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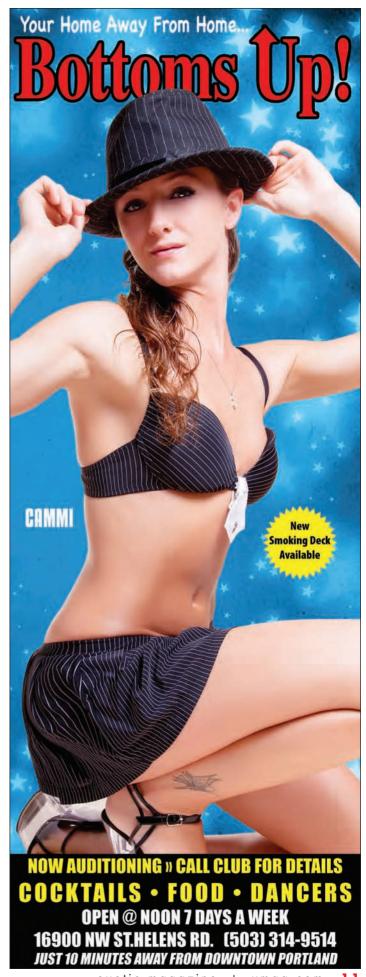




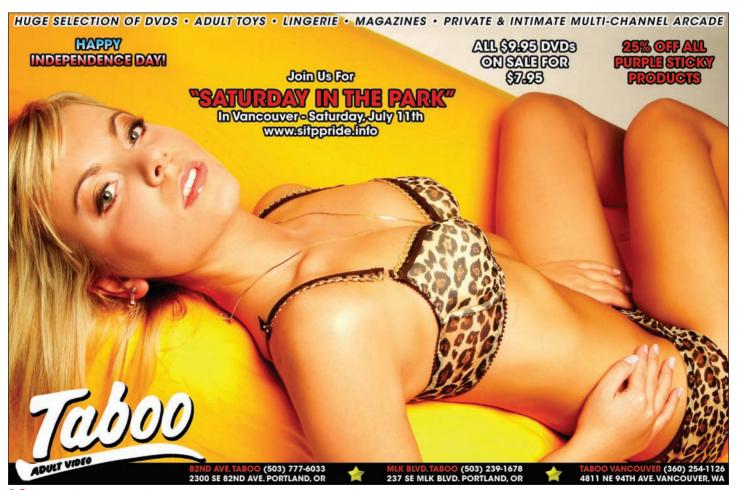












exotic

Issue #193 • Volume 17 • Number 01 July 2009

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DEEPSTHROAT



Deep Throat—no, we're not talking about the pseudonym for the secret in-

formant in the Watergate scandal—we're talking about the porn that put other porn movies on the map. It cost film makers \$25,000 for production in 1972. The classic ended up grossing over \$600 million, even when it was banned from theaters in over half the United States. Revenue from this movie stemmed from ticket sales alone, as video sales and rentals did not come into play—the first video player wouldn't even hit the market until two years after the film was released—making this porn pioneer one of the hottest, most controversial and most profitable movies in motion picture history.

It was no surprise that eventually someone would come up with the bright idea to try and remake *Deep Throat*. It is part of an industry that has all but run out of original ideas. After finding success in the remake arena with new visions of *Debbie Does Dallas* and *Devil In Miss Jones*, who better to chase the remake rights than the world's leading adult film studio Vivid Entertainment and its president, Steven Hirsch. However, convincing Arrow Productions, a Las Vegas based franchise, and its president Ray Pistol that they needed to break away from old school X-rated films and put together a modern day, more polished version of the original, was far more difficult than planned. How better to handle controversy and dramatic conflict then with some damn good reality TV. Hell, why not? Everyone else has jumped on that band wagon.

Following the success of the porn reality series Debbie Does Dallas Again, Showtime's Deeper Throat (released earlier this year) boasted all the key ingredients for getting the general public interested in a series about the making of a porn movie. Besides the intrigue of behind the scenes shots and observing the making of an X-rated film from a director's point of view, you will enjoy the development of key characters that seem far too surreal to be part of a reality series. Add an adequate helping of sexy, hot, naked girls vying for the lead role, a dash of scandal, then mix with raging bitch fits, an occasional family feud and you've got the perfect blend for ridiculously addictive reality TV. In the pilot episode. Deeper Throat outlines the conflict between the two company heads when Steven Hirsch arranges to meet Ray Pistol about movie rights. Hirsch meets up with the owner at his very seedy strip club on the 1200 block of Las Vegas Boulevard South. The club is probably as far from the glitz and glamour of the strip as it gets, while still staying on the same street. Keep in mind, this is the same club that boasts \$10 table dances and often has its discounted strippers perched on a swing attached to the not-so-classy sign in front of the dive.

Not long after Deeper Throat aired, Arrow Productions filed a

lawsuit against Vivid Entertainment over a three company production involving not only the remake, but the reality series. Arrow claimed that Vivid prematurely screened scenes from the new Showtime series at AEE in January. Arrow, Vivid and Wonder Productions struck a deal in January 2008 over several production ideas spurred from the companies' involvement in remaking the legendary film. Vivid was apparently supposed to submit



an exclusive "first look" copy of the finished movie to Arrow. Arrow claims they did not receive that copy and that the breach also fouled-up the parties reality TV show about the remake produced by World of Wonder. The legal cluster-fuck surrounding this film began when Pistol pulled the plug on his endorsement after screening Vivid's very alternative remake and denied their right to use the *Deep Throat* trademark. After consulting with his legal team, Hirsch eventually settled on renaming their dark homage to *Deep Throat* as *THROAT: A Cautionary Tale*. In the first week of March, a Los Angeles County superior court judge denied Arrows request for a temporary restraining order to distribute *THROAT*. On March 18th, THROAT was released to a limited market of online sales and downloads. Even though the restraining order was denied, Gary Kaufman of Kaufman Law states the breach of contract suit continues.

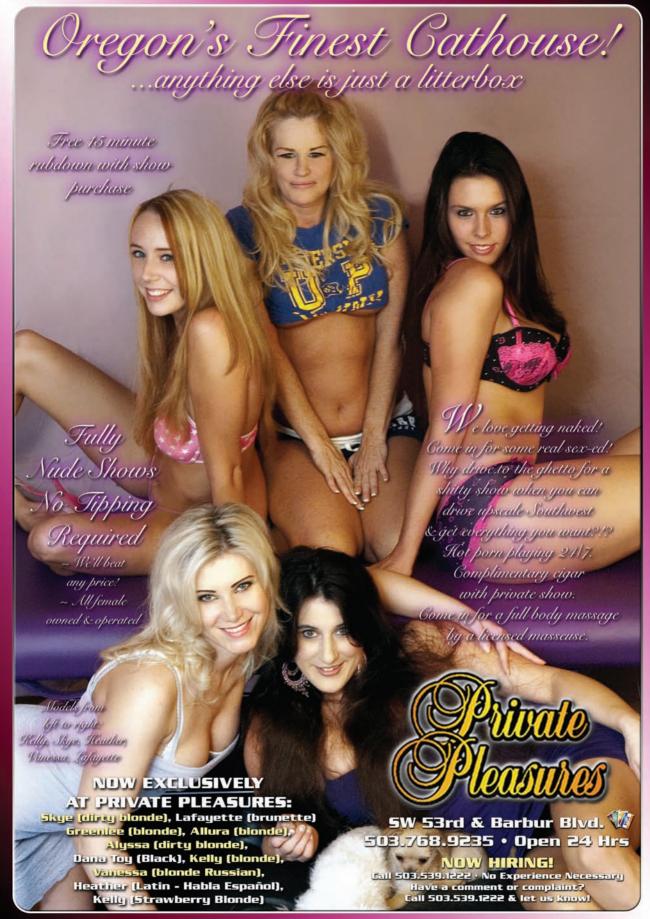
I'm not going to go into great detail about *THROAT: A Cautionary Tale* because you really just need to go out and get it. It's been given a five-star rating by many adult entertainment reviews and AVN reviewer Jared Rutter calls the film "Porn Noir." The best descriptions I can cram down your throat is that it's an awesome qual-

ity film. Definitely worth the hype. It is an intensely dark mystery about innocence destroyed. An anamorphic twist on the original. The only real similarity between the two is that the leading lady, Sasha Grey, has a clitoris in the back of her throat—just like the lovely Linda Lovelace. The film's abstract directions of the control of the control

tor, Paul Thomas, took this film into a very dark and twisted world for the modern day porn connoisseur.



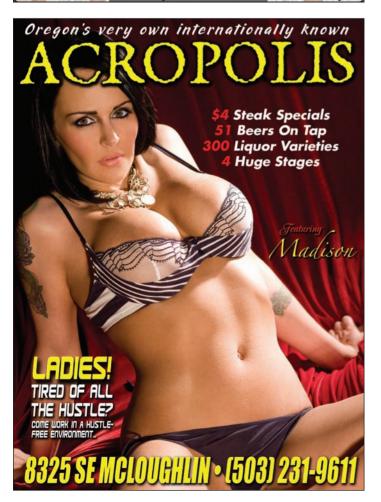




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an't get enough of the most colorful, greedy and radical decade ever? Forget hitting the mall for the latest fashions; instead take a trip to Taboo for some quality 80s porn. After all it was the 80s that really pushed the film industry over to video and eventually DVDs, so that we could enjoy our dirty pleasures in the comfort of our own homes. You can pick out 80s porn easily, just look for the big hair on the DVD covers. Hair wasn't the only thing porn had more of back then. These full-length features are packed with lots of music and extensive plots. Do you ♥ the 80s? Are you an enthusiast of the explicit? Whether you are passionate about porn, the 80s or both, you should go check out these classics for yourself.



