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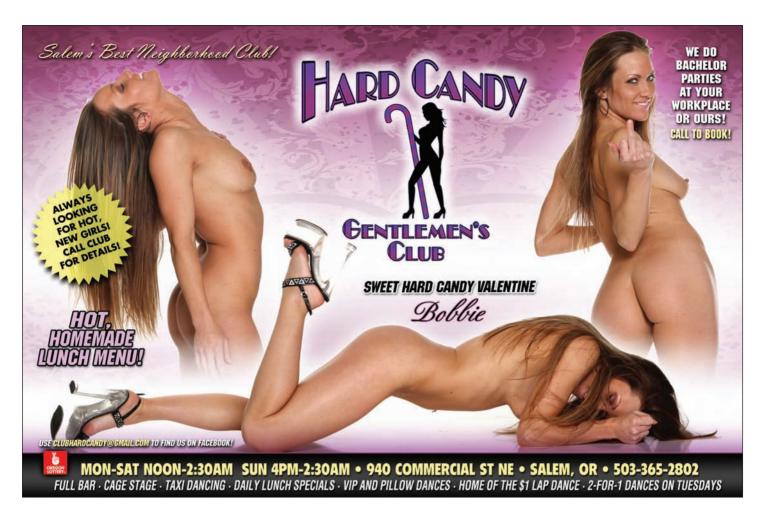
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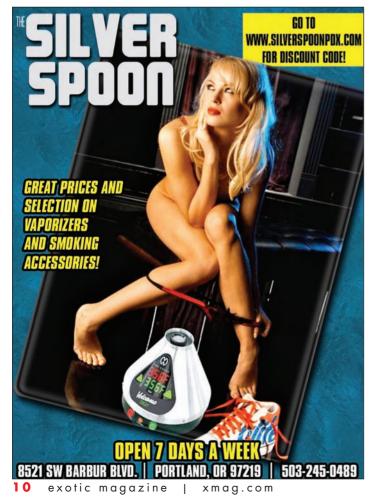


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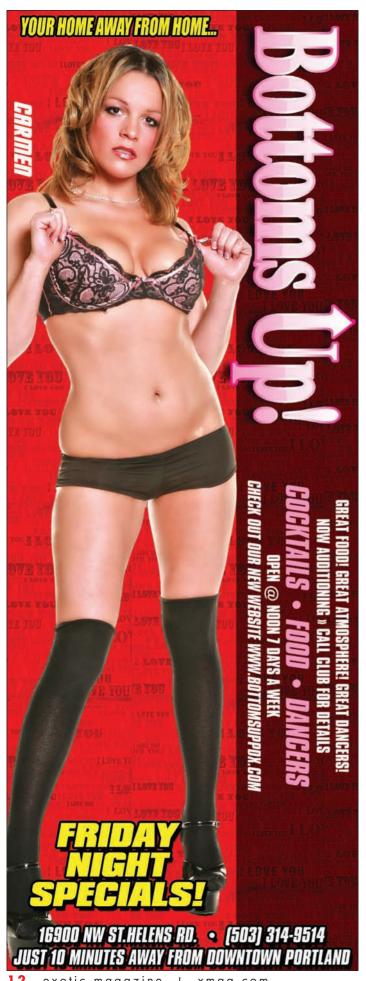














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FEATURES



THE NAKED & THE NEMPLOYABLE

ndx strippers tear open pandora's box by john voge page 28



POLEROTICA IS BACK FOR MORE

the queens of the brass pole return! page 34



BRUTAL BEAUTY

with the rose city rollergirls by statutory ray naue 36



HEN LOVE LEADS

real-life fatal attractions by andrew arbow page 48

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THE BLUE REVIEW THE ROCKET REPORT **EROTIC CITY** PIN-UP CALENDAR **AURAL STIMULATION** SHEENA'S SEX TALK

PG, 16 PG. 20 PG. 24

IT'S NOT GAY

IF YOU'RE PARTYING.

PG. 32 PG. 46

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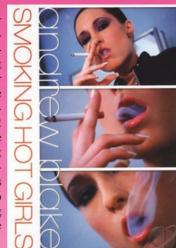
don't know about all of you, but I've never fucked a girl in a situation that involved chocolate-covered strawberries, rose petals and Luther Vandross playing in the background. Most American men of my age group are more familiar with doing it on top of the coats at some flop house party while everyone else is getting high and watching SLC Punk! for the fourth time. Or, perhaps in a '92 Nissan Maxima on some discreet county road while the goth girl you picked up at a bonfire insists that you put Bauhaus' greatest hits on or she won't swallow. Nobody in porn really fucks like the sex scenes in 91/2 Weeks either. Adult cinema seems to want to please the drunk frat guy cheering for a girl getting splooge up her nose more than it does John and Jane on their romantic getaway cruise.

That being said, one of the most recognized and respected directors in adult cinema has repeatedly challenged the mediocre quality of porn. Since the late 1980s, former Playboy photographer turned hardcore porn director Andrew Blake has reshaped and now set the standard for adult cinema as an artistic form. Blake has a reputation for making what has been perceived as perverted by some and transforming it into something sophisticated and elegant. While he may not always project a realistic image of sex that people actually have, he has set the bar for what most of us strive to achieve every February 14. So to middle-class men out there who can impress their wives with flowers instead of lying about being an amateur sponsored skateboarder (guilty as charged), here are a few of Blake's finest DVDs to pick up next time you have a sex buzz off of champagne and not Milwaukee's Best.

Hidden Obsessions: Although it was produced when the first Bush was president, the HIDDEN economy sucked and we were at war in the Middle East (the first time), Hidden Obsessions does not show its age. Adult film star Janine Lindemulder plays Rachel, a sexy blond erotica writer who is hired by a millionaire to pen a series of erotic short stories. While his fantasies of nude photo shoots turning into fuck sessions and live-in lingerie models lezzing out in his Ferrari may not seem too original, the film has produced one of the more

memorable sex scenes in the history of adult cinema. The infamous ice scene consists of what looks like a standard lesbian scene until one of the girls takes out a two foot long, pussy-destroying super dong made entirely out of ice. Not having a vagina, I imagine placing something completely frozen in a body cavity other than your mouth may not be that pleasurable. However, if Andrew Blake is so good directing an adult movie that he could get a girl to want to fill her cervix with ice, I bet he could make 2 Girls One Cup into an Oscar winner.

Andrew Blake's Smoking Hot Girls: Everybody knows that if you want to be cool, you need to start smoking cigarettes. Cigarettes naturally make you cooler and cooler every time you smoke them. Andrew Blake also shows



that it can make hot chicks even hotter. Filmed on location in Paris. Rome and what seems to be a Red Roof Inn. Blake shows a bunch of Asian chicks (who are apparently all mute) as they smoke \$75 cigars before sticking them in each other's twats while they listen to elevator music. The dull concept, Blake's penchant for making every shot a piece of eye candy, as well as his unconventional approach to adult cinema, might disappoint some on the level of the movie's reality. But with non-speaking parts, Blake seems to have

brought out the best in his performers—who might otherwise rely on screaming a fake orgasm. While this movie might not be what is expected of adult entertainment, it is original enough to add the much-needed variety in the porn industry.

Night Trips: Andrew Blake's seminal masterpiece, 1989's Night Trips, holds one distinction over all other adult films: it was rated as number one on AVN's top five hundred adult films of all time. Adult Hall of Fame inductee Tori Welles stars as a woman undergoing an experimental treatment for sexually-disturbing nightmares. Two scientists, played by Randy Spears and Porsche Lynn, hook Tori up to a brain monitor to watch her erotic dreams and ultimately find themselves in the middle of them. Blake produced a series of scenes that make lesbian three-ways

look more like art gallery paintings than photo spreads in a beaver mag—and does it with enough class that even people with no interest in porn can enjoy it. Some adult film historians (and people with no lives) claim that the plot and title of *Night Trips* is strikingly similar to another groundbreaking adult film, director Rinse Dream's 1981 sci-fi cult porno Night Dreams. While the similarities are obviously apparent in both films, Blake's intentions for his film are more direct in emphasizing the style of his sex scenes to their full erotic potential. This film also holds the distinction of being the only adult film to ever win an award that's usually reserved for mainstream cinema. The film was released and made its rounds on the 1989 film fest circuit and won "Best Non-Theatrical Release" at the 1989 Worldfest-Houston International Film Festival

Some people have had very polarizing views about this movie and about Blake's entire body of work claiming that it is too stylized, and is almost un-watchable. While others praise *Night Trips* and Andrew Blake for raising the bar in adult entertainment to its deserved level. Regardless of differing opinions, the least that can be said about Andrew Blake is that he's doing something in adult entertainment that nobody else has the balls to even attempt.



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f you're an avid reader of Exotic, you are probably flipping through the pages checking out all of the hot girls in the ads while you look for your favorite column. But wait! What's this? A new column? Yes, dear reader. Let me take this opportunity to introduce myself. I go by Rocket. I have been reading Exotic since the days when local stripper hero, the praise-worthy Viva Las Vegas was on staff. I have been fortunate enough to have been featured in quite a few ads within the covers of this magazine—perhaps someday I can show a great neice that her auntie used to be totally fucking cool. I've been dancing in this fine city for about five years, which doesn't put a dent in some local ladies' rap sheets, but that's a good while. I'm a career stripper and I'm damn proud of it! Given that Exotic is centered around the stripping industry, it only makes sense that a local stripper should write a column. I only hope I can do the job justice—like those before me. I plan on this column being part opinion piece and part "how-to" guide on a variety of sex industry-related subjects. I'd also like to introduce you to all of the incredible naked talent this town has to offer, one stripper interview at a time. At the prompting of Exotic's editor, I'll be searching PDX for the best and brightest strippers to interview and I hope to introduce you to some of the girls you might not have ever heard of-the "hidden gems" if you will. To start, let me tell you a little more about myself and how I came to be a part of the local stripping scene.

