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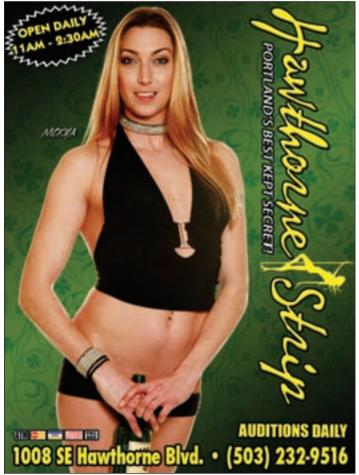
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FEATURES



EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN

sam adams gets pricked by doctor k nage 14



PUTTING THE INK BACK IN THE PINK

the return of tattooed babes and ink slingers by spooky x page 28



ADVENTURES IN SINGLEHOOD

exploring the art of cock blocking by dirt star page 30



THE KENNEDY LETTERS

breaking up is hard to do by ms. kennedy page 34



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INSIDE STUFF

BLUE REVIEW	PG. 16
EROTIC CITY	PG. 24
PIN-UP CALENDAR	PG. 36
TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH	PG. 58
KENNY MACK: THE TRUTH	PG. 62
IN SEARCH OF EL DIABLO	PG. 66

"I should have been honest about what happened, but I was not."

With these twelve words, Portland Mayor Sam Adams cemented his place in the media limelight and accepted his role as another spineless, voter-massaging, pseudo-liberal pussy archetype; the kind that Oregon loves to see in office (or anywhere else). Instead of taking a stand against the media's Clinton-era tactics of distracting from real issues with dirty laundry, Adams shrugged his shoulders and confessed to having sex with a seventeen-year-old many years ago, way before said seventeen-yearold grew up to be his official assistant. Beau Breedlove, assistant to Adams and ironic-last-name winner for 2009, was an intern for Adams at the time in which the two began their relationship.

Why does any of this matter? Why did The Oregonian take time off from headline stories of "Dangerous Rain" and "Black Guy Caught Doing Something" to report local politics? What made the Willamette Week cover a story that didn't involve one of their employees? What made Just Out spew anti-homosexual propaganda all over Stark Street businesses? What made the Portland Mercury look like a real newspaper?

Did I mention that Beau is a man's name?

Do you know what that means?!

Holy shit! FAG ALERT! HOMO, HOMO, HOMO! GAY SEX! SPEC-TACLE! ACCUSATION! HEADLINE NEWS!

Let's back up here. Portland describes itself as being a liberal, gay-friendly, progressive city. We're home to the vegan strip club, an Obama-supporting donut shop and more pride rallies than the Klan and the Army combined. Yet, all this seems to be a facade as soon as we (consumers of the media) are given the green light to be the closet homophobic sociopaths that we all know to be on the inside. Portland, the town that renamed our most unfriendly bus street to Rosa Parks Way. The town whose last Mayor (the straight, unattractive female one) outlawed sitting down in public to scare off the homeless. Leading the world in suicide rates, microbrews, strip clubs and nothing else, the Rose City has more than one thorn. Raging closet homophobia is one of those prickliest thorns. Not since the Lewinski circus have we collectively embarrassed ourselves as well as our elected official(s), while ignoring such measly back-burner issues as poverty, AIDS, meth or unemployment.

Taking the "Sam Adams issue" at face value, allow me to logically phrase a few arguments before you slam the magazine shut and return to the rack/bathroom/office. Instead of rehashing the what-happenedwhens, with-whos and on-what-dates, let's just agree to summarize this "news item" for what it is: Some dude got caught for being a politician and doing what politicians do, lie about their private sex life. The focus of this is to illustrate two basic points. First, sex scandals of any kind lead to a very formulaic and juvenile public response; no part of which has any relevance to the political world from which they originate. Second, and most importantly, no one should be completely honest about their sex lives, public or otherwise.

Remember Bill Clinton and a story about how a certain chubby Lewis and Clark graduate gave Bill the 'ol can't-pay-mystage-fee-today in the oval office? It was this lie, not the ones told by the following more violence-prone president that resulted in national impeachment hearings and five years of semi-worldwide protest. Bush blows up New York, cuts social security and takes our jobs away just so we can afford to pay the army to dump napalm on Arab kids. No problem, we can solve this with bumper stickers and folk songs. But a blowjob!? Now that's grounds for impeachment! National and local presses have followed in Clinton's suit with the Adams case. Keeping in mind that Vera Katz, in terms of being politically competent, made George W. Bush look like a model elected official with her "get a job or go to hell" ordinance. Her replacement, Adams, has made more progress in terms of local politics (aka doing the job he was assigned to do) than any other official (local or otherwise) within the last decade. But can you, the politically savvy reader, name one thing about Sam Adams other than the fact that

Every rose has its thom 3

14 exotic magazine | xmag.com

he shares a title with an alcoholic beverage? I didn't think so. If you're unqualified to participate in a discussion regarding anything other than Sammy's sex life, you don't deserve to discuss the Civil War, let alone current events.

Most importantly though, more so than the private-versus-public politics debate, is the simple and blatant reality that surrounds sex: No one should share everything they do in bed. Politician or not, who is ready to be completely up front and honest about the targets of their naughty parts? Okay, okay, perhaps we know how much it takes to get that one girl to squirt on command, but us industry folk are the exception to the rule. Imagine if every elected official, police officer, bartender and cab driver were forced to be completely honest about every seventeen-year-old that we've-er-they've fucked, let alone other details regarding private encounters. Vera Katz has had ball hair on her chin. Obama's wife probably takes it up the ass. Sam Adams enjoys sex with seventeen-year-olds. Who fucking cares?

Portland media and citizens are a collective of closet racists and homophobics who cling to their ideals as long as they remain ideal (and not actual). Liberal until proven ignorant, we forgot both national (black president, anyone?) and local (thousands of unemployed service industry workers due to the recent smoking ban) news items because (gasp) the Mayor got laid. How sad.

The only person who needs to apologize for anything, though, is Adams himself. There is nothing wrong with seventeenyear-old tail. You're a fucking rock star and you deserve better than middle-aged interns. Even Clinton had to settle with pastprime pussy. Enjoy your power while you can, Sammy.



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Let me start off by saying that when approached or asked about the subject of interracial dating, I always answer with the same line, "My shit is EOP." That's right, Equal Opportunity Pussy. I don't judge on the color of one's skin. I'm much shallower than that. I go for more important things like looks, money and size, va dig? You know that old saying, "It's not the size of the ship, it's the motion of the ocean." Come on now, we all know sometimes the size of the ship matters. I don't know if it was in honor of Black History Month, the celebration of a new black president or the fact that I had just watched the NBA All Star game, I was feeling the Black Man this month when it came to getting



my porn on.

I love reality TV, I just can't get enough of it! Even when I think it can't reach to lower levels, it doesn't let me down nor ceases to amaze me. The other part that I really enjoy about it is the fact that these days pretty much anybody can get onto, or have his or her own reality TV show. Two reality shows I have currently been into are Keeping Up with the Kardashians and more recently, "For the Love of Ray J" (both of which star two people that I had never heard of until a supposed sex tape of them was miraculously leaked to the public).

