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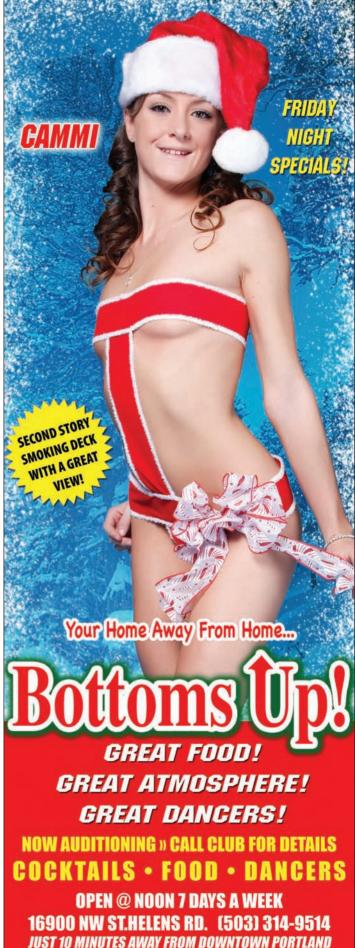
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exotic

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FEATURES



EXOTIC'S NAUGHTY TOY GUIDE

go fuck yourself into the new year by galatea hancock page 14



MAKING BABY JESUS CRY

shopping for porn on xmas day by kristine levine page 20



PLAYED-OUT STRIPPER TRASH

aural abominations and burned-out beats by statutory ray naue 34



PAGEANTS, PINK, POLES & PIN-UPS

2010's hottest *exotic* events revealed! page 56

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INSIDE STUFF

THE BLUE REVIEW
EROTIC CITY
TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH
PIN-UP CALENDAR
SELF DEFENSE W/ MATA-LEAO
THE KENNEDY LETTERS
SEX TALK WITH SHEENA

PG. 18 PG. 24

PG. 28 PG. 32

PG. 32 PG. 48

PG. 50 PG. 58 Know someone who has been naughty this year? Of course you do! Tis the season for giving. Whether it's the perfect stocking stuffer for your lover or a gag gift for the office Secret Santa, what could bring more joy to the season than some naughty gifts? Spice up your gift giving this holiday season with these hot picks from my favorite toy spot, Taboo Video. Even better, each is under \$40.

Inked Vibes by California Exotic:



Classic vibes with a new rock 'n' roll twist. Designed to spark adventure and bring individual style into the bedroom. Inked Vibes reflect the unique desires and attitudes of their users. Available in Slimline and Superslim models and multiple colors, they are waterproof and have a powerful, multi-speed vibration. Whether with a partner or flying solo, these sleek, smooth, seamless massagers adorned with ink are a perfect addition to anyone's toy chest.

Fleur-De-Lis Seduction by Evolved:



As technology evolves, so should your massager. Blending simplicity and femininity, pleasure dictates its design. From the Fleur-De-Lis Collection, this water-friendly, velvety-smooth vibrator has three speeds operated by an easy-push button. Its seamless design conforms to your body's contours as it blooms in width. The 7.25-inch length is nice and features a quieter motor than most toys its size. The Seduction comes in a decorative tin with sturdy snap down hinges, perfect for storage and gifting.

Whisper Micro-Heated Bullet by California Exotic:



The gentle warming sensation this discreet bullet vibrator provides after a few moments of use makes it special. It has an ergonomic battery pack with an easy, one-button push control and two powerful speeds. Use it on the clitoris, nipple or anywhere else you want to feel incredible pleasure. The bullet is only an inch long and a quarter-inch wide, so it's perfect anytime you need a good thing in a small package.

I Rub My Duckie Waterproof Personal Massager by Big Teaze Toys:



Rub-a-dub-dub, want something special in your tub? This is the most discreet vibrator available. A perfect toy to have displayed in your bathroom while nobody is the wiser because it looks like an old-fashioned rubber duck (floats like one too). A strong but quiet motor feeds the incredible vibrations in its head and tail. Whether you are soaking in a little me time or joining your bath buddy for some tub fun, it is sure to create one big splash. It also comes in travel size, perfect for getting through airport secu-

rity without embarrassment. Rubber Duckie, you're the one. You make bath time lots of fun!

Stocking Stuffers:

Dead Batteries:



As women, we learn quickly that a girl's got to have batteries. These AAs come fashionably wrapped with images of foxy women and cartoons, even the words "Shut Up." You can pick and choose which batteries you want as they are sold separately. They may piss off porn store clerks because they get the question, "Why do you sell dead batteries?" Trust me, they are very much filled with juice and are ready to power up some fun for you. Make sure to pick some up with any of your new toy purchases.

Even quicker, we learn how disappointing it is when batteries go dead at the wrong moment. Keep your toys alive with Dead Batteries.

O Wow! Vibe by Screaming O:



A super-powered, reusable, vibrating ring designed to give both parties enhanced stimulation. It has a strong, soft-gel erection band with extended ticklers for her pleasure.

It has replaceable batteries, is waterproof and will keep you screaming. "Next Time Scream... O Wow!"

FingO's by Screaming O:



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Eveful Sexual Stimulant Pill for Him/Miss Eveful Sexual Stimulant Pill for Her:



Are you ready to supercharge your sexlife? Personally, I like pleasure pills. I have a friend that calls them get-ups. It's not that we need them for sex, it's that we have an open mind about making sex even better. It's better than Viagra because it's made with natural herbs and nutrients and it's available over the counter. Just take one of these pills an hour before sexual activity and men can expect to be bigger, stronger, firmer and ready to go time after time. Women will experience increased sexual energy, in-

tensified orgasms and an overall feeling of sexual well-being. Be prepared for the freak in you to come out, one pill lasts two to three days.

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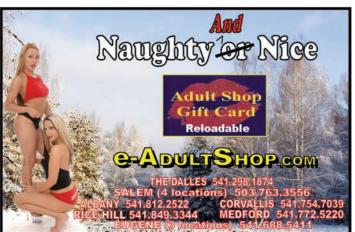


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very fall, we are gifted with the very best movies the adult industry can create when the studios prepare for the award presentations. An adult epic with an all-star cast and quality cinematography, The 8th Day from Adam & Eve Pictures, is sure to be the next big contender. Reminiscent of the apocalyptic movies of the 1970s, it is a full-length erotic adventure. Time is running out and we learn there is a lot of hot sex at the end of the world. Let the countdown begin to the 8th Day and let's get it on!

Adam & Eve contract-girl Kayden Kross plays Samantha Alexander, daughter of the mad scientist who caused the The Big Burn" that sent civilization back to the Stone Age. She awakens from a generation-long, cryogenic slumber when the suspended animation machine created by her father, Dr. Alexander (played by director Ren Savant), begins to lose power. A nude Kayden arises from the machine and watches a message filmed decades before by her now-deceased father. He welcomes her to the future and warns her to be careful because she would not be seeing the movie if he were still alive and can't trust her senses for a while because she's probably in a euphoric state. While watching the video, Kayden also notices a timer that is counting down from eight days. Unaware of the significance of the timer, she dismisses it.

