke Enemas

This treatment was used by ancient Native American peoples, which automatically means it's valid. Now, we know that modern doctors say that the use of tobacco is "bad" and "carcinogenic," but that's certainly just because modern cigarettes are laced with toxic chemicals. Using all-natural versions will surely remove this risk. Tobacco smoke enemas reportedly stimulated respiration, treated colds, hernias, cramps, typhoid fever, cholera and even headaches. By the 17-1800s in Europe, the practice gained popularity and was used so widely, the Royal Humane Society installed tobacco smoke enemas in their resuscitation kits along the River Thames. Sadly, by 1811, the practice had fallen out of favor because something about nicotine being a "poison," but I think this was just some stuffy, old, racist doctors who thought they knew better than the Native American peoples. It's worth noting, also, that this is the source of the phrase "to blow smoke up [someone's] ass." Now, while this is by no means a complete list of the forgotten wisdom of alternative therapies (Phrenology and lobotomy come to mind), this is at least an important review of how modern western medicine rejects treatments that certainly at least deserve a second look and I hope you consider applying them in your own life.

Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle is a traveling snake oil salesman, spirit guide and life coach. She can be found on MeWe by name or by channeling positive energy through your chakras.

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DEAD LEAVES IN THE SUN: PART 1 BY CM BROWN

When I got the call, I looked at the incoming number and thought about the way jail bunks straighten out my back. I thought about bidding on spades and the ketchup on fried bologna Wonder bread, with a Jell-O chaser. I thought about not picking up the call at all. Then, I thought about how broke I was and hit answer.

"Crawford?"

"Yes?"

"You're the last goddamned person I'd ring, but I'm out of life lines. Need a job?"

I said "Okay."

After the Captain hung up, I stepped outside for a smoke. The way the still 1am air held my exhale reminded me to quit smoking—again. A slow train let itself be known with a lonely drawl some ways away, while the echo of a chained-up dog seemed to run with the desperate need it felt for freedom. Down the streets forever. And then, I went back to bed, dreaming of trains taking people far, far away.

As I headed down to headquarters, a few stray leaves blew around like street kids hitting you up for change and cigarettes. I took a deep breath before pulling open the medieval doors, saluting security and sending my keys and belt down that long perp walk, through the X-ray machine. Then, I went to get talked at and down to by my favorite person in the world, Captain Henley. He waddled from cubicle to cubicle, barking nonsense at nonsense cops, walrus mustache quivering like a trapped gerbil, before finally settling down behind his desk. His office was about as charming as the man himself. The chair was the shade of faded orange that had once had a cocaine problem in the seventies, but was now content to live out its days in Central Precinct—absorbing mild civic abuse and the occasional spilled coffee. The walls were decorated with various photos of the Captain with various civic leaders—not a wife or kid in sight. The desk was bigger than a Supreme Court Judge would need for a high-profile murder case. He stared at me with the same love I felt for him. I leaned back, gave him my best toothy smile and said, "How's the fam, Cap?"

He sighed and somewhere deep down in his soul, an ulcer started to develop.

"Crawford, I'm in a bind. "Blind" would be more like it. I've been sitting on these three thorns in my ass for a month, and none of the monkeys

around here have come up with anything, except that everyone agrees they're related. I haven't heard anything from the streets about you freelancing around lately, so I figured you could use a little entertainment. Want some?"

"Sure"

He slid three folders across the vast tundra of his desk, caribou loping along out of the way.

"Three bodies—a young girl and two young guys. They showed up at Belvedere Station within three days of each other. All three pale as pearls and bled out. Coroner's stumped and frankly uninterested. Everything we got is in those folders."

He pulled open a drawer and tossed an aluminum badge at me.

"That's good for two months."

I opened my mouth.

"Shut up, Crawford. I want a check-in call once a day on your progress. You're sharp enough to know that a man like me won't let a man like you off leash for long. That's all for now... Deputy."

I saluted the guard again on my way out, and he was probably just a statue.

When I got home, I slipped on the moss of the top step again and the key stuck in the lock as it always did. I jingled it until the deadbolt gave way and pushed my way inside, three yellow card stock folders growing damp between my teeth, shoulder bag sliding off my shoulder and giving me that lean to the left that meant I was back at work.

I dumped it all on the bureau desk, flicked on the lights and made my way to the kitchen, where I pushed the remains of a turkey sandwich into my mouth and washed it down with half a beer. I looked at the pile of work on the desk. I looked away. I looked again. I grabbed the three yellow folders, each embellished with a wet, orange outline of my mouth, like lipstick traces on a cigarette slowly burning itself out. I went downstairs, into the basement, pulling the beaded cord to a bare bulb that cast shadows on my way down.

It was a warm evening and I opened the basement windows, their latches just above head level. A blue jay yelled itself into the bush outside, flapping its wings, before settling into a rhythmic caw that only blue jays understand.

It was talking to itself. Blue jays are insane.

I knew the bottle was mostly full before I pulled it out of the desk.

I sat for a good while knowing that.

I got up and walked in a circle. I bounced a tennis ball off the wall with my toe three times. I smoked a cigarette and I still knew it. Finally, I pulled the bottle out, unscrewed the cap and filled a rocks glass to the better part of reasonable. It went down just fine.

Glass in hand, I sat down on the chair in front of my Panasonic keyboard, pushed the power button and listened to the click-and-buzz from the amp for a few seconds. I picked out a key—a black one this time—took a long pull from the glass and pushed it down with my index finger, holding it there and listening to the drone of the single note.

I listened to the sound of it, as it drew on and on. I pictured the full steps, half steps and quarter steps that hung above and below it, the matrix of tones that reverberated in harmony and lived with this single note. All of the melodies it could sing with. Sweet trills and sad solos, hopeful peaks and grim breakdowns. All of the musical galaxies that this note was a part of, all of the potential worlds that it shared. They were all there with this note, even if unheard. They waited for a player's hand to make them sing, waited to let their place in this web of music be known alongside this singularity that stretched, uninterrupted, like a thin beam of light the fragile color of a robin's egg, soft as it shone on and on and on, carrying with it both the mystery and answer of itself, for as long as the batteries to the keyboard held out.

I lifted my finger from the key and silence played its own song, while the blue jay continued being a blue jay.

Three unknowns. I leaned back in my chair and thought about that. In the last year, the department took my badge, some asshole broke into my house and stole my last six pack, and early on a Sunday morning, Jean had left half a cold cup of coffee in the grease ringed sink, half a burning cigarette in the billowing ash tray and walked herself out in polished shoes that were too nice for those stairs with all she could carry, somehow keeping her footing on that fucking top step. Good year for the roses, though.

I looked back at the folders, lit a cigarette and

poured a more reasonable glass. Two Johns and a Jane, all Does—all part of the same family, somehow. Each a single note was printed on the same sheet, written in blood that didn't smell right.

I was sleeping on the folders and watching last night's dreams hoist the sails as I blinked myself awake. I didn't look at the bottle. I had drooled a little and the folders felt the damage. Cursing myself, I stood up, stumbled upstairs and started coffee. Then I stumbled back downstairs and picked up my three neworphans, searching for names and reasons.

Jane stood out. In her photos, the hair was always a little off—always three strands that refused to cooperate. Eyebrows that would sneak out the window in the middle of the night and floor the accelerator of an '84 Volvo, just to feel the wind. Eyes that made young men jump out of the back of Toyota pickups.

Her nail polish was pretty spotless.

Her bracelet looked expensive, maybe even diamonds. They were strung together with five-star charms arranged in a pattern. She must have come from money, or had learned how to grow it.

After I got some coffee in me and inhaled half a cigarette, I figured I might as well head to the morgue. It's pretty swell having a two month badge. I drank for free at the local, before making my way to the vaults of the dead. Dan, the lab tech, was enthusiastically unhelpful. He looked at me, looked at the badge, pulled open the drawer and went to go drink tea or some shit.

I snapped on blue gloves, pulled on a face mask and got to looking. The bracelet was still there and was indeed made of bits of compressed carbon. I patted myself on the back.

She looked more peaceful than the photos. Her hair was brushed straight and even. Her nails were done up in a French manicure and crossed on her chest. She was just about ready for an open casket, which was strange, because Jane Does spend the afterlife in deep freeze until someone figures out who they are, which meant someone had paid for all this. I found Dan in his office, puzzling over the latest textbook on the dead. "I don't know. Sometimes the guys, this job, it gets to you. Sometimes you have to do something nice every once in a while. Ya know, to feel human." He did a flourish with his hands as if to say "Eyy, come on, they're dead."

"Necrophilia. I get it, we all have our mo-

ments," I said.

He glared at me and went back to his studies and I went back to my new girlfriend.

I pried her hands apart to get a closer look. It didn't take long. Her left forearm was scabbed from surface piercings, five of them. In the shape of the big dipper pointing at the north star. This Jane was all about stars, and she reminded me of a time long ago.

I left the morgue and went to go see a guy about a thing.

