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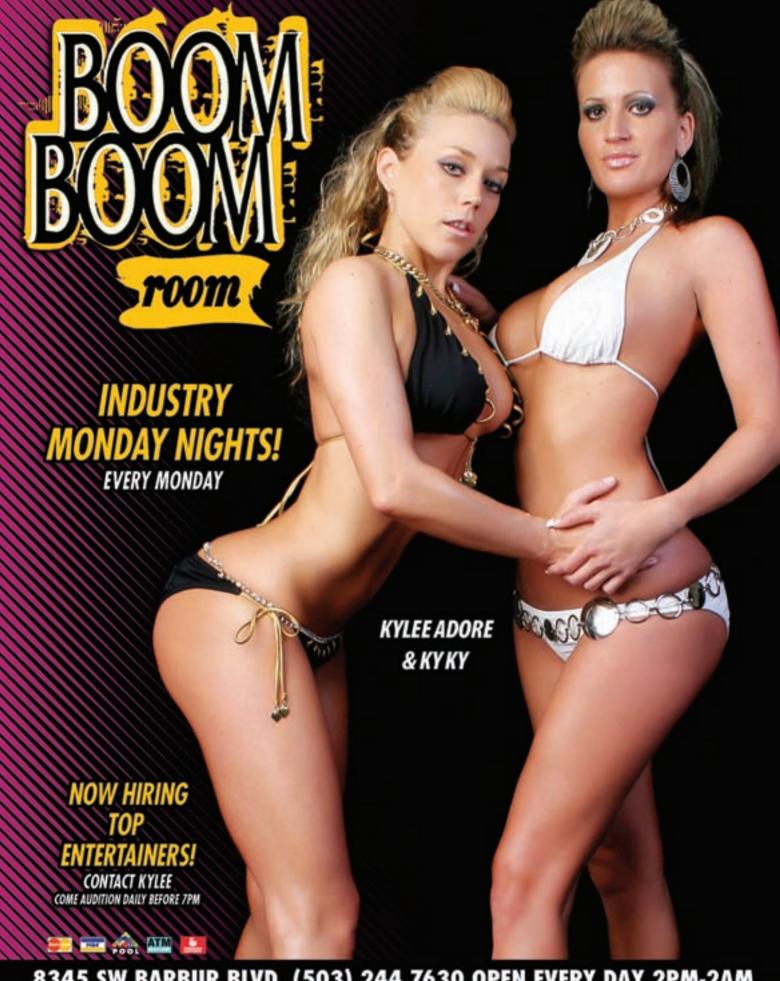
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Issue #181 • Volume 16 • Number 01 July 2008

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Published monthly by XMAG LLC.
Circulation: 75,000 per month at
200+ sites
Mailing Address:
818 SW 3rd Avenue, Suite 1324
Portland, Oregon 97204
Telephone: 503.241.4317
Fax: 503.914.0439
Email: xmag@qwest.net
Exotic Online: www.xmag.com

Publisher XMAG LLC.

General Manager Bryan A. Bybee

> Editor John R. Voge

Production / Design / Hacky Sack Extraordinaire Diego

> Graphic Design Darkstar Graphics Shawna

Contributing Photographers Pdxblackbook.com London Lunoux • HYPNOX

Advertising Adam (503) 804-4479 Mariah (503) 827-8018 (ESCORTS)

> Distribution Enrico Carrisco • Adam

Contributors

Spooky X • Jim Goad • Ophelia Derriere Statutory Ray • Mata-Leao • John Voge Arvid Pfizer

> Cover Photography Pdxblackbook.com

Cover Model Robin from Stars Cabaret

FEATURES



WORLD'S WORST DICTATORS

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THE WORLD'S A SHOCKING POLITICAL EXP

Can the world, for Christ's fucking sake, just get OVER Adolf Hitler once and for all? In the first place, he was SOOO 20th Century, and last time I

checked my wristwatch, we were a good ocho años into the 21st. And if you want to gauge a dictator's "Evil Factor" by how many corpses he left

in his wake, Hitler wasn't even the champeen of his own century. I'm not sure who doesn't want you to know this (well, I have a creeping suspicion.

but it's considered dangerous to even suggest it without getting zapped by a cattle prod), but the most conservative estimates have Josef Stalin



dictator: Kim Jong-II

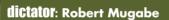
Country he dictates: North

crime against humanity: Hasn't sent his mom a Mother's Day card for the past seven years.

dictator: Alexander Lukashenko

COUNTRY he dictates: Belarus

crime against humanity: Owns three cats but only changes their litter box twice a month.



COUNTRY he dictates: Zimbabwe

crime against humanity: Has never returned a Blockbuster DVD on time.



dictator: Hugo Chavez

COUNTRY he dictates: Venezuela

crime against humanity: Makes right turns without flashing his turn signal.



dictator: Raul Castro

country he dictates: Cuba

crime against humanity: Once said "yes" when his girlfriend asked him if she looked fat in her dress.



dictator: Saparmurat Niyazov

country he dictates: Turkmenistan

crime against humanity: Farts in public elevators and blames his bodyguard.



Country he dictates: Myanmar

crime against humanity: Takes two (and sometimes three) papers from the newspaper box when he only paid for one.



country he dictates: Iran

crime against humanity: Routinely steals bath towels from hotels and then doesn't even use them.



dictator: Idriss Deby

country he dictates: Chad

crime against humanity: Has never in his life put the toilet seat down after using it.



dictator: Omar al-Bashir

country he dictates: Sudan

crime against humanity: Steals French fries from friends' plates when they go to the bathroom.

WORST DICTATORS OSÉ OF THE NAUGHTIEST MEN ALIVE

out-killing Hitler by at least five million and possibly as many as 20 million, while China's chubby-cheeked Mao Zedong blew both peckerwoods out

of the water by slaughtering an estimated 40 to 77 million of his own countrymen. But if we keep focusing on those scrubs from the past, we risk

ignoring actual bad men doing actual bad things today. So in the spirit of earnest inquiry, I present to you 20 dictators who are acting like assholes

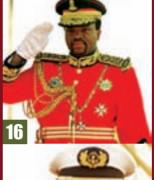
as I speak. And just so you don't suffer too much "Hitler withdrawal," I've tried to find pictures of them in some variation of the "Sieg Heil" pose.



dictator: Bernard Makuza

country he dictates: Rwanda

crime against humanity: Holds loud cell-phone conversations in the movie theater.



dictator: King Mswati III

country he dictates: Swaziland

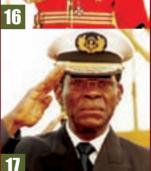
crime against humanity: Still owes his friend ten bucks from when the Broncos won the Super Bowl.



dictator: Isaias Afewerki

country he dictates: Eritrea

crime against humanity: Rarely chips in when his buddies decide to get a few six-packs.



dictator: Teodoro Obiana Nguema Mbasogo

country he dictates: Equatorial Guinea

crime against humanity: Will wear the same shirt three or four days in a row.



dictator: Muammar Qaddafi

country he dictates: Libya

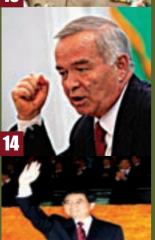
crime against humanity: Once used a fake name during an online chat session.



dictator: Pervez Musharraf

COUNTRY he dictates: Pakistan

crime against humanity: Neglected to report over 300 dollars' worth of income in 2003.



dictator: Islam Karimov

country he dictates: **Uzbekistan**

crime against humanity: Always peeks in the medicine cabinet when he's visiting friends.

dictator: Hu Jintao

country he dictates: China

crime against humanity: Never hesitates to take the last donut or slice of cake at a party.



dictator: Meles Zenawi

COUNTRY he dictates: Ethiopia





dictator: King Abdullah

country he dictates: Saudi Arabia

crime against humanity: Has frequently slipped more than a dozen items through the "10 Items or Less" gisle.















Js and music critics are often one and the same. Although coincidental considering the circumstances, I am not referring to "journalists" such as myself who make a living staring at tits with a small column on the side. Rather, I am referring to the responsibilities shared by those who select and mix music for club play and those who select and review music for publication. Through the processes of exclusion (or inclusion) and commentary, disc jockeys are basically living music-review columns. What gets played is hot (AKA "fly"), and what gets cut is not (AKA "ain't"). Most of us DJs hold overgeneralized opinions about nearly every band we're exposed to, attributing godlike qualities to the music we like and abusively deconstructing the bands we don't.

If there's one thing that critics of all types are often accused of, it's the inability to put one's money where their mouth is. "Hey asshole, if you're so goddamn perfect, why don't you start your own band?" ask the Daddies. Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you two perfect DJ-slash-musicians who are able to place their Benjis where their traps

Ghost Motor

are, producing and performing quality music that puts most others to shame.

Turning the tables (no pun intended), I (the untalented musician who only puts his money where his mouth is when offering bills to dancers)

will now criticize the critical. The hunter has now become the hunted. The jockey has now become the jocked.

Okay, enough with the bullshit. Here's your fucking article.

Ghost Motor

The Goth Night is a dying institution. Although the Northwest used to be a Mecca for slutty chicks in black pleather and guys in Sisters of Mercy shirts who swear they're not gay, both Portland and Seattle have seemed to lose their spooky factor over the last few years. (Tacoma, on the other hand, is and always has been scary.) Waltzing into Plan-B's "Hive" night on a Sunday night in Portland's eastside industrial area, I wasn't exactly expecting The Mercury or The City. Much to my surprise, I discovered where all of the Goth kids have been hiding all this time. As DJ Brian Backlash (not a musician, but an online music critic...go figure) spun Revolting Cocks and

AuralStimulatio

Laibach, several pale kids dressed all in black danced in their own invisible bubbles. Off to the side, an energetic and less melancholy figure (also in black, but with fewer accessories) was up in some chick's face, spitting game like he swallowed a chess set. Sniffing out my own kind, I was introduced to homeboy via DJ Backlash, only to find out that homeboy has a name, a DJ career, and a band (two, actually). Jared Scott, AKA DJ Flak, took a few minutes out of his night to discuss Ghost Motor, one of the remaining decent industrial acts in the area.

Five years after forming industrial band Particle Son in 1996, Jared took a break to begin DJ'ing, allowing him to "stay very involved in the dance community while continuing to write industrial rock music." Soon after, Particle Son began playing shows with already established Ghost Motor, and at this point Jared got signed to D-A-R-K records as DJ Flak. Earlier this year, Jared joined Ghost Motor as a keyboardist.

What caused Jared to ditch his own decade-old band to join some tour mates?

Jared explains: "I was drawn to Ghost Motor

because of the song compositions. Drew (singer/guitarist) is an amazing songwriter and is always trying to come up with radical new ideas....That is what got me into electronic music to begin with.