During the next few days, Kayden finds herself on a constant run from one antagonist or another, including the infamous Kylie Ireland—not with out plenty of sex along her journey. She befriends a scavenger (played by Amber Rayne) as they join together in search of refuge in a desert oasis known as Elysium Fields. Amber explains to her that the world's devastation was caused by "The Big Burn," a result of scientists trying to save the world with a new power source. With the lack of electricity, almost everything died, and those who survived were mortally changed or mutated in some aspect or another.

Exhausted, (perhaps from all the sex) the two women fall asleep, only to be woken by one of the most unique girl-on-girl threesomes ever captured. Bree Olson, Tori Black,

and Poppy Morgan are a group of celebrating females from the Puma tribe. Decorated with tribal body paint, the three females screech and hiss as they dance about each other ritualistically. They attack one another's bodies like, well, animals. It is a display of primal eroticism that I have never seen before.

Kayden and Amber finally arrive at Elysium Fields just in time for the daily "teaching" by the exalted leader, Prince Amir (played by Ameatabh Bachan, in a non-sexual role). The hypocritical prince spends a few minutes lashing out at all things technological and scientific (later we

learn that he has a plethora of technological devices in his private quarters). Then, he directs everybody's attention to the day's "morality play." As it turns out, the "play" is really just on-stage fucking, in which Darryl Hanah plays Eve, Evan Stone plays Adam and a well made-up Violet Marcell plays the Devil. Once Darryl bites the apple, all hell literally breaks loose.

The Prince notices the "stench of technology" on Amber, who has brought him things from before "The Big Burn" that she looted from the city. Things like sunglasses and a CD. The Prince then orders her to be "cleansed." Cleansing, as you might expect, involves reaming out both of her holes by two of the Prince's men.

Invited to the Prince's private dining tent (very Arabic in its nature), they are formally introduced by name. Once Amir hears Kayden's full name (Samantha Alexander), he immediately recognizes her as the daughter of the man who caused the earth's devastation. He invites her to his private room, displays his hypocritical array of technology and explains all about her father and what he did. She is devastated and deeply sorry for what her family has caused. While Amir and Kayden are conversing, the rest of the dinner guests eat, drink and get it on. Soon it evolves into a full-fledged orgy.

While Prince Amir's dinner guests fuck in his dining room, he and Kayden continue to discuss what happened to the world and her father's role in the devastation. Amir even admits to killing her father, which makes Kayden fear for her life. She asks what she can do to make amends. He admits she cannot serve him sexually since the "The Big Burn" left him impotent, but she can do something nearly as good for him—fuck two of his subjects. After her over-the-top performance, Kayden thinks she's safe from Amir's wrath. Sadly, he orders her to be crucified naked in the desert.

With the help of a visit from her father in a dream, Kayden has finally figured out the meaning of the downward-counting clock she saw in her father's lab earlier in the film. Will she have to make the ultimate sacrifice? I'm not going to tell, you'll just have to watch for yourself. I will advise, as I saw in the movie, to get in all the sex you can before the end.

You can tell this is a big-budget adult film. Throughout the movie, the acting, locations, sets, props, editing, makeup and wardrobe are outstanding. In addition, the special effects are of mainstream quality. The 8th Day comes in a very nice, multi-panel package that holds four DVDs,

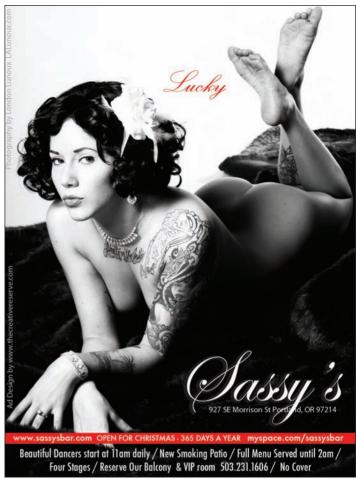
two discs of movie and two discs of extras. The extra discs include extended versions of scenes, interviews and extensive photo galleries. That's over nine hours to excite your mind as well as your penis or vagina! It's not to be missed by any enthusiast of the apocalyptic genre or porn.













"Jesus Loves You: Everyone Else Thinks You're An Asshole

That is the bumper sticker on my friend's truck. Normal people give her a wave and a smile. Christians give her the bird. Is that ironic?

To date, I have had to spend every Christmas at the porno store. That's nine altogether. One such Christmas morning, it struck me as odd that there were people in the store. Don't they have somewhere to be, I wondered? Don't they have families? Anyone who loves them? I rationalize my judgment like this: I get paid to be here on Christmas Day. If I had my wish, I'd be home and under the same roof with all the things that really matter to me in the whole world. I'd rather have visions of sugarplums dancing in my head, not cum dumpsters. I'm a sentimental fool, that way.

I looked at all the loners and losers who were milling about the store on this one Christmas morning, and I screamed to all of them, "It's FIVE A.M. on CHRISTMAS DAY, GO HOME. YOU'RE MAKING BABY JESUS CRY!"

This one guy very meekly approached the counter with his hands up like he was surrendering his ship and quietly said, "Um... I'm a Jew." I laughed.

"Oh well in THAT case, you're fine but everyone else needs to go HOME!"

The Jews have been through enough, bless 'em.

People watching is an art form to me. As a pornclerk, I have a frontrow seat to the "Walking Wounded Happy Hour Fun Show." Every day the show peaks between three and six a.m., but the holidays are special events that bring out the Superstars. After many years, I still can't get over people being in the store on a holiday. I guess sex and the power of it is not a respecter of time or calendar. Tits are tractor beams and boners are divining rods. We clerks joke about how they're the Christmas faithful, but we hide our horror in laughter. We know the truth, it's just a nice way of calling them addicts.

"Home for the Holidays"

I've heard it said that Home is where you go when there's nowhere left to go. For the Christmas customers, that place must be the porno store. If I ever wonder which of my custies are the Living Dead, Christmas morning is the day I find out. It tells me everything. When I see the tweekers, the perverts, the lost souls, who are driven here on holidays—even in the worst weather—I can't help but think, "That's someone's baby." Somewhere, there's a mother who wishes he'd call. Somewhere, there's a high school sweetheart who doesn't know what's become of him—she wonders how he's doing and she has no idea she should be grateful she's not his wife. Somewhere, there's a dad who needs to say he's sorry. Somewhere, there's a dog that needs to be petted.

But the guy is here, at the porno store on Christmas morning. Rummaging through the sale DVDs, with nothing but some meth and a nut to bust. He'll spend hours walking around aimlessly. He's blissfully and almost romantically unaware of the things that I am painfully aware of. That each of these children of god, are assholes. They've gotten to the point in their lives where they've alienated anyone who could have ever loved them and cared for them.

Now what? I sell you porn. I give you five ones for the arcade. I do my job, and you do yours. But I know that no one loves you. No one wants you to come spend the day with them. You have no tree, no lights, no angels, no

TM BY KRISTINE LEVINE cookies to leave out for Santa with your children. Do you even know where your children are this morning? More often than not, when I care enough to strike up a conversation and ask these guys if they're going to see their kids, they say the same thing, "Nah, they're better off without me."