Originally released in 1980 by VCX Studio, Sex Boat is now available on DVD for your viewing pleasure and is, of course, re-mastered for digital sound and superior picture quality. This take off on the Love Boat is quite funny and features centerfolds from the pages of Penthouse and Hustler. The women are beautiful and the sex is lively. After reading on the box, "This blockbuster sex comedy of the year is wetter than the water around it," I just knew I had to rent it.

Sent by their rich husbands to prevent them from cheating, an all-female crew welcomes affluent female clients aboard a luxury liner for the cruise of their life. An all-girl cruise ship with 600 horny, mouth-watering broads for six whole weeks, with not one man aboard! That's what they think. Perhaps inspired by that show Bosom Buddies also from the 80s, two young men sneak aboard, disguised as really ugly women. As the two horny stowaways are found out by a couple of ladies, they hush it up and keep the dudes for themselves. The trip takes a twist when slave-trading pirates hijack the ship and proceed to rape the ships passengers. Luckily, our two men were there to save the day! Sex Boat has enough charm and erotic excitement to entertain just about everyone.



NY TIME ANY PLAC

Released in 1982 by VCX studio, Any Time Any Place is a sexy caper with suspense, pizzazz and comedy. It stars Seka, a legendary American porn actress who appeared in many XXX-rated films during the late 70s and 80s and became one of the international adult film industry's most wellknown and popular stars of her era. In this Hawaii-Five-O-looking classic, Seka plays Lynn, the not-so-dumb blonde who joins two inept burglars who are trying to make a

living the only way they know how.

The main character, Skinner, is trying to raise money to bail his buddy Chickie out of a jam and is always willing to share his girl. Ready, willing and able, Lynn would do anything to help Skinner and usually does with zest. In one of their many heists, they think they are stealing computers, but it turns out to be boxes of dildos! From the poolrooms and pawn shops, to the rich estates that they ineptly burglarize—sex manages to rear its lovely head. Barely evading capture, they screw their way to success without a wasted moment. Sex, suspense and humor all come together as



The year 1982 also brought us Roommates, a film directed by Chuck Vincent for Video X Pix. It is a unique film about three women whose lives become entwined as they share a New York City apartment. Billie is an ex-call girl trying hard to start a new life, but is finding it hard to put her past behind her. New to the city, innocent Joan is fresh out of drama school and trying to make her way on Broadway. She is young, naïve and on her own for the first time. Finally, Sherry is a beautiful model about to discover the dangers of the big

city. With the bright lights comes the dark side of drugs and shady men. Sherry finds she is fighting for her very life.

Roommates is about three lives at a turning point. This is an intense movie that includes violence and forced sexual situations. It also features a much younger Mr. Ron Jeremy. Watch it for yourself and find out if these three hot, young women can survive the city on their own.



In 1985 Video X Pix brought us Eaten Alive, which according to the box, "[Is] the hottest way to go!" Set in an airport in the future, four couples will have their lives changed forever. All flights are delayed until further notice. Pam at the information booth is happy to send them all to Pink Paradise where they meet a creepy Mr. Pink. In this strange fantasy bar, he makes an astounding offer—one year of incredible sex by just drinking his special "Pink Drink." However, they must show

up next year for a refill. Instantly, they are turned into sex-hungry machines. Unknown to the happy couples, Pam and Mr. Pink are working together on a devious plot to enslave the sex-starved victims upon their return.

Why save your sexcapades for the airplane? This airport and our favorite porn pastime Ron Jeremy prove to us that you don't have to be a mile high to join the club in Eaten Alive.



HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN: THE

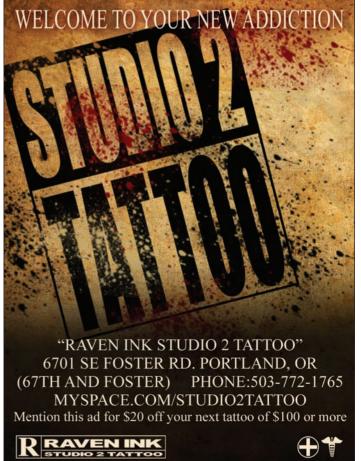
Like Roommates, this movie corroborates Chuck Vincent's M.O. of making real movies with hardcore sex in them. A dying breed in a world that was quickly being replaced by plotless, shot-on-video films, Vincent was aware of the rapid decrease in the demand for his work. Bordello was Vincent's final hardcore feature shot in 1985 for Gourmet Video. In this clever classic, we meet the gals of the Rising Sun, a naughty New Orleans brothel

where the women are always eager to please.

Everything's going great until the owner dies, leaving 49 percent of the company to an ex-employee who must now oversee the notso-thriving business. Meanwhile, the owner of the brothel's parent company (yes, it has a parent company) informs the happy hookers to either make more dough or get out. After sending in a lackey (who puts in all the modern amenities of fantasy and kink), the place soon loses its charm and its profits. It's then up to the company chairman to come down and see the operation for himself. He discovers that sometimes the best way to a man's heart isn't with luxury facilities, but with good old-fashioned romance and passion.







n a lot of ways it was actually harder to come out as a stripper than as a gay. If you tell your doctor that your preferred method of birth control is lesbianism, they are inexplicably delighted—maybe because it means they don't have to feel like a rusty metal bathroom condom dispenser. If you tell your physician that you are a stripper, they get wide-eyed and reach for the rolodex full of business cards for therapists. Pole tricks leave you pretty banged up "These are some odd bruising patterns," my OB/GYN commented while my feet were in the fucking stirrups. Like this isn't unpleasant enough Goddamnit, I would rather have someone try to jam as many Q-tips as possible in my ear instead of getting a physical.

Within the strip club, the situation is reversed. Obviously you don't have to come out as a stripper, the fact that you are sitting at the bar not wearing any pants is usually a tip off. I say "usually", because a surprising number of people seem incapable of making this connection and it doesn't help that an increasing number of girl customers are coming in dressed

like tramps.

The biggest issue is probably to tell or not tell. There are a number of possible outcomes, not the least of which is a potential loss of income (when men realize that there is an irrefutable reason that I'm not going home with them). At the first club I worked at, I only told two customers. It had an unexpected effect. Instead of becoming uninterested, they nagged my ass into the ground every damn day about giving men another shot. They saw it as a challenge. The more colorful their suggestions became, the more I got sick of explaining that unlike happy hour margaritas, this was non-negotiable. They got so aggressive that I eventually had to throw one of them off a bar stool thus proving that his ass was not, in fact, super glued to the chair.

I also like to avoid giving some dude the opportunity to make that idiotic joke, "I'm totally a lesbian too!" A huge part of my job is comprised of forced laughter. But, every time I pretend to be amused by this one, my soul shrivels a little bit. Here's the thing buddy, there's more to lesbianism then just eating pussy. You couldn't handle it. You are totally not a lesbian. Despite your bawdy, confident claims that you "can go on for hours," let's face it, you can't. Don't get me wrong, there are good things men can do that lesbians can't. It's just that I can't seem to think of any right now.

The other thing that happens when you tell a customer you're gay is the parade of irritating questions. "Have you ever slept with a guy?" "Were you like sexually assaulted by a man or something?" Also, the dozen variations of, "Why don't you like men?" The main assumption is that we're gay because we get better head that way, but the idea of wanting sex not involving a penis is inconceivable. "What do lesbians do differently?" they ask but I don't think they're going to like the actual answer. So here it is,





How to Be a Lesbian:

First of all, chop off your dick—you won't need it anyway, except at times of special celebration. Even then, it will eventually get in the way and be thrown across the room.

Second, surrender to a lifetime of complete emotional availability. I'm not kidding. Clear your schedule boys because lesbians never re-

ally break-up—we stop having sex and continue talking about it (and every other related emotion) until the end of time, forever and ever, amen. We call this "processing." It means that at any time of the day or night I can get a call from an ex-girlfriend saying "I felt ____ when you did/said/didn't do/didn't say ___." If I don't get a call from an ex-girlfriend trying to rehash even the most casual encounters, then it means that it is my turn to

all them

If you're not panicking too much, you can keep reading.

Third, pack all of your stuff into a U-Haul and take it to the house of the woman you slept with last week. You might as well bring all your stuff because you've stayed there every night since. There are some exceptions and options. If the idea of moving into someone else's is too committal, you can of course, stay where you are and make room in your closets for the other person's stuff—they're moving in with you. If you insist on refusing to completely merge lives, prepare yourself for delving into the recesses of your emotional baggage to figure out why you aren't ready for a non-federally acknowledged marriage as a second date.

Back to the strip club. Instead of outlining the reasons, I will always find heterosexuality inadequate. I am coming up with some excuse to get away from you. Is it more difficult to be a lesbian stripper? Maybe I have a harder time feigning attraction to customers than my heterosexual coworkers do (although I doubt it). But, since my life outside the club is so radically different from what I do when I'm there, I pretty much get to

leave my work at work.