Way back in 2005, I was a recent transplant to Oregon. I'd spent my early adult years attending college in the frigid and boring state of Michigan. A buddy of mine had moved here and I'd taken the train cross-country to visit for the first time. It was the middle of summer and Portland was incredible. All I did was ride my bike and go to house parties. I went back to Michigan, sold most of my stuff and moved here as quickly as I could pack my

car. Soon, I was suffering through my first soul-sucking winter, trying to stay warm with booze from bars near my downtown apartment at night and taking a full course load of classes at PSU by day. It was in one of these classes, that I met Carrie (aka "Tinkerbell"), who was a dancer at Mary's Club. We struck up a friendship and I went to see her at work. It was the first time I'd ever been in a strip club and I had way too much fun. Another friend lived near Union Jacks and that became my favorite place to go on weekends. I had a crush on a dancer there called Rivets (aka Marie from Suicide Girls aka Rachael Reckless aka BEST BOOBS EVER) and would go there when she was working. My friend and I would do what we called "the Burnside stumbling tour": Club 21, Sandy Hut and Union Jacks. Then, if we were particularly shitfaced, we'd walk across the bridge to Mary's Club.

I loved watching the dancers do pole tricks and I wanted to learn. I signed up for a beginner class at a local pole dance studio that happened to have recitals at Devils Point. By the time I'd completed the intermediate pole dance class, I felt like I had the confidence to dance at an actual club in front of a crowd, once, just to say that I'd done it. I was ridiculously nervous, but I managed to make it through the set

at the recital without falling on my face or knocking over any drinks. The first song I ever stripped to was "Spider Baby" by Fantômas. Ah, memories. As I stumbled through the crowd to find a place to sit and watch the other performers, three different dudes asked me for lapdances. I thought that was hilarious. "I don't actually work here," I managed to blurt out through the laughter. Leaning against

the pool table. I fixed my gaze on the little stage bathed in red light. Another dude in a PBR cap and a t-shirt with the sleeves cut off approached and said "You should work here." I had downed a fair amount of whiskey for courage and I don't remember my exact words, but I was probably pretty rude to the poor guy. Yet he ignored my bitchy attitude and persisted, saving "No, you don't understand. Do you want to work here? I own this place." At first, I didn't believe him, but after he introduced himself as Shon and we talked for a few minutes I was convinced. At this point, I was pretty tired of eating ramen noodles, working at a pizza place and scrounging for bus fare, so I said "Yeah, sure" and my career as a Portland stripper began. Fast forward five years and I've worked at a handful of clubs and with hundreds of strippers. After working a laundry list of jobs including (but not limited to) dog groomer, blueberry picker, real estate office secretary, newspaper deliverer, art gallery tour guide, country club server, veterinary assistant, cocktail waitress and pizza kitchen slave, I can honestly say I love being a stripper the most. I get to listen to good music, dance, meet interesting people from all over the world and look at hot, naked chicks-all for cash in hand. It's never boring for me.

Now that you know more about me, I

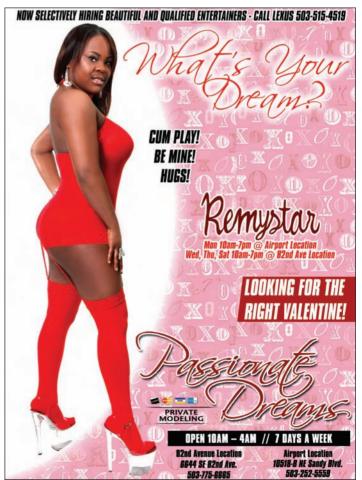
want to hear from you! Do you have questions you'd like to ask about the stripping industry? Do vou have a favorite dancer you'd like me to interview? Are you a dancer who thinks you deserve to be interviewed? (Trust me, I have no problem with those who like to selfpromote.) Send me your article suggestions, questions and comments: rocketisrad@yahoo.com facebook.com/rocketisrad.













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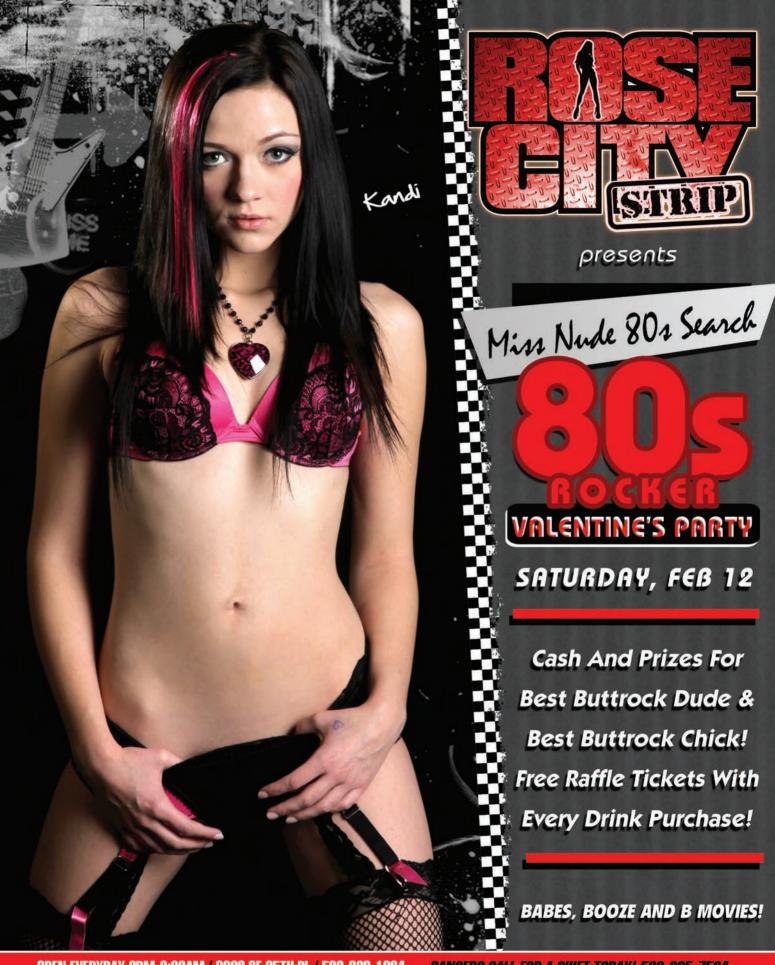
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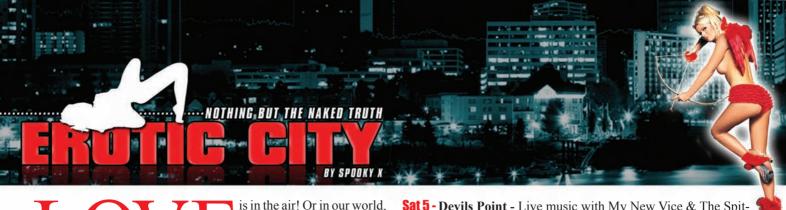
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maybe it's more about lust, isn't it? Welcome to another action-packed issue my friends. "Erotic City" is running in a more condensed fashion due to the generous offering of editorial in this month's issue. Rather than approach Valentine's Day in the traditional manner with roses and chocolate, we're twisting the spin on it a bit with topics such as psychos who have killed in the name of love and the best break-up songs of all time. Other hard-hitting journalism can be found with our exclusive review of Brutal Beauty, the documentary spotlighting Portland's very own Rose City Rollers. In addition, we opened the proverbial Pandora's box this month when we asked our readers, "Why is it almost impossible for an exotic entertainer to get a mainstream 9-5 job after an extended term of employment in the adult entertainment industry?" The responses were amazing, controversial and passionate. Let's just say, this makes a debate about the theory of evolution vs. creation seem like child's play.

By the time you're reading this, you've already missed the first round of PoleroticA. Shame on you for that, but we'll forgive you as long as you promise to get your asses out to the clubs and show these amazingly talented exotic entertainers some support in the upcoming qualifier rounds running through the entire month of February (see pg. 34 for more details). This year, PoleroticA has upped the ante and will be kicking down more than \$3,000 in cash and prizes to the top 3 contestants. There's still time to enter ladies. so contact us by emailing polerotica@xmag.com to sign up for your event before it's too late. Stay tuned next month for details on the finale.

Enjoy your commercially-prostituted celebration of love and lust my friends. You live in a city where if love isn't on your agenda this Valentine's Day, lust is a very available option. So instead of wasting time on eHarmony or Facebook looking for love, shower the lovely clothing-deficient performance artists at your favorite club with all the love you have to offer—preferably in large denominations of US currency.

See you next time.

FEBRUARY EVENTS

4 more chances this month to qualify for the PoleroticA Finals to compete for over \$3,000 in cash & prizes...plus the cover of Exotic magazine!

