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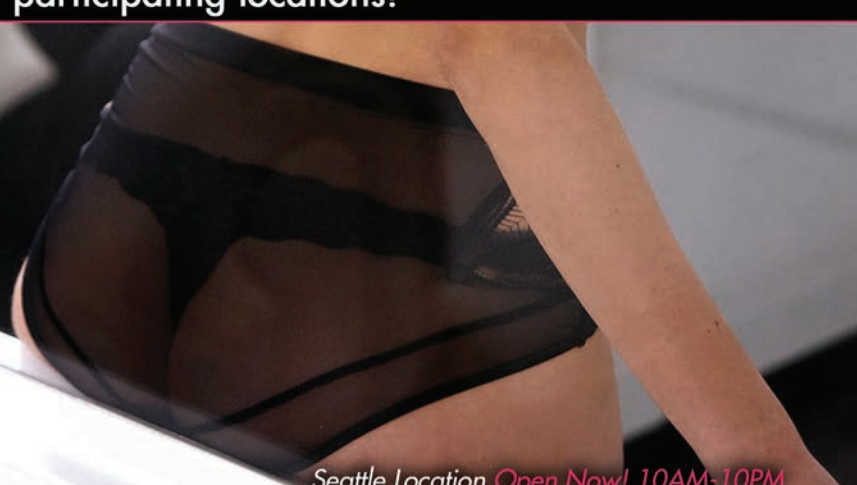


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THE MONTHLY

COLUMN

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

THE WORST MOVIE TITLES IN HISTORY

Since the advent of commercial cinema in the early 20th century, there have been many, many films which have come and gone over the years.

Some have been great and some have been awful, but this list subjects the film industry to an unusual criticism: the film's title.

The title sells the movie—it is thought—and, throughout time, people have tried to give their flicks unorthodox, unusual or just plain bizarre names—regardless of content.

Without further ado, here is my personally selected list of the worst movie titles ever, in no particular order.

Turkey Marmalade (1924, silent)

The title was, at the time, slang for a man's ejaculate. This is also one of the many "lost films" of the era, so we may never know how much—or little—it had to do with that particular thing.

GLAND! The Man With The Giant Thyroid (1956, sci-fi)

Starring John Agar as the titular man with the giant thyroid.

A Horse Called Man (1972, western)

About a horse who wins the respect of some Native Americans and gets promoted to man status.

Mister Congeniality (2006, comedy/drama)

Sandra Bullock has to dress in drag in order to catch a criminal, but nobody notices.

Stop! Or My Friend's Mom Who More-Or-Less Raised Me Because My Parents Were Junkies Will Shoot (1993, action/comedy)

Family is what you make of it and whom you shoot for it.

Love, Or Some Shit Like It (2004, romantic comedy)

Searching for love or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Dr. Wonderstein's Magical Goat Farm (2009, fantasy)

The eponymous doctor and his mystical "goats of amazement" show kids the true meaning of Xmas.

Legend Of The Mystical Saga 2: The Fable Of Myth (2011, adventure/animated)

A group of talking rats and a singing cactus quest for some kind of an exalted book or something, which will save them from certain doom.

Bathing Suit Earwig Pandemonium! (1964, horror)

One of many "beach party" pseudo-thrillers from the 1960s, which finds the attractive young women of Earwig Beach being tormented by over-sized insects, for some reason.

Nuns On The Pipe (1992, crime/comedy)

Disguised as nuns, two out-of-work actors smoke crack in the back of a convent.

Honey, I Sold The Kids Into Slavery (1991, comedy)

An inept-but-genius father mistakenly sells his children into slavery and must struggle to get them back.

Don't Tell Mom, The Babysitter's A Prostitute (1993, comedy)

A group of teenagers are having a boring summer, overseen by a strict babysitter while their parents are abroad, only to later discover that the babysitter is actually a fun-loving hooker. Hilarity ensues, as they band together to fight a cruel neighborhood pimp.

Black Starship In The Galaxy Of The Funkotrons (1973, action/sci-fi)

A black exploitation film centered around a starship crewed by African-Americans, who travel into deep space to kung fu fight aliens and play slap bass.

Earth Vs. The Space Proctologists (1958, sci-fi)

A young Peter Graves leads a small town in a fight against invading aliens and their sinister desire to probe all life.

Sophomore Lesbian Mercy-Killing Squad (1986, horror/comedy)

High school girls—initially intent on making out with one another at a sleepover—must fight zombies with garden tools in this low-budget, 1980s gore fest.

I Kinda Know What You Might Have Done Last Spring Break (1996, thriller)

A group of friends find their numbers dwindling, after a masked killer decides to off them based on what he thought they got up to last year during spring break, despite not really knowing for sure.

Operation: Lion Catapult (1998, comedy/drama)

A group of U.S. servicemen during the Somali Civil War must find a way to deliver a live lion—required for a local group's leadership ritual—which they attempt using medieval siege weaponry.

Dude, What the Fuck? (2002, comedy)

Boundaries get pushed by Ashton Kutcher, as he rallies to support a teenager getting bullied for having epilepsy.

Captain Underpants III: Tiger Stripes (1994, drama)

The Captain must deal with the unpleasant realities of his preferred garments and his enjoyment of Taco Bell.

Robert E. Lee's Wife Is A Squirter (1997, historical fiction)

Kevin Costner stars as the man who is cuckolding famous Southern general Robert E.

Crunkenstein! (2009, horror drama)

A mad scientist who attempts to sew bodies together and create a living being ends up accidentally reviving Lil' Jon, who had been



Lee, shortly before the tide of the war turns against them.

Attack Of The Fellatio Gnomes (1984, horror)

When a species of short aliens who survive on human semen invade Earth, a group of wives must find out why their husbands are seemingly milked dry while they sleep.

Gimp 2: Gimped To Death (2003, action/adventure)

The second and least-well-reviewed in the *Gimp* series, *Gimp 2* revolves around the same tired, old cliches which kept the first one afloat. Lightning doesn't strike twice here.

Surfin' USSR: Surf For Stalin's Gold (1989, drama/adventure)

The sport/pastime of surfing hits the Soviet

Union by storm, inspiring a group of guys from Chelyabinsk to head to the Caspian Sea, with no money and homemade surfboards, in search of legendary waves and possibly lost treasure hidden by Stalin himself.

dead for a while in the scientist's apartment after too much lean, but covered in enough body spray that nobody noticed for a minute.

So, there's my list. Maybe you agree and maybe you don't, but there it is. I even like some of these movies—but we are judging on title alone, so make of that what you will.

Do you have any suggestions that I overlooked? Twitter at me via @Wombstretcha503 and let me know what's up.

Eat good food and have good fun,
-WSTM

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a writer, horse puncher, pimp cup craftsman, larva enthusiast and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook (and MeWe, the no-censorship Facebook) as "Wombstretcha The Magnificent."

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Bryan A. Bybee

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Adam J. Burt

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Shawna Stephens

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Advertising
Adam J. Burt (503) 804-4479

Distribution
Enrico Carrisco • Adam J. Burt

Contributors
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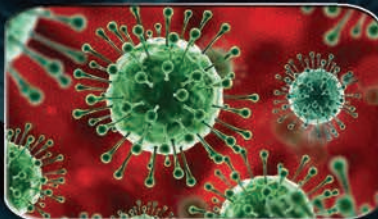
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FEATURES



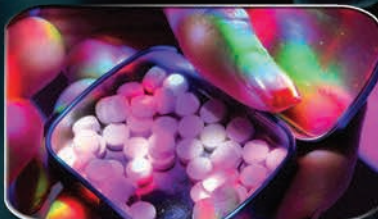
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MEDICAL MALADIES OF THE WACKY KIND

BY ESMERALDA RUPP-SPANGLE



Dominating the headlines, currently all I see is Coronavirus this and Wuhan that. It's easy to get fatigued from the non-stop barrage of media. Regardless of whether you're laughing it off as an over-hyped flu or living in an underground bomb shelter packed with M.R.E.s, guns and six years of toilet paper, it's easy to get over-saturat-

ed with something like this. In that spirit, here's an overview of some historically notable medical problems. Some are absolutely true and some turned out to be...less so. Despite that, they're all funnier than drowning in your own fluids.

very strange summer. Sometime in July, a woman named Frau Troffea began to dance maniacally through the streets. She kept dancing frantically, seemingly unable to stop, until she finally collapsed. After a brief reprieve, she resumed her hysterical gyrations. It was at this point that other people started joining in, danc-

by no means the only dancing plague in history, and theories range from ergot-infected grain, to hysteria, to the deadly (but overlooked) Saturni Nocti Febricitanem or "Saturday Night Fever."