I think it's a very real possibility that it's harder to be a straight dancer. There are days when I can't understand how my straight counterparts spend their shift pretending to be turned on by creepy dudes who bear a disturbing resemblance to Santa Claus, then get home and don't gag when their boy-friend wants to get down. If I've taken away the eroticism of lesbianism from you, I'm sorry. If you need to feel better, you can always rent some girl-on-girl porn and go back to fetishizing my existence.

P.S. I remembered the good thing about heterosexuality (you're going to like this), you guys have awesome angry make-up sex and we don't—we just talk and cry. Plus, for reasons that are totally beyond me, straight girls seem to be just

crazy about you.











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trippers—we love them. Here at *Exotic*, we love them so Goddamn much that we've actually found a way to make a living off of talking about them. Way, way back in May of 2002 we celebrated our addiction to strippers with a little number called "The Top 10 Sex Workers the Staff of *Exotic* Magazine Wants to Fuck." The whole thing developed while eavesdropping on a couple of staffers comparing field notes of their sexual conquests. Their little chat soon developed into a "my dick is bigger than yours" type argument about who had bagged more primo pussy than the other. In an effort to help settle their debate, I suggested they write down precisely how many *Exotic* A-listers each of them had banged and that we would judge their accomplishments from there. This soon turned into a shopping list of the hottest strippers in all of Portland. We decided to pass this list around to all of the *Exotic* staff, to see how they rated each of these girls. But, that was more than seven years ago; surely we have found something better to do with our time now that we're all so much older and wiser? Fuck no. this is *Exotic Mayazine*.

We laid out a stack of back issues and decided to start picking the line-up for our all-new and improved, "Exotic Magazine's Top 10 Most Fuckable Strippers," or better yet, "The Exotic 10." This list of legendary strippers was compiled by allowing each Exotic staffer several nominations, which was then narrowed down to 20 girls who were put to the vote by the whole Exotic family; nuclear and extended. Their selections were promised to be kept confidential—as far as who wanted to fuck who. But if any of them ever piss me off, I suppose their ballots might become available for purchase some day.

To start this list, the first thing I had to do was go back to where it all began, with the original Top 10. Seven years later, all but one of the dancers on that list is no longer dancing; at least not here in Portland anyway. But, the babe that scored top honors back in 2002, is not only still around, she's part of our editorial staff here at *Exotic*. Of course, I'm talking about Sheena G of "Sex Talk with Sheena" and owner of Sheena's G Spot. When I asked Sheena to vote on the new batch of candidates, she asked if that meant that she would have to surrender her crown. So we went ahead and gave her the opportunity to say a few words as she stepped down from her throne as the original queen of the *Exotic* 10.

"Of all the honors I expected in life, this has truly been the most enjoyable. To be recognized as the *Exotic* 10 top fuck in Portland by the *Exotic Magazine* staff is great. I would love a list of positions the staff at *Exotic* had in mind for me. I hope they all know that I have a serious rule, lick before you stick. As I reluctantly relinquish my crown, I want to say: thanks, it has been my pleasure to know that you all, at some point, wanted to be between my long, sexy legs for hours—pleasing me. For this year's *Exotic* 10, I want to say: stand proud, stay hot and always, always, keep it sexy!"

SPOO

The one, the only,

Sheena G

NOTHING BUT THE NAKED TRUTH

NOTHING BUT THE NAKED TRUTH

I'll be honest; I was originally concerned with how the lovely ladies in The Exotic 10 would react to being put on our little shopping list. After we released its premiere in 2002, the reactions were quite the contrary. By telling the world, "Yeah, I want to fuck her!" we were actually saying, "We think you're just swell baby!" The aftermath of the first list found us receiving questions such as, "How come you don't want to fuck me?" or "Have you actually gotten around to fucking any of the girls in The Exotic 10?" As for the first question, just consider the fact that someone on this staff probably wants to fuck each and every one of you. If you didn't make the list this time, there's always next year. You might want to start your campaigning now. Now, for the second question—gentlemen never tell. Good thing we're not gentlemen here at Exotic. Of those original Exotic 10, close to half of those lovely ladies eventually fell on or under an Exotic staffer following their reign. Perhaps that's why more than half of them have left town, who knows? Enough of the past, let's get it on with the present as we proudly present:

The *Exotic* 10, 2009

(note: Scoring is based off a highest possible score of 100. Ten staffer ballots were calculated in their votes for 20 different candidates.)

No. 1. Bea (Union Jacks and Sassy's) - Score: 54 points

Personal quote, "Don't lust for what you see, desire what you know." Bea slashed her way into our hearts way back in October of 2006 as our bloody, pumpkin-carving covergirl. She's obviously been breaking hearts ever since as she has captured top honors in our scandalous little contest. You can see more of her in this months Union Jacks ad. Check it; you'll see why lonely nights are filled with sweet dreams of Bea.



No. 2. Miss Madi Gunn (Union Jacks) - Score: 45 points

Now this is a dancer that I have actually worked with since she was a baby stripper. I've watched this young woman blossom and, uhm, bust out over the years to become one of the most amazing entertainers and pole dancers in the Northwest. She finally scored a cover here at *Exotic* last November, after she took a trip up to Seattle and kicked every stripper in town's ass to capture the cover of *Exotic's* former sister publication, *Exotic Underground*.



No. 3. Malice (Sassy's, Devils Point) - Score: 44 points

One of PDXs original bad girls, Malice has set the standard for drop-dead, dangerously tattooed sexiness. The essence of her naughtiness was well captured as she molested fellow bad girl, Stormy on the cover of our October 2005 issue. Some of Malice's personal fetishes include dancing, sweaty bodies, whips, chains, vanilla, chocolate syrup, latex, rubber, medi-

cal equipment, sleazy motel rooms, dark basements, spiders and serial killers.

No. 4. Tie, Jenna (Acropolis) - Score: 42 points

Nailing the Most Valuable Player in Exotic's first-ever sports issue, Jenna scored the touchdown as our covergirl in January of 2007. This was actually Jenna's second appearance on our cover following her team up with Aine in our spanking issue in May of 2005. Judging from her ranking on our list, she might be ready for a triple play.



A fresh new face from a fresh new club-we give you the mighty Isis! She rocked our world just a few months back in April in our wet and wild issue, when we discovered that there is actually nothing quite as sexy as a girl with a flower in her ass.



No. 5. Nadya Sinn (Stars Cabaret, Club 205)

This blonde bombshell is relatively new to the PDX scene, but seems to have done real well in making a solid first impression. So far, she has somehow managed to escape us as a covergirl. We'll see what we can do about that in the near future. Up for a challenge Nadya? Miss Nude Orgeon 2009, be there!



No. 6. Keeley (The Dolphin Clubs, Lucky Devi Junge, Stars Caharet1 - Score: 39. A mover, a shaker and quite the heartbreaker,

this young lady has popped up in the pages of Exotic for just about every one of the finest clubs in town. Halfway through one of our on-location photo shoots at the Dolphin, we discovered we were shooting a young lady whose "fuckable factor" was under discussion here at Exotic. When we informed Keeley of this fact, she seemed thrilled. Think about it kids, it's not too often that you can openly say to a beautiful woman you don't even know, "Hi, nice to meet you, all of my friends at work want to fuck you," and not get smacked in the face for it. Congrats Keeley, we hope to see much more of you in our pages soon. Actually, we can count on it.



No. 7. Naughty Nikita (Devils Point) - Score: 37.

Pure hotness! The smoldering sexiness of one of PDX's favorite fire dancers has been captured in our pages several times over the years, but she has still not burned her image onto our cover. Until then, you can see this sexy pyromaniac scorching the stage at the Devils Point or Dante's Sinferno.

No. 8. Natalia (The Dolphin Clubs) - Score: 36.

She nailed her cover back in July of 2007 the hard way, she won it. Natalia reigned supreme in the Miss Nude Oregon Pageant that year and landed herself on our pages as part of the prize. In a word, she is truly a lady. Natalia had this to say, "I believe it's important to rid this society of the typical stereotypes that most people seem to have about people in exotic dancing. I have a higher education, I am drugfree and I don't sacrifice my values for any amount



of money. I believe pole dancing is truly an art form. I am truly honored whenever people come to see me perform." She has been dancing and performing burlesque since 2001, and there's obviously been no stopping her ever since. Here's a tip, she's a bit of a shy one guys. When you see her at The Dolphin Clubs, make the first move and say "hello", you won't be sorry you did.

No. 9. Star (Jody's Bar & Grill) - Score: 27.

Wrapping up this year's *Exotic* 10 is the sexy Star who graced our cover with her badass, todie-for, bombshell looks in December of 2007. That might have been nearly two years ago Star, but you're obviously still in our naughty little thoughts.



There you have it Portland. After five years, you now have an Exotic-approved shopping list of the most desirable women in The Rose City.

Best of luck to all of you in making our dreams become your reality. As an added note, we would like to award 10 more sexy ladies who made our final 20 with an honorable mention. Those ladies are (in no particular order): Veesha of Stars Salem, Paris of DV8 and Union Jacks (yes, that Paris—after working with her recently, in spite of our alleged issues, I found her quite charming and took it upon myself to nominate her personally), Ella of Union Jacks, Piper Hollis of Lucky Devil and Devils Point, Steely of the Boom Boom Room, Gabi of Lucky Devil, Peyton of Exotica, Brooke of Spyce Gentlemen's Club and Josie of the Pallas. Congrats ladies! You can rest assured, when it comes to the gang here at Exotic Magazine, they would definitely hit it.