> The leading lady of the sex tape, Kim Kardashian is this incredibly hot, part Armenian daughter of a late defense attorney who became

famous during the O.J. Simpson

murder trial. She also happens to be currently dating NFL player Reggie Bush. So basically, this girl loves herself some chocolate. The leading man, Ray J is a R&B/Hip Hop artist who just so happens to be Grammy Award-winning, R&B singer Brandy's little brother. He wasn't always getting radio play like he is today. Once upon a time Ray J had a different "One Wish" and that was to get freaky with his at-the-time girlfriend, Kim Kardashian on video. It may be obvious that they had some sort of agenda. Maybe the shit is staged and more fake than a Hollywood movie. But what exactly would the agenda be? Well, Kim was, once upon a time, BFF with socialite Paris Hilton who had also gained famed with a sex tape of her very own. Have you ever noticed that only talentless people have to put out sex tapes? They didn't need the money, but surely need or want the fame. I finally watched the flick to cast my own judgments. I don't care why they did it. I just want to see some hot famous people get it on.

Kim Kardashian Superstar featuring Hip Hop Star Ray J was first released in 2007 by VIVID Entertainment. It varies in length depending on whether it is part one or the more recently released part two (additional footage). Now, you have to remember that this is not an actual porn, but rather the real life tapes filmed over the course of years of a dating couple, who just so happened to get freaky from time to time with a little home video camera. The majority of the movie is other



stuff, like the two of them at the airport eating BK, flying to Mexico, touring their resort and room, swimming,



life at home and stuff like that. Basically, general home movies with a few sex scenes mixed in. I want to know two things: what does Kim Kardashian's shit look like and is Ray J's junk really as big as the rumors say?

Kim Kardashian is pretty much hands-



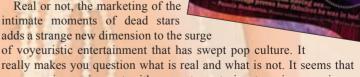
down-100-percent hot naked, with or without make-up. Boy is she a good girl when it comes to the dirty talk! I can't say whether it was part of her performance or if she just knows what a man likes to hear. Between her moaning and statements like, "Oh baby, you fuck this pussy so good" or "I'm exploding all over you," Ray J was feeling that ass that so many of you only get to fantasize about. I can also say it appears that Ray J is the captain of a large ship. However, he is kind of a small guy and my theory is, average on a small guy just looks big. I would have to make a correct judgment in person. After seeing Ray's enthusiasm for eating pussy and his ability to really put it down (he pretty much did all the work). I have one thing to say, "Yes sexy, you can." We can have a Kodak moment anytime! Kim you're invited too.

While in Taboo Video another black man caught my eye-Jimi Hendrix. Didn't know he had a sex tape? Neither did I. Taking us black to the future, this could be one of the biggest videotape scandals since Kim or Paris. According to the box, it is "the sex tape you never thought you'd ever see." Former associates and experts have disputed the identity of the man in the film and the DVD arrives on the heels of a string of hoaxes involving star look-alikes and other dead celebrities in porn.

Also released by VIVID Entertainment in 2008, the film shows a naked man who resembles Hendrix, the guitar legend who died in 1970, wearing a bandanna and an afro and having sex with two Caucasian brunettes in a dimly lit bedroom. The DVD is approximately 40 minutes long and combines about 10 minutes of sex footage (shot with an 8-millimeter camera) with a retrospec-

tive of Hendrix's career in the 1960s with commentary by two older women (who seem to be the women in the sex scenes). It was set to a soundtrack that sounds like his music, but I couldn't tell you if it is actually Hendrix playing it. I have to say I definitely have my doubts about whether it is the true Hendrix, but he was a little before my generation and doesn't currently have his own reality show, so I'm no expert. In fact, most of the movie he looks dead, on drugs or heavily intoxicated. Was it even really taped back in the 60s, or just made to look this way? Go rent it and you decide.

Real or not, the marketing of the intimate moments of dead stars adds a strange new dimension to the surge



everyone is coming out with a sex tape, trying to gain or revive a career. Now you even have to worry about competing with the dead. My sex tape is coming out soon. I want my 15 minutes. Stay tuned for more details.



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Some of you even laugh at the suffering of the rest. They don't want you around anymore. That's right, they all voted on it and decided you weren't one of the cool kids anymore. They're all better than you now. Segregation was the beginning, but elimination was the destination. You thought you were minding your own business but apparently you've been murdering strangers and mutating their offspring in the wake of your presence. You're a smoker and you suck.

I was DJing the night it happened. I remember it well. I figured that since the smoking ban went into effect on January 1st, we could allow our patrons to enjoy a chain smoking, cancerrific tar-fest New Years Eve until we closed the doors at 2:30 a.m. I even got on the microphone at 11:30 p.m. and informed the masses that they would be treated to two bonus hours of nicotine before we would enforce the imposed ban. The "Godphone" rang about 11:55 p.m. and told me I was sadly mistaken. I was to inform my people that I had deceived them. Their cries of pain filled the room. Bouncers circled them like frightened sheep and stripped the ashtrays from the table. Confused, disoriented smokers fondled unlit cigarettes within their trembling fingers as they scattered out the doors and into the snow to experience their first smoke of shame.

That's all we have now. We're the bad kids that hang out in the smoking area in high school again. That is, assuming they even care enough about you to create an "area" for you outside of a dirty ashtray placed three yards into the gutter. Strip clubs without the dull haze of endless smoke in the air just don't look the same to me anymore. Guess it was something about how the black light caught the billowing clouds of stale tobacco that made it seem sexier, naughtier and dirtier. We're people of the night in the Rose City. We like to spend endless hours in front of video crack machines as we smoke ourselves into poverty. How are we supposed to look cool without a cigarette dangling from the corner of our mouth as we slide a dollar across the rack to our favorite clothing-deficient performance artist?

I've lived through the transition into a smoking ban in three different states. First California, then Washington and now our dear Oregon has fallen to a smoke free society. Comparatively, the impact appears to have been the most devastating here than anywhere else I've witnessed. Financially, Oregon reaped the benefits when voters in Washington approved their smoking ban in 2005. Washington smokers chose to cross the bridge to indulge in their dirty little habit in bars and clubs on this side of the Colombia. But paybacks are a bitch! The smoking ban has hit Oregon harder than any other West Coast state because of one thing in particular—The Oregon Lottery.

After the bars and clubs of Oregon survived having their asses handed to them at year's end with insanely harsh weather conditions, Lottery sales estimated nearly \$8 million in losses during the two week period of storms. The New Year would only bring more heartache with the smoking ban. Lottery numbers have been in the nega-

5800

tive about \$2 million a week since January 1st. Last November, state economist's speculated \$35 million in losses of video lottery revenue for their two-year budget. By the end of January they realized their loss expectations would slump even further. With the smoking ban now being considered an equally responsible factor for these losses as the failing economy, the restaurant association expects lottery earnings to fall closer to \$80 million in the next two years. Many bars have attempted to turn a negative into a positive by stepping up their game with heated and covered outdoor patios to entice the lost and disgruntled smokers. But once a lottery user steps away from a machine they've just dumped two bills into to have an outdoor cigarette break, the odds of them returning are slim to none.