My ears perked and I got that ol' tingle in the fingers, when I pushed open the door and heard the crack of pool balls. None of the tough guys at the bar turned around—they were too busy being angry at their whiskeys and old ladies. Cobwebs draped a stuffed deer head on the wall and some delta blues music groaned out slow-cooked anger from somewhere in the back. I remembered I had to hop some old kegs to get out the rear door, checked my holster on the right hip and unbuttoned the knife sheath on my left. The Last Pony was the friendliest joint in town. I knew Jimmy Mojo would be at his usual spot down at the end, rolling quarters down his fingers and making 'em disappear and reappear. Real magic man this guy. I pulled up next to him and he looked at me with bloodshot eyes and patched stubble on his thin face, nothing but chest hair and tattoos under his club leathers. A skull winked out from under a chain maille bracelet on his left hand, in the faded blue of prison ink.

"Fuck you, Crawford. If you ain't got something for me, I ain't got nothing for you.

"I pursed my lips.

"You know what would happen if one o' dem over there even saw me talking to you? I'd have to get some exercise."

An impressive looking hunting knife flipped out of nowhere, thunking straight down on the bar and standing upright, like a prize fighter puffing out his chest. Back in the midnight part of my brain, there are things I wish I could forget. Shit that knows when you can't sleep, laughing as it crawls in the window. I eyed that blade wavering on the teak bar just above his coaster and straightened my back.

"You were always good with your hands Mojo," I said.

He pulled the knife from the bar and started cleaning his nails with it and sucking his

teeth. I pulled out the eight ball of cocaine I kept around for special occasions like this and tossed it to him. He looked at it and downed his shot of whiskey. Then he waved his hand over the bag, wiggled his fingers, and it was gone.

"So, what is it?" he asked.

"I want to know about your time in Alaska. What kind of games you were up to, maybe talking to pretty girls?"

"He looked like he was about to keel over laughing."

You ... you know there's this thing called the Fifth Amendment, right Detective?"

"You know me, Jimmy. I ain't exactly straight and I ain't exactly on the payroll. I'm just trying to catch some leads, get to know how the route works up there."

"I'ma need another drink then," he said, raising an eyebrow at me. I ordered him a double, neat.

"Well, as usual, we get 'em started at the clubs, some of the less scrupulous guys get 'em hooked on dope, to make the job easier. Me, I'm the honest, hard-working type. I simply explain the financial benefits. If times get dry, I would try the runaway shelters and play on the desperation angle. I know, I know...but, hey, times be tough. If you're huntin' someone, I'd start with the clubs. Oh, and if you're going up there this time of year, bring some sunglasses. And, bring me back a coffee mug.

"On the walk home, a blue jay hopped from tree to tree talking to me. We discussed the case.

"Caw!"

"Ya, I know, right? Better make some phone calls."

When I got home, that's what I did. I rang up six different runaway shelters, and finally a social worker in a small town outside of the Kenai Peninsula recognized the description.

"Can't recall her name, she was only here for a minute, before going back out into the weather. Didn't even get a chance to get any paperwork on her. Is she okay?"

"She's in a good place," I said and hung up. I booked a plane on the department's dime, that was still good for about a month and thirty days, and went to find some mini bottles for my carry on.



(More) Reasons Why Pot Is Better Than Alcohol

GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED GOLD SATIVA AWESOME

March is St. Paddy's Day month, which means that everyone gets a pass to be a drunk piece of shit. But, this year, it will be 4/20 for an entire month—April is gonna kick March's ass, when it comes to substance wars. So, to prepare for four-point-two-zero weeks of cannabis consumption, I've put together a few tips to help rationalize swapping out one substance for another, instead of just growing up and living like a sober adult. In the past, I've used this column to demonstrate why booze sucks and blunts rock, but I failed to mention some of the lesser-discussed aspects of choosing smoke over sauce. Here are some of those aspects...

The Consequences Of Weed-Related Bad Decisions Are Easy To Deal With

Compared to a week-long bender fueled by alcohol, the real-life consequences of decisions made while baked at a festival or during a road trip are practically harmless. I've never once smoked too much weed, invited my ex to Vegas, spent my savings and broken a few bones in the process...but, this was just another Friday, back when I was heavily sauced up on the booze. With weed, the paranoia factor—not to mention the quasi-legal nature and historically frowned-upon counterculture surrounding cannabis—means that a certain level of awareness (or anxiety and paranoia, in extreme cases) prevents most stoners from doing extremely reckless shit. You're probably not going to be taking non-calculated risks while high on dabs, save for a trip to the ice cream shop or wasting money on a used Sublime album.

Of course, a *lack* of decision-making, forgetfulness and otherwise sloth-like habits can develop in habitual weed smokers. Hell, I forgot that March was St. Paddy's Day month, until I saw an ad for tax experts, which made me realize I haven't even started on my taxes, because I'm still lagging on other projects, forgetting magazine deadlines and still haven't sent out Christmas presents to my aunt. So, yeah, getting stoned all the time isn't going to make you into an example of ideal adulthood. But, booze will turn anyone (of any age) into a slobbering child, one whose mornings consist of reading a bunch of angry texts to figure out what happened last night and why they're waking up inside of a Winco.

Weed Brings Out The Best In Bad People, While Alcohol Brings Out The Worst In Good People

The old saying, "if folks could just sit down and share a joint, they'd get along," is true. For example, last month, a video circulated around the web, showing Antifa protesters and Trump supporters sharing a blunt, during a clash of public marches. One party was heard saying "Fuck it, everyone smokes weed, let's take a break and roll this up!" Compare this to alcohol, which can turn even the best people into violent, sloppy, agitated, arrogant heaps of human trash—I know, because I've been there. Alcohol can turn a good person bad, while weed can turn a shitty person good. Further, it's really hard to get pissed off while high—if you discuss religion or politics at a bar (especially one located on the outskirts of town), you're going to have a bad time. On the other hand, getting baked and discussing religion and/or politics is actually kind of fun. Cannabis unifies people, but alcohol can turn even the best of friends into bitter enemies.

The Alcohol Industry Has Nothing On Cannabis Innovation

Take a minute and ask yourself what the alcohol community has brought to the table in the past few years. White Claw? Home brew? Shitty strip mall taphouses? A dramatic rise in sexually transmitted infections, driven by a hook-up culture, digital narcissism and gender warfare? Aside from wine snobs, no one who drinks really cares what they're drinking or how it is affecting their health. The number of "medical uses" for alcohol (aside from social ills) is pretty much zero.

Turn your direction toward the cannabis industry and you'll see third-generation, USB-adaptable, smart devices that can extract THC from anything green and ground, which results in cancer patients, stroke victims and autistic kids being able to function for the first time ever. Basically, the Elon Musk variety of stoner is good for society in ways that we could have never imagined—well, to be fair, everyone knew the stoner who was constantly making water bongs out of random shit from the hardware store and now he's all grown up and working on curing Alzheimers, by extracting oils from plants. We should have trusted

that guy more. Rob, if you're reading this, we all owe you an apology for calling your trips to Ace Hardware a "stoner hobby." Can I borrow your Tesla?

Even though both industries are based on basic chemistry and literally just involve turning buds into things that make people intoxicated, the alcohol industry is responsible for thousands of deaths, whereas the cannabis industry's worst sin is producing thousands of Deadheads.

Weed Makes Modern Life Tolerable

Speaking of science, politics, innovation, lifestyle and culture, shit's pretty fucked up right now. Regardless of where you fall on the snowflake-to-fascist spectrum (i.e. the only acceptable political compass in Portland), alcohol isn't going to make anything better. Put it this way—I have specific strains of weed that I reserve for different types of news media. If I'm watching Trump give a speech, I go heavy indica, with some OG Kush. If I'm watching my Facebook friends have a meltdown over Trump's latest speech, I opt instead for a nice sativa, like Blue Dream. Cannabis helps put things into perspective, particularly the one where a member of the WWE Hall Of Fame and former reality show host is turning the "tolerance and compassion" crowd into a rage-filled hate mob. Politics, while high, is just as stupid and entertaining as it's always been. But, after having a few shots, the mere sight of Tucker Carlson or Rachael Maddow makes me want to punch a toddler.

The "cannabis makes shit laughable and easy to deal with" concept isn't limited to politics, either. Do you hate your job? Try getting high before you go to work. Trapped in a dead-end relationship? Smoke some weed and laugh it off (but then, really, break up with them—life is too short). Can't keep up on our ever-evolving cultural dialects, sick of the men-versus-women debate and tired of forgetting your friend's pronouns? Good news—if you're stoned, you can call everyone "dude" and it's okay. Cannabis may make people lazy, but the byproduct of this is that lazy people are too, well, lazy to care about the dumb shit. But, hey, that's just, like, my opinion, man...**hits joint**. It's cool if you got a different one.

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By this time of year, Oregon is feeling about ten degrees warmer than winter and we've seen a few sunny hours, in between fog and rainstorms. So, what does the brief sliver of springtime sunshine mean?

Everyone Gets Naked!

Well, sort of—for the next two months, we've got contest after contest happening in Portland, both of which involve, well, naked people. This month, dancers and readers alike can look forward to Miss T&A, which is DJ Dick Hennessy's answer to Miss America...okay, that may be overdoing it, but with the way politics are headed, I think Dick would be a perfect fit to take over the pageant. Anyways, back to the real story, Miss T&A is a six-round event that involves...you know what? I'll let our readers guess. Could it be a live e-Sports event involving Tanks & Ammo? Perhaps, it's a tribute to Thighs & Areola? There's only one way to tell—show up to a qualifier round, compete and/or witness the event (dates and locations are at the end of this column). DJ Dick Hennessy is constantly raising the bar for his contests and events, so anyone

who is aiming for a shot at the \$6,000 in cash and prizes should hit him up immediately at (503) 380-5800.