Before we get on to the events, I've got to give a nod to one of my fellow deejays and present you with our deejay quote of the month.

"If you're looking at the ladies stealing and you ain't tipping, that's just like stealing pussy. And that makes you a rape-o!" We can thank Jerrod from The Viewpoint for that one. I'm out.

(continued on page 30)

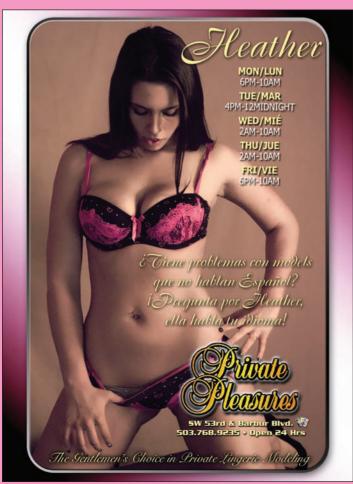






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i! It's me, Sheena, with some more juicy sex suggestions for your reading pleasure. I am having so much fun with this sex article. I hope you are all taking notes and having better sex. Remember to please email me your thoughts, comments and questions. Thanks for your emails, without them I'd have to talk about my favorite sex topics. Once again, you can email me at sheena@pdxgirls.com. If you've got something to say, talk to me. I am looking forward to doing more interviews on sex stories for my YouTube videos. Go to my YouTube channel, Gspotsextalk, and check out all of my videos. If you're interested in being filmed for an interview, email me your story and I may use it for my next YouTube video! If you'd like to talk to me in person, you'll find me at Cathie's Lingerie Shop in Portland on July 17th for their annual anniversary celebration. Stop by if you can, they throw a wild party.

This month I had some super freaky and a few honestly shy questions from male Remember my articles are for ladies too. So ladies, please participate. You all have lots to say, all the time, so lets get it out and get it in! Let's dig into this month's sex topic, and I really mean "dig in." Steve, your email is the winner.

Steve wrote:

Hev Sheena,

My name is Steve and I'm a big fan of yours. I've been checking you out for years. You're so hot! Anyway, my new girlfriend is sweating me about eating her out. I've done it a couple times on other women, but have felt that I am so good below the waist, why should I have to? When I'm done with my women, they are satisfied. My new girlfriend is refusing to suck me unless I go down south on her. What should I do? I can't live without her head! Steve

I am pleased to touch base on one of my favorite topics, oral sex. It can be referred to in several ways—the technical term is cunnilingus but who says that anyway? Can you imagine? Who knows what he may start doing. Steve used a term most of us understand: Steve referred to it with the ever so popular "going south!" There are many others like "going downtown", "eating bea-

ver", "muff diving", "eating at the Y", "carpet munching", "coochie nibbling", "having a tuna sandwich" the list goes on. Please send me more terms like these if you've got some good ones.

There is a simple two-word solution to Steve's dilemma, go south! You all need to know a few "kitty licking" truths:

For every man that won't, 100 will! Your girl knows this.

The fact that you haven't means she's already plotting who will.

She will use the fact that you won't to get hours of pleasure from those who love it.

I understand that at first it may be hard to get in the mood to do it. Here are my "official" Sheena G suggestions:

Ask her to shave it.

Do it right after a bath or shower.

Use fruit, honey or flavored sex gels (like the kind you can

get from Cathie's Lingerie Shop).

Have a couple stiff drinks.

Put her hands on your head and let her drive.

▼ My favorite idea, 69! Do it at the same time.

You will find if you are both performing oral sex at the same time, you'll have very little time to let your mind wander. Simultaneous oral sex is very arousing and exciting. The more you lick it, the more you'll like it, the better it will be. To the ladies receiving, don't be shy, get into it. Don't be lazy either or he will have no reason to get a better reaction from you. There'll be more squeals, moans, and pulsating. All of which are very entertaining and for most men, a huge ego booster. Men will gain a sense of "Power of the Pussy," which the women will secretly be ecstatic about. Steve (and all you other kitty nibblers), I want you to be so good that she

cannot bear to leave you—thinking that some other woman might be getting those scrumptious tongue lashings and succulent lip maneuvers. Become a devoted student of the coochie. It is definitely an art. You won't wake up and be good right away. So, practice, practice, practice! Here are a few "going south" tips:

Don't change the motions of what you are doing if she's enjoy-

ing it.

Don't be afraid to moan while doing it and remember to talk dirty each time you get a chance.

Don't chew gum (before,

during or after).

Always do it after she gets out of the shower. You'll both be happy.

Never, ever brush your teeth before you do it (toothpaste fucks up sensitivity—it's the equivalent to Bengay in the jockstrap).

Don't jump up immediately afterwards and brush your teeth either—that will offend her!

Make her cum more than once! When you get good at it, add in a vibrating toy.

My final words to Steve and all you other guys (or girls, as the case

may be): if you want to keep her, go south! Do it, be good at it and learn to love it. Leave her shivering for more and trust me, she will repay you in major ways for eternities to come. Before I go, one last thought. Another sexy way to explore oral sex is to have her wear stockings, preferably lace or fishnet. Boots are also super hot, especially when she has them draped over your shoulders—a nice view for the ladies and an erotic feeling of black leather pressed against your skin. Nothing like rocking your favorite boots during oral sex. So if you're not licking, Steve, you're not living. I really hope you take this advice. If you do, tell your girl she can thank me by sending me white lilies—they are my favorite.



All good things. Sheena G



15TH ANNIVERSARY SALE

JULY 13TH - 19TH

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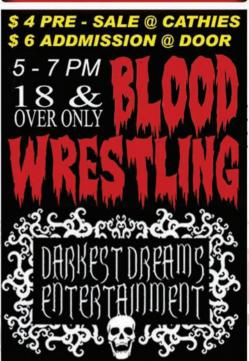
DVDS STARTING @ \$2 BUY 2 GET 1 FREE (OF EQUAL OR LESSER VALUE)

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STRIPPER POLE, LOVE SWING & MORE JULY 17TH @ 7 PM

FEAT. GYPS





THE DANCING DAMES 1 - 8 PM

FREE LIVE

PERFORMANCES

& APPEARANCES







1-4PM 4-8PM 4-8PM

(continued from page 25)

Featured Events

Fri. July 3 - Dante's — Berlin

Sat. July 4 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) – 4 on the 4th Party with \$4 cover, \$4 specials, & the Wheel of Porn

Zen Den (Salem) – 4th of July Party with food, fun & prizes

Sun. July 5 - Bourbon St. Cabaret (Salem) – Shades of Laughs Comedy Tour

Fri. July 10 - Dante's – Flesh with Smoochknob

Safari Showclub – Band night with Cryptic Shade & special guest

Sat. July 11 - Jody's Bar & Grill – 30 Year Anniversary Celebration with bikini car wash, Jell-O shots, BBQ, giveaways & specials all day.

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) – 13th Anniversary Birthday Bash with cake, pies, and nipple sucking contests & "Marilyn Monroe"

Bourbon St. Cabaret (Salem) – Redneck Rodeo with Hillbilly Derby, obstacle course, bands, BBQ & contests.

Taboo Video (Vancouver) – Saturday in the Park – www.sitpprideinfo

Sun. July 12 - Safari Showclub – The Safari Golf "Club Cup" Event – all bars welcome, bring your club team to compete!

Mon. July 13 - Cathie's -15^{th} Anniversary Sale (July $13^{th} - 19^{th}$) with 50% off selected apparel, shoes and adult novelties - DVDs starting at \$2 - Buy 2-get-1 free - free raffle giveaways

Fri.July 17 - Cathie's – 15th Anniversary Celebration with free live performances & appearances by DJ Pony, Toxic Zombie, Sheena G, The Dancing Dames & blood wrestling from Darkest Dreams Entertainment

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) – Superhero/Villain Party come dressed in theme and get in for free – feature sets by Tyson & Paradise plus superhero movies

Sat. July 18 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) – Topless Tiki Island Party with BBQ at night & the Bikes & Babes for Breast Cancer/Full Tilt Riders bike wash all day long

Stars Cabaret (Salem) – Gangster Party – Celebrate the roaring 20s as your favorite gangster. Casino games, prizes, costume and shooting contests.