Devils Point – Thursday, February 3 Mystic Gentlemen's Club – Thursday, February 17 Club Rouge - Thursday, February 24 Exotica International – Thursday, March 3 For more info email: polerotica@xmag.com

Thu 3 - Devils Point - *Exotic* magazine presents the PoleroticA Pole Dance Competition - Qualifier Round Mt. Tabor - Miss Kennedy's Cabaret - A sexy benefit for the Rock & Roll Camp for Girls

Sat 5 - Devils Point - Live music with My New Vice & The Spittin' Cobras

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Kickboxing after-hours party

Sun 6 - Mystic Gentlemen's Club - Super Dave's Super Bowl Bash with drink specials, topless waitresses, great halftime entertainment & free tri-tip BBQ

Jody's Bar & Grill - Huge Superbowl XLV Party Heat - Super-Stripper-Bowl Party with 2 plasma TV prizes & free spaghetti dinner with topless servers

Tue 8 - Lucky Devil Lounge - 3rd Anniversary Party with gorgeous dancers, delicious spirits & debauchery all night long

Thu 10 - Heat - \$500 Amateur Dance Contest Lucky Devils Lounge - Exotic magazine presents the PoleroticA Pole Dance Competition - Qualifier Round

Fri 11 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Vampire Valentine's Weekend with live music by Toxic Zombie

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Manager Steve Toth's Birthday Bash with special entertainers all night long

Sat 12 - Rose City Strip - Miss Nude 80s Search & 80s Rocker Party with cash prizes for best buttrock dude & best buttrock chick plus free raffle tickets with every drink purchase Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Vampire Valentine's Weekend with live music by Maiden NW (Iron Maiden Tribute)

Devils Point - Live music with Hog Wild & The Penalty Angel's Sensual Social Club - Valentine's Party with live DJ & full cash bar

George's Dancin' Bare - Hottest Dancer of 2011 Contest 3rd Round Qualifier

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Valentine's Couples' Romantic Getaway - \$40 per couple includes cover & dinner for 2 plus a bottle of champagne (through February 14th)

Sun 13 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Vampire Valentine's Weekend with Busty Burlesque

Mon 14 - Devils Point - Valentine's Night Burlesque Revue **Frolics -** Couples receive a free gift with any purchase of \$25 or more

George's Dancin' Bare - Valentine's Party with sweetheart specials Spyce Gentlemen's Club - Valentine's Day Party with slow dance sessions with your favorite girl for \$10, 2-for-1 for couples on everything & prime rib dinner for 2 for \$19.95

Wed 16 - Club 205 - Covergirl Dance Contest

Thu 17 - Mystic Gentlemen's Club - *Exotic* magazine presents the PoleroticA Pole Dance Competition - Qualifier Round

Sat 19 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - 12th Anniversary Ice & Disco Party

Tue 22 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Little Sizzlin' Sierra

Wed 23 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Little Sizzlin' Sierra

Thu 24 - Safari Showclub - Pajama Party



Club Rouge - *Exotic* magazine presents the PoleroticA Pole Dance Competition - Qualifier Round Stars Cabaret (Bend) - Little Sizzlin' Sierra

Fri 25 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Little Sizzlin' Sierra

Sat 26 - George's Dancin' Bare - Hottest Dancer of 2011 Finals with over \$1,900 in total cash & prizes

Devils Point - Live music with Erotic City (Prince Tribute Band) **Stars Cabaret (Salem)** - Little Sizzlin' Sierra with live music by AC/DDC (Female AC/DC Tribute)

WEEKLY EVENTS MONDAYS

The Pallas Club - Ladies' Night with discounted drink specials **Stars Cabaret (Salem, Bridgeport)** - Free prime rib with paid admission 6-9pm

TUESDAYS

The Pallas Club - Toss 'Em Back Tuesdays with discounted drink specials

Club 205 - Two-fer-Tuesdays with 2-girl shows

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

WEDNESDAYS

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Free prime rib with paid admission 6-9pm **Heat -** Quarter Wednesdays - come see what you get for a quarter from 8pm-10pm

The Pallas Club - Wicked Wednesdays - Wear leather or lace to receive discounted drink specials

Jody's Bar & Grill - Ladies' Night with \$2 & \$1 specials

THURSDAYS

Jody's Bar & Grill - Thirsty Thursdays - with extended happy hour & all-you-can-eat tacos for \$2

FRIDAYS

Spyce Gentlemen's Club - \$9.99 steak & lobster from 3pm-9pm **Mynt Gentlemen's Club** - Super Bowl Fridays - \$9.99 steak & lobster from 3pm-9pm - Buy a dance and get a chance to win 2 tickets and full accommodations to Super Bowl XLV in Dallas **Jody's Bar & Grill** - Join our "Karaoke Dude" after hours from 2am - 5:30 am

SATURDAYS

Jody's Bar & Grill - Join our "Karaoke Dude" after hours from 2am - 5:30 am **Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) -** Rude, Crude & Food -\$5 All-you-can-eat buffet - good food with an attitude

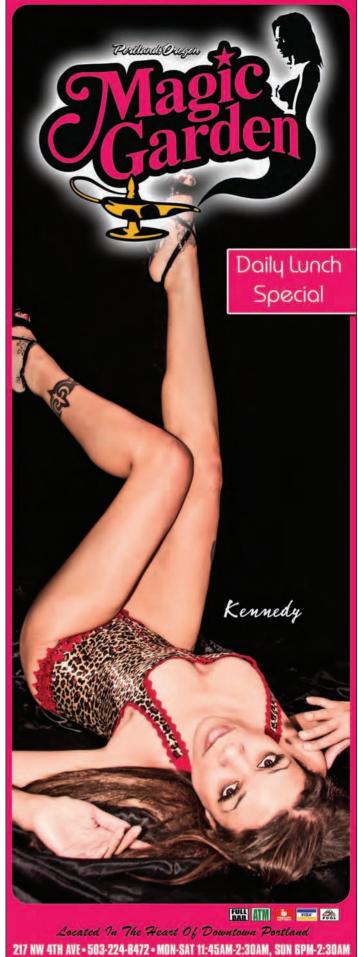
SUNDAYS

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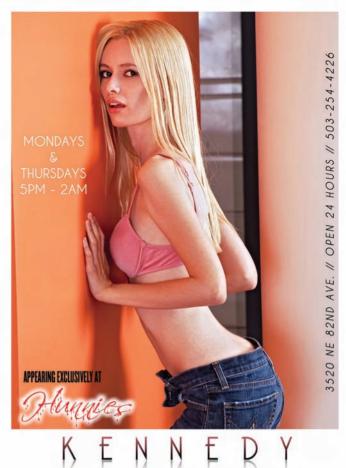
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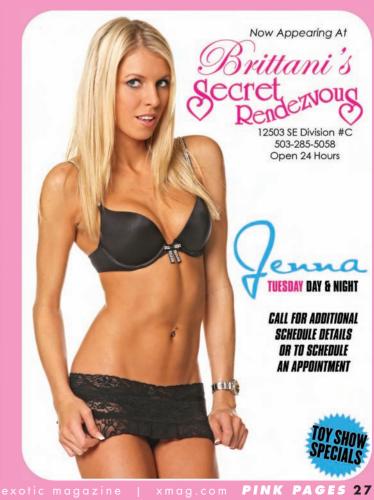


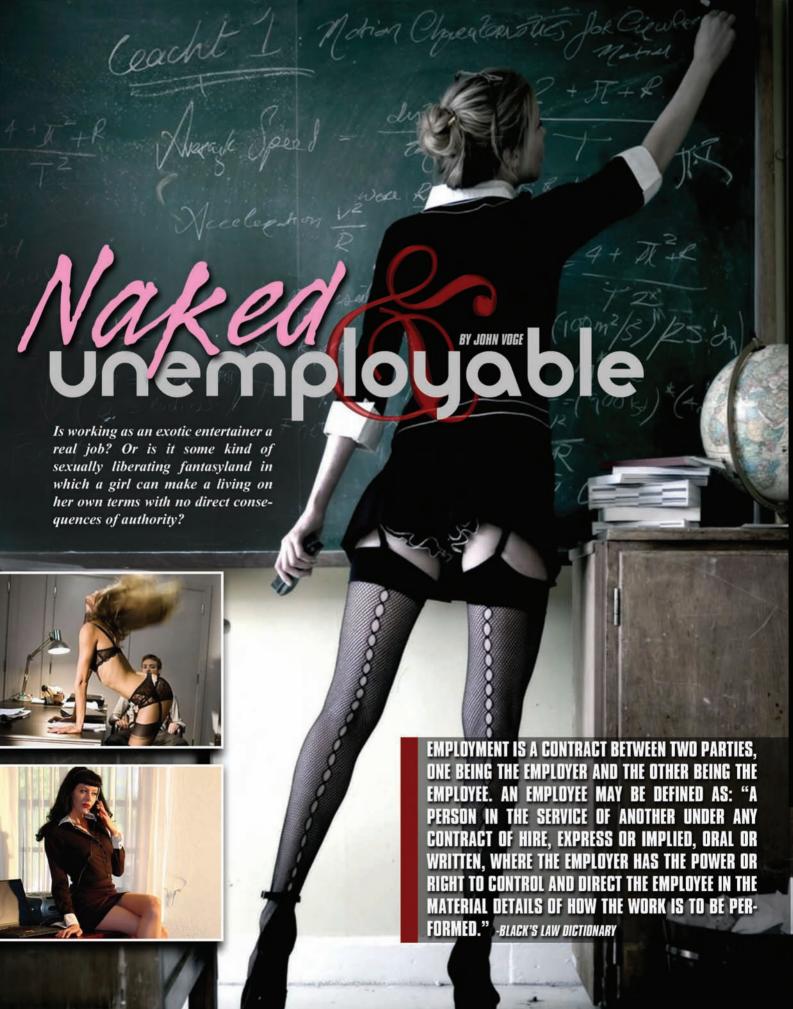


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So, now that we understand that, there is no question at all that being a stripper is a legitimately defined profession and means of employment. But is it a, dare I say, "real job?" A job is a post of employment or anything a person is expected or obliged to do as a duty or responsibility. Now with some dancers, I would hesitate to use the word "responsibility" in the same sentence when I'm describing their behavior at work. This topic started as a small debate on a slow night at the club last month, which elevated to truly opening up Pandora's box via social networking when the question was put out to our readers. This topic led to one of our longest threads of various emotionallycharged reactions to date. Everyone has his or her own opinion about the validity of labeling stripping as a "real job" or not. Sure, they have a schedule, a place to go do their job and leave with compensation for a performed task. In most cases, there are several authorities present at said job that are employed to "control and direct" the dancers performances (primarily DJs, bouncers, bartenders and the occasional club owner). But even with three or four "supervisors" on shift, the average dancer's behavioral work ethic is far from what any "normal employer" would be looking for in an employee. So...