Camel Cigarettes seems to have the most aggressive marketing campaign to deal with a gradually nationwide smoke-free society. The first introduced their Snus tobacco pouches in 2008 and have currently expanded their smokeless line with their dissolvable products featuring sticks, strips and orbs. Curious of these options, we stopped deadline in its tracks to sample the new dissolvable orbs. The three smokers in the office each battled the very userunfriendly packaging to pop these strange little pills (resembling a cross between evil brown ecstasy and a rabbit turd) into our mouths with unanimously unpleasant results. While the package suggested a 15-minute experience, in which we are told not to swallow or chew the nasty little pellet, but were encouraged to roll it around in our mouths. None of us lasted longer than 5 minutes (including one staffer who finds chewing tobacco a favorable alternative). If sucking on something that tastes like two-day-old, minty coffee or eating a soggy cigarette resulting in almost immediate nausea works for you people, knock yourselves out. The kids at *Exotic* are going to have to take a pass on this one.

Was the smoking ban really worth all this? The lottery promises that the schools aren't going to take the hit on this, but you really have to wonder who is. It seems to me that they have actually stepped up their television advertising in the face of economic stress (a trait I only wish our own advertisers would follow). To this I say, if a bunch of us sick fuckers want to smoke ourselves to death in order to stimulate the economy, we should

not be persecuted and punished; we should be appreciated and rewarded.

On a side note, just as I was about to wrap this column up, one of the Rose City's finest booking agents popped by the office and shared a story with us about the latest act of oppression brought down on a Portland club by the OLCC. Apparently they were fined \$500 when a minor was observed sitting on a stage (most likely due to the fact that nobody was tipping her). The

agent instructed the club that the fine was issued because the dancer was not moving. While many clubs have been designating areas or tables near the dressing rooms for the minors, the OLCC found these areas unacceptable because, once again, they weren't moving. So it appears that we must adapt to yet another bullshit piece of red tape. What's it going to take? Do we need to install teenagesized hamster wheels for the dancers to run in? Don't stop moving girlie, keep on dancing or the bad man from the OLCC is going to garnish your table dance earnings bitch! God, I love this town.



Now lets move onto all the fun and debauchery in store for you this month in our smoke-free land of perpetually moving underage entertainers shall we?

- George's Dancin' Bare – The Ink 'n' Pink Launch Party and Audition Round - No Cover - Live Tattooing - Door prizes! Safari Showclub - Amateur & Couples Night

- Doc's Club 82 – Live music with Mike Helms and the Nefarious Clydes

Devils Point – Strippers & Rock with Locke 'n' Load & Kiss Kill

17 - Stars Cabaret Beaverton – St. Patrick's Day Party - Catch the live leprechaun and win his pot of gold! Plus specials, giveaways and a Texas Hold 'Em tournament.

Cabaret I & II - St. Patrick's Day Party

Zen Den Exotic Lounge (Salem) – St. Patrick's Day Party – wear green get in free!

Stars Cabaret (Salem) - St. Patrick's Day Party with games, prizes and dance specials.

Pirate's Cove – St. Patrick's Day Party The Big Bang – St. Patrick's Day Party

Safari Showclub - St. Patrick's Day Party

Jody's Bar & Grill – St. Patty's Day Bash with crazy specials, giveaways and girls, girl, girls!

20 - The Pallas – The Ink 'n' Pink 2009 Preliminary Round 1 – featuring the top 13 finalists with live music, on-site tattooing and tattoo contests. Win prizes, porn and tattoos,

Sat. Mar. 21 - George's Dancin' Bare – Amateur Night – All ladies welcome - Door prizes

Stars Cabaret Beaverton – A Spring Break Boat Party on the Naughty Nautilus featuring shower shows, pool and oil wrestling, wet t-shirt contest, a \$500 pole dancing contest, comedians, a dunk tank plus a cruise ship to the Bahamas giveaway.

Dante's - Floater & Black Mercies

Devils Point – Strippers & Rock with Hair Assault and The Dirty Lowdowns

The Big Bang – The Bar-lympics Finals - 3pm – See their bartenders compete in best pole, floor and themed sets for prizes.

Stars Cabaret (Salem) – Spring Break Pool Party – Indoor pool, Tan Line & Bikini contests

Safari Showclub – Band night with Diamond Tuck

Doc's Club 82 - Live music with Only Nightmares, Pitchfork Abortion, Tallboy Shogun & The Athiarchists

Fri. Mar. 27 - Cocktails & Dreams – The Ink 'n' Pink 2009 Preliminary Round 3 – featuring the top 11 finalists with live music, on-site tattooing and tattoo contests. Win prizes,

porn and tattoos. Safari Showclub – Last Friday Party

lar. 28 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) – Contractor's Ball – A party for those who work HARD for their money!

Doc's Club 82 – Live music with Fat Bottomed Girls **Devils Point** – Strippers & Rock with The Divine Napalm Flower Pirate's Cove – The Bar-lympics Finals - 3pm – See their bartenders compete in best pole, floor and themed sets for prizes. Cocktails & Dreams – Worst Tattoo of the Month Contest

ri. Apr. 3 - Safari Showclub – The Ink 'n' Pink 2009 semi-finals with live music and tattooing. Come help Exotic pick the final 7 contestants!

Bourbon St. Cabaret & Steakhouse - Grand Opening Party!

- Bourbon St. Cabaret & Steakhouse – Grand Opening Party!

Fri. Apr. 10 - Dante's - The *Ink 'n' Pink* 2009 finals with live music and tattooing and the crowning of Miss Ink & Pink.

ekiv Events

Dante's - Sinferno Cabaret & Vaudeville

Zen Den Exotic Lounge (Salem) – Free Appetizers!

Lucky Devil Lounge - Ladies Night - Drink specials for the ladies Jody's Bar & Grill – Service Industry Night with specials and pre-millenium music

Dante's – Karaoke from Hell – Sing with a live band. Lucky Devil Lounge - Miami Mondays

Zen Den Exotic Lounge (Salem) – 2-for-1 Dances Dante's – The Ed Forman Show Doc's Club 82 – Free pool all day Hard Candy Gentlemen's Club (Salem) – 2-for-1 Dances Lucky Devil Lounge – Stripper Twister Tuesdays

Stars Cabaret Beaverton – Wannabe Wednesdays with V.I.P. specials all night long.

Lucky Devil Lounge – PDX Blackbook.com Wednesdays Devils Point – New Wave Wednesdays – 80's hits all night featuring 3-time exotic covergirl Pisces

Cocktails & Dreams - Tattoo Wednesdays with gift certificates, swag and prizes.