Next month, well...are we ready for April 2020? That's 4/20, all month long! So, before you puff, puff and forget to pass, we'd like to remind you all that Miss Nude Oregon is happening on Sunday, April 26 at Club Rouge in downtown Portland. Now, it's a well-known fact that pretty much every contest advertised in our magazine involves nudity of some variety, but Miss Nude Oregon involves *full* nudity for the duration of the performer's time on stage. That's like starting every set on the third song or being able to fast forward a private dance—and, it will be done competitively. I'm pretty sure that this competition is based on beauty, skill and talent, but I'd also like to think that there is such a thing as "most nude," like the kind folks experience when they have dreams about being naked in public or the way your body feels after a cold shower of the forgot-to-pay-the-heater-bill variety. We're talking really, really naked. While I look forward to Miss Nude Oregon and wish all the contestants the best (speak

with the Club Rouge manager for more info on how to sign up), I'm not gonna front—I think it would be funny if a contestant was disqualified for, say, a piece of tissue or a toe ring. I'll see you all there, for the most nude nudity that has ever graced a downtown stage.

And, of course, April also means the return of Polerotica! This event focuses on, well, the pole and those who have the skills to wrangle it like a Level 10 weapon in an R.P.G. Are you talented and vertically inclined? Text or call DJ Dick Hennessy at (503) 380-5800 so you can get lined up for a qualifier round. Are you a fan of talent, nudity and adult situations? Keep your eyes peeled for the April dates, appearing next month, right here. As always, you can see past performances from Polerotica and other *Exotic* pageants online, at Xmag.com (under "videos," of course).

Disco, Tie-Dye And After-Hours Parties

What about those of you who want to make some quick money and show off your appearance, but keep some clothes on? Well, Club 205 has

you covered with their '70s Party, which pops off on Saturday, March 21. Show up in your best '70s attire and win some cash! Plus, you get to hang out at Club 205, drinking, eating and watching the show. And, if you're still up after close (and have a safe ride), head downtown to Club SinRock's new location for "downtown after dark," which is exactly what it sounds like—SinRock will be staying open past beer-thirty, offering non-alcoholic libations and their kickass roster of sexy SinRock girls.

**Rest In Peace To "Big" Steve White,
Industry Veteran And Awesome
Dude**

While we have been quiet on the *Exotic* front to allow for friends and family to process this loss, it is with great sadness and a heavy heart that booking agent, industry supporter and three-decades-plus veteran in the strip club scene, "Big" Steve White passed on, this last December. Unlike more mainstream or family-friendly industries, the adult industry is often overlooked, when it comes to acknowledging those who devote their lives to it—when dancers, bookers, managers or DJs leave our planet (we still miss you, Jared), it's not as talked about by the local papers and news stations. On the same tip, this industry requires a devotion that is unlike any other career or hobby—the people who matter, matter a lot (and, to many, many people). Steve was one of the most loved and respected folks in our industry, and he will be remembered by everyone who knew him. Next month, we will be dedicating a larger section of this column to "Big" Steve White's life. If you have any stories, memories or other words that you would like to share with us, please email Ray@Xmag.com.

The logo for 'eroticcity spotlight' features a black silhouette of a person in a dynamic, dancing pose to the left of the text. 'eroticcity' is written in a bold, lowercase, sans-serif font, with 'erotic' in black and 'city' in red. 'spotlight' is written in a smaller, lowercase, sans-serif font in black.

**TUE 3 - GUILTY PLEASURES
CICI'S BIRTHDAY PARTY**

**SAT 7 - XPOSE - MISS T&A
OPENING NIGHT**

**SUN 8 - STARS CABARET (SALEM)
HUNKS**

**FRI 13 - DANCIN' BARE
MISS T&A ROUND 2**

**SAT 14 - DREAM ON SALOON
'90S NIGHT**

**SAT 14 - SUGAR SHACK (SALEM)
MISS T&A ROUND 3**

**SAT 14 - STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT)
WHITE TRASH BASH**

**TUE 17 - CABARET, COLUMBIA
STRIP, GUILTY PLEASURES, SCARLET
LOUNGE, SPYCE, TOMMY'S TOO,
THE RUNWAY**

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATION

**FRI 20 - X EXOTIC LOUNGE
MISS T&A ROUND 4**

**SAT 21 - CLUB 205 - '70S PARTY
(CASH PRIZES FOR BEST COSTUME)**

**SAT 21 - REVEAL LOUNGE
MISS T&A ROUND 5**

**FRI 28 - GUILTY PLEASURES
MISS T&A FINALS**



Spring Cleaning For Musicians

by Blazer Sparrow

The age of moderation is over—we are now in the age of minimalism! This movement is permeating our culture, be it our food, our spending habits, our living situation, our music, our movies, our literature or our stuff. Lifestyle gurus, like Marie Kondo, are spearheading the new normal of *not* acquiring and owning a bunch of inanimate objects, just to appease the ever-growing, Akira-esque monster that is capitalism—specifically, the American brand that seems to think we'll never, EVER run out of literal, physical space (or breathable air, for that matter).

Now, if you're reading this column (and not just flipping through it to find the titties), you are more than likely a musician, so the concept of minimalism is nothing new to you. You are probably confused as to why yuppies and neo-liberal bourgeoisie all of a sudden want to get rid of all the stuff that you only wish you had, because some television personality told them it's the reason their children don't talk to them. This sweeping daytime talk show fad of "less is more" doesn't apply to you, because you literally don't have anything. Five-hundred bucks says you sleep on a mattress (sans box spring) in the corner of some five-bedroom house, which you split with six other "artists."

What else could you possibly get rid of, when the house has a communal toothpaste tube? I'll tell you what...all that music stuff you have! Be it the excessive amount of antiquated instruments you keep around the living room (so people will think you're cultured), to your unnecessarily big record collection. Do not think you can't also hop on this midlife crisis purge. With Ole Blazer's help, you too can pretend to improve your emotional health! Behold—a few areas in your pathetic existence where we can spark

some motherfucking joy, by getting rid of some of the trappings weighing you down in life.

Guitars

I'm going to tell you what your girlfriend (ex-girlfriend, I assume at this point) has already told you: you have too many guitars—literally. You have wasted money and your partner's living space with all of these instruments. The appropriate number of guitars any guitarist (or person, for that matter) should have is two—an electric and an acoustic. If you have more than one acoustic guitar, you must hate trees. They all sound the fucking same. As for electric, there may be a wide variety of styles that remind you of some shitty dad rock band, but I hate to break it to you...no one cares about the tonal differences between your Fender Telecaster and your Fender Stratocaster. Even the hardcore music nerds that talk to you after shows are only pretending that the single-coil twang delivers a distinct bite, which the meaty crunch of a Humbucker does not. It's just an excuse to sound like you know what you're talking about and justify spending all of those dollars. So, into the wood chipper with all of your guitars! You'll thank me later.

CD Collection (And Music Media Collection In General)

I mean...do we even need to talk about this? Why do you have a CD collection? I know you're probably a millennial and CDs are the medium you grew up with, but there is no need to still have a collection. CDs are literally garbage. There was this thing called iTunes that came out two decades ago, and then, this other thing called Spotify, a decade after that. Digital music needs no physical form anymore. Your boxes of first-press,

golden-age hip hop CDs, from high school (that you used to show off) are now literally taking up space, which could be used for dry food storage. No one cares. Look up the fucking songs on YouTube. Also, I hate to break it to you, but vinyl doesn't sound better—it just takes up space. Aren't you tired of moving those milk crates every time your landlord kicks you out for not paying the electric bill? I bet you are. Those heavy disks of landfill fodder aren't sparking a lot of joy when you have to haul them from tenuous living situation to tenuous living situation, are they? Lessen the burden you carry from punk squat to punk squat to achieve a true sense of O.G. spirituality.

Band T-Shirts

Clothing is important. It keeps us warm. It hides our shameful, ugly bodies. We can't do without clothing, unless we are in a very strict nudist colony. However, in the spirit of minimalism, we should still be aware of the demons of excess. As a musician, I assume you have one pair of pants and two—at most, three—pairs of underwear. In this sense, you are following the minimalist tome to the T. However, there is one T where you are failing miserably at, following the reduction manifesto: your upper body wear! If you have more black T-shirts of musical artists than the number of years you have been alive on this earth, you have too many of said shirts. The correct number of band T-shirts should be your age, divided by two, then take that number and subtract it by itself. Buy a shirt with some fucking buttons. That's why you don't get called back for job interviews.

I hope this article has sparked joy in your life.

Nama Fucking Ste.

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The Wanderer

So, I've been traveling around the world for nearly the past five years as a nomad. I clearly have a passion for travel, living abroad and learning about other cultures. How come I cannot meet another woman from the U.S., with similar interests and

passions?

I've gone on dates with like-minded women from the U.S., who, on paper, look like we'd be a perfect match. Yet, there's never any interest from the other side—I just don't get it.

I was recently in Europe for three months and I couldn't get a single girl on a date, let alone get laid. But when I go to Asia, the Middle East or Africa, I get a ton of interest. Do you know how it makes me feel, when only struggling women in developing countries like me? Really shitty and bitter. It makes me feel like I'm a walking ATM machine or a chance at a better life, and that's all.