That's probably true.

But I also know that you didn't start out like that. Once upon a time, you were a smiling, shiny little fat-faced baby. You were an angel, and your gramma adored you. Once upon a time, you were a young boy who wanted a bicycle. Someone used to have a nickname for you, Tiger, Little Man, Buddy. Then something happened. Your dad left. Your mom blamed you. They drank. They shipped you off. Someone you trusted molested you. They hurt you. Kids at school made fun of you and no one defended you. A girl didn't love you back. Year by year they all broke you down, made you feel worthless until you finally believed it. And now, that is what you are, worthless. The world just ate you up, grew fat on your junk food soul and it has been wearing you like a double chin.

Finally, the long journey brings you to the porno store, to treat your-self with a popper and a blow job. Why the hell not? You've been good this year, and besides...

...it's Christmas.

Father, can you hear me?
How have I let you down?
I curse the day that I was born,
And all the sorrow in the world...

Let me take you to the herding ground, Where all good men are trampled down, Just to settle a bet that could not be won, Between a prideful father and his son.

Well you guard me now for I can't see, A reason for this suffering and this long misery. What if every living soul could be upright and strong?

Well, then I do imagine there will be Sorrow. Yeah there will be Sorrow. And there will be Sorrow, no more.

When all soldiers lay their weapons down,
Or when all kings and all queens relinquish their crown,
Or when the only true messiah rescues us from our selves...
It's easy to imagine there will be
Sorrow.
Yeah there will be
Sorrow.
And there will be

Read more of Kristine's work at www.pornclerk.com

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By taking on the tasks of resurrecting Ink 'n' Pink in the spring and jumping aboard as co-pilot for Miss Nude Oregon 2009[©], I was awarded the luxury of traveling from club to club across Oregon to witness the good, the bad and the ugly that makes this industry tick. Well yeah, it's about the money, everybody knows that! But the art of making the money while giving everyone one hell of a show in the process is the goal.

It seems that everyone may have started getting a little bit lazy. The recession hit, profits started slipping, club owners started cutting back and raising prices, dancers started getting bitchier because they weren't making their usual bank and the die-hard customers started getting turned off when their little black-light fantasy world turned into a depressing trip into a clothing-deficient wonderland of economic strife.

One thing that has made the dwindling economy a little less brutal on Exotic over the past several years was the absence of competition. After battling it out with god knows how many Exotic wannabes, such as SFX, Temptation, Excitement, Xcitement and Uncovered (all but one of which I must shamefully admit I was at one time involved with), they all finally gave up their pipe-dreams and closed up shop—leaving Exotic to be your one and only Oregon adult entertainment guide for the past several years. Don't get me wrong; competition can be a good thing, but there is always going to be someone who comes along and thinks they can do your job better than you. Girls turn 18 every day, and you can bet that there's going to be some bitter 35-year-old stripper getting shoved out the door as soon as that hot, young piece of ass steps onto the stage behind her. Whereas excessive years of experience as an exotic dancer is not necessarily a good thing, 17 years of publishing experience is not only an admirable accomplishment, but somewhat of a miracle in this economy.

The unintentional monopoly that Exotic had acquired was not brought about by running the competition out of town Mafioso style, quite the contrary. Our "competitors" were simply not able to deliver a product with any consistency or a product that could stand up with the standards of quality we continue to meet every month. Of all the industry magazines I've seen in this country, (and I've seen a ton of them) I can honestly say that no other free (advertiser supported) publication even comes close to delivering the well-rounded, quality product that *Exotic* does.

When we heard about a month and a half ago that our little mothe cannons and got ready to take on the next "con-

nopoly bubble was about to burst, we circled the wagons, mounted up "NOTHING BUT THE NAKED TRUTH tender," Oregon Heat (or Hottest or whatever the

SPOOK

fuck they call it). What's with all the war innuendos, you might ask? Well, for some reason, two car lots can open up right next to each other and it's no big thing. It might even spark the economy of said product. But when a new wannabe strip club mag hits the arena, you can count on one thing for certain—they're going to be holding a copy of Exotic in their sweaty little hands and using it as a shopping list of customers to steal by means of grandiose false promises, fabricated print runs and undercut prices. In a struggling economy, the first thing that the impoverished club owner is going to hear is low price. Even I have started shopping at Walmart or Ross for clothes now, instead of Macy's. But when I walk out with a pair of jeans for \$35 instead of \$70, I still walk out with a pair of jeans that fit well and last me for a year or so. But with advertising, especially in our marketplace, a slashed price is going to get you a half-assed, poorly designed ad (unless they illegally scanned it out of our magazine) in a shoddy 16-page "leaflet." Calling it a magazine is not even accurate. Magazines provide things, such as editorial, pictorial and informative non-advertisement content. It's a bit shallow to market yourself as a magazine and expect to find businesses to distribute your product when it contains nothing more than 10 pages of advertisers that seem to believe that spending less is going to somehow get them more. Here at Exotic, after nearly 17 years of experience, we know exactly what we are and what our customers and readers want from us. Maybe you can clone the Nickel Ads or Auto Trader with relative ease, but you want to take on the PDX adult entertainment industry? Best of luck amigos, you're going to need it. You might as well have decided to re-release the Atari 2600 and hoped to compete with The Nintendo Wii or Playstation 3. Sure it's cheaper, but it's still just a glorified pong game trying to stand out next to 1080p Blu-Ray technology.

On to more constructive things—realizing the effect the recession has taken on this industry—taking on promotional monstrosities such as Miss Nude Oregon was not only a difficult task, but apparently an absolute necessity for getting the buzz back on and shaking the town up again. Response to the events that we produced over the past year has been phenomenal. With that said, you can count on a more aggressive promotional calendar in the coming year. One that Exotic has yet to daringly attempt. On the schedule for 2010 is the Oregon semi-finals for the Pole Erotica competition. It starts in January with a series of prelims and semi-finals that will send one lucky pole monkey to Las Vegas to compete in the finals at Planet Hollywood, where the winner will receive a cash and prize package of \$15,000 including a trip for five to a VIP party at the Playboy Mansion. We'll be following that up with Ink 'n' Pink in March and Miss Nude Oregon[©] 2010 next summer. For more details on our promotional calendar, check out the ad on page 56.

To close this month's edition of Erotic City out, Exotic Magazine would like to like to thank everyone who came out to support our breast cancer awareness fundraiser. Thanks to all of you, we were able to raise \$2,150 to donate to the Susan G. Komen for the Cure Foundation. Big thanks go out to all of our dancers and comedians that donated a performance that night. Thank you to Rochelle Love (for hosting), Tana the Tattooed Lady from Sinferno, Sophia and Athena both from the Dolphin Clubs, current Miss Nude Oregon, Lacey from Spyce, Germany from Devils Point and Sinferno, Pistolita, Gwen and London from Sassy's, The Molotov Dolls burlesque troupe and their

MC (for his awesome air-sex performance), Viva Las Vegas and her band Coco Cobra and the Killers, comedians Kristine Levine, Ron Osborne, Lonnie Bruhn, Auggie Smith.