Dante's – Xotica Go-Go

Jody's Bar & Grill – All-you-can-eat tacos \$2

Spyce Gentlemen's Club – Ditch Fridays with \$9.99 steak and lobster

Jody's Bar & Grill – Double Trouble with 2 girls on stage from 10pm - midnight

Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Stimulus Saturdays with stimulating giveaways Jody's Bar & Grill – Double Trouble with 2 girls on stage from 10pm - midnight





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was flipping through last month's *Exotic* and I noticed a two-page spread making a hell of a lot of noise about something I thought was dead and gone for good—Ink 'n' Pink. Seeing as how this event was originally a Spookyville Productions (as in, me) back in 2000, I decided to take a closer look into what it was all about. Seems there's this guy named John Voge of Underground Productions responsible for reincarnating one of *Exotic's* most successful events ever (after the initial Ink 'n' Pink gave it's curtain call back in October of 2003). I figured I'd track this son of a bitch down and see what's in store for us as Ink 'n' Pink: The New Blood kicks off this month.

SpookyX: Tell us Voge, what in the hell makes you think you can just steal an event that I nearly ran into the ground back in 2003?

John Voge: First of all Spooky, you were, are and will never be a goddamn thing without me. I gave you life back in 2000, but your constant exposure to the wild life of strip clubs, tattoos, drugs and alcohol eventually got the best of you. You'll always be my bitch. You're lucky I still let you write "Erotic City." You were nothing more to Ink 'n' Pink than a host in a puffy shirt that provided unintentional comic relief. I was the true brains behind the operation, but in the end, I had to leave town to disassociate myself with you for four years.

S: Yeah, I heard you ran away to Seattle or some bullshit like that, and left me here to die. How'd that work out for you?

JV: I put together a sister publication to *Exotic* called *Exotic Underground* which focused more on tattoos, rock and roll and hot women wearing more than a smile. After four years in production, it obviously didn't work out. I lost my ass on it and the head honcho here at *Exotic* made me an offer I couldn't refuse; to return to PDX and bring some life back into *Exotic* by starting some promotions. One of the first things out of his mouth was Ink 'n' Pink.

S: So what's the deal behind Ink 'n' Pink anyway? And who the hell came up with that title?

JV: Back in early 2000 I was at Stars Beaverton checking out their feature of the month, Janine Lindemulder. I was standing right next to one of the owners of the club when Janine took the stage. When the owner saw that Janine had recently adorned herself with a full sleeve of ink and an elaborate tramp stamp, the look on the guy's face was priceless! She could have whipped out a cock and gotten less of a reaction. You see, back in 2000, Stars did not allow tattooed dancers in their stable of beauties. They would occasionally make exceptions to the rule if it was just a little rose on an ankle or a butterfly on an ass cheek, but even that was frowned upon.

Tattooed dancers were pretty much quarantined to Union Jacks back then. Dancers like Sin, (who at the time was rockin' something like 28 facial piercings) were pretty much the dirty little secrets of exotic entertainment in Portland. This was all before Suicide Girls, before Miami Ink and before you could find a tattoo shop on just about every block.

I had become a huge fan of inked flesh as a traveling vendor

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selling Olivia's pinup art at tattoo conventions and ended up eventually selling my soul to *Exotic* magazine. That October, I had pitched putting something together that showcased nothing but hot tattooed babes and dropped a tattoo convention into the middle of a strip club. I believe it was a brainstorming session with Frank Faillace back in 2000 that led to the title Ink 'n' Pink. At first we both laughed at how lame that would sound, but after it settled in, the title just stuck for some reason. When Bryan (our publisher) pitched bringing Ink 'n' Pink back this year, one of the main debates we had was my apprehension in keeping the title. Tattoos have come a long way since then and I thought it needed a more sophisticated label. But obviously I conceded. The history of Ink 'n' Pink deserved to remain intact, but it needed a major face-lift.

I'm actually more excited about this year's event than any of its predecessors. 4 years later, tattooed flesh is rampant and beautifully abundant in the City of Roses. You can find gorgeous tattooed women in a majority of the clubs now; hell you can even find them behind the counter of a Starbucks these days. It's been a pleasure to see the stereotypical labels associated with tattooed individuals lifted; giving these living works of art the respect they deserve. That's what Ink 'n' Pink was about in the first place. I think this will be the first event in Portland that will be able to properly showcase that talent.

S: So what goes on at these events exactly? Is it just a glorified contest of tattooed dancers mud-wrestling?

IV: At the center of Ink 'n' Pink is the competition for the title of Miss Ink 'n' Pink. The dancers compete and are judged on their stage performance, their tattoos and their overall wow factor. During the first year, Ink 'n' Pink: 2000 gave us a tie for the title with a heated battle between Sage and Felony. Felony ended up moving to Alaska shortly after, so Sage took the cover solo as Ink 'n' Pink: A Tattoo Odyssey surfaced in 2001. A newcomer on the scene, Ainé nailed that title rocking her amazing tribal canvas of flesh. She scored the cover of *Exotic's* October 2002 issue as we announced Ink 'n' Pink Goes to Hell: The Final Crusade, which was originally intended on becoming the final Ink 'n' Pink event. Enter poledancing champion Pantera to nail the contest and cover in 2003 which ended up being the most successful event we had ever put together. So we thought we'd give it one more go for the love of money and tattoos. Since Ink 'n' Pink had gone to hell, Ink 'n' Pink: The Resurrection launched in October of the following year. In retrospect, that one probably should have never happened. I was getting old, drained and wasted so I made the mistake of letting Spooky take the wheel that year.

S: Hey now, that rocked man, don't be hatin'. From what I remember, that kicked some serious ass.

JV: No Spooky, I'm afraid it did not. Perhaps the fact that you don't remember any of it is why you feel that way. Your life was a derailed train wreck back then, and it showed in your production skills. Shortly before Ink 'n' Pink commenced that year, I had bailed on *Exotic* to go release a wannabe *Exotic* every other month or so. They put you in charge by default. But somehow, the event survived all four shows and the final Miss Ink 'n' Pink, Akasha scored top honors. She ended up on the cover of our Seattle version of *Exotic, Underground Magazine* (a rare collectors item). Rumor has it, she's coming back to do battle again this year.

S: So how many girls are lined up for this year's event?

JV: I can't put an exact number on it because we're doing things a little bit differently this time. Previously, if the girl had ink, she was in. This year, we're having a launch party/audition round at George's Dancin' Bare on Friday March 13th at 9 p.m. It's open to all contenders. I suspect there will be somewhere in the neighborhood of about 20 or so entries. We'll be selecting the top 13 from this event to compete in the next four rounds. Two girls will be eliminated each week, until we end up with our winner at Dante's on Friday April 10th. Just about all of these events are being held at venues that have supported Ink 'n' Pink in the beginning. The Pallas, Cocktails and Dreams and Safari were all perfect venues for us because

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they are large enough to deal with the tattooed circus that is Ink 'n' Pink.

S: Why do you need so much space, you planning anything special?

