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Exotic

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WHAT ARE YOU SKANKFULFORS

What really gets you hot? What makes you feel like a dirty fucker or a filthy skank? What act or little secret do you keep behind closed doors that just rings your bell? This holiday season, I don't give a fuck what you are thankful for...I want you to really think about what you are skankful for.

I guess I can't help it. For some strange reason, I find fetishes very interesting. The simple thought of who these individuals might be makes me feel like a modern Lady Sherlock Holmes. "It's elementary, my dear Watson, and speaking of, put on this schoolgirl uniform and spank me with an eraser while you spoon feed me pudding."

Have you ever wondered which person in the office likes to strangle themselves while masturbating? Or, have you thought a friend might play the uptight conservative by day, but their nights are filled with ball gags, bondage tape and gangbangs? Look at your boss. Now imagine him or her hanging from the ceiling by hooks in their back, dangling three feet from the ground with electrodes on the nipples as their body convulses with current pulsing through it.

I can see some possible enjoyment in the creative bondage arts and there are some fetishes that are just so fucked up you really should be ashamed of yourself for not knowing. My policy: don't judge. You don't know until you try.

CARLED OR COPROPHILIT

This tasty sex maneuver is when somebody takes a shit on their partner's face. A Warm Carl is when somebody takes a shit on their partner's face while they have plastic wrap suffocating them. A Cold Carl is when one partner lies underneath a glass table while watching the other shit on the

table. Now...I am a freaky whore, but that shit (no pun intended) is totally fucking WACK! I don't even like to shit, myself, let alone watch somebody else.

PARAPHILIE INFANTILISM

Speaking of poop. ..this fetish is when grown adults get off on wearing diapers and acting out like babies. The individuals who just wear the diapers (and aren't into the act of playing a baby) are called Diaper Lovers or DL. The

dirty fuckers who like to wear diapers and get off on acting and dressing like an infant are called Adult Babies or AB (sometimes referred as DL/AB). These people seriously do the whole bit..."Ma Ma! Ma Ma! I'm wet" (news flash readers... I am not). If you're looking for a way to score a little extra cash during these lean times, there are people who make a lot of money by customizing adult baby diapers and similar attire. You can buy adult rattles, pacifiers, onesies, bonnets and even bottles. The awesome person into this fetish can also buy slim diapers that they can wear to work underneath their professional attire...NO FUCKING JOKE! Don't get this fetish wrong. Paraphilic Infantilism is not about eroticizing babies; it's about grown people dressing up as babies, acting like babies and pissing themselves because it's apparently totally fucking HOT!

Equally unsexy, is this one straight from the back alleys of Tokyo. This fetish is when somebody loses control of their bladder and it turns into a live porn act for some twisted pole strokers. The biggest and hottest thing is when professional females, or schoolgirls, get all dressed up and then piss themselves. These crazy fucks need to hang out with me for just a few hours...I piss myself more than anybody I know! At two-hundred bucks a pop and all the free booze I can drink, I could make some serious cash!

EMETOPHILIA

Ever been turned on by your friend's hair...while holding it as they are barfing over the toilet? You may have Emetophilia. This fetish is when watching someone vomit

sexually arouses sick fucks. Are these the sick fucks that totally got off on watching two girls one cup? There is nothing sexy about somebody blowing chunks to me, but apparently some folks can really build up a serious load by watching it. If you have this fetish, you should contact me! I got a gang of bitches that puke and rally like you have never seen before. FUCK, so good that I think we need a goddamn Olympic Team!

I have a friend that takes Ambien sometimes before she has sex and she blacks out. One time, this chick came home, had a gentleman caller come over, and that is the last thing she remembers before waking up nude with her ass sticking to a wet spot on the sheets. The dude she decided to fuck that night says she woke up in a surprise and they had a great fucking time. Either my friend needs to get the fuck off those meds, or maybe he's covering up a fetish called Somnophilia. Some people get off on intruding on, or awakening, somebody while they sleep. This isn't an act of violence; this sick fuck just loves to awaken some lucky person with a cock in the mouth. Everybody loves that dumb fuck that passes out first at the party and gets a picture with some serious tea-bagging, but this fetish takes it a bit further. While I am not encouraging frightening your sexual partners, I am encouraging serious tea-bagging to the one who can't hold their liquor.

There are so many fetishes, but so little time to describe them all in one fucking article. I chose the most interesting I could without having to make you barf in the middle of your magazine and become the object of some sick fuck at the bar (who may get fucking turned on). I think it is

crucial for you fucking assholes to go out there and go find your own fetish. Stop being such a fucking snore and go find what you are skankful for!

Can't wait to be face fucked by me every month? Check out my blog ramblinbroad.com, follow on Twitter at twitter.com/ ramblinbroad or find Ramblin' Broad on Facebook.





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tripping is a tough business. Only the strong survive. Only the true allstars can make a viable long-term career of being a nude entertainer. One such lady is Portland legend Pisces. You may have seen her in Exotic. She's been a covergirl three times and has been in numerous advertisements for multiple clubs. Last year she won the "Best Stage Performer" title at the PDX Strippies. Not only has she been in the industry for an almost unheard of fifteen years, she's done it with a positive attitude and a beautiful smile on her face. Pisces shared with me that she's planning to change careers soon, and I jumped at the chance to interview her. As the saying goes, "Every good thing must come to an end," but it's a damn shame this babe is hanging up her heels because she's still looking gorgeous! She was kind enough to answer my questions.

ONE OF THE COOLEST THINGS ABOUT YOU IS YOUR POSITIVE ATTITUDE. HOW DO YOU **KEEP SUCH A OPTIMISTIC OUTLOOK?**

I try to stay positive by completely separating my dancer life and my home life. I won't even wear underwear from home to dance in! I try not to talk about personal things at work and vice versa. I don't like to be called Pisces out in public and I don't give out my legal name at work.

I'VE SEEN SOME VETERAN DANCERS GET BIT-TER AND RUDE OVER THE YEARS. WHILE OTH-**ERS QUICKLY DEVELOP A SELF-ENTITLED AT-**TITUDE ONCE THEY START TO MAKE A NAME FOR THEMSELVES. I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU DO THIS. WHAT HELPS YOU KEEP A LEVEL HEAD?

When I make good money and get a lot of praise, I don't let it go to my head. You should never talk about how much money you make, or how great your night is going, because it could make your co-workers feel bad. It's important to have tactfulness and be respectful of other dancers. If someone is hating on you, don't drop down to their level and do it back because it just makes you look bad.

YOU HANDLE SITUATIONS AT WORK WITH A STRAIGHTFORWARD AND HONEST AP-

PROACH. IS THIS PART OF YOUR PERSONAL **WORK ETHIC?**

I go to the club with the mindset that it's a job and I'm there to make money. If a customer likes me, that's awesome, and if he doesn't, I don't take it personally. You've got to have a tough skin in this industry. I don't play games or lie. If a customer's questions get too invasive I just tell them politely that I don't want them to know or that it's none of their business and change the subject. As dancers, we are there to make a living. Some guys will get butt-hurt that you won't date them or fall in love, but that's not part of our job. Also, remember that as a dancer, you are not just trying to make a quick buck today; you want to continue to make money in the future. When you are dancing for a customer, make sure they don't walk away from the experience feeling taken or used. Make them feel happy and leave them wanting to see you again. A good reputation by word of mouth is always the best advertising there is, so always smile.

YOU HAVE A VERY UNIQUE AND BEAUTIFUL LOOK. WHAT IS YOUR ETHNIC HERITAGE?

I come from a crazy background of mutts to say the least. My family is French, German, Scottish, Irish, African American, Hispanic, Cherokee, Blackfoot and Chateau Indian. Oh, and let's not forget that I'm part Gypsy!

I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANOTHER STRIPPER **MOVE LIKE YOU DO. YOU MOVE REALLY FAST.** AND YOU DO A LOT OF CRAZY BOOTY MOVES. SPINS AND EVEN BREAKDANCING. DO YOU **HAVE A BREAK DANCE BACKGROUND?**

Yes. My love affair with breakdancing began with The Jackson Five. I really got into when Michael went solo. We all know he was an amazing dancer; he created the moonwalk and the pop 'n' lock. I used to have my own break mat and a red jacket like Michael wore in the Beat It video. I also had

the single glove and the parachute pants! I loved those pants; I had them in every color I could find

I REMEMBER FIRST SEEING YOU IN AN AD FOR **DEVILS POINT WHERE YOU WERE WEARING ROLLER SKATES. I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN KNOWN** TO ROLLERSKATE ON STAGE?

I've been a roller girl since I was five. My mother was really into it and so we'd go every Sunday after church. Skating felt like flying to me. When I got older I became a speed skater. I loved to race and win. On stage. I really enjoyed dancing on skates and showing off my tricks. I can moonwalk on rollerskates!

HOW DID YOU GET INTO EXOTIC DANCING?

I started a week after I turned eighteen. I'd lived on my own since I was fifteen and had been homeless for three months, living out of garbage bags. I picked myself up, got out of the shelter and got a job as a livein housekeeper and nanny. Later, I got a fast food job and then a waitress gig. I was barely getting by and sometimes being a live-in employee could get weird. A friend suggested that I start dancing so that I could afford a place of my own. It wasn't easy for me to start, though. I'd been a church girl all my life and I was so terrified of it. I went into a strip club and just sat there for two hours observing, then I chickened out and left! A week later I went back and the rest is history.