We would like to thank all of all sponsors, the Bossanova Ballroom, (especially Phil, Amber and Speedracer) for donating the space and staff to make the event possible, Tennessee Red's for catering the event (making the room smell like delicious BBQ and donating a portion of proceeds to the cause), VooDoo Doughnuts for donating gift certificates for our raffle and lots and lots of doughnuts, Scotty of Oregon Blue Print for taking care of all our printing needs, AmbeRed Photography for donating a photo shoot and Taboo Video and Cathie's for donating naughty gifts for our raffle and for selling tickets at their locations.

Also, big thanks to people who donated items to our raffle to help us raise money, including Gypsy Rose Hair Salon, Frank from Dante's (for donating over \$200 in tickets to various upcoming shows) Third Eye Jiu Jitsu, Lucky Devil Lounge and Sheena's G-Spot.

We had encouraged all our advertisers to do their own fundraiser for breast cancer and offered a free page of advertising to the club that came up with the largest donation to the event. A huge thanks goes out to the only two clubs in town that opted to participate, Spyce and Marys Club. Congratulations to Spyce for being the big spender and winning a free ad by making a \$500 donation and Mary's Club for making a \$150 donation.

That's about it for this month; we would like to wish you all the happiest of holidays and a kick-ass new year in 2010. We'll be there with you all the way, making sure that if you break those resolutions, you had an unforgettable time doing it. Thanks for keeping Portland *Exotic*.

FEATURED EVENTS

Thu. Dec. 3 - The Pallas Club – The Oregon Civil War - 6pm Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) Civil War VIP Party at 5pm

Sat. Dec. 5 - Boom Boom Room - Sheena G's Smell the Money CD Party and Dance Contest with prizes for best dancer with a money theme – sponsored by Cathie's

Fri. Dec. 11 - Studio 503 - Sheena G Latino Party with performances by the G-girls and a Sexy Señorita Santa Contest - sponsored by Cathie's

Wed. Dec. 16 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) – 2 shows with XXX star Mackenzee Pierce

Thu. Dec. 17 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) – 2 shows with XXX star Mackenzee Pierce

Fri. Dec. 18 - The Pallas Club - Christmas Party

Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) – 2 shows with XXX star Mackenzee Pierce

Sat. Dec. 19 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) – Bad Santa Bash with XXX star Mackenzee Pierce

Stars Cabaret (Salem) – Santa's Naughty List Party with a candy cane licking contest

Sun. Dec. 20 - Safari Showclub – Christmas Dinner Party at 8pm

Wed. Dec. 23 - Taboo Video (all locations) – Drawing for 2 \$500 gift baskets at each store – enter all month long

Thu. Dec. 24 - Hard Candy (Salem) – Christmas Eve Show with prizes, raffles & 2-girl shows

Full Moon Bar & Grill – Annual Christmas Party with free buffet and \$10 dances

Fri. Dec. 25 MERRY CHRISTMAS

Sat. Dec. 26 - Hawthorne Strip – Naughty List Party with extra entertainment & jolly specials with Tennessee Red's BBQ plus Blazer tickets, lap dances & gifts from Cathie's to be raffled off

Taboo Video (82nd & Vancouver locations) – End of Year Tent Sale with savings up to 75% off (through Dec. 31)

Whiskey City – 4th Annual POP LIFE (Portland Oregon Poets Love Is For Everyone)

Thu, Dec. 31 HAPPY NEW YEAR'S EVE

Jody's Bar & Grill – New Year's Eve Bash with giveaways & specials all night long, plus win a limo ride for up to 10 at the stroke of midnight Safari Showclub – New Year's Eve Party with prime rib dinner (ed. – one of the best damn prime rib dinners I've ever had! Tip the chef!) & champagne served at midnight – reserve your tables now!

Hard Candy (Salem) – New Year's Extravaganza with contests, prizes & giveaways

Full Moon Bar & Grill – Annual New Year's Eve Party with free buffet & stripper karaoke from 8pm - 2am

Stars Cabaret (All locations) – 2010: A New Year's Eve Space Odyssey – come dressed in your favorite outer-space costume & win free porn courtesy of The Adult Shops and Castle Adult Superstores

Cabaret (All 3 Clubs) – Huge New Year's Eve Party with giveaways all night long

WEEKLY EVENTS Mondays

Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport & Salem) – Prime Rib Mondays Spyce Gentlemen's Club – Monday Night Football – get a chance to win a 37" Flat Screen every time you buy a dance

TUESDAYS

Hard Candy Gentlemen's Club (Salem) – 2-for-1 table dances Lucky Devil Lounge – Blackjack with Gwen

WEDNESDAYS

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Prime Rib Wednesdays

THURSDAYS

Spyce Gentlemen's Club – Hot Rods and Hotties – Buy a dance & get a chance to win a 1969 Buick Skylark muscle car!

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

Lucky Devil Lounge – 90s Party & Texas Hold 'Em with Sophia **Club Rouge** – open til 4am

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

<u>RIDAYS</u>

Spyce Gentlemen's Club - \$9.99 Steak & Lobster from 3pm-9pm Club Rouge — open til 5am

SATURDAYS

Club Rouge – open til 5am

SUNDAYS

The Viewpoint – NFL Sundays - 4pm - 2:30

Dante's – Sinferno Cabaret & Vaudeville – Sex & Service Industry Night

Devils Point – Stripparaoke

Stars Cabaret (all locations) – Seamless Sundays – free admission for industry and military

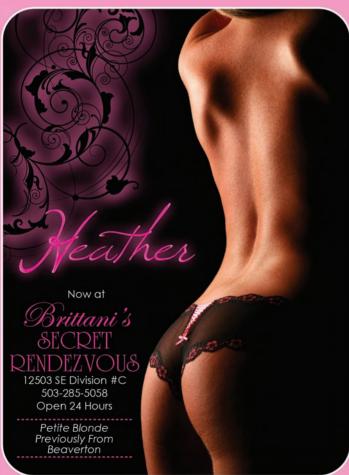
Spyce Gentlemen's Club – Industry Night

Lucky Devil Lounge - Ladies' Night













STRIP CLUB INDUSTRY

and-fishnet outfit is accompanying a Rob Zombie song. Unless you're in Vegas, no one gives a flying fuck about anything aside from the basics (tits, booze and ass).

> your already underpaid staff and alienates customers who just want to watch some booty and drink overpriced PBR without trying to figure out why everything is cov-

Anything else just adds to the workload of

ered in streamers and glitter.

This isn't a fucking barbeque, okay? We may be in the business of selling meat, but gristle and sinew aren't a big draw. Club owners and schedulers, fire the fat chicks and the meth addicts. Fat chicks and meth addicts, please quit. If you're wondering whether or not you fall into one of these categories as a dancer, you probably need to find a new job. As a club owner or booking agent, if you feel hesitant to fire someone based on physical appearance and aesthetic quality, try taking the same approach with your liquor and food and see how long your club stays open. I'm fucking sick of people not complaining about Q-Tip and Godzilla, especially when they're sharing a twostage rotation on a Saturday night. With that being said, if you're a customer and you find a dancer physically repulsive, say something. If I have to work with Gollum and Shrek one more night, I may just start selling crank and hot dogs under the table so I at least have the hopes of making some money on my shifts.

