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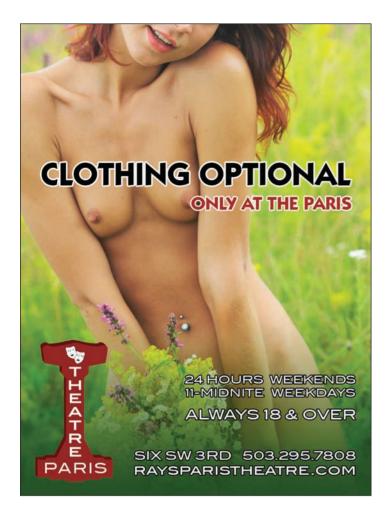




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### exotic

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### FEATURES



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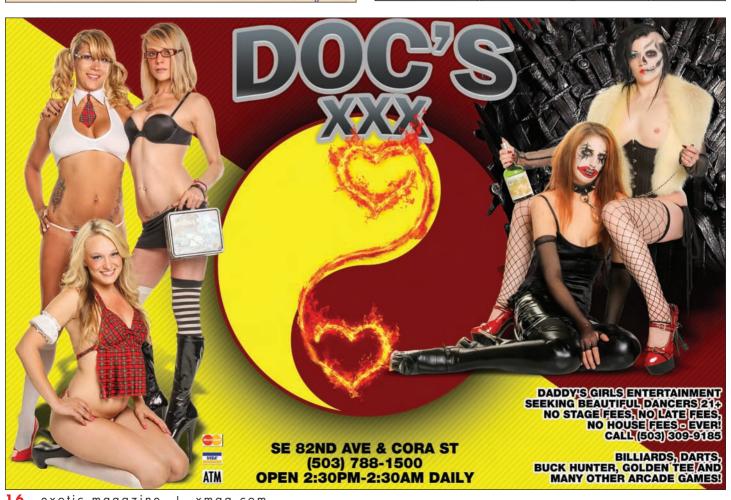












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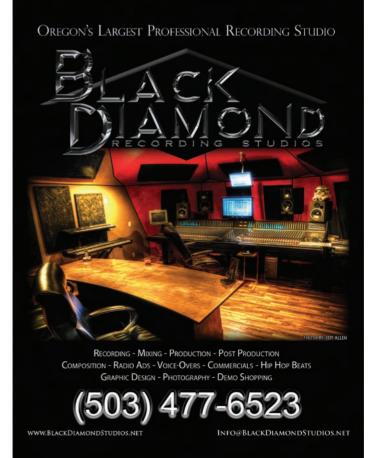
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Spring fever is here Portland! As one of the country's most promiscuous cities, we don't need a reason like the change of the seasons to get any hornier—that just comes naturally. April is when Portlanders strip down to their skins, as soon as the sun sheds its rays for more than 30 minutes. So, now that you've spent your winter fucking like hibernating bunnies in front of the fireplace, it's time to get your ass outside and enjoy all the natural wonders our naughty little city has to offer. Exotic will be celebrating the hedonism with the return of PoleroticA. After being forced to postpone PoleroticA last year, due to health reasons, (feeling much better now, thanks) we just can't wait to unleash what we have in store for you this year. The buzz surrounding this series of events has been building behind the scenes, since the conclusion of Miss *Exotic* Oregon 2013. As revealed in last month's issue, there will be some big changes. PoleroticA - The Ascension, will feature more twists and gamechangers than any event in Exotic history. Expect new faces and returning champions, head-to-head eliminations, an epic showdown of good vs. evil, expanded and more aggressive scoring, a revamped and specialized judging panel, plus some all-new venues.

The first three (of four) preliminary rounds begin this month on Saturday, April 13 at the all-new Kit Kat Club (formerly Berbati's Pan) in downtown Portland. Followed by Round II at the Boom Boom Room on Friday, April 19, then it's on to Round III at Mystic Gentlemen's Club on Thursday, April 25. Stay tuned for more on PoleroticA - The Ascension next month, with three more rounds of competition building up to the final showdown in June. Accept no imitations! With a winners' package of \$5,000 in cash & prizes, plus the cover and centerfold of *Exotic*'s 20th Anniversary Issue, PoleroticA's return promises to be the biggest showcase of

erotic pole dancing on the entire West Coast.

For complete information on entering PoleroticA, email us at polerotica@xmag.com or call John at 503-816-4174 with any questions. See you soon Portland and enjoy the sunshine. Just remember one word people—sunscreen. That blazing, shiny thing in the sky has been known to incinerate pasty, white Oregonians quicker than a \$1 lap dance.

APRIL EVENTS

MON 1 - Kit Kat Club - Statutory Ray presents You Can't Do That On A Stripper Pole

**THU 4 – Star Theater -** BOYEURISM - A First Thursday All-Male Revue

FRI 5 - Dante's - Live music with Bob Wayne & The Outlaw Star Theater -The Dark Side of Oz Aerial & Burlesque Show

SAT 6 - Star Theater - Queens of the Pole - Disney Princess Edition

**TUE 9 – Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) -** Are You Smarter Than a 5th Grader (Stripper Edition)

WED 10 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Stars "Masters" Indoor Golf Tournament

**THU 11 – Mystic Gentlemen's Club -** Und-Wrestling - Last girl left dressed will win the prize **Heat -** VIP Party with prizes & free food

**FRI 12 - Pallas Club-** \$1,500 Best Pole Dancer Competition - second preliminary

SAT 13 – KIT KAT CLUB - POLEROTICA - THE ASCENSION QUALIFIER ROUND I - OUR FIRST 5 CONTENDERS WILL QUALIFY FOR \$5,000 IN CASH & PRIZES. PLUS THE COVER OF EXOTIC'S 20TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

WED 17 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Naked Twister Competition with a cash prize

Club 205 - Covergirl Dance Contest

**Mystic Gentlemen's Club -** The Mystic Lingerie Boutique Party

**THU 18 – Club 205 -** Lexi's 21st Birthday Party

FRI 19 — BOOM BOOM ROOM - POLEROTICA - THE ASCENSION QUALIFIER ROUND II - 5 MORE CONTENDERS WILL QUALIFY FOR \$5,000 IN CASH & PRIZES, PLUS THE COVER OF *EXOTIC'S* 20TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUIF

**Stars Cabaret (Salem) -** Live rockabilly with Back Alley Barbers and The Rocketz

SAT 20 - Torched Illusions - 420 party with free food & drink, giveaways & live glass blowing - 2 to close Front Avenue Strip - Customer Appreciation Party

THU 25 — MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - POLEROTICA - THE ASCENSION QUALIFIER ROUND III - 5 MORE CONTENDERS WILL QUALIFY FOR \$5,000 IN CASH & PRIZES, PLUS THE COVER OF EXOTIC'S 20TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Goodfellas' Party