I've met other digital nomad types on the road and they seem to have absolutely no interest in me. All these years, I've always wanted to find a

like-minded woman to date and see the world together. Now that I'm in my mid-thirties, I really want to find someone to get married to. Instead, all I find are women with no ability to leave their countries or wanting me to pay for their travels. Maybe I'm just a horrible person who is just attracting their equal?

-Lonely Nomad

Dear Nomad,

Finding a partner isn't easy for any of us. If it were, songs wouldn't be written, poetry wouldn't exist and neither would dating apps. Finding a partner is one of the hardest things in life. This is why people stay in abusive relationships, overlook cheating and sell themselves short, with partners who don't deserve them. I'm guilty of it myself—

I've allowed more than I should have, in the name of love (and the pursuit of it). If it were easy, we'd all be paired off, couple's counseling wouldn't exist and neither would divorce. Don't beat yourself up for not finding it easily—none of us do.

Let's talk about your challenges as a potential partner. You're constantly traveling. Not everyone can afford to do that with you. Hell, I'd love to just travel, but how would I pay for it? Outside of maxing out credit cards, having a unicorn job where you could work remotely or sex work, I can't think of a way and even both those options combined together probably wouldn't fund a constant travel lifestyle. Most women your age have children or family, which they are extremely obligated to. If you meet a woman that is interested in you, in whatever town or country you're in at that moment, she will understand that it's temporary, because you're soon going to move on. I'm not an expert on women, but I can assure you most aren't jazzed on that, nor are they willing to invest much.

Which brings us to the next part... they treat you as an ATM, because you have nothing to offer. When are you leaving next?

Sadly, Nomad, if you are serious about getting a life partner, you will need to drop an anchor somewhere for a while—or, you have to bankroll it. When you want to cohabitate down with someone, you need to have a secure nest. Wanting someone to share your lifestyle with no protest is unrealistic. Being a Nomad is a very specific way of life—one that a lot of people might not be able to do and you need to be open to that, if you truly want to invite someone into your life. Re-

lationships are about compromise. Both ways. Maybe, you'll find that unique unicorn who has a trust fund or someone who can work remotely. It totally could happen and I want that for you. Until then, sadly, you're going to be resolved to



a life of temporary hook-ups, until you want to be more stable. Women have a certain privilege, where we can almost order sex in, like it's Postmates. We don't need to waste our time with some guy who won't be here tomorrow. And, if we do, it's only for exactly what it is.

-DiscountTherapist

Jazz Cigarettes

I'm trying to cut back on my drinking and have decided to smoke more pot in its place. This seems to be working for me. What are your views about this practice??

-Flower Power

Dear Flower Power,

Marijuana is being legalized in more states and more countries, every single day. It's not habit-forming, has no withdrawal symptoms and no evidence of altering mood towards violence. It has been shown (with scientific research) to help with cancer, autism, seizures, P.T.S.D., depression, anxiety, and has aided the opioid crisis (and addicts, in general).

Alcohol, however, does none of these things.

Alcohol is one of the most dangerous addictions you can fuck with. Just quitting it could kill you, if you are a heavy drinker. Not even heroin can do that.

I don't know where you live, so I'm not sure if weed is legal where you are. If it is, please smoke away. You can pick your strains and tailor the experience to your needs. What a time to live! If it isn't legal where you live, still, choose weed over booze. All over, people are getting their weed-related prison sentences lifted. I promise that it will be okay, if you get a little personal-use weed. Most cops ain't got time to mess with that, unless you live in a small town where nobody has anything to do. If that's the case, I suggest getting a medical card. You have that back pain, right? Or maybe trouble sleeping? For a small fee, you can be legit with it.

Does it look trashy? NO. Being a mumble-mouthed, shitty drunk does. Trust me—the alcoholics are envious of someone who can go off it and just smoke grass instead.

-DiscountTherapist

*Brandi
Shagwell*
from
Rit Rat Club





EXOTIC
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2020

Why Rational Men Won't Date Woke Women

by Matt Rose

The obvious isn't always obvious, especially when realizing that the obvious will shatter your entire worldview. A couple months ago, an article titled "The Dangerous Rise of Men Who Won't Date 'Woke' Women" (filed under "news") appeared in *Refinery 29*. In it, presumably "woke" woman, Vicky Spratt (whose work includes "My Little Sister Got Engaged & People Keep Asking If I'm Okay," "Feeling Hopeless After The Election? Here Are 5 Things You Can Do Today" and "Self-Partnered? Really Isn't The Term Single Women Need") takes great issue with the fact that one particularly successful, famous man with money (some guy from a show—I don't care, neither should she) made a comment about not wanting to court "woke women," i.e. bitter, angry bloggers who feel that guys in his position, with a shred of taste, are "dangerous."

Today, we will be addressing "woke" women, who I will loosely define as "women whose political and social attitudes are extreme, over-the-top and radical interpretations of whatever current narrative surrounds smug, authoritarian, do-gooders—particularly those seek to limit the speech, employment and/or livelihood of those who do not fully agree with their point of view." In 2020, this is the chick with green hair and cat-eyed glasses, who told her Twitter followers to go after a small business because one of their employees had a Trump hat on, succeeded in doing so and is now teaching a course on Post-Racial Intersectional Veganism at the local college (which has more to do with preaching her twisted interpretation of feminism than it does veganism). If you don't have a stereotype of the "woke" woman in your head by this point, consider yourself lucky and just skip this column—but, most people know exactly what type of person I'm talking about. She's the one getting offended right now, whether because men won't date her or because men are "mansplaining" in print why they won't date her.

As always, no one is talking about actually dangerous woke *men* who adopt wokeness as a last-ditch-effort mating strategy and *always* end up being creepers in the end (hey Vicky, there are *plenty* of soy-based alternatives to sexist men...go date one of them). Nor are we talking about Netflix star and resurrected sex icon Ted Bundy or other men of

this type. No, we are talking about the danger of male absence—as it turns out, woke women are apparently entitled to men's bodies, because the patriarchy or the current year or something like that.

Stop for a second and ask yourself, woke lady, why a man would want to date you in the first place—what do you bring to the table? To most people, good men won't date woke women for the same reason that black men don't join the Klan. When the majority of your Twitter posts are anti-male (if you replaced "white men" with "black" or "Jewish," it would read like @RealAdolfHitler, just with pronouns in the bio), you see everything through problem lenses (seriously, everything from air conditioning to milk has been labeled sexist and racist by woke women... just pick anything, add "is sexist" and do an internet search for it) and not once in your adult life have you taken responsibility for a single circumstance of it (responsibility is a "right-wing conspiracy" these days), I'm baffled as to why I'm not aroused at the idea of going on a date with you. Besides, what are you even doing ranking men from good to dangerous, if the idea of merit itself seems to disgust you? Further, doesn't the whole idea of gender become problematic? Aren't you excluding trans men? If not, why aren't you dating one, or better yet, what would you say if *they* didn't want to date you???

Trust me, you wouldn't want to date you, either.

However, all of the above can seem cruel and snarky. That, ladies, gentlemen and non-binaries, is what we call "being a dick" and it doesn't work when you're trying to convince people to change their opinion (yeah, I know, it's pretty baffling). So, I'm here to answer Vicky's question honestly.

As always, if the genders were swapped, the same would be true—good people of any gender shouldn't risk dating woke anything. Either way, let's get to brass tacks...

Woke Women Have Unrealistic Concepts Of Beauty

This one is somewhat ironic, seeing as how "unrealistic beauty standards" are exactly what the more rational feminist types take is-

sue with—as in, standards set by barely alive Calvin Klein models, who look like a toothpick ate a Q-Tip and would make a starving toddler feel fat by comparison. And, yes, speaking as a male with low standards and an appreciation for normal women, a skeleton is the opposite of an aphrodisiac (an "antidisiac," if you will). I'll even add to this that I'm a fan of natural proportions and a trunk with some subwoofers. A bigger woman or a curvy girl is fine, if that's how she naturally fits into her body. But, to the woke woman, the idea that body type and appearance preference exists at all is "dangerous," "harmful" and "sexist" (or one of the other euphemisms for "sour grapes" that unqualified applicants use). To the woke woman, you don't just have to accept her for who she is, you actively have to fantasize about it. It's your job to deconstruct your social programming and find a way to get a boner at the sight of a *Hellraiser III* Cenobite. Otherwise, you're "shaming" her. I mean, the reality is, if I could make a conscious decision regarding what causes me to have an erection, I'd be gay...but, oh, wait, sexual preference isn't a choice, now is it?

But, aside from body size (which often takes years, if at all, to change), woke women will go two steps further and openly "challenge" *all* socially agreed-upon standards of beauty—shaved eyebrows, neon hair that looks like it has been dyed by a toddler, the "...okay, let's unpack why what you just said is offensive" horizontal bangs cut, the over-sized band shirt (don't worry—the armpit hair doubles as a bra), brown-green eyeliner, tons of shitty-but-expensive tattoos and bright orange lipstick, *all of which* consist of "unattainable beauty standards," as they require exponentially more work (and money) than hitting the gym or shampooing out the Blueberry Swirl Manic Panic. So, the degree to which woke women *accent* that which goes against "traditional beauty standards" takes a lot of goddamn effort. Challenge accepted, I guess?