Unless you follow through with your plan, including décor, outfits and music, your theme night is nothing more than a two-line advertisement in this very magazine—one that reads, "Hey, we're not doing so well on Mondays, so we're begging you to come in with vague specials and unorganized ideas, which we will never execute." Theme nights that work are usually restricted to the basics and that which has been tried and tested: two-for-one specials, music themes that appeal to thirtysomethings with cash, seasonal sports fan appreciation and, of course, holidays. This brings me to my sub-point: simply being open for business on a particular calendar date doesn't constitute a holiday theme. Halloween seems to be the ultimate copout, especially in alt-friendly clubs where, on any given day of the week, an eyeliner-

If I wanted to listen to a chick in a slutty outfit yell at me for not spending money, I'd go on a date. You're a stripper. Strip. I'll do all the talking for you. That's my job as your disc jockey and dance commander. DJs, managers, bartenders and security, I ask you to correct me in my assumption that every one of us has heard a dancer say these exact words: "If the guys at the rack aren't spending money, I'm not taking my clothes off." What about the trust fund kid sitting with the drug dealer and the guy who owns the car lot? Do you think that perhaps one of them may buy a private dance from you after seeing what your boobs look like? Further, the fully-clothed stripper that waits for her treat like Pavlov's dog isn't enticing any customers to the stage with the lower

lip and rolling eyes. What part of pouting and twirling around in a robe says "please give me money?" Immediate gratification is too much of a motivator in this industry, and long-term (as in "six hours from now") goals seem to be as foreign as the guys at the rack (who are wondering why American girls don't take their clothes off

My money girls all seem to share one thing in common—they're always working. The term "work" does not translate to "in the building during one's scheduled shift." It means that their smile is always on, their time spent hanging out with customers is measured in terms of money-making ability (not free shots) and, you guessed it, they get naked on stage no matter who is (or isn't) in the building. This is crucial, as you want to give off a good impression to the next customer that walks in—an impression that suggests "our establishment functions on its own." Ever walked onto an empty car lot and noticed a fumbling salesman putting out his cigarette before rushing towards you, the first catch of the day? The same pressure to spend is felt when you walk into a strip club and notice a hoodie-clad girl quickly finish up her MegaTouch game before waltzing to stage and sitting down. Not exactly selling the fantasy, now is it?

The term "industry" suggests just that—industriousness. Otherwise known as work. Working with or around bare breasts is always reward-

ing, but it's still work. Portland is lagging in the profit-for-pussy department because, like everything else in this godforsaken city, business-minded fools have become recreational geniuses. If your club is bringing in more free drugs and elbow-bumping rock stars than bar sales and tipping customers, it is nothing more than a playground for the socially incompetent. Successful entrepreneurs (dancers, club owners and, yes, DJs alike) never get high on their own supply, so to speak. The owner of Union Jacks once told me that he has been inside his club twice in the last five years. Can you think of the last time Jacks was empty on a Friday and resorted to a theme night in which their girls could get away with not getting naked during their sets? I rest my case.

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Tecember 09

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'Tis the end of the year (and almost the decade), which means it's time once again to take out the trash. Since the act of selectively banning specific dancers and customers is a process that few clubs are willing to partake in, I am calling upon the assistance of my fellow DJs to exercise what little power we have—the ability to choose amongst hundreds of gigs of music and selectively destroy those which cause everyone pain. As DJs, we must act as cultural filtration systems and it's time to step up our game. As strip club DJs, we must solemnly swear to no longer torture our customers with aurally offensive and out-of-context bullshit that does not belong in the flesh-for-sale business. Whether overplayed, misinterpreted, ignorant or just plain ridiculous, it is my pleasure to take the lead in determining...

Songs That Deserve To Die in 2009

Black Eyed Peas, "My Humps"

What a horrible song. Not only does this earache encompass the worst elements of the otherwiselistenable Black Eyed Peas (a simple hook, unnecessary breakdowns and an elementary beat structure), but the lyrics are just a tad too close to resembling that of a song about breast cancer or worse, fatty deposits. When I think of things in terms of "lovely lady lumps" I immediately draw to mind images of medical terminology. But even if I make an active attempt to draw upon the intended metaphor, the mental image is more Oprah than Tyra.

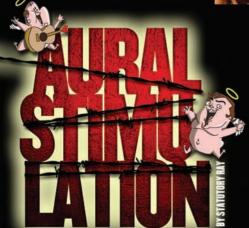


Further attempts to distinguish the metaphor only make the song worse, for example, "What you gonna do with all that breasts?"—a phrase previously reserved for employees of Popeye's Chicken. Thanks, public school systems.

T-Pain, "I'm in Love With a Stripper"

While compiling my year-end list of songs to trash, I solicited dancers (not the best choice of words...) for advice. Although many dancers suggested that DJs collectively agree to ditch "I'm in Love With a Stripper," I only asked one particular dancer, Jenna from Bourbon Street Cabaret, the obvious question, "Why?" Her response, "Really?" Good enough response, but not comprehensive (at least not to those who work outside of the industry). Every





stripper knows at least one douchebag who is convinced that his biweekly gifts of wadded-up ones and well drinks will eventually capture her heart. If not a hopeless romantic, this guy is a straight-up stalker (and the cheap kind at that—what ever happened to digging through the trash for a used pair of panties or nude photo?). "I'm in Love With a Stripper" may be a meaningful emotional stance for someone with the cultural depth of T-Pain but for Joe Fuckwad, it's encouraging in the "I'm eventually gonna skin that bitch alive" sense.

Radiohead, "Creep"

Songs like this make me want to shoot myself. Not because I'm a manic depressive with a record deal, but because the sound of a man crying makes my eardrums feel like they were being cleaned out with razor-sharp Q-Tips. It's bad enough hearing this song at the mall, convenience store or in the car of my emotionally sensitive but trusting date, but at a strip club it's nothing shy of heresy. Wish you were special? Hate your life? Great, we all do. What's the point of watching a woman remove her



clothes while Men-strogen drips out of the speakers? Worse than the customer who requests this song is the dancer who requests this song. But at least female emotional scarring leads to good sex.

Joy Drop, "Beautiful"
Only ugly strippers request this song and they request it a lot. Much like "Creep," "Beautiful" details the saga of an ugly woman realizing she's ugly and then lying to herself about being ugly. If you don't see the point in nixing this one from strip club playlists, then you probably describe yourself as "big boned" on your MySpace page. To the dancer that insists on playing this song every fucking time she works, take into account that no one has ever been able to successfully sell the "confident personality that trumps ugliness'



package while fully naked in a room full of men who don't even speak English.