YOU HAVE A STELLAR PHYSIQUE. WHAT ARE YOUR WORKOUT SECRETS?

Being super hyper on stage has always helped me stay fit, but I also do a lot of hiking, swimming and river rafting. I just keep









moving. Plus, I throw in a few sit-ups and pull-ups here and there.

YOU KNOW I HAVE TO ASK THIS: IN YOUR FIFTEEN YEARS IN THIS BIZ, WHAT ARE THE BEST AND WORST THINGS YOU HAVE BEEN THROUGH?

This is a hard question to answer for sure. The best experience for me was getting to know a regular of mine that was really sweet to me and hung around for about five years. He was an older gentleman who passed away about a year ago. He was a great friend and was very supportive of me. He took good care of me, knowing I would never date him and he had respect for our friendship. He never tried to solicit me and he really went out of his way to be a kind person. I actually went to his funeral and met his family. They all knew who I was and were very kind. They knew I truly cared for him.

As for the worst experience, I have so many horror stories I could share. With the good comes the harsh. I've had money crammed into my vagina. Once a guy actually spit hard liquor onto my naked pussy when I was bent over in front of him. I punched him in the face and started choking him out. The bouncer had to pull me off. I ran to the dressing room in pain, I couldn't get it to stop burning. I tried cleaning up with a baby wipe but that made the burning worse. I was in tears and begging someone to give me baby powder. Luckily, another dancer had some. I had to rub it in to get the irritation to stop. Not only was that painful, it was humiliating. My boss came in the dressing room to check on me. He felt so bad for me that he gave me a hug and told me to take the rest of the night off. The next day I heard that the guy who spit on me got his a ass beat in the parking lot that night. Karma's a bitch!

WHAT ARE YOUR FUTURE CAREER PLANS?

For now, I just plan on being a "normal" citizen. I've been doing a little bartending,

and I'm enjoying that. I just want to live life and be happy knowing I won't have to live through any more horror stories. At least, I hope not!

WHAT DO'YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE NOT GETTING NAKED ON STAGE?

I love to stay home and cuddle my pets! Ha! Especially my little black cocker spaniel, Osiris. He's my baby. I appreciate the kindness and neverending love that animals give. I like to sew and get crafty too, plus I read comic books and graphic novels. I watch movies, go shopping and collect medieval swords and relics. Seriously. When the weather is nice, I stay outside all day. I go to Hawaii every February. That's my favorite place to visit.

DO YOU HAVE ANY SAGE ADVICE FOR NEW DANCERS?

Don't change who you are. Stay true to vourself. Don't lie to customers or try to be a completely different character at the club. If you do that, then you will eventually become that person at home. Don't get caught up in the drugs and drinking every night. I never did drugs and I know that decision kept me more level headed and helped me make more money. I didn't start drinking at the club until the past couple of years, and I think I only started doing it because I was so ready to retire. Don't ever meet customers for dinner. I don't care how much they offer to pay you; they will want more and will not come into the club to see you after that. Try to look good when you show up for work because guys definitely notice you when you walk in that door. It gets them excited to know that you look good before work and on the job. They love a girl with style. If they like what they see, then they'll wait for you to come out of the dressing room so they can spend money on you. Always keep your money in a purse that you carry around with you. If you leave it behind and it gets stolen, that's on you. Always collect private dance

money up front; if you don't get paid, that's on you. Remember, you are an independent contractor and you set your own prices, so never sell yourself short. Don't do discount dances unless a customer has already spent over a hundred dollars. Good customers will come back to you if you offer that. When a customer doesn't tip, politely ask them: "Would you like some change (for a larger bill) so you can tip?" You'd be surprised how often they'll say yes to that. Don't ever make a scene on stage, flag down a bouncer so that he can do his job. It's smart to tip the bouncers, DJs and bar staff that help you out. They will go out of their way to serve you if you tip them. You wouldn't like it if a customer sat at your stage for free, so don't expect the staff to work for you without getting tipped.

My number one rule is this, mind your own business! Stay out of the drama at work, getting involved in that makes you look bad. Respect other dancers by leaving their customers alone; don't interrupt their conversation or take a customer from someone else's stage unless he specifically calls you over. There is no reason for cattiness! Like with you (Rocket), we have both helped each other make money. I guess we are old school that way. That's how it should be. Sometimes when a group of women work together a lot, we end up on the same menstrual cycle and that's enough drama as it is! Ahhh!

THANK YOU FOR THE INTERVIEW PISCES. IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE SHARING THE STAGE WITH YOU FOR THE PAST FEW YEARS. I THINK I SPEAK FOR A LOT OF DANCERS AND YOUR STRIP CLUB FANS WHEN I SAY THAT WE WILL REALLY MISS YOUR PRESENCE IN THIS INDUSTRY. BEST OF LUCK!

I will miss it and I won't at the same time! It's been an adventure. Thanks to all who have stuck by me and gave me friendship and support.







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BACK TO THE FUTURE

As the final months of this year wind down, it's time to start looking at what has transpired in the past, and what shall be in the future. The mag definitely went through some transformations this year. Perhaps one of the most impacting was the "Stripper Takeover Issue." That happened back in May and, from the look of things, they never really gave it back. We've had writers come and go since then, but the overall feel of *Exotic* has transformed from our naughty, sometimes misogynistic ways (i.e. The Top 10 Strippers We Want To Fuck) into an estrogen-laden instructional manual for stripper etiquette. Now, I'm not saying this is a bad thing, but to every coin there is another side. Where am I going with this? I'm really not sure, but I believe this is leaning towards the possibility of an upcoming theme issue in which the tables will turn to the other side of the rack.

We have several things in the works right now to rock your world, literally. Next month will be our Rock & Roll XXXmas Spectacular, an issue bursting at the staples with all of your favorite things that rock Portland's music scene. Local musicians wishing to submit their noise for consideration in this issue should email editorial@xmag.com by November 7th.

The following month will bring what promises to be one of our most exciting issues to date. Not only will the January 2012 issue feature our Covergirl Of The Year and the first ever Miss Exotic Oregon, but it will also feature a pictorial/editorial feature spotlighting 2011's Covergirl Review. As if that isn't enough, we will, of course, be looking fondly and begrudgingly at the past year's best and worst moments.

WHOREGON REVISITED

Sometimes people just don't get the message. Sometimes they will even take the trouble to stand up and protest our behavior without actually taking the time to read the fine print. Such was the case when one ignorant Exotic "reader" (yes, some people actually do read this shit) took offense to our cover text back in September which read "PORTLAND, WHOREGON-NOW THE SLUTTI-EST CITY IN THE USA!" This "reader" insisted we retract our statement and that we should reevaluate our fair city before printing such slander. Now, just for him, we will go ahead and explain it AGAIN (even though this ignorant fucktard probably won't be reading it, unless his Mommy reads it to him). This statement was based off of a poll taken on dating website, okcupid.com which took a poll to find out what city in the United States was deemed to be the most promiscuous. Needless to say, Portland took top honors. I didn't just wake up one day and decide that Portland was a whore. I was simply being a journalist, just like CBS news (who also reported on this story). Now maybe they didn't say it in such an unabashed way, but the sentiment delivered the same message.

On a related note, *Exotic* would like to thank author and blogger Jack Donovan for creating the Whoregon graphic which was featured in our September issue (as well as at the top of this page). We'd like to invite you to check out Jack's work at Jack-Donovan. com/Slutwalk for an entertaining look at topics *Exotic* readers will

find stimulating and entertaining. Hell, you can even order yourself a variety of Whoregon T-shirts and apparel.

MISS EXOTIC OREGON

After an action-packed year of competitive events including PoleroticA and Ink 'N' Pink's 7 Deadly Sins, Exotic's pièce de résistance, Miss Exotic Oregon, continues this month with one last chance to qualify at Heat on Thursday, November 10th before it's on to the semi-finals later in the month. Miss Exotic Oregon is offering the largest prize payout in the state for a competition of this nature; \$5,000 in cash and more than \$2,000 in prizes to be divided amongst the top three entertainers. This event is produced, operated and controlled by Exotic magazine (and Exotic magazine alone). so you can rest assured that the outcome on this one is going to be a clean and honest victory. Last month, fifteen entertainers were qualified for the semi-finals, and as the last qualifier wraps up, we will qualify five more. These twenty semi-finalists will compete for the first ten spots of the finals in our two semi-final rounds later this month. This happens at Mystic Gentlemen's Club on Friday. November 18th and at Stars Cabaret on Friday, November 25th. Coming next month, the ten semi-finalists who did not make the first cut will get one more shot at the finals, when we will qualify our final five in a sudden death, head-to-head wildcard round on December 2nd. Then, we will be bringing you fifteen exotic entertainers to the finals at Dante's on Friday, December 16th. For more registration information on this event, VIP table reservations and inquiries, please email us at missexoticoregon@xmag.com or call John at 503-816-4174.

DEGENERATES WANTED!