FRI 26 - Pallas Club - \$1,500 Best Pole Dancer Competition - third preliminary

### **WEEKLY EVENTS**

MONDAYS - Dante's - Karaoke From Hell

Stars Cabaret (Salem & Bridgeport) - Free prime rib with paid admission 6-9pm

**TUESDAYS - Lucky Devil Lounge - Tiny Tuesdays** 

Club 205 - 2-for-Tuesdays

**Devils Point - Soul Night** 

Safari Showclub - Taco Tuesdays 2 for \$2

Cabaret - Tijuana Tuesdays

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Taco Tuesday

WEDNESDAYS - Heat - Wild Wednesdays

Devils Point - 80s Night

**Presley's Playhouse (Salem) -** Wow! Wednesdays with 2 girls on stage

Safari Showclub - Free pool all day & night

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

THURSDAYS - Heat - Double Trouble Thursdays

Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Tropical Thursdays

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Giant Thursdays

Golden Dragon - Dance Contest with cash prizes at 10pm

**SUNDAYS - Dante's - Sinferno Cabaret** 

Club Rouge - Throwback Absolut Industry Party

Pallas Club - Free pool all day & night

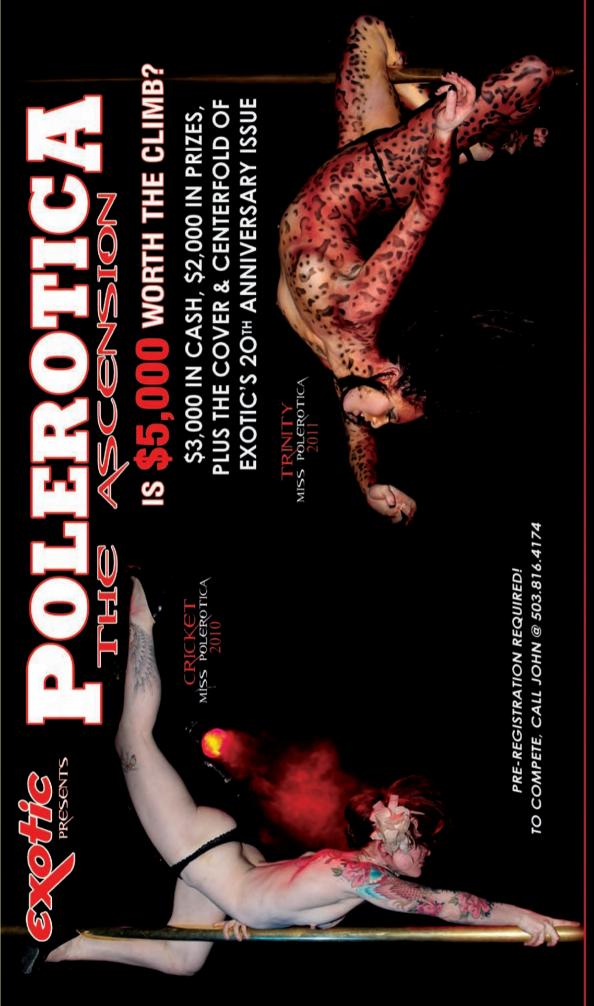
**Devils Point - World Famous Stripparaoke** 

Safari Showclub - Free pool all day & night

**Presley's Playhouse (Salem) -** Slinky Sundays - Wet T-shirt contest

Skinn - Nascar Sundays

Falco's Pub - Zombie Night in America - 5pm (For additional or expanded listings, email editorial@xmag.com)



# EVER, IN A CLUB 1111111

SATURDAY, APRIL 13

I KAT CLUB 231 SW ANKENY

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THURSDAY, APRIL 25

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## EXPLORING SEX WORKERS' RIGHTS WITH THE DANCERS' INITIATION COALITION BY ELLE STANGER

A new nonprofit group made its debut on Sunday, March 3, the Portland (dancer-founded) D.I.C held its first event, inspired by the International Day to End Violence Against Sex Workers. In the NW 9th and Irving Eco-Building, a small, but lively, group of sex workers convened to begin what they hope will be a series of projects aimed at supporting individuals, who make adult entertainment their living. The event was led by Jordan and Layla, two strippers from the Golden Dragon, and their newly-created nonprofit group, the Dancers' Initiation Coalition—lovingly referred to as D.I.C.

The Sex Workers' Rights Day was supported by the Portland chapter of The Sex Workers Outreach Project, or S.W.O.P., which describes its goals as "the conscious building of community, with consensual decision making, out of respect for all individuals." Sponsored by adult boutique, Spartacus, the event included a silent auction for sex toys, including an electroshock wand. PDX Hair Extensions offered discounts on beaded-hair extensions and one young lady sat nearby, having her mane curled by stylist Jessi Allison.

All of the women displayed a type of camaraderie that was much like a sorority bake sale, but this was far more purposeful. "I was a social worker for children before I moved to Portland, But I discovered that I was far too empathetic and I would leave work crying, all the time," explained Jordan. After dipping her toe into stripping, Jordan discovered a knack for it and trained to become one of last year's most noticeable new faces in the adult entertainment scene, by coming close to snagging the coveted Miss Exotic Oregon crown. During this time, her talents pulled her toward something bigger. "We filed for a 5013c, to become a nonprofit organization. My theory is; if we are going to do sex work as a career, let's do it safely, let's budget, let's get your attitude adjusted. Budgeting is a big issue. And since [Golden Dragon] gets a lot of 18year old dancers, it's important to catch them as they are entering this industry.'

Another familiar group was The Cupcake Girls, a nonfaith-based organization that visit Portland strip clubs, bringing hair and makeup supplies to

dancers lending a hand or an ear if needed. In 2012, the group had invoked suspicion amongst dancers, when it was first mentioned in a feature in *Exotic*. Many strippers were suspicious of non-industry women making their way in to the club to lend a supporting hand or ear. Bri, of the Cupcake Girls, said, "We just exist to support women. This is where we happen to focus our interest."

Music for the event was provided by local Portland band, Oceans Above Us. One of the band members was formerly a dancer at Spyce. The other, currently involved with a dancer and also housemate. Musician Dennis explained, "Growing up, you are told that stripping or sex work is the easy way out—that it's for drug addicts only. But, my girlfriend has changed my perception of this industry. She's the most amazing person."

According to Jordan and Layla, there are big things in store for the Dancer Initiation Colation. "Self-defense classes are the first step. Hygiene baskets are the second step."

Unbeknownst to some, staph infections and MRSA are common threats to working in an environment with so much potential skin-to-skin contact, and friction with the stages and otherwise. Only a couple of decades ago, these deadly viruses were typically found only in hospitals, but are now commonly found in gyms and strip clubs. Since the vast majority of sex workers are without insurance benefits or unemployment protection, Jordan is planning a way to combat that also. "We want to have an open forum with a nurse and a lawyer present, so that dancers might have the opportunity to discuss legality or health

Despite a modest turnout, Jordan sees big things for the fu-

questions.'

ture of D.I.C. "Portland is the most progressive city I've seen, but there is still a stigma to this work. I want to be proud to say I'm a dancer. And that's why I'm excited to start our project here. Gone are the days where we fight each other. I'm here to help promote sisterhood in the club. If I'm going to dance and make money, you're going to make yours too."

Jordan can be contacted via Gold-enJordan69@gmail.com.