Pink, "U and Ur Hand"

I'm not here for your entertainment You don't really want to mess with me tonight

Just stop and take a second

I was fine before you walked into my life

Cause you know it's over Before it began

Keep your drink just give me the money

It's just you and your hand tonight

Actually, you are here for my fucking entertainment. And you weren't fine before I walked in because I'm the only (tipping) customer on a



Monday afternoon. But, if you insist on juxtaposing feminist virtues against a backdrop of pimps, coke and shot specials, then be my guest. What worsens the potential meaning of this song is the person that takes it literally and travels to the restroom (or private dance area) with junk-in-palm. Extra work for the bouncer, extra work for the DJ (searching for "y-o-u and y-o-u-r hand" on Limewire sure bumped up the ol' unwanted-porn content of my laptop) and not a single motivating aspect for customers with money.

Lil Wayne, "Lollipop"

This song, clocking in at no less than five minutes in length, conveys no substantial meaning other than "she licked me like a lollipop." Does this really set the best environmental tone in a post-no-touch-law business? It's also not much of an analogy—saying that you were licked as if you were something that is intended to be licked. Shakespeare would be jealous. Although this particular track was selected for its substantially void and repetitive content, runners up in the not-the-best-idea



category include Billy Squier's "The Stroke" (aside from being suggestive and basic, the song just sucks) and Mötley Crüe's "She Goes Down" (although Crüe usually brings the awesome, this is one of their few literal songs and will remain so until Vince Neil's first heart surgery).

Third Door PuddleBack Creed, "Insert Song Name Here"

Okay, this entry is somewhat of a copout, until you realize that not one nu-metal song can be distinguished from another, even in a controlled study undertaken by classically trained musicians with PhDs in statistics and minors in art. Sometime in the late 90s, Eddie Vedder and Scott Weiland sold their vocal cords to science. At which point a mad professor genetically engineered a hybrid combination of the two, distilled it's essence into pill form and sold it to Kurt Loder, who distributed it to unsuspecting nu-metal vocalists using the coffee



in MTVs green room. Either that or emulation of mediocrity has reached new E-chord heights. When the new Metallica makes your band look like a bunch of pussies, you have failed as an artist.

50 Cent, "P.I.M.P."

Any song that boasts about one's ability to take advantage of women without spending a dollar doesn't belong in a strip club. When the artist responsible for said song is an incoherent, mumbling pile of leadinfused flesh, it's safe to assume that the song doesn't belong anywhere. Worse yet, real pimps listen to kick-ass music, shit like Parliment Funkadelic and Rick James. Almost all of 50 Cent's target audience is wannabe white thugs from suburbia who wouldn't otherwise listen to a New York-based act if it wasn't for the promotional support



of a wannabe white thug from Detroit (Eminem). On a related tangent, what the fuck is a magic stick?

Tenacious D, "Fuck Her Gently"

Okay, we get it. It's a funny song. But it's also two minutes long, contains no percussion or rhythm whatsoever and draws to mind images of overweight B-level celebrities double-teaming a somewhat reluctant recipient of the opposite sex. Yummy, let me hit the ATM before I cum all over my Pabst. What makes "Fuck Her Gently" truly deplorable (aside from the fact that Tenacious D has

a half-decent catalogue outside of their "hit" song) is that strippers usually end up sing-songing their way through the set with no intention of dancing (or actually fucking the poor customer who has to watch her strip to a watered-down Weird Al). Funny songs don't really belong in strip clubs large enough to warrant an (active) second stage, but at least "Wynona's Big Brown Beaver" is accurate, danceable and underplayed.

504 Boyz, "I Can Tell You Wanna Fuck"

Area code referenced in name of rap group? Check. Ghetto spelling circa 1988? Check. Blatantly obvious and repetitive title/subject matter? Check. Although these factors alone don't necessarily warrant a trip to the recycle bin, there's the fact that, aside from the chorus, not one word in this song is legible to anyone



who grew up outside a swamp in the south. What happened to innuendo? Warrant and AC/DC may be overplayed, but "She's Got the Jack" and "Cherry Pie" at least allude to creative suggestion. Perhaps next year the 504 Boys with a "Z" will release "I'm So Sober (I'd Like to Do Some Drugs)" or "I Have a Huge Cock and My Peers Respect Me." One part stupidity and two parts formulaic bullshit mixed with any amount of strip club equals a bad idea.

(hed) p.e., "Bartender"

Hey bartender hit me with another I just about had to kill this brother Shit I'm looking for trouble tonight...

...Take me there take me with you I can't be alone tonight

Yes, this is a good song. However, it's entirely counter-productive to the idea of making money by selling the services of house-fee-paying dancers to customers. Where does the guy at the rack go when he runs out of paper currency and wants to drool over a pair of tits and a smile? Who is the



only female in the building who can legally leave the club with a patron with intentions on getting jiggy in the parking lot? Worst of all, your beautiful bartender can make twice the tips of any dancer on shift—fully clothed—none of which goes to the DJ, security or house.

Ray-Approved Low-Dough Shows:

Friday, December 4th - The Slants @ Berbati's Pan

Friday, December 4th - 684's Northfresh Show @ Bourbon St Cabaret (Salem)

Saturday, December 5th - Dimebag Tribute @ Ash St. Saloon

Monday, December 7th - Kid Cudi @ The Roseland

Friday, December 11th - Battle of the Bands @ 45th St. Pub

Friday, December 11th - Redheaded Stepchild @ Rack n' Cue (Salem)

Saturday, December 12th - Pill Brigade @ 45th St. Pub

Wednesday, December 15th - Train @ Crystal Ballroom

Friday, December 18th - Floater @ Crystal Ballroom

Friday, December 25th - SmoochKnob @ Dante's

Saturday, December 26th - Cool Nutz @ Ash St Saloon





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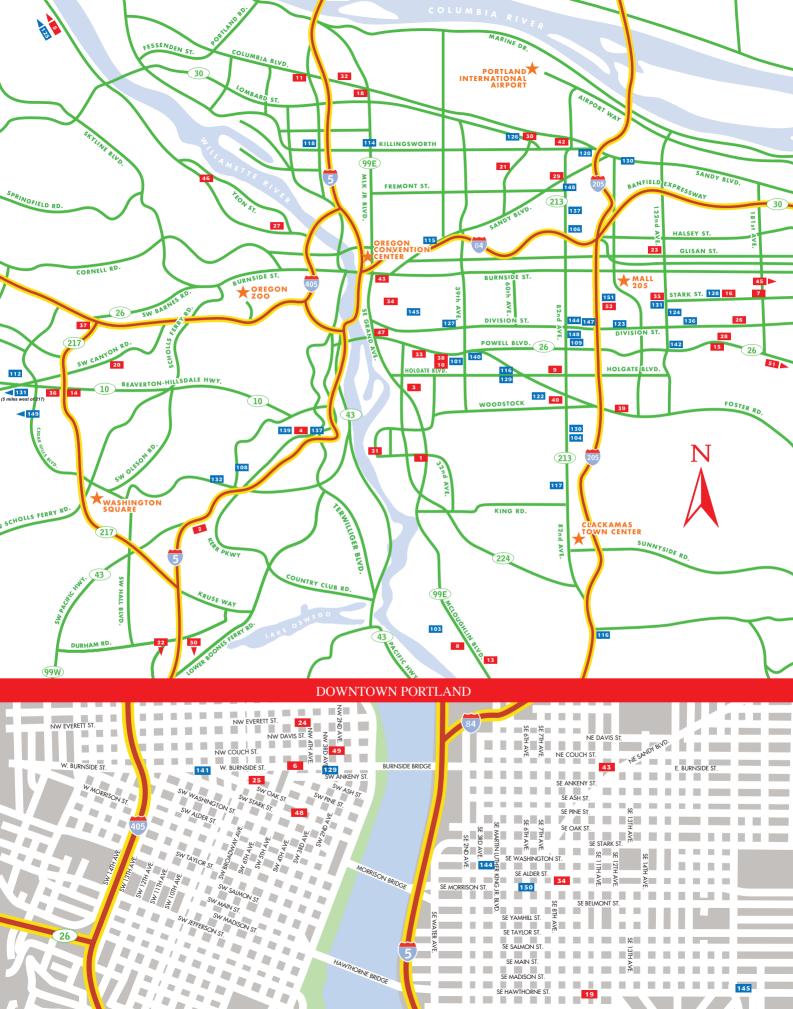
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Merry Christmas! This month, all the way from Australia, we have Rachel "The Bogan" Vezer demonstrating an Arm-Wrap Collar Choke on Alex "The Wombat" Zaragoza