Continuing, Jared explains how spinning music

Demain

has an influence on performing music: "I go from playing someone else's tracks to writing my own. I get exposed to large amounts of different styles of music, so it helps keep diversity in the music I write. Being familiar with DJ cuts, I create mixes that are more DJ-friendly, (and) song structure is a big part of it, counting measures and so forth."

ahostmotor.com myspace.com/particleson

Demain





sary ingredients for Egocentric Rock Star Soup. Fortunately, Demain is not nearly as good of a cook as he is a musician. Meeting him in person, you would be hard-pressed to believe that the guy has any ego at all, let alone a decade-plus of experience in the music industry. Relaxed, confident, and polite, Demain (AKA "that dude Jason") discusses his latest project, Demain (AKA "that band Demain, fronted by that dude Jason"):

"Demain (pronounced 'Dee-Main,' not the French pronunciation, but with the same meaning: 'tomorrow') features a kaleidoscope of talent. Dark, poppy, complex, and to the point," Demain is "very matter-of-fact in its honesty, vet sometimes abstract. (We) borrow a lot of ideas from [the] Lennon/McCartney style [of] songwriting, some material spanning from 50s to Southern twang, to Middle Eastern to industrial flavors, vet always maintaining a radio-friendly structure."

A listen to Demain's online tunes surprises this reviewer on two accounts. First, the production quality (even for a recompressed MySpace file) is nothing less than professional. Demain's fourtrack EP sounds better than most full-lengths I've heard. Second, the project sounds nothing like the rest of Jason's catalogue. Innovation, originality, and forward-thinking...from a strip club DJ. Good goddamn.

If Demain and Ghost Motor are representative of the majority, DJs have the advantage of having an ear for music as well as an understanding of the industry's backstage processes. Notice how every

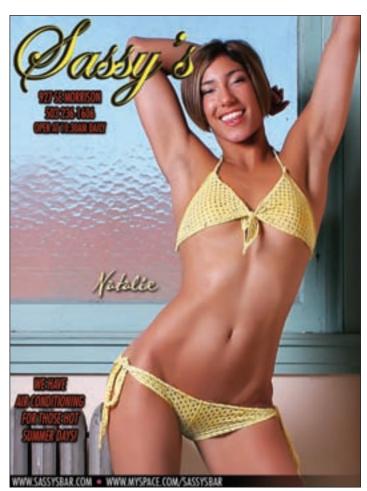
band/project associated with Jason and Jared are not only Google-able, they're successful by many standards. Further, the dudes don't act like musicians. Lesson for your garage trio: Drop the attitude, take some criticism, and spend time on production. The cocaine and limousines can come later. demaintheband.com myspace.com/jdemain



Jason Demain has performed with Camaro Hair, The Candystrippers, International Pop Overthrow, M-Set. Smoochknob, and The Strain. Demain has also DJ'd at The Viewpoint, Union Jacks, The Main Attraction, Rick's, Honeys, and Sugars. Featured on inter-













THE DOLPHIN

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July 2008

In a month where we are encouraged to celebrate our independence, you probably couldn't be in a better state. Here in Oregon, we all get to enjoy the pleasures that come with having one of the most liberal constitutions in the country, mainly regarding all things involving naked tits and ass. As a former Oregon resident, I now reside as your neighbor up north in Seattle. And trust me, when it comes to strip-club action out here, my friends...saying it pales in comparison is an understatement. Figuratively, it's as if we're still battling England for our independence here in Washington, and there isn't enough tea in sight to have a party the way things are looking in these parts. So celebrate your freedom, Portland, but don't forget: There are always rules. even in the land of the free.

Which leads me into this month's installment of *Spooky X's Unauthorized Guide to Strip-Club Etiquette*.

CHAPTER 3-GIRLFRIENDS, STRIP CLUBS, AND YOU

Let me begin by saying that I strongly suggest you avoid mixing the three words in this chapter's title at all costs. You and a strip club...no problem. You

and a girlfriend...sure, why not? But mixing the three is generally a road filled with land mines and disastrous results. Here are three scenarios in which you might find yourself.

A: TRYING TO FIND A GIRLFRIEND IN THE STRIP CLUB

In many ways, a visit to the strip club is like an ultimate date. Your "date" laughs at your jokes, sympathizes about your horrible boss, and, when a good dance number comes up, rips off her clothes. Generally, you're not going to get that lucky with a normal date after forking over two hundred bucks for dinner and a movie. But it's almost a guarantee at the strip club. But just because you got that doesn't mean the fantasy is going to continue once you leave the club. She's not leaving with you, bro. And look—right over there—just as you're leaving, here comes the next guy who thinks tonight is the night he's going to make your "girlfriend" his future wife.

Your favorite girl probably gets hit on about 30 times a day and gets offered riches and luxuries you could never dream of ever affording (but don't feel bad; neither could the loser who was making all those false promises). Do you really think you're gonna stand out amid the endless parade of lonely hearts that roll through her club day in and day out? Not to mention...do you

think that sexy young thing chose her career as an exotic dancer because she's lonely and looking for Mr. Right? Wake up, lover-boy! And just in case you're one of those creative guys that think any girl who happens to be hanging out in a strip club by herself is a likely target—wrong again, Romeo. She's either an off-duty dancer, a hooker that preys on the obvious marks (like you), or she's there looking for a girlfriend herself (see "lez-bee-uhn").

B: BRINGING YOUR GIRLFRIEND TO THE STRIP CLUB

Ever heard of taking sand to the beach? Selling ice cubes to an Eskimo?

Well, my friend, this section is dedicated to you. The strip club used to be the grown-up version of the boys' club, but with modern times, seeing a guy and his gal out for date night at the flesh palace is not so uncommon. Generally, I can't stand you people, even though I've been guilty of violating this slap in the face to the Brotherhood of Man myself. Couples in strip clubs can mean several different things. The ultimately creepiest reason is they're hunting for a third to join in their little *Penthouse Forum* fantasies. Dancers hear lines such as, "My wife wants you SOOOOOOOOO bad; what would it take to get you to come home with us?" on a weekly basis these days. The dancer probably thinks your wife is just as hopeless and pathetic as you are. Throwing two desperate souls at a dancer while they're working only doubles your chances of failure.

One thing that almost always seems to work when bringing your woman to a strip club with you is the fact that she's going to get twice as much attention than you are—not only from the dancers, but from EVERY HORNY GUY IN THE PLACE. Way to go, player! Even if your significant other is cool with you going to a strip club, leave well enough alone...and leave her at home!

No matter how cool you think she's going to be, once your girl sees the way

you're looking at the dancers, and once she starts thinking about how flawed her body is in comparison to the Venus on the main stage, it suddenly isn't very much fun anymore. And you will pay for her discomfort later...oh, yes, the suffering will be legendary, my friend.

C: YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS A STRIPPER

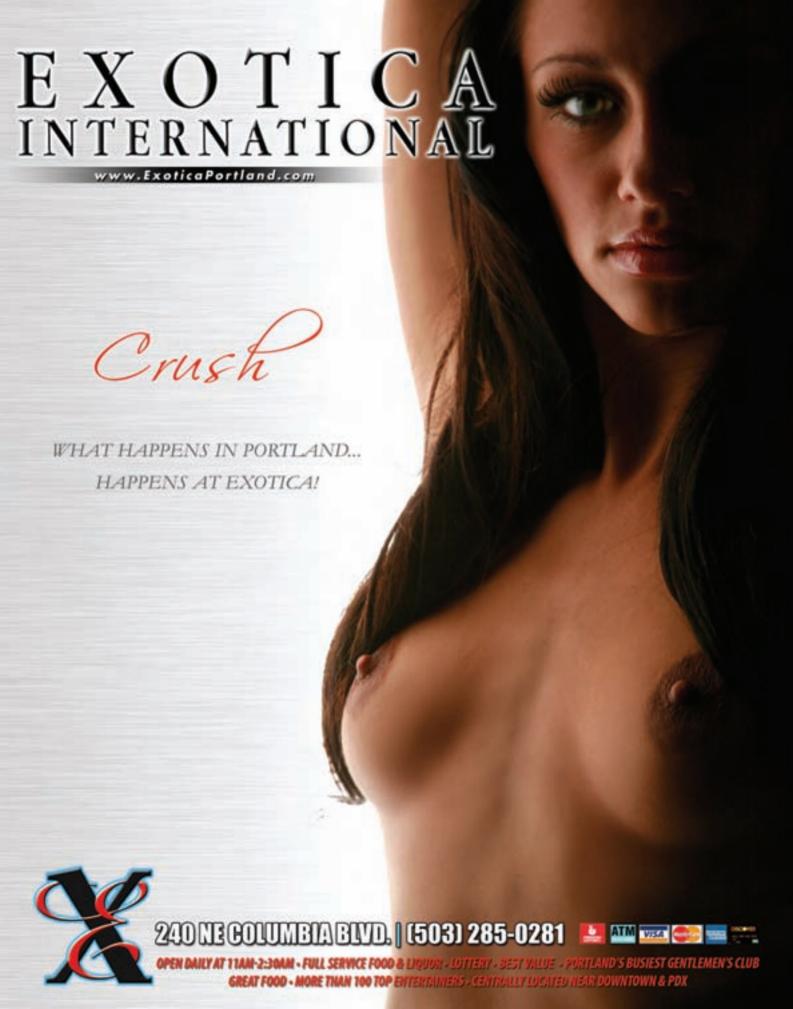
This is perhaps the most delicate and dangerous of the three scenarios. Generally, the best advice I can give those "lucky" souls out there that are dating strippers is this... GIVE THEM THEIR SPACE. She doesn't come watch you operate your slushy machines at the Kwik-E-Mart, so offer her up the same courtesy. I know it's hard, buddy. I mean, there are all those men fantasizing about your girl down there at the club...but play your cards right, and she will continue to come home to you.