Guys will date a chubby chick who knows what clothes fit and how to do makeup like a person who pays their own rent. Dudes will take home the average-at-best girl who has a great smile and a killer personality. Most men will not, however, date something that looks like a *Saints Row IV* character designed by a serial killer. Men don't want to attempt

the whole “raise-a-stable-child” cosplay (you know, the whole purpose of sex, even if it’s just theoretical or biologically-driven, feel-good chemicals doing their thing) with an angry woman who treats her body like a trash can. And, this isn’t me speaking just for men—women talk about other women’s looks more than the entire staff of any given porn magazine—so, if the shoe doesn’t fit, put it back in the free bin and keep reading. But, if you take pride in adopting the faux-rebellion aesthetic that most woke women do, don’t complain when that same aesthetic isn’t sought after by the masses. I don’t mind a shaved head and tattoos, either—it’s the whole “sort of” shaved head and “might as well get a” tattoo that turns most guys off. We get it—you’re unique and you hate your dad. But, does that have to be your whole costume?

In fact, none of the above is even applicable, because to the woke woman, preference itself is discrimination. Are you the type of guy who prefers an average body shape, three or more limbs and vaginas? Well, you can take your fat-shaming, ableist, transphobic ass elsewhere, shitlord. Actually, that brings me to the next reason that most men won’t date woke women...

Woke Women Don’t Understand Consent

With Sexual Liberation Version 2.0, the #MeToo movement and dating apps, many very *valuable and important* discussions surrounding consent have surfaced. Let me be perfectly fucking clear—on a whole, this is great. The entertainment industry is a full of powerful creeps who needed to get called out and watching them burn is the real wholesome entertainment coming from Hollywood. I’m glad that women aren’t as afraid to come forward as they once were, now that bad men are being called out.

With that said...

Sadly, in any situation, a small handful of bad people will pull a “Jussie” and take advantage of our society’s collective empathy. While rare, false rape accusations are a very *real* danger (most dangerous things are rare, by the way). And, the bulk of the ones I’ve been privy to—nationally and locally—are made by vengeful, spiteful, woke women (this hurts actual assault survivors and accusers as much as it does men, by the way). So, while this rare, life-ruining threat is statistically small, you can exponentially increase your chances of catching it, if you date woke women. Anything that’s rare and dangerous



has a concentrated, quarantined nest from which it stems. For instance, it’s pretty irrational to have a fear of both A.I.D.S. *and* cannibalism, but if you were attending a party with Jeffrey Dahmer in the mid-1980s at a heroin dealer’s bathhouse, your chances of seeing this irrational, rare fear come to life would be exponentially increased.

Should the average man worry about false accusations? No. Is it depressingly hard for the average female assault survivor to even file a report, have it be taken seriously and bring her attacker to trial? Yes. But, it is also shockingly easy for a woke women to get away with false accusations, especially with the college campus kangaroo courts and the jury of public opinion. A simple internet search for the phrase “false rape college” returns dozens (if not hundreds) of different instances, in which campus (and actual) courts have taken away these men’s lives, even after video evidence, victim testimony or other indisputable circumstances prove them innocent. And, not one of the woke women is held accountable—some are even lauded as heroes, long after the accusations are proven false and some dude’s life is in the toilet. Take, for instance, Sabrina Rubin Erdely, who used *Rolling Stone* as a platform to falsely accuse multiple men of rape or “Mattress Girl” Emma Sulkowicz, whose false accusation

came complete with a live art display of her carrying a mattress around campus for attention (and with blatant disregard to triggering actual rape survivors), both of whom are openly woke and fit every stereotype to boot. Men should avoid women like this and *Rolling Stone* should be ashamed for trying to bury their past with a 404 page:



So, unless you have a few thousand bucks set aside for attorney fees and have zero regard for your reputation, wear a condom to prevent H.I.V., wear rubber-soled shoes in case of a lightning strike and avoid false accusations by not dating woke women.

Beyond what folks typically assume when they hear the term “false accusations,” a more common worry regards the constantly changing definitions of consent. Forget spontaneity, forget rough sex, drunk sex, office Christmas party sex, vacation sex, “I don’t think I want a second date, but last night was fun” sex...it’s all rape if it needs to be, according to woke women. Like much of her persona, to the woke woman, sex is simply a power play. This is equally ironic and dark, because any expert on sexual assault (of the garden variety, male-on-female type) will tell you that rape itself is a power play—it has nothing to do with getting off on pleasurable contact, but rather, the exact opposite—the rapist gets off by exerting power over another person, just like woke women do.

More disturbing than the threat of false accusations, is something that falls on the opposite end of the common sense aisle and more in line with the original article about how it’s “dangerous” that men won’t date you—if a man chooses *not* to date a woke woman (or, if he chooses not to accept an invitation for sexual activity when she desires it), he will also be seen as the bad guy—I know from not only third-party observation, but from personal experience, as well.

I met a girl in Arcata, CA, a bizarre hub of woke-meets-Libertarian—she was the former, I being the latter. We had drinks and she invited me to her place, where we smoked

some weed and had a few more shots. She asked if I wanted to stay the night, I replied with something that resembled a string of vowels, then I fell my drunk ass over. She took me to her room, put my intoxicated body into her bed and I vaguely remember falling asleep, only to wake up a few hours later, with her topless, stroking my dick. At this point, I was sober enough to say, "Nah, I'm drunk, you're drunk, let's wait on this," to which she replied, "Oh, I didn't know you were a fucking slut-shamer! What, do you think I'm some sort of whore? Now you're making me feel like a tramp and I never do this. I don't just bring random guys home, if that's what you're implying!!!" She was yelling this at me, while the room was spinning and I was trying to push her off my crotch. Go ahead...swap genders and tell me what this sounds like.

If you express that you'd like to wait on sex, woke women will either accuse you of implying that they are whores, run off to fuck one of their other "partners" in the meantime, or both. I mean, there's really no reason for them to settle down, because...

Woke Women Hate The Idea Of Motherhood

To the woke woman, she's gonna take all the fun out of hooking up, so why not at least *hope* that a family may come of it, if you're going to have sexless union with someone who nags you for not giving them enough attention? Well...that's not gonna happen.

There are two ends to the sexual activity spectrum—procreation and pleasure. On one end, you have Amish people who probably take herbal drugs to reduce any and all orgasmic experience from the act of churning out babies (I'm sorry if you got the pun). On the other end, you have voluntarily sterile, hedonistic pornstars, whose sexual escapades have literally nothing to do with children (hopefully). While the former is great for child-rearing, it's not fun. Conversely, while pumping yourself full of so much birth control that your pee is sterilizing the city's water supply, going to month-long music festivals with your group of poly fuckboys and opposing the family unit with your vote can be *fun*, that's no womb to raise a child in (at least, not while the drugs are still in your system).

Politically, the idea of being "woke" may be cool on paper, but in practice, it often translates to "up with hedonism, down with traditionalism." Again, this is perfectly fine (hi, I'm a Libertarian with no kids, by choice),

but signs of attractiveness and signs of fertility have a great overlap—woke politics don't usually promote the procreative undertones required to get an erection. Every hot-button issue for the woke woman is based on the freedom to *avoid* procreative gender and sex roles (forget the whole "masculinity is toxic" narrative for now). Basically, having a "relationship" with a woke woman is like having a "degree" in Postmodern Art Philosophy—sure, you're going through the steps to emulate a formality, but will it actually lead to anything? Add to this, the thousands of woke-woman-penned articles floating around, about how monogamy is a thing of the past or about how men should allow their wives a "cheat day." No one wants to sign a lease on a rental car, no one wants to put a down payment on an apartment and no one wants to commit to a woke woman who hates the idea of commitment.

And, for the umpteenth time, I'm not anti-liberal or anti-progressive on paper. Last month, I dropped acid and went clubbing with a transgender chick, while we talked shit about how much we hate kids—but, I'm not the one writing columns about how the women who won't date guys like me are "dangerous" (in fact, I'm telling the women who think I'm dangerous that I have mutual feelings for them, which is quite ironic). Why? Well, for one, I'm aesthetically unappealing to most women. Secondly, I believe in consent. Third, my politics are absolute shit and I'm definitely not daddy material. So, why am I able to laugh all these things off and wash it all down with a glass of self-awareness and responsibility? Because, unlike woke women, I'm *actually* pro-choice, up to and including the part where *I accept the fact that my own choices have consequences*. I'm not going to claim that women who won't date men like me are "dangerous," any more than I will claim that the hot stove I just touched was "harassing" my hands.

With the above being said (and, possibly ripped out of our magazine and thrown on the ground), let's get to the meat and potatoes of why woke women don't understand their lack of appeal to men who eat meat and potatoes.

Woke Women Belong To A Cult, Not An Ideology

In a not-so-surprising twist, the phrase "woke" appears on both sides of the political aisle—while the woke right is busy preparing for the rapture by protesting military funerals and hurling slurs at lesbian couples, the woke

left is busy canceling a celebrity on Twitter for engaging in wrongthink and hatespeech. Perhaps, it's not that men don't want to date women who fall on the left side of the aisle or (pretend to) care about the rights of oppressed classes, but, rather, men (and women) don't want to date cult members.