Think you have what it takes to join our editorial team? We are looking for cutting-edge contributions—heavy on sarcasm, wit, scandal and sexuality. Erotic fiction is a four-letter word here at *Exotic* and you can send that shit to the Penthouse forum instead. Submissions are always welcome at editorial@xmag.com, or by mail to Attn: Editor 818 SW 3rd Ave Ste. 1324, Portland, OR. 97204

So, that's all for now my friends. Enjoy the upcoming holidays. And, while we're on that topic, here's a little something to wet your appetite until then...

He laid her on the table, so white clean and bare.

His forehead wet with beads of sweat,

he rubbed her here and there.

He touched her neck and then her breast

and then drooling felt her thigh. The slit was wet and all was set,

he gave a joyous cry.

The hole was wide, he looked inside,

all was dark and murky.

He rubbed his hands and stretched his arms...

And then he stuffed the turkey.

MISCELLANEOUS

Make sure to check out Habebi Hookah Lounge in Tigard—open until 5am on weekends, 4am weekdays.



NOVEMBER EVENTS

Fri 4- Safari Showclub - Anniversary Party with prime rib dinner at 8pm Dante's – Cherry Poppin' Daddies

Sun 6 - Dante's - Miss Kennedy's Cabaret presents Reading Is Sexy (early show at 9pm)

Thu 10 - Heat - Miss Exotic Oregon Preliminary Qualifier Round IV - This is your final chance to qualify for the semi-finals! Email missexoticoregon@xmag.com to register before it's too late!

DV8 - Street clothes strippers all day long

Fri 11 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Make A Wish Day 11/11/11 with balloon drop at 11:11pm - giving away 11 trips to Las Vegas & the return of the Porn Fairy

Jody's Bar & Grill - Veterans' Day - all vets and military personnel get specials & discounts all day long

The Sunset Strip - 11/11/11 Party - Veterans' Day Special Party, prizes start at 11:11pm

Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Daisy Dukes & Cowboy Boots Party with live music by Showdown

Sat 12 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Rockabilly Roadshow with live music by the Twangshifters

Dante's - Cirque Du Stiffy

Wed 16 - Club 205 - Covergirl Dance Contest

Thu 17 - Wild Orchid - Gobblefest hosted by *Exotic* magazine's Statutory Ray with a homemade turkey dinner, hourly giveaways, raffle items & more

Lindo's (Vancouver) - Reign Pro CD release show w/Public Drunken Sex, K Dizzy, Johnny Blaze & more

Fri 18 - Mystic Gentlemen's Club - Miss Exotic Oregon Semi-Final Round I - email missexoticoregon@xmag.com for VIP tables today!

The Sunset Strip - 7th Anniversary Party - special shows, free appetizers, door prizes and other surprises (continues on Saturday)

Sat 19 - Dante's - Dirt Nasty

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - DJ Dick Hennessy presents The Best Breasts Of The West Contest

Foxy Girls - Hypnotic & Scorpio's birthday party

Thu 24 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Thanksgiving Party with free turkey dinner with all the trimmings 4pm-8pm

Exotica International - Complimentary Thanksgiving dinner (open at 5pm)

JD's - Free Turkey Day Buffet (2pm-4pm)

Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Complimentary Thanksgiving Dinner (4pm-close)

Jody's Bar & Grill - Free Annual Thanksgiving Buffet

Fri 25 - Stars Cabaret Beaverton - Miss Exotic Oregon Semi-Final Round II - email missexoticoregon@xmag.com for VIP tables today!

Taboo Video - Black Friday specials at all locations

Sat 26 - Dante's - Soulfire Bellydance Spectacular

WEEKLY EVENTS MONDAYS

Jody's Bar & Grill - Monday Night Football with a new Monday night menu, beer & spirit specials, raffles, prizes & games Devils Point - Fire & Burlesque Night

Stars Cabaret (Salem, Bridgeport) - Monday Night Football with game-time specials & free prime rib with paid admission 6pm-9pm

Cabaret - Monday Night Football on 5 big screens **Dante's** - Karaoke From Hell - sing with a live band

Doc's - Micro Mondays

TUESDAYS

Lucky Devil Lounge - Tiny Tuesdays with your host 3'6" Nik Sin **Club 205** - 2-for-Tuesdays with 2-girl shows

Heat - Authentic Mexican Menu plus IPA draft specials

Jody's Bar & Grill - 2-for Tuesdays with 2-girl shows for the price of 1

Dante's - The Ed Forman Show

Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Tequila Tuesdays with 50¢ tacos **Bottoms Up** - Happy Tuesdays with food and drink special all day and night, plus 2-for-1 private dances for the first 15 minutes of every hour

WEDNESDAYS

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Free prime rib with paid admission 6pm-9pm

Devils Point - 80s Night

Heat - Wild Wednesdays - drop in from 8pm-10pm for wild beer specials

Jody's Bar & Grill - Kali's House of Pain from 9am-4pm Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Whiskey Wednesdays with 50¢ wings

THURSDAYS

Boom Boom Room - The Boom Boom Burlesque Revue - hosted by 3'6" emcee Nik Sin with special feature acts Miss Berlin & Tana the Tattooed Lady, plus magic by Reed McClintock

Heat - Double Trouble Thursdays with 2-girl shows & new Asian menu

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

SATURDAYS

Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Come get some free porn with the return of the Porn Fairy

SUNDAYS

Dante's - Sinferno Cabaret

Club Rouge - Absolut Party with special prices on all Absolut flavors, plus Absolut giveaways

Pallas Club - Free pool all day & night

Devils Point - World Famous Stripparaoke!

Cabaret - Football on 5 big screens

Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Enjoy sports with the girls on 17 flat screens, plus drink special with mimosas and bloody marys from 11pm-4pm













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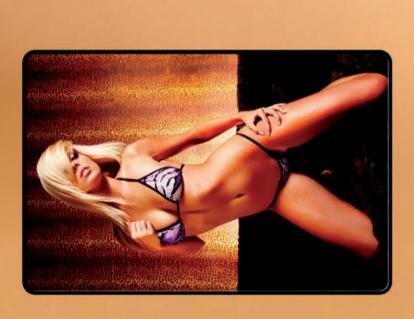


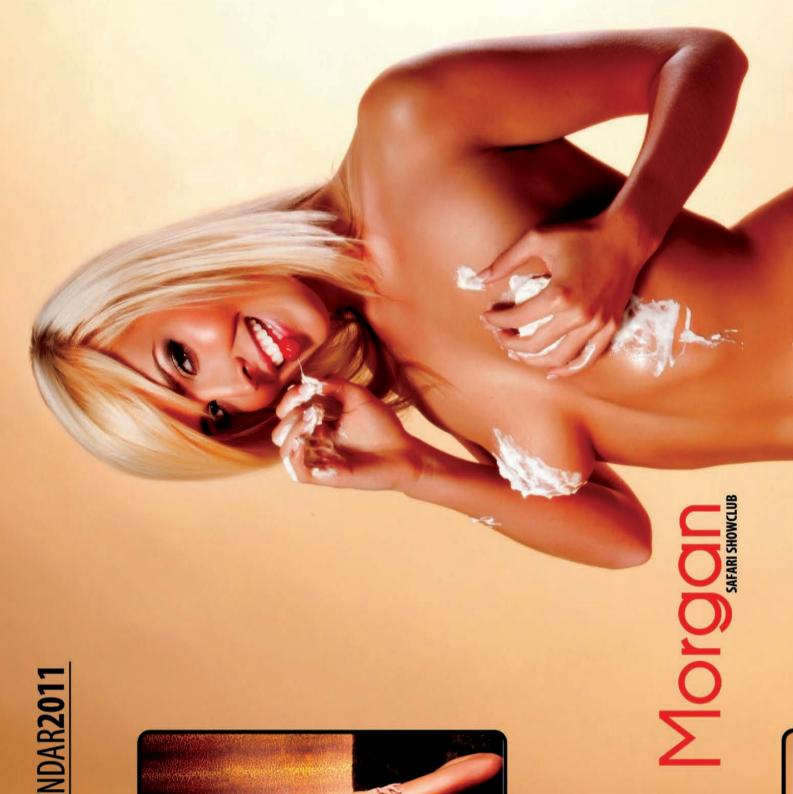


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TUE 1 WED 2 THU 3 FRI 4 SAT 5 SUN 6 MON 7 TUE 8 WED 9 THU 10 FRI 11 SAT 12 SUN 13 MON 14 TUE 15 WED 16 THU 17 FRI 18 SAT 19 SUN 20 MON 21 TUE 22 WED 23 THU 24 FRI 25 SAT 26 SUN 27 MON 28 TUE 29 WED 30

BY STATUATORY RAY IN NORTH PLAINS: PART 2 ICONTINUED FROM SEPTEMBER'S EXOTIC MAGAZINE; READ THE WHOLE STORY AT TALESFROMTHEOJBOOTH.COM OR XMAG.COM)

Having obtained roughly four hours of sleep the night before, I arrived at the second stage dome tent at Fire in the Canyon just after lunch hour on Friday, August 6th. Anticipating a minute-by-minute itinerary, my weight's worth in technical gear and, ideally, copious amounts of free booze, I approached "Rick, the sound guy" with a list of questions that rivals that of the average two year-old. Although technically apt in his field of work (that being the plugging-in of cords and adjusting-of-knobs), Rick had no knowledge regarding the festival's lineup, the responsible parties or any of the artist requirements/demands that were to be presented to him throughout the course of the weekend. At this precise moment in time, I decided that Rick would be my best friend. After all, we would be sharing a tent for three days in the middle of the woods, but Rick was not yet aware of this fact.