"Why is it almost impossible for an exotic entertainer to get a mainstream 9–5 job after an extended term of employment in the adult entertainment industry?"

The following are direct and uncensored quotes (with a little touch-up on the grammar) from Exotic readers after the lid of Pandora's box was "innocently" ripped open.

A "normal job" requires a work ethic, accepting authority, showing up on time and working with other people while being a team player. You can't leave when you feel like it. No one cares about your mental meltdown or your mental disorder. Business comes first. It's not about you. You don't get your fast cash—you get a paycheck. When you dance, you work for yourself and you take home your own money.

The problem with the real or fake job title isn't really on the dancers themselves. It's on club owners and managers. They allow such a permissive atmosphere where there are no (or small) repercussions for doing things that would get you fired from a mainstream job.

Seems like any attractive young woman would easily be able to use dancing as a springboard to further her life's ambition by making decent cash working odd hours—enabling schedules for things like college, career training, etc., that a 9–5 just doesn't pay for (without it taking a bazillion years). Then, once you have the degree, the realization that you'll be working longer hours, missing daylight, summers and playtime to make less money with a crap economy doesn't make conventional employment look too entertaining. Plus, the concept of working when you like, with whom you like and where you like doesn't hurt either.

People don't want to hire girls that can't conform to their authority, who start fights with their co-workers for making more money than them or playing your favorite song. Spilling a drink on a customer is not their idea of customer service. And besides, what job allows you to support a boyfriend who only leaves the Xbox to make problems at your workplace?

Because they will never be able to walk from your typical 9–5 with a grand or more. It's never a matter of not being able to get a real job; it's that we're smarter than that.

I was going to say because real jobs don't pay as well...but in this city, with more strippers than customers, they probably pay better!

The sex industry is a "real job." Anyone who doesn't think so is approaching the industry from the wrong state of mind. Anyone who needs personal proof of the fact that the sex industry is a real business should check out Jenna Jameson's book. The woman is smart, classy and knows her way around her own personal empire and how to run a business whose profits likely exceed "real jobs." While not everyone can achieve such fame and success as her (or others as well known as her) in the industry, the concept is still the same. It's a very real

job with a very real and potentially lucrative outcome based on what the individual puts into it. Approaching the industry from a "fake job" mentality gets you nowhere.

Strippers might be able to describe themselves as being employed in sales. They are selling themselves as the product (and perhaps their soul in the process.) If they could find a way to be as passionate about selling something other than their own asses, they might be a serious threat in the sales workforce. They are masters in the art of persuasion. I can't tell you how many times I've gone into a club with the intention of keeping my expenses under 50 bucks and then waking up with buyer's remorse when I see that I just gave my weekly salary away in the name of 38DDs. Strippers have the talent (and training) to succeed in working within the "real world" if they would bother to attempt applying their skills elsewhere. But I think the reality is, they have lost the value of the dollar and pretty much take it for granted. They would rather have it handed to them than work for the man. And why not? There are plenty of guys (like me) that will keep on dishing it out to them so they can enjoy the rock and roll lifestyle all of us wish we had. Downside is, when the implants are shot, so is the career. There's new talent turning 18 every day that will turn the gears of time a little faster than the veteran dancers would prefer. It is a real job if they treat it that way. From what I've seen, this can vary greatly from one individual to the next. Either you're in it for the party or you're in it for the money. Trying to mix the two is something that usually doesn't work out.

It really stresses me out to read some of these comments, because I know so many dancers who don't fit the stereotype and so many dancers who either have held down conventional jobs or continue to do so while dancing. The fact that these women DO in fact have skills that could help them hold a conventional job, is what makes them successful at being a stripper: good time and money management, self control, pride in who they are instead of what some random person "thinks" of them and persistence. It's a shame that a legal job, like stripping, has such a stigma attached to it. But that's what makes it alluring—the fact that it's taboo.

Naked Unemployable

I suppose a "real job" would mean no drinking on the job, no having sex with other girls in the bathroom, limited "sick" days, having to request vacations, dress code....and yes, the 9am part. Those would definitely be issues to me! Strippers are individuals and though some may have the problems and lack of education and blah blah blaaaaaah. some, like myself, do not. There's a reason why there are only a couple of 40-year-old strippers here and there. It's because a lot of us find other shit to do, like anthropology with an archaeological focus and a prehistory minor. Basically, I myself am not going to settle for a "job." When I'm done being pretty and drunk and paying cash for all my college credits, I'm getting a career that I want and will enjoy. I think it's fabulous that people assume that most or all strippers are the same, but we're the dumb ones, right? We behave the way we do because we are allowed to and for a few very good reasons. This industry is OUR industry—it would not exist without us-it is all about us and therefore it is our show to run. In other jobs, it's not about industry. It's about customer service or selling an actual product. Therefore, in that environment, it wouldn't be very practical for me to behave the way I do at the club. I'm hell on a new DJ, demanding of my bouncers and will not hesitate to argue with a manager if I have a problem. Which leads me to another big reason why we act the way we do—we pay good money to do what the hell we wanna do. We pay the club and the employees in it. I work at the club, not for it. I'm a firm believer that you get what you pay for and you get paid for what you do. So, if I get what I want, I pay for it. I pay a lot of money to get my way, so if I want to act like a crazy bitch for the day, that's how it's going to be! But I will say this, I hate girls that mistreat their staff for no reason and tip like shit when they made good money. They should be ashamed of themselves. But, most of the ones that act like that, don't know what shame is.

Strippers tend to have MAJOR unexplainable gaps in their resumes. They're forced to either lie or give weak excuses for why they "weren't employed" during a period of time—and if you don't lie, normal people don't know how to handle being around you. They either judge, stereotype, sexually harass you or tell everyone you were a dancer and then no one takes you seriously, because for the most part, they're ignorant close-minded morons that could never even fathom what being a stripper really means and how "easy" it really is. I'm not saying every person is like

that in the job market, just that it's more often than not the case. Getting out of stripping is really hard. Girls get used to daily validation and the idea that the money they earn is equivalent to what they're worth or what people think they're worth. So when they work a 9–5 job, get a paycheck and make what they remember making in a few nights, they feel like they aren't being valued or that the job isn't worth their time. It's kind of a Wal-Mart mentality. Why would I purchase this thing here when I can buy it at Wal-mart for cheaper?

The simple answer, "I don't feel like working," won't suffice—even if it is the truth. Don't get me wrong, I fit a lot of stripper stereotypes (at least a little) but the same qualities fit me into other categories as well. But if I weren't also a stripper, they wouldn't be such bad qualities. If I was a musician, it wouldn't matter if I was always late, but always showed up; it wouldn't matter that I like to drink champagne at six am whether I'm waking up or still awake. I wish at some point, people would understand that stripping is a blast—and in Portland it's a lot like being a rock star. It's an amazing workout and it's damn good money to boot. One day, people will once again look on us as we are and realize how blessed they are that even though we could do anything we wanted with ourselves, we choose to entertain them and bare more than just our souls in the process.

I personally find a lot of these opinions that most of you have stated very offensive. I think that most of you are thinking of this question in the wrong way: Dancing is a "real job," but it is difficult (though I do not think nearly impossible) for a girl who has been dancing for a prolonged period of time to find a job in any other field but the exotic entertainment industry if she wanted to do so. And that is very true. First off, for the obvious reasons: women who have been dancing for x-amount of years only have reputable experience in that one line of work. For example, someone who has worked in retail for five years probably wouldn't be first choice to be hired in a restaurant. Secondly, most employers in conventional 9-5 jobs are just as ignorant, closed minded and quick to judge as a lot of the people who voiced their word on these pages. So, if I were to get an interview at Olive Garden and tell them that my last job was as a dancer, I would probably get a lot of eye rolls and not be considered for the position. So what is my other option? Putting



an unexplainable x-amount of years hole in my work experience in my resume or lie. Neither option is desirable.

Nobody can get a "real job" right now. Even if they could, why would they want to? If you can name one career that's more rewarding than playing grab-ass with naked 20-somethings while drinking on the job, I'll dedicate my entire existence to that trade right now. Strip clubs are like Never Never Land with booze—and Tinkerbell is the right size to diddle.

In a "real" job, you can't charge an asshole tax. You have to sell your soul to everyone vou interact with for a set wage or salary. As a dancer, you can choose not to deal with someone awful, unless you know you're gonna get a minimum of 20/50/100 bucks and a drink out of them. While strippers have a reputation for lying through their teeth in order to make money, I've found that it's the one job I've worked where I can be totally honest whenever I want to—partly because of the relaxed environment, partly because it surprises and amuses people and partly because a lot of customers don't give a damn what I'm saying as long as I'm smiling and taking off my clothes. If you stop enjoying your job and start resenting people. you make less money. Or I do, at least. So, if someone is going to keep me from enjoying my time at work, the exchange needs to be that they make me enjoy the amount of cash they're giving me.

First of all, in most clubs, if you aren't 15 minutes early you get sent home. Most of us are sober so we can what you call "critically" think. We all have a superior, have rules we must follow and provide a customer service that isn't just about providing a lap dance. Difference is, we don't have to kiss ass to make our company look good while we get paid shit (minimum wage). People come to see us because they want to. We are more



independent and most of us have "real" jobs, but we look good naked. Sorry, nobody wants to see what ugly looks like naked.

The skills that sex industry workers learn and use on a daily basis are very transferable to "real jobs." What other industry can you make that kind of money doing something you enjoy without a bunch of schooling, and the debt that comes with that schooling?