Auto Brewery Syndrome

In this (questionably enviable) condition, a sizable level of ethanol is produced in the gut when you eat carbs. A type of yeast that generally sticks to bread and beer-making can occasionally take up residence in the human body and go on a bender that renders its host utterly FUBAR. It's vanishingly rare and curable, so most of the times this condition has been used as a D.U.I. defense, they've been scoffed at. Believe me—I've tried.

Trimethylaminuria

Colloquially known as "Fish Malodor Syndrome," this is an inherited disease that prevents the breakdown of trimethylamine—the thing that makes rotting fish smell so delightful. There's no cure and treatments only "kinda" work. The only potential benefit I can imagine to this condition would be that you'd probably be an anti-scarecrow—attracting hoards of carrion birds that you could train to peck out your enemies' eyes—that is, of course, if you could convince them not to tear you apart first.



ed with something like this. In that spirit, here's an overview of some historically notable medical problems. Some are absolutely true and some turned out to be...less so. Despite that, they're all funnier than drowning in your own fluids.

The Dancing Plague Of 1518

In 1518, the town of Strasbourg had a

ing without cease. Baffled officials got the bright idea to transform guildhalls into dance halls—complete with musicians to accompany the afflicted dancers, hoping this would soothe them. Amazingly, it did nothing of the sort and up to 400 people were eventually swept up in the Boogie Of Lunacy. Several people died of exhaustion or related ills, but by September, it began to fade. Interestingly, this is

Birthing *Oryctolagus Cuniculus*

In 1726, a woman from England named Mary Toft became pregnant. She was described as a short, stocky woman of “sullen temper” (charming, I’m sure). However, after seeing a rabbit one day, she craved eating them—to the point of obsession—and she indulged to the extreme. In her second trimester, she tragically miscarried. What she gave birth to following this was not the remains of a human fetus, but, rather, what appeared to be a pig’s bladder, a cat’s head and paw, and some common European rabbit. After that, she proceeded to deliver more rabbits (all in grotesque, fleshy chunks). King George The II heard of her and ordered an anatomist to examine her—because, that shit be crazy.

Nathaniel St. André was quickly convinced Mary was the real dealio, as she was clearly in labor pains and expelling rabbit parts from her hoo-ha, so it must be true. The idea of monstrous births wasn’t new, but was largely discounted by science. Daring St. André took this chance to go down in the pages of history (which he has, but, sadly for him, it’s as a gullible, fame-hungry moron). He took her back to London and published a grandiose paper on this singular medical curiosity, self-aggrandizing all the way. After a brief dance with what one might generously call “fame” for the both of them, more rigorous (stick-in-the-

mud) scientists clamped down on things like “I’d like a big bowl of rabbit chunks and a plunger please.” Mystifyingly, as soon as her environment was controlled, the “births” stopped. Then, the mocking started.

Mary was eventually imprisoned (and, later released) to general derision. St. André died penniless at the age of 96, having refused to eat rabbit for the previous 50 years.

Exploding Teeth

While the title of this segment certainly sounds hyperbolic, the story itself is arguably no less so. In 1817, W.H. Atkinson, a reverend and early contributor to the first major scientific journal for American dentists, wrote an article about a harrowing experience he’d had encountering a patient who had what was initially an aching tooth, that by degrees, turned into a virtual mania. Atkinson described the patient as:

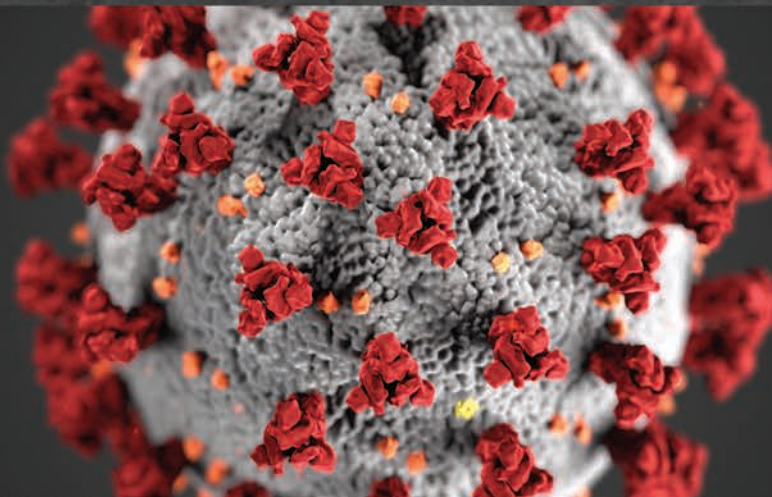
“...at one time boring his head on the ground like an enraged animal, at another poking it under the corner of the fence and again going to the spring, and plunging his head to the bottom in the cold water.”

While this all sounds dramatic enough on its own, he eventually heard what he described as a loud pistol crack, as the offending tooth exploded into

fragments—scattering in every which way. Following this, a total cessation of all pain. A similar occurrence happened again in 1830 and then in 1855. Imagine the bacteria the shrapnel from all those diseased fragments must have carried along with them (hand sanitizer bath interlude). All this might well be discounted as urban legend, but, in 1871, another dentist reported a similar experience with a patient, describing her agonizing experience ending when her tooth “... bursted with a concussion and report, that well-nigh knocked her over.”

Though some Arctic explorers have reported teeth shattering in the cold and some dentists have recorded teeth splitting due to decay since then, there have been no such spectacular reports of “exploding” teeth since the 1920s. Several theories have been speculated on that address these dramatic events, but I personally like to chalk it up to alien transmissions...because, if you don’t know the answer, always go with the extraterrestrial one.

Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle is a card-carrying member of the Lone Gunman, holed up for the next few years in her bomb shelter filled with guns and ammo, M.R.E.s and a decade’s worth of hand sanitizer and TP. If you want to contact her, you’re out of luck, because the tin foil blocks all the radiation (including your text messages, Don, so don’t even try).



A Guide To The NEW Drugs

by Johnny Bonghit

Sup, y'all. Johnny Bonghit here. That's, uh, not my real name, but you know, I use it for writing and shit. Writing about drugs! April this year was 4/20 for a whole month or something, which was something like Drug Christmas...or more like *Drugsgiving*. Why is 4/20 significant? Well, it's not for being Hitler's birthday. He liked drugs and stuff, but was otherwise not that cool of a guy. Nah, it's because, at some point in time, like in the '60s or something, the number "420" was a police code for "people getting high." At least, that's what Brian told me in Junior English class like five years ago, and his uncle was a cop, so he probably heard that from the horse's mouth. Anyhow, he was a cool guy and I trust him, because we used to go under the bleachers and burn one before gym class.

What was I saying though? Oh yeah! Drugs!!! Well, I, your humble author, have taken it upon myself to catalog nuggets(!) and tidbits of information on all the new drugs. 2020 is a different year. And yeah, we all still like to smoke dank nuggets and do the occasional bump of blow, but the new stuff is different and bold—despite usually just being for the kids.

Ghost Milk

This is a powerful sedative, cut with some kind of household cleaners. It has a milky, opaque appearance. Drinking an ounce or two of this will put you into a stupor for like an hour or two, during which time it is perfectly acceptable to drool and watch some *Spongebob*.

Horse Ride

Some kind of pill, usually red or brown. It's a weird sort of amphetamine laced with expired Benadryl. It's called "horse ride," because the pills kind of smell like horse.

Robot Gasoline

This is like the old trick, where you squeeze Sterno™ through a sweat sock and drink the juice, but instead of just drinking the juice, you add it to some cough syrup with DXM (dextromethorphan) in it. It leaves you feeling like Rosie from *The Jetsons* for a number of hours, though with less ability to do housework well.

Anusaurus

A big, white pill that you cram up your cornhole.