Bourbon St. Cabaret (Salem) – Babes, Blues & A Barbeque with the Ty Curtis Band

Sun. July 19 - Bourbon St. Cabaret (Salem) - Shades of Laughs Comedy Tour

Wed. July 22 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Adult film star Tyler Faith

Thu. July 23 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) — Adult film star Tyler Faith Devils Point — Live music with Wayne Gacy Trio

Sat. July 25 - The Pallas Club – *Exotic* & Taboo Video present Porn Rock with The Kamikazes & Acid Angels plus free porn giveaways all night long. **Stars Cabaret (Salem)** – Christmas in July Party with gifts from Stripper Santa **Bourbon St. Cabaret (Salem)** – Outlaws on the River – An all day outdoor event from 10am to 10pm - featuring The Randy Hansen Band's Jimi Hendrix Tribute, motorcycle best of class competitions, tattoo & best chapped ass contests, bikini bike wash, burn-out pit, tattoo parlors on-site, food court & more

food buffet & XXX feature entertainer Tyler Faith

Fri. July 31 - Safari Showclub – Last Friday Band Night with Four Pound Jack & special guest

Weekly Events

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) – More On Mondays with rib & pulled pork dinner specials

Devils Point – Fire Strippers

Lucky Devil Lounge - Miami Mondays

TUESDAYS

The Pallas Club – Service Industry Night

Zen Den (Salem) – 2 for Tuesday Specials

Hard Candy Gentlemen's Club (Salem) – 2-for-1 dances

Devils Point – Service Industry Night

Lucky Devil Lounge - Stripper Twister feat. Xotica Go-Go girls gettin' naked

WEDNESDAYS

Devils Point – New Wave Wednesdays

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Prime Rib Wednesdays

Lucky Devil Lounge – Texas Hold 'Em Tournament

THURSDAY

Dante's – Xotica Go-Go – Go-Go Nocturnal - Hosted by Taber James & The Family

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

Devils Point - Ladies' Night

Lucky Devil Lounge – 90's Hip-Hop House Party and Texas Hold 'Em with Miss Nude Oregon 2008 - Sophia

FRIDAYS

Spyce Gentlemen's Club - \$9.99 Steak & Lobster from 11am-9pm or 'till we run out!

Lucky Devil Lounge – Texas Hold 'Em Tournament

Devils Point – T&A Fridays

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Couples Night

SATURDAYS

Devils Point – Strippers with live music

Safari Showclub – Patio BBQ – 3pm

Lucky Devil – Skin City Saturday

SUNDAYS

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - S.I.N.dustry night

Dante's – Sinferno Cabaret & Vaudeville – Sex & Service Industry Night **Devils Point** - Stripparaoke

The Pallas Club – Amateur Night

Spyce Gentlemen's Club – Industry Night – with weekly tattoo give-aways, amateur contests, flare bartending & fire shows

Stars Cabaret (Salem) – Shadow Dance Sundays – amateurs welcome – nudity not required – weekly cash prize

Bourbon St. Cabaret & Steakhouse (Salem) – Pole Classes – please call for details

Lucky Devil - CRAVE! Ladies' Night



You are cordially invited to attend one of the most anticipated events of the year...

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All clubs are encouraged to sponsor two entertainers to represent and compete in one of the five preliminary rounds, which begin on Thursday, August 20th (entry fee required).

Finalists will be competing for the fame, the glory, the title, more than \$5,000 in cash and prizes and the cover of Exotic Magazine.

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19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	20	30	21	



(continued from the June edition of *Exotic magazine*. Missed part 19 Check it out online at xmag.com in the archive section.)

I was closing the place up, just me and a bouncer. During our final walk through, we noticed that the back entrance of the girls' dressing room was unlocked. Not a good sign. It meant one of the dancers might be setting the place up for a boyfriend or drug dealer. But, when a second walk through turned up no one, I thought maybe it was just a mistake—until I tried to set the alarm. The keypad was dead. The wires had been cut. I felt the hair on my neck stand up. Fuck, we're getting robbed.

I had to call Max. As I fumbled with the phone, I heard a terrible crash. Somebody was trying to break the front door down. Max answered and I told him what was happening.

"Do you have a gun on you?" he asked.

"Gun? I don't have a gun."

"Call Robbie. Robbie has one."

Robbie was a big Puerto Rican guy that we were friendly with. I actually had plans to hang out with him later that night. I called, but he didn't pick up. All through this, the pounding on the door continued. It sounded like they had a battering ram.

I called Max again. "Shit," he said in disgust, "call the cops." For obvious reasons, calling the police was always a last resort.

Robbie showed up before the police did. He was there to pick me up for our evening on the town. When they saw his car, the would-be bandits fled. The cops arrived soon after that, and I had to talk them out of arresting Robbie. He was a scary looking dude.

After that little episode, Max bought me a brand new Colt .45 Mark IV. Of course once the rest of the guys saw I had a gun, they had to have one too. Before you knew it, we were all carrying pistols, machine guns, knives, brass knuckles, tasers, a whole arsenal of weapons.

At night we'd ride around in Eddie's Hummer armed to the teeth and fucked up on cocaine. One early morning, we stopped at a competitor's club, shit-face-drunk, and shot seven holes in the front door. Another time, while I was on a date, Max called and explained that he and the boys had spent the evening cutting down a huge exterior sign that fronted a rival club. They needed my pickup truck to transport it to the owner's house and dump it on his front lawn. I did what they asked.

In the mornings, we'd get up at noon and all go down to the beach to sweat out our hangovers with Tae Kwon-Do training, led by Max.

Eventually, our crew branched out and took on other clubs as clients, some of which had been previous targets for dirty tricks. Max had trained me to the point where I could run a club by myself. He would show up for an hour or so each day. He was making \$3,000 a week on each club and I was making \$1,000 a week flat.

It didn't take club owners long to catch on. Max made all the money while employees like me did all the work. Sure enough, the owners of the Camelot Club approached me. If they let Max go, would I go with him? If I stayed, they'd pay me \$2,000 a week and still save themselves \$2,000.

I couldn't see why I should turn them down. I had no binding agreement with Max. But to him, it was a betrayal. Though I tried to stay on friendly terms, things started to go bad between us after that.

I had plenty of other positive things in my life. I was dating one of my former dancers, Gina, and was starting to think about settling down. She had a son from a previous marriage and I became a father figure to him. Also, I was very close to realizing my dream of owning a club. Between my inheritance and the money I'd been making with Max, I had saved about \$150,000.

To get my feet wet, I decided to buy a "jack shack" in Boyton Beach with a partner, a DJ named Ken. Jack shacks



are another attraction unique to the Sunshine State. They operate through a legal loophole which allows a customer to masturbate while a girl dances in front of him, as long as there is no physical contact. It's only illegal if he touches her. Ostensibly, patrons of jack shacks go in, pay a girl to dance or pose, and then jerk off—hence the name. Well, the loophole is pure pretense. In reality, jack shacks operate exactly like whorehouses. At least they did, in the 1990s.

We paid Max a \$5,000 consultation fee to get us up and running. Otherwise, the overhead was low: \$600 a month rent, a little advertising, some office costs. We hired six girls and racked up 15 to 25 sessions a day at \$150 a session. Of that \$150, I took \$90, the girl kept the rest plus whatever she could make in tips.

Right away Max got paranoid. He was convinced Ken was stealing from me. Ken had opened a second jack shack in Ft. Lauderdale. To run it he hired a woman we had worked with previously at several clubs. Max fucked her over completely. He called cops on the place every single night for a week. Finally Ken had to close it down. Within a year, we sold my jack shack for a decent profit. In retrospect, I don't think Ken was ever stealing from me. Max made the whole thing up to get rid of Ken and get a bigger chunk of my 150 grand.

In December 1997, I paid Max another \$5,000 and we starting planning my club. I bought an empty building in Deerfield Beach; we developed a theme, and began construction on the interior. We even hired a couple of dancers. But one fatal error sunk us. Instead of buying a site in an area zoned for adult entertainment, I had bought a place zoned for industrial use and then petitioned the city for a zoning change. We lost in a four-to-three vote. That one vote cost us everything. I lost the \$150,000 and with it my dream of owning a club.

I needed cash, so I went back to freelance consulting at a place, Grinders—again using the full-friction dancing business model. Things went well at first, until one of my bouncers had some trouble with a bachelor party. An argument over whether a girl had been paid led to the bouncer, an exmarine, taking the guest of honor out back and bashing half his teeth out of his head—this on the night before his wedding. Unfortunately, one of the guys in the party worked in the state district attorney's office. The next day the bouncer was arrested and charged with assault.

Two months later, Grinders was raided. SWAT came sweeping in with guns drawn, shut the place down and tore everything apart for six hours. They arrested four dancers who had sold ecstasy, marijuana and coke to undercover cops. I have no proof, but I think the ex-marine bouncer knew about the



drug ring and ratted them out to save himself.

The four arrests would not have worried me so much, except that the undercover agents used marked bills to buy the drugs. Some of those bills were found in our cash register. The marked bills opened us up to prosecution under RICO statutes.

I was looking at a possible 20 years in prison, so I put one of the best criminal lawyers in Southern Florida on retainer for \$10,000. To this day I haven't been indicted, and I have no idea why. Maybe the owners cut some kind of deal with the authorities.

The drug bust was the end for me. I had pushed my luck as far as it would go. If I were an owner clearing a million a year, I wouldn't mind the risk of getting shot or put in prison—but not for \$100,000. It wasn't worth it.

I was sick of the business, cops, criminals, dancers, whores and bachelor parties. Sick of looking over my shoulder in case some drunk I beat up three years ago tried to shoot me in the back. I was sick of Florida too. What had been glamorous and exciting seven years ago was now just a vast sunlit hell.

I married Gina in the summer of 1999. My son Jacob was born a year later. Gina doesn't dance anymore and I now work in finance, a straight nine-to-five job. We've moved to Vermont to be closer to her family, and I haven't spoken to Max in years.

Sometimes I miss the business, the excitement, the money. Whenever I do, I think about the kid who was killed in front of The Fox that night. If we had sold cigarettes at the club, he would still be alive today.

Getting out was the smartest thing I ever did.