A lot of us DO have conventional office jobs. But, it is difficult to justify slaving away for a paycheck that you know you can make on a 5-hour Saturday night shift. The girls that seem to struggle are the ones that begin stripping before they have real-world experience. It is a double-edged sword, because a real job is a pain in the ass once you're accustomed to the lax lifestyle of stripping. But, those are the same girls that don't treat their stripping jobs with any respect either. Real job experience allows you to know how to make money and keep on the good side of the club. Show up on time, don't call in, go up when you're supposed to, don't be bitchy to the other girls, etc. With a giant gap on your resumé, and getting older, it'd be tough for the girls to find a career.

Being on stage and having eyes on you is a very intoxicating experience—whether it's the scum of the earth, or the next messiah, is irrelevant. It's the fact that all eyes are set on you (and only you) for those moments when you are on stage. To lose that position is more than just losing a job, it's losing empowerment (a strength that draws people to you)—simply put, control. Many can claim that's not the case, but there is nothing like knowing you have a room wrapped around your little finger and having them also pay you for it! The money is good. There are a lot of things people will do to have a legal, good paying job. Do you think I would walk away from 500 bucks (or more) a night just to throw it away for the average 12-bucksan-hour job in an office where I wish the building would burn down because I hate the place so much? HELL NO! Honestly, I don't think anything stops a stripper from getting a real job other then the fact that she really doesn't need a "real" job. What she has pays better in the long run. Strippers work hard to catch the attention of a crowd—just like musicians, actors or entertainers of any kind do. As far as I'm concerned, strippers are the same as any type of performance artists out there. If you suck (metaphorically speaking of course) then you won't make squat. If you're good, men and woman will bow at your feet and shower you with riches.

You can't blame dancers for being late or for drinking too much while working, because they just can. If all the club owners/managers took a hard line against that sort of behavior, then it would have to stop now wouldn't it? Dancers are human, and as such, are going to get away with exactly what they are allowed to. It is a "real" job if you treat it like one. There are many dancers who hold down "real" jobs while dancing. Another thing to note, is that this industry is constantly being supplied by young talent (18-22 year olds) who have perhaps never had another job besides dancing. They are provided with leniency in the workplace and before they know it, they are a huge mess. That's not to say that the individual dancer is not responsible for her own actions. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink. That said, dancing is a GREAT gig if you have self-control and self-discipline to keep your drinking habits in check and manage your money/time properly. I love it... beats the hell out of any other job I've had.

AND THE AWARD FOR BEST RE-SPONSE OF ALL GOES TO...

I think most strippers would be well suited for a career in horticulture. However, you can lead a whore to culture, but vou can't make her like it. Every girl has her unique reason as to why she becomes a stripper. Some are rebelling against their parents, some supporting children, others doing it for attention and possibly because no one else will hire them. Some girls are exhibitionists and get off on it. Lots support their deadbeat musician boyfriends. Some are drug addicts making quick cash for their fix. Some are even well qualified to do other things, have real job experience, but can't find a job that pays what they're worth in this shitty economy. Anyone who calls stripping "easy money" or romanticizes it like it's this amazing rockstar lifestyle, should be spayed or neutered and forced to dance around in cheap lingerie in front of their friends and family with a huge fucking smile on their face like they really want to be there. And then, in their own words, define "self respect." It's a REAL job. I see more fucking reality in a day than most corporate-wage slaves will ever encounter in their entire lives. I have two degrees and three years in a construction trade. Stripping is harder than any job I've held or degree earned. Every girl that steps up on

that stage deserves utmost RESPECT...and lots of fucking money. Furthermore, Portland strippers are huge supporters of the Oregon economy. Want to support your local economy, you hipster fuck? Tip a goddamn stripper more than you pay for your PBR! I guess my point (although meandering and verbose) is, that it takes a special kind of girl to be a stripper. She is sexy, charismatic, and a little damaged. In my observation/ experience, you have to be a little damaged for stripping to be a viable life option. Also, dancers have the skills to climb the success ladder faster than a pole! For example, studies show that an employer is more likely to hire a less qualified, attractive prospective employee than their more qualified, less attractive competition. They are considered for more promotions as well! While punctuality may not be a stripper's best quality, a little cleavage and a silver tongue have been known to get both into the private dance area in the club and out of a write-up in the workaday world. Of all the dancer's transferable skills, the most extraordinary ability that is the envy of all people in the workplace—dealing with people you hate in such a way that makes them like you and give you whatever you want. Hey boss, I'm ready for that promotion now...

Credits to: Nightshade, Rocket, Avain, Paris, Krista, Blaine, Pandora, Chloe, Maurice, Lark, Cat, Rachael and all the rest of vou whose words fueled this fire.



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nyone not currently living in a whale's ass should be familiar with roller derby—a recently-revived sport that involves hot chicks on skates knocking each other over and shouting obscenities. The Rose City Rollers, Portland's own roller derby league (which consists of a handful of teams, a crew of moonlighting cast members and more sponsors than players), are the subject of Brutal Beauty—a locally-produced documentary that will grace the screens of the upcoming Sundance Film Festival. Upon being given the assignment to review director Chip Mabry's non-narrated account of a year-long submersion amongst roller derby girls in the wild, I was ready to give the film the Statutory treatment and rip it apart from the inside-out, breach-birth style. The only problem is that Brutal Beauty turned out to be a really, really fucking good piece of work. Since the Northwest produces no more than two or three of these rare artifacts over the course of any given decade, please take ten minutes away from hooker shopping to consider looking into a film that doesn't involve zombies or strippers.

Brutal Beauty does an excellent job of framing roller derby as an outlet for competitive and outgoing women who are unabashed about retaining aspects of femininity that would be otherwise ignored in similar outlets. Competition is an archetypically masculine trait and media treatment of females engaging in competitive activity (sports or otherwise) is usually presented from a dismissive or patronizing perspective. Don Imus may view the Rutgers women's basketball team as "nappy-headed hos," and women's equivalents of otherwise male-oriented sports may be insultingly watered-down, but roller derby seems to be an oasis amongst which athletically-inclined women can find shelter in an otherwise unforgiving climate. Approaching the subject as such, Chip Mabry's participant-defined presentation

of roller derby illustrates a sport in which die-hard competition and bruise-friendly combat are just as commonplace as sexual innuendo, lipstick and glamour.

An underlying theme captured by Brutal Beauty is roller derby's emphasis on unrestrained self-expression, particularly that which is obtained through alter egos. A Rose City Roller, who assumes the name Slap Ya Sideways, is a self-described social recluse with an emotionally-drained disposition. Like many roller derby participants interviewed, Sideways reinforces the claim that roller derby can save souls (so to speak, as I assume no amount of roller skating could redeem those of us involved in other forms of unrestrained self-expression). A misfit and otherwise socially uninvolved person when assuming the persona attached to her legal name (not one participant interviewed in Brutal Beauty reveals their "real" handle), Slap Ya Sideways testifies to the benefits associated with participating in roller derby, specifically being part of a community of similar-minded individuals who are recognized strictly for the role that they assume: a team member in a crew of ego-friendly and individuality-oriented outcasts who are able to score a few points by knocking the shit out of the same person that helps them design their cute outfits. For this reason alone, it is no wonder that so many strip club industry outlets are proud sponsors of the Rose City Rollers.

Considering the "progressive" (quotes emphasized) nature of Portland (and the Northwest in general—a large majority of the top-placing national roller derby teams are located between San Francisco and Seattle), it is equally surprising and refreshing to note a visible lack of third-wave hatebased feminism in a subculture that would seem to foster it. Brutal Beauty features a few scenes in which derby girls are seen candidly flirting with their boyfriends or engaging in archetypically feminine behaviors, like altering team uniforms for bouts and yet, these portrayals blend seamlessly into clips of visibly ruthless gladiators on wheels battling it out for a few points.

Initially, the notable lack of representation from the queer community may seem questionable due to the sheer amount of tough-bitch pride exhibited by every participant interviewed for the film, but one may argue that the exclusion of (openly) lesbian subjects may be a strategic execution of genius editing by both the director and post-production team. Simply put, by not including representation of queer participants in a film that presents a grassroots organization of competitive women who hail from a state that boasts no less than

two gay mayors, Brutal Beauty addresses stereotypes in a functional manner without bringing attention to the obvious. As one derby girl's boyfriend states, he is "happy being the cheerleader to [her] quarterback." A statement which is truly challenging to gender-role assumptions (specifically, those that apply to heterosexual women and men). In this sense, roller derby is representative of uncut feminism—a phenomenon that has been lost somewhere in a sea of self-destructive rhetoric that overshadows the original views of the authoring foremothers.

Although every Rose City Roller interviewed for the film testifies to an explicitly unique biography regarding her own entry into the roller derby lifestyle, a common thread seems to be renewal through struggle, a theme that applies to individual derby girls as well as the bigger picture presented. From a personal angle, many Rollers adhere to a narrative of broken bones overcoming broken homes. Many of the derby girls tell a story of roller derby serving as the first beacon of light they encountered on whatever dark road they have traveled, and although derby is a far stretch from rehab or Scientology, roller derby has the tendency to become a full-time lifestyle. On a larger level, the Rose City Rollers all-star touring team is portrayed, like any other athletic-oriented documentary with substance, as a recognized underdog that faces the same erratic highs and lows as any other rise-to-the-top sports team. Having given approximately 0.1 shits about roller derby before watching Brutal Beauty, it was surprising to note the shit-giving that I experienced after watching the Rose City Rollers take on their godlike rivals from the Bay Area.