Originally, I was asked by one of the festival's organizers to perform a fifteen-minute hip-hop set for whatever half-dozen-deep crowd may be enjoying corndogs and blunts during the noontime hour. However, unbeknownst to the promoters and booking agents, I don't have a single song that doesn't come from Wombstretcha the Magnificent's back catalogue, and although I was given no less than six months of prep time to produce a few forgettable, threeminute filler tracks about being an angry white kid with a backpack and a DJ mixer, I had decided to spend my summer finishing the Los Santos Missions on GTA:SA instead (or, as they stay on the streets, "keeping it real"). Thus, I arrived at Fire in the Canyon, a festival that focused on "conscious-raising progressive art" with an MP3 player that contained backing tracks for "Shake It (Like a Baby)," "Face Full of Cunt," "Guess What You Got (You Got AIDS)" and "Stop Sign," a song about sexually assaulting deaf women. Lucky for me, however, I was asked by the festival's head honcho to do some hosting on the second stage, and thus, anyone offended by my performance would have to suck it up and be nice to me. For 72 consecutive hours.

Rick and I made it through the first half of Friday's sets before I returned to Portland to work my scheduled shift at Sassy's (this was, obviously, well before I learned about the free-ribs-and-beer trick, or I would have called in a substitute). After closing down the stages at Sassy's, I was not only dead sober and on my way back into the woods to continue hosting Hip-Hopstock, but I had visions of booty and breasts bouncing around in my head. If I was to make it through two more days of white rap and pulled pork, nudity was a must. Arriving back at Horning's Hideout shortly after 4am, I was greeted by a half-asleep security guard who asked me if I had anyone hidden in my trunk. With a half-lit joint hanging out of my mouth and a pile of closed-capped mushrooms on the dashboard of my car, I responded "nope, no one illegal." The security guard waved me toward the night-arrival parking area; I

ignored him, drove as far as the pebbles would take me and ended up in a blinking tent full of fat dudes in fuzzy kitten hats next to a speaker wall that would continue throbbing dubstep for the entire weekend. This is where my memory logged off for the evening.

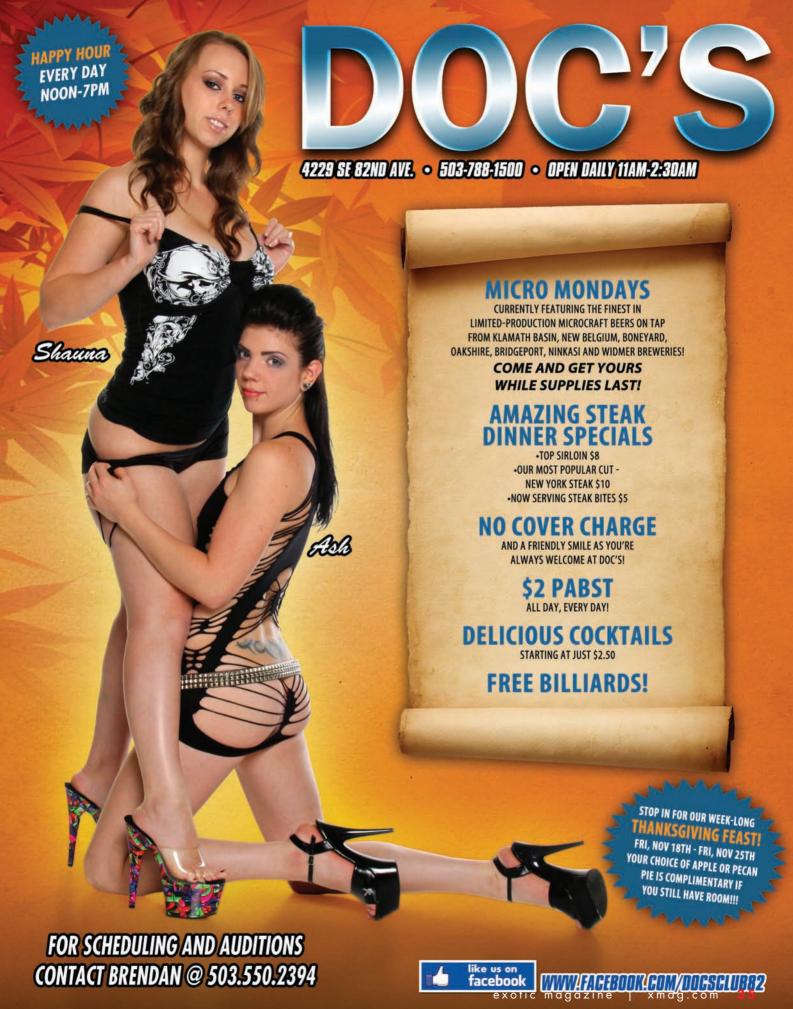
Having officially blown my first chance to acquire a full night's sleep, I woke up in my car Saturday morning, fully-clothed with my show tape playing on repeat through headphones that were somehow crusted with deep-fried chicken skin. The night before had obviously yielded some rewarding results, but by the looks of the schedule, I was already five minutes late to my own performance. I crawled out of my car, lit a cigarette and headed to the dome tent to meet Rick, who was also sporting a restrainedbut-satisfied hangover smirk. I stepped on stage and stumbled through four-year-old rape jokes to the tune of Fruity Loops beats and politely thanked the small crowd of dreadlocked children and visibly annoyed backpack rappers who had gathered in the tent during my set. After wrapping up my contribution to the collective artistic consciousness without being booed (or applauded), I was suddenly ready for an exciting weekend full of insatiable divas, clueless volunteers and around-the-clock chaos. I mean, what better way to introduce oneself to a group of complete strangers by telling everyone within earshot that they have AIDS?

The first group scheduled to take over the dome stage was either incapable of following my amazing performance or, more likely, missing in action. This meant I had some time to kill and I decided to explore my options in terms of whore bait. No, I am not referring to loose women willing to fuck for money. Rather, the select few vendors willing to provide me with free fried food and alcohol in exchange for on-stage promotion. By the end of the weekend, my good-guy speech had evolved from "please take time to visit the MercyCorp booth and purchase raffle tickets to help out sick kids in Indonesia or some shit" to "please take time to visit Two Kilts Brewery, located next to the MercyCorp booth, as they are providing Sherwood-brewed IPA with a unique, yet accessible, taste and smooth, mouth-watering consistency which goes very well with the mesquite-cooked pulled pork sandwiches offered by Happy Grillmore two carts down."

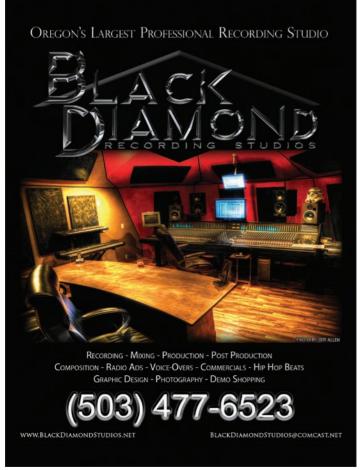
After compromising the event organizers' tax write-off ability by opting against the charity booth in favor of free grub and alcohol, I was approached by a legitimate, genuinely-conscious progressive hip-hop group, One Movement. Julius, the lead singer, was happily drinking Two Kilts IPA. There are few greater pleasures in life than those associated with free sandwiches and beer...

...except, of course, naked tits. Stay tuned for the exciting two-page conclusion of Statutory Doo and the Haunted Canyon, coming next month!

talesfromthedjbooth.com









When my editor asked if I would be interested in acting as a judge for the Miss Exotic Oregon competition, I couldn't have been more tickled. Having myself competed in a few stripper contests, I had always been curious about the methods of judging and what it entailed to be seated auspiciously in the front of Dante's on the final big night.

Miss Exotic Oregon is not a contest about tattoos or pole tricks. It is peeler pageantry at its finest. Each lady is judged numerically on grace and agility, audience interaction, crowd response, beauty, originality and theme.

Mystic Gentlemen's Club was the site of the first prequalifying round. I hadn't even seated myself vet when I felt myself being hugged by a slender-yet-muscular half-naked body. The body belonged to a young lady I had competed with (and against) during Ink 'N' Pink. I inhaled her sugary stripper scent and whispered in her ear, "it's so nice to see you, but I'm judging this so I shouldn't talk to you!" She smiled bashfully. nodded and retreated to the bar.

I didn't recognize most of the competitors at Miss Exotic Oregon and it was refreshing to witness some new moves. Several times, I caught myself gaping, open-mouthed.

Some girls had meticulously planned their stage show for weeks or more, carefully selecting costumes and props to go with their music. Other girls decided to jump in the race at the last minute, figuring there was nothing to lose—preparation was not an indication of success. Even after objectively judging each girl, I was surprised at the results of the tabulations. The reason for this is two words: audience response.

Fifteen percent of the score is determined by metering the noise that the crowd makes at the end of each performer's set (as an audience, don't be too shy or sober to yell and scream and beat your chest for your favorite lady because it could make all the difference between winning and losing).