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## TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTI TRIP ADVISOR BY STATUTORY RAY

Last month, I was given a legallyquestionable substance consisting of the most hallucinogenic powers known to man. Known as DMT (Dimethyltryptamine), this psychoactive drug actually triggers a chemical that is already present in most human beings and, thus, is technically not the same "high" one would get from injecting a foreign chemical into the brain. Instead of merely tripping out and experiencing a distorted version of the real world through the lens of a substance, DMT creates an entirely altered reality, one that is supposedly inhabited by mechanical elves and honeycomb formations (literally thousands of unrelated Internet forums are filled with shockingly-consistent testimonies).

By the time I got around to arranging a babysitter/partner, a day off of work, proper settings and damn-near anything else necessary for a trip, the drugs went missing. As in, it was gone from the only place in my trunk I ever keep illegal and/or morally-inappropriate stuff. My partner in crime, Sara, had planned on tripping with me for a month, my editor was expecting a review on the experience and, compared to most of my nights, I was relatively priority-free. Opting to wait until I found the secret hiding place that kept my DMT, Sara was fine with rescheduling our trip. I, however, was not. There is something about determination to the power of drugs, divided by impatience that doesn't fit well with the, "Oh well, maybe next time" attitude. Since I was looking in the hollowed-out copy of Great Expectations that I use to store things cops and landlords shouldn't find, I was also looking at a reserve supply of drugs. The seven, or so, grams of closed-cap mushrooms were more attractive than ever.

"Fuck it," I said to Sara as I ate an enormous handful, "I have about an hour to drop you off before I'm taking a backup vacation.'

This was about 8:45pm. It was roughly 8:46, when I got called in to DJ a bar that, ironically, is one of the only work-related environments staffed by



a crew who couldn't care less if I was grilling balls. Had it been a titty bar, or even a place that wasn't dimly lit and full of punk rockers and college kids, I wouldn't have even considered doing a non-after-hours DJ gig under the influence of anything aside from coffee. Yet, I was already a mile away from Sara's place, before I realized it was too late to turn back.

Six hours later, I was told that the bar's sales were the best they'd had on a Wednesday night, I did a good job keeping a fickle crowd and I am now invited back on a monthly basis for a regular gig. Here's how I kept from burning the place down and ending up in jail, which is what can happen if you decide to take the wrong drugs without reading the instructions. Whether or not you're a disc jockey or a disc golfer, the following tips will help any traveler of the astral plane fit their itinerary into an otherwise sobriety-friendly evening.

Taking a psychoactive trip on mushrooms is analogous to taking a literal trip anywhere else; preparation is crucial. Instead of shady motels lacking

> clean nutrags next to the shower or flat tires on the way home from Estacada, the hazards of a good drug trip are typically anything you'd be required to do in real life. Your job is to focus on eliminating any, and all, ties to time and space that may exist pre-trip. Did you remember to call back

that one girl? Do you have a limited (but adequate) supply of cash in your wallet? Are your favorite CDs as accessible as your cigarettes? Got water in the trunk? Weed in pocket? An organized and clean environment (this includes backpacks and purses) is as crucial to a good trip, as the elimination of priorityinducing distractions. Turning your cellphone off is an even better idea, but if you can't go without it, airplane mode is a minimum; you do not want to get a call from a client, boss or ex when you're attempting to ignore the voice of God. while fumbling around with a laptop or steering wheel. I would never encourage driving on 'shrooms but I'm not gonna lie to readers when I say that it's easier than it sounds. By having all my shit taken care of (albeit, as a result of a trip I wasn't able to take), I was in a position to tell the bar "yes, I will be on time or sober tonight.'

Once you've got a copy of KMFDM's Symbols album in the CD player, orange juice in a cup and a bag of Black Forest gummy bears, you can relinquish all control to the outside world. Regarding my DJ gig, I decided against any prior playlisting, theming or planning of my set. When frat guy asked for the only Roots song anyone knows, I played it. Geeks wanted that South African band I can't spell, and therefore, won't bother plugging? Tossed it right on without reminding them how much everyone hates the music. 'Shrooms allow you to be in touch with the (forgive my use of this word) "vibe" or flow of the environment, and if you can ride it like a wave, you won't crash. The only bad trips come from fighting the direction that drugs are opting to take you, so pretend it's like getting fucked for the first time by that one rich step-parent whose inheritance will be worth it. I think I really need to work on my metaphors, but the point should be clear: ride the wave or crash into the rocks.

### JTILIZE A MODERATE AMOUNT OF OTHER

Unlike virtually any other substance, combining mushrooms with non-psychoactive drugs can produce a calmer, more manageable high for users who would, on any other night, be drink-



ing/smoking/line dancing/LARPing/etc. Regarding drugs specifically, it is crucial to emphasize that you should only "mix" 'shrooms with substances you do on a regular, high-tolerance level. If you're a weed smoker, make sure you have enough pot on hand (preferably a body-high-inducing indica, since sativa can shoot your brain into strange directions) to take the edge off of the spikes in intensity produced by the onset and come-downs associated with a good trip. If you smoke cigarettes, give up the trying-to-quit shit for a night. If you drink, do not consume hard alcohol while shrooming, but instead sip on

a red wine or wheatheavy beer.

If you were raised in a bad home and the only drug you do happens to be the hallucinogenic you're trying for the first time, engage in familiar habits, whether gumchewing, Angry Birds or pocket pool. By

orienting yourself with a "safe space" associated with the real world, the intensity of hallucinations will be offset by the familiarity of their content. On the other hand, if you forget your pack of smokes or bag of weed and decide to take a trip, be prepared to feel much like you left your luggage in Detroit and can't return unless you do so on foot. The walk from door to counter at a 7-11 is about a mile long on good 'shrooms, bringing me to my next point...

### AVOID OUTSIDERS AT ANY COST

There are two types of strangers you will encounter on an intense mushroom trip: bad ones. The first type will be of the obvious, hate-them-in-real-life variety. While DJing through the peak of my trip, I felt a loathing for the hipster sitting alone in the corner that would have been a notch too much for Hitler or Simon Cowell. I was literally visualizing myself walking over and ripping his face off to expose the lizard person hidden underneath then, tearing the curly moustache off his skin and stomping it out on the floor after taking a long, hot piss on it. When he smiled a nice, "Why the hell are you looking at me like that, you're creeping me out, please stop" smile at me, I literally could not stop staring him directly in the eye, while contemplating the possibility of blaming my actions on the drugs and hoping that the janitors would have an extra box of Lye with which I could use to... well, let's just say I had to consciously force myself to look away.

The next type of outsider is the wants-to-better-your-high variety. This is the person who thinks that it's helpful to wave their fingers in front of your face or suggest you put on some "trippy" songs like that Rob Zombie one about demonoid horsemobiles from space. This person has also never touched a drug that isn't sold in the open at Dave Matthews Band concerts. He or she probably considers a blacklight poster to be illegal paraphernalia and, if you let him or her know you're grilling, they will never leave you alone (completely ruining your trip). The urge to let someone know you're balls deep in spaceland, is going to be there, so take care of it early and confide in another experienced user. In other words...