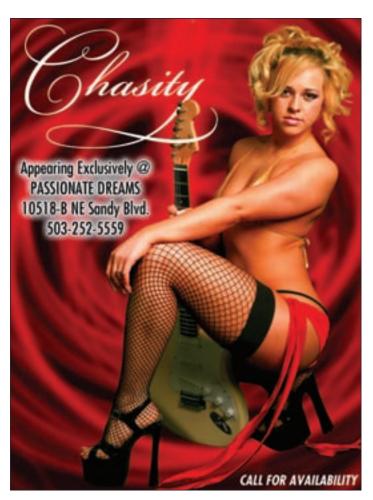
During my run in Portland's adult industry, all I dated were dancers. Who else would put up with my lifestyle, anyway? Bear in mind that all the advice I'm tossing your way came from my own failures, so hindsight is indeed 20/20 in this case. But if you find yourself in the precarious position of spending time at the same place your dancer girlfriend is working,

attempt to follow these simple **GROUND RULES**, and you might survive—at least a little longer, anyway:

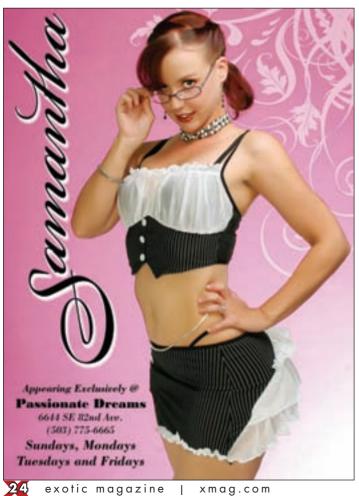
- 1. Don't sit at the rack, especially if it's not her rack. Even if it's her rack, odds are you're going to intimidate her and everyone else who was thinking about tipping her.
- 2. Don't try to be a stud by telling the other dancers that your girlfriend is a dancer. It's not going to make them think you're cool or that you must be a nice guy since one of their "sisters in sin" (continued on page 30)













HUPTOCUPHY

and







an evening of erotic circus debauchery



DID SYD BARRETT

I'M NOT SURE WHETHER YOU GIVE A FUCK, and I wouldn't blame you if you didn't, but I'm an epileptic, as are many unheralded geniuses.

During childhood, family members often spotted me having night seizures. My sister frequently observed my young, sleeping body kicking like a pink, hairless mule. At around age 12, when Ma chanced upon me flapping around on the bed like a sea bass on a ship's deck, my family decided it was time to have me tested.

I remember staring at the scuffed, Wrigley's-spearmint-gumcolored hospital floors as workers fastened cold metal electrodes to my scalp. I was instructed to lie back on the starchy white sheets and shut my eyes as they began flash-

ing the strobe. Green-and-red honeycombs spun on my closed evelids. As I drifted off, a row of twitching pens recorded the seismic disturbances inside my head.

The doctor who read my EEG said it showed abnormalities, but they were "within the statistical margin of error."

After several nasty alcoholic blackouts in my late teens—and again suspecting epilepsy-I went to have a CT scan. They inserted my head in a spanking-clean, radiationdripping white uterus as some bored doctor examined my brain one mozzarella-flavored slice at a time. Again, the test results were ambiguous.

It had been a good 30 or 35 years since I'd had a seizure. I wasn't sure whether my brain had outgrown them or if I was merely gearing up for the Big One.

GREEN-AND-RED STAGE-LIT HONEYCOMBS

spun on Syd Barrett's face at London's UFO Club back in 1966 as the club's house band and the preeminent weirdlings of the UK's psychedelic scene, The Pink Floyd Sound, strummed ditties about intergalactic hot-rodding and demonic housecats. As lead vocalist, lead guitarist, and principal songwriter, Barrett had led his band since 1964 through various incarnations such as "The Screaming Abdabs" and "The Meggadeaths" until settling on "The Pink Floyd Sound." The moniker was an homage to two black American bluesmen, Pink Anderson and Floyd Council, which is highly ironic when you consider that Pink Floyd would become monstrously successful worldwide for playing just about the whitest music imaginable.

It was around 1966 when Syd first dropped acid, and video clips of his inaugural trip are easily accessible on the Internet. According to some accounts, he would ply his brain with LSD every day for at least the next two years.

And holy bleeding fucking hell, was it evident it in his music! The Pink Floyd Sound, later truncated to The Pink Floyd before finally lopping off the "The" and becoming simply Pink Floyd, were such a raging hit in London's tripped-out club scene that by early 1967, they were recording their first album just down the hall from where The Beatles were laying down tracks for Sqt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. Pink Floyd also started releasing a string of singles—oddly, none of which appeared on their

first album-which rocketed up the UK charts. Their first, "Arnold Layne," was about a panty thief and reached #20. The second, "See Emily Play," was a sweeping, whooshing, goosebump-

inducing sing-along that crept all the way up to #6. Both songs had a wide, massive, ethereal sound so abso-

lutely drug-drenched, one could conceivably have a full-blown trip just listening to it.

But not having heard it yet, I wasn't going to take any chances. When I bought Pink Floyd's first album, The Piper at the Gates of Dawn, I was around 19. I went into my bedroom, placed a hit of blotter acid under my tongue, set the needle to the vinyl, and sandwiched my brain between headphones. I'm sure the LSD helped ease the way, but there has never been another album before or since that impressed me so tremendously upon my first listen.

What a shock it was, too. I was already familiar with Pink Floyd's later, more-famous work-none of it recorded with Syd Barrett-but

not one note of any of it had prepared me for such a brain-ripping, otherworldly sonic onslaught. I thought Dark Side of the Moon was the most overrated album in Earth's history, couldn't muster many feelings either way about Wish You Were Here, thought the flying pig balloons in Animals were cute (but that was about it), and was so annoyed by The Wall, I prayed for the fucking wall to collapse and kill the band members. As far as I was concerned, Pink Floyd had managed to become one of the world's biggest rock bands merely by dint of overspending on production and album-cover artwork. They didn't write catchy melodies or clever lyrics. They seemed congenitally incapable of truly rocking out. And most importantly, for a group that had purportedly staked its turf on being so "freaky" and "psychedelic" and "spacey," to my ears they churned out a lazy, monochromatic,



FIND MY BRAIN TUMOR?

arrhythmic mishmash that bummed my high every time I heard them—even if I was on acid.

But from start to finish...from the distorted announcer's voice rattling off zodiac signs that begins "Astronomy Domine" to the millions of screaming alarm clocks and brain-hammering electronic duck sounds that finish "Bike"...listening to *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn* was like strapping oneself into a small, nicked, badly dented carnival-ride space capsule and shooting straight toward a supernova. Even Jimi Hendrix at the top of his game, on a lobe-liquefying song such as "Third Stone from the Sun," was nowhere near as psychedelic as this.

Syd Barrett's version of Pink Floyd would tour the UK with Hendrix late in 1967, and by that point it had become

was crushing his mind. There were reports of him playing a single chord throughout an entire set...of him detuning his guitar

evident to everyone except Svd that his drug intake

instead of playing at all...and of him crushing pills and Brylcreem, pouring the mix over his head, and letting it ooze under hot stage lights until he looked like a melted candle. By early 1968, his bandmates decided they'd had enough and replaced Syd with his childhood friend David Gilmour.

Roger Keith "Syd" Barrett would release two solo albums in 1970: *The Madcap Laughs* and *Barrett*, and no anti-dope propaganda ever concocted by any drug-war czar could ever serve as more chilling propaganda against drug abuse. The manic, expansive energy of his work with Pink Floyd had been com-

pletely siphoned from his spine, leaving deadpan songs from a brain-dead man who sounded as if he might actually be dead. On one track from *The Madcap Laughs*, Syd fucks up mid-song, stops playing, yells at the producer, and then continues. What's mind-blowing is that they didn't even seem to think it was worth doing another take.

The genius who founded Pink Floyd would eventually spend some time in a British "home for lost souls" before moving back into his mother's basement. He lived as a legendary recluse who mostly tended to his garden before finally succumbing to pancreatic cancer in 2006.

I FORGOT ABOUT SYD BARRETT FOR DECADES, just as I didn't spend much time thinking about my childhood seizures.

A few months ago I began having headache symptoms that fell neatly into the category of migraines: weird "halo" visual lighting effects forming around objects, followed by nausea and vomiting.

Almost a month to the minute before typing this, I caught a Syd Barrett documentary on cable called *Crazy Diamond: The Pink Floyd and Syd Barrett Story*. (Two songs on the *Wish You Were Here* album were about Barrett: the title track and "Shine On, You Crazy Diamond.") The film whet my appetite to hear his music again, so being a law-abiding citizen 'n' everything, I went to my local record store and wasted close to a hundred dollars (because Syd's corpse needs the money) instead of spending a listless hour downloading everything for free via Limewire. I snatched all the early Floyd singles, the entire *Piper at the Gates of Dawn* album, and even some never-before-heard Syd/Floyd rarities

such as "Vegetable Man" and "Scream Thy Last Scream."

I eagerly gorged my brain on
Syd's sonic insanity for a few days
until that fateful Sunday when
I started to feel another
migraine coming on. I
began to see little multicolored plastic chips in
front of my eyes, then
felt intensely nauseous
and tried to induce
vomiting, with
no success.

And that's all I remember.
According to my intensely pregnant wife, I walked into our living room, sat on the couch next to

her, looked out the window, and my eyelids began fluttering. She thought I was just goofing

and asked me to stop. Then my arms and legs started flailing, I bit down on my tongue hard enough that blood was pouring out of my mouth, and I finally collapsed, stopped breathing, and turned blue. She pushed furniture out of the way, dragged me to the floor, called 911, then proceeded to administer mouth-to-mouth.

At the hospital, they strapped my head down with leather and shoved me into a giant cold white vagina where I was absolutely unable to move or scratch myself for ten minutes at a time. It revealed a brain tumor which a doctor's assistant described as "plum-sized."

Thankfully, the tumor was as benign as a prepubescent lamb on a bright Spring morning. They yanked it from my skull, stitched me up, and sent me home with a bunch of cool pills.

But I don't think I'll listen to any of Syd Barrett's music again for a long, long, LONG time.

Would you?









EROTIC CITY (continued from page 22)

is dating you. You're just gonna look like a creep or a sleazeball, and she'll probably tell your girl that you were hitting on her.

3. Don't instigate arguments with your girlfriend when she's at work. Maybe some jobs can be done when you're fired-up or pissed-off, but exotic dancing isn't one of them. No one wants to tip a crying dancer. You'll just look like an asshole, and you'll make her look like an idiot for dating you. Not to mention, bouncers just love 86ing dancers' boyfriends, you dumb-ass!

4. Do not bring a pack of friends with you. Though the fact that your better half is a dancer can gain you great admiration from your loser buddies, bringing those same buddies in to check out your girl's holiest of holies is plain creepy. Your girl is probably uncomfortable enough with you being there, let alone your buddies from work that she had to hang out with at the BBQ last weekend. She probably doesn't even like those guys when she's dressed, let alone bare-ass naked. But if for some reason you can't avoid this situation, make sure your loser friends tip the girls and show them respect, because their actions will all be taken out on you, regardless of your own

behavior...you ARE your brothers' keeper in this situation.

5. DO NOT GET DRUNK! Drunken boyfriends in strip clubs always end up in trouble. Either you end up throwing down with some guy that you think made a pass at your girl (ummm, hello, that's what guys do in strip clubs), or you got too friendly with another dancer and tried to slip her something besides a twenty.