If anything, Brutal Beauty succeeds in challenging any assumptions that one may have regarding roller derby as being nothing more than a fad or a part-time hobby. Whereas semi-interested weekend warriors are quickly thinned out of the herd, otherwise unlikely candidates for a team sport often become fanatics, merchants, promoters and super-athletes shortly after becoming involved with the Rose City Rollers. Further, Clint Mabry showcases what so many documentary filmmakers (and social scientists) only wish to pull off—the exhibition of a Portland-area phenomenon that has grown from a local idea into a nationally recognized presence. Thanks to my buddy X-Con, I was able to score some inexpensive (free) tickets to the season opening bout last month, and I am happy to announce that Brutal Beauty, unlike so many other underground-subject spotlight documentaries, does not give unnecessary credit to (or place overzealous emphasis on) the subject at hand. Superfans, merch tables, handmade audience signs and player-centric crowd chants encompassed the matches held at the season opening, giving resonance to Clint Mabry's portrayal of the Rose City Rollers.

Although individual teams with quirky names like Guns N Rollers consisting of beer-guzzling punk-rock chicks who assume equally eccentric pseudonyms may seem to the casual observer no different than the bands, businesses and bicycle gangs that litter the Rose City. Brutal Beauty presents the Rose City Rollers as a legitimate and hopeful presence, leaving viewers convinced that roller derby is no more or less a "real" sport than any other professionally-organized athletic activity. The only real difference is that the Rose City Rollers don't get paid to play their sport, let alone receive multi-million dollar contracts that involve sitting out three consecutive seasons with a broken ankle. Given a few more years of media recognition, specifically the in-depth variety provided by Brutal Beauty's Clint Mabry, perhaps Rip City will become R.I.P. City and Portland will become home once again to hopeful sports fans.



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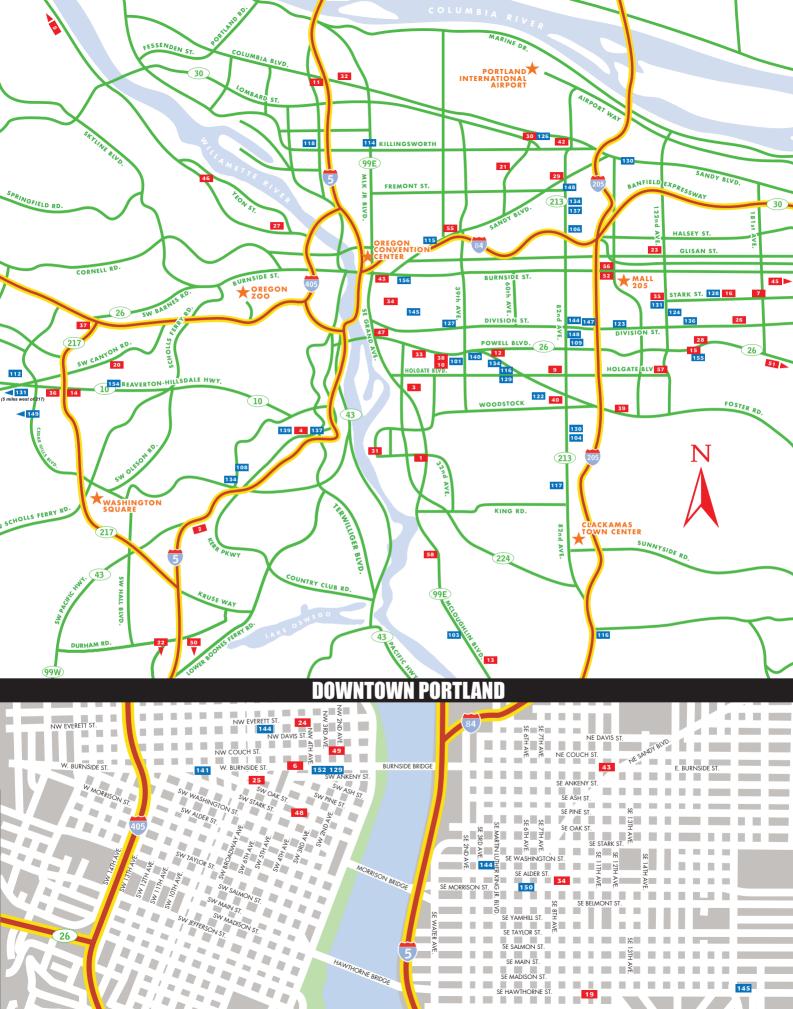


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hereas Martin Luther King Jr., Day encourages people of all walks of life to celebrate unconditional love for their fellow man, Valentine's Day serves as a reminder to many of us that, no matter how strong the love, the intimacy shared between two people can lead to seething outbursts of hatred and intolerance that would make Glenn Beck look like Jerry Garcia. As a rule of thumb, the better the sex, the greater the animosity that develops out of the boredom that comes from fucking the same person for more than two seasons of Jersey Shore. Love songs are a dime a dozen—and most of them are featured on albums sandwiched between an artist's first successful album and the later, angrier work. In other words, songs about romance are as disposable as the people they are written about. What the world needs is more break-up songs, or at least knowledge regarding the existing lot. Although most of my music columns are two parts ass-kissing-for-free-tickets and one part bullshit, it is safe to consider yours truly as an expert on the subject of

- FIVE BEST BREAK-UP SONGS EVER RECORDED

 5. Pietasters "Night Owl" Widely underappreciated as one of the most accessible ska-punk bands of the '90s, the Pietasters are one of the most lyrically offensive (but easy on the ears) acts to influence the sea of Sublimes and Rancids that followed in suit. Although extremely upbeat and sing-songy, "Night Owl" is not only a really mean song ("I hate your guts / You ruined my life"), but the singer also dedicates it to O.J. Simpson whenever the band plays live. We've all fantasized about killing our wives and blaming it on the man so we can cash in on book deals and Ponzi schemes, but our darkest innermost secrets are often lacking the horn accompaniment and half-step rhythm that comes with ska
- 4. Cee-Lo "Fuck You" Every five years or so, Cee-Lo (the guy from Gnarls Barkley and Goodie Mob who sounds like Macy Gray) crawls out of his bed and records a song so catchy that it angers you (aka "Crazy"). This year, a viral Internet campaign (mixed with a clever use of the phrase "Fox News" for broadcast censorship) helped Cee-Lo's break-up jam quickly establish itself as the must-have dump-her-and-be-proud song of the decade. What makes this track so great, aside from it's instantly addictive quality, is the fact that you can sing it with a smile. Too many break-up songs focus on the negativity that stems from ending a relationship, when in reality, the act of donating one's used goods to the needy should be seen as honorable and should add to one's sense of pride and accomplishment.
- 3. Ministry "Stigmata" (or any track from The Land of Rape and Honey I will believe in God when Justin Bieber takes the same career path as Ministry front man Al Jourgenson. Early in Al's career, during the time between Twitch and The Land of Rape and Honey, Ministry took a sharp turn from the path of synth-pop happiness into a lake of piss and vinegar. According to well-validated legend, this change from dance music to industrial hate rock

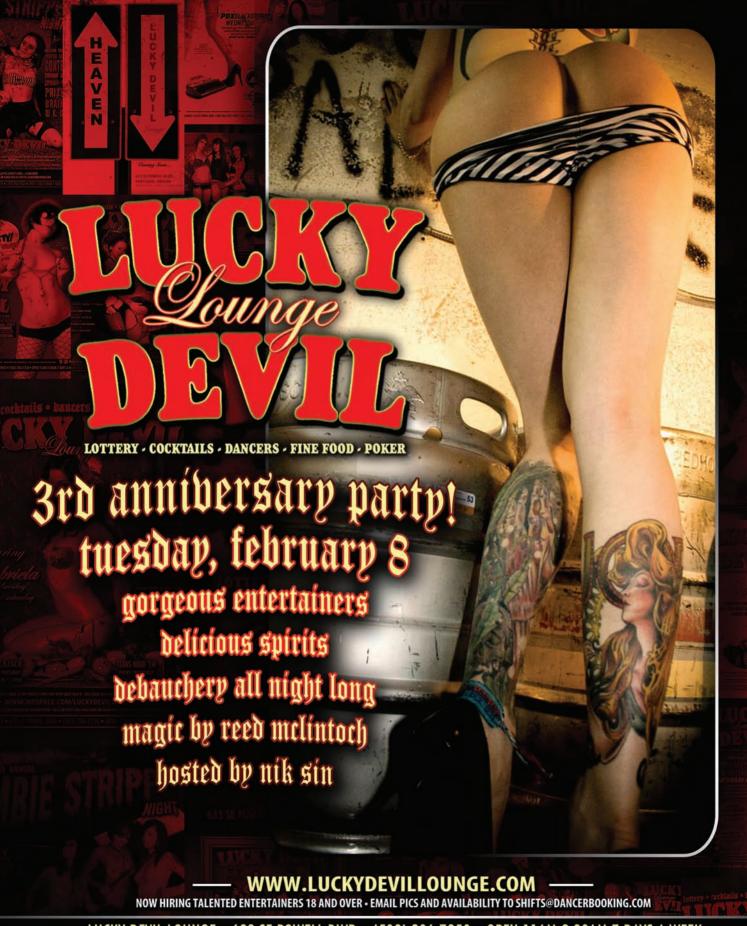
was a result of a bad break-up mixed with Al's newly-discovered appreciation for heroin. Although Ministry continued to write anger-filled anthems for the remainder of their career, Land of Rape and Honey is a cocktail made from equal parts lovesickness and dopesickness. Although tracks like "Flashback" ("I'm gonna rip her head off / And shit down her neck / 'Cause I hate her / I hate her") are noteworthy for this list, "Stigmata" has both staying power (the song is the oldest track Ministry performs live) as well as general appeal. (The rest of the album would turn off most folks who aren't rivetheads or punks) Also worth noting is that "Stigmata" marks the introduction of a Ministry that doesn't suck.