JV: Ink 'n' Pink: The New Blood is going to take all the best parts of years prior and turn them up to 11. Aside from the competition, the events will feature on-site tattooing by some of PDX's best ink sling-

ers, live music by some of both Portland and Seattle's best rock and rollers, feature performances, fire dancers, circus freaks and surprise guests. There will be tattoo contests open to all, where you can score some phat prizes, including tattoo certificates, *Exotic* schwag and naughty gifts from Taboo Video. We'll be picking the best tattooed fan from each show to be a judge throughout the event, as well. The judging of the contest itself is a much more refined process this year, and from what I've seen so far, the talent is amazing. Our winner will be pictured on the first edition of *Exotic's Ink Slinger Annual* in May which will showcase not only Miss Ink 'n' Pink 2009, but in-depth editorial coverage of all your favorite tattoo shops and artists. Where else can you witness the cream of the crop of tattooed dancers, badass rock n' roll and get yourself a tattoo all under the same roof? We even have *Exotic's* latest mouth-that-roared, Statutory Ray hosting it this time out. Hopefully, I won't regret him as much as I did you.

S: Yeah, that guy is an accident waiting to happen. He talks a lot of shit, that one.

So there you have it Portland, Ink 'n' Pink is back with a vengeance. Join us to witness history in the making as Portland's newest selection of tattooed beauties rock your world for five weeks in March and April. We'll see you there.

Friday, March 13th

Launch Party and Audition Round—George's Dancin' Bare, 8440 N. Interstate.

Friday March 20th

Round One: Elimination Round—The Pallas, 13639 SE. Powell.

Friday March 27th

Round Two: Elimination Round-Cocktails & Dreams, 3620 SE. 35th Pl.

Friday April 3rd

Round Three: Semi Finals—Safari Showclub, 3000 SE. Powell.

Friday April 10th

Round Four: The Finals-Dante's-1 SW. 3rd and Burnside.



30 exotic magazine | xmag.com



Hey, Portland freaks! Want to hear a dirty secret? Really? You do? OK you asked for it.

Here in the Rose City we have such an eclectic population; strippers, bums, heroin addicts, artists, musicians. Actually, most of the above are good friends of mine. I know you, the reader, are dying to hear some juicy confessions from some of the most

glamorous people in our town. Well, I intend on spilling just that!

I am a stripper and a Preschool teacher. Seriously, I do exist. It's not just a fantasy. Some hot women are good with kids too; doing more than looking good for you dirty old men. I like to lead a balanced life: daytime so sweet and innocent, but at night you better watch out! Whisky makes me frisky like a black cat in heat. Watch out where you walk, because I'll stalk you on the street! Sorry, I get carried away with my rhymes sometimes.

My life is full of so much excitement and filth that I can't bear to keep it to myself any longer! It's been eating me up inside. I have to confess, and no, I'm not going to give the dirty priest the joy of hearing my confessions in his stinky booth. If priests read this magazine then they have the pleasure of knowing they are not the only sinners in town. I'm single, sexy and horny. This equals good times for me! I would like to disturb you all with my funny but true encounters. We all have them, no need to be prude. Some of my friends think I'm gross. I hope you do too.

Some nights are lonely, but the busy nights are filled with so much cumsweat that it makes up for my alone time. Everyone always wants to know, "Do strippers ever go home with customers?" The answer depends on the girl, but in my case, yes I have. Not on a regular basis, maybe every other night. That's not so bad is it? No I'm not a prostitute. I have sex for free! It's much more enjoyable that way. I would hate to think I was working while fucking because that would not be any fun. Now you're thinking I let the guys do all the work. Ha! That's a funny thought in itself. I do all the work! First I shut them up with a ball gag, I tie them up with rope, break out my whips, chains and stiletto heels and get crazy on them! I love being on top, it's the only way I can cum. Is it weird that when I'm fucking a guy I'm usually thinking of my hot girlfriend? Yeah, I thought so. So let's get back to the dirty secrets, I have lots you know, and this is only your first taste of: Adventures in Singlehood!

Angry Cock Love

So I was taking a piss the other night, as I often do, in the bathroom, on the toilet. But I needed a body guard this time. Jamie was his name. I had just met him the night before at the strip club I was working at. He was hot and so were all of his friends. I liked them and wanted to bang all four of them actually! So anyway, I'm taking a piss in front of this angry cock. No, literally there was an angry cock locked in their bathroom. Apparently these people are hardcore vegan animal lovers. This rooster was roaming the streets of Southeast 50th and harassing people at the Planned Parenthood (like they don't have enough cock problems as it is).

So my new friends are keeping this rooster in their bathroom until they finish building its coop.

Jamie was distracting the rooster by throwing corn on the bathroom floor, and blocking me from the cock. I'm an open person, but having a guy you just met from the strip club protecting you from a wild animal made me a little nervous and uncomfortable. OK, who am I kidding? It was hot and awesome! To be honest I kind of wanted to fuck Jamie, in the bathroom, with the angry cock watching. The suspense and danger and weirdness of it all got me all juiced up! The rooster was strutting back and forth, its golden feathers bouncing with each step, staring at me with its beady little eyes.

Yet, thinking of the possibility of being attacked by the rooster while I was peeing left me absolutely horrified! What if it went crazy and pecked my pussy? What if it had some built-up animosity towards cats and decided to take it out on my precious? What if he pecked it so hard that I wouldn't be able to have an orgy with these hotties? How will I continue stripping? No one wants to see a red swollen pussy that some angry cock tore up. Or maybe they do? Either way it will be a great story! Lucky for me, the rooster kept to his corn and I still got some cock that

night. Just not the one covered in feathers. So guys, if you really want to get laid, cock blocking really is the way to get that pussy!







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One of the more astute observations customers are commonly capable of is, "You must have to deal with a lot of ass-

holes." Believe it or not, it isn't as bad as you would think. For the most part guys are well behaved, if for no other reason than to get in my pants. They have surmised that acting like an un-potger in my paires, they have surmised that being into an un port ty trained monkey isn't the best tactic. They are normal, hardworking, beer-swilling neople who have concern for others and

Nineteen out of twenty people who buy lap dances are pleasare just trying to have a good time.

ant and predictable. I like them and I can even forgive the persistent neck pain resulting from their well intentioned back rubs. But it isn't the nineteen normal guys that are memorable; it's the other five percent that keep me up at night. These five percent trap me between wanting the large sum of money that accompanies listening to people who have no business talking

Over the last of couple years, I have harbored a collection and letting my brain totally liquefy. of rage and bewilderment. I have kept silent, pretending to be

blonde and patient, letting it fester. Until now. I am trying to break up with you and I want you to know that this is not hurting me just as much as it is not hurting you. So the following is for the five percent of you who cost me my precious beauty sleep. Enjoy.

Dear strip club patrons,

I hate you. You know I do. You pay me to pretend I don't fantasize about your death while you tell me about your bitch ex-wife, racist world view and delusions of musical grandeur. Your band is not going to make it, trust me. You are self-inflated and failing to appear informed, complex or an authority on anything.