It is reassuring to know that this contest is not "purchased" by eager club owners or booking managers. It's up to the girls themselves to prove what they've got, competing only with each other.

The Boom Boom Room housed the second pre-qualifying round. I was shuffling my scoring cards when John the producer bounced into the booth on my side, flipped his hair from his face and asked "So, how do you like being on this side of the stage?"

I love it. Thus far, I'm impressed with the level of effort that some of the participants have demonstrated and amused at the one near catfight I almost witnessed. If these two beginning rounds are any hint of things to come, I think we will be in for a fabulous show.



\$5,000 IN CASH! \$2,000 IN PRIZES!

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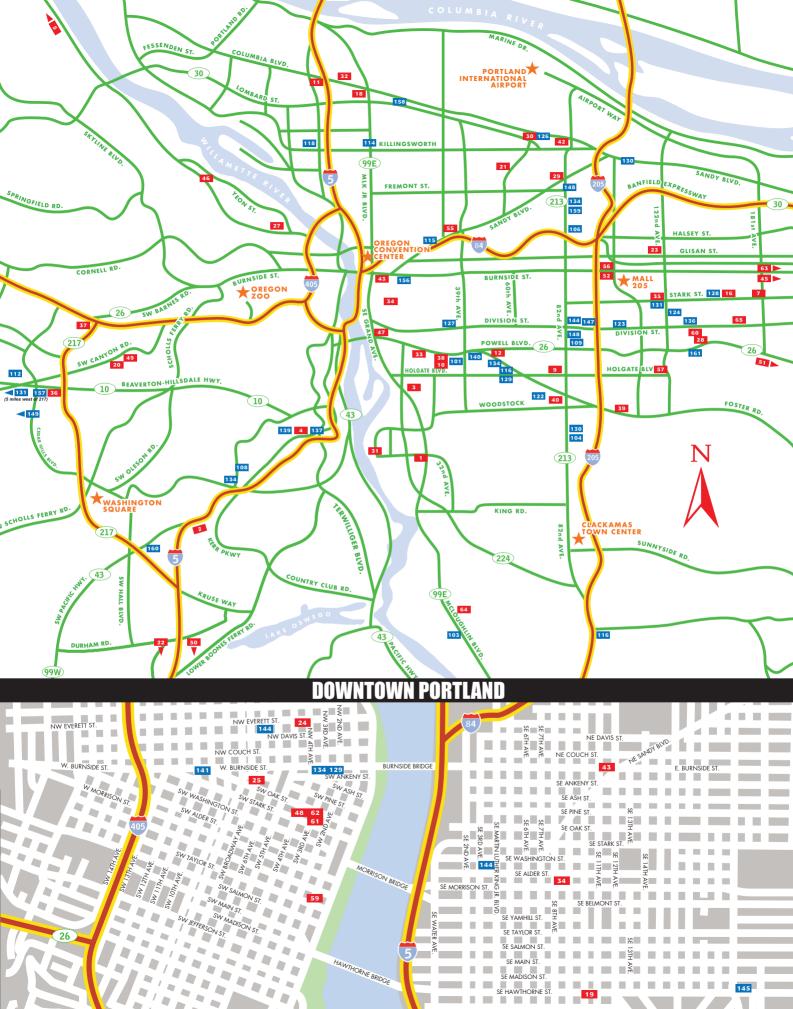


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FROTICAUS E BY ELLE LYNN STANGER

ne of the delights of working with the public is being exposed to people from all parts of the world. I wouldn't consider myself being well-traveled, so it's quite the pleasure when I find myself talking to a patron whose

background is wildly different than my own. While Oregon is a fairly small state of approximately 3.5 million people, strip club attendees and employees sometimes seem to forget how spoiled we are.

That's right, spoiled. Not only do most local adult businesses offer fully-nude ladies, but Portland also boasts some of the most artistic pole dancers and performers in the country. In a state where local legislature has determined nude dancing to be considered an art that falls under the protection of free speech, our entertainers are encouraged to be unique. Many choose to incorporate burlesque, ballet, belly-dance and even fire dancing. Lots of the businesses themselves also serve better-than-

what-you'd-expect food and beer options. Additionally, a small handful of clubs allow legal gambling such as poker games and, of course, the video lottery games are always present. Besides, there's a buttload to choose from (approximately fifty).

Some people venture in to Portland and are surprised at the differences. I remember the loudmouth Seattle chick auditioning at Lucky Devil Lounge one afternoon. She announced at full volume, "It's so gross that Oregon clubs serve food." I suppose the difference to her was drastic, since Washington fully-nude clubs don't even serve alcohol. But, needless to say, she didn't get hired.

It's important to recognize that there are regional differences; a patron can expect vastly different norms between cities or even contrasting clubs. Since the federal government allows states to be semi-self-regulating, some of these differences are huge.

In a few clubs in San Diego there may be alcohol served, but strippers are required to wear nude pantyhose and a one-inch thick thong at all times (in some cases two pairs of underwear are required to discourage "cheating," i.e. vag-flashing for extra tips). I'll never forget the cute Hispanic, Los Angeles dancer who told me that her boss had sent her home "because he could see the brown of (her) asshole."

In New Jersey, all of the clubs are required by zoning laws to be located in industrial areas. Legally, patrons cannot tip the strippers when they are on stage because of laws limiting the degree of physical contact. Rather, the ladies walk around after each stageset, pressing their cleavage together and asking for dollars.

In 2008, Houston banned bare boobies, as did Detroit.

Some less-liberal locales have implemented the rule that no business serving alcohol may house fully-nude dancers. In response to this, many businesses will skirt the rule by allowing customers to bring their own booze. A male friend told me of his excursion to a BYOB strip club named the Pleasure Dome in the state of Pennsylvania. The most interesting bit of the place was the deaf stripper, who he claimed walked throughout the bar and tugged on the sleeves of customers, grunting while shaking her

breasts. Ever the pragmatist, my first question was, "How does she hear the music to dance?"

The legislations affecting nudie bars are varied and constantly changing, but my point is this, there simply is no standard regard-

ing expectations for strip clubs.

One of the cutest things I ever bore witness to was a giant, Southern bear of a man who told me it was 'the best day of his life" because he could drink Bud Light while getting a nude private dance. Apparently, in his home state, there existed only two clubs, hundreds of miles from each other and they were only topless, without alcohol. At one point, he asked shyly, "can I touch yer boosh?" Although I responded with a polite no, he grinned like a baby for two songs, happily swigging his beer.

Alternately, another man-beast in a suit (from Miami) barely flopped his ass into a seat before he fully palmed mine, his long fingernails cutting into my butt cheeks. I

gently slapped his face with the relaxed palm of my right hand, and cooed in his ear, "don't grab me, dear." He turned beet red, squeezed each side of my upper arms and threw my body against the wall of the tiny red dance room. Ironically, he sputtered "nobody touches me, this dance is over!" After kneeing him squarely in the balls, I skipped in my two-inch heels to the safety of our bouncer, Chris, and relayed what happened.

Immediately after escorting Mr. Miami out of Lucky Devil, Chris laughed to me, his eyes twinkling. "You know what he said when I had him leave?...'But, she hit me!" Chris's typically deep voice perfectly mimicked a child's whine.

People are, quite simply, products of their environment. The Southern bear was most likely used to strict enforcement of stringent policies, and the Miami guido was likely used to treating dancers like raw meat. Social morays and norms contain many variables.

And so, it is incredibly frustrating when, as a dancer trying to make a legitimate dollar (or more), I am met with statements like "In Thailand, twenty dollars pays for a whole night. I think I should get a lap dance for four."

Here's a basic geography lesson: we are not in Thailand. We are also not in Miami, New York, California, etc. I don't give a shit if you buttfucked a twelve year-old victim of sex trafficking halfway across the world for twenty dollars; we do differently in Portland.

As a customer who might be new to adult environments (or passing through Portland), take a hint and follow the rules! Don't be afraid to ask the staff what the policies are, take note of posted regulations or even consider asking the dancers themselves what is allowed. Nobody likes being "that asshole who got kicked out." Have fun!

Elle is a former dancer of Lucky Devil Lounge. She also writes for titsandsass.com Email her at ellelynnstanger@gmail to comment or complain.





oj **a**omioni

In terms of the life cycle of this column, shit has gone full circle like a scat-themed Lion King porn parody. Since the "giving advice to strippers" schtick gets tired month after month, I'm going to go ahead and answer all the texts, emails and messages I have received from aspiring strip club DJs with the cold, hard truth; you are more likely to land a successful job selling skin care products to the Jackson family than you are a career in strip club DJing. However, if your guidance counselor insisted that you sell your soul for a tip jar and indoor aviators, I suggest you read the following:

FOUR STEPS TO BECOMING A SUCCESSFUL STRIP CLUB DJ

Start Your Career At Small Clubs

Perhaps you yearn for the bright lights of Las Vegas, or you may simply want to pay rent by panhandling loudly over glam rock and nipples, but whatever the case, there is no such thing as an "overnight success" in the strip club world. Much like super-hot "I can do this, I've seen Showgirls" amateurs get eaten up, spit out, used as a suppository and shat into detox if they aren't prepared for the blood, sweat and tears involved in competing with career polegropers for a living. First-time strip club DJs are not advised to dive into deep water without prior experience and appropriate training, lest they drown in a fish-stained, bloody mess (RIP Steve Irwin). The beauty of small titty bars is that, unlike dance clubs or karaoke bars, working at them does not lower your value as a strip club DJ to future employers and, more often than not, is the equivalent of handing out speeding tickets before becoming a full-time detective, or giving blowjobs on 82nd before running for office. Working in the trenches makes you a better commander.