The difference between an ideology and a cult is whether or not anyone is allowed to challenge it. For instance, the entire scientific process is based off of challenging a null hypothesis—testing something that is assumed to be true, by attempting to prove that it is not. Is the globe round or flat? Even the most original gangster scientists welcome a debate. On the other hand, when it comes to cults, morals and virtues are buried in a rigid, unquestionable set of incompatible beliefs—whether virgin birth in the desert or being attacked by M.A.G.A. hat-wearing thugs in Chicago, "...just believe, because asking for verification is a form of violence." Anyone outside of the cult is (thankfully) unable to process the rules of the cult, because they're not consistent. For instance, when a feminist journalist criticized transgender M.M.A. fighter Fallon Fox for breaking a cis-gender woman's skull, before Fox had even disclosed her transition (which is the equivalent of lying about one's weight class), she (the journalist) was accused of "violence" by the woke mob, because of her supposedly harmful *words*. I'm not trying to bring up the trans athlete debate—I'm just pointing out that the woke mob feels that words are violence, but skull fractures are to be expected. And *I'm* the dangerous one for not wanting to date them?

Strangely enough, the only criticizing of the woke ideology that is engaged in by its members, is done in what Obama called a "circular firing squad" (by the way, this just in...Obama has been canceled and re-branded a white supremacist for his remarks). Woke women seem to mainly take issue with lesser woke women. There is never any self-reflection—instead, group members who don't toe the line are attacked, while cult members attempting to flee the compound are pulled down by other cult members, like crabs attempting to escape a bucket. The woke woman ideology is all about calling out other, less-holy members of their woke cult. Terms like "T.E.R.F." and "S.W.E.R.F." are used to describe women who self-identify as "radical feminist," but exclude transgender women and sex workers, respectively. However, there aren't any acronyms for non-feminist women who hate feminists (at least, I haven't heard any yet). Of note, do you know how many acronyms describe men's activists who exclude

transgender men or male sex workers? Zero. "Come on in and have a beer, dude," versus "Well, actually, you're destroying the sisterhood and we're going to unpack this, so I can get you fired." Gee...I wonder why there's no chemistry between these two groups.

Woke women don't attempt to engage with their so-called enemies, because any attempt at a fair debate would destroy the woke narrative or result in an endless stream of "So, what you're saying is..." otherwise known as "wokesplaining." Take Reddit, hub of wokeness, as an example—for some reason, the Men Going Their Own Way sub-Reddit—a group of guys who want to be left alone and enjoy posting pictures of road trips—has been quarantined for "dangerous and offensive content," while the Female Dating Strategy sub-Reddit—a group dedicated to manipulating and lying to men for cash and prizes—is readily promoted on the site. Again, how is *avoiding* these women dangerous?

Back to the point, as I said at the beginning of this article, woke women are an extreme, rigid and irrational version of an otherwise normal, flexible and rational ideology. It's the difference between "Yeah, I'm a Christian" and "THE POWER OF CHRIST COMPELS YOU." Pedestrian variety religious types are fine, but people who scream death threats at gay couples and shame dead troops are in a cult. On the same tip, pedestrian variety liberal women are fine—but, the woke chick penning a hit piece about how Ms. Pac-Man is rape culture (this was only a hypothetical example until I did an internet search for it) is in a cult.

Lastly, I find it odd how much the woke right and the woke left share in common—both groups believe that sex and gender are the same thing, both groups feel that race matters more than their merit, both groups are anti-science, both groups want power, both groups believe that guilt is a tool and neither group is attractive to the majority of good men.

Why won't good men date woke women? Well, as one woke woman, explaining to me why she doesn't trust a single man, phrased it (we were on a dinner date, by the way), "If you have a bowl of candy and one piece is poison, would you even bother eating a single piece from that bowl?" And, with that, she kind of answered the question for me. Shit...I guess that's what I get for not letting the woke woman speak first.

Oh, and in case you're wondering what happened to Mattress Girl, she's not in prison, alongside some random guy who criticized a woke journalist on Twitter or was provably, falsely accused of rape on a college campus. No, prison isn't a place for woke women who ruin men's lives—it's a place for wrongthinkers, who dare question the woke-luminati. Instead, Mattress Girl was just recently the stunning and brave subject of an article about women who have "abandoned the radical left." According to *New York Mag*, Emma Sulkowicz (Mattress Girl) has recently been seen socializing in "conservative and Libertarian" circles, after realizing that she was attracted to a conservative man on a dating app. And, yes, he swiped back, even after looking up her name and realizing who she was. So, in summary, wealthy and attractive men, on the other side of the political aisle, with a lot to lose, *will* give women with weird haircuts, who have documented, self-admitted histories of filing false accusations and no interest in having kids, a fair chance—as long as they're no longer identifying as "woke."

Men will date literally any type of woman, except you. Soak that in.

To cancel the author, please email MattRoseWriter@gmail.com



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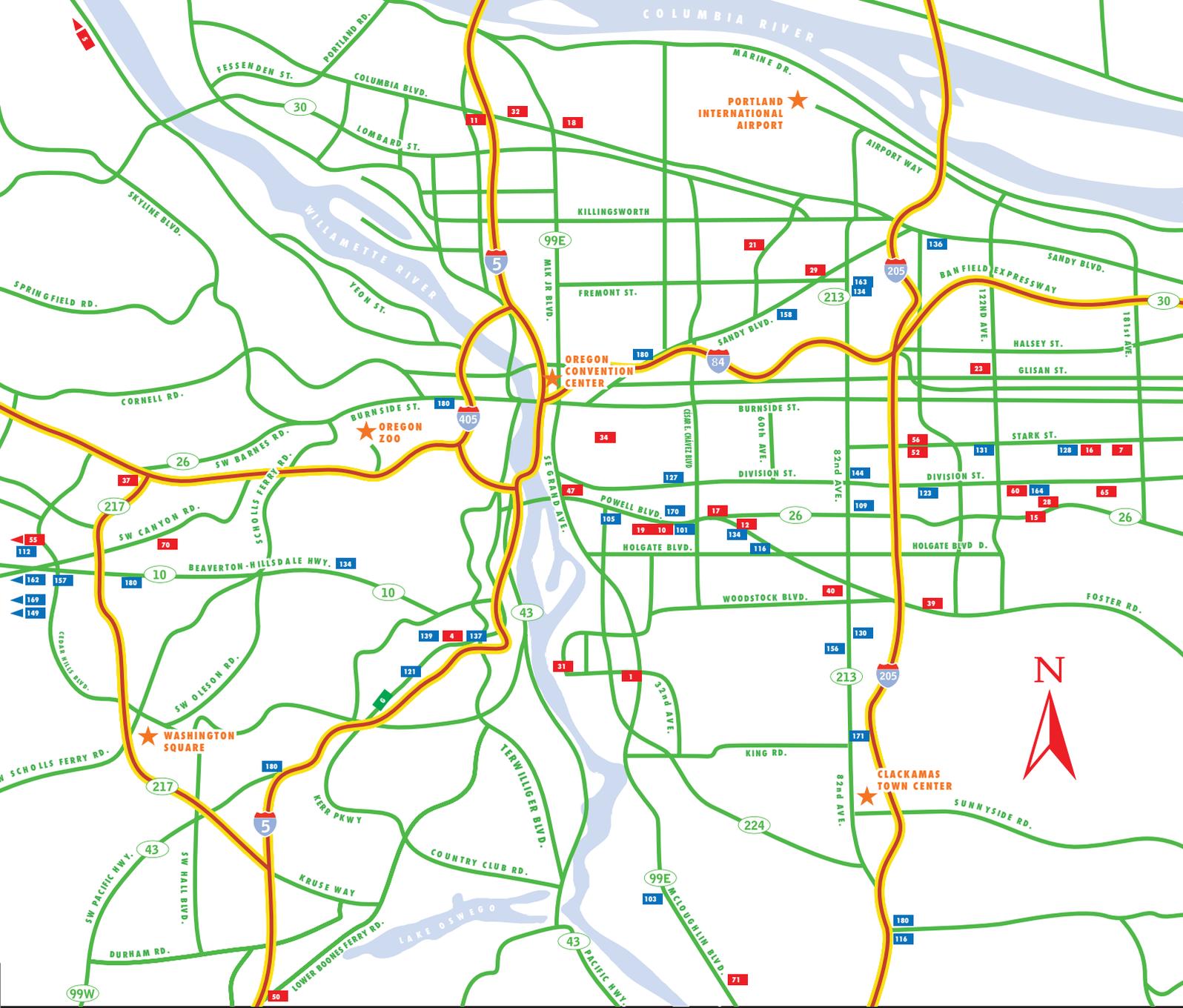
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THE MONTHLY

COLUMN

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

LESSER-KNOWN ST. PATRICK'S DAY TRADITIONS

We're all at least reasonably familiar with the ins-and-outs of St. Patrick's Day. People wear green, pinch kids, pretend to be Irish and get drunk before the sun sets. However, there are a whole score of traditions—historical and recent—which many people do *not* know about and I feel it's my duty as a sorta-journalist to inform you, the reader who picked this magazine up at the strip club and is reading it, while waiting for the girls to cycle back on stage.