6. Don't stare at the other dancers' and/or waitresses' goodies...PERIOD! Eye contact is the way to go, and even that can get dangerous if you overdo it. This applies even more if you happen to be at the club where she works when she's not there. If you do anything in her absence, she will find out about it tenfold within the hour.

Sounds fun, doesn't it? Just be careful what you wish for, and if you happen to get it, see a doctor at once. In the meantime, how about keeping it simple and enjoying the wonderful, carefree, uninhibited adventures awaiting you in the City of Roses this month? Such as...

FEATURED EVENTS

Thursday, **July 3rd**—Happy Birthday America Party at the **Dolphin** clubs. ... V.I.P. Party/Customer Appreciation at **Stars Beaverton**.

Friday, July 4th—Cabaret II's Patio Grand Opening, featuring a swimming pool and hot tub. Open every day this summer. ... Cheetahs (Salem) 4th of July Bash with free BBQ, prizes, and contests. ... Happy Birthday America Party at the Dolphin clubs. ... All shows 50% off at Pussycats. ... Independence Day Party with prizes and gifts at Stars Beaverton.

Saturday, July 5th—Happy Birthday America Party at the **Dolphin** clubs.

Wednesday, July 9th—Magazine Model Gia Nova at Stars Salem. Thursday, July 10th—Magazine Model Gia Nova with three shows nightly at Stars Beaverton.

Friday, July 11th—Stars Beaverton pulls out all the stops with their 12th Anniversary Celebration, featuring the Heaven and Hell Party, where pleasure and pain become one! With fire shows, suspension, domination, bondage shows, theme shows, ice bar, magic shows, best costume contest, and theme stages, plus magazine model Gia Nova with three shows nightly!

Saturday, July 12th—Safari Showclub—Magazine model Gia Nova with two shows nightly.

Wednesday, **July 16th—Cheetahs** (Salem) hosts Amateur Night with a \$100 prize. Come on down to be a judge.

Friday, July 18th—DV8 presents the 2nd Annual Full Moon Over Foster Bar Peddle at 6 PM in the parking lot. Prizes for best bike decor, best pirate costume, and best pirate lingo. ... **Pirate's Cove**—Panty Auction at midnight.

Saturday, **July 19th—Doc's Club 82** rocks with the Terrified Space Monkeys. ... **Dream On Saloon** hosts Alex and Harvey's Retirement Party at 5 PM, featuring Harvey's Southern BBQ. ... Celebrate "Pirates of the **DV8**" with prizes and giveaways starting at 9 PM with a Pabst Blue Ribbon bicycle raffle at 11:59 PM. ... **Safari Showclub—**Grand Patio Opening Luau. ... **Stars Salem—**3rd Annual Island Fantasy Luau with traditional Hawaiian pig roast.

Wednesday, July 23rd—Stars Salem—Fight for the Cure Wii Sports Boxing.

Thursday, July 24th—The Big Bang—Panty Auction at 8 PM. ... Stars Salem—Porn Star Katsuni.

Friday, July 25th—Stars Beaverton—Porn Star Katsuni with two shows nightly.

Saturday, July 26th—Come oil the girls down with Oil Wrestling at **Cheetahs** in Salem! ... "ESCAPE" to an island party at **Stars Beaverton**! With

the Bad Fish Band, fire shows, outdoor pool and bar, shower shows, limbo contest, prizes, giveaways, Porn Star Katsuni with two shows nightly, and much more!



International porn star KATSUNI will be appearing at all STARS locations this month.

WEEKLY EVENTS

FRIDAYS—Safari Showclub—Come spin the Wheel of Porn for a chance to win airline tickets! (Saturdays, too.)

SATURDAYS—Pallas—Come check out some ASS and get some free GAS cards! (*They made me write that!*)

SUNDAYS—Soobie's—Industry and Amateur Night.

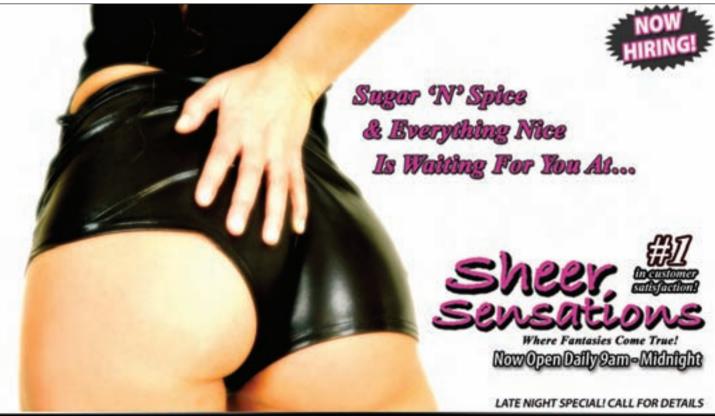
OTHER NEWS AND EXOTIC SUGGESTIONS

Stop by Cocktails and Dreams, where you'll find two brand-new 42" HDTVs with satellite coverage. The Dolphin clubs wish to congratulate Sophia, the winner of Miss Nude Oregon 2008. Additional cheers go out to Nadya, who finished 2nd, and Carla, who finished 3rd. You can celebrate the summer heat at the Riverside Corral, where the outdoor deck is now open, featuring food and beverage specials daily. Soobie's has cold \$2 Miller High Life all day, every day, and is offering a \$1,000 dancer bonus. Call for details. Pussycats has scorching summer specials with limo-service parties and escort/bachelor parties all at 50% off. Plus \$50 for 30-minute two-girl shows throughout July.

Taboo Video is celebrating Christmas in July with extra savings on select items to make your summer fun

as exciting as Christmas morning! Enter to win "Special" Christmas presents valued up to \$100, no purchase necessary. All 20-hour DVDs on sale for \$20, and the *Screw My Wife* DVD series is on sale at two for \$20. Special event for the ladies...Taboo Adult Video Ladies' Night Friday, August 1st, from 4 PM-6 PM. Enter to win special toys and other prizes. View the new products, lingerie, and shoes. And for the best part, visit with some of the top *Playgirl* centerfold models from 4:30 PM-5:30 PM. Later that night, join the *Playgirl* models at **Club Zoo**, where they will be performing from 7 PM-9:30 PM. Plus, four lucky ladies will have the opportunity to win a trip on the PDX Party Bus with three of the models. Take a leisurely 90-minute ride around Vancouver and Portland with the guys while sipping on champagne and enjoying the elegance of the evening. The bus will depart and return to Club Zoo. Enter through the entire month of July at either Taboo Video or Club Zoo.





Big yellow building on the corner of Hawthorne • Discreet Parking 1441 SE 82ND AVE. • (503) 774-13

I remember the first girl I had a crush on. I was in the 6th grade at an upper-middle class Bellevue school. Her name was Amanda, and she was the epitome of what would come to be known as "my type": Long, dark hair, thick in all the right places, a sensual, pouty mouth. Regardless of the fact that she played volleyhall and had a habit of telling people "Jesus loves you," I was smitten. The problem was, I didn't

have a clue how to approach a girl in any way other than as a friend. So I would sit behind her in class and wish I could get up

THE BI GIRL'S DILEMMA: FLIRTING WITH WOMEN.

the courage to speak to her, so she would at least know my name. I would dream up elaborate scenarios before falling asleep every night where she would profess her love for me, and we'd carry on a secret romance among the bushes behind the school.

One day after school, I was hanging around waiting for my friends to meet up with me when she walked by with a group of girls. I wouldn't dare approach her here, with other people around, but I couldn't help but stare at her as she walked by. As she passed by me, she caught me staring and turned her head to catch my gaze. Frozen in fear, I kept my eyes locked on hers, trying to send my attraction to her in silent concentration.

She stopped and walked back to where I was sitting on the curb, bringing her posse of gum-smacking, high-top-wearing, Aqua Net sisters with her. "What the fuck are you looking at, bitch?" she spat out, hands on her hips, looking down at me. I was shocked. I couldn't figure out how my intentions had been misread. But realizing these girls would kick the living shit out of me if I told the truth, I stood up and told her, "I'm still trying to figure that out, bitch." Clever, I know.

We lobbed a few more threats back and forth, but being typical middle-school kids nothing real happened, except the girl who I had wanted so badly immediately became my school rival. More importantly, it taught me a sad-but-valuable lesson about women: We hate each other.

Fast-forward a couple of decades. I'm standing in front of a bar having a cigarette. A very attractive girl walks outside with her boyfriend in tow. I can't help but notice how perfectly her skirt is clinging to her ass, and being the shameless one that I am, my head swivels around to watch her walk by. Her boyfriend catches me doing it and whispers to the girl. He's pretty cute, too, and I'm thinking, "Hey, maybe I could go home with both of them tonight!" The look on her face immediately kills any hope of that. It was the same look I'd gotten 20 years prior, only as adults we don't directly say, "What the fuck are you looking at, bitch?" We say it with our eyes. I quickly finished my cigarette and ducked into the bar.

These experiences happen almost every day. This kind of behavior has defined how bisexual women deal with other women—stuck between a rock and a hard place. On the one hand, if we don't say anything and admire from a distance, situations like the above happen all the time. This makes us develop a thicker skin, along with the realization that if we're going to get anywhere, we have to be direct.

The problem is that women are so used to having girlfriends around to go shopping with and partying with that "friends" becomes the automatic default of relationships with other women. If a guy asks a girl out for drinks, his intentions are pretty much known from the beginning. If a girl asks a girl out for drinks, a typical response is, "Great! I need more girlfriends to hang out with." The worst response I've heard when asking a girl on a date is, "I'd love to! We can bring our kids!" Um, I think that's illegal in most states.

This puts us in the slimy position of having to state our intentions outright.
"Do you want to get drinks sometime, and I don't mean

as friends?" Or asking outright, "Are you bi?" This is awkward and presumptuous and often makes me feel like a dirty old man. I can't decide which is worse—investing time, money, and hours of conversation to beat around the bush, finding out the girl is completely straight and I had no chance to begin with, or cutting to the chase and risking offending her before the date even begins.

This leaves us in a void, surrounded by beautiful women and no way to act on it. Sure, we could go to the gay bars, but those have about as much appeal as a gym. We shouldn't be forced to go to meat markets to pick up a date. Plus, it's not always that we're on the hunt; sometimes it's the girl at the checkout line or the bookstore that catches our eye. We should be able to hit on girls with the same freedom that we hit on guys.

Sometimes, when I'm beginning to think I'm the only bisexual girl left on the planet, the situation reverses and I catch a girl looking at me *like that*. Unfortunately, because of the dating double standards between men and women, girls are conditioned to wait to be approached (this is another editorial just

waiting to happen), so we both just smile awkwardly and bite our lips a lot. We're both left with the uncomfortable task of trying to gauge the interest level without being too presumptuous, tossing in some sexual innuendo like fish bait, hoping one of us will breach the safety zone.