You know that little hollow in the base of your throat? I want to jam a cocktail straw through it while making you renounce your hackneyed republicanism. No, the Nazi's did not conduct important linguistic experiments. Hitler did not just "fall in with a bad crowd" and "succumb to peer pressure." Also, he did not invent the family sedan. President Obama has not been implanted by Al Qaeda to persecute your income tax bracket and make Arabic the national language. The fountain of youth is not drinking four cans of Nestea a day. Nothing bottled by Pepsi-Cola will make you immortal.

I am not naïve. I know you don't have Paris Hilton on speed dial and you didn't sleep with Debbie Harry. I do not, for one minute, believe that you are related to Delta Burke or any other C-list celebrity (what could possibly make you think I would care?). For fuck's sake, you don't need to try to impress me, I'm getting paid to pay attention.

I don't love you unconditionally. We obviously want different things. All I want is to be happy. I want you to stop boring me to tears, buy me a couple drinks and give me some goddamn money. I also desperately want to cut off your air supply!

When I say I have no idea why your wife left you, I am lying. You cannot imagine the self-restraint it takes not to blurt out the dozens of reasons that are silently screaming in my head. In fact, it's almost all I can think about. I understand that you need to feel better about yourself and I am trying to have compassion for your fragile ego, but it's really hard to do that when you insist that all immigrants are lazy and stupid. I really want to jerk my liberal knee into your crotch.

> NO, you cannot fucking touch!

Dear frat boys,

You don't count as customers because you don't spend any money. Except on the occasional weekend when you drive in from Beaverton for your buddy's bachelor party. You seem to think that I have spent my entire life in the strip club waiting for you to walk in. I heard you the first five times you said, "He's the bachelor! You need to do an extra good job." I'm not getting paid, so I don't "need" to do anything. I am not a sluttier version of your girlfriend, there is no such thing.

Bachelor parties (thank the stripping gods) are not my bread and butter. Have you ever noticed how often the stripper gets killed at a bachelor party in movies? They are our natural predators; wolves and sheep. If you want a stripper for a private party, plan ahead! Don't walk in to a strip club the day of and ask all the girls back to your hotel, there are agencies for that kind of thing. You are a totally shitty best man. You repeatedly profess your borderline gay love for the bachelor, yet trying to get all fifteen of you to cough up a total of twenty dollars for a bachelor lap dance involves a team of horses, intense social maneuvering and group therapy. No, I don't have cocaine or know where you can get some. By the way, I hate you too.

Dear ladies,

I was so happy to see you. Somehow, somewhere as if by magic-it became acceptable

letters... kennedy

for women to come in to strip clubs! Here's the problem: I think that there is some male rite of passage in which a young man is taken to a strip club and his older brother/summer camp counselor or whatever says, "Oh yeah, by the way, don't get out of line here because there's big trouble if you do." Women never seem to get that message and the douche bag escorting them to the strip club isn't going to tell them because they are also operating under the false assumption that women can "get away with more" and are in fact, looking forward to it.

Seriously girls, I need you to get it together. You come in with your arms crossed and when the strippers aren't the old pathetic creatures portrayed on Law and Order, you start getting nervous. We can tell that you are talking shit; your mouth is moving while you glare at everyone in a thong. You get jealous of the attention the strippers are getting and then you start nursing unconscious fantasies and cosmopolitans. After a gallon of vodka and cranberry juice you get all girls-gone-wild and start dancing in front of the stage with a dollar bill jammed into your cleavage. That is filthy and I am not going to fish it out with my mouth (unless it's a twenty, then we can talk). You take off your clothes, do a lot of screaming and grind on your boyfriend/ husband. Maybe I am being willfully naïve in hoping that the douche bag is in fact your boyfriend/husband and you are not giving away for free what I would charge at least a hundred bucks for. No, you cannot go on stage and NO you cannot fucking touch either!

I could say that we can all still be friends but I am done with under-compensated lying. You will forever hold a place in, well, not my heart but maybe in the more blackened pieces of my lungs and the chunks of my liver damaged in an attempt to forget how much of my time you wasted. I'm sorry; it's not me it's you.

> Sincerely, Kennedy

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MONTEGO'S 26 15826 SE Division (503) 761-7293 1pm-2am, 7 Days—2 stages, full bar, food 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 1pm-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food PIRATE'S COVE 29

7417 NE Sandy (503) 287-8900 Daily 11am-2:30am—1 stage, full bar, food POP-A-TOP PUB 30 6210 NE Columbia (503) 281-3212 Daily 10am-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food

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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 cuisi SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 49

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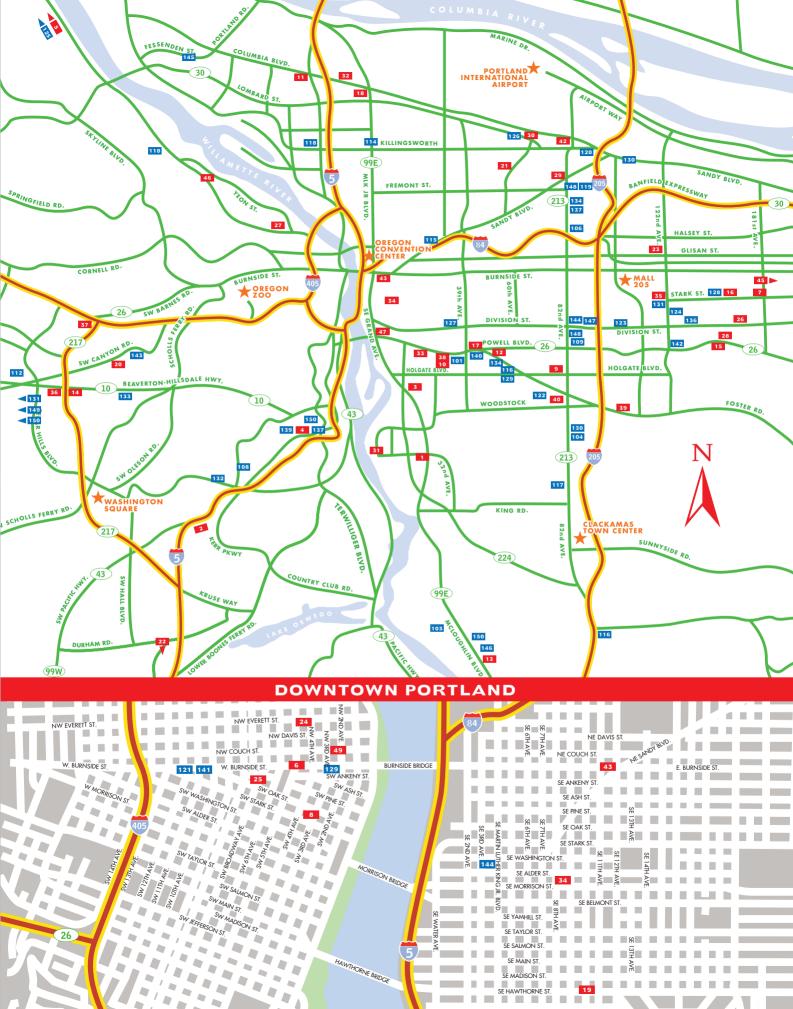
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Pacific Highway to the Danger Zone

Spring break is notoriously one of the worst weeks for business in the strip club industry. Aside from the obvious migration of anyone attending college in the Northwest to sunnier, more vacation-friendly locales; daylight savings adjustments combined with the arrival of good weather tends to reduce one's urge to spend an afternoon in a dark, smoky (RIP) room filled with naked strangers and overpriced alcohol.