Why would you ever want to cram anything up your brown eye? Well, the high is like someone playing Pac-Man inside your brain, with only a slight feeling like something was crammed up your ass, after you come down. Popular with the kids, because nobody suspects. You could be sitting in math and nobody would know that there's



an 8-bit party going on in your head. Oh, unless that *thing* happens and you start saying "wak-awakawaka" out loud.

Philly Special

A cigar rolled with nothing but stems and sold to the gullible for \$5. Not that, uh, this ever happened to me or anything. Pro tip: don't buy smoke from Carl in the army jacket, by the bus station.

Miracle Whip

It's like regular cocaine, but it's heavily stepped-on, with a little teeny bit of fenty added for zip. That tasty zip...of Miracle Whip.

Duke Pukem

It's a mescaline derivative mixed with tequila (in case either one didn't make you want to throw up enough). Popular with the frat boys and general spring break crowd. Warning: can lead to both

thinking you can surf and trying to do so in a salad bowl.

Limousine

A clove cigarette that's been dipped in CBD oil and vanilla extract. The perfect thing for when you have to take your annoying cousin Jeffrey to Chuck E. Cheese, because his parents can't stand him, as he runs around, flails his limbs and bites people—even at home. Let the dancing rat amuse him while you stare at the ball pit. Such a sexy ball pit. *Mmmm...*

El Zappo

It's basically like low-quality meth you can make in a locker out of diesel and frozen pot pies, but the added appeal comes from the fact that you snort the powder off a live 9-volt battery. Really gives it that electrical "kick."

Lizzo

A big, fat blunt rolled with shake, crushed Advil and a tiny bit of grape jelly. Good for those afternoons where you run out of real weed and are also considering trying to smoke a Pop-Tart. Not to be confused with the *slang term* for smoking hash out of a hollowed-out Hostess cupcake.

Pumpkin Spice

No, not your ex-girlfriend's favorite vape flavor and not whiskey drank out of an Ugg boot. Real-deal pumpkin spice is cocaine laced with nutmeg. As we all know, raw nutmeg, ground and ingested, can cause mild hallucinations, so the pumpkin spice gets that shit right up in your brain with a quickness. Hooo!

So, that's all the new stuff for 2020 that I know of... so far. So, if you hear about anyone gettin' down with stuff on the list, be sure to throw your hand up and be like, "Yo, I'll hit that too" and try to get up on it.

Take it easy and take it with a bong rip.

-Johnny B

*Note: Johnny Bonghit does not advocate illegal activity.**

**like, wink-wink, nudge-nudge.*

Hawthorne Strip



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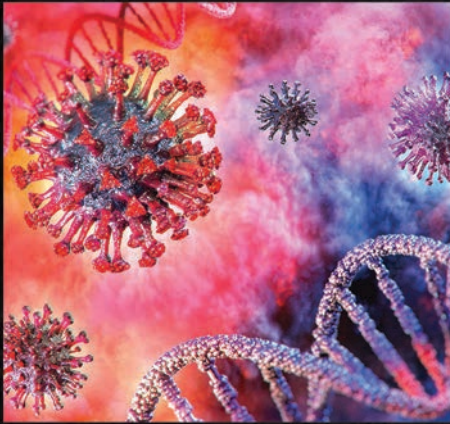
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LONGEST TWO WEEKS EVER

Well, it's been nearly half a year since Oregon clubs were told that we might be shutting down for a week or two, to slow the spread of a seasonal virus. Thankfully, clubs in Oregon know how to adapt and overcome, while at the same time appeasing the safety gods and following protocol—at least, those of us who weren't financially ruined by closures or just unable to do so. Here at *Exotic*, we are all working for volunteer-credit-to-debt, just to get this fantastic publication back out on the racks, so we feel you.

In short, half of the Strip City population has been displaced due to circumstances outside of our control, while the other half was able to come up with some damn good (and, in some cases, genius) ways to stay afloat. As a whole, our entire industry has taken a huge hit from 2020 and *Exotic* is both supportive of those who have found a way to survive and empathetic to everyone who lost income or livelihood in the last few months. Let's focus on getting that second group a leg up with the help of the first.

We want to see everyone come back stronger than before, so I've decided to open up this column for a few months, for press regarding club re-openings, new rules, quirks, workarounds, life hacks and anything else that your establishment is doing to keep the pole moving. While we're always down to plug events, mixtapes and whatever band Blazer Sparrow is in this week, for the duration of the 'Rona blues, I'm offering an ex-

tra, wide-open hand for anyone wanting to share their quarantine-era status with the rest of the community. What is your club doing to adapt? Let me know by emailing Editor@Xmag.com. Anything sent to our social media accounts is likely to be buried by dick pills and requests for interviews from internet rappers, so, yes, email is best. But, be as thorough and extensive in your testimony as possible, and I will do my best to get the word out regarding your spot.

Obviously deserving of a shout-out is one club that was ahead of the curve we're all trying to flatten. Lucky Devil Eats (who went by "Boober," until a humorless company with a similar-sounding name threw a fit—sell your shares, kids) turned the idea of, "Oh, I guess we'll see if the club has good food" into "Holy shit, their food is amazing and it comes delivered by a half-naked, sexy lady!" And, of course, they eventually expanded into a drive-through strip club, meaning that Portland was once again recognized as undisputed strip club entrepreneur royalty. This put our city on the map nationally, while most of the country was locked down and had zero plans of visiting Portland this year. Props to L.D. for showing the world that when times get tough, dancers just yawn and say "this is nothing...hold my heels."

Then, you have your digital hustlers—by this, I mean the dancers who embraced the virtual show—taking on everything from OnlyFans, to CamSoda, to Snapchat, to Zoom and beyond, to keep in touch with their customers. CashApp and Venmo owe you all a kickback. Or, Dante's Sinferno, which retained its rank of being the longest-running burlesque and variety show on the west coast, simply by incorporating some technology and masks into their weekly showcase (shout out to Frank for calling out wishy-washy Kate Brown on the reader board). As of press time, Sinferno is still on, but with an earlier starting and ending time (and folks have to pretend other people are fire by staying six feet away...kind of like an adult version of "the floor is lava").

And, now that clubs are finally reopening,

I'm seeing a lot of events that recognize social distancing laws, "our dancers wear masks" taglines and just a whole bunch of positive attitudes toward a really, really shitty situation.

Now, this is often where I would weigh in on world events, local politics or something of that nature. However—and, this may be the most radical stance I've taken in two decades of writing columns—we're not going to be that publication. Literally every rag from *Willamette Week* to *Portland Mediocrity* has been providing non-stop, heavily biased and half-informed coverage of viruses and demonstrations. Turn on, oh, Nickelodeon or Home Shopping Network, and you're gonna see a constant stream of people at protests, people protesting masks, people protesting people for not wearing masks, etc.

I want *Exotic* to be an escape. Our stance on politics and disease should be given as much weight as Ted Wheeler's perspective on pole tricks or Donald Biden's opinion on two-dollar bills.

I also recognize nuance and how literally impossible it is to convey these days. Even though 99.99999% of our readers probably agree, in their heart, on the basics of being a decent person or wanting to see a world that gets along, the quickest way to make that number smaller is to cram hot takes on complex and multi-faceted issues in between columns about legal weed and naked women (which are equally complex and multi-faceted).

Until there is a nonstop barrage of national news on pole competitions, the benefits of booty masks and the current state of distance dances, I feel that this publication has a duty to balance out the 'round-the-clock narrative (for better or worse—that's all up to your own personal opinions and politics, neither of which should be based on what the porn magazine tells you). And, as far as our stance on anything that deals with current events dealing with 2020 as a whole, I proudly welcome curious parties to read our back issues. *Exotic* tends to speak out when

others are quiet and we do so even when it's not trendy. Our record should speak for itself and it also shows evolution—we don't delete anything, as we take ownership over growth, as well as past mistakes (as in, anything penned by Jim, John or myself before we put down the bottle). And, we have an extremely broad crew of misfit writers who probably don't agree on everything outside of our pages. So, we're not here to echo, support, object to or otherwise weigh in on anything you'll see in the mainstream news.