The reason I stopped writing Tales from the DJ Booth is due to the fact that my current places of employment amongst naked talent and overplayed dubstep are run by professional owners who hire clean, competent bar staff and attractive, visibly sober dancers. Although I typically learn something new every shift, I am no longer witness to the semi-nightly newsworthy displays of off-duty Maury Povich guests, as most of my current on-the-job learning experiences involve wrangling crowds of unruly customers while catering to multiple stages of professional dancers. This type of environment is highly rewarding, but had it not been for the years of cleaning up miniature warzones at not-quite-mainstream clubs, I would neither appreciate what I currently have, nor possess the knee-jerk reactions required to run three stages without suffering from aneurisms. Which brings us to my next point...

Turn Unpredictability Into Consistency

You may find yourself looking around during a particularly chaotic shift while punches are being thrown in the dressing room, drinks are being spilled on stage by off-duty employees and the only house music that isn't skipping is located on a dusty CD-R titled "Destiny's Music—DO NOT PLAY FOR ANYONE ELSE!" If you are still wondering who (aside from the two bouncers and scantily-clad bartender) is responsible for holding the place together, then you are seeking a vocation in the wrong career field. The job of any good strip club DJ is to appear, as one of my more successful employers says, "like Snoop Dogg." Difficulty: noganja. Without succumbing to the same chemical enjoyment that is providing the majority of customers and dancers with narcotic courage, it is your responsibility to act the role Bob Barker but with the patience of

Bob Ross and the energy of Bob Sponge. As much fun as it is to watch a shitfaced, or scattered, DJ wrangle sweaty ladies and horny customers inside a whirlwind of flashing lights and Pabst pints, it's a lot less enjoyable to be digging oneself out of such a situation for purposes of employment.

Eliminate Any Notion Of Being A "Real DJ"

Find a way to appreciate a variety of watered-down, overplayed garbage. Instead of preparing a setlist and entertaining a drunk crowd with danceable, build-up-then-pop beat sequences laced with FX, your job as a strip club DJ is to make people feel comfortable in the presence of naked asses, and the only asses that should be shaking belong on stage (these are also the asses who possess the greatest need to feel comfortable). Chances are, you will have to find a way to bridge the gap between what girls want to dance to (rap) and what the customers want to hear (Slayer) by playing something that vaguely resembles both but doesn't cater to fans of either (Limp Bizkit)—pissing everyone off in the process.

Further, strip club DJs may work with strippers, but they work for clubs. Even though the girls may tip the DJ on a nightly basis, club owners are responsible for the establishment as a whole, and their opinion on music (however arbitrarily assigned) should be viewed as gospel. Regardless of how much you know about music, you obviously don't have what it takes to make a living in night-clubs or radio and, thus, must respect Big Hoss's rules regarding "appropriate urban music." Even if this means spinning Creedence while Crips play video poker. Further, any mixing, blending or beat-matching should be executed sparingly and between songs only, if at all. To quote my first piece of criticism after transplanting to the skindustry from the school of Paul Oakenfold and glow sticks, "you're a shitty DJ...I couldn't tell when the first song ended and the second one began."

Do Not Get High On Your Own Supply

When I was in high school, I got a job at Taco Bell. The first week, I ate nothing but nacho cheese burritos filled with chips and cinnamon twists (I call this the Raychilancho). It was awesome. However, I soon learned why the other prep cook brought homemade sandwiches and salads and shit like that into work. Simply put, having to see what sort of process goes into making aesthetically-attractive processed food appear drastically different to the consumer than it does when it arrives in a vacuum-sealed packet of rat feces is a sobering process. To this day, I can't set foot

inside a Taco Bell without wanting to hurl due to associative cognition playing a mediatory role between my taste buds and repressed memories of learning how machines turn adhesive and food coloring into four-course dinners. Without going into graphic detail, I made the same mistake during the first year or two in the strip club industry. Baby wipes and ass-waxing products may not rival rat feces in terms of the turn-off factor, but they sure as hell aren't any more appetizing.





his month, I thought long and hard about not only what people want to hear, but what I'd like to share with anyone who might be entertaining the thought of doing what I do. So, consider this Remington's crash-course guide on how to not be the "douchebag" in the skindustry. This game is a dance, and this dance is a game. These are just a few of the rules that I have learned to follow.

1. Always good for a laugh (but often overlooked by rookies in my field) is toilet paper residue left in the ass crack. It

1. Always good for a laugh (but often overlooked by rookies in my field) is toilet paper residue left in the ass crack. It sparkles like fuckin' diamonds in the sky under blacklight. Avoid this by showering and just not taking a shit before work or, in an emergency, use baby wipes. Didn't bring those? Use the toilet paper seat covers, they don't flake. Also, under blacklight scrutiny is navel lint. I was the opening set for a big show at a charity benefit, put on a fresh wife beater and when I tore it off, I had glowing white navel lint. A customer actually thought my belly button was pierced. Do a quick check before stage and save yourself the loss of dignity.

2. Everyone looks better under soft red lighting. It hides red skin irritations and casts shadows on the body that compliment all the cuts and contours. Four packs instantly become six packs. It's the kind of stripper magic that only God (and parts of science) can explain. If you do, however, get skin irritations from shaving, rub an unscented deodorant stick on them after you shave. If you continue to get razor burn/bumps, wash in the shower with baking soda. It's also good for unexplained rashes. Don't ask...

3. When performing, do not use Viagra for a hard dick or ex-lax to cut weight. Neither will work in the way you envision, and both will put you in more pain and discomfort than you originally planned. I took Viagra one time in my first week stripping. All was fine until I fell asleep. I woke up thinking I was having a heart attack with a raging boner and thought I was dying. No one told me about this, so I'm telling you—don't die like that.

4. If you are a sunless tanner, I don't judge. I've done it too. However, do not spray tan before going to work or party. Do not be the guy sweating bronzer and staining hot chick's clothes. Melting orange sweat isn't cool.

5. Your attitude has a lot to do with your money. If you are in a shit mood and come to work to drink it off, it rarely helps you make good money. I do not drink to feel better, I drink to feel *even* better. If my night was great and the time has come to party, then fuck yes, let's do it. Creating the good times is what this industry is all about. With great powers, though, comes a greater responsibility.

6. Another personal note, I don't take steroids. Why the industry status quo is "balloon muscles and tiny testicles" is beyond me. But, if you were to ask me, I would tell you that most women want real men. That's the fantasy. Put on a crazy show and when you step off the stage, be real, be cool and be a gentleman. Women want a sexually-charged encounter that comes naturally, and steroids won't give it to you. The 'roid-ragers I've worked with create a narcissistic self-image that makes them unreasonably over-emotional (twenty times worse than any ex-girlfriend I've ever encountered). They are known to get banned from most of the bars and night clubs, and really just don't belong in public. I don't need to add that to my already dirty laundry list of issues. I have enough on my plate as it is.

7. I'm going to be the asshole who has already had to break this to many, and now to you; if you suck at dancing with your clothes on, you're probably not going to become unexplainably better doing it with your clothes off. Now, I'm not saying that with the proper amount of booze you won't have the balls to give it a try... I'm just saying be prepared for public embarrassment as a result of tomfoolery. I've seen guys confidently shake their entire bodies like they're suffering an epileptic seizure or being electrocuted, but who just wouldn't do us the favor of dying. Fuck it though, if you're prepared for that possibility and you're a good sport, go ahead and knock it off your bucket list buddy. I'm not a dream killer.

8. I spoke too soon, this is the dream killer. Yes, we work with and strip with our counterparts—gorgeous fucking women. DO NOT SHIT WHERE YOU EAT! I'm all for dating other strippers, fucking, then hating and repeating the cycle. I just do not date within my own club. Don't lose sight that this is a fun job, but it's also your income and money is at stake. Losing track of that breaks down to a very simple formula: women + talk = jealousy. Pretty soon, you're looking over your shoulder more often than paying attention to the money in front of you. It's a double-edged sword, just be careful how you wield it.

As far as the many closed-minded statements relating to and stigmas of being a male stripper, here's the truth: I have met single fathers doing this to support a family in a volatile economy, fellow war vets doing this because they came home to closed-off employment opportunities, some righteously great entertainers, some weird-ass motherfuckers, some lost wandering souls and just some stupid assholes. Just like any other profession, it takes all kinds; the good, the bad and the douchebags. I'm always here to offer my humble advice, but even on my best nights, I do not make enough to babysit grown-ass men.

So, be careful of the advice you give, but be even more cautious of the advice you take.

As for my advice, take it or leave it. Each and every one of us knows the douchebag who can't control their booze, drugs, emotions or actions in public—and if you're not careful, it just might end up being you. Hope you were paying attention.