^{*} Some names and identifying details have been changed.



Kennedy letters...

Thus far, I've been reluctant to write any articles trashing strippers. I told myself that I left the strippers alone out of noble sentiments like appreciation and solidarity, but mostly I'm just fearful of retribution. We have a job where there is literally no expectation of anything like "professionalism." Most people have to show up to work on time, not get totally hammered while sitting in their cubicle nor smack the shit out of their customers. Most people also have to at least pretend to respect their coworkers. We are held to no such standards. Plastic stripper shoes aren't just heavy, they're hard and pointy. You really don't want to do anything that could result in them coming into contact with your head.

Out of solidarity, loyalty and self-preservation, I'm going to leave my current coworkers alone. Instead, I'm going to tell you horror stories about the kind of people I worked with when I lived 1,500 miles away, safely out of shoe launching range.

The first club I worked in was in the Midwest and there is an entirely different breed of dancers out there. Any possession not locked up was considered forfeit, including money, body spray or half-finished cocktails. A goddamn straightening iron would go missing, setting off an endless chain of thefts that could spread from club to club. The justification, "My hair straightener was stolen, so I'm taking this one". It was like a game of musical chairs, except far more vicious and bloody. After buying my fifth \$13 hair straightener in three months, I became obsessed with the idea that someone was taking them just to fuck with me and

started securing them to the table using a combination lock.

At this club, losing appliances was the least of my worries. I was busy trying to avoid Amanda*, the scariest stripper of all time. Amanda was a 45-year-old relic from the 80s who carried a Crown Royal bag as a purse. She had blonde bangs and permed hair crusted with Aqua Net. Her work uniform always consisted of one of those lycra robes strippers seem to like so much and she stomped around in dilapidated, white, thigh-high boots that were held up with hair scrunchies. Like her accessories. it was blatantly obvious that Amanda had seen better days. Her personality on and off stage was best described as angry. She danced exclusively to Kid Rock and was incapable of leaving a room in anything other than a cyclone of rage. Instead of just quietly leaving, she would invent some slight against her and slam her way out. Cursing her offender's name with promises of a reckoning.

I have no idea why, but Amanda decided to like me. I went along with it because the alternative was slightly more terrifying than her benevolence. As someone not on her extensive hit list, one of my jobs was to help her get dressed after she got off stage. She would squeeze her 15-year-old boobs together while I tried to tie the strained little string that kept her robe on. When she got really drunk she would repeatedly make me feel her abdominal scars which were all somehow connected with dead fetuses. "Feel that?" she would ask, grabbing my hand and pushing it against her flabby stomach, "That's where they put a needle into my baby's heart." Being the green little baby stripper that I was, I could only whimper in reply—which she interpreted as a gesture of sympathy.

I was living in the museum of fake boobs gone awry. They age badly, start pointing in different directions or maintain the impression of an underwire bra 15 minutes after the bra has been removed, much like Styrofoam. I dreaded receiving hugs from Shawna as her tits were so hard you could get the wind knocked out of you. Unfortunately, the rock-hard boobs were her only feminine feature. She clearly spent a significant amount of time weight-lifting and I found myself trying to covertly find evidence of steroid injection. Her overworked crunchy blonde ringlets and carrot-orange fake tanner made her look like some unholy combination of a drag queen, Shirley Temple and a traffic cone. Shawna's signature move while giving table dances was to hunch over and grab her foot out to the side, so the customer got a direct view of her crotch. She wasn't very flexible, so this awkward

position meant that both her legs bent and were once in stance she would maniacally bounce up and down on one foot. If her goal was to demonstrate superior balancing skills, then she had me impressed. I'm fairly certain her



aim was to be sexy, but instead she looked exactly like an epileptic dog peeing on a fire hydrant. Every time she did it I had to take a time-out in some darkened corner to keep from publicly laughing my ass off. Lest I get caught by the orange hulk and ground into the carpet by her jumping up and down on me, while I desperately shield myself from the view of her crotch.

Work was more exciting in Ohio. Someone was always cracking a mirror or punching a hole in the drywall. When Crystal's boyfriend came into our club and bought a dance from another girl using Crystal's money, she took off both her shoes and, holding them by the ankle straps in one hand, beat her boyfriend into the ground with them. The manager didn't feel the need to stop her because it was "the funniest shit" he'd ever seen and couldn't even relate the story without cracking up.

Strippers out there love body spray. They love it. Approximately every 30 seconds someone in a stripper's dressing room would ask for body spray. When they were given some they were overjoyed. No one ever asked what scent the body spray was. They layered Jessica Simpson's Cotton Candy over patchouli over Calvin Klein. The atmospheric result was a bizarre communal aroma that would completely negate whatever individual scent they were originally going for. After work, I would get onto the freeway, take a long thoughtful sip of my coffee and gag on a flavor even Folgers wouldn't have anything to do with—my black gourmet coffee tasted dressing room. What would follow was a self-deprecating moment in which I realize that I would drink it anyway.

*Names have been changed because against all odds the club manager figured out how to escape Ohio and there is a slim possibility that he listened to my persistent nagging and is actually reading one of my articles. For crying out loud Matt, it's not like a stack of them aren't dropped off at your workplace!



FEATURING Burlesque • Firedancers • Booze • DJs • Debauchery • Firerotica • Master Magician Reed McClintock • Mr. MuMu • Mc William Batty
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Striptease • Go-Go Dancers • DJ Kenoy • Dozens of Ex-Suicidegirls • Sword Swallowers • Prozac The Depressed Easter Bunny
And One Man's Lifelong Quest To Find The Truth About His Missing Vagina... MC Andrew Harris

DANCE CLUBS

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

5145 SE McLoughlin Blvd (503) 236-8559

Mon-Fri 11am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 7pm-2:30am 2 stages, full bar, full menu, lottery **BOOM BOOM 4**8345 SW Barbur Blvd. (503) 244-7630

Daily 2pm-2am—1 stage, full bar, wine, food, lottery

16900 NW St. Helens (503) 621-9844

M-Thu 12nm-12am Fri-Sat noon-2am Sun 12n-10nm 1 stage, full bar, food

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

17544 SE Stark (503) 252-3529

Daily 3pm-2:30am—3 stages, full bar, food, lottery CASA DIABLO GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 46

2839 NW St. Helens Rd. (503) 222-6600 Daily 4pm-2:30am-2 stages, full bar, food, lottery

CLUB ROUGE 48 403 SW Stark (503) 227-3936

Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am Sunday 4pm-2:30am 2 stages, full bar, VIP room
DANCIN' BARE 11

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-topless dancing, burlesque,

bands, full bar, lottery 4229 SE 82nd Ave (503) 788-1500

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

Daily 11:30am-2am—3 stages, full bar, food THE DOLPHIN II 14 10860 SW Beaverton Hills. Hwy. (503) 627-0666

Daily 11:30am-2am—4 stages, full bar, food, lottery **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 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-Thurs 8pm-2am, Fri-Sat 7pm-4am

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 bar, beautiful women JODY'S BAR & GRILL 23

12035 NE Glisan (503) 255-5039 Daily 7am-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

Mon-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, food NICOLAI ST. GLUBHOUSE 27

2460 NW 24th (503) 227-5384

Mon-Fri 9am-2:30am Sat 11am-2:30am-1 stage,

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 GOVE 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 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 SAFARI SHOWCLUB 33

3000 SE Powell (503) 231-9199

Daily 11am-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
SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S GLUB 49 33 NW 2nd St. (503) 243-4646 Mon-Fri 3pm-2:30am, Sat-Sun 6pm-2:30am

2 stages, full bar & food STARS CABARET 36 4570 SW Lombard Ave. (503) 350-0868 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

3532 SE Powell Blvd. (503) 234-6033 Daily 11am-2:30am—2 stages, full bar, food

MY'S TOO 39 10335 SE Foster (503) 771-3544

Daily 11am-2am—2 stages, full bar, full menu, lottery SHIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S GLUB 40

8000 SE Foster (971) 230 - 0047 Mon-Sat 9:30am-2:30am Sun 10am-2:30am

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, Food **505 GLUB 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, mags, arcade, toys 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 **BLUE SPOT VIDEO** 106

3232 NE 82nd (503) 251-8944

Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, toys, arcade **BLUSH BOUTIQUE** 149

611 SE Morrison St. (503) 481-8788 Mon-Fri 12pm-7pm Sat-Sun 12pm-5pm—custom

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CASTLE MEGASTORE 108 9815 SW Capitol Hwy (503) 768-9305

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D.K. WILDS 1112 13355 SW Henry (503) 643-6645

Daily 24 hours—videos, mags, toys, arcade, leather **EXOTIC NIGHTS BOOKS** 112 5620 NE MLK Blvd. (503) 493-3944

Mon-Sat 11am-Midnight, Sun 3pm-10pm Live Models: Mon-Sun 8am-3am adult novelties, arcade, videos, dvds, mags, toys

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

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9515 SE 82nd Ave. (503) 774-4345 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 Daily 10am-4am-videos, magazines, toys, novelties leather arcades FOXXY'S 119

8405 NE Fremont St. (503) 255-1390 Noon - Midnight Daily-Lingerie Modeling & xmag.com

Pampering for Men FROLICS 120

8845 NE Sandy Blvd. (503) 408-9640

Daily 24 hours—videos, arcade, novelties, dancers **HEAVEN'S CLOST 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, novelties and toys **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,