### **MAKE AN ALLIANCI**

I decided to openly tell the bartender on duty (who is also a personal friend of many years) that I had eaten a shitload of good drugs before I came in to play my set for a room full of customers, whom I wanted to remain blind to my situation. After the to-be-expected giggling and shit-flicking had been doled out, she agreed to make things easier for me by, oh, ensuring I had access to water, coffee, bullets, condoms, fireworks, Zotz candy and anything else completely and utterly necessary for survival. This allows for a safety zone in times of momentary crisis. When I felt like skinning the Gila monster hipster alive where he sat, I looked at my alliance and she gave me a comforting glance that said "don't worry, he'll be there tomorrow if you decide to come back and end his life sober—just play some more Peeping Tom and relax."

### WRAP IT UP SLOWLY

If you've ever flown into PDX on any airline other than Hawaiian, you've likely circled the 405 for a few hours in the sky while the captain fed you a line of shit about gradual descent. If your pilot happens to be on good drugs, this is technically not a line of shit, as he or she is just doing things like a pro. Reality tends to soak in slowly, but unlike a hangover (where the world kicks you in the taint with a swift boot of sunshine and priorities) it happens in a manner very similar to that of an airplane trip. You see the world you're about to reenter, but you can't fully interact with it until you're firmly on the ground. Just



because you're not seeing rainbows falling out of the televisions anymore, does not mean it's a good idea to answer the phone when your girlfriend, boss, probation officer, etc. calls. Let me be perfectly clear: you are not "back from the trip" until you can execute simple tasks without a single drop of high strangeness. The visuals may be gone, but if you're taking a piss and wondering how your body is able to deconstruct hops and rye into a yellow substance that magically comes from your pee hole, you're still high.

Let me be perfectly, 100% clear in stating that you should never, ever attempt anything I have suggested in this (or any other) article. Further, every-



thing I have said (and ever will say) is a complete and utter lie—fictionalized for purposes of editorial contribution and completely fabricated in terms of reality. That being said, I will "not" be talking to the guy who "doesn't" have a ton of that DMT shit buried in his back yard later this week and I definitely "won't" be writing about it next month. I'm also a black cop who loves Nickelback and hates boobs.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com



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## PINUPCALENDAR2013 APRIL





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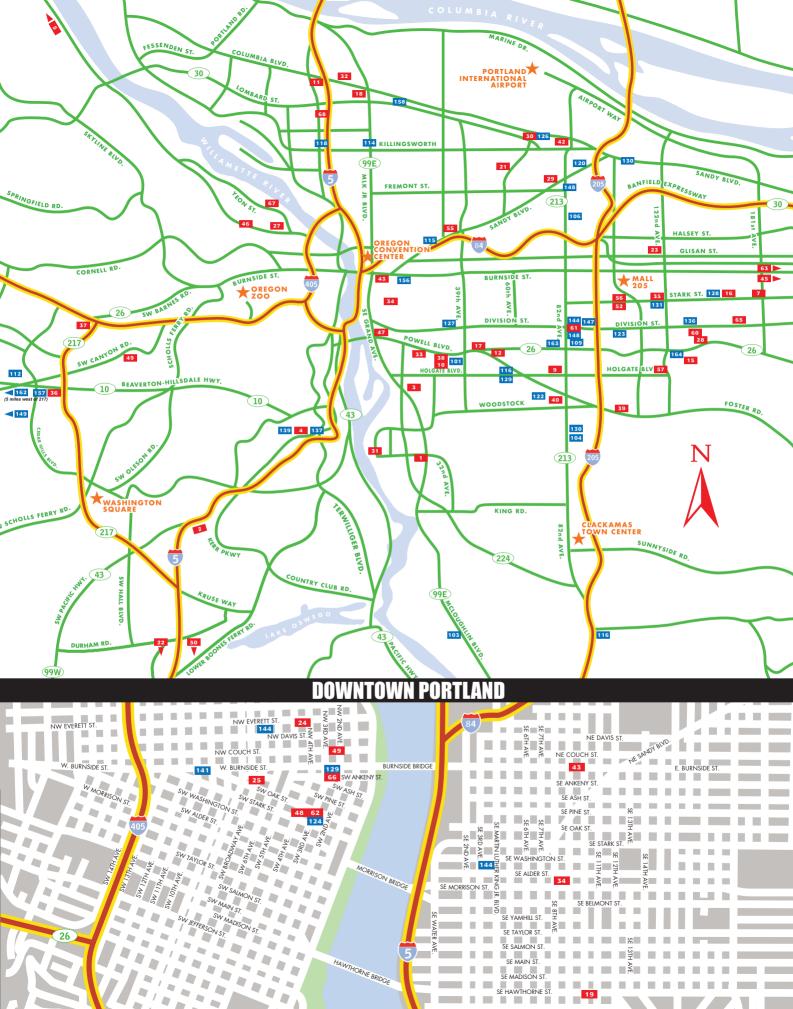
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### started with Facebook. My generation isn't really one of doers, but rather, of those that "like" the idea of doing. By like, I mean, passive-ly clicking the "Like" tab on Facebook when they see something that they agree with; be it recipes, photos of kittens and big butts or revolutionary social ideas and political agendas. In this case, an online petition (surely one of millions) had popped up and it was called "Petition for Dancers to Earn

Minimum Wage in Oregon," or similarly. I paused. Dare I? I passed my finger over the sensor pad and applied pressure for a nanosecond. I had officially "Liked" this idea and had then "Shared" it. I waited a few seconds and returned to the page. I was waiting for the hate mail. In Internet lingo, it's called trolling and I felt like a troll.

I've never been one for unionizing and I don't want to be paid minimum wage. Without delving into a discussion of political beliefs, I've found myself to be more on the side of capitalism than anything else. At the risk of alienating myself from a huge proportion of my co-workers, I feel compelled to explain why a paid rate for strippers is a terrible idea.

It would cripple the industry, starting at the businesses themselves. There is a reason that your downtown club's vodka-cranberry drink costs \$8.00 and it's not that the place is getting rich. The last several years of economic struggle have put, what was once considered a recession-proof industry, in serious jeopardy. Even with many clubs offering discounts on meals, lap dances and no cover

charge, some are still struggling to keep Internet has affected

## OTICMUS

verely, that any dancer who worked before the Bush-years, can tell you that she makes a third of what she used to. or way less. People simply aren't spending the money. I've been regaled by veteran dancers' tales of \$100 bills being tipped on a whim. Nowadays, I nearly do a double-take when someone gives me an extra \$5.00.

Businesses have multiple costs that most of us never consider: building maintenance, advertising, food and beverage orders, licensing fees, insurance and, of course, staff payouts. If clubs would be required to pay an extra few dozen dancers as employees. it would surely close many club doors permanently.

By becoming minimum wage employees, strippers would have to file taxes. In the words of one lady, "I show my bits to strangers and get shit-talked to all the time. Fuck taxes. I've never filed and I never will." Since most of us don't make enough to get audited, our fees are limited to stage fee and staff tip-outs. Of course, I know a handful of strippers who have been filing for years and they do so by using an Independent Contractor 1099 form. The benefits of this already exist, as these ladies know that they can write off expenses such as shoes, makeup and apparel. So, in this case, the choice is left up to the individual—just the way I like it.