We can't let this be the end of it. I don't know whether my 6th-grade crush was bi or not, or if she even knew what the word meant back then. I don't know what the girl at the bar thought my intentions were. But we have to make a pact, ladies. We have to vow to push past the bullshit and be upfront with each other. If you're straight and a girl is staring at you longingly, don't be a bitch—take it as a compliment.

For the rest of us, when you meet a woman you find attractive, let it be known! I want more women catcalling to each other on the street. I want more women yelling phone numbers between cars at stoplights. I want to see more grocery lines held up because you're getting that cute checkout girl's phone number. I want to see more heads swiveling, more women making out on the street. I want women to once and for all know what "Let's have a drink" really means. We have to learn to read intentions. If a girl is stammering and looking at you like you're an all-you-can-eat buffet, take a hint—and the initiative.









BY MATA LEAD COMBAT SPORTS AND THIRD EYE JILI-JITSLI

ello again, faithful readers. Kenny and Troy are back to demonstrate this month's technique, the Underhook and -Block to Power-Half Takedown to Knee-Ride. Here, it

is used as a defense to a Right Cross punch.



Frame 1...Troy and Kenny square off, each in a basic fighting stance. Notice how both Troy and Kenny have their chins tucked close to their chests, their shoulders slightly shrugged, their hands close to their faces. and their elbows close to their rib cages. Their foot stance involves one leg slightly forward and the legs about shoulder-width apart.



Frame 2...Troy throws a Right Cross at Kenny and Kenny protects by lifting his left arm up slightly, catching Troy's fist on his forearm.



Frame 3...As Trov recoils his right arm, Kenny follows it back and engages Troy in a clinch position. Kenny has established a V-Block with his left hand by catching the crook of Troy's right elbow between his index finger and thumb. At the same time, Kenny has driven his right arm between Troy's left arm and rib cage, securing an Underhook.



Frame 4...This frame shows the opposite side of Frame 3 and the Underhook Kenny has established. See how Kenny has his right hand cupped high on Troy's shoulder. He also has his head buried against Troy's cheek, controlling his head, and he has Troy's left arm pinched tightly between his own shoulder and forearm.



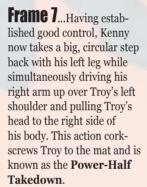
Frame 5...Kenny removes

his left hand from Troy's right arm and reaches up over Troy's head, grabbing him on the occipital bone. This bony protuberance on the back of the head makes an excellent handle with

which to control Troy's posture. Kenny begins to drive Troy's face toward the mat.

Frame 6...As Kenny forces Troy's head downward, he guides Troy's enormous skull under his chest and puts weight on Troy's neck and shoulders to prevent him from popping back up. While applying the pressure, Kenny slides his hand down to Troy's chin, grabbing it like a football. This control position is called the Chinstrap.

Inset A...Note how Kenny is cupping Troy's chin and is pinching his left elbow tightly to his ribs. This helps control Troy's upper body, in addition to the pressure on Troy's neck and shoulders.





For a more detailed study of these techniques or just for a kick-ass time, contact Mata Leao Combat Sports at 503-890-5086 and mataleaocs.

ever possible and use these techniques as a last resort only.

com, or Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu at 503-839-5010 and myspace.com/thirdeyejiujitsu. Use of any of these techniques is at your own risk, and neither Mata Leao Combative Arts nor Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu accept any responsibility for their use, misuse, or any beating you may deliver or receive in their application. Please also check your federal, state, and local laws for the legality of any of the techniques demonstrated. Always avoid any confrontation when-













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DANCE CLUBS

ACROPOLIS 1

8325 SE McLoughlin (503) 231-9611 Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, full menu, cigars

THE BIG BANG 2

11051 SW Barbur Blvd. (503) 244-3320 Daily 11:30am-2:30am—full bar, full menu

BOOM BOOM ROOM 4

8345 SW Barbur Blvd. (503) 244-7630 Daily 2pm-2am—1 stage, full bar, wine, food, lottery

BOTTOMS UP! 5 16900 NW St. Helens (503) 621-9844

M-Thu 12pm-12am Fri-Sat noon-2am Sun 12n-10pm—1 stage

CABARET 65 503 W Burnside (503) 525-4900 Daily 3pm-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

CABARET II 7 17544 SE Stark (503) 252-3529

Mon-Sat Noon-2:30am, Sun 3pm-2:30am -3 stages, full bar, food lotten

CARNAVAL 8
330 SW 3rd Ave. (503) 227-1527
Mon 8pm-4am Tues-Fri 4pm-4am, Sat-Sun 6pm-4am—18+ juice de dancers, private shows

CASA DIABLO GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 46

2839 NW St. Helens Rd. (503) 222-6600 Mon-Sat 2pm-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food, lottery

COCKTAILS AND DREAMS 10 3620 SE 35th (503) 236-6153 Mon-Sat Noon-2:30am Sunday 1pm-2:30am—4 stages, full bar, food

DANCIN' BARE 111

8440 N Interstate (503) 285-9073 Daily 11:30am-2:30am —3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

DEVILS POINT 12

5305 SE Foster (503) 774-4513
Daily 11am-2:30am—lopless dancing, burlesque, bands, full bar, lottery

4229 SE 82nd Ave (503) 788-1500 Daily 11am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food, lottery

THE DOLPHIN I 13

17180 SE McLoughlin (503) 654-9366 Daily 11:30am-2am—3 stages, full bar, food

THE DOLPHIN II 14
10360 SW Beaverton Hills. Hwy. (503) 627-0666
Daily 11:30am-2am—4 stages, full bar, food, lotter

DOUBLE DRIBBLE TAVERN 15 13550 SE Powell (503) 760-7096 Daily 11am-2:30am—1 stage, beer & wine, food

DREAM ON SALOON 16 15920 SE Stark (503) 253-8765

Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 1pm-2am—2 stages, full bar, food

DV8 17 5021 SE Powell Blvd. (503) 788-7178 Daily 11:30am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food

EXOTICA INTERNATIONAL 18

240 NE Columbia (503) 285-0281 Daily 11am-2:30am—5 stages, full bar, full menu, VIP room

HAWTHORNE STRIP 19

1008 SE Hawthorne (503) 232-9516 Daily 11am-2:30am—1 stages, full bar, full menu, lottery

HOTTIES 20
10140 SW Canyon Rd. (503) 643-7377
Sun-Wed 6pm 2am, Thurs-Sat 6pm-6am—2 stages, juice bar, after hours, dj, dancing

JD'S BAR 'N' GRILL 21

4523 NE 60th (503) 288-9771 Daily 11:30am-2:30am—2 stages, beer & wine, food

7455 SW. Nyberg Rd. (503) 692-3655
Mon-Thu 3pm-3am, Fri-Sat 3pm-4am, Sun 6pm-3am—18+ juice

JODY'S BAR & GRILL 23

12035 NE Glisan (503) 255-5039 Daily 11am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food

LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE 47

633 SE Powell Blvd. (503) 206-7350
Daily 7am-2:30am—1 stage, 1 full bar, incredible food, non-smoking

MAGIC GARDENS 24 217 NW 4th (503) 224-8472

M-Sat 12n-2:30am Sun 6pm-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, food

MARY'S CLUB 25
129 SW Broadway (503) 227-3023
Daily 11:30am-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, snacks, lottery

MONTEGO'S 26

15826 SE Division (503) 761-7293

1pm-2am, 7 Days—2 stages, full bar, fo

NICOLAI ST. CLUBHOUSE 27

2460 NW 24th (503) 227-5384

Mon-Fri 9am-2:30am Sat 11am-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, food

THE PALLAS 28
13639 SE Powell [503] 760-8128
Mon-Sa 11:30am-2:30am Sun 3pm-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food PIRATE'S COVE 29

7417 NE Sandy (503) 287-8900 Daily 9am-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, food

POP-A-TOP PUB 30
6210 NE Columbia (503) 281-3212
Mon-Sa 10am-2:30am, Sun 3pm-7:30am—3 stages, beer & wine, fo

RIVERSIDE CORRAL 31 545 SE Tacoma (503) 232-6813

Mon-Sa 10am-2:30am Su 1pm-1am-2 stages, full bar, food

ROOSTER'S 32

605 N Columbia (503)289-1351 Mon-Sa 11am-2am Su 12pm-12am-beer & wine, snacks

38

SAFARI SHOWCLUB 33

3000 SE Powell (503) 231-9199 Daily 10am-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food, lottery

SASSY'S BAR & GRILL 34

927 SE Morrison (503) 231-1606 Daily 10:30am-2:30am-2 stages, full bar, food, lottery, pool

SOOBIE'S 35 333 SE 122nd (503) 253-8892

Daily 11:30am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, bento & teriyaki cuisine

STARS CABARET 36
4570 SW Lombard Ave. [503] 3500868
Mon-Sat 11am-2:00am, Sun 4pm-2am—4 stages, full bar, food

THE SUNSET STRIP 37

10205 SW Parkway (503) 297-8466 Mon-Fri 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 5pm-2:30am 2 stages, full bar & menu, VIP lounge, champagne room

TOMMY'S 38
3532 SE Powell Blvd. (503) 234-6033

Daily 11am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food

10335 SE Foster (503) 771-3544
Daily 11am-2am—2 stages, full bar, full menu, lottery TOMMY'S III 40

8000 SE Foster (971) 230-0047 Mon-Sat 9:30am-2:30am Sun 10am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, wine, full menu, lottery

TOP HAT AND TAILS 41

4579 NE Cully Blvd. (503) 493-9169 Daily 10am-2am—1 stage, full bar, full menu, lottery, pool

THE VIEWPOINT 42

82nd & NE Killngsworth (503) 254-0191 Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am—3 stages, Full Bar, Food

UNION JACKS 43
938 E. Burnside (503) 236-1125
Daily 2pm-2:30am—2 stages, Full Bar, Fo

92ND STREET CLUB 44

5933 SE 92nd St. (503) 771-6966 Daily 11am-2:30am—3 stages, Full Bar, Food, Lottery

505 CLUB 45

505 NW Burnside, Gresham (503) 666-2286 Daily 11am-2:30am—3 stages, Full Bar, Food, Lottery

BUSINESSES

ANGELSPDX.COM 101

3533 SE 39th (503) 727-3580 Fri & Sat 8pm-4am—couples, single women & select single men

ADULT VIDEO ONLY STORES 102

Vancouver: 10620 NE 4th Plain Rd. (360) 253-2806 Mon-Thu 8am-midnight Fri-Sat 8am-1am Sun 8am-11pm Videos, maas, arcade, tovs