- 2. Atmosphere "Say Hey There" Although Slug (aka "the guy from Atmosphere") has a tendency to write emotionally oversaturated songs about every woman he encounters (if Ted Bundy was a pacifist with a backup DJ, you'd have Atmosphere), this single from the group's third (and most successful) LP release is also the best hip-hop song ever written about the self-empowerment that comes from letting go of a relationship that is unsalvageable but overwhelming. Definitely a more serious track than others on this list, "Say Hey There" is a documentary of the textbook stages involved in resurrecting oneself through detachment, and, unlike the vast majority of rap songs, is not presented from a selfish or personalized perspective. It is easily the one-size-fits-all choice amongst break-up anthems.
- 1. Ween "Baby Bitch" Very few people will contest Dean and Gene Ween's ode to taking out the garbage after a long, exhaustive fling as one of the greatest songs ever recorded—break-up-themed or otherwise. The beauty of this song lies not only in the lyrical content ("Fuck you / You stinkin' ass ho / Most beauty I've seen may come from a dream / But I can't close my eyes anymore") but in the subtlety of its instrumental presentation. Taken from a mostly experimental album that is best enjoyed after eating a buffet of various non-addictive drugs (Chocolate and Cheese), "Baby Bitch" is one of the only acoustically pleasing tracks on the album and would blend in perfectly in the background of a coffee shop or art museum. The ultimate break-up song, "Baby Bitch" is a fuckoff-and-die number that the whole family can enjoy.

Lynryd Skynyrd - "Freebird" I was almost beat to death by a stripper for playing this song, but I let it play out because I was feeling it at the time. That, my friends, is a sign of effective songwriting.

AFI - "He Who Laughs Last" Believe it or not, at one point in time AFI wrote decent music. The intro track from the band's first (and last) good album is a tight-knit punk ditty for the person who wants to deal with a break-up in two minutes or less.

Tom Waits - "It's Over" Sometimes, a break-up can be blamed on a single party. When this party is you, nothing warms the heart like drinking a bottle of whiskey in a smoke-filled room with this song playing quietly in the background. Also, a better choice than "Night Owl" for when you decide to actually kill your spouse.



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he thin line between love and hate can easily (and sometimes unknowingly) be crossed. Usually the only real consequences for love gone wrong are heartbreak, petty jealously and disappointment. However, in some rare instances, both the positive and negative effects of emotional attachment have lead to a bizarre concoction of love, sex and death. From Bonnie and Clyde to Kurt and Courtney, the realms of love and death have overlapped throughout history time and time again. Proving that if love conquerors all, it can spill a fuckload of blood in the process.

Karla Homolka and Paul Bernardo: Most people think of our friendly neighbors to the north as harmless Labatts drinkers who think football only needs three downs and that their citizens deserve free healthcare. (What the fuck is with that?) However, the Great White North has spawned a few heinously evil people besides Martin Short. The most infamous murders in Canadian history were actually committed by a pair of yuppie newlyweds.

In 1988, 17-year-old Karla Homolka was working as a veterinary assistant outside of Toronto, when she met well-to-do, 23-year-old Paul Bernardo. After the two started dating, Bernardo was pleased to see his new girlfriend was excited by their dangerously sadistic sex life. Homolka was even more pleased when her boyfriend told her that he was the "Scarborough Rapist" who had been terrorizing the Toronto suburbs for the past three years.

By the winter of 1990, Bernardo and Homolka were engaged and Bernardo grew sexually obsessed with Karla's younger sister Tammy. He told Karla that if she loved him, she would allow him to rape her younger sister. Karla agreed and assisted him by stealing sedatives from her vet clinic, which the two of them put in her sister's drink at the family Christmas Eve party. After everyone was asleep, Paul and Karla proceeded to violently rape Tammy, with Karla as the dominant (as evidenced by the home video her fiancé shot of the act). Tammy asphyxiated on her own vomit from the sedatives and the police bought the couple's story claiming it to be a tragic accident.

Two weeks before the couple's wedding in June of 1991, Bernardo came across a 15-year-old acquaintance of Karla's named Leslie Mahaffy. The couple abducted Mahaffy and drove three miles to Bernardo's house where they repeatedly raped the girl (giving her a teddy bear to hold between their assaults). Like their previous victim, the two recorded their crimes on videotape. Karla eventually strangled the girl with a telephone cord, thinking she only left her unconscious. They put Mahaffy in Bernardo's Nissan 240SX to take her to a location to be released. It wasn't until the two of them stopped for gas that they realized she was dead and disposed of the body.

A year later, the now newlywed couple drove from Toronto to St.



Catharine's, Ontario where Bernardo abducted 16-year-old Kristen French off the street. The couple held her captive for three days and repeatedly assaulted her. Karla bludgeoned French to death with a mallet when she attempted escape.

By the end of 1992, Canadian law enforcement questioned Bernardo in connection to the Scarborough Rapist crimes and began testing DNA samples he provided three years earlier. They found a possible match with two of the couple's victims. After Paul and Karla were involved in a domestic dispute, Karla went to live with her parents and confessed to the three murders (including that of her own sister) and that they were videotaped.

Both Karla and Paul were arrested and charged with murder, but with unsubstantiated evidence against Bernardo, the Canadian government offered Homolka a controversial plea bargain to testify against her husband and ensure a conviction. At the end of a lengthy and internationally publicized trail, Bernardo received life in prison while Karla received 12 years at a Canadian women's institute. Homolka was released in 2005, gave birth to a son and started a committed lesbian relationship before leaving Canada under an assumed identity.

Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen: While most sorority girls know the names Sid and Nancy from that fuckawful Crazy Town song, the true story of punk's most notorious lovebirds is shadowed in deep controversy and speculation, leaving it almost impossible to know what really happened.

Sex Pistols bassist Sid Vicious began gaining notoriety in the mid-1970s after the band caused a violent backlash in the UK by recording a song mocking Queen Elizabeth, as well as from their brash and outlandish behavior televised on a BBC talk show. At the same time, a 17-year-old high-school dropout and former prostitute from Philadelphia named Nancy Spungen made her way to England as a New York Dolls groupie. Once in England, she instead tried to pursue Sex Pistols lead singer Johnny Rotten, who dismissed her advances before she moved on to Sid Vicious. Vicious also dismissed her advances, until she offered him heroin.

The couple soon moved in together and the rest of the band viewed Sid and Nancy's relationship as a nuisance and didn't want her to accompany them on their 1978 US tour. Sid's emotional attachment to Nancy alienated him from the rest of the group as he delved deeper and deeper into heroin addiction. When tensions within the band led to their break up after their San Francisco show





in the spring of 1978, Sid relocated to New York to be with Nancy, who planned to act as his manager on his

poorly plotted solo career.

Living out of the Chelsea Hotel, the couple sank even deeper into addiction as Sid's new band booked a few notoriously bad shows at Max's Kansas City. At one afterparty, Sid saw Dee Dee Ramone of The Ramones give Dead Boys lead singer Stiv Bators an ornamental knife as a present. Later, Sid went out and bought the same knife. Little is known of what actually happened



that night between the couple in the hotel room. According to Sid Vicious, he awoke from a drug stupor to find Nancy dead on the bathroom floor from a stab wound. Sid Vicious was arrested and released on bail with money put up by his record label. While out on bail, Sid was arrested again for smashing a beer mug in the face of Todd Smith (brother of Patti Smith) at CBGB's and spent 55 days in Rikers Island. While in prison, Sid kicked heroin and went on to celebrate his second release on bail with his new girlfriend and mother, who supplied him with more heroin. Sid Vicious overdosed the night of February 1, 1979. His mother found a suicide note in his jacket pocket claiming that he and Nancy had a death pact. Though Sid requested to be buried next to Nancy in his note, the Spungen family refused. Instead, Sid's mother spread her son's ashes on Nancy's grave.

Mark "Gator" Rogowski: While almost every young skateboarder knows the names Tony Hawk and Bam Margera, the late-'80s skate legend Mark "Gator" Rogowski remains a mystery to most. But to the skateboarders who know who he is, the mention of his name can bring up strong and often negative emotions. In 1991, many people who had never even put their foot on a skateboard knew who he was when he was convicted of murder.

The late-1980s brought the relatively new sport of skateboarding its first mainstream acceptance. Professional skateboarders like Mike V, Lance Mountain and Christian Hosoi brought the sport to a sensationalized level it hadn't seen before with skate videos providing the next best thing to being there. One of the biggest stars of the era was Mark Rogowski, otherwise known as Gator. His brash attitude and boyish good looks, combined with his dominance at skate competitions, made him a sought-after celebrity within the skater sub-culture. As a rider for top company Vision, Gator helped launch Vision Street Wear (one of the first mass-marketed clothing lines to be put out by a skateboard company). The success of Vision Street Wear became the sport's first major impact on American fashion. Gator had seen mainstream exposure, guest starring on Club MTV with Downtown Julie Brown, doubling for Christian Slater's skate stunts in the 1989 film Gleaming the Cube as well as featuring in Tom Petty's video for "Free Fallin'.

In 1988, Gator met 16-year-old Brandi McClain and her best friend Jessica Bergsten at a Tucson skate demo. Gator and Brandi soon began dating and he eventually asked her to move into his home in California. At the time, the only thing bigger than Gator's ego was his well-known hostility and violence toward his fans. As the 1990s began, the more universal style of street skating grew in popularity and was beginning to overshadow Gator's California-specific vertical style. Unable to handle his dwindling celebrity, Gator

delved into alcoholism and his relationship with Brandi violently deteriorated until they eventually broke up. Gator began stalking Brandi, leaving violent messages on her answering machine and even breaking into her house.