Some customers would feel more entitled, once aware the dancer is making minimum wage. Nary has a shift passed, when some asshole doesn't demand "something awesome" for their \$1.00. You know what's awesome? A room full of lovely, naked women dancing. Nearly every evening, a bouncer or I must gently remind someone to tip a dollar, and while some folks don't know that we don't get paid hourly, many people don't care and already believe that we make too much. The bitterness of the general population is stifling and can be seen just reading comments relating to strippers. "Great, another junkie whore can go buy her crack now," was one response to the Portland Mercury awarding a male sex worker and myself the cover of their

Sex Issue, in March 2011. If major legislation were passed where it became public knowledge that social workers and strippers made the same basic rate, I'd expect even more vitriol. And yet, insiders and industry barflies would see such legislation as a victory, however, the tips from our beloved regulars are not enough to sustain an industry.

By making adult entertainment more conventional, I feel that some of the stigma will be removed. Thus, negating the reason that some people visit strip clubs in the first place. For some of the same reasons that marijuana growers don't want pot to be legalized, I truly believe that if strippers are perceived to be more "normalized," it will remove the thrill that motivates some people to

frequent our establishment.

I decided to ask around—DJ Hazmatt, (aka Statutory Ray from Sassy's) felt similarly. "The reality, in Portland, is that where smart folks and insiders would see it as more respect, yes, the patrons would feel thrice as entitled, management would be more strict for hiring and bars that feature Blevel entertainment would go full bar, [with] no tits. Enter the new healthcare and sick leave laws for X-amount of employees and in a year, only a few clubs would be left standing." I consider Statutory Ray's to be a valid opinion. He has spent much more time in this industry than I. While he is not a stripper, his is invested in this industry as much as myself and is also looking to protect his livelihood.

In early March, the Northwest Workers Justice Project held an open meeting for dancers to meet with the NWJP representatives in order to discuss workers' rights. NWJP is a non-profit legal organization that is committed to protecting the rights of workers, mostly in Portland, but all across the state of Oregon and the NW. The informal gathering consisted of two consultants and two dancers...myself included. What follows is a transcription of our conversation, edited for clarity.

**NWJP:** "We are obviously looking at things from the employee perspective. I'm sure being an employer has it's own

problems and economic pressures and that the industry has to be compliant with

their doors open. The explosion of available pornography via the of my co-workers, I feel compelled to explosion why a paid of trying to put people out of busi-pornography via the internet has affected the last decade so se- RATE FOR STRIPPERS IS A TERRIBLE IDEA

the laws and it can make those choices based on economic reasons, but it doesn't get to treat dancers in a certain way, without giving the dancers the protections that they deserve."

**NWJP:** Being an employee should be more than just getting minimum wage. For example, if the club shuts down, can that person take advantage of unemployment? If you suffer an injury? If you have a disability, are you protected?

**EILE:** I know that many girls ask these things, but is there currently any type of reference website or documents where we can find these things out?

NWIP: I don't know of anything specifically for dancers, but people are welcome to call us and we can talk them through it. A lot of information out there is old, because the times are changing. I believe there is more control over dancers than there used to be, in terms of appearance. If you want to have a business where the dancers are actually independent contractors, then you can't control all aspects of the club regarding the dancers, unless you are going to give them some of the protections of employees too. And, that is where most club owners skirt the issue.

**ELLE:** How so?

NWJP: Things like unspoken non-com-



pete agreements. There are a couple of cases in Oregon and other places in the country, regarding scheduling and being fined or penalized, which would put you more in the place of an employee than an independent contractor. The club where you can go in when you want, dance to what music you choose and wear what you like. That is the club where dancers are truly independent contractors.

**STRIPPER #1:** I think that there is a danger in organizing anything like this because, even if a group of dancers tried to band together, management could very easily fire them all and just hire a

less of an incentive to file taxes.

**STRIPPER #1:** I believe that's a common belief that we tipout and shouldn't have to pay taxes. What we do is very socially stigmatized and there aren't that many women that really benefit greatly from stripping. Some do, but most of us don't make as much as the public would believe.

**NWJP:** We have people working to help those in all aspects of the workforce, janitorial or otherwise. There are a lot of injustices in the workplace. If the industry is very competitive, it's going to be a race to the bottom. If each club

## BY BECOMING MINIMUM WAGE EMPLOYEES, ALL STRIPPERS WOULD HAVE TO FILE TAXES.

string of new dancers. So, everyone is afraid to speak up.

NWIP: A lot of people are more protected than they think they are. A person can always call us and ask what their options are. The issue is, there's not a lot of power in being an individual. If I complain about the fact that I'm mistreated, I can be fired. In terms of unionization, there is a benefit if we work together—that is the value of a union.

**STRIPPER #1:** Regarding the minimum tipout, I don't drink at work and I don't tip the bartender very much. I know it has caused some trouble with the bartenders at work as far as the way they treat me. I don't know that the management is aware of it.

**EILE:** Because if you don't tip the bartender very much, you might not be scheduled as often.

**STRIPPER #1:** Right. And I can't be forced to drink.

**NWIP:** In an employee situation, you can't require a flat tipout, unless the person is making minimum wage. As a waiter, the employer can only force you to tip other employees or the house if you are making minimum wage. In other states, it's different. Of course, the club will think in its economic best interest, but the dancers need to think in their interest too.

the type of dancers agree that we shouldn't have to pay taxes because we are required a minimum tipout. I try to tip more to the staff that deserves it, so I feel better knowing that I'm giving back to the individual. Plus, we don't get healthcare through our employers, so there's even

is trying to get away with a little bit more, by trying to skirt the law, it slowly makes it harder and harder for dancers to make a living.

So, as far as NWJP is concerned, it's not a matter of minimum wage, as much as it is really an issue of workers being treated the way that they have been informally categorized, whether independent contractor or employee.

I asked Kat, fellow stripper and writer, what she thought. "I feel as if I'm treated like an independent contractor at Golden Dragon. I can set my own hours and work as little or as much as I want. Tipout is 10%, up to \$20.00. The staff doesn't bully us to tip them and the club is maintained very well." My beloved dancer friend, Rian, had this to say, "I'm in my underwear getting drunk with guys [who are] trying to pet my body with a dollar. How serious do you expect me to take my job?"