Will we run political pieces and provocative editorial? You bet your ass we will—but, Andy Norris and his conspiracies about Hillary Clinton being a deep-state plant aren't flooding the news networks or causing strangers to stab each other in Whole Foods, due to masks or racism. Wombstretcha's hot takes on Amish Communism aren't exactly tearing cities apart right now. We're going to remain *Exotic*, but we're not going to become another generic, scripted, appease-the-readers-with-sweeping-generalizations publication. There are enough of those in Portland as is. We are here to give you pointers on which music goes best with what substance and how to give your brother-in-law a private dance.

That being said, much of this issue was originally slated for April, which would normally be our "Drug Issue." Thankfully, drugs are still in style and bigger than ever. Also, last month (July) would have been our 27th Anniversary Issue!!! Hey, "I missed my senior prom" kids—go to hell. We missed turning 27, and according to rock icon lore, this is the year that we die in a plane wreck or overdose. Hopefully, that won't happen, but we're washing our hands and wearing masks just to be safe (and don't forget to get your custom, industry-endorsed face mask from PrintOn-MyFace.com...I lose roughly five cents per order, so they're a good way to protect your face and take stimulus money from my pocket).

Okay, folks...let's see if we can re-open safely, in style and show the rest of Oregon that the adult entertainment industry is always ahead of the curve—wait, poor choice of words. Let's hope we keep it flatter than Kate Brown's booty.



eroticcity spotlight

**SAT 1 - LA PASSION
GRAND OPENING**

**SAT 15 - STARS BRIDGEPORT
SUMMER BEACH PARTY**

**TUESDAYS - STARS CABARET (SALEM)
TACO TUESDAYS (4PM-8PM)**

**WEDNESDAYS - CHEETAHS XXX CABARET
WIGGLE WEDNESDAYS
2-FOR-1 VIP DANCES**

**SATURDAYS - SPYCE
FLIP-FOR-IT SATURDAYS
(WIN A \$100 BAR TAB) 4PM-7PM**

**SUNDAYS - DANTE'S
SINFERNO (8PM)**

**HAPPY HOURS:
CABARET (11AM-5PM)
DV8 (4PM-7PM)
GUILTY PLEASURES (1:30PM-5PM)
LUST (12PM-7PM)
SCARLET LOUNGE (10AM-4PM)**

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED GOLD SATIVA AWESOME

Okay, maybe that's a bit extreme, but as a "journalist," I feel that it is my duty to exaggerate claims with the goal of inducing anxiety and causing readers to panic. Thankfully, there's a substance that can help with this whole hysteria and it's called cannabis.

I can't front (mostly because I still owe my high school dealer fifty bucks) and I'm not gonna trim around the bush—

press, folks are still being discouraged from leaving their bunkers.

That's where I come in—as someone who hates being around people when I'm not at work, here are a few ways that you can still enjoy cannabis in all of its glory, during this time of social distancing and folks really, really not wanting to share joints with each other.

to prepare something, I'm usually unstoppable (until you've had a bacon barbeque taco with dark chocolate drizzle, you haven't lived). So, I see no better time to learn how to cook with cannabis.

Everyone should know about weed butter—simmer some tasty lard-salt cubes in a pan, dump in a ton of ground-up weed (stems and all), let sit until you forgot it was sitting, change the smoke alarm battery once you realize it's dead and then strain the mixture via coffee filter, into a cup. Put this cup in the fridge. Forget about the cup until your youngest nephew asks you why the lime Jell-O tastes like "milk plant." Block your brother's number and hope he doesn't call the authorities. Let your nephew chill in front of *SpongeBob* for a few hours, until they stop laugh-crying. Drop your nephew off at the fire station. Start from square one and try again.

Aside from butter, other shit apparently works even better. Coconut oil, for instance, lasts much longer than anything you'll find in a cow's tit (plus, it will impress your vegan date...as long as you're not using the coconut cannabis oil to marinate steak, which is *also* a good use of your kitchen). I'm not Italian, but if anyone out there is, can you please let me know how to incorporate olive oil into cannabis cooking? That would make me very happy.



4/20/20, an entire month that many of us had reserved for weed parties and outdoor gatherings, was pretty much canceled. Of course, there were a handful of awesome, smaller parties going on in the area, but most folks decided to quarantine themselves inside, to avoid being coughed on by death zombies. And, at the time of

Learn To Cook Weed Food

I'm a single guy who just turned forty. This means, I've been burning pasta and under-cooking chicken for decades. Because I hate reading the manual and I don't trust women, my culinary skills aren't exactly up to par. However, once I finally figure out how

Basically, anything with low heat and fat solubility should produce ready-made cannabis spread, which you can put on anything from toast to popcorn.



Brush Up On Video Games

The digital entertainment industry churns out more babies than a family of feral Mormons on ecstasy—from Mario to Zelda, Lara to Nathan and so on. This means that there's at least a dozen games that you've missed in the last few months (at least), not to mention the hundreds that you missed last decade. Thanks to Xbox Live and Playstation Plus, you can obtain last year's eighty-dollar game for, like, six bucks. As a functioning adult, you're not supposed to enjoy video games, let alone spend hours upon hours solving every puzzle in *Shadow Of The Tomb Raider*, until you isolate yourself from friends, family, magazine deadline week and everything else. But, when you're inside "because health," well, you're just doing the community a favor by soaking in this wonderfully written and shockingly beautiful game.

If you want to get really, really meta, check out *Days Gone*. Brushed under the rug due to being released after the whole "zombie apocalypse" theme became more played-out than "Old Town Road," this is a criminally underrated game, in which you play a member of the "Mongrels" M.C., in post-virus-outbreak Oregon. That's right, instead of risking your health

and others by visiting Crater Lake, Three-Fingered Jack or Shitty Small Town Gas Station in real life, you can just hop into Playstation land and experience Oregon for yourself—from the comfort and safety of your couch. While the game does include several real-life Oregon locations, it is a bit frustrating to note that the map has been swapped from east to west (this will fuck with you if you recognize the landmarks). But, you get to blow the heads off of infected California transplants with a shotgun, or as I call it, "getting ready for summer." *Days Gone's* play style is a mix of *Red Dead Redemption*, *Last Of Us* and *Resident Evil 4*. Plus, the disease that caused the not-technically zombies in *Days Gone* was...wait for it...created in a lab by the government and covered up by blaming the transmission on animals. Trust me, you won't want to leave the house after you play this. Plus, there's no Kate Brown in the game to fuck everything up.

Dust Off Your Hobby

You know that thing you claim to do or be interested in, just to attract friends and romantic partners? Well, did you know that you can actually *do* that thing, now that your status

as a shut-in is not only encouraged, but applauded? Get high and get creative. I'm obviously a writer, but I have a box of photography equipment that's collecting more dust than a Chinese Buffet, several unfinished web projects and a bunch of "art stuff" that my pagan ex-girlfriend threw at me during her move. I assume many of you are in the same boat. What better time than now, to actually put your creative skills to work?

Even if you hate art (which you should by my age), the best businesses are started during a depression, recession or other such shutdown. A booming economy just means that other assholes are trying to [open a dispensary, buy Bitcoin, start a brothel, etc.]. But, when folks are stabbing old ladies for hoarding rolls of toilet paper or not wearing a mask, that means you've got some breather room and time to get your Mom & Pop Death Metal Clothing Company off the ground. By the way, I print shirts and masks, if you need any help starting your Mom & Pop Death Metal Clothing Company. Email my editor (Ray@Xmag.com) and he'll pass on your info (sorry, but I owe too much in back child support to give out my own email in print).



TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT



HOW YOUR DRUG OF CHOICE AFFECTS YOUR NIGHT OUT AT THE CLUB

Most readers may not know this, but I am an unlicensed and self-appointed professional in the realm of substances and behavioral science. Please take everything I say here as actual fact and do not consult a professional for any reason before ingesting a chemical based on the advice of a strip club DJ—treat yo self.

Cannabis

This is my favorite drug, by far. I probably smoke weed three, four or even five times per day and it's solely responsible for my ability to focus, sleep at night and avoid killing people in traffic (the light is fucking green, Karen). But, even though it is "technically legal" in Oregon, it's treated as "technically legal" in the same manner as openly carrying an AR-15 or making out with someone half your age—it's still shunned in public. What's even weirder, is that alcohol often gets the opposite treatment, in terms of stigma shaming. Sure, Corona the beer will kill more people than Corona the virus, but we're gonna go ahead and install huge parking lots outside of bars and run Budweiser ads at the car lot. Roll up into the club smelling like weed? Sorry guys, but we can't let you in. Puke on yourself at the club while waiting in line? That's a laugh. Here's a napkin.

So, with weed, I don't know one bartender, stripper, bouncer, patron or fly on the wall that wouldn't rather be around drunks, as opposed to stoners (at least, in terms of safety), but that doesn't stop the odor of cannabis from being secondary to skin

color, in terms of subtle discrimination faced while out on the town. One workaround, obviously, is to rely on the vape pens and edibles. My workaround, on the other hand, is to just not give a fuck. I DJ at places that trust my ability to do my damn job, and until weed becomes a problem or causes me to fuck up, my employers generally look the other way. But, I still have to burn in the parking lot, while being allowed to take shots from behind the DJ booth.

As a customer, weed can often be used as a reason to profile or otherwise fuck with you and your crowd, depending on the attitude of the bar and what part of India you flew in from, before checking out the barn-slash-strip club outside of town. So, get high with the DJ in the parking lot if you decide to go this route. But, realize this—the odor and red eyes are the *only* drawback of being stoned, from the bar's perspective. If you tip well after ordering your third plate of nachos, trust me, the bouncer won't say shit about the half-burnt Backwoods behind your ear.

Alcohol

Oh, how I love and despise alcohol at the same time.

A drunk crowd is amazing, to an extent—yes, with enough sauce, you can get the brothers to start singing along with "Don't Stop Believing," while a drunk white girl with no ass actually loosens up enough to twerk her hip bones (the effort was appre-

ciated, Becky). But, one shot over the line and anyone will lose their shit. Over-consumption results in violence and vomit. Blackouts result in waking up in strange places (I'm not talking a rest stop or your ex's house, but, like, passed out in the corner behind the video poker machines). Your wallet decides that it's time to move out of your pants and never come back again. Oh, and where did you put your keys? Hopefully not the ignition.

I've always believed that alcohol turns people into their real, awful selves, which is why drunk folks often become grandiose, whorish and honest—my type of people. But, this is at an obvious cost, traded on a market with no floor. In other words, your stock (reputation, attitude, ability to stand up, etc.) may fall quicker than Constellation Enterprises (makers of Corona beer) did. You may lose money, friends or even your life, all because you wanted to relax enough to socialize, stretch out and perhaps nod your head to music. This is a small dividend, if the risk is being tossed into the back of a cop car, ditch, ambulance or all three.

Obviously, as a club DJ, my job depends on people being able to drink semi-responsibly. However, some of us (like myself), can't even drink water without taking our anger to Facebook and penning a rant about how the government is a scam and that we're not afraid of the cops who will eventually come for our guns, once they find out we've been browsing 4Chan (author's note: I "love the government, would

never own a gun and respect the thin blue line," yadda, yadda). So, alcohol is basically the slot machine of substances—yeah, it can pay off now and then, but most people lose. Speaking of slot machines...

Meth

I don't do meth, but my DJ booth is located near the video lottery machines and, hoo boy, do the video lottery machines appeal to the tweaker crowd. Yes, much like the cops I mentioned in the last paragraph, I "love and appreciate the fine folks at the Oregon Lottery for helping generate revenue for public parks" or whatever the fuck. But, only because I want my club to stay open. With that said, video slots attract tweakers like they were broken electronics filled with copper wire and Slipknot tickets. In fact, I'm convinced that somewhere, on the outskirts of Rockwood, there is a tweaker convinced that they can take apart the video lottery machines. Newsflash, dude—if you even unplug one of those bad boys from the wall, an Oregon Lottery rep will drop out of a helicopter, land behind your seat and "delete you" from "the registry," before you both disappear into a cloud of smoke. I know, because I accidentally knocked out a power cord from the video lottery machine at my old club at 2:15 and, by 2:16, a police report had been filed, I was in federal custody and two new billboards about how scratch-it tickets pay for national forests appeared out of nowhere.

So, I'm guessing that if the tweaker crowd, who is visibly felonious, not buying beer and often covered in open sores, is on to something, especially if the fucking state is ensuring that their drug toy of choice is fully functional. What that something is, I will never know. But, they seem to like it.

Other than that, I don't know much about meth, besides the fact that tweakers don't often hit the club, unless there's slots to be played or metal be stolen.

L.S.D., 'Shrooms, Etc.

Hallucinogens are my second-favorite substance, behind cannabis and tied with bacon. Acid...well, not so much anymore, simply because I don't trust the people who are manufacturing it these days. However, one time, I did so much acid that I met God, and she was like, "Bruh, why don't you just

eat mushrooms? I make them myself!" So, I have switched to 'shrooms and have enjoyed pretty much every trip, thanks to keeping my dosage under two grams and making sure that there's enough water, snacks and Ween on hand, before munching down on the first stem or cap.

'Shrooms are great for public events, as long as there's no spotlight on you. For instance, you can dance your ass off at the club or jump around like a moron at an outdoor concert, but open mic nights and karaoke bars may be a bad idea—you don't want the whole room staring at you, for any reason, if you're tripping balls.

P.C.P. is your thing, have fun (just wash your hands).

Heroin

Heroin is only acceptable if you're in the studio and it's the early 1990s. In any other setting, it is a highly addictive, dangerous and socially destructive substance. But, if you have a time machine and a bus ticket to Seattle, I say go for it.

Entitlement

This drug is popular among urban liberals in large, metropolitan areas. You can usually find some from whatever female



Another thing to consider with L.S.D. and 'shrooms is the duration of the high. Because getting fried takes up a significant portion of your night out and/or shift, it's best to not only blend in, but to also have an excuse as to why you're just a little off. Say you're sick or that your pet just died. This will explain the watery eyes, the giggle cry and the fact that you just need some time alone right now, should the boss man or bouncer get too pushy with the questions.

P.C.P.

Sometimes, when the cops come for your machete, you just want to get naked on a rooftop and scream the songs of your tribe, while smearing yourself in shit. Personally, I'd rather watch G.G. Allin concerts on video if I wanted this experience, but, hey, if

is exhibiting the darkest shade of green hair and/or her "partner," usually a defeated shell of a person, who apologetically identifies as male and can name more than six Radiohead songs. While free, this drug is highly addictive and can often result in adult roommates, inability to operate a motor vehicle and self-imposed dietary restrictions.

Xanax

It's medicine, so it can't be bad for you. Take as much as you need, whenever you feel like it. The good shit comes from Mexico, by the way. You can pick some up for pennies on the peso via the internet—just be sure to use crypto and have it sent to your neighbor's porch, while he is out of town.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com



Isabelle

FROM CHEETAHS XXX CABARET



EXOTIC
PINUPAUGUST
2020



HRC, INC.

BY ANDY NORRIS



Author's note: for those reading this in the future, this story was submitted months before Hillary Clinton officially entered the presidential race.

My, oh my! Hillary Clinton—or HRC, Inc. as I like to call the Clinton brand—is the presidential nominee for the Democratic Party! Was this second “breaking of the glass ceiling” moment a magical, organic event in American history? Or, was the nomination of HRC, Inc. planned years ago, by the deep-state establishment members of the Democratic National Committee?

In 2016, the majority of the delegates went to HRC, Inc. and the Bernie people were pissed—and, rightly so. Sanders got the popular vote of the Democratic Party members, but the deep-state establishment members of the Democratic National Committee (DNC) refused to let him be the nominee. Before we look at what happened during the 2020 race for the Democratic presidential nomination, let's examine how HRC, Inc. stole the nomination from Bernie the first time around.

That year, the DNC split the delegate

vote 50/50, with 50% of the delegates coming from the millions of registered Democrats and the other 50% from the so-called Super Delegates. The Super Delegates are party establishment members, hand-picked by the DNC to support establishment candidates and are comprised of various Democratic governors, senators, congresspeople and the like. A basic understanding of mathematics will tell you that under this system—despite the debates, media circus and endless pundits weighing in on the race—the people of the Democratic Party don't choose the presidential nominee for the Democrats—it's the Super Delegates who pick the nominee. For example, here in Oregon, Sanders was the clear choice of the people. But, Super Delegates, such as Senator Ron Wyden and Representative Earl Blumenauer, ignored the will of their own constituents and instead chose to install HRC, Inc. as the nominee. Once it all played out at the convention, the Bernie people realized HRC, Inc. and DNC stole the nomination from their guy (and, they were angry as hell).

But, wait! Didn't the Bernie people

demand a fix from the DNC the last time around? Yes, they did. But, the fix wasn't a fix—it was a fix.

Creating the illusion of conceding to the Bernie people, the deep-state DNC members came up with a plan to keep the Bernie Bros and Sisses temporarily happy, but out of the running for 2020. The new rules state that if no single candidate gets 50% or more of the popular delegate vote, only then will the Super Delegates vote. If you were a deep-state DNC member intent on keeping the Democratic power structure intact, what do you do? You'd whisper into a few ears and run a shit-ton of candidates, whisper into those ears again about policy positions and make damn sure none of them got 50% of the vote. Then, the Super Delegates can come in with their vote and choose the (pro-war, pro-Wall Street, anti-YOU) establishment candidate. In this case, that candidate is, once again, HRC, Inc. Ladies and gentlemen, this was planned years ago. Watching it play out is surreal—almost as surreal as watching an entire nation forget that three World Trade Center buildings fell on September 11, 2001.

Last July, I explained to a friend how HRC, Inc. was going to steal the presidential nomination from Bernie again. He didn't buy it and we bet \$100. By the time this article comes out, I should have collected that money and spent it on a lap dance—thank you, Ivy!

Hillary's health was a huge concern on the campaign trail leading up to 2016, as the 70-year old expended massive amounts of time and energy trying to beat Trump. She had fainting spells, apparent convulsions, fell a couple of times and was constantly followed by an undercover, black ambulance-van. What better way for the deep-state candidate to go after Trump the next time around, than to save her energy, skip the pesky nomination process and pop in at the last possible moment? This is easily accomplished when the Super Delegates are on your side and that is exactly what Hillary did. She spent the years leading up to the 2020 race going on Howard Stern and other talk shows and podcasts, writing a book, then casually going on a book tour with her daughter, Chelsea. On her book tour stop in Portland, Cheryl Strayed crowed enthusiastically, "Why don't you run?" I loved Wild the book, but fuck you, Cheryl. The people picked Bernie, not your fascistic, sociopathic, mass-murdering, anti-woman, anti-human, deep-state droid. And, I find it super disappointing to see you fall under that military-industrialist war-monger swine's spell. You say you want a woman for president? Great! Hawaii Congresswoman Tulsi Gabbard—an anti-war, true feminist, pro-human, pre-environmentalist woman of color—was in the running for the Democratic presidential nomination, when you decided to throw your weight behind HRC, Inc.

When you look at the entire presidential candidate nomination process of the Democratic Party through this lens, it's easy to get really fucking angry. What about all of you who worked your asses off to support Warren, Yang or Sanders? It was all for naught, because the entire time you were entrusting those folks with your hopes and dreams, the party establishment already knew HRC, Inc. was going to get the nod. The DNC was making sure your candidates were never going to win. To say the DNC let you down is an understatement. Unknowingly, you did all of that work on their behalf. They needed all of your candidates, so none of them would reach 50% of the popular delegate count. You helped make sure HRC, Inc. got the nomination. The same is true with impeachment. There was never going to be a conviction. It was Clin-

folks who were stoked on impeachment.

How can people in power do things like steal presidential nominations and facilitate the amnesia of an entire nation? When your brand (HRC, Inc. in this case) has billions of dollars of support from the most nefarious sectors of society and generations upon generations of family members and associates working to keep the power structure intact, amazing things can be accomplished. Warren Zevon knows how it works: lawyers, guns and money.

So, we may have our first female president. I wish it were Cynthia McKinney or Tulsi Gabbard or someone who is a true feminist, humanitarian and environmentalist. Instead, we have yet another member of the Bush/Clinton crime family lying, cheating and stealing their way in yet another attempt to



ton-connected. CIA whistleblowers and lawyers were trying to beat up Trump in order to help Hillary win the presidency in 2020. Your "IMPEACH TRUMP" bumper sticker was really a "HILLARY FOR PRESIDENT" bumper sticker—a bitter pill to swallow for the anti-Clinton Bernie

ascend to the highest office in the land.

Andy Norris is a writer and filmmaker living in the Pacific Northwest. His political documentary Targeting Iran can be seen on Brighteon.com.



Blazer's Three Favorite Coked-Out Albums To Do Blow To!

by Blazer Sparrow

Halfway through writing a contrived piece about the best stoner rock albums to smoke stones to, I realized such an article was simply too basic bitch for the high standards I set for my editorials. Plus, I don't enjoy cannabis. Fight me. This is, however, the infamous DRUG issue of our beloved *Exotic* (well, it was supposed to be before Covid messed up our schedule... how ironic) and I need to stick to theme. While not brainstorming too hard on really good albums inspired by, featuring and alluding to our favorite little green leaf, I thought I could take a hard left and think of some other drugs that have inspired some pop music classics. Besides, there's already a zillion pieces about the best albums to blaze to and it's always the same goddamn ringers like Sleep's *Dopesmoker*, Dr. Dre's *The Chronic* and who cares by Bob Marley. You fine, scholarly readers of this prestigious titty rag deserve something different...something better.

A good friend and fellow musician, whose bass amp I am still indefinitely borrowing, used to tell a great joke on stage between songs. "Nobody talks about the health benefits of cocaine...WAKE UP SHEEPLE!" It usually got little-to-no applause, but I thought it was funny.

Refer to a recent *South Park* episode, regarding the exploitative and dangerous trade involving cocaine's entry into the U.S., because I won't go into detail here about how all that bloodshed (and cost) can be avoided with a little bitta legalization. Now that we're all on the same page and I know most (if not all) of you read-

ing this love cocaine as much as I, let's talk about some of the greatest and most influential albums that our favorite nose candy had a profound influence on.

Also, before you get in a tizzy about Fleetwood Mac's *Rumors* not being on this list, know that I am fully aware of the heroic amounts of blow that everyone was on at all hours of every day of the production of the masterpiece of A.M. radio '70s cheese. Still, the cocaine—while present—doesn't have the same alarmingly gakked out, repetitive, bloated wonder that I so dearly love about these three albums. It's just eleven good pop songs. However, these...

Oasis – *Be Here Now* (Creation, 1997)

This record is what a horrific and expensive cocaine addiction SOUNDS like. Everything about this album—from the paranoid reclusive recording sessions, the insurmountable hype, the record-smashing sales, the bizarre panty-peeing critical acclaim and the almost overnight dismissal—is *exactly* what a full blast night of riding the white horse feels like. If you had never done cocaine and wondered what it was like, I would tell you listen to this album. It's literally caked in the corners of the record sleeve. And, it is amazing.

I came of age after Oasis was already largely considered a sad joke in rock music and the few songs I heard affirmed as such. However, when I first heard *Be Here Now*, I got it. I understood why they sold a bajillion records and I learned to adore the band. Whatever that says about me, I

don't care and fuck you. I love this record because it's so...bad? It thinks so highly of itself, it promises it's gonna change everything. When you listen to an album with every song over ten minutes, 800 guitar tracks per song and a full orchestra for no goddamn reason, it sorta delivers on the promise for that hour and a half. But, then, the next day you have a headache, just want some water and kinda wanna listen to it again. I think this album is why I ended up liking cocaine when I first tried it later. My first line, I started saying empty phrases like "It's getting better man! D'you know what I mean?" This record literally should've been called *Cocaine: The Album*.

Six stars out of five.

Sly And The Family Stone *There's A Riot Goin' On* (Epic, 1971)

Inarguably a more critically sound piece of musical history than the last bloated ego trip, Sly & Fam's *Riot* is still a cocaine-fueled nightmare. Upon further research, I realized that a lot of PCP was also involved in the production of this one, but let's put a pin in that and shelve it for a later issue. Too often, people talk about the deep, traumatic social issues that this album does a fantastic job screaming about. The drugs don't discredit that theme, but they are very much a part of it. Regardless of the political weight of the lyrics and one of my favorite album covers of all time, this album is wet with the sound of the ego-blasted drug haze of its recording.

Too many overdubs making for an unsettling murk, drum machines to replace your

real drummer who left (because they hated your coke-rattled guts), guest stars who came in and just sort of winged it (and somehow churned out gold), overly long, so-called jams of previous hits, that literally sound like everyone in the band hates each other. This kind of record cannot be made without enough cocaine to kill an elephant, dispersed amongst a bunch of artists who are simply fed up with each others' narcissism. Their worst and best album.

Two thumbs up, groupies whose vocals you recorded for a song and then recorded over with your own voice.

David Bowie – Station To Station (RCA, 1976)

If ever there were a reason to legalize cocaine, it would be this fucking album. Nay, it would be the titular song. I don't need to reiterate the details. Everyone knows Bowie was so far gone on the ski slopes, he doesn't even remember recording this masterpiece. To this day, I still want to throw a *Station To Station* listening party where the refreshments will be nothing but sliced bell peppers, milk (with oat, almond and soy options, because I am inclusive) and mountains of cocaine. These songs and this album cannot be written or even recorded sober. You need the unrealistic sense of eternity that the magic pixie dust gives you, to think something so repetitive and nonsensical is necessary in pop music.



Marijuana inspires mellow grooves. Acid will inspire an unfocused journey. Booze will make you sloppy, but sincere. But cocaine...it demands this almost militaristic charge towards the infinite. When you're in it, as Bowie was, in what I would dare say is his best album, you think it not only means something, but it has all finally crystallized into its best self. But, it's really just nothing and you've spent all your money, broken all your relationships and you have to move to a small apartment in Berlin with Iggy Pop.

And then, you make your ACTUAL best album. And, his best album. And then, your other best album and his other best album, inside a year's time.

Again, nobody talks about the health benefits of cocaine.

Blazer out!

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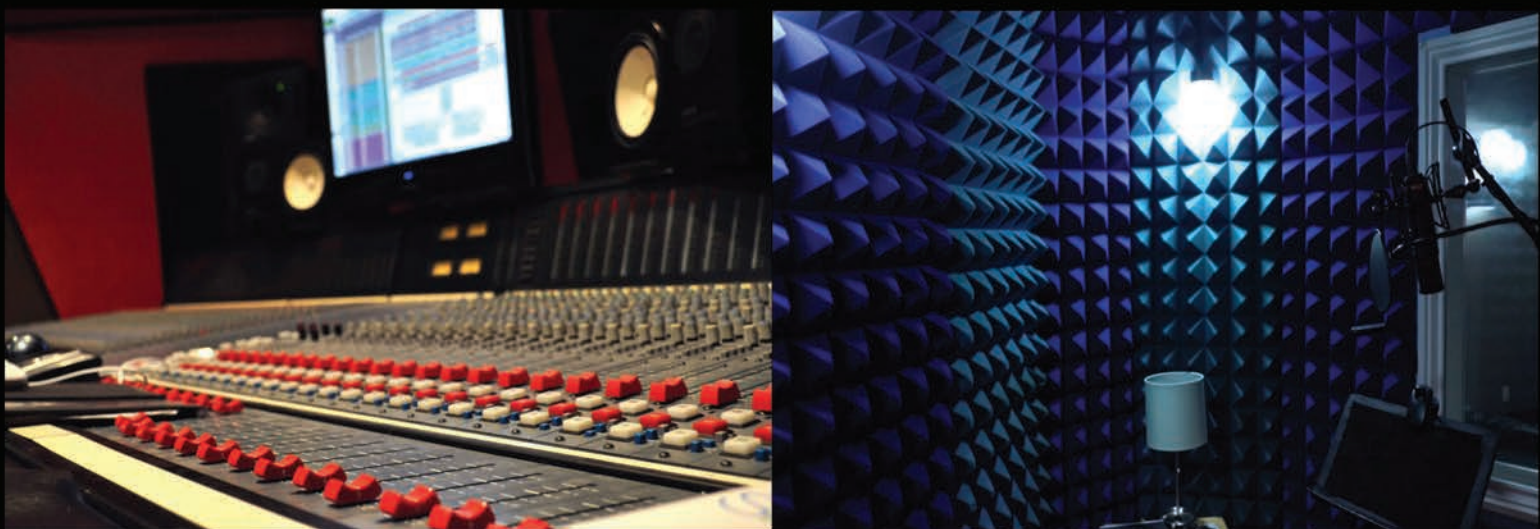
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TEN NEW THINGS TO EXPECT DURING THE COVID ERA

- *Restaurant workers will be forced to check their temperature, attitude and political beliefs before starting a shift.
- *All mask-related public freak-out videos must be accompanied by Mortal Kombat theme music.
- *Kate Brown's updated announcements regarding re-opening must be distanced at least six hours apart.
- *The term "China Virus" is problematic and will be phased out, eventually being replaced by the more inclusive "China (And, Yes, That Includes Hong Kong Now, But No One Seems To Be Outraged) Virus."
- *Flat Earth Society will continue to refrain from using the phrase "flatten the curve" in their benefit, until reading about it in a local magazine and giving us our due credit.
- *Ugly people will begin to breed in staggering numbers, as the phrase "Sorry, I keep it on even during sex" becomes an accepted stance on safe sex.
- *Additional stimulus checks will be given to all Americans, regardless of income status, but they will be distributed exclusively in Dogecoin.
- *For some reason, MySpace will come back (but, sadly, your favorite 2003-era internet rappers will not).
- *Crips, Bloods and other gangs will organize a class-action lawsuit against mainstream society for people suddenly being okay with (and, even mandated to wear) colored bandanas over their face.
- *Doctors, news anchors and public officials will wait until the weekend after the election before allowing Ashton Kutcher to appear on camera and let everyone know that this was all a big joke.

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DEAD LEAVES IN THE SUN: PART 2 BY CM BROWN

(Continued from the March 2020 issue of Exotic)

I didn't start with the clubs. Instead, I went back to the morgue.

As I headed downtown, 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.

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, 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 that said "Ey, come on, they're dead."

"Necrophilia. I get it, we all have our moments," I said.

He glared at me, 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. It was almost too easy. There weren't many clubs in this town and I didn't mind seeing some entertainment,

while I crossed them off the list.

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

The dancer was friendly, like dancers are. She asked if I wanted a dance and I said, "no thanks." Another dancer asked. I said, "no thanks." Finally, the proprietor—heavy set, bra-less and with a little too much makeup—came to the bar and asked to touch up my beer, which was getting warm from nursing. I said, "sure." When she set it on the damp coaster, I knew the small talk was coming. I put on my best poor lonely motherfucker voice and looked at the glass like it was a pebble on a cliff, shook my head and said, "There was this sweet thing used to come here, she was about this tall, had the coolest piercings I've ever seen. They was in the shape of the Big Dipper." Then I laughed without joy and shook my head, while taking a big swig.

The makeup lady looked me up and

down.

"Well, you must mean Darling, she ain't been dancing for a few months now. Don't know where she is."

"Aaaah Darling, ya that's the one." I laughed and shook my head again, tears salting my eyes. "My darling Darling." Makeup lady sighed and took pity on me.

"She was a worker, you know" and did a half wink and sideways tilt of the head.

I nodded with furrowed concern.

She sighed deeply and sloshed a shot of well whiskey on the bar for me. I drank it, graciously.

"That girl was always on her way somewhere or coming back from somewhere else. Could never get a bead on her, not even her real name. She was always talking about Alaska, though, the way the sun shone up there on the turning leaves."

I tipped the busty bartender and dropped the rest of my singles on the stage. The dancer didn't notice.

When I got home, I rang up all of the runaway shelters I could find listed in the great state of Alaska, and, finally, a social worker in a small town near 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.

Captain Henley's office was about as friendly as the man himself. The chair

was the shade of faded orange that 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 lead-

in his soul, an ulcer started to develop. "Alaska?"

"Alaska. Kenai Peninsula, to be exact."

Henley's bushy mustache quivered like a trapped gerbil. He reached underneath the stretch of his desk and



ers. 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

pulled out a bottle and two glasses. He poured us each one.

"I assume you still smoke?" he asked.

I pulled out my pack and lit one for each of us. He took a long drag and said, "Now I gotta shower again, before I go home...Mel will have what's

left of my balls if she thinks I'm smoking again."