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 movies
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 Mon-Thu 11am-Midnight, Fri-Sun 24 hours adult feature-length movies
PASSIONATE DREAMS (2) 130

6644 SE 82nd Ave. (503) 775-6665 10518-B NE Sandy Blvd. (503) 252-5559 Daily 10am-4am—private lingerie & nude modeling **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, showgirls, novelties
PRIVATE PLEASURES 132

10931 SW 53rd Ave. (off Barbur Blvd.) (503) 768-9235 Daily 24 hours—pr -private lingerie & nude modeling

3414 NE 82nd (503) 327-8095 - Daily 24 hours 5226 SE Foster Rd. (503) 206-5656 - Daily 24 hours SW Barbur Blvd. @ SW 53rd Ave. - Daily 24 hours 17030 SE McLoughlin Blvd. - 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 appointment)

sexy dresses, exotic club wear, shoes & lingerie
SECRET RENDEZVOUS 136

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

3400 NE 82nd Ave. (503) 261-1111 8315 SW Barbur Blvd. (503) 244-6666

Daily 24 hours—Private shows
SILVER SPOON 139

8521 SW Barbur Blvd (503) 245-0489 Mon-Sat 10am-7pm Sun 12n-5pm—adult novelties & gags, tobacco products & incense
THE SMOKE SHACK 140

5030 SE Foster Rd. (503) 775-3646 Mon-Sat 8am-8pm Sun 9am-8pm—adult novelties, videos, tobacco products, glassware SPARTACUS LEATHERS 141

300 SW 12th Ave. (503) 224-2604 M-Th 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12mid, Sun 12n-9pm leather, lingerie, novelties, lotions, oils and more! **TABOO VIDEO (3)**144

Portland: 237 SE MLK Blvd. (503) 239-1678 Portland: 2330 SE 82nd Ave. (503) 777-6033 Vancouver: 4811 NE 94th Ave. (360) 254-1126 Daily 24 hours—videos, arcade, mags, novelties **TORCHED ILLUSIONS** 149

17935 SW Tualatin Valley Hwy (503) 848-8546 Sun-Thurs 11am-9pm, Fri-Sat 11am-10pm-magazines, tobacco products, glassware
VALENTINE VIDEO 145

6935 N Fessenden (503) 946-8497 Mon-Fri Noon-9pm, Sat-Sun Noon-6pm-rare and

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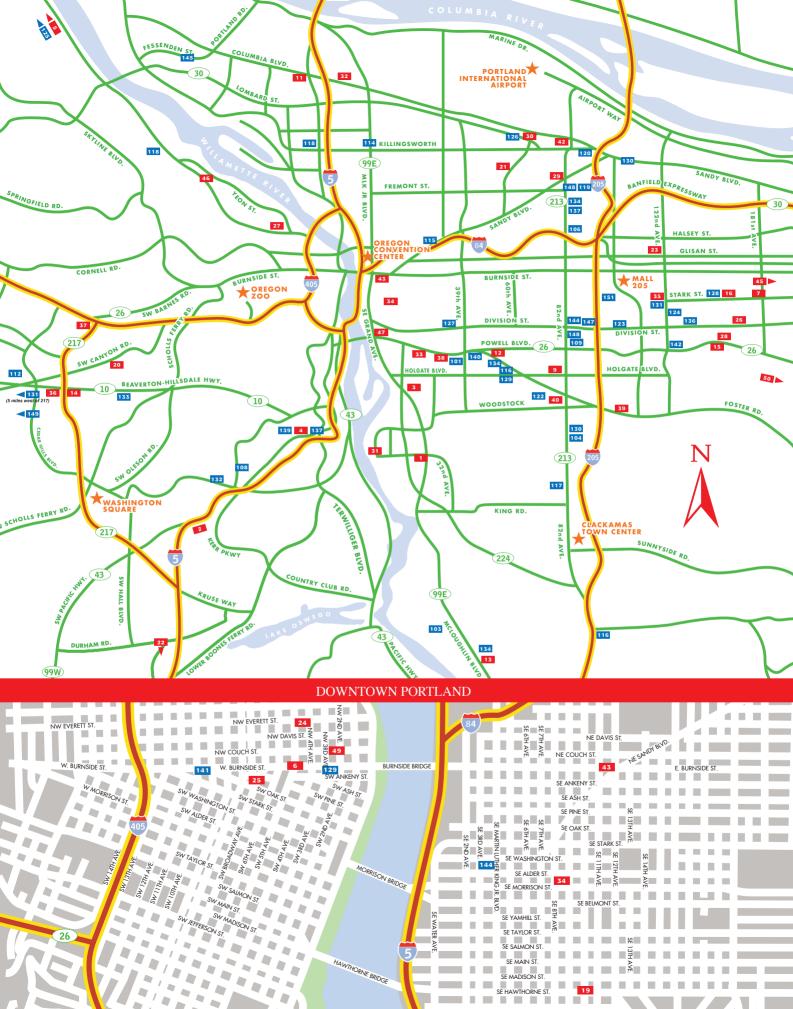


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THE ALIBI

5711 S 6th St. / (541) 882-0145 1 Stage, Beer and Wine, Lottery Mon-Sat 3pm - 2:30am, Sun 3pm - Midnight

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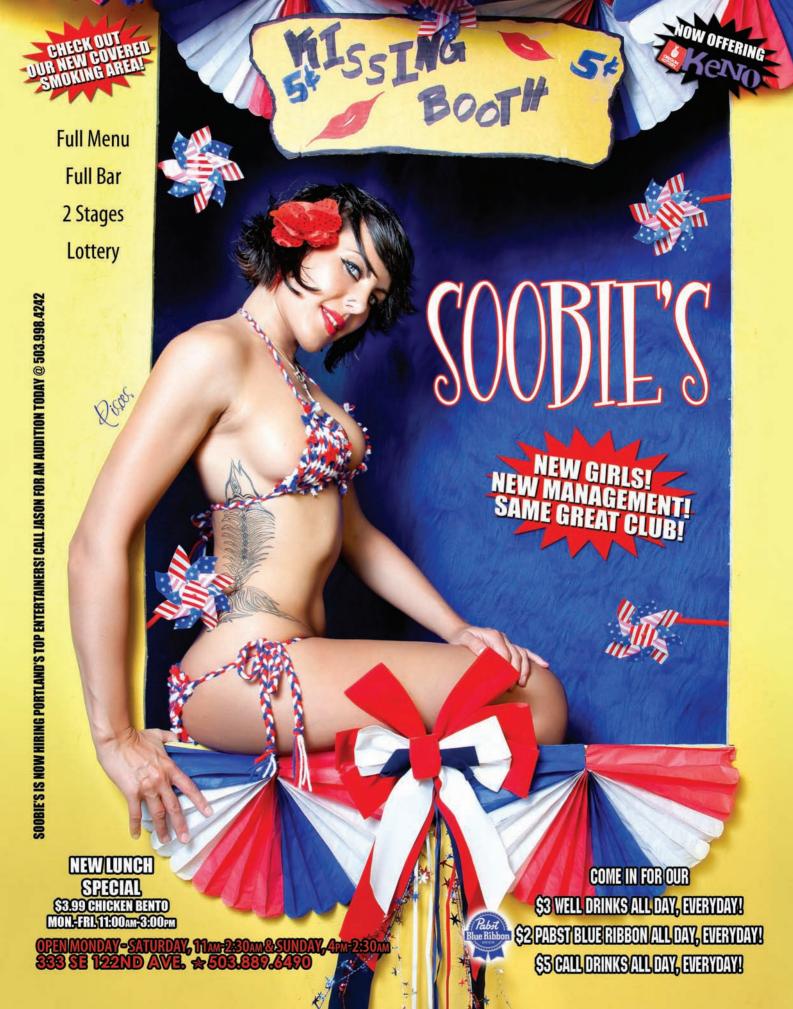
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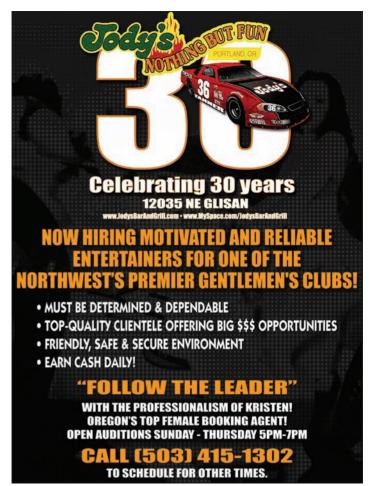
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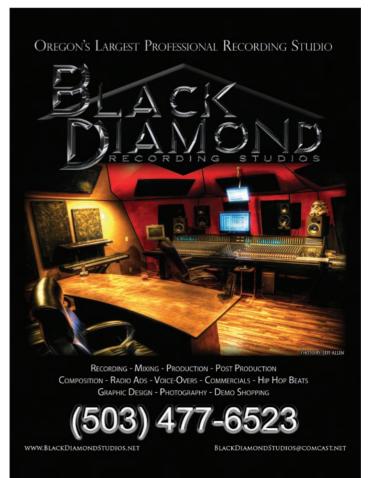
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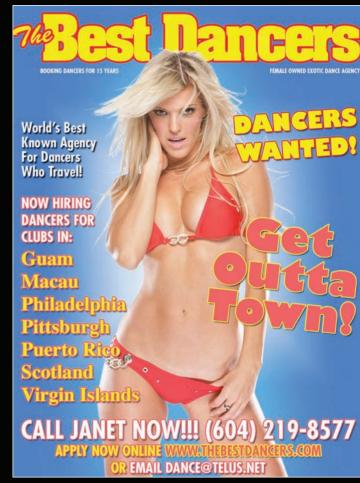
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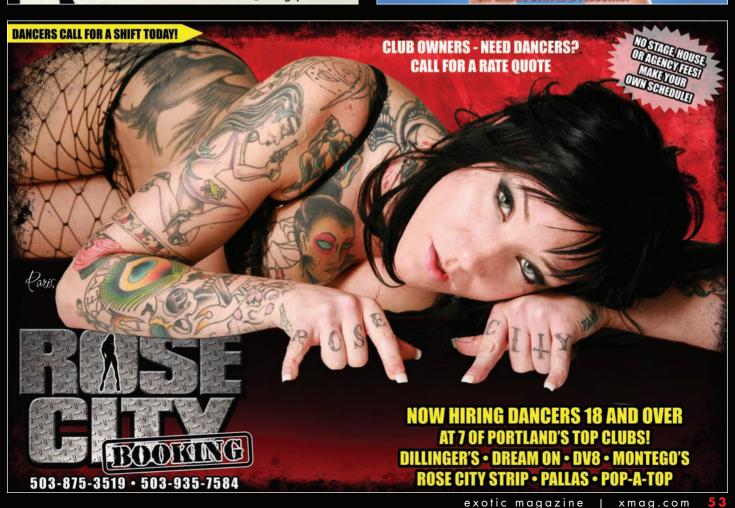