And so, we are back to square one. The truth about organizing a minimum wage is that many strippers simply don't care enough to get involved. Regarding unionization, I won't have anything to do with it. Even the legendary adult chain Lusty Lady, the first to unionize, located in San Francisco, has been struggling to keep its doors open for years. Their Seattle location closed in 2010, in spite of being famous for its activism. So, I say to the ladies who have researched their petition, you're trying to help some of us, but if you succeed, you'll actually hurt more of us. It's not personal, I will ignore any more Facebook invites that I receive. It's cool, we can still be friends, if you just

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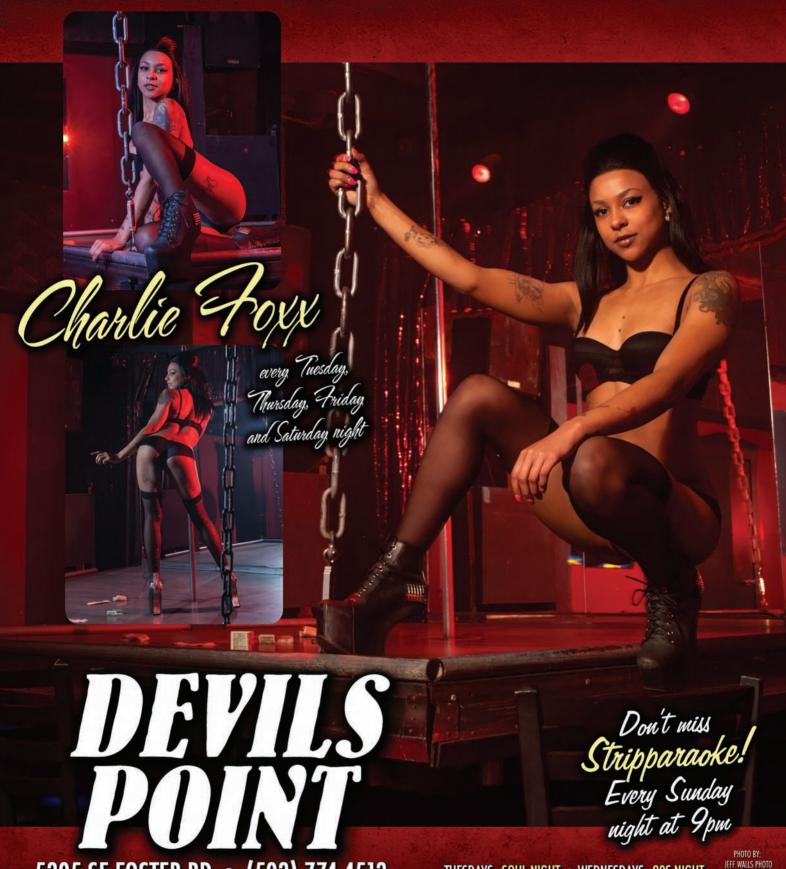
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After spending the greater portion of the Halloween week and weekend touring the Northwest in a rental car, my partner-in-rhyme, Wombstretcha was just as ready to wrap up 2008 as I was. Pulling

up 2008 as I was. Pulling into Eugene after being up for 40 hours is a lot like pulling into Eugene after a full night's sleep. The entire downtown consists of one-way streets, littered with right/left-turn only signs and panhandlers, laid out on a southwest-bynorth grid—the "Emerald City" was not exactly the Oz-themed destination we had anticipated after two days of Ida-

ho and gas station jo-jos, but we man-

aged to find the concert venue.

As with any bar-attached-to-Asianrestaurant, the Samurai Duck was a liquor-soaked dive; complete with punk rock staff, sticker-clad walls and a proudly displayed (thus really expensive) bottle of booze with a snake inside of it, staring at us from the top shelf. The bar immediately felt like home. Load-in was interesting because our concert was scheduled to go down after an early evening set of fire dancing and steampunk-meaning, many of the participants were still busy eating insects and showing off their metal hats. This was definitely the type of situation that lent itself to doing drugs in public.

While we were moving our gear through the back doors, a kid came up and asked if we were part of whatever band was scheduled to play later. He then gave us some LSD. "Dude, we should really set up the merch table and stage props before we eat the stuff," Wombstretcha suggested. I took his advice, because this was one of the rare instances that it wasn't terrible. Insert here, two and a half hours of re-



ally boring concert setup stuff, not worth discussing in a porn magazine before the opening bands were finally wrapping up their last few songs.

Acid is the type of drug that requires a lot of prep-

aration—if not simply for the fact that one's priorities tend to get ignored for about six to eight hours after eating it. We hauled Susan the Womb Cannon onstage, filed her snatch with candy and made sure our strippers were drunk enough to do sufficient damage when needed. Everything was in line, our opening song was starting to play and I gave Wombstretcha his hit of acid just before he hit the mic. As I ate mine. he gave me a look that only professional trippers understand; the, "Holy shit, this is real" stare. One that simultaneously conveys warning and confirmation. Paper acid is always sketchy, but when it feels like a bitter period pussy dripped in aluminum as it tingles down the back of your throat, you know it's real. Instead of building up to a nice plateau and leveling off, the acid we had eaten at the Samurai Duck hit us like a truck full of fists.

The setting was perfect. Something that also tends to set the background during good trips is the external presence of what some may call signs from God. Little reminders that, "Yes, today is your day to do hallucinogenic drugs." As our third or fourth song of the set was starting to wrap up, I looked to my right and saw a pregnant girl standing by the exit sign. She couldn't have been 21 by any stretch of the word, but she was holding a drink in one hand, with a basketball of a baby stomach in the other, while laughing along with our performance.

After my life had briefly flashed in

front of my eyes, it stepped aside, exposing everything I had done up until this point that had resulted in me rapping behind a fake moustache, attached with super-glue, while candy shot out of a fake vagina toward a crowd of strangers gyrating to our songs about shaken babies and Nintendo games. It was the best feeling in the world. This is what people who have never tried hallucinogenic drugs are unable to grasp; when

good acid hits, your entire body feels like the inside of a Pop Rocks bag and you can see time from above (as well as the preggo teenager... you can also see her).

We finished our set semi-flawlessly, somehow remembering every single



line of our terrible (and forgettable) "songs," but unable to stand up straight or hold the microphone without tangling the cords. This is another thing about good LSD-the drug's ability to enhance and cripple at the same time, is comparable only to good pussy or authentic Mexican food. Grilling balls, we had already assigned clean-up duty to our strippers and were busy drinking the snake vodka with some guy named Thornhammer, when we realized we had forgotten to check into a motel. It was at this point, that Shasta Lee (the pregnant teenager who had snuck in from the back door) introduced herself.

"Y'all sick." "Thanks," I replied. "...is y'all underage?" "Nope, I'm 18." Shasta Lee knew what the fuck was up—as demonstrated by her interpretation of the term "underage." Wombstretcha knew what was up too and he yelled out, "Hey Ray, ask that pregnant slut if

# FEAR & LOATHING IN EUGENE



RY CTATILTODY DAY

she knows where to find a good motel." We cashed out with the bar, drank some more of the supposedly-hallucinogenic snake booze and Shasta Lee led us up the street to a location appropriately called "Downtown Motel." If there was ever an appropriate place to grill on acid with a pregnant teenager, it was right there on SW 8th street in Eugene.

We checked into the Downtown Motel, but before inviting Miss Lee into our room for bong hits and Judge Judy, I listened to what remained of the barely-audible voice of reason in my head. I was grilling balls and anything was possible—even the threat of being robbed or, worse, getting a visit from Dateline while high on drugs. The only way I could think to get proof of Shasta Lee's age, was to give her some monev and send her to the store for cigarettes—ignoring the fact that a third-trimester mother-to-be shouldn't be given Newports under any circumstances. But, that was her body and it was my ass that needed to stay out of jail (and away from cops at all cost-we were still grilling hard at this point). Plus, acid makes cigarettes taste really good.