Frame 1

Having partied all night with Mariah, consuming enough Jameson's to kill a kangaroo, Rachel passed out. She awakens to Alex bitch-slapping her face. (Because seriously...she's a bitch!)

Frame 2

In another attempt to get a little life out of Rachel, Alex takes a second swipe at her face. This time, however, our Aussie is ready! Rachel sits up into Alex, as she blocks his pimp hand with her left forearm, wraps her legs around his waist, and pulls him forward.

Frame 3

As Alex collapses, Rachel wraps her left arm around his right elbow capturing the offending arm. At the same time, Rachel stiff arms Alex's left shoulder to prevent him from smashing into her, and moves her hips slightly to her left.

Frame 4

Keeping Alex's right arm secured, Rachel grabs a large handful of Alex's hoodie, near the clavicle, and passes it to her left hand. This tightens Rachel's control of Alex's feeble pimp-slapper.

Inset A

Note how Rachel grips the hoodie. This grip tightens the material around Alex's big, thick neck and aids in choking him.

Frame 5

Maintaining the arm control, Rachel unlocks her feet, but keeps her knees pinched together, and sits up into Alex, grabbing the small of his back. This action sucks Alex deeper into the choke.

Frame 6

Pulling Alex back into her with her legs, Rachel slides the blade of her right forearm up Alex's spine until it wedges against his neck.

Frame 7

Forcing her right elbow toward Alex's left shoulder and pulling the cloth of his hoodie to her left, "The Bogan" strangles "The Wombat" until he is an unconscious, sweaty, unsatisfied heap of red-faced, whiskey-drunk love.

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For a more detailed study of these techniques, contact Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu at <www.myspace.com/thirdeyejiujitsu> or (503) 839-5010.

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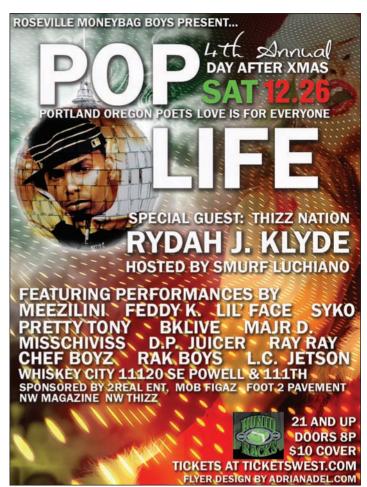




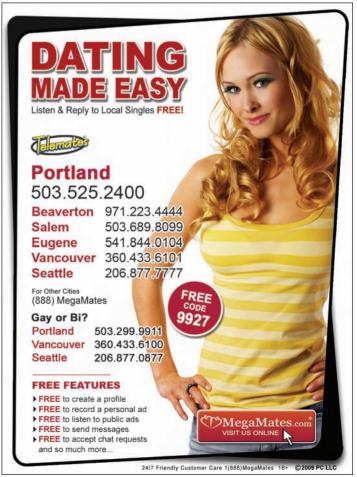














good bouncer and a bad bouncer are actually pretty similar in that they don't really do much. The difference is that a good bouncer is hyper-vigilant, in some cases bordering on paranoia, and perpetually aware of all club happenings. Whereas a bad bouncer (and I do understand they don't get paid enough to care) watches TV while I'm fighting off a guy at the bar who thinks buying me a drink gives him an all access pass. The inertia makes bouncers seem similar. But whenever possible, good bouncers deal with problems with such subtlety, most people don't even notice. They trick drunken people out the door instead of dragging them and they balance intimidation and friendliness like an art form.

There are good bouncers and then there are a few that go totally above and beyond. Once upon a time, in a land far, far away I had a regular customer I couldn't stand and my bouncer actually hustled him for me. It went something like this:

Bouncer: Are you going to get an-

Bouncer: Are you going to get another dance from Kennedy?

Disgusting, horrible customer: Oh, of course!

Bouncer: You know it's actually cheaper to just pay for a half-hour. **Controlling shithead customer who never once tipped any of the staff:** That sounds like a good idea.

Bouncer: Why don't you do an hour?

Fuckface that liked to have me called in on my day off and always set a timer when I wanted to have a cigarette or go to the bathroom: Okay!

Bouncer: Let me just go get you a free drink and run your card for you. I'll be right back.

Me (in the dressing room sucking maniacally on a cigarette): I hate Lee, I hate Lee, I hate him.

Bouncer: I don't give a shit. He just bought another hour, so you are going to get your ass back out there.

It was torturous but profitable, and as a result I put 5K down as a deposit on my car. How my bounc-

er summoned such finesse, when all I could do was obsess over how many different ways I could choke this guy, is still a mystery to me. Just so you know, it wasn't a completely selfish act on his part. The club got a decent cut off my dances, but the guy made me a ton of money and he didn't have to do that. My bouncer friend in Seattle (where the clubs are angst-ridden juice bars) would buy me bottles of Bailey's and then hide them for me in the coatroom. There was a guy in Portland I absolutely loved because he would nicely tell people at the rack to tip and if they didn't, he would quietly get them away from the stage and get someone else to sit down. It has never been sufficiently explained to me why I don't work with him anymore and I'm pretty sure management is tired of me asking, but I continue to pester because that's kind of what I do.

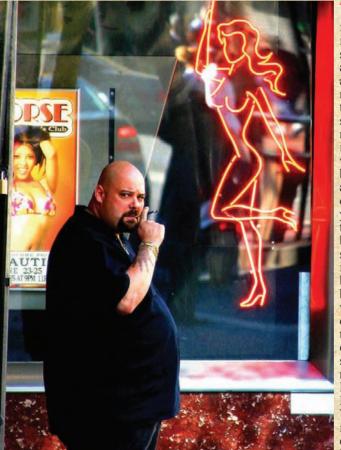
It's because of guys like these that I might have some unreasonable expectations of security staff. It's not like I'm super-high-maintenance. I'm not one of those girls who asks for guys to be kicked out all the time or has to be physically restrained from driving drunk. I just think that at the very least, bouncers should walk every girl out to her car, even if she doesn't tip. And it would be nice if every once in a while I didn't have to look like the bad guy for pointing out that a cocktail does not give Mr. Handsy McBarfly carte blanche. When even my lowest expectations aren't met, I tend to get a little terse and have behaved in ways I shouldn't have. There have been some guys I was way too hard on. I realize that now and I owe them an apology.