The rule, however, is not without exception.

Working at the Badda Bing during spring break a few years back I was introduced to a young, pock-marked gentleman who smelled like cat piss and ashtrays. His name was Nick (side note: What the hell is it with guys named Nick?) and he was fucking loaded. Even though he looked like a cast member in one of those Goodwill ads (not one of the retarded or ethnic ones, but the you-just-know-he's-poor-by-thelook-in-his-eyes type). Nick had money falling from every one of his unwashed orifices. I, on the other hand, did not. Keeping in mind that the three dancers scheduled to work all week had a combined "regular customer" base of six dudes who worked on cars and played video poker all day, Nick was seen as a gold mine.

During the first two days of spring break, Nick would show up around two in the afternoon and stay until closing. Because he had lots of mon-

ey, we all pretended to like him and basically catered to his every need. Dancers would put up with his odor (for a while, at least), bartenders would over-serve him for that extra tip and I was willing to play any song wanted (even he though this meant hooking the jukebox up to my mixer because I didn't have "Highway to the Danger Zone" on my laptop at the time). Nick was young, dumb and loaded. Every industry worker's dream.

On the third day of spring break, I decided to act like a human being and attempt to talk to Nick without any motive for financial gain.

"Dude, you dress like you shop from trailer park lawns and you smell like powdered milk. Where the fuck did you get all this money from?"

Without acknowledging to my intentionally shitty disposition, Nick responded with one of the most philosophically backward rants I had ever heard. I can almost guarantee that this is repeated as accurate and verbatim as possible, as the words tattooed themselves on my brain almost immediately upon hearing them.

"Well, I go to the community

college and I had all this financial aid money saved up from putting some away every term. When it got to spring break, I planned on taking a trip somewhere or doing something like that but I thought, 'Hey, I could just stay at home and live like a high roller,' so I just fucking took it out of the bank and came here."

To point out the semi-obvious-yet-worthrepeating, Nick had saved up a few thousand dollars from diligently stashing it away every semester before cashing out and deciding to vacation in a 20 by 12-foot room amongst not-that-attractive dancers, an asshole DJ and a coked out bartender. Not exactly the package I would have *my* travel agent put together, but whatever floats your turds right? Details aside, by the end of the week Nick had spent a total of \$2,400 on private dances alone.

Down to his last bucks, Nick offered to buy me a beer. After accepting his gesture, Nick approached the bar to be greeted by a new face. Jon had yet to meet Nick, and politely but firmly asked Nick for his identification. Stumbling, sweaty and most likely still horny as hell, Nick mumbled something about going out to his car to get his ID. Watching him leave though a crack in the curtains, I witnessed Nick jogging up the hill across the street. Either his car was parked a safe distance from the club so that he could avoid being spotted by the wife and kids or Nick was 19 like most of the kids at the college up the street from Badda Bing.

There is something to be learned from this story in the judge-not-lest-thou-be-judged sense (in fact I ripped every line of this story from a part of the Bible that <u>no one ever</u>



reads, but the copyright has expired so it's totally legal). Nick was a sucker, he was loaded and he smelled bad (so bad, in fact, that one of the dancers refused to give him private dances after the third day of his "vacation"). Every one of us Badda Bing employees thought we had the upper hand on the little bastard, taking his money at every turn and doing virtually nothing to earn it. In the end, however, he was drinking underage in our bar and experiencing a lifestyle that none of his equal-aged peers would see for at least two years. Sure, in reality the place was a pregnant-tittied, smokestained, under-lit dump in the pit of Portland's taint, but to Nick, it was Disneyland.

We gave Nick the same thing that our most recent president gave us: being the gift of unsubstantiated, generalized and overconfident "hope." Hope that in some alternate reality from where we reside, a person like Nick can experience the raw, unwashed touch of a second-trimester "exotic" dancer while listening to the theme song from Tom Cruise's arguably gayest movie. Now *that* is some motherfucking hope right there.

DJ Tip of the Month

DJs, drop the primadonna act. Your presence in the club is supposed to accentuate the entertainment, not provide it. If you're good at mixing, have an ego larger than your club's parking lot and put more work into your appearance than the dancer you're trying to bang, you make us all look bad. Yes, I'm talking to you.



3/5 - D.J.P. 4/21 - THRILL KILL KULT

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I want to open up with a big salute to the passing of another Black History Month. Especially with this being the first one with a black president at the steering wheel of the nation's interests. Also, big ups to a few of my inspirations: Martin Luther King, Jr. for the dream, Malcolm X for the muscle and Barack Obama for being able to take on the challenges of a nation which has rarely been in such horrible financial shape in the middle of a ridiculous war, all the while making history, black history. One time!

This past month was also one of the biggest months in the year as far as events to be at. We had the Super Bowl in Tampa, Florida where Pittsburg slid past the Arizona Cardinals. The 2009 NBA All-Star Game in Phoenix, Arizona (where the weather was lovely) just happened to fall on Valentine's Day for all the lovers out there. Then there was the Grammy Awards, which really just recognizes the radio's mainstream repetitive rotation of the same ten artists remaking the same ten songs with no recognition of the majority of unsigned independent artists.

FEBRUARY RE-CAP

A couple weeks ago, soon-to-be incarcerated rap artist T.I. had a show at the Las Vegas nightclub JET in Treasure Island. It was wall-to-wall packed. If you missed this shit, you missed one the New Year's biggest events. Keep ya head up people! In our own city of Portland, The Three 6 Mafia/Cool Nutz "Miracle Album" (available in stores now) release party was damn near sold out at the Roseland Theatre.