ALL ADULT VIDEO 103

14555 SE McLoughlin Blvd (503) 652-2004 Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, arcade, toys

AREA 69 104
7720 SE 82nd Ave (503) 774-5544
Daily 10am-2am—videos, magazines, toys, novelties

B. A. VIDEO 105 5425 SE 72nd (503) 788-7669

Mon-Sat 11am-7pm—specialty videos BLUE SPOT VIDEO 106

3232 NE 82nd (503) 251-8944 Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, toys,

BLUSH BOUTIQUE 149 611 SE Morrison St. (503) 481-8788 Mon-Fri 12pm-7pm Sat-Sun 12pm-5pm—custom made exotic dancewear, lingerie, shoes, stockings

CASTLE MEGASTORE 108

9815 SW Capitol Hwy (503) 768-9305 Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, novelties, toy:

CATHIE'S 109

8201 SE Powell #H (503) 771-9979 Daily 9am-12am—videos mags toys line

CENTERFOLD SUITES 110

314 W Burnside, Suite 300 (503) 222-9823 Mon-Thu 10am-4am Fri-Sat 24 hours Sun noon-4am-private

CINDY'S BOOKSTORE 111

NW 4th and W Burnside (503) 222-1554
Mon-Fri 8am-1am Sat-Sun 9am-1am—videos, mags, toys, arcade

D.K. WILDS 112 13355 SW Henry (503) 643-6645 Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, toys, arcade, leather

DUKE'S ADULT BOOKSTORE 1113

13560 SE Powell Blvd (503) 774-4566 Daily 10am-8pm—videos/rental, mags, to

EXOTIC NIGHTS BOOKS 114 5620 NE MLK Blvd. (503) 493-3944

Daily 4nm-Midnight—adult novelties videos mags to

FANTASY FOR ADULTS ONLY (6) 115

3137 NE Sandy - (503) 239-6969 - 24 Hours 6440 SW Coronado - (503) 244-6969 - 24 Hours 1512 W Burnside - (503) 295-6969 - 24 Hours 10720 SW Beoverton Hillsdale Hwy - (503) 235-6969 15536 SE 82nd Dr. (503) 203-6969 - 24 Hours

FANTASYLAND (2) 116

5228 SE Foster Rd. (503) 775-0094 16014 SE 82nd Dr. (503) 655-4667

FASCINATIONS 117 9515 SE 82nd Ave. (503) 774-4345

Daily 10am-4am

Mon-Thu 8am-1am, Fri-Sat 8am-2am, Sun Noon-Mid. Videos, mags, toys, novelties, lingerie and much more
FAT COBRA VIDEO (2) 118

5940 N Interstate (503) 247-DICK (3425) 5501 NW St. Helens Rd. (503) 222-0180

-videos, magazines, toys, novelties, leather, arcade FOXXY'S 119 8405 NE Fremont St. (503) 255-1390 Noon - Midnight Daily—Lingerie Modeling & Pampering for Men

FROLICS 120 8845 NE Sandy Blvd. (503) 408-9640 Daily 24 hours—videos, arcade, noveltie

THE FUTURE 121

931 SW Oak St. (503) 241-0875 Mon-Thurs 11am-6pm, Fri-Sat 11am-7pm, Sun 1pm-6pm shoes, costumes, clubwear, fetishwear

HEAVEN'S CLOSET 122

5429 SE 72nd Ave. (503) 537-7286
Call for hours—Clothing, shoes and accessories
HUNNIES 148

3520 NE 82nd Ave. (503) 254-4226
Daily 24 hours—private lingerie and nude modeling

LIBERATED WORLD 123 10660 SE Division (503) 257-6881 Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, nove

LOVE BOUTIQUE 124

1720 SE 122nd (503) 252-2017 M-Th 10:30am-7:30pm Fri 10:30am-9pm Sat 10:30am-8pm—lingerie, novelties, lotions, cards, gifts

LOVE POTIONS 125 50425 Columbia River Hwy (503) 543-7032

Sun-Wed 10am-12am, Thu-Sat 10am-1am—Lingerie, Costumes Videos, Mags, Books, Lotions, Oils, Adult Toys and much more!

OH ZONE 126
6218 NE Columbia (503) 284-4759
Daily 10am-3am—live models, toys, video

OREGON THEATRE 127

3530 SE Division (503) 232-7469 Daily from 12noon—adult feature me

PARADISE VIDEO 128

14712 SE Stark St. (503) 255-9414 Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, novelties, toys PARIS THEATER 129

6 SW 3rd Ave (503) 295-7808 Daily 11am-4am-adult feature-length moving

PASSIONATE DREAMS (2) 130 6644 SE 82nd Ave. (503) 775-6665 10518-B NE Sandy Blvd. (503) 252-5559

PEEP HOLE / MR. PEEP'S (2) 131 709 SE 122nd (503) 257-8617 20625 SW TV Hwy, Aloha OR (503) 356-5624

Simply Everything Adult—videos, sho PRIVATE PLEASURES 132
10931 SW 53rd Ave. (off Barbur Blvd.) (503) 768-9235
Daily 24 hours—private lingerie & nude modeling

PUSSYCATS 134
3414 NE 82nd (503) 206-5656 - Daily 24 hours
5226 SE Foster Rd. (503) 774-3183 - Daily 24 hours Private lingerie & nude modeling **RUMORS WEST 133**

9272 SW. Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy. (503) 297-8910 Tues-Fri 1pm-6pm, Sat 2pm-6pm, (Sun & Mon by appoin sexy dresses, exotic club wear, shoes & lingeri

SECRET PLEASURES 135 4345 SW Rose Biggi Ave. (503) 644-5730 Sun-Thu 10am-2am, Fri & Sat 10am-4am—Private lingerie &

SECRET RENDEZVOUS 136

12503 SE Division #C (503) 761-4040 Daily 24 hours-private lingerie & nude m SHEENA'S G-SPOT (3) 137

3400 NE 82nd Ave. (503) 261-1111 8654 NE Sandy Blvd. (503) 252-8777 8315 SW Barbur Blvd. (503) 244-6666 Daily 24 hours—Private shows

SHEER SENSATIONS 138
1441 SE 82nd (503) 774-1344
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& gags, tobacco products & incense

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10018 SW Canyon Rd. (503) 297-3406 Mon-Thurs 8am-2am, Fri-Sat 7am-3am, Sun 10am-12mid

TABOO VIDEO (3) 144

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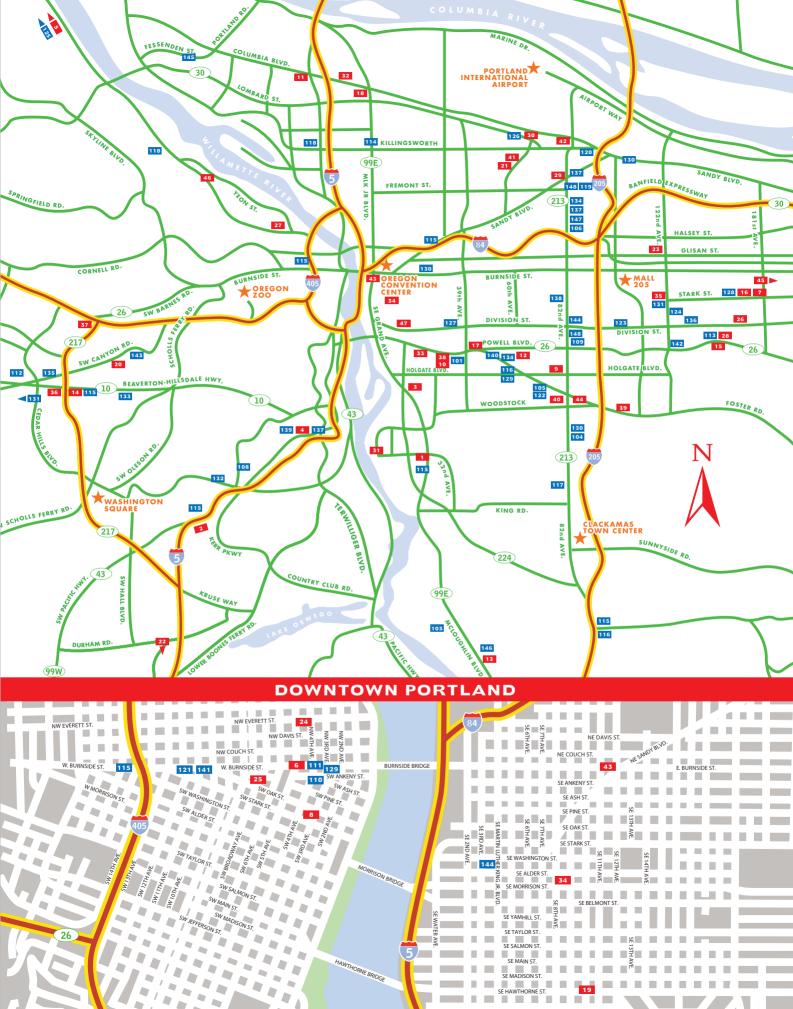








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s I take a close look at the town. I see that the scene is starting to **bop off with more new and innova**tive spots to kick it. I think everyone that **genially likes to have a good time is no longer settling for less! Promoters are** doing more and more networking, and the local artists continue to surprise me with the heat they've been releasing! I'll be reviewing a few spots in this month's column. I also have another featured "Power Mover" of the month that I got to give some props. And by the way, it's a female! Plus, the Honey of Month is the sheeeevit! Roll some of that green girl up and let's go!

town shine a little brighter!

Next Up..."Meghanomics"

Meghan is currently running her own booking agency for models, exotic entertainers, and spokesmodels. The name of her new company is Twilight Promotions & Events. This classy and professional young lady is definitely making a name for herself in the Northwest! Meghan and her company are currently joining forces

The décor is something to see! Thank you for making the

with other promoters and nightclubs to assist them with coordinating events. Twilight Promotions & Events also gives job placement to the models and entertainers they represent. If you or someone you know is interested in having your very own booking agent, contact Twilight Promotions & Events at meghan. mcleod@pcc.edu.

First Up..."Local Clubs Raising the Bar"

Recently I had the chance to check out one of the liveliest

clubs in downtown Portland, It's called Solo and it's located in the Pearl District. This club is run extremely professionally from the time you walk in until the time it closes. It reminded me of a nightclub you might go to in Vegas. The honeys were fly & sexy, and the DJs had the joint jumpin'! The bartenders were also on it! They made good drinks and you

MEGHAN

by j.mack

didn't have to wait long to get one! I liked that. To the owner, whom I had the chance to meet, the security team,

and the rest of the staff at **Solo**, thanks for the love! It's a spot definitely worth checkin' out if you haven't already. Solo is located at 1300 NW Lovejoy between 13th & 14th. You can also check out their website, solobar.net, and I'm sure you'll be impressed with the unique upscale nightclub.