Festive Horse Meat

Okay, so, some history is needed here. The man known as St. Patrick was not actually from Ireland. He was born in then-Roman Britain. When he was 16, he was captured by Irish pirates (yeah, that's a thing...arr, boyo) and kept as a slave for many years. After eventually escaping slavery, St. Patrick went back to Britain, but not without a taste for horse meat, acquired from the Irish. He later went back to Ireland—apparently not having learned his lesson—and did all the stuff he is famous for, as part of some bizarre combination of masochism and missionary work. Some say he was compelled by his lust for horse meat, to return to the Emerald Isle and set up shop. Nobody

really knows, but yeah, my bet's on meat-lust as the driving factor. Anyhow, if you can find it, get a nice horse steak, garnish it with shamrocks and whiskey, and go to town. It can even be corned, if you're into corned things. You can't say "nay" to that!



Yell At The Dead

No, not the Grateful Dead, but I'd yell at them too, if I could. Inspiring stoned teenagers to get stupid Jerry Bear tattoos for nearly 55 years now.

Goddamn! I digress, though.

St. Patrick's Day is not the day of his birth, as one might think, but rather, his death. Nobody seems to know when he was born, but apparently everyone remembers when he died, and after hearing about the funeral too late to be there, many people came to visit his grave and shout all the things they wanted to say to him. In keeping with this, you should go to the local cemetery and yell at all the dead people who have disappointed you.

Humiliate A Goat

It was said that St. Patrick, when fleeing his captors in Ireland, tripped over a resting goat on his way and cursed it, in the name of the lord. To commemorate this, people the world over will often find a surrogate goat (surragoat?) to ridicule as St. Patrick might have done in cursing it. They are commonly made to wear "sacks of shame" and adorned with silly things, like streamers and even those Groucho Marx glasses-and-nose gadgets. Your trip to the petting zoo will be better than usual if you bring the right things and you can't get kicked out if you explain the religious significance. It should be noted that, in

Argentina—which has an oddly large demographic of Irish—they merely eat the goat. You can do that too, but only if you call the goat a total chump beforehand.

Hurl Cudgels

The knobby Irish walking stick and weapon, known as the “shillelagh,” has been around since time immemorial. St. Patrick himself was known—as many historical figures in Ireland—to carry one for both walking and clubbing purposes. After brokering a peace treaty between two warring factions, he threw up his shillelagh in triumph and all the Irish in attendance followed suit, shortly thereafter. This is commemorated each year, when people will hurl clubs or walking sticks high into the air, to celebrate...uhh...peace or some shit. Grab your own stick and toss it into the air without any cares. If it maims any children, well, they must have had it coming. St. Patrick has your number, kids.



Remove Snakes

It is stated in many tales that St. Patrick had, with a wave of his staff (or shillelagh), banished forevermore all the snakes in Ireland. Historical records seem to indicate that there never were any snakes in Ireland—ever. So, that

sounds like a pretty easy job.

“Hey, remember those snakes you don’t have?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, they are all gone, thanks to me.”

“Oh, uh...great?”

So, it has since been a common tradition to find or purchase snakes and release them outside your home. If you’ve ever worked in a furniture store, then



you know that a lot of people commonly release them on the display models, though purists frown on this behavior.

Straight Up Murder A Leprechaun

In Irish folklore, the leprechaun (derived from the Old Irish word “luchorpán,” meaning “little body”) is a small, bearded man in a coat and hat, commonly known for mending shoes and causing trouble. St. Patrick himself is supposed to have come into conflict with one of these impish creatures, and when confronted with the nature of its mischief, he hit it in the head with his shillelagh. That stick, I tell ya, he got some miles out of that. The blow to the head killed

the creature and St. Patrick was free of troubles from the wayward faerie kin. In modern times, with leprechauns being extinct in the wild, many merely create a leprechaun effigy and beat that in the head, while others still merely binge-watch the *Leprechaun* film series (except *Leprechaun In Space*, for religious reasons) in tribute—but, if you can find a live one, by all means, cave its skull in.

So, pat yourself on the back if you knew about any of these beforehand—but, it’s not like you win prize money or

anything. Everyone else, well, you now have a few other optional activities for St. Patrick’s Day, beyond the usual curse-filled attempts to make Irish soda bread while you’re stinkin’ drunk. Have a happy intoxication day and stay off the damn roads.

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a writer, cryptocurrency acknowledger, crêpe maker (crêpist), trampoline critic and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook (and MeWe, the doesn't-sell-your-data Facebook) as "Wombstretcha The Magnificent."

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TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT



12 RULES FOR STRIP CLUB DJs (PART 2)

Continued from last month, here is the second in my two-part guide to adopting the title of Dance Commander For The Clothing Impaired. Catch the first part at Xmag.com or at Tales-FromTheDJBooth.com. None of these rules are in any particular order and you should not take anything I say seriously, ever, for any reason. With that said, enjoy...

7) Play For The Crowd

The balance between appealing to dancers, club staff and customers is one that often results in DJs just giving up and playing 50 Cent for twelve years (speaking from experience). If you've got a room full of [insert biker club here], five dancers who hate each other as much as they hate rock music, two off-duty, elderly staff members and the owner (a fan of '80s jazz), all under one roof, good fucking luck making everyone happy. So, who do you play for? Well, this may be controversial, but I always side with the crowd, and for one main reason: when compared to dancers and the staff, individual customers spend the least amount of time in the club, and therefore, the duration of your relationship with them is too short for a bad first impression.

If a customer is in the club for an hour and hears nothing but (what they consider to be) shitty music, they may never come back and you won't get a chance to make it up to them. However, if you play (what the dancer considers to be) shitty music (because [insert customer group here] is in the building), you can always apologize and make it up to her later in the shift (or next time). As far as

owners and staff, I tend to avoid clubs where the owners give a shit about music. Strip club owners who don't trust their DJs are always a pain in the ass to work for and bartenders usually drown out anything besides drink orders. I've also never, not once in my fifteen-plus years working strip clubs, heard a bouncer or security staff complain about the music. Yes, I always make sure to throw in some hits for the staff, but the staff is being paid to be there—customers are *paying* to be there. Strippers technically fall into both groups (they pay fees to make money), but a good dancer can put on a show to pretty much anything, as long as the crowd is making it rain. Offer any rap girl a thousand bucks to dance to Slayer and you'll realize how unimportant the beat and tempo is.

8) Sell The Fantasy

This overlaps a bit with the previous rule, but there is more to making someone's night than just having the right amount of 2 Chainz on standby for the college kids and wannabe gangstas. Even though us industry folk tend to forget this, many strip club customers are drawn in by a fantasy—particularly, the idea that a woman who is miles out of their league is willing to give them positive attention, naked boobs and good vibes. From this, the concept of "reality" should be far removed from any show put on by a professional adult entertainer.

If Blue Collar Joe and his band of merry laborers wanted to deal with real life, they'd just go home for lunch and eat with their wives and/or girlfriends. If Aspiring Rap Star

Guy and his crew had any actual ambition or talent, they wouldn't be hanging around the club on a weekend night, when they could be out performing at an actual show. If Off-Duty DJ Asshole From The Magazine just wanted to stare at naked women while listening to select songs, he'd have just stayed at work. Instead, all of these people seek out the services of stage-bound sex workers, to distract them/us from our day-to-day grind. Tell me I'm cool. Pretend my jokes are funny. Here's a few dollars. Pretend to like me. Smile and do that thing with your butt. Here's a few more dollars. This is selling the fantasy.

While the burden of selling the fantasy technically lies in the hands of the dancer (quite literally, depending on her pole skill), a DJ can make or break this illusion. Never, ever refer to a dancer by her real name. Never mention that she has a significant other. Never tell a customer that their song request is lame. Never get on the mic during a bachelor party dance and remind the audience that two-thirds of marriages end in divorce, with women initiating the vast majority. Instead, learn to lie. "This is Destiny. She loves you. Give her money." Whatever it takes, just fucking lie and sell the fantasy. And, keep in mind that everyone has their own fantasy—mine is to watch attractive women in their early twenties put down their phone for five minutes. The next guy or gal, well, theirs may be to have that same attractive woman added on Snapchat. The stripper? Well, her fantasy *should* be to make as much tip money as possible and sell a ton of dances, so have her back and remind her to put her fucking phone away, because the background

screen is a picture of her two kids and current husband. Remind her that if she does this, you'll consider playing 2 Chainz for the bikers and this will also be a lie. Lie, lie and lie until the fantasy is off the lot and on its way to the private dance area.

9) Average Your Earnings

As a DJ, your income will fluctuate like the emotional outbursts of a stripper during menopause. For example, I can guarantee that simply typing that last sentence cost me a few bucks in tips from some of the more "seasoned" dancers I work with. But, once those same seasoned dancers realize that I'm okay with playing them Hall & Oats on a weekend night, my tips will likely double... but then the owner will hear the Hall & Oats and cut my base pay, so we're back to square one.

Most clubs pay a base rate that is close to minimum wage, with dancer tips making up the large portion of a DJ's income. Much like strippers, whose per-night value fluctuates like Bitcoin on meth, DJs will have good nights and bad nights. The key to keeping your job is to average these out. If, on one hand, you get too used to that sweet winter break bump that always results in a few extra bucks, then January is gonna suck ass. On the other side of the coin, if you're used to making shit money because it's slow season, you're going to be a total buzzkill by the time shit picks back up again. Plus, the more the income fluctuates for the dancers, the more it can fluctuate for the DJ. This, of course, isn't a hard-and-fast rule, as I know (and appreciate) many dancers who tip me a flat rate, regardless of how well they do. Bad night? Thirty bucks. Good night? Thirty bucks. And, while these dancers are actually smart (because really, really, really good nights are, well, thirty bucks), they're in the minority, with regards to how they tip out. Most strippers will give their DJ a percentage of what they make, and even if the percentage never changes, the amount that it equates to will.

Here's what I tend to do, if I'm experiencing one of those having-my-shit-together phases: I set aside my base pay and whatever the bare minimum of dancer tippage would be. Then, I put the excess into a DJ slush fund, to help me balance out bad nights. So, if I'm at a club where dancers usually tip me thir-

ty bucks and a dancer gives me thirty-eight, I set aside the eight bucks and use it to tip myself up, when a bad night results in shitty tips or when a touring stripper stiff's everyone on tips. During good seasons, this slush fund gets big enough that I can afford to take some time off or buy the good, top-shelf pot on the way to work. But, during bad seasons, it allows me to hedge against the "winter storms," protests or whatever bullshit is keeping Portland-area patrons from coming to the club. Never count your tips before they hatch, but if you average low and discipline yourself, good nights will be awesome



nights and bad nights will be no sweat.

10) Quietly Volunteer For Light Waitstaff Duty

When a customer walks into the club, they see the whole thing—this includes crumpled up napkins, cigarette butts or empty drinks at empty tables. This tone will set the customer's spending bar higher or lower, depending on their first impression. Often times, the inside of a club will feel nothing like the surrounding neighborhood, for better or worse. Club Rouge, for example, is located in downtown Portland, but once inside, the place feels like an upscale club in a nice part of Manhattan and you'd have no idea that vegan food cart owners are arguing with homeless hipsters two blocks away. On the other end of the spectrum, I've

been to clubs in the west hills that feel like trap houses (don't worry, these clubs are all closed down, but the mid-2000s were a shit-show that no one misses).

So, if your club has two waitresses and a thousand customers, it's not a bad idea to step up, take care of some of those empties, toss a few napkins in the trash and sweep up the cigarette butts. Sure, it's not your job, but your job is fucking easy and you shouldn't be above keeping the vibe as classy as possible. If Spendy McSpendsalot notices that your club is clean and well-kept, he'll be

more likely to spend more money. And, no, I'm not just talking about DJ tips from customers (or at all, really). Rather, I'm talking about how the customers will approach the dancers, who will in turn tip you out at the end of the shift. If the place has ashtrays and empty Pabst cans lying around, it's gonna be tough to convince Moneybags McGee that stage tips should come in the form of tens and twenties. On the flipside, if a semi-ratchet dancer is performing to semi-ratchet music, but on a clean stage, in a clean club, with clean staff who keep things clean, her tips will vastly outweigh her perceived value as a dancer. Bonus points for those waitresses who toss their helps-clean-shit-up DJ a few tips at the end of the shift.

Put simply, your club is not a communal squat on Hawthorne and no none should be

bickering over chore notes left on the fridge.

11) Get Your Liquor And Security Permits

O.L.C.C. and D.P.S.S.T. cards aren't just for bartenders and bouncers. These state-issued documents (or their equivalents) are easier to obtain in most major cities than H.S.V. and they can only help you out. It's a good idea to know the laws that govern the people serving your customers (and, possibly you) drinks and keeping your customers (and, definitely you) safe. Plus, should shit ever hit the fan and you find yourself actually serving up shots or ass-kickings, it's nice to be, ya know, legal. Liquor and security cards are like medical marijuana cards, in that they protect you from all sorts of shit that could make or break your ability to return to work. If you need to step behind the bar, you're covered. If you need to escort out a dancer while your bouncer is talking to the cops, you're covered. This isn't a widely talked-about aspect of being a strip club DJ, but it makes more sense than not and both permits can be obtained with a few hundred bucks, as long as you have an I.Q. above room temperature.

12) Have Fun

This is the one rule I constantly break and it's the hardest one to follow. Whether or not you have a fun job, it's still a job. Do you like music? Well, say goodbye to that. Nothing ruins a good iPod playlist or music festival than associating every single song with what you do for work. After about a year of DJing, my car stereo had stopped playing anything besides talk radio and country music. Why? Well, all of my favorite music has been played out at work and I forgot that it was actually entertaining (and not just a job skill) to relax and enjoy some J. Cole for J. Cole's sake—not worrying about cutting the song at 3:30 or lining up another one after that. Do you enjoy drinking? Well, now the sweet taste of your favorite tequila reminds you of work, particularly the fact that you only drink it to make your shift go by faster. Enjoy watching hot girls do naughty things on video? Well, it's kind of a boner killer when the mere sight of a ten-and-a-half reminds you of that one girl who walked out without tipping last week. It's easy to get burnt out and spoiled, when your job resembles most people's night out.

The trick to keeping your job as a DJ fun is to remind yourself that most people hate going to work—not just "dislike" or "tolerate," but actively hate. These people will grind for decades, just to be given a small stipend to get themselves through their worst years, as a "thank you" for fifty years of loyal service to a shitty company that makes rich men rich and everyone else broke. My brother makes six figures a year as an accountant, but do you know what he's never done? Slept in until noon with two girls half his age, before driving them to a bar, taking shots, bumping Biggie Smalls and getting paid to do so. Will being a strip club DJ make you a millionaire? Probably not. But, will going to work for five days a week, slaving to a corporation and spending the majority of your downtime in traffic make the million-dollar opportunity worth it? Hold on, let me ask my 22-year-old date. Her dad works in finance.

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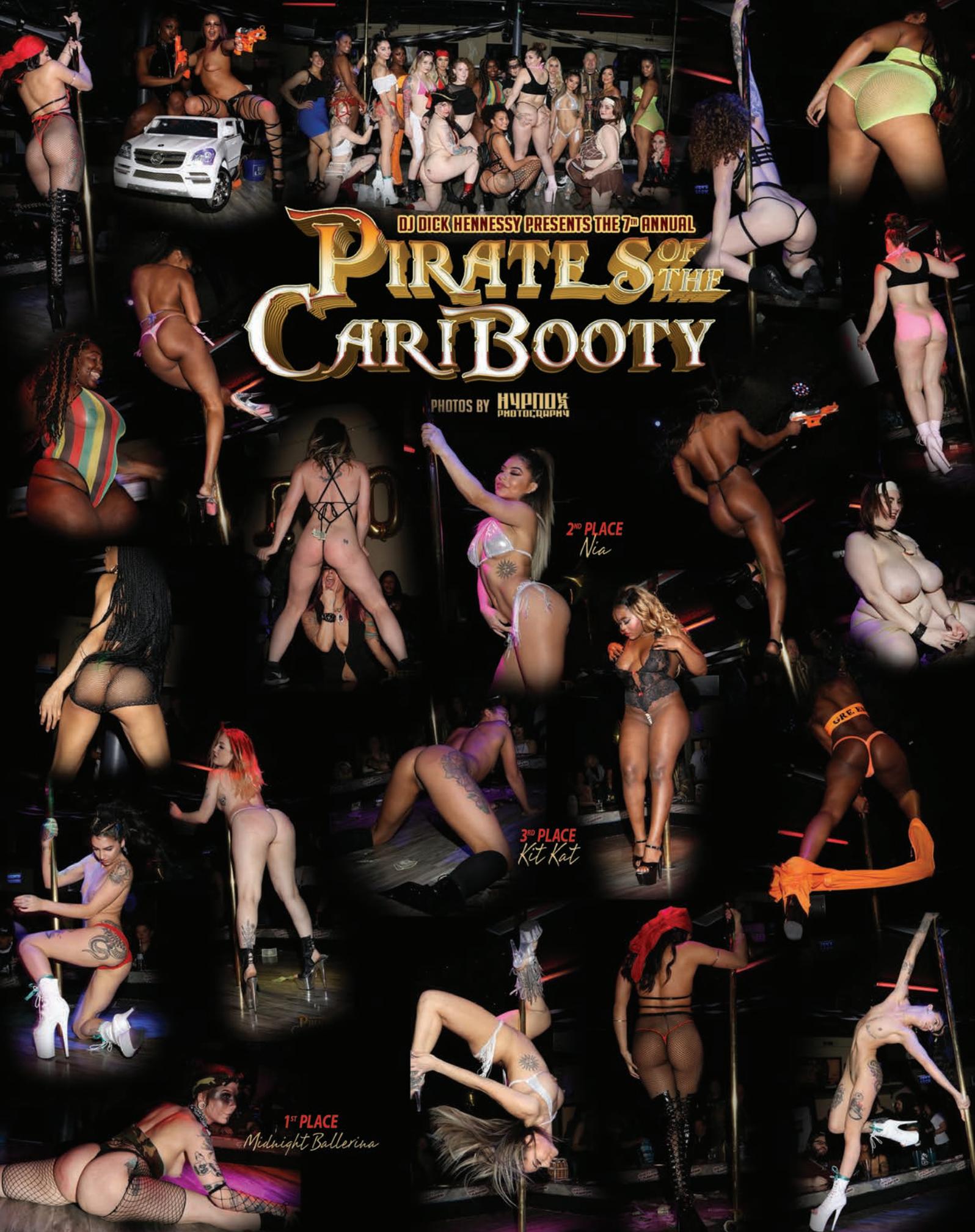
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