THE BIZZNESS IN MARCH



Spring break is going to be jumpin' off in some of the warm spots. So it's going to be a lot of broads in a little of nothin'. With a recession all across the nation, everything is going to be

cheaper. So, you can get some tickets, a room and whatever the night life has to offer for dirt cheap. Some of the hot spots to be around this time of year are: Cancun, Daytona Beach, Mazatlán and South Beach. If gettin' on a plane ain't in ya diet, then I probably won't be seeing you at any of these spots anyway. ANTHONY "LIL SMURF" BRANCH

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FEATURE OF THE MONTH

I recently had an opportunity to watch a documentary style, black movie called Killingsworth. It's based on the true life story of the smurfs, two young black Northeast Portland products and their choices leading them through gangs, robberies, snitches, fast money, police investigations, women, incarceration and early deaths. First off, there haven't been too many documentaries about voung black men put out by a voung black man from the City of Roses. That was part of my initial interest in watching the DVD. Plus, I like fuckin' with shit that has to do with the streets. Both of the main characters are heavily involved in the street life. Throughout the film they experience ups and downs with family, enemies and the police department's relentless pursuit of the young men. Their friends are tagged as gang members and as an active criminal group that operated freely around the city. This is also a story of a shaky family support system and a mother unable to escape the grip of drug abuse and incarceration in order to give a son the love and guidance that is needed while growin' up in the streets. Overall, the DVD is an accurate depiction of the street life lived through these two young men's decisions. So go get your copy of the Killingsworth at <www.2realrecords.net> or <www.myspace. com/smurfluchiano>. The Killingsworth DVD is a double disc that also comes with the soundtrack executively produced by

Smurf Luchiano for 2 Real Records featuring West Coast artists such as Meezilini, W.C., Kenny Mack, Jim Jones, Messy Marv, Lifesavas and many more. If you fuck with the West Coast, then the album will be right up ya alley. Snatch it up! This was supposed to be a light weight interview, but at press time the CEO of 2 Real Records is being held on bond by the state. So everybody that is locked up, keep your heads up! Ya dig? And to the people with loved ones locked up, don't forget about your people behind the bars.

KENNY MACK

OK, check this shit out; I just started watching the HBO series "The Wire." At first, I was with the whole get down, but as I slowly started to check out the scenes I noticed something that has been going on in the real world lately. Almost all the characters that were hustling were also snitchin' in some kind of way. The same in the American Gangster movie where the lead character was played by my MF Denzel Washington turns out to snitch, and then there were rappers like Jay-Z glamorizing this. I'm trippin' off the whole, "I don't want to take responsibility for my own bizzness." Ima tell on you with these "First 48" get-out-of-jail-free cards that keep poppin' up in urban cities across America and on movies and TVs. It's 2009, stop snitching, and if you don't want the time, don't do the crime, va dig?!

On a serious note. I want to say rest in peace LOODY ACE, an artist and a friend of mine from our city that passed away last month. One love to his kids, family and homies. You will be missed.

A quarter of the year is gone by already so if your shit ain't straight, you better get on the ball, ya dig? There is no time like the now to handle your bizzness. To get at me about the bizzness call (503) 891-9047 and check me out online at <www.myspace.com/mshrecords>. Salute and get money!





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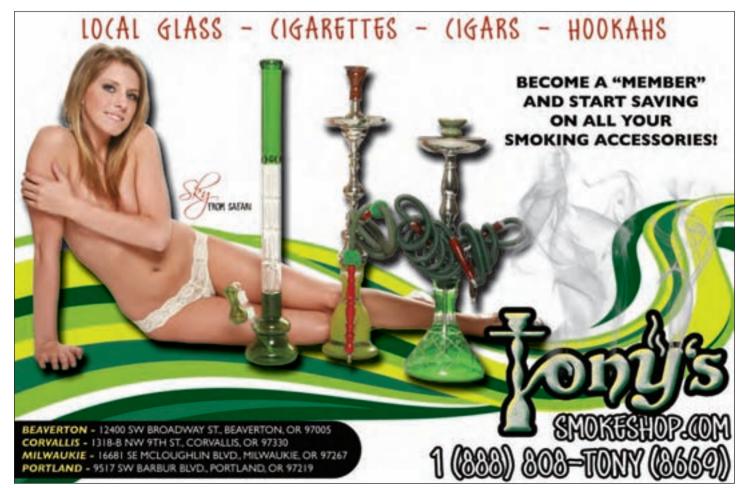
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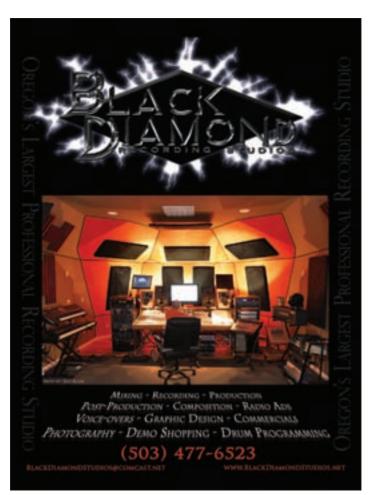
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In Search Of:

In the ongoing search for the dark side of thoughts that provoke interest, I felt it necessary to discuss the topic of the female versus male bartender. A simple topic it seems-but is it? Not such a simple point of interest if that bartender slings drinks in a "strip" or "gentlemen's" club. There is a very defining characteristic and complexity that comes with each individual that pours spirit into cylinder. I've always believed (whether as a former GM or as a patron) that the female bartender is just as much a commodity in the adult nightclub world as the DJ and, of course, the entertainer. The sass, the v-crest panty ass and the overall gland enhancing experience a female bartender can provide just can't be ignored. Some transform from entertainer to drink slinger and in rare occasions, the other way around. Either way, if you haven't found yourself drooling over the local female bartender, especially in the Oregon market-you most certainly must be a "puff"! Hot female bartenders in Oregon are everywhere! Without the attractive (and preferably sleeved) bar queen, an adult nightclub would fail miserably.

P

A good male bartender is hard to come by in this day and age, but even when you find one he doesn't offer the extra visual that rounds out the eyegasmic entertainment of the evening. A "dicktender" can provide interesting conversation, yes. Another drink due to the intoxicating array of duel eye jabbers a "boobtender" offers, probably not. This would be another reason why Sin City (see last article) fails and Oregon scores big. Vegas logic states that male bartenders serve behind the bar while females only deliver the drinks or provide the on-stage entertainment. I call bullshit!

So, let's discuss the reasons why a female versus male "strip club" bartender in Oregon is just as important as Baskin & Boners 31 flavors. Reason 1: Whether male or female you'd rather see boobs when you drink because the only stick you want stirring your Crown and Coke is your own. Reason 2: Nine out of ten female bartenders eat "meow" better than male bartenders do. Reason 3: Without female "strip club" bartenders, Jager-meister and Deschutes Brewery wouldn't provide over 6.2 million hangovers a year. Reason 4: If the bartender has a penis, how do you think the club will cash in on your Visa and lead you to believe that you may possibly score after Bambi worked that paycheck out of your pocket? Reason 5: Strip clubs would simply suck Keebler Elf mini-dick without female bartenders.

There you have it. You may find this month's installment of "In Search of El Diablo" as more of a tribute to the female bartender than words of quality reading. You may also see this as more of a female bartender ass-kissing session than an article providing educational tools to advance and nourish your lives. I can simply explain and respond by saying this-no shit Sherlock!

If you had the chance to score with a female bartender that ate "meow" better than you, you'd write this article too!

Visit, respond and write to mrBlack at <www.myspace.com/therealmrblack>. Next Issue: Peanut Butter and Puppy Dogs. www.UnionJacksClub.com

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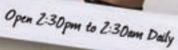
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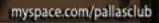
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