The Lucky Devil is another club that has raised the bar! This is a gentlemen's club that is located on 633 SE Powell. This is the absolute best I have seen this particular club ever look. After several different owners and club names, in my opinion it's way more appealing now than any of its predecessors. I don't say this because the owners and I have been friends for years; I say it because it's the truth! From the interior to the outside patio with the fireplace, these catz have really put in some serious work! The service was excellent each time I've gone there. Plus, the food was on and crackin'! The entertainers at the Lucky Devil were also on-point. Big ups to everyone at the club, and I'm sure I'll see you all again real soon!

Envy is another fast-growing and popular nightclub where people are starting to flock. This elegant club is located on SW 2nd and Yamhill.

Mack Spots

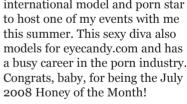
I will be hosting **Tasty Tuesdayz** every Tuesday night at the

Boom Boom Room with my homie DJ Jordan of the group POTNUS. The club is located at 8343 SW Barbur Blvd. Each week I will feature Portland's hottest honevs and some of the best local artists in the town. We will also be giving away some adult goodies all night. Make sure you check out ya guy! On Wednesday nights at **The Mansion**, I will be co-hosting an event called "Team Playerz" with one of Portland's favorite sons, My-G! This is all about networking with the town's Who's Who every Wednesday night. Not only that, we will be featuring up-and-coming hip-hop artists, R&B singers, and DJs. If you have a record label or artists that need exposure, this is the place for you! For more information, call 503-206-4674.

Honey of the Month

This month's Honey is the extremely beautiful and seductive **Amber Easton**. I am in the process of booking this

international model and porn star to host one of my events with me this summer. This sexy diva also models for eyecandy.com and has a busy career in the porn industry. Congrats, baby, for being the July 2008 Honey of the Month!



Whatz Crackin' Sponsors

503girls.com is still the #1 adultinformation site in town. Log on and check it out!

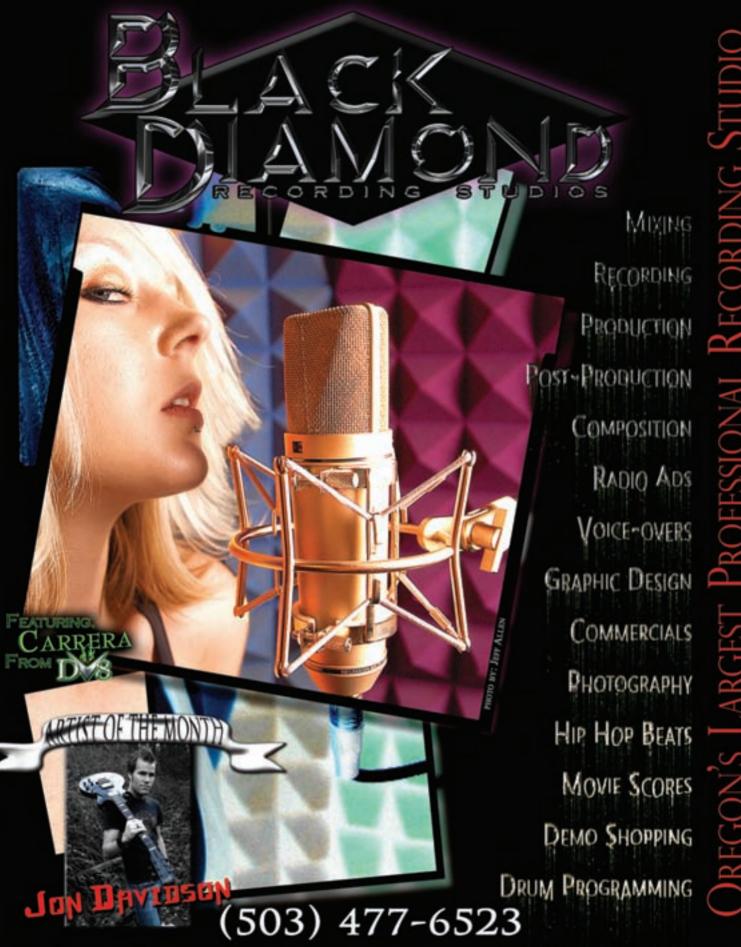
Liquid Assets supplies the town with the finest custom-made jewelry you ever want to see! Keep up the good work, fam!

Until next month, y'all keep it crackin'!

One Love, J.Mack







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(You don't have to be on TV.)



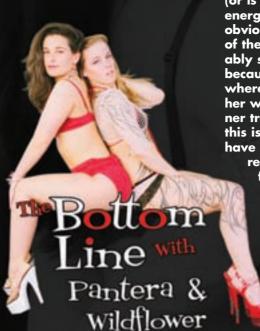












(or is she a "friend"?) to spend energy responding to this gal who obviously gets off playing master of the pets. For her this is probably some way to feel empowered because she works a piddly job where people are assholes and tell her what to do all day or her partner treats her like shit, etc. For you, this is some way to pretend you have ownership of your man. Get

real! Games and pets are for fun. Just show your man who rides him like a wild horse when you are in the sack, and let the pet owner set up her pet shop. If you know you rock and your boy adores you, then have a laugh or invite her to a threesome and really scare her!

—Wildflower Power to Ya!

Hello, Ladies:

I've been in a relationship with a guy for about six months now. We met on MySpace, and recently we've been playing with this application that lets you buy your friends as pets. He's been mine since we started doing this, until last week some bitch outbid me on him. I've been doing all I can to raise the extra money to buy my man back, but the whore has more money than I can compete with. On top of it, the slut keeps leaving suggestive comments on my man's page about what she wants to do to her pet. Then to cap it all off, she sends me an email saying she's going to buy all my pets if I try to challenge her again! What's a girl to do?

Dear Baby Girl:

Come on now, people—grow up. Yes, MySpace and the other networking sites are a good way to keep in touch with people and promote your art, etc., but this is some of the lamest SHIT I have heard in a while. Unless you are into kinky Dom/Sub fun wherein you will be dragged around by a collar and spanked into submission (while loving every minute of it), there is no reason to get all pissy about who owns whom. We are all free individuals (or at least we aim to be), and maybe your man likes to play pet! You have to be some kind of seriously insecure chick to be worried about some stranger

Dear Choose Your Battles:

How about deleting the application? Maybe spend time on the computer doing more productive things such as finding Internet porn. I've got it-get your man to take you to Hysteria on a Wednesday night. You can't stop her from flirting with your man, but you can stop encouraging her by sending messages. The important thing here is that it is a COMPUTER APPLICATION! It is supposed to be fun. Personally, I block applications because one way or the other, it ceases to be fun. You can't own anybody. You can't control what other people are going to do. All you can do is feed the fire or realize how stupid the whole thing has become. This has obviously ceased to be fun for you, so I'd say discontinue the epic battle that has made you upset.

---Pantera

Dearest Girls:

My man's been in the Army for the past three years, and every time he gets leave, all he wants is SEX SEX SEX! The sex is good and all, but it just seems like once the action between the sheets is taken care of, we really don't have much to talk about anymore. I'm thinking of breaking it off with him, because I either spend my time lonely wishing for him to be here or frustrated because our relationship is based on sex alone. How long must I sacrifice my needs for my country?

Dear Looking for Everything:

Have you talked about knocking boots when he is in town and then going to get your intellectual/emotional needs met elsewhere (keeping it safe and honest, of course)? There are a million ways to get what you need without sacrificing the satisfaction of your heart and mind, not to mention the hell of being without sex or a soul mate when he is away! You are sacrificing for the hope that something will change. See it for what it is. You love to fuck when he is in town, but you want more upstairs. Have you talked to him about this at all? Go get yours, girl! Ask for what you want and need! Don't be a priss and give up your right to happiness! The pursuit of happiness is what this country is all about. Get patriotic and get whatever dick/ pussy/heart/soul/mind you need, be it from him, others, or both! —Wildflower Power to Ya!

Hello. Patriotic Momma:

Pursue the needs of your body, lady. You'll look back and wish you had. On top of that, maybe have something to talk about when he gets home. Start having some adventures of your own so you have some stories. Maybe take a gun class so you can shoot them together. The lack of communication is because you and your soldier boy aren't experiencing anything but sex. Now, whose fault is that? Plan shit for when he gets home like a party with all his old homies. Do something you've always wanted to. Remember that shit he really enjoyed before he went to war? Remember the shit you really enjoyed before he went to war? Well, if it wasn't just sex, plan a whole day of doing those things. Have sex in public. Why must I always come up with great ideas for you people!?!

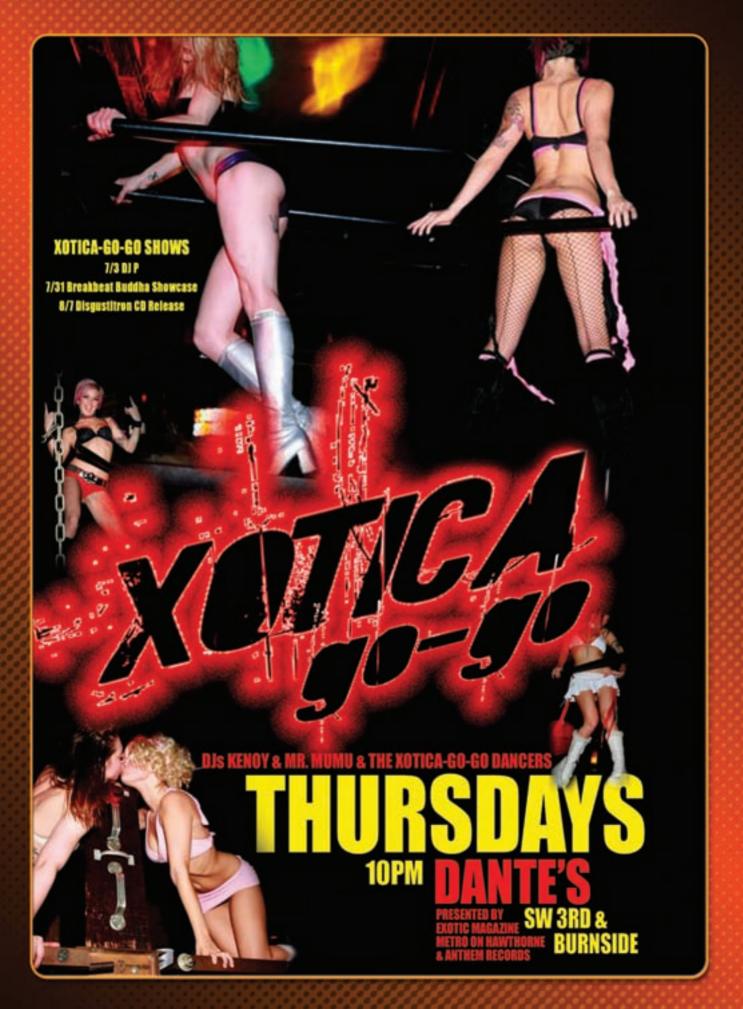
-Pantera

Need a *Bottom Line*? Send questions* to: undergroundmagazine2004@yahoo.com.