The road to stardom is not paved. In a new documentary by Portland-based director Stephanie Smith and producer Dave Camp, Tommy Harrington and his once-traditional, currently-solo "band" The Wanteds, illustrate this firsthand. Armed with a pile of electronic backing gear, a guitar, a credit card and a documentary filmmaker who has also experienced D.I.Y. touring, Tommy abandons his pregnant wife to embark on a cross-country tour to entertain audiences of confused college students, Mormon missionaries and barely-aware bar staff. Remove the intentional

humor and fictional basis from *This Is Spinal Tap*, wire it to a drum machine and replace the band members with a solitary extra from Portlandia: Voodoo Satyricon Edition and you have The Wanteds.

Exhibiting a surprisingly unapologetic sense of narcissism, coupled with grandiose dreams of indie stardom, Tommy's story is less Tommy Lee than it is Tom Waits, but his biography never seems to reach the pinnacle of intensity that has been achieved by either of these examples. On the other end, and with a notable applicability to the Northwest, everyone knows that thirty-something dude from record store who would be knee-deep in coke-stained female fans and platinum-studded infamy if it weren't for (insert target of blame here, whether animal, mineral or vegetable). It is worth noting that Tommy does not fit this profile either. Rather, he is the tunnelvisional outcast who seems to dismiss every aspect of his daily life that is not conducive to obtaining college-radio chart-topping status. In the course of however long he has been involved in his craft, Tommy has made no compromise in terms of those steps that are, according to Tommy, essential to his success. Whether or not this involves abandoning a pregnant pseudo-ex-girlfriend to drive city to city in pursuit of half-dozen-sized audiences (who, more often than not, possess virgin ears to The Wanteds) is irrelevant to Tommy.

Yet, within his self-absorbed mannerisms, there exists a degree of undeniable charm in Tommy, which is fairly captured by Smith and Camp. Although the sap factor is kept to a minimum with a few forgettable exceptions (the last twenty minutes of the documentary feel a bit drawn out in terms of the "X Weeks Later" fades), Tommy's painfully magnetic personality puts the viewer in a position of sympathy for a person who would otherwise make a great mascot for Borderline Personality Disorder Cereal. Malice and cruelty are not part of Tommy's M.O., but it becomes clear that nothing is as important to Tommy as his musical career. He dismisses his bartending career, baby mamma and, if third-party testimonial is to be taken as fact, nearly every social contact, musically-related or otherwise, that he has ever encountered. Tommy's stubbornness, however, is unforgiving. The fact that Tommy's band retains a "the" prefix followed by a plural bandname, while comical to some ("Hi, I'm The Wanteds," Tommy says repeatedly to confused door personnel and crowds throughout his tour), seems more attributed to Tommy's hard-headed persistence in nearly every aspect of his craft. This paradox of determination versus realism, portrayed by a charismatic asshole, is explored without over-framing or unnecessary narration, and The Wanteds paints (often times unintentionally) a story worthy

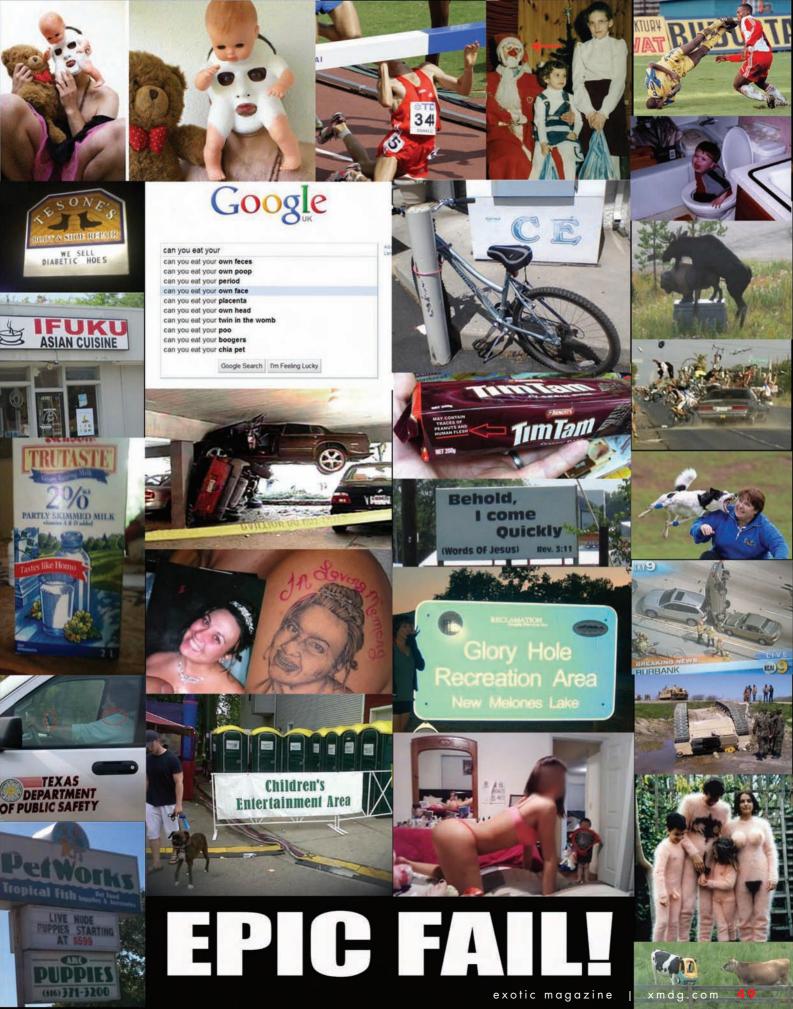
of fiction.

Stephanie Smith and David Camp may not be Michael Moore in terms of self-serving bias, but there exists a respectable degree of empathetic juxtaposition which, if placed in context (Smith, herself, is a touring musician, while Camp's production is archetypically indie-film in terms of instrumental scoring, landscape photography and non-judgmental representation of a subject worthy of a few jabs), makes logistical sense but may alienate select viewers. Whereas an assumption can be made that, yes, associates of Tommy's (including ex-

girlfriends, bandmates and his semi-estranged pregnant fiancée-x) are allowed a degree of say so in terms of painting a biographical picture of the one-man band, there exists a comparable assumption in the notable lack of consequence in terms of the sacrifices Tommy makes. While once scene colorfully illustrates "The Wanteds" unpacking "their" gear in the doorway of a venue before it opens, claiming to be booked to the first staff member that walks out and setting up a successful D.I.Y. show for a crowd smaller than Occupy Estacada, another cut-scene involves Tommy leaving a stage in Montana and loading into a NYC club in a matter of seconds. Although a full eighty minutes of enjoyable content is packed into this documentary, audiences may be more interested in Tommy's travels through seedy hotel rooms and small towns than, say, the Popeve's drive-through interview that spans nearly five minutes. On the other hand, the filmmakers could also be going for exactly this type of ride-along representation, as far too many music documentaries focus on the exact same trite clichés (hotel room brawls, backstage booty-shaking, etc.) that seem to be missing from The Wanteds. Further, the film is never boring. Whether or not a particular audience will feel compelled to slap or hug Tommy depends on whether or not the theater showing it serves booze, and for this reason alone, I would give The Wanteds "two shockers up."

One of the most rewarding aspects of the narration being left primarily to the main subject is the ability for audiences to make their own interpretations regarding Tommy's often misaligned perspective on whatever given predicament or environment he finds himself in. If The Wanteds succeeds dramatically at one particular thing, it is the portrayal of balance and dedication, specifically, the degree to which the former can detract from the latter (especially when applied to the creative arts). Without spoiling the film (hint: Tommy is the father of his child and ends up taking the blue pill without the help of Pitchfork or CMJ), the circumstances surrounding the resolution of issues concerning Tommy's musical career and family life are eerily representative of those actions and sacrifices made toward either respective area of his life. Echoing the notion of non-spiritual karma and, in more ways than one, the fairy-tale-turned-VH1-special that simultaneously negates and encompasses every delusion associated with rock stars (indie or otherwise), Tommy's story is the stuff college radio PSAs should be made of.

(Dir: Stephanie Smith, Produced by Dave Camp and David Kopilak, Written by Stephanie Smith and Dave Camp, 2010, thewantedsmovie.com.)



SEXTAIK



So, this month I had so many unusual topics to choose from, I thought I'd share a few and encourage all of you to write in! I did my usual investigative probing throughout my fairly large network of the passionately, perverted peers here in Portland. I also solicited by social networks such as Twitter, Facebook, etc. But, collecting information through cyber-speak is nothing compared to the goods I get when the questions are asked in person. Many get the opportunity to blush, stutter and laugh while I listen to a sexual question or situation that they have heard about or experienced hands-on. When people get the chance to connect with the infamous "Sheena" of Exotic Magazine's Sex Talk, the topics and questions that come up never cease to amaze me. It always seems to be the quiet, innocent men that blurt out, "write about wearing the brown gloves, Sheena!"

This month, there was a guy who confided in me that he has earned his red wings and enjoys it (he actually prefers that over sex now). Of course, I had to I ask him how he found out that he liked it. He told me that he and a friend brought a couple of ladies home from the nightclub and each went off to separate rooms to do the do. In the morning, while they were at the kitchen table, everyone couldn't help but notice the red streaks smeared on each cheek as they ate breakfast. After figuring out what was all over his face, he angrily asked the girl if that was why she was so wild and kicking her legs everywhere while he was eating her fur pie. On the drive home, he couldn't forget how intense his own orgasm was while she was having multiple. He was hooked.