Dear seemingly sub-par bouncers,

I'm sorry. No really, I am finally feeling something I'm pretty sure is remorse. Just so you know, as shitty as I was to your face, I was a lot worse behind your back. I am sorry for the nicknames (I'm mostly sorry you found out about them). In my defense, your job somehow has a higher turnover rate than strippers, which is like impossible. In short, I've worked with at least two dozen different bouncers just in the last two years and most of you don't last, so it didn't seem that important to learn your names. Bubbles, I judged you too harshly and then felt really bad when you turned out to be a super nice guy. Just so you know, it wasn't my idea to call you Bubbles. I wanted to call you Vestie because you always inexplicably wore a vest, even though the club didn't require it of you and I think that's a little weird. Anyway, I was out-voted and Bubbles stuck. I'm super happy about the guys who never found out that I called them DipCrack #1, DipCrack #2 and DipCrack #3 (DC#1-#3 for short). The numbers were actually a ranking system based on levels of incompetence, and that is something I am no longer proud of. Even

though DC#1 tried to put someone in a headlock—which I still think was totally ridiculous—I'm just grateful DC#3 never heard me say that a certain physique resulting from an addiction to Cheetos does not make an adequate bouncer. But really, just because a guy is huge, it doesn't mean he's cut out for the job. DC#3 got winded walking me to my car for fuck's sake. Oh, and to the guy I hated so much that I offered the bartender a blowjob if he fired you, I didn't really mean it. I totally wanted you to be fired but I never had any real intention of giving the bartender a blowjob. So, I'm like sorry about that. Kind of.

In the future, I will try to be more tolerant and a little more polite, even when confronted with what I consider to be an appalling level of apathy and ineptitude. And to the good guys who think their quiet effective damage control goes unnoticed, I notice. Thanks for that





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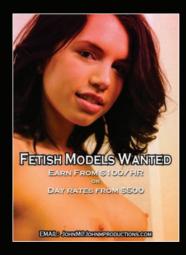




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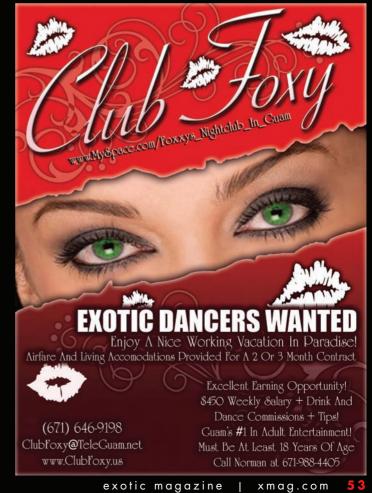
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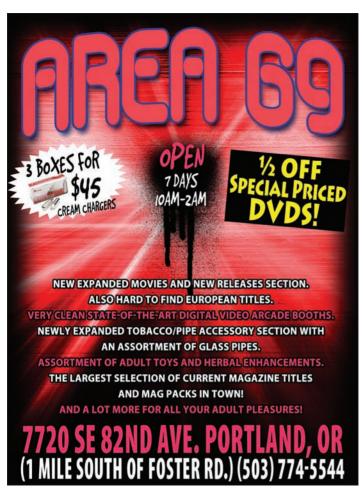
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Sheena G says it's officially time to renew all mile high club (MHC) memberships. Ladies and Gentlemen, the holidays are here and you're going to be flying someplace. This is the best time of the year to renew your MHC membership. Get your freak on way up high in the sky, baby.

For those of you that are out of the loop and wondering what the hell the MHC is about, let me help your poor and deprived soul. All the hip, freaky, nasty party people in PDX know this is when you get credit for getting some while riding, yes that's

"riding" on a plane.

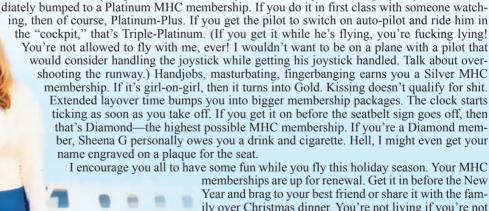
There are different levels of MHC memberships available and they are ranked by how adventurous you are. All you need is an open mind and a free spirit that thrill in the excitement of not getting caught while getting it on during your flight. I have a few tips on how you can get away with some in-flight service. If your are lucky or rich enough to be flying on a private plane, then you need not worry about being sneaky. While those of you who have to fly coach should listen and take note.

You can't earn an MHC membership by getting it on in the bathroom during a layover. You can't earn an MHC membership by meeting a hot stewardess and fucking her in a hotel. This is specifically an in-the-air adrenaline rush. A "Will I get caught?" encounter. You have to be in the air, in flight, miles and miles up. The best time for this is during one of those "red-eye" flights. It's darker; some people are sleeping and not paying much attention. Naturally, you will want an excuse to have two people in the bathroom. You can say you have to give a diabetic a shot—that's a tip I just picked up. If you're a screamer, you better practice some breathing exercises. The art is to not draw attention and to move quickly—so dip, hit, nut and get back to acting normal.

A few things you can use to be discreet are some common-sense decoy tools, like pillows, blankets and hats. Maybe even a stuffed animal. This is when your Santa's helper hat becomes your partner's favorite hat. You can even get creative with one of those airplane U-shaped head rests. Head bobbing must be kept to a minimum ladies. Men, take it easy on the oral steering.

Don't make a plan and then chicken out. No prudes or squares are allowed on this flight. That's called a MHC pussy-out and it is completely unacceptable. I know most of you are thinking, "This is easy, I go to the bathroom and there we go. In, out and over, MHC membership passed with flying colors." Well, let me remind you how small those bathrooms are, very small. It's not as easy as you might imagine. You have limited time, a tiny sink and a tight-assed toilet! Don't forget, turbulence bumps you into a mess. Beware of teeth and turbulence. The two "T's" that don't mix!

If you get oral or give oral on the plane and don't get caught, you get the Gold MHC membership. Of course, there is always the thought of where you will release and how to keep from blasting out of control if you are in your seat. Flavored condoms from Cathie's Lingerie on Powell can be useful. If you get it on in the friendly skies with any airline employee, you are imme-



memberships are up for renewal. Get it in before the New Year and brag to your best friend or share it with the family over Christmas dinner. You're not living if you're not busting a nut at 30,000 feet in the air. I suggest a few drinks, and if you can get two nuts in one flight, you are my hero!

You can check out what I'm up to by visiting www. pdxgirls.com or by e-mailing me at sheena@pdxgirls.com. I'll be at BOOM BOOM ROOM on December 5 for the CD release of my song, "Smell the Money," with an exotic dancer contest. Stop by for prizes, giveaways by Cathie's and have some big fun at the BOOM with Sheena G and the G girls.

All good things,

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