In the spring of '91, Brandi's best friend, Jessica Bergsten (who was unaware of their relationship problems) contacted Gator, stating that she had recently moved to San Diego and thought that he could help her get acquainted with the area. Gator had initially blamed Jessica for his and Brandi's breakup

and transferred much of his resentment onto her. On March 21, the two spent the day at the beach and ate at an Italian restaurant before returning to Gator's condo in La Jolla, where Gator beat Bergsten unconscious with The Club (an anti-car theft device) and raped her repeatedly. He then suffocated her, placed her in a surfboard bag and drove two hours into the desert to dispose of her body. It was discovered by a group of ATV riders two weeks later.

After the discovery of Bergsten's remains, Gator confessed to his spiritual advisor (a former pro-surfer turned born-again Christian), who urged Gator to turn himself in. During the trial, his confession and guilty plea helped him to escape the death penalty. Gator claimed the murder was fueled by frustration and resentment toward his ex-girlfriend Brandi McClain. He received a 31year sentence at a state prison outside of San Diego and became eligible for parole last year. If released, he claims he'll never step foot on a skateboard again.

Dominique Dunne and The Poltergeist Murder: In the early 1980s, Steven Spielberg's films were hugely successful at the box office and with audiences around the world. In 1982, when he released *Poltergeist*, little did he realize that, before it was out on home video, one of the leading actors would be dead. 22-year-old Dominique Dunne was the younger sister of actor Griffin Dunne and daughter of crime writer Dominick Dunne. After returning to Los Angeles from college, Dunne had landed minor parts on TV before she was cast as Dana in *Poltergeist*. That year, Dunne started dating John Sweeney, a sous-chef at a four-star LA restaurant. Their relationship quickly became violent and even though the couple split in the fall of '82, Sweeney continued to harass Dunne. On October 30, Dunne and actor David Packer were rehearsing lines at his house for the TV miniseries V, when Sweeney showed up, hoping to reconcile. Dominique met him on the lawn and the two began to fight. Packer heard their argument and put on the *Poltergeist* soundtrack to drown it out, but it did little to help when he heard her scream. Packer went outside to find Dunne laying on the ground unconscious after Sweeney had strangled her. Dunne was rushed to the hospital, but with no hope of recovery, her family decided to take her off life support two weeks shy of her 23rd birthday.

Sweeney was convicted of involuntary manslaughter and received a maximum six-year sentence, of which he served two years. After his release, Sweeney got a job at a Santa Monica restaurant where the Dunne family handed out fliers, which read: "The hands that prepared your food strangled Dominique Dunne." Sweeney lost his job and moved out of the state under an assumed identity.

Other deaths later became associated with *Poltergeist*, leaving some to believe the film was supernaturally cursed.

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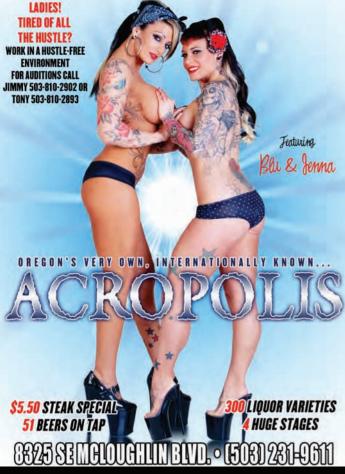
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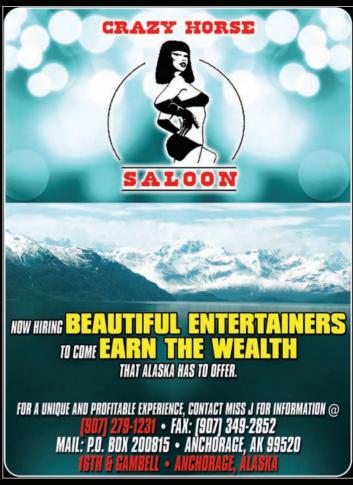
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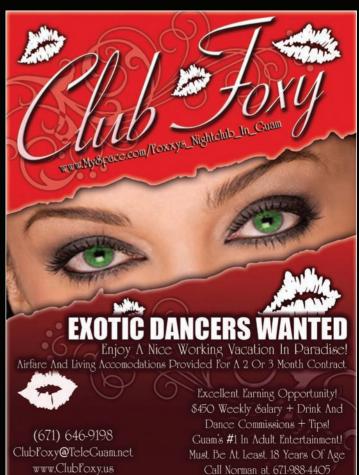
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one of the guys. It's cool when they talk about the teams, know the rules and all the different players names. Although "sports talking" women do sometimes look like football players who just got finished boxing a round with Tyson. (How was that for sports talking?) Anyway, if you are lucky enough to meet a "one-of-the-guys" woman that is beautiful and is a lot of fun, all that sports knowledge can be sexy and hypnotizing. Many men consider good-looking girls that like sports marriage material. I don't know much about sports, so I just cheer for the team wearing the white pants. So, I'll stick to what I do and that's "sex talking." That's my sport! My column allows me to talk about all the aspects of the subject that we all think about, yet often hate to bring up for fear of sounding dirty. Well: sex, sex, sex. Let's talk sex!

Let's start with lust vs. love and the ongoing epic battle of instant gratification against good old-fashioned love. Valentine's Day is officially the holiday aimed toward sex and relationships, so this is the last day that you want to go sexless. I don't care if you never spend another Valentine's Day with him/her again; it won't matter, because on this day, you are going all out with the sex! It's simply in the rules that every all-American must follow, just like eating apple pie on the 4th of July. Now for all of you beginners, you definitely increase your odds with the basic stuff like flowers, candy and a card...blah, blah, BORING! It's all about making the sex magical and memorable. This is your chance that comes around once a year to really make it count. So this Valentine's Day (and night), I want all my readers to go all out—no HOLES barred. Get your toys, lotions, bubble baths, whips, champagne, handcuffs, candle wax and clean sheets with a dirty mind and it's a green light. The basic shit just doesn't fly anymore. With most women in 2011, I don't think a simple box of chocolates is going to get you to the Promised Land. You've got to be Valentine's Day compliant and keep up with the times if you want to make this day memorable!

It wouldn't be right if I didn't give a few helpful lovers' day suggestions.

- Surprise trip out of town with a sexy friend, just the three of you!
- Have a live singer sing to her and unexpectedly start stripping for her.
- Both of you call in sick to work, stay home and watch pornos all day.
- Play the porno game. Randomly select a porno and the rules are simple: you have to copy everything they are doing on the screen.
- Role-play and try something you have never done sexually that you both agree on.
- Go to an adult club, like Ron Jeremy's Club Sesso in Portland.
- Get your mile high membership.

And now a few emails from my readers.

Dear Sheena,

I recently found my man's collection of porn. He had 10 DVDs of all types of nasty shit. He is not going to be jacking off all day to some porn star. Especially while I'm at work! When I get home I like to have sex, so



he needs to be ready for me. I don't need my man all tired from watching porn stars then I get a half-ass job from him! So, I found his porn collection hidden and gave it all away. I know he will be mad, but it's not fair to me. I feel like he is cheating and I do feel better now that it is out of my house. Did I do the right thing? I know I can count on you Sheena. Love your column and thanks!

Proud & Sincere Porn Hater

Well, Porn Hater, you seem very serious that you are not going to tolerate him having porn. Have you considered changing the rules to not watching any porn without you and would you agree to watch porn with him? Men really dig it if girls watch porn with them. After the first few minutes, it's all about who is alive and in the room naked anyways! In a lot of relationships, watching and finding mutually acceptable and mutually satisfying porn can be uncomfortable and difficult at times. There are women that just break down in tears of confusion when they find out their man has been searching the web or hiding porn while other women get furious and get rid of it! For some women that find porn, like yourself, their first impulse is to get rid of it before watching it to see if it's any good. We will call them "porn confiscators." This is the title for the women that get rid of all the porn they can find—often realizing slowly that their man is just getting better at hiding it. So, what I say to the confiscators out there is that confiscation without a change just makes you grow further apart. You are better off getting rid of them and immediately being down right porn freaky for your man. If you are going to be a confiscator and take something away, give him something back. If you are tired of sharing your man's sexual fantasies with women on a TV screen, get into role, step it up and be the woman of his dreams. I don't think that this is classified as cheating, but it can be difficult for some men to share, so they just hide it. My suggestion, Porn Hater, is pick out some porn together to watch and be better than the chicks you're watching! Some women get excited and go buy outfits for the next porn night. Give a little, because in the end, a man can and will do whatever he wants. The more you act like it's a big deal, the more he will want it.

Dear Sh<mark>eena</mark>,

Can I go blind from masturbating? One of my friends once told me this and I wanted to know if it's true? I do it a lot—I mean a lot—so I am a bit worried. Thank you and I hope to hear back from you.

Bob

Dear Bob,

I have heard of this before, so I decided to do a little research for you. And the answer is: you're all good! Go get some more lotion and jack off until the cows come home.

Email me your questions, topics, concerns or just tell me your funny story. It is my pleasure to answer, investigate or give my opinion on anything that is sex related. There is always something we didn't know and need to know about sex. When it comes to the broad topic of sex, there are so many unanswered questions and so much left for interpretation that we all need to have sex talks more often. So, email me at sheena@pdxgirls. com and I'll be sure to write back.

My mixtape is here! Go to sheenag.com to listen for free. YouTube search my videos by searching for "Sheena G," I have 11 videos up. I am doing a party at Barracudas nightclub on Feb 11. I will be signing CDs and taking pics, as well as performing. Don't miss this sexy event! Sponsored by *Exotic*, Black Diamond Studios, Diego Images, Ahead of Hair Style, NBA Car Stereos, G Spot and hosted by DJ Chill. Stay in touch with me, I do love all the emails and messages! Thank you, sex readers, for all the love. Have a kinky February and enjoy all your sex sessions to the fullest!

All good things,





Valentine's Night Burlesque Review!



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