While #1 Mom was busy buying(?) cigarettes for us, we were given time to check out our "two-room" motel quarters; two beds squeezed in between four tiny walls, separated by a fold-out accordion-spread piece of cardboard that justified a ten-dollar increase in the motel's price tag. "Ahh yes...," Wombstretcha said, "the snuff suite." Just before Shasta returned with her "mentalls," Womb and I joked about how this was probably our only opportunity to act out the lyrics of one of our songs without being arrested. Stated bluntly, Wombstretcha's song "Tasty Double," involves a suggestion/discussion of eating out a pregnant woman. The pisser is, that the track is one of two or three songs, in which I am featured as the vocalist/narrator, thus implying that the duty of unlocking said achievement was my own.

Shasta Lee returned with cigarettes and began telling us her story. "This is my rhinestone microphone. I keep it on me at all times," she explained while showing us the rhinestone microphone that she kept on her at all times. "This is my weed, I keep it on me at all times" I explained while trying frantically to load a bowl and take the ever-growing edge off as I tried to remember how the possibly underage girl ended up pregnant in our motel room. Wombstretcha shut

the makeshift wall and hit the lights, telling us "kids" to "have a night."

While Shasta Lee and I spooned and watched Judge Judy, the hallucinations got more intense. As I melted into the bed sheets and fumbled for my burning bowl of weed, boobs managed to appear. Really, really nice boobs. Acid or no acid, you have not lived until you've felt up a pair of third-trimester tits on an 18 year-old girl. A few minutes into doing God only knows what act, to God only knows which body part, the acid finally started to plateau—a point at which a nice trip is usually compro-

I'm unfamiliar with, but the hangover was enough to justify a small horse farm's worth of painkillers. Dirty acid (which is what we ate, may have been good but it was still given to us by a hippie) results in the kind of hangover that doesn't lend itself to "hittin' some blunts and tagging graffiti by the train tracks," which is what Shasta Lee wanted to do, further going into detail about how her baby daddy was in the prison whose windows faced the graffiti wall (and how nice it would be to spraypaint some smiley faces and hearts). I responded logically, "Why the fuck you

## ...YOU HAVE NOT LIVED UNTIL YOU'VE FELT UP A PAIR OF THIRD-TRIMESTER TITS ON AN 18-YEAR OLD GIRL.

mised by things like "reason" and "rationality" (otherwise minor inconveniences that really rustle the Jimmies when focusing on detailed elements of life, the cosmos and potentially under-



age booty in a shady motel). Although quiet (and assumingly passed out) at this point, Wombstretcha blurted out from the other side of the "wall," the words I had been waiting to hear for most of the evening, "Hey Ray, make sure you give that broad a tasty double before she passes out!"

"What's a 'tasty double?'" Shasta Lee asked with conviction. I explained. What followed was a statement that instantly added itself to my bucket list before I checked it off with pride, and hearing it made every excruciatingly painful day of our mini-tour worth it. "Honestly, I'd like it if you went down on me, but I'm afraid that the acid on your tongue can leak through my vagina and kill my baby." If you're wondering, yes. I still tried—the thought of going to court for cunnilingus-induced murder of a fetus just made me more adamant. However, much like Downtown Eugene, vaginas are just too confusing to properly navigate while heavily intoxicated. I ended up playing with Shasta's boobs and watching Court TV for a few hours while the drugs wore off and eventually drifted into semi-sleep.

Waking up in a random motel, next to a pregnant girl with a customized microphone, isn't exactly something

still here?" With no response she left.

"Christ, I need some beer," Wombstretcha pointed out while thinking of really, really obvious shit to say. We killed a few PBRs, discussed our ventures and then heard a knock at the door. Figuring it was the housekeeping lady or a homeless man with a gun, we opened it. To say I was disappointed to see Shasta Lee again (how dare she randomly end up in our drug binge with no plans to leave) was an understatement, but what transpired next was almost more unbelievable than the prior evening. Shasta was furious, accusatory and full-on Jenny Jones guest as she screamed "I knew it!!! You stole my fucking camera!!! Give it back!!!" Apparently, Shasta had attended an Everlast concert a few days before ours and snapped some pictures with him. In the process of forgetting we weren't famous rappers, she must have misplaced the device (that, or the maid stole it...we had been leaving the door open).

Normally, the standard post-LSD cleanup process involves a few snags, but a potentially underage girl telling stories of theft, acid and tasty doubles to the authorities is not something we were willing to risk. We had to spend a good portion of our afternoon tagging a public graffiti wall with Shasta Lee, before we were able to duck out and ditch her. To this day, I still receive random texts from Shasta asking if I've found her camera. I don't respond, because I'm pretty sure her boobs aren't still awesome.

The drive home was quiet, to say the least. We avoided Downtown Eugene on the following tour.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com

exotic magazine | xmag.com 41



Ahh...420 is upon us once again, a high, holy day when devotees of the Cannabis plant will be celebrating everywhere. I am always kind of surprised that it is not recognized as an official holiday here in *Portlandia*. At our editor in chief's excellent suggestion, we will take a look at 420 in film. The following selection of films is more of a list where weed plays a role in the film, but definitely NOT the best films to watch while stoned. I think we will save that for next year after some extensive field testing.

I distinctly remember my first exposures to 420 in film. Growing up lowermiddle class in a small Oregon town, in the late 60s through early 70s, I had heard of the evils of "maryjoowanna," but I had never really been exposed to it. Then I saw Animal House, with Donald Sutherland's college professor lighting up with Pinto and the gang in a darkened bathroom. This was followed a couple of years later with great exchange on the merits of "grass" between Chevy Chase and Bill Murray in Caddyshack. Shortly thereafter, I had my first real-time experience, and there was never enough Pink Floyd or frozen snicker bars around.

I think a great place to start would be with the 30s propaganda film Reefer Madness. I remember seeing this for the first time on a bootleg VHS copy. I think it was supposed to scare the crap out of wannabe potheads, but Reefer Madness instead became a cult classic. Watch what happens when you smoke marijuana; oh the horror, the crazed behavior! Beware the perils of pot. Hmm...doesn't quite seem like it made the impression they hoped now does it? But it's good for a laugh now, if only to see the film's depiction of the wild and extreme results of getting high. How many people did Reefer Madness deter from the ills of pot? I am guessing not too many.

The following are some great stoner movies, presented in no particular order.

### **FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH**

One of the finest stoners ever was the perma-stoned Jeff Spicoli, (played to hilarious perfection by Sean Penn). From the first moment we spy the pothead surfer to his well-known quote: "All I need is some tasty waves, a cool buzz and I'm fine."—Fast Times gave us a taste of just how laid back a stoner can be. Bonus cool points for Spicoli's exchanges with history teacher Mr. Hand, who is convinced all his students are smoking dope.

### PINEAPPLE EXPRESS

Judd Apatow's *Pineapple Express* is part stoner-buddy comedy and part action flick, but guaranteed to deliv-



er laughs, as it follows dealer and pothead in an unlikely adventure. Starring Seth Rogen, as pot consumer Dale to James Franco's pot dealer, Saul—the two potheads end up on the run from a bad cop and druglord after Saul is witness to a murder. Seth Rogan naturally draws on his stoner experience and James Franco shows a funnier side over some of his more serious roles. Pineapple Express is a new, rare strain of weed that Saul explains is so special "it's almost a shame to smoke it...it's like killing a unicorn."