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Introduction of who I am and what I do. My name is Lavish. I'm an editor at Coast 2 Coast Magazine which is connected with the Coast 2 Coast mixtape series. I'm affiliated with several different hip hop and music magazines and write freelance as well, mainly work in conjunction with independent artists for bios and press kits. I also manage a local hip hop artist by the name of Coo Breeze myspace.com/tfebreeze.

Through the endeavors I've encountered in the last few months as an editor and journalist, I have been blessed enough to come in contact with an array of artists; the good, the bad, and the down right ugly. During that time, I have also seen a tremendous increase in attention paid to the salt-throwing population of the hip hop industry, commonly known as the "hater."

Yes, there are a legitimate number of haters in the world, a large census of cats who cringe every time they see you do better than them. If you have ever seen someone who you know is better than you and you roll your eyes and grit your teeth and say "Fuck that guy," then congratulations, you are a true, homegrown hater. If someone from your hood makes it big before you and you start talking out your neck about how they'd be nowhere without you, you are a hater. If you find it impossible to conjure happiness for other people—yep, hater. If the only criticism you can find is that someone's eyes are too close together, then guess what? You're a hater too.

While the hater epidemic is readily sweeping the Northwest hip hop scene and the country as a whole, there is a distinction to be made. Not every artist is on their shit. They are the easy targets. Sorry artists, it's the truth. Some of you genuinely need to pull your head out from between your legs and step your game up. I am not a hater. I gladly give credit where credit is due. But, there are a number of artists who you cannot say anything to. As soon as you open your mouth to these cats with anything but telling them that they're God's gift to hip hop music, you get dubbed a hater. So, they continue making garbage music, wearing their little sister's jeans, sporting crayon-colored jackets, jockin' the new radio single, and embarrassing serious hip hop artists and fans in general.

Listen to what your haters are telling you, artists. I can't stress this enough. If you've got 4,000 friends/fans on your MySpace, that's a wonderful thing. If 3,995 tell you you're whack and the five who say otherwise are your momma, your auntie, your girlfriend, your kid brother, and the whack dude who produced the joint—maybe you're not good. I hate to break your heart, but your haters are right.

The fault does not entirely fall on the shoulders of the hated; the haters need to reshape their game. When I was in elementary school we were taught the concept of a "compliment sandwich" which is basically made up of a compliment plus a piece of criticism plus another compliment. Even if all you can say to them is "I can tell you put a lot of effort into it" plus "You're embarrassing to humans and hip hop" plus "Your mom liked it," it might make that jagged little identity-crisis pill slightly easier to swallow.

Remember, the best way to get what you want is through a combination of fact and tact. If you want to see some cat stop making music, then suggest something more productive to do with their time—like listen to you. People are up in their feelings when you bruise their ego, and there is nothing worse than some stupid dude chasing you down trying to get some redemption and approval out of you. Who has time for that?

Ultimately, if music is something you choose to spend your time doing because you enjoy the creative power of being able to mold a beat or lace up some lyrics, no one can say anything to you to change that. Do what makes you feel good about yourself. But, if you plan on marketing it and trying to push your career into the public eye, you have to try and see what your audience is saying. Set your personal agenda aside—let go of the attachment of wanting to look, be, and sound a certain way and just hear it out. That's the blessing of being an independent artist; you get to connect directly with the listener. Once you go big, you mostly just hear reviews from record executives and music journalists. There is value in everything that is said to you early in your career. Take advantage of it and learn as much as you possibly can. There's hope for hip hop if the hater and hated can put their cards on the table and see each other at face value.

To read more of Lavish Language's works, go to LavishLanguage.com or drop a note to LavishLanguage@gmail.com. Photo by Travis Geny, www.injectorzine.com.





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Welcome back. Exotic's monthly feature on all things that rock has been on sabbatical for the past couple of months due to the fact that the cat who originally penned the page decided he had found God and didn't want to be associated with the adult industry any longer (unless, of course, you count deejaying at Casa Diablo. But, that's doing the Lord's work, right?). Since you're all still here reading (as expected), we're going to go ahead and crank it up loud enough to blow a monitor.

Aural Stimulation will now be featuring multiple artists monthly, so we can spread the love to that many more starving, hard-working rockers with bad habits and anger management issues. Portland is full of them. Line up rock stars; we're here for you. We'll take the good and put them in print, we'll toss the bad in the circular file and the ugly might land anywhere in between. If you rock, you just might end up stimulating our 30,000 readers into showing up at your next gig. Let's power-slide ourselves into this month's pair of bands that make our ears bleed.



FLUID

Progressive rock is a type of music I would associate with bands such as Genesis or Rush. You know, the type of overly technical musical geniuses that produce conceptually brilliant music that progressively bores the shit out of you. When I first encountered Fluid's MySpace and saw the band labeled as such, I was a bit apprehensive. Based off appearance, they looked a little more like progressive metal, so I gave it a listen. In Fluid's case, you get the brilliantly technical music of the mind, without the boredom. Haunting, moody-crunching



riffs are accompanied by a vocal assault with the perfect blend of snarling rage and harmonic tranquility.

Originally from Southern Oregon, its founding members (the provocative Rev. Justyn Scott on vocals and Mr. Cox on guitar) followed their vision for new music in Portland, where they joined up with Jason Legler on bass and Aaron Couchman on drums. The first track I sampled my ears to by Fluid was "Whose Side," which featured a guest spot by Helmet's Page Hamilton on guitar. Normally, I have to hear a song two or three times before I start to really feel it, but this one hooked me from the first riff and held on to me for the whole ride. As I dug deeper into the band's play list, I found myself being drawn deeper into their hypnotic rhythm. The band as a whole is a perfect blend of four musicians who deliver a solid blow to the senses. The band is currently hibernating in the studio, putting the finishing touches on their new release Total Eclipse of the Son, out this September. Fluid has also been involved with a Las Vegas produced project called *The Chronicles* of Rock, a reality TV-style-meets-battle-of the-bands documentary, now being sold for distribution in regional markets. You can get a taste of Fluid at www.myspace.com/ fluid123 or www.enjoyfluid.com.

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THIS SOIL IS DISEASED

Billed as industrial death metal electronica, This Soil Is Diseased drops the kind of music that slams a wrecking ball into the cranium, then shoots signals to the nervous system that command you to dance, mosh, kill and pound the nearest available surface repeatedly. To define their music is pretty much impossible. Just when you think you've got it figured out, it turns the corner and takes you in a completely different place. Is it angry? Is it seductive? Is it demonic? Yes, yes and yes. It is sexy death metal with a grinding, sleazy groove that gets the juices flowing. One track can put you into a trance with dark hypnotic vocals on top of scary, whacked-out, hypnotic guitar solos. They take you on a rollercoaster ride straight into hell. It will pick you up off your ass and have your body moving and fists pumping.

TSID is the brainchild of musical mastermind and guitarist Teebes, who together with bass player Johnny Spector, had been working with Seattle act Betty X. With Betty on hiatus, the two began working on their secret side project, which was to become TSID. Showcasing guest spots from numerous Northwest musicians in the studio, when it came time for TSID to hit the road, they brought in another axe man and hit the stage with a digital arsenal of raw power. If you caught their gig opening at The Pallas Club last month, you saw them deliver a kind of power that knocks out the power in the rest of the building. Word to the wise, when booking TSID in a venue, make sure said venue is able to house the power this band can deliver. We're talking serious high voltage shit here. You like it loud, sexy and angry? TSID is exactly what you're looking for. Check out the entire track list of their first release at www. myspace.com/thissoilisdiseased.