*We are in no way, shape, or form people you should actually listen to. This is by no means a certified medical-advice column. We're simply two gals in the land of confusion with everybody else, sharing our pearls of wisdom as we see fit.







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iCrap

Logic (the arch-nemesis of the strip-club industry) dictates that usefulness, practicality, and inexpensiveness are crucial to the survival rate of any new technology. Past fads that have failed usually lack one of these criteria. Virtua Boy. Tamagotchi. Female condoms. We've all wasted money on stupid shit, and it is unlikely that consumers will stop doing so in the near future. Horrible technologies usually disappear on their own, leaving nothing but a trail of "Whatever happened to that MiniDisc player?" in their wake. However, this trend has recently been broken by unseen forces of evil whose sole purpose is to anger DJs and increase profits for *der Führer*, Steve Jobs.

For whatever reason, most likely drugs in the water, the Apple iPod is still around. This angers me greatly, and until I go on a paid-per-article rant about how much it pisses me off, my life will not be complete. (Upon submission of this article, though, I will no longer have a reason to live and will most likely implode, so consider Ray a martyr.)

Because I lack the intellect to add genuine dramatic effect through words, please imagine some really somber background music here (like the kind *Dateline* uses for that show where they bust pedophiles, or maybe just the *20/20* theme).

iPods. Love them or hate them, sooner or later you will end

up hating them. The tequila of tech toys, iPods seem like a good idea until you're broke, frustrated, and throwing up on a naked stranger.

Let's take this step-bystep, starting with the basics. Portable music devices are intended to serve as a convenience, and with the evolution of technology, storage and playback have become easier. Cassette tapes became CDs. Walkmans became mp3 players. Napster sold out, and everyone was hunky fucking dory.

Until the iPod came around.

Instead of being able to simply copy and paste an mp3 file into an empty USB drive, the iPod requires use of special iPod software. Enter iTunes, a program intended on "simplifying" the process of transferring music from a hard drive to an iPod and back. Because "Lil Wayne - Lollipop.mp3" on my iPod shows up on my computer's file browser as "L*@&\$ilWayne@%%2-Lo29**\$lipop@!\$.mp#%3," iTunes is required to translate the filename. Seems simple enough, right? Install a program and *then* be able to play the music I busted my ass to downl...*purchase*. Cool, I can deal with iTunes...

...until I try to play a fucking file from my C:\MP3\ folder. Why the hell can't iTunes find the program? Oh, that's right. I have to manually enter the names of all forty thousand songs on my laptop into the iTunes database. Either that, or use the automatic feature which labels Wombstretcha songs as Wumpscut and somehow gives me fifteen songs named "untitled.mp3."

So let's review. Instead of plugging in my WalMart mp3 player and pasting my files directly to an empty drive before playing them with any media-player program I choose, I now have the option of renaming all of my files as gibberish, installing Apple software that monopolizes my file extensions on a Windows platform, and taking several unnecessary steps before opening a file that is "unable to play due to digital-rights infringement."

But Ray, how does any of this even relate to strip clubs? I'm glad you asked. Here's a typical evening in the life of a modern strip-club DJ: "Hey, DJ, I want to play this song but I don't know what it's called and I have it on my iPod."

"Well, I'll have to unplug my laptop RCA to plug it in."
"But whyvyvy? Cassandra plays her iPod during the day."

"Okay, fine. I'll shut the club down for ten seconds so you can hear 'Fuck You Like an Animal' by Marilyn Manson. You know, I have the actual song on my..."

"Why can't you just play this? Here. The song is cued up."
(Dancer tosses iPod at DJ and walks off.) <BLATANT LIE> "All you have to do is push Play." </BLATANT LIE>

On any other device (CD player, laptop, Zune, etc.), I would turn the volume to max before running it through the mixer. On an iPod, this will cause the speakers to crack, so I have to estimate a mid-volume level. On a laptop, I would have one menu for all of my music files. On an iPod, I have eight submenus and

the inability to select any of them with a wet or cold finger. On a computer screen, I would have a constantly backlit timer telling me how much time has elapsed on a song. On an iPod, the backlight darkens after three seconds, forcing me to constantly touch the iScreen to see how long my iTune has been accidentally changing the iVolume, causing the iDiot dancer to yell from onstage.

I understand the opposing point of view. Why would anyone want to dance to one of the thousands of tried-and-tested songs

that a DJ is paid to have when they can listen to a poor-quality version of the same song they've been listening to all week in their car? Sure, the DJ is a professional player-of-music who possesses a vast amount of technological expertise, but your iPod is pink, marketable, and trendy, just like you.

Crystal is an individual that thrives on being unique. No, not that Crystal, the other one. You're thinking of the Crystal at DV8. No, now you're talking about the Crystal from Dolphin. No, not that Crystal; she's retired. The Crystal with the tats. Yeah, she's one-of-a-kind, no doubt. And you can see her individualism every time she whips out her pink third-generation iPod.

Dancers, do your DJs a favor and let them play music. Chances are, they'll refrain from dancing and all will be well. If for *whatever reason* a DJ doesn't have the latest Clash-sampling booty jam or the newest "song" by Fergie, just pretend there was music written before 2006 and grit your teeth. Or we can swap jobs.



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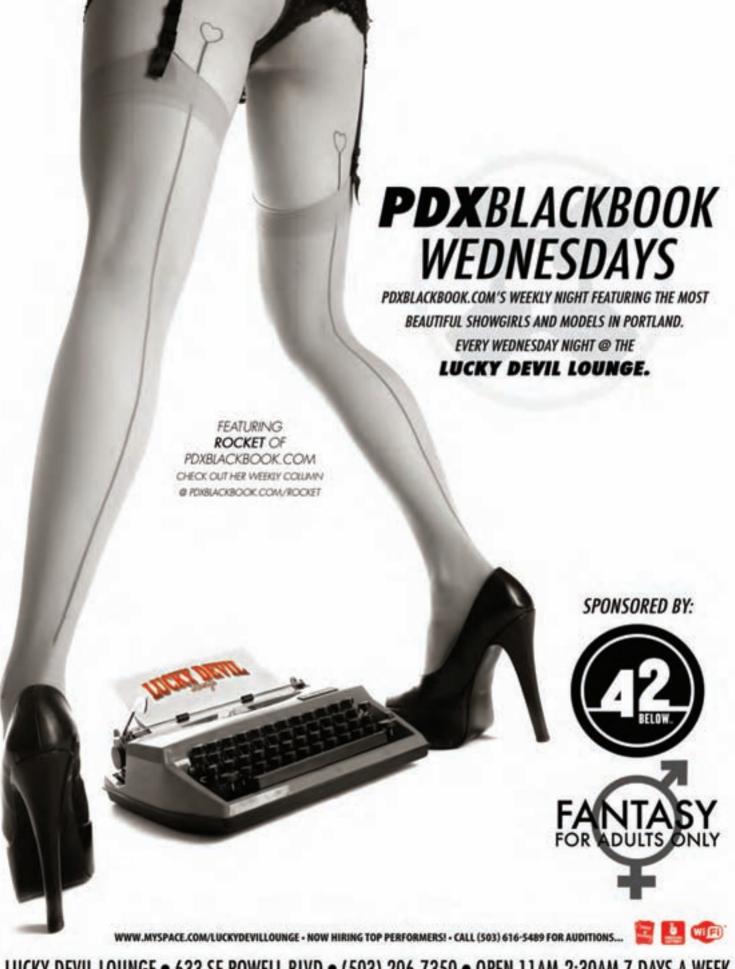


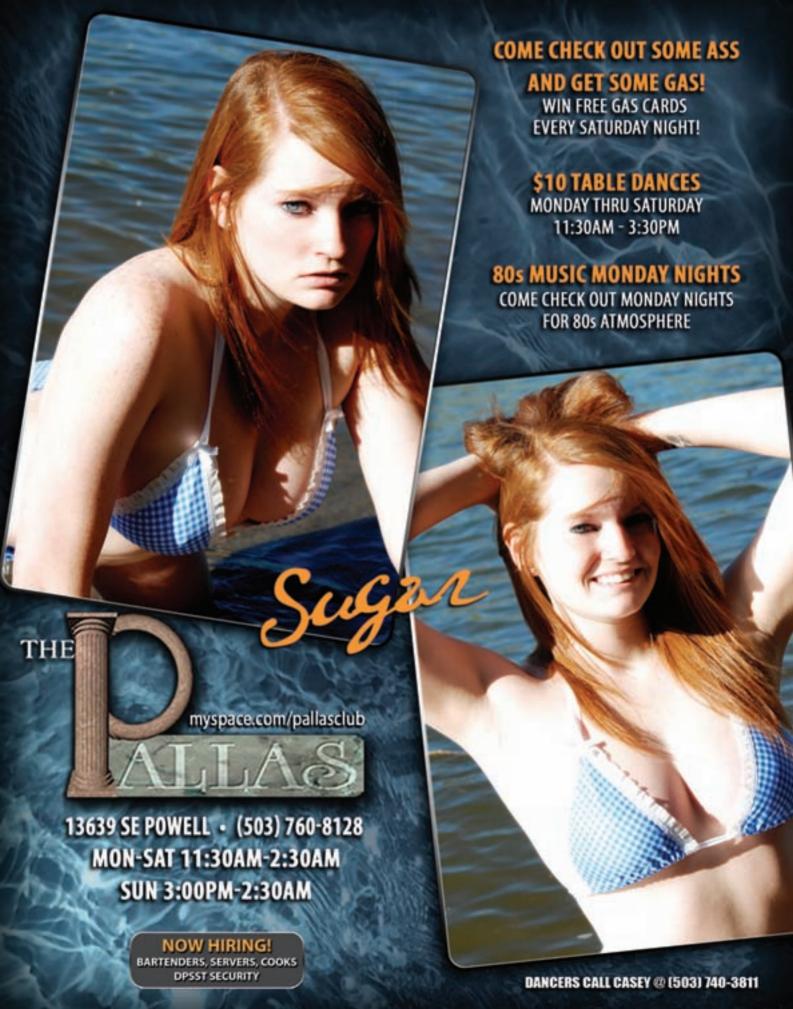
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