Others ask things, but have a story first, like "I was watching these two hot chicks going at it. I mean they were like super hot right, but then they add a guy and she starts giving it to him in the ass with a huge penis strap-on! I mean, does that mean that he is gay Sheena or is he like bisexual?" So after I listen all month before deadline and sift through people's suggestions, I have to pick one that I "haven't written about," so here it is. I chose an email from Sarah. If you want to "sex talk" about it, write me at sheena@pdxgirls.com or find me and follow me on Twitter (@Sheena G).

Dear Sheena,

Hi, I have read your column for some time and decided to write in with hopes that you can send me in the right direction. I have a job that requires me to be out of town a lot. I use to be addicted to my toys. I would play with them on lunch break, after dinner and even in the car. I felt like, "Who cares about dick when I have my toys?" I changed that lately because my new boyfriend and I have GREAT sex. I have never been this satisfied sexually. What really turns me on is the anticipation before I get back—so I explode when we finally have sex. I gave up using my toys because it was hard for me to orgasm without a toy and now I can with him. He

can even go twice! I like to send him a lot of

naked pictures and videos to really build up the event and he does the same for me so we

have this really HOT "anticipation" type of sex.

Recently, he told me he was

sending me a package I would really like. So, I was thinking it was like flowers, or a card, or some sweet thing but instead it was a book called Tickle Your Fancy. It is about self pleasure, which is what I want to stay away from! I acted normal and said thanks, but now I totally don't know what to do. I never told him about my toy addiction



before him and that I used to be able to only orgasm with toys. I've been trying to stay away from my toys because traveling and coming home to great sex turns me on more. But then I opened the book and now I am really tempted to orgasm as much as possible! Why would he send me this book? Do I go back to the toys, or will it all get ruined? So far, I threw it in a drawer and haven't mentioned that it bothered me. I know you are a busy lady, but let me know what you think!

Sincerely, Sarah

Thanks so much for your email. I think this is a great email to discuss because sometimes, as women, we can think too much about what men are trying to tell us and about our past sexual experiences. Don't waste time thinking about it. My advice to you is to go over it with him when you get home and be honest regarding your past toy addiction. Most likely, he will love it! There are way worse things that could have been in that package! Why not just bust out the toys with him? Take the book out and tell him you want to play "do what's in the pictures" with him. I'm sure it will answer a lot of the questions you have! I applaud you for not mentioning the book bothering you. Sometimes silence is better until you have a direction. Now, go have fun, because too much playing with toys is never bad unless you quit working or eating! Thanks again for writing and do stay in touch!

I looked up the book and it is by Dr. Sadie-Allison, America's Pleasure Coach. "Tickle Your Fancy" is a woman's guide to self-pleasure. It's an independent publisher award winner and easy to find. Although most women hate to admit it, there are still many women out there who cannot have orgasms, so this book is an excellent tool for the bedroom (to use alone, or with your lover).

Thanks again for all of your great stories and keep them coming! I'll be a judge at the finals of Miss Exotic Oregon, so support these lovely, talented ladies and get out to one of the shows! Also, go to SheenaGMusic.com for more on what I'm up to and get my album that drops 11-11-11!! Shout out to my sponsors that make it all possible, Exotic Magazine, Black Diamond Studios, Taboo Video, SGM, Diego Images, NBA Car stereos, G Spot and the G Girls. Thank you all and have a wonderful Thanksgiving! I wish all of you lots of kinky, warm winter sex.

All good things,

Shum L

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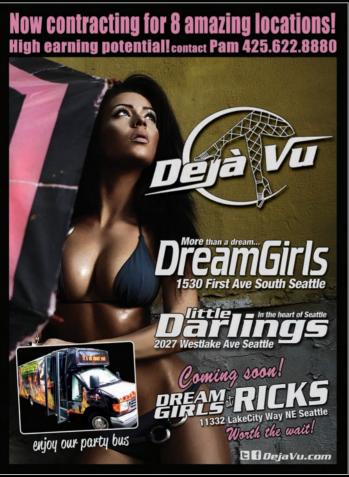






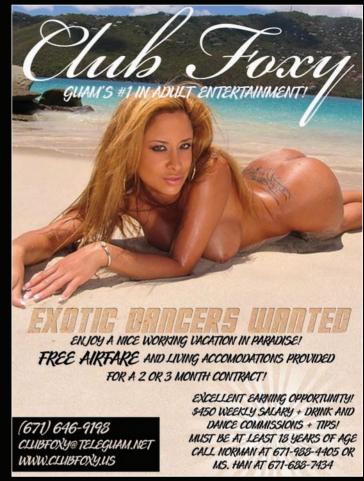


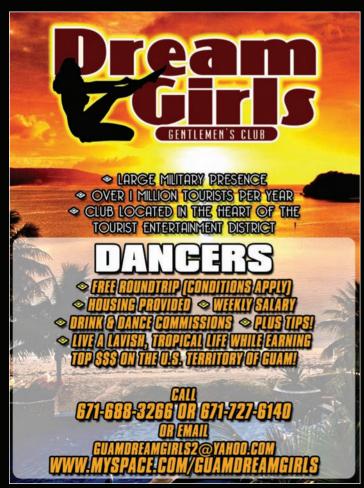






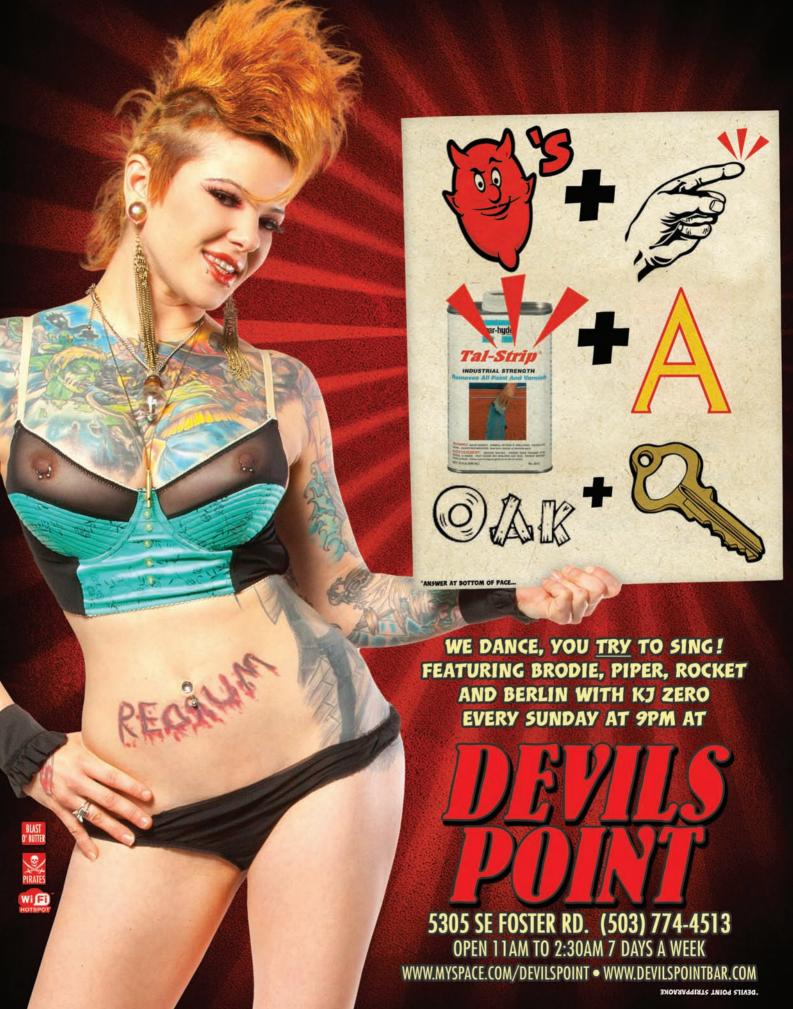








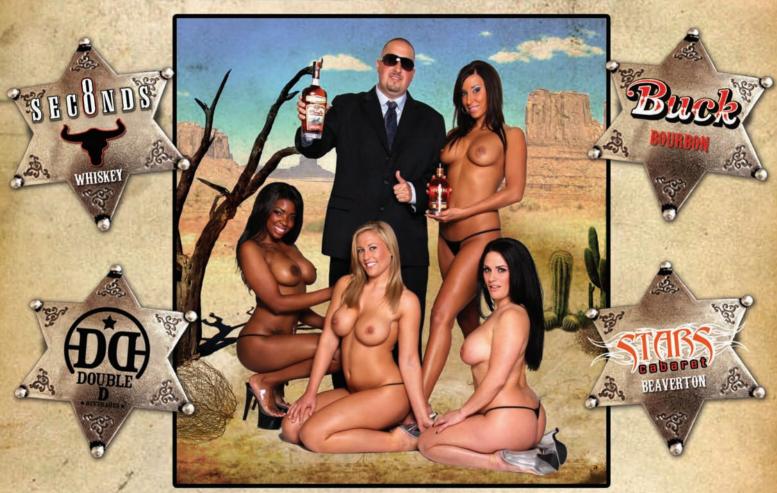








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