I nodded in the way you do, when it's none of your business and there's nothing you can do anyway. I sipped my glass and smoked, toeing at the frayed carpet.

"Crawford, you remember when we first met?"

"Try not to."

"Well, I do, I remember it when I can't sleep at night."

I smiled. "You were dragged into the tank, beaten half to death and laughing. No one could get a word out of you. I waited a full day, before pulling you out of there and sitting you down. You remember why?"

I took a serious pull from the glass and set it down.

"Because, I could go places you couldn't."

"That's right. You'd put Johnny Savelle in the hospital over a pool game. We'd spent months just trying to get a man through the door of that joint, the... what's it called?"

"The 416."

"That's right, The 416. And, Johnny finally went away for all the sociopathic shit he was wanted for. Months, Crawford. Months we were trying to get our hands on that miserable excuse. And, you wrapped him up for us, in a bloody little bow and I put you on payroll as a consultant."

"Deputy."

"That's what you called it."

"Call me old fashioned."



"Okay, Old Fashioned, here's the deal—you're unpredictable and unreliable. If I send you to Alaska, are you going to run off the map and join the fucking Russians?"

"I'd join the dragons first, honestly."

Henley's gerbil quivered again and we finished our drinks and smokes.

"Pack your bag, then. I want a check in call once a day. Sharon will work out the details for you on the way out. You're flying tight on the company dime, so pack light."

I thanked my Captain and slid the glass over the vast tundra of a desk to him—tiny caribou loping out of the way.

Fingering my temporary badge on the march out of downtown again, I tried to recall myths of Alaska. I pictured constant sunlight, constant darkness and people who were either born there or running away from something. Reindeer sausage. Chainsaws and fire, blue mountains and bluer lakes. A big country. The last, last frontier. A state four times the size

of Texas, with half the population. A dead runaway and two dead Johns. Where men outnumbered women three-to-one. Piercings pointing North. Strange stuff, unknowns moving about mute in the dark, when the sun wasn't a thing.

I got home and checked my go bag. It smelled stale, because it had never actually been used. I put fresh socks and underwear in it and walked out to hit up the liquor store for carry-on minis. On the walk, a crazy person shouted crazy things at me and I had to go around the block—wishing, for not the first time, that the dead could talk and the living would shut the fuck up.

After I got back, I brewed some tea that I didn't drink. I sat in the dark, like my own version of crazy and tried not to think about being alone in the cold. Staring at the ashtray billowing with the remains of shared cigarettes, left behind when they exited, laughing or shouting or crying and slipping on that top step. Admiring the flowers. A good year for the roses.



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Broken bonds

So, two years ago, I talked to another woman, because I was always getting yelled at for drinking too much. I screwed up and I know I did—no physical contact, but I emotionally cheated. I know I screwed up. I've been pretty perfect, when it comes to talking to anyone else about what's going on in our marriage. She's going to therapy for her family's past. I support that. But, it makes me nervous that they talk about me. Super

lame, because I'm so insecure about it! She tells me I have no right to bitch, because I put her through the same thing. She's not wrong. But, I'm trying to better myself every day and when she wants to go out with this friend I've never met. I ask for her to call me and tell me she's okay. And, I get nothing except told that I put her through the same thing and have no right to question her. I used to go out with coworkers until about 8pm and show up fucked up. I was so stressed, that I had to literally pay \$5,000 in bills after taxes—I couldn't breathe. I am actually not worried about money anymore because of a promotion, but she met new friends and hangs out 'til 3am and doesn't text, call or even let me know she is okay. I only asked for her to call when she needed a ride, no matter what time. She never calls or answers, and she says her phone is in her purse (which I actually believe). What do I do?

Dear Humble Husband,

We have a lot to unpack here. I, of

course, don't have the specifics of your marriage, and I also don't have her side of the story, so I'll do the best I can with the information that I have. An emotional affair is just as damaging—if not, sometimes more—than a physical one. It's hard for your partner to seek out things from another person, when there were promises that it would only be the two of you. I'm sure your wife is hurt and doesn't trust you as much as she used to, or perhaps at all, anymore. I gather that from the behavior you are describing. She feels like she can almost do whatever she wants, because that's what she feels like you did. There are bonds that seem to have been broken here. Hopefully, you can build toward repairing them. Just know that, sometimes, they can't be repaired.

That being said, she doesn't get the right to punish you going forward. She's either with you, ready to try to forgive and move forward, or she isn't. She doesn't have a free pass to hang out with people you don't know, not tell

you where she is and not answer her phone. This is not to say she can't go and do what she wants. But, it's scary when your partner doesn't come home when expected. You worry about their safety and well-being. That's natural. I'm not sure who this new friend is, but you also need to try to love her enough to know that she is choosing the right people to surround herself with, and let her go. If she's cheating on you, you'll see it. Worrying about it and trying to control it will do nothing. You have the right to set personal boundaries and so does she. Just because you made a mistake in this relationship doesn't mean you have no rights or that you should pay for it to the end of days. Also, it sounds like she has a lot of feelings about what you did. Can you repair it? I hope, for the both of you, you can—that's what you both want.

So, you mentioned she's in therapy. Why the hell are you not in couple's therapy? EVERY person can benefit and a therapist can help you two navigate the murky waters of rebuilding a trust that was broken. Yes, she's talking about you, but any therapist worth their salt isn't going to be putting any ideas in anyone's head or telling anyone what to do. Therapists turn a mirror onto an individual and help them see themselves (and their motivations) more clearly. They teach a person to cope, as well as give them tools. Your wife's therapist isn't going to whisper in her ear like Rasputin and I'm glad she's going. Your ass should be in there, as well, with her, so she truly knows you want this to work.

You mentioned your drinking level and that it's an issue in your relationship. That is a huge contention in many relationships and needs to be addressed. How often are you drinking? Do you feel like you become a different person when you drink? Do you fight when you drink? Do you black out? Do you get signs of the D.T. if you take a break from drinking? Things like the shakes or night sweats? If any of these questions

made you think or take pause, you may need to make a life change. It's hard to be a good partner if you're self-medicating. Your partner is getting a carbon copy of you. Is your wife a drinker too? If so, you both might be fueling the fire.

Double standards are really difficult to accept, but almost every relationship ends up with at least a few. You are getting tested for your choices and past actions. All you can do is work on how you handle hers.

-DiscountTherapist



Seeking A Unicorn

As a bisexual guy, with a girlfriend of 10+ years who knows that I'm bi, how do I/we find a suitable guy for both of us? Not looking for one-night stands. I'm rather straight acting for a bottom and prefer straight-acting guys that would need to be bi also, so that no one is left out.

Dear Bi Guy,

I am bisexual and it definitely isn't a phase. It's been an extremely long journey of acceptance and understanding of myself. Few understand bisexuality. People probably thought you were just

hiding that you were "full on gay," am I right? Kudos to you, for owning that about you and living your life. Also, congratulations on finding an accepting partner. I have it a little easier as a female, but it's still difficult. The men I've dated expected threesomes and felt insecure and the women I've dated thought I was gross for accepting penis. Making platonic female friends has been hard. I either have to closet, or deal with the fact that they think I'm looking at them *in that way*. I feel your pain. So, what you're looking for is not impossible, but it will not be easy. Not because you aren't desirable, but because you have something extremely specific in mind.

Have you ever gone to the store looking for that perfect pair of pants that you envisioned and ended up leaving with nothing? That's sort of where you're at. Have you tried the apps? I know they usually host a mixed bag of normal people and the crazies, but that could be a place to start. Your girlfriend and you can list exactly what you're looking for and browse through applicants together. The technology! What a time to be alive! You could make a special night of it. You could get a hotel and play around. I know you say you're not looking for "hook ups." I'm not saying you *can't* find it, but I would say finding a third, monogamous partner is extremely unlikely. Especially one you both are in to and that you click with. If you both re-frame expectations, I think you'll find something you're looking for. We, in the gay community, call that looking for a unicorn. We all want that rare, certain thing that we can't seem to find. I want you to find it. I really do.

P.S., if you happen to encounter a femme gal out there who likes other femme gals, likes to be topped and doesn't mind that penis has been there too, please send her my way, because I have yet to find one.

-DiscountTherapist



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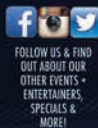


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