### **GRANDMA'S BOY**



I love this one. If you think that *Grandma's Boy* is the story of a mild-mannered guy who still idolizes his Gramma, think again. Grandma's Boy stars Allen Covert as Alex, a 35-yearold video-game tester who loves to smoke pot with his roommate, Josh. Until Josh spends all of the rent money on hookers and the pair get tossed out of their place. Alex goes to live with grandma and her two friends (Doris Roberts, Shirley Jones and Shirley Knight). While it may be considered totally dumb and immature, it is so fucking funny that it's well worth checking out. Remember..."Drive monkey. Drive."

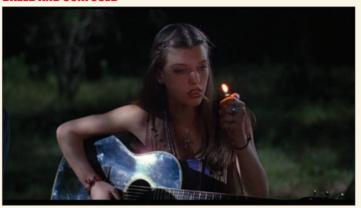
### HAROLD AND KUMAR GO TO WHITE CASTLE/HAROLD AND KUMAR ES-**CAPE FROM GUANTANAMO BAY**

Serious respect has to be given to the Harold and Kumar films. The original is the ultimate, stoner munchie run



gone awry. After getting stoned, pals Harold and Kumar go in search of the White Castle burger, which would seem like a simple-enough task. Hilarity ensues, including Neil Patrick Harris in all his Doogie Howser-on-ecstasy glory and the boys score a giant bag of weed (the discovery sets off a montage of Kumar hanging out with the bag, having sex, getting married and working through marital problems with his new love). The second installment of Harold and Kumar, finds the boys mistaken as terrorists, when their bong is mistaken for a bomb to passengers aboard a flight to Amsterdam.

### **DAZED AND CONFUSED**



This stoner classic follows 70s-era high school kids through their final days of school. Dazed and Confused is about more than getting high and getting laid. While coming of age through their adolescents, these high schoolers are portrayed in outstanding character studies of all of your stereotypical high school types (nerds, jocks, stoners, cheerleaders). Most of us should have some connection to this film and will most likely identify with cast members as authentic classmates from our own school days.

### FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS



I am an unabashed fan of the good doctor Hunter S. Thompson, and like most, regard Fear and Loathing to be his best work in both written and film versions. While not a lot of weed gets smoked, (it is mentioned and smoked a few times) psychedelic drugs are the main substances the two main characters are abusing. Raoul Duke (played by Johnny Depp) and Dr. Gonzo (played by Benicio Del Toro) are on their way to find the American dream, while experiencing the contents of a suitcase full of drugs. Depp's role is absolutely brilliant. If you want to have a look into the lives of a 70s psychonaut, this movie will probably do the job.

Here is wishing you all a happy 420 and most definitely... smoke'em if you got em!

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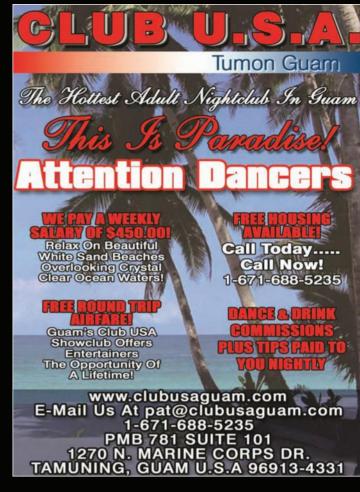
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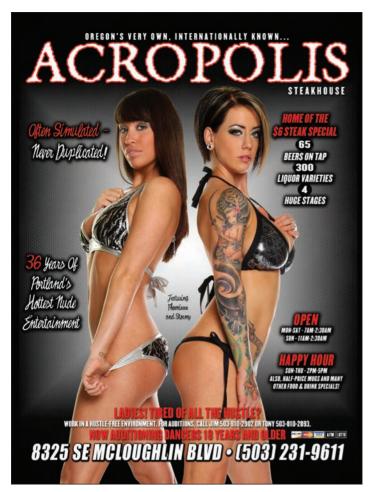


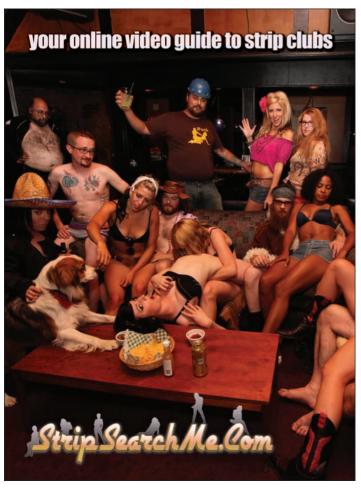
















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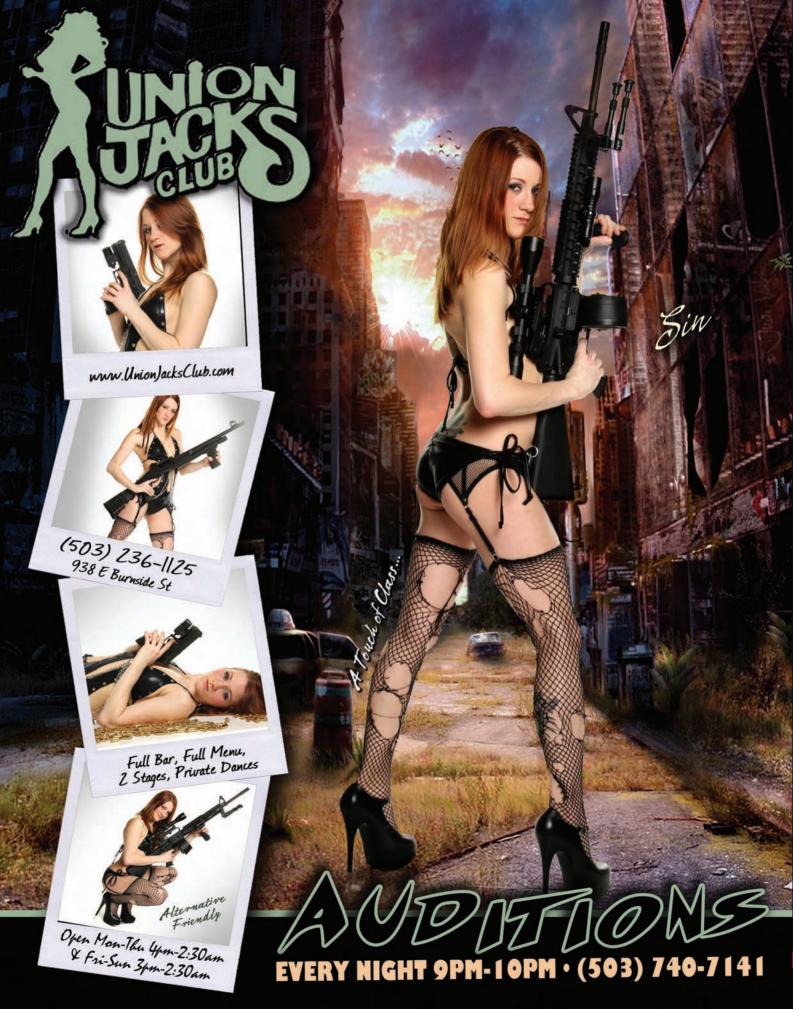
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