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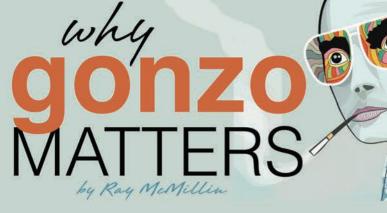
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My buddy Dave and I. "attended" community college during our teen years in that we registered for classes we planned on dropping, simply to get out of having to attend public high school. Most days, we would just meet up in the smoking area and eat a few gel tabs, before heading to the Lancaster Mall. One particular afternoon, we had intended on seeing some Disney flick that ended up selling out (and filling up with children). Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas was the only movie plaving at the same time, and neither one of us had ever heard of Hunter S. Thompson (let alone, the iconic piece of literature that the film is based on). Still, we bought tickets to the movie because we were on drugs and didn't want to leave our dark comfort zone. I ordered popcorn with nacho cheese and gummy bears.

The film version of Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, opens up with the same line of dialogue as the book, and as soon as we discovered that it was our second option for "movie to watch on drugs," we were glued. Coincidences like this happen while you're under the influence of hallucinogenic substances and it's hard not to interpret them as purposely provided to you by the universe. For the following week or two. I absorbed as much Hunter as possible, teenage-fanboystyle, starting with a copy of Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72, that my dad had conspicuously left on our living room bookshelf when I started coming home late and smelling like weed.

18 years later, I'm surrounded by writers who think they're the next Hunter S. Thompson. Some merely attend the Gathering of the Jugglaos, smoke some pot and blog about it for the Village Voice, while others are under the impression that submerging oneself in a naked bike ride or zombie walk somehow constitutes gonzo journalism. For as counterculturally-smothered as the Internet generation is, there seems to be a void—one that was slowly created after the excess of the 80s replaced a previously rebellious generation. As it stands in mid-2014, rebellion has a stencil, counterculture has a price tag and the revolution has already been televised, retweeted and sold back to us in easy-todigest packages. Any type of self-identified "gonzo journalism," is simply a hackney imitation attempting to capitalize on the work of someone who, if alive today, would be shunned out of the blogosphere for not providing trigger warnings before his posts.

There are a few things that Hunter S. Thompson was able to do that, (with respectful exception to fine, hackney publications like this one, that also capitalize off of the gonzo name) are completely absent in modern journalism. The first, and most obvious, is the ability for a writer to set his or her own terms and then use these terms to establish a pen name as stand-alone from the publications (or genres) with which they are associated. Part of the reason that Hunter could turn in an article two months (and a thousand dollars) past deadline and budget, is that his material was not only worth reading, but unable to be replicated by a scab. If the Rolling Stone's readers wanted a detailed account of the Mint 400 desert race, they never got what they were promised. Thompson could have "covered" any event, news story or topic without even addressing the bases (pun intended).

The next thing that you're not going to see floating around in 2014, is journalism that takes a subversive, non-trending stance on a topic. Buzzwords have replaced content, and fortunately for fans of Hunter, the guy never bothered using them. An article in a current alternative magazine may read "Rape Culture Endorsed At Local Shopping Mall," but then it's followed by two paragraphs about how the Abercrombie billboard features a white male in a sexual pose—and that's the whole story. Genuine Thompson gonzo, on the other hand, contains some of the most authentic accounts regarding the underbellies of multiple settings from Hell's Angels clubhouses to roach motels on the outskirts of Barstow, all without a cheap "look at me" approach to the masthead. There seems to be no demand, or just an apparent lack of supply, for journalism that does not fall into

an accepted paradigm of politically-correct, acceptable dissent. At the time during which Hunter S. wrote his most currently-acceptedas-iconic work, it was repeatedly dismissed by other writers, criticized by editorial staff and even received a fair amount of objections from the publications responsible for printing up Hunter's assignments.

Aside from the endless stream of uninspired, status-guo-fellating work written by noname authors in search of rap-star-level recognition, the biggest loss that resulted from Hunter's departure from this physical plane, was the ability for Thompson himself to address not only his ideological opponents, but also his imitators and fanboys. Being a little of both myself, I can admit guilt. It's just that golf shoes and cocaine are in extreme danger of being co-opted by the same plain, whitehipster demographic that is responsible for destroying the legacies of Jack Kerouac and Kurt Vonnegut. The average reader of Hunter S. Thompson knows little more than a few meme-worthy guotes and popularly-acknowledged works. Visibly absent, is recognition, from at least one author, that Hunter brought to the table a perspective that endorses the type of indigestible honesty and ironically-surreal-real life that both threatens and defines American society. We are not meant to be a nation of blindly-accepting and fashionable rebels, or worse, a collection of dangerous status quo representatives. This was Thompson's whole point and it is being lost in a sea of ostrich-headed approaches to an increasingly fucked system. Whoever controls the media, also controls the message. Hunter was unable to be controlled, and thus, his contributions to journalism are among the most genuine-putting the bastards of the world on notice.





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#### GREEN ROOM DIARIES: CO2 & THE MOST EXTREME DABS EVER By Saltwatory Ray

Dabs are awesome. They're also the reason stoners are accidentally blowing their houses up. Because of the virtually odorless, invisible and explosive nature of butane, it is not uncommon for someone in possession of a lighter and a cigarette, to let short-term memory loss lead to a lethal fire. However, those who dab on a regular basis, swear by concentrates. It takes much less to produce a much greater high, versus traditional flower combustion ("bowls" for you laymen).

Forget all that fancy scientific mumbo jumbo for now though. I wanted to experience the ultimate THC high and I found it. If solvents are extreme, I had come across the extreme of the extreme. Since it's The Gonzo Issue, I actually drove myself down to the Bay and met with Marsh, of Critical Solutions. Marsh was referred to me by a very weedsavvy dancer (the kind who always has the latest vape pen, but never gets busted for using it at the club). As it turns out, butane solvency is child's play. Marsh introduced me to CO2 extraction.

Putting the biggest possible dab that I could fit onto a nail, I took down the CO2 extract like it was, well, air. Instead of coughing, my throat tickled a little and I exhaled. Within about half of a second, I consumed the equivalent of a dub sack of weed. Suddenly, it was two days later.

Fortunately, I had brought along my recording device, and thanks to the miracle of modern paranoia regarding magazine deadlines, I left the thing on. Marsh explained to me his setup, the difference between CO2 extractions and standard butane hash oil (BHO), why standard extracts are soon to be a legal danger zone and how medical marijuana users can benefit from clean, CO2-extracted concentrates.

**Ray:** How did you get into the marijuana aspect of concentration?

**Marsh:** When it became medically legal. I started out with bubble hash years ago. Then I was doing BHO (Butane Hash Oil), but noticed that it was seriously dangerous. I was cautious, but at the time, it was the best thing there was. As far as the produc-

tion danger goes, you're dealing with something that's extremely volatile and hazardous. With a high market demand, you go through a lot of butane. It has to evaporate, and even if you do it outside, it can be a dangerous situation.

#### Ray: What's the deal with CO2?

Marsh: CO2 is pure, so you don't have any of the butane, or worse, PAHs (Poly Aromatic Hydrocarbons). Larger molecules don't evaporate out of the butane, whereas with CO2, you don't have anything to evaporate—it's completely inert. The only product you're going to get is the essence—the oil from the plant. You won't have any kind of toxic leftovers. Even with vacuum purging, you still have trace amounts of butane or PAHs left in the product.

**Ray:** The dab I just took of the CO2 stuff, was the cleanest thing I've ever consumed.

**Marsh:** Using CO2 as a solvent, allows for the digestion to be as pure as possible. It's not harsh or rough on the throat or anything like that, because there's no residual from solvents. The machine we use has three collection vessels. Different molecules have different weights, so do the waxes, oils and more aromatic flavonoids. The three-vessel setup allows for separation, so people can mix the separated concentrates (oils, waxes and flavonoids) as they see fit. For instance, if an oil-based product like Neem is present on the plant material, it's going to get extracted into one of the vessels, but not the other two.

**Ray:** Are CO2 dabs safer than BHO for, say, serious medical marijuana patients with cancer?

Marsh: Absolutely. It's the purest possible form of consumption, especially for people who consume it by smoking. It's a concentration, so it allows you to smoke the smallest amount possible, and since it's CO2, you get the purest substance. It's extremely good for food as well, because you can make large batches while having a more homogenous mix. Because you're working with a measurable amount of concentrates, you can repeat the

same results (versus working with trimmed plant material).

**Ray:** How can Joe Grower go from butane fail-tech to a CO2 setup?

Marsh: Not easily. We're the only folks in the state of Oregon to have the type of CO2 extraction device that we use. It's the same device that pharmaceutical companies use when they're going out into the Amazon and finding roots with different medicinal uses—the absolute highest-quality machine on the market, not just something you can pick up for a few bucks. We typically get reimbursed \$200-250 per pound of concentrated product for our extraction services alone.

**Ray:** What's with California outlawing BHO, even for Prop 215 patients?

**Marsh:** There will soon be a phasing out of using any solvent that's a hydrocarbon. That means all essential oils and anything of that nature. Currently, a lot of folks use hydrocarbons to do extracting. But now, states like California are outlawing the use of hydrocarbons because of the danger.

Ray: So, will CO2 become the standard in the future?

Marsh: It seems like that's the direction it's going to go, because it's safer. More people are finding out about the previously-unknown dangers of butane and PAHs. They're highly toxic residuals and documented to potentially cause cancer in the lungs, liver and skin. That's the thing that people are just now starting to discover.

**Ray:** Assuming that anyone who wanted to learn more (and is in possession of a valid OMMP card if asking about anything related to THC extraction), how can they contact you?

**Marsh:** Critical Solutions is the name of our company and you can hit us up at (541) 936-7020. If you have any questions or more interest in learning about the CO2 extraction process. We can extract any organic compound.



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lventures

For this edition of Adventures In Bad Sex, I was emailed two audio files that both show how quickly a night can turn bizarre. Sure, nobody goes out looking for a shitty time in the sack, but I really feel these stories make you count your blessings when a one-night stand is just boring. As always, these are actual stories of people's laughablybad sexual experiences. This month, we're doing a gonzo issue, and in order to keep things anonymous and to pay homage, I initially thought about using the name Hunter S. Thompson. The only problem was, that his life was so extreme, that any bad sex story I used, would seem entirely plausible. Then, I thought there couldn't be a better cast of characters for this month's true confessions, mixed with erotic for a fan-fiction, than the friends of the Great Gonzo

himself.

A while back, Statler went to Blowpony. Now, to call Blowpony a gay dance party is to call Burning Man an interesting camping trip. Blowpony is where glitter goes to be reborn. During the merriment, Statler met a man that he felt particularly in

sync with, by the name of Waldorf. As the fierceness continued and cares got danced away, Waldorf invited the very D.T.F. Statler to his house for some sexy time. Luckily for Waldorf, Statler has a big dick. Unluckily for Waldorf, Statler has been partaking in one of the world's greatest erection killers since personalized grandma porn—whiskey. Even though Statler saw his monster dong as half empty, Waldorf saw it as half full. Waldorf started doing some snake charming, with various amounts of tugging, sucking and licking, that still didn't bring this super soldier to attention. Undeterred, Waldorf went to the naughty drawer we all have. The first thing offered up for Statler's X-rated fun, was a dildo that would give any anus a cavernous echo. Pushing his eyes back into his head, Statler explained that not so much as a finger had been up his rear, let alone, anything like King Dong-The Ass Destroyer, that he was currently being presented with.

Waldorf didn't mind at all, because he had an ace in the hole that would make this night truly special. Statler was told to close his eyes. Up for a challenge, he did exactly that. He then heard Waldorf leave the room. Statler heard the sound of short quick steps and quick heavy breathing come into the room, as Waldorf told Statler to open his eyes. Filled with anticipation, Statler's eyelids parted to see Waldorf mounting a German shepherd. Statler looked on in horror, as Waldorf made out with the dog and played with the pup's penis. Statler screamed, "Is that your fucking dog !?!" As if it being the neighbor's dog, would somehow make it less creepy. Waldorf looked up from tonguing the canine and replied, "No. He's my lifemate." That was Statler's more-than-obvious cue to get the fuck out of that den of iniquity. As he headed for the door, he thought about how games of fetch probably ended much differently in this household. Dressing, as he fled out the door, he never saw the Fidohumping Waldorf again. Statler left a bunch of things at Waldorf's house in his hasty departure-including his hope to never see dog sex in real life-but, he did walk away with a truly horrible Adventure In Bad Sex.



Camilla was enjoying herself at a show, when she ran into some vague acquaintances—a swinger couple by the names of Kermit and Miss Piggy. As the three continued their night together, Miss Piggy introduced Camilla to a couple of "hunky,

gorgeous, sexy" black men named Fozzie and Swedish Chef. It wasn't long, before Kermit and Miss Piggy brought up going back to their place and having a play party. Camilla had been eye-fucking these dark gods all night, so she was more than up for it. The five of them, plus Camilla's friend Janice (there are shockingly few female Muppets by the way) all went over to the couple's home.

It took no time for things to heat up. Camilla was having trouble staying focused, with the smorgasbord of private parts all around her. As Camilla was blowing Swedish Chef, Miss Piggy slapped Swedish Chef on the back and said, "Yeah, you make that white girl suck your dick." That made Camilla instantly uncomfortable, not "stop nobgobbling" uncomfortable, but uncomfortable. As the orgy continued, Miss Piggy would throw in racial comments like "I bet you're real proud of yourself getting that white-girl pussy." Swedish Chef didn't seem to notice. He was focused on his part in the orgy—mainly fucking that white girl Miss Piggy kept bringing up. "Der de der de der bork bork bork"

It was when Fozzie had Miss Piggy bent over, that the N-word started making regular cameos from Miss Piggy's mouth and things just got too awkward. Janice was biracial, so every white person there was fucking or getting fucked by someone with melanin in their skin. Camilla looked around while she slowly stopped humping. The racial tension she was feeling, had dried her up like a Shamwow Sybian. Even though he didn't see anything funny about it,

> Fozzie didn't stop. He just looked down shaking his head at the racist he was ramming. Clearly, Fozzie had an endgame in mind. Camilla's downstairs had sealed up like some bigotry-activated epoxy. She stepped outside and let the money shots fall on Miss Piggy's snout. As Camilla smoked on the porch, listening to muffled-orgasmic shouts of oppression, she was happy that this racially charged adventure in bad sex was over.

It is my joy to find these real sex stories that make you cringe and giggle at the same time. If you have a story and would like it to be told, email me at BadSex@XMag.com.







JL: Your most recent book, "The Myth of Sex Addiction," wasn't popular with professionals who make money off of treating "sex addiction." Why would you hurt their financial interests by writing such a book? Do you secretly own a large porn company, chain

of strip clubs, a BDSM bed and breakfast or a significant portion of the Internet in general?

Dr. David Ley: Don't I wish! Katie Couric once accused me of working for the porn industry, because I disagreed with her fears about porn. I'm not making money off this. I just hate bullies, who use fear to get their way. There are lots of people out there, more than happy to assure you that sex, nudity, porn, kink, etc., are going to ruin your life. They tell that to your wife

on daytime television, and it seems like every other Internet news story, is some new finding about how sex is bad, dangerous and scary. I wrote "The Myth of Sex Addiction" because I was tired of these fearmongers using psychology and medicine as a way to look like they were well-intended healthcare providers instead of just moralizing busybodies asserting their sexual values on everybody else.

I do think (and hope) that this conversation keeps going on. Because people are secretly ashamed and concerned that their sexual desires are abnormal, it keeps us all quiet— afraid to push against these moral zealots. If you do push back against them and say that sex, or porn, isn't all bad, you're automatically labeled as a pervert yourself. But, as more and more of us are now pushing back by calling out the moralizing, the stigmatizing and the panic, we are getting stronger. And, the greatest strength is self-knowledge. If you know yourself and can understand and accept your sexuality and your sexual desires without shame and fear, then it doesn't let these folks use fear to manipulate you.

People don't understand that we're learning SO much about sex, sexual desires and the ways people really work, from the ways people are using the Internet for sex. The porn men use online and the ways men and women use the Internet for hookups and sexual education, are teaching us about how sex actually works, "when no one is looking." This is really powerful stuff.

Like – look, the most common sex fantasy for men is to have a threesome with two women. So, you'd think this would be the most common theme in online porn, right? Wrong. The Internet is flooded with porn showing multiple men and a single woman. Why? Because we learned that when men watch such porn, they cum harder, get hard again sooner, AND when they cum, it contains more sperm. That kind of porn triggers the "sperm competition" built into our biology, where our bodies think we're in competition with these other guys to get the girl pregnant, so it gets our bodies revved up. This was a major theme in my first book, "Insatiable Wives" about hotwives and cuckolds. But, we'd never have learned of this effect without the free-market effect of online porn, where men watched what turned them on, while we weren't watching them— webmasters figured out fast, that this porn was popular and started posting more and more of it. Today, cuckold/hotwife porn is the 2<sup>nd</sup> most popular porn online. I know my spam mail is filled with emails about hot neighbor ladies that want me to screw them. This taps into these mechanisms.

So, when people talk about the dangers of porn and the Internet, I just laugh because they are revealing how little they know about sex—their own and that of others.

JL - A new study published on porn last month, was widely reported on by international news outlets. ABC News ran a story claiming that this new research ended the debate about sex addiction. How would you explain the "sex addiction debate" to readers who may be unfamiliar?

DDL - The media just loves to stimulate this debate and pretend that it is a real concern. It's not. Scientists and mental health clinicians don't think sex addiction is real and haven't for decades. The only people who think sex addiction is real, are the clinicians who make a living off treating it and hack scientists who use crappy science to support their moral beliefs. The majority of people publishing on sex and porn addiction are either: self-identified sex addicts turned true believers, sex addiction therapists, moral types who are religious or anti-porn feminists. They cherry-pick data and conduct poor research that finds what they want to find, which confirms their belief that sex and porn is bad. This most recent study has some major problems—especially in that they didn't rule out the major thing that distinguishes people who watch porn.

What's that you ask? What's this major difference? Ohh, it's an easy one. Too easy. Guess what. People who like porn, also like sex! Ohh the horrors! But, really, people who watch porn tend to have a higher libido and they respond more to porn. Often, they may use porn as a coping method when they are sad or lonely, because they like sex, and porn and masturbation make them feel better. That's what the research is actually showing. People who are more sexual, watch more porn—for good or for bad. So, when these folks attack porn, they are really just covertly attacking sex and masturbation. Just like the assholes that said masturbation makes you go blind, these people believe that too much sex and masturbation is actually unhealthy. But again, they're ignoring basic research – we know very, very well, that sex and masturbation are in fact, very, very healthy. Men who have more sex, live longer—the lucky bastards! People

who masturbate more have higher incomes, are better public speakers and are generally healthier.

But the media lives on fear. They use fear to sell us shit. They create anxiety in their viewers, so they are glued to the TV. Then they run ads, before telling us that it's ok and we don't have to be afraid. That's why they love the sex addiction pretend debate. They feed on the natural fear of sex. It's a neverending feast for them.

JL - So this study doesn't end the debate...?

DDL- This debate will never fucking end. As long as people are making money off selling the idea that sex and porn are scary and dangerous, they'll continue pumping out this crap.

JL - What did you find in your recently published review of all the studies on porn to date (The Emperor Has No Clothes: A Review of the Pornography Addiction Model)?

DDL - The overwhelming majority of this research is complete crap with no actual data and bad scientific methods, published by people with moral and religious agendas. The folks who publish this stuff, never look at the actual research on sex—they just shoot from their moral hips.

JL - What research findings do you think are most important for our readers to know about, to be informed when talking about the pros and cons of porn?

DDL - Porn doesn't cause erectile dysfunction! Can I shout that, please? This is the worst crap out there. They're literally trying to get people to stop watching porn, by spreading the fear that it will make your dick stop working. In fact, there's not a shred of scientific evidence supporting this and plenty against it. But, folks are out there pushing this scary agenda—what's scarier than that?

JL - Do you think certain types of porn are more detrimental to the brain, behavior and/or psyche?

DDL - Nope. If you're using porn and you've got problems in your life, guess what? Porn's not the problem. You are.

There's certainly porn I don't like and don't want to see—and if you watch it, I don't want to know or share a beer with you. But, what we know quite well is that it is people who are already disposed to violence who gravitate towards violent porn and then engage in violent acts. Porn has negative effects on some people, who are ALREADY disposed to be violent criminals or sex offenders. Remember, I advocate selfknowledge and personal responsibility. If you're that guy, disposed or tempted towards rape and violence, then you shouldn't be watching that shit. If you do, don't try and pull a Ted Bundy and blame your actions on porn.

JL - Could "gonzo" porn be changing our sexual preferences as people?

DDL - No, not a chance in hell. Sex has been around for much, much longer than porn has. Porn doesn't have a chance in hell of changing people. It can show what we are like when we think no one's watching. I think it's frightening for people to fear sex and think that sex is corruptive, influential and dangerous to them. Many of the anti-porn feminists, believe that men are constantly just a few steps away from rape. They fear that porn will push men past that threshold. But, that's more about their fear of male sexuality and men, not about porn.

Kids shouldn't watch porn—it's intended for adults. But because we give kids crappy abstinence-only education, they go to porn for education. Then we're surprised when the kids act in stupid sexual ways. That's on us. If we taught kids about sex in realistic ways that acknowledged sex in less moralistic fashion, kids wouldn't have to go to porn to answer their questions.

JL - The ads that run throughout this magazine and its features could certainly be considered porn. Does it make sense that someone would be blindly driven by their limbic system to be looking at porn, yet also be using their higher-order thinking to consider these ideas we are discussing? Does such a question challenge the simplistic view of the porn and sex-addiction models?

DDL - I'm the guy that goes to strip clubs and takes a book. Literally, I will sit at the bar, drink a beer, tip the girls and read a book. That just rocks people's worlds. Kate Franks, Ph.D. is a former stripper and anthropologist, who writes about why guys actually go to strip clubs. She says it's about men having an environment where they can be accepted and not ashamed of their sexual desires. I think that's a powerful message, because the sex-addiction industry views sex as this powerful, mysterious force that they try to suppress and cut out. But, our sexuality is a part of us and is just as healthy, or unhealthy, as we are.

JL - Does bringing awareness and communication into sex and porn solve problems as effectively as shaming and repressing the sexuality of clients, by asserting they suffer from the "disease of sex addiction"?

I think that shame and fear of sex has much more to do with dangerous and unhealthy decisions. As long as people are trying to single out "sex" or "porn," without ever realizing they are using simplistic, morallybased concepts of what these things are, they are just moralizers trying to make us fear ourselves, each other and sexual arousal.

Want more info? Follow Dr. Ley on Twitter @DrDavidLey And catch DJ John Lewis on the weekends at Golden Dragon Exotic Club

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#### BY ELLE STANGER

#### nationa

#### The Erotic Muse Reports By Elle Stanger

#### Strip Nation – A Coast-To-Coast Confidential

What's it like to strip outside of Strip City? Do Portland strippers have it easy? Or, is the grass (and cash) always greener on the other side? I asked three experienced dancers; Lux ATL from Atlanta, Georgia, Jersey Girl from the East Coast and Berlin from San Diego, California. Between the four of us, we have over 30 years of stripping expertise.

Lux ATL: So—this is Atlanta—the mecca of strip clubs in the South and world-renowned for its sex industry. In Atlanta, as true of many other places, there are a wide variety of clubs—from upscale to dive bar, and more particularly, clubs are generally divided by "black clubs" and "white clubs." The cultures vary pretty widely at each. [Lux ATL is a white woman.]

Jersey Girl: I worked at Sweethearts in New Jersey, (now closed.) That place is the basis for that show, *The Sopranos*. I worked for the family that *The Sopranos* is based on—this was 15 years ago. The Spinelli family. I kept my head down and didn't have any trouble. In New Jersey, all of the clubs are required to be located in industrial areas, because of zoning rules. So, you can't just walk to your fave club, but rather, you must drive to some creepy location. In New York, a lot of clubs will bus the girls over from New Jersey—they are Russian immigrants, who also don't speak the language and have very little control over their working conditions. It's not regulated and it's seriously sketchy. I worked out there for about five years, a few years in Los Angeles and one year in Portland. Portland is by far my favorite. Also, in New Jersey and LA, I'm considered heavily tattooed but in Portland, I'm the girl next door.

Berlin SD: During the day shifts (between noon and six), it's usually men 40 or older and we always have our regulars who sit at the bar. We call it the "dirty corner," because they're dirty old men and they just sit there and take up space. Sunday through Thursday, is usually the best mix of clientele because we get a mixture of men and they're here to spend money. Alternately, on Friday and Saturday nights, it is usually the bros and military men in their early twenties who don't even like to tip.

I feel like weekend crowds tend to be the youngest and most poorly behaved. I think there's something to that, maybe a psychologist or sociologist might find a correlation. I've often theorized that people who tend to live more structured, conventional lives have nine-to-five weekly schedules, so when the weekend arrives, they feel entitled to behave subversively. I find more polite traveling businessmen and service industry workers will visit throughout the week and they tend to behave with better manners and also tip better.

Lux ATL: I agree. The other part of the equation to consider as well, is the difference between a customer who is going to come to a strip club on a Tuesday, and the more "causal" customers that come in on the weekends.

If a person is going to a strip club on a weeknight, it is more likely because they are looking to spend money on an interaction or entertainment. They are purpose-driven and not doing it for the purpose of socializing with their friends in that atmosphere.

Lux ATL: However, while the urge to correlate douchebaggery with youth is there, I often find the typical white-male-MBA-types to be the most condescending and shitty of all. I hate that demographic.

#### MBA?

Lux ATL: Masters in business, my catchall for "rich white guy." That's the degree they all seem to have.

I tend to avoid young, 20-something guys, (especially with tattoos) because the vast majority of them try to ask me out, rather than tip me. Like, "Hey, you look like you should be my girlfriend. I'm not going to tip you for your stage set, but I'll take you to a party." Kill yourself, dude—this isn't speed dating. But, as far as an ideal customer? Give me the nerdy Intel guys any day.

Jersey Girl: I'm in my early thirties now. When I was younger, and even to this day, I attract the quiet types and older men who want to talk or tell me about their lives. I give a lot of neck massages. Sometimes, men will tip me to hangout and play on the pinball machine. They tell me I help them forget about getting old.

#### So, I step foot in your club on a night shift. What do I see?

Jersey Girl: The music is all rock and Top 40. We aren't allowed to pick our own tunes, and you'll be on stage for sometimes as long as thirty minutes. I think that's why a lot of girls don't try to dance very much—you'd be exhausted! Lux ATL: At my club, the Pink Pony, you will see: full bar, full nudity, bar food, poles on stage, lots of mirrors and lights, girls going hard on their stage sets (lots of talented pole dancers at my club in particular), video lottery machines, ATMs, bouncers and managers in suits and ties.

Do customers tip the girls at the stage? Is that required or encouraged?

Lux ATL: Tipping at the stage is strongly encouraged. If you sit at the stage and do not tip, it is an absolute faux pas and angers our dancers. The DJ often prods customers to tip. At my club, "making it rain" is encouraged and happens regularly however, my club is very stage-centric. At other clubs I've worked at in Atlanta, (ones that are more VIP-focused) making it rain happens much less frequently and the dancers make significantly less money on stage. At my club, if you put on a killer stage show and the crowd is on point, you can make hundreds a night on stage sets alone.

Jersey Girl: Tipping is different too—we aren't allowed to accept tips on the stage. Instead, once you step off the stage, you walk around to guys and push your boobs together and ask for a tip. It's weird, awkward and feels contrived. You'll see the Russian girls, "Dollah dollah?" And, that's all they will say. Try to have an intelligent conversation in a New Jersey strip club? Good luck.

Berlin SD: But, we also get a lot of black men that bring in groups of women with them. The men will usually carry around a fat stack of dollar bills and only hand one at a time. The girls with them are extremely rude and only talk to you if you have a ridiculously huge ass. Then, we have a few groups of lesbians that come in, who are always my favorite, because they're always excited and spending money.

There are a lot of women that visit Portland clubs—sometimes the percentage during a night is about half of the total clientele. What is the maximum legal amount of physical contact allowed?

Lux ATL: Technically, legally, customers are not allowed to touch us at all when our clothes are off.



Jersey Girl - New Jersey

The levels to which clubs and dancers bend these rules vary. At the far end of permissive, some clubs permit grinding and more—especially in the VIP room, where often all bets are off—and especially when the right palms are greased. Some clubs will overlook the occasional boob-grab or ass-caress. Other clubs allow customers to touch the dancer's legs and arms, but only briefly and occasionally. While some clubs, on the other hand, will come down hard on the dancer for even the smallest amount of contact. Throughout Atlanta, it's acceptable for the dancer to touch the customer anywhere outside the genital region.

I'd say that's also pretty similar to most Portland clubs. Is there a cover in most clubs there?

Lux ATL: Yes. It ranges from ten to twenty dollars, usually.



#### Berlin - San Diego, CA

What type of music is played most in your clubs?

Lux ATL: That varies according to clientele and level of "classiness" of the club. At the ritziest club in town, The Cheetah, the DJ plays primarily Top 40 hits. At the "black clubs" such as Onyx and Magic City, however, you will hear almost nothing but hip hop. At a more racially-mixed, mid-levelclassy joint like the Pink Pony, you will hear a mixture of rock, Top 40s, electronica and hip hop.

Berlin SD: During the day, it's classic rock. Platinum Club plays mostly rap, which is unique for San Diego strip clubs. Some people get quite excited when they visit Platinum for that reason alone, since they don't ever hear rap music played in other clubs. I personally play more Massive Attack, Tricky, Hooverphonic, Goldfrapp, Lovage, Manson, Deftones and Static-X.

I hate to ask this of any stripper, but what is your income like?

Berlin SD: My average night is usually \$200-\$500, unless we are having a bad week. The tip out is always 25% to both DJ and bouncer. Lux ATL: Some of the major hustlers here, earn \$1,000 a night, consistently. But, it's very competitive. The club will contain 80 strippers on a week-



#### Lux - Atlanta, GA

end evening and there will be only 10 customers. I'm not kidding—80 girls on shift.

Jersey Girl: If I only dance on stage, I'll leave shift with \$100-200. If I give lap dances, probably \$300-400 after a six to eight-hour shift. If I didn't give lap dances, I'd probably leave with about \$60-\$160 after a six-hour shift. Most of my income relies on time in the private room. What do strippers wear in your region?

Lux ATL: Dancer attire varies widely, depending on club standards and individual taste. The Cheetah, for example, requires some level of sequins on every dancer at all times and each girl must also possess a black evening gown for the nightly "walk-out." At the Pink Pony, you see a greater variety in attire—ranging from lace lingerie sets, to dayglow suspender-thongs. Rhinestones are pretty ubiquitous everywhere you go.

**Berlin SD:** We all have to wear heels. I wear 8" heels most of the time. You'll see lots of clubwear, fishnets, Spandex and Lycra outfits. We are a topless-only club. Nude clubs don't serve alcohol in San Diego.

Lux ATL: We're fully nude here, but at The Cheetah, you're not allowed to bend over to show butthole.

You can't show butthole at a fully-nude club? That would make our stage sets quite challenging. I'll chug beers upside down and spread. One girl at Sassy's, has been seen picking up sandwiches with her butt cheeks.

Berlin SD: Platinum Club is topless on stage and fully-dressed during all lap dances. Lap dances cost \$20.

Wow, and the dances cost the same? I'm fully convinced that Portland customers don't realize that they're spoiled by nudity.

Elle reps the 503-Pride at Lucky Devil Lounge every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evening.

### Stipcity club zone

#### THE PALLAS CLUB

I was one of three cars parked in the front of The Pallas lot on a Monday evening. Crossing over 82nd, one is reminded that another portion of Portland exists, one that Portlandia will never feature. Outer SE Portland is cheap, silly, dirty and scary, and The Pallas calls it home. The door guy was friendly, "My name is J.D., like Jack Daniels," he said, shaking my hand. I'd brought an out-of-town female friend to accompany me and she whispered nervously, "That girl has really dark areolas, cool! I've never seen that before!"

The bartender was very busy, despite the lack of customers. She darted to and from the kitchen and the phone was ringing. Two male customers sat at opposite ends of the expansive bar as six dancers roamed about. A dark-haired lady sat and pinched her equally mocha colored nipples and I smiled as I dropped a few dollars in front of her. A tall black dancer with a short mohawk approached me. Her name was Honey and she had an excellent smile. "Lap dances are usually \$20 around town, but I charge \$25 and it's worth it." She spoke confidently and two minutes later led one of the male customers to the lap dance area.

Pallas has four pool tables, with free pool on Sundays. The food menu has a Greek flare, (featuring outstanding gyros) along with your standard sandwiches, burgers, soup, wings, cheese sticks and fries. All items are \$7 or less. There are two stages and a large DJ booth. The place has potential and the aesthetics aren't bad, except for a couple of fake trees decorated with purple lights. I suppose a homey touch never hurt anything. Our drinks arrived at the hands of the bartender-a well-vodka cranberry, and a red Jell-O shot. The sign proclaimed \$1 Jell-O shots! It was a slightly- melted confection of vodka, red dye #40 and sugar water. But, it cost only a dollar, so any complaints would seem arbitrary.

On the north side of the bar, is a covered smoking patio, where the neighborhood cat scampered up and pushed its face into my hand. Ginger is her name. And it's free to pet her.

Four dancers are on day shifts, and five on mid shifts. Night shifts consist of eight to twelve dancers and amateurs are welcome to dance every Sunday. The VIP private room, the highlight of Pallas, is mostly hidden—peeking out from gauze-like white curtains on the left side of the club. When asked about the price to rent, the bartender explained that the rates are incredibly negotiable, without stating an exact cost. The bottom line is, that the room is good for partiers on a budget. The private room features leather couches and a beautiful stage with one spinning pole and hardwood floors.

Inside, a blonde, tall and augmented stripper pulled me aside, "Can you take a picture of me?" Feeling that the place had finally warmed up to my presence, I smiled and lifted my camera. My female cohort pulled at my arm excitedly, "She motorboated my ass!" Pallas isn't a palace, but it's a fun place to visit when in outer southeast. One could certainly have a fun time in this sprawling club, on the cheap, too. And isn't that what SE Portland life is all about?

#### SKINN

There was a punk band playing in the yard adjacent to the club, as my dude friend was whining about our destination. "Oh man, that's my friend's band." I was forcing him to accompany me to a strip club on 60th and Prescott called Skinn. The bouncer was wearing a t-shirt with the club name and didn't stand when he checked our IDs, but seemed friendly enough. He was chatting with another man, also seated, and the only discernible sentence over the music was "you can't beat up a dancer..." As a white stripper in a predominantly white city, I've oft-heard complaints about the lack of diversity amongst our exotic dancers-mainly the question, "Where are all the black girl strippers?" The answer, my friend, is here. A smiling lady said hello as she passed by-her facial piercings sparkling in the blue light. Skinn has one stage and is the smallest club I've yet to encounter. Six or seven video lottery machines are nestled in a corner, near a candy and chips vending machine and a Big Buck Hunter arcade game sits next to that. I peered to look at the hardware store bucket lined with a plastic bag. A makeshift trash can, next to the almond and candy dispenser, perhaps? Security cameras

were tucked into the ceiling near the bar. The bartender for the evening was Jen—a tall, slender blond girl with one of the prettiest faces I've ever seen past 9 p.m. She politely informed us of Skinn's one-drink minimum, and we settled in with some juice and vodka. There were six dancers on a Wednesday night, and about seven patrons. The club was half full. There was no DJ in sight, but one wasn't needed for this even flow of R&B and rock songs, coming from a computer playlist. Suddenly, "Girls, Girls, Girls, Girls" came on, and my buddy in a Mötley Crüe shirt, stood up to walk a couple bucks to the dancer who had chosen the song. When he arrived at the rack, she laughed and smiled, "It worked!" she exclaimed. She wore a g-string, clear heels and a tank top with a camel and the words, "Hump Daaaaay." To my right, a petite and full-breasted mini- Beyoncé was wagging her butt, sandwiched between two lottery machines and the men seated there. One patted her on the butt and inserted a dollar in her undies. She smiled and had no problem with the gentle touch. "I like the neon and blacklight. It looks nicer in here on the inside," shouted my friend. In cursive, the names of the dancers were written in glowing pink, "Jackie-Oh!", "Ka\$\$idy", "Heaven", "Juicy", "Candy" and "Seduction".

A young white man in a black t-shirt leaned over, "Whatcha writing for?" He told me that he lived nearby and that the club was easy to walk to. Judging from the lack of cars in the parking lot, it seems that Skinn is the neighborhood club for many of the neighbors and not a destination for drivers. The food menu offers breakfast all day and all items are under \$8. A generic butt-rock song was playing, some mixture of Creed and Nickelbag or Puddle Of Poo, perhaps. Regardless, the dancer on stage was moving and I dropped her a few dollars. When the two songs ended, the pink-haired lady in white fuzzy boots appeared at my side, nervously stirring her drink. "Hi, I just wanted to say thank you. My name is Jackie-Oh!" It was perhaps the most endearing part of the evening and I pressed a crinkled five in her direction. Despite not caring for her music choices, you've got to admire the tenacity of any stranger who approaches strangers for a living-especially while wearing fuzzy boots. Jen, the bartender agreed, "This city has so many clubs and no matter what kind of girl you like, you'll find 'em all in Portland." Skinn is probably best for the folks who live in NE, near 60th and Prescott, as a club that offers all the staples of a charming dive and doesn't take itself too seriously.

### stripcity spotlight

FRI 1 & SAT 2 – DANTE'S – OREGON BURLESQUE FESTIVAL SAT 2 - STARS (BRIDGEPORT) – FANTASY PARTY TUE 5 – LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE 4TH ANNUAL TINY TUESDAY LUBE WRASSLIN'

SAT 9 & SAT 30 – MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB BIKINI CARWASH BENEFIT FOR BRIAN RIZZO

> SUN 10 – DEVILS POINT 8TH ANNUAL BIKINI CAR & DOG WASH

TUE 12 & TUE 26 – GOLD CLUB – BIKINI CAR WASH WED 13 – CLUB 205 – TOP STRIPPER CONTEST

FRI 15 - EVA'S BOUTIQUE - LADIES' NIGHT

FRI 15 & SAT 16 – HAWTHORNE STRIP MOVING PARTY

SAT 16 - CLUB PLAYPEN - BIKINI CAR WASH & BBQ

**THU 21 – SILVER DOLLAR (EUGENE)** BURNING ANGEL XXX SUPERSTAR JOANNA ANGEL

FRI 22 – STILETTO LINGERIE MODELING VEGAS-STYLE LINEUP

FRI 22 & SAT 23 – SUNSET STRIP BURNING ANGEL XXX SUPERSTAR STAR JOANNA ANGEL

SAT 23 – BOOM BOOM ROOM 3RD ANNUAL 3-STAR LOUNGE NIGHT

SAT 23 – PALLAS CLUB – FEATURE PERFORMANCE WITH AUSTIN WILDE

SAT 23 - CLUB 205 - SEX TOY PARTY

FRI 29 – SKINN - MISS SKIN 2014 CONTEST

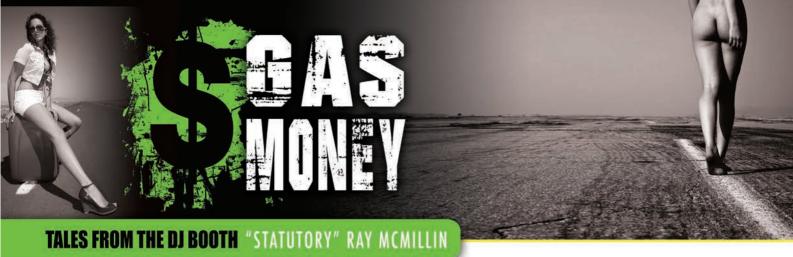
THU 29, SAT 30 & SUN 31 – GOLD CLUB END-OF-SUMMER BASH

> SAT 30 – STARS (BRIDGEPORT) ROSWELL PARTY

## **EXOTIC PINUP AUGUST 2014**

Black Cauldron





"Hey DJ," Sprinkle mumbled as she fell into my DJ booth like a drunk burlap sack of glitter and Fireball.

"Ray, my name's Ray. You can call me Matt if you want."

Sprinkle continued, "DJ, I need a ride home. I live just over the bridge and I'm too drunk to be in my car. I have a booster seat in the back and it would look bad if I got pulled over."

Sprinkle's logic was flawless. I mean, driving drunk over a bridge at three in the morning is one thing, but god forbid if the arresting officer found out that the shitfaced stripper behind the wheel was at least partially responsible for a child. This lady was an upstanding parental figure (or simply the owner of a child's car seat—an otherwise smart move in terms of stripper career planning), so I felt obliged to assist in her quest to achieve mother-of-the-year status.

Because the club was, shall we say, "a neighborhood bar," it featured a wide array of girl-next-door types, some of whom were very attractive. Others had outstanding personalities... just a little far down on the list of girls I'd fap to, if I had a decent Internet connection. Sprinkle, on the other palm, was an extremely hot blonde in her early twenties, with perfect tits that said, "my kid was bottle-fed" and a semi-stoned smile that would justify acquiring most curable sexually transmitted diseases. However, she was also tanked like a small Iranian border town and I was pretty deep into a financially-attractive dry spell (in terms of not fucking my co-workers-a former hobby that has greatly reduced my tips in the past). Thus, it struck me with a little more than a solid punch, when she got into my car and, while fastening her seatbelt, informed me of the potential compensation I was to receive for giving her a lift home.

"DJ guy, I need to let you know I'm pretty dizzy and may throw up a little on the ride home. So, if I need to suck your dick, I better do it now, just in case I puke."

In terms of *Penthouse* Letters fantasy status, the rate at which Sprinkle went from casual conversation to offering up about one-fifth of a gallon's worth of oral sex, would constitute a paragraph at best. Hell, it took more time for you to read this sentence, than it did for her to begrudgingly pull the ol' follow-up to "I got these cheeseburgers, man." It was like watching the first minute of an old-school (plot, not bush) porno movie, then just deciding to cut all the bullshit and skip to the money shot (or, like opening up an *Exotic* magazine and skipping straight to this column)... disappointingly unfulfilling.

Because my pimp-ass Hyundai (sorry ladies, take a number) gets about 50 miles to the Iraqi limb, and due to the fact that Sprinkle's trip home was about a baby's hangnail worth of fuel, I opted to do something semi-rational, that would provide the least-likely scenario in which regurgitated cinnamon whiskey could end up in my pubes. Deciding against a potentially-epic traffic citation, I said something to Sprinkle that no man had ever said to the girl in her entire life, "Sprinkle, you don't have to suck my dick for a ride home. Hell, you can just give me a buck or two in gas money."

Without breaking from her direct-to-thebargain-bin porno script, Sprinkle interjected. "That is so sweet of you! Hey, if you want, there's a nice spot near my driveway, where we can pull over and smoke a bowl. I'll even give you a handjob."

Now, before I go on ranting like some sort of abstinence-preaching Young Life pastor, I'm not gonna front...I took her up on the handjob. To Sprinkle, that was no more work than a quick shoulder massage is to the average middlemanager hitting on the new secretary. However, it bothers me to know that a girl who makes more cash than most of her co-workers, is considerate enough to society that she won't be caught driving buzzed with an empty child seat, is arguably more attractive and nice to be around and is used to paying for things in sexual currency. After all, the club may have been working class, but if there's one thing that I've learned in a decade spinning discs for day drinkers, it's that rich people don't tip for shit. There was (and probably still is) a *lot* of money in the club Sprinkle worked at. When she went to give me my post-handie gas money (take notes, guys who still pay for hookers... you *can* reverse the roles, if you play your cards right), her purse revealed a clusterfuck of twenties. There was enough cheddar in her shitty-ass, Gen X Clothing-knockoff-Prada bag to buy most of Gresham.

Sprinkle dug around for awhile, and finally gave me three dollars. "I don't usually give DJs money like this, so you're special," Sprinkle said with one of those stripper tones that only club staff who give rides home to dancers can relate to. "You can play with my tits for a little bit while we finish this bowl, but, my kid wakes up soon, so I gotta be quick."

America, ladies and gentlemen, is a land of market-driven economies. Of these economies, the most complex one is associated the strip club industry. In said industry, three dollars is the equivalent to one-half of a well drink, a Pabst Blue Ribbon, two bottles of water, five cigarettes, one song request, a two-mile drive to West Salem from just outside of West Salem, four chicken wings or, thanks to Sprinkle, the best handjob you'll ever get, from a girl who would be posing for Playboy if she decided to take birth control pills for breakfast, instead of bong rips.



TalesFromTheDJBooth.com

🚹 📴 @StatutoryRay 🛛 🕤 @RayMcMillin

Marie McCray as Sansa

Stark

#### Spencer Scott as Daenerys Targaryen

#### need to make a confession right off that bat before I write this review. I'm really not as familiar with Game of Thrones as I should be, or more specifically, as those of you reading this probably are. But, before you all have conniption fits and collective groans about my pop cultural diet (this is Portland, after all), I want you to know that I have always meant to get into this show. Using the same excuse for the reason I haven't gotten into The Walking Dead, I was one of those people who wanted to read the source material first, before I got into the show. So, I went to Powell's and bought the first book by George R.R. Martin. However, with how dry and long-winded it was, I was unable to get past the first few chapters. (That's not to say George R.R Martin is a shitty author-I do highly recommend his vampire novel Fever Dream.). I'm actually thankful that I didn't read them, as it seems that those who have, can't seem to shut the fuck up about the fact that they did.

Fantasy fiction doesn't seem like something to my liking. Though honestly, I understand the appeal of the sword and sorcery sub-genre. There are epic battles with heads getting chopped off and cold-ass muthafuckas laying it on in the royal parlour, while handmaidens feed them grapes and suck their cocks. Sounds awesome to me! But, I've noticed that like a lot a nerd favorite genres, fantasy fiction seems to be a little too involved with information I couldn't care less about, and is often a little too cheesy for me to enjoy. (Seriously, why are androgynous magical elves so cool in these kinds of stories? Really nerds? Fucking elves? That's

#### By Deputy Andy

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like Santa Claus shit. And, you wonder why it took you so long to lose your virginity.) However, I understand why the TV version Game of Thrones is different. It's trying to do what Rockstar is doing for console gaming, by breaking swords and sorcery out of the "just for nerds" mold. For that, I do believe Game of Thrones will live up to the buzz it's generating. From what I do know about the show (by cramming in as many episodes as I could before the deadline), I'm kind of surprised that there even needed to be a porn parody of this show at all. I thought the first few episodes were reminiscent of Caligula. which is considered a legitimate adult movie. I even felt like jacking off to the show a few times before reminding myself that I wasn't watching the porn parody. The mark of a good porn parody, is the quality of its sex scenes, combined with how well it pleases the fans of its source material. That being said, I hope my lack of familiarity with the show, could offer some outside perspective and a non-biased perspective on how good it's hardcore porn parody is.

First off, despite its PlayStation-Onestyle computer graphics, the parody of the title sequence looks amazing and authentic. It's done with enough sexual snarkiness that it actually got a laugh out of me. That, combined with the quality of the sets and costume design, makes it obvious that Hustler has stepped up its game in the quality of their parody films, with the high-profile titles that they have been releasing in the past year or so. The dialogue is hokey and filled with moronic and unfunny sexual puns. In what I suspect is due to the anticipated mainstream appeal that the title is going to attract, I have to say that the sex is way too soft in some areas. This is an unfortunate dynamic, as the show itself is so shocking with how explicit it can be. The casting choices are exceptionalespecially the milf-a-ilicious, Brandi Love in the role of Cersei Lannister. Her sex scene is the film's best with a more passionate and mature fuck-style, which holds up against the rest of the film's more-or-less lackluster fuck action. The biggest gripe I have with this parody, is the casting choice of Evan Stone in the role of Tyrion Lannister. I personally would have liked to see a real little person adult film actor in the role. Instead, Evan Stone put shoes on his knees and waddles around-meaning he can't really take off his pants. The character he impersonates, could have arguably been the most-anticipated sex scene in the film.

All in all, this is a very ambitious title to make an adult parody of and Hustler, to its credit, did put a lot of effort into making it worthwhile. Like a lot of porn parodies, its legs as a piece of sexual stimulation are questionable, but there should definitely be some hardcore fans of the show, who would get a kick out of seeing it. Winter is indeed cumming.



Brandi Love as Cersei Lannister

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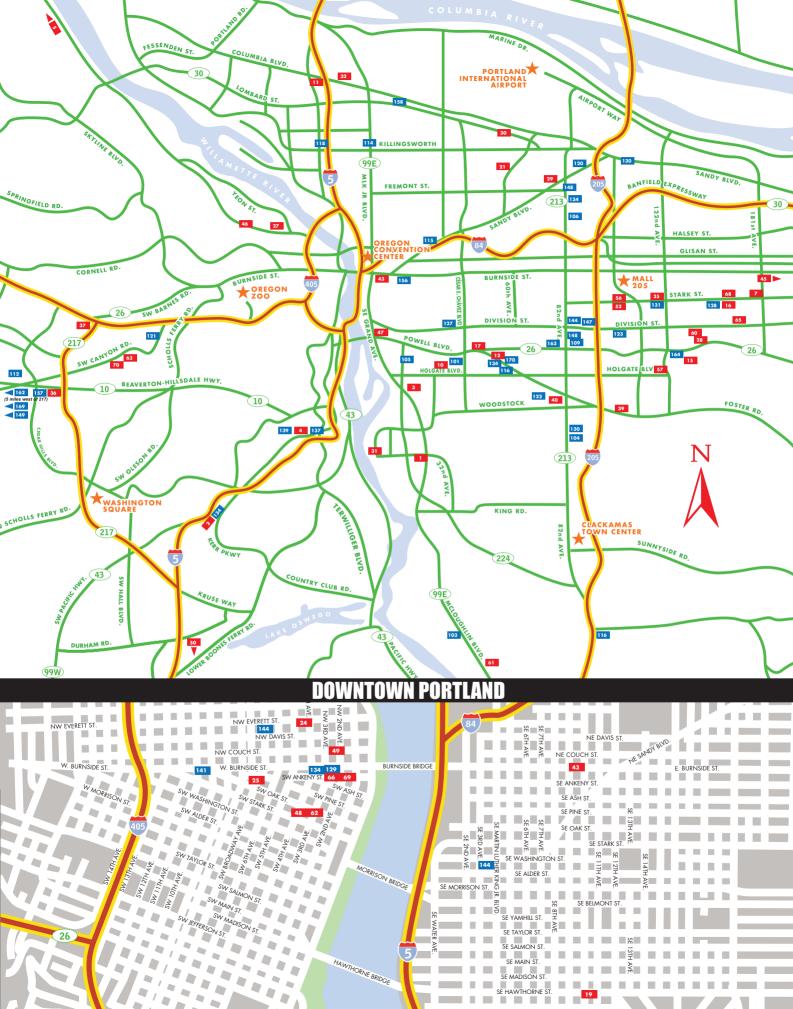
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# THE HUNT FOR THE SQUIRTING CUNT: The Facts Behind Ladies With Excessive Lube

By Bomb Shel - The Naked DJ

Like a Bigfoot expedition, my hunt for the squirting cunt, has led me to the most mysterious and exotic places. From Sasquatch to Snatch Watch, I've travelled 1,300 miles, beginning in Portland, Oregon through the Redwoods, across the Golden Gate Bridge, overlooking 9,000 feet in Yosemite National Park, down through the scorching desert of Death Valley, and finally, into Sin City, to discover the truth about excessive female ejaculation.

# THE JOURNEY BEGINS IN PORTLAND

"Help! I have too much lube!" said no one, ever. Well, except for this one dancer I know at The Golden Dragon. We'll just call her Cinnamon Squirts-A-Lot. Seriously. Don't ever buy a mattress from this chick. Her fiancé once told me, in confidence of course, that he'd have to gain a couple hundred pounds in order to be a gentleman and sleep in the wet spot. "When we're having angry sex," he whispered while looking over his shoulder for her in the club, "I think she's trying to drown me."

Fellas and females, if the thought of dawning snorkeling gear to munch on a little muffin sounds good to you, then find a squirter. But I warn you, it's gonna be hard. According to some in the scientific community, they just don't exist. Like fairies, mermaids, sprites or nymphs, girls that can spray jizz juice from one end of the pool table to the other are myths, fairy tales and mythological beings, made up by porn producers to sell millions of copies of films about Debbie drowning Dallas. But, alas, my "research" has told me otherwise.

# THE REDWOODS

We were deep in the Trees of Mystery, a popular nature hike in the Redwoods, when the distant voice of my research partner echoed, "Squirter!" He was a few hundred yards ahead of me, so I had to hustle. Grabbing my binoculars and my "How To Catch A Cunt Cumming" book, I ran. Was this the moment we'd been waiting for? Should I grab the camera or brace for a mudslide? When I finally ran up on him, Dirty Danny was suspiciously dry. "Where?" I panted—out of breath and anxious. He pointed up into the trees to a giant, wooden 50-foot carving of a squirrel. Imagine my disappointment. Squirter. Squirrel. An honest mistake, but disheartening nonetheless. The hunt continued.

# **SAN FRANCISCO**

I had the sneaking feeling I was back on track, when I found myself snuggling on a cozy couch in San Fran's Condor Club, with a hot little redhead who called herself Gusher. The Condor Club, by the way, caused an "international sensation" back in 1964, when it opened as the first topless club in the United States. As luck would have it, after talking to our hostess about our hunt, she was able to offer step-by-step instructions on how a normal woman can be transformed into what she called a "Fairy God Myster."

"You just gotta put constant pressure on the G-spot," she said—making a come-hither motion with two fingers on her right hand. I have to admit, I was already getting wet. "And, then, after you do that over and over with your fingers or with a curved toy, instead of contracting and tightening like you would with a normal orgasm, you push." As she said push, her green eyes opened wide and she spread out all of her fingers—moving her hands in a circular motion. It was the international symbol for fireworks. "But, aren't you afraid of peeing all over the place?" I had to ask. We both giggled. She shook her head in the negative, took a swig from the cocktail I'd bought her and suddenly said goodbye. I guess I found out what she wasn't into.

When we got back to our super-cute boutique motel, I had to research. As it turns out, she was right. Just like a man's, a woman's urine and her cum are two entirely different things—although researchers didn't figure that out until the mid-80s. According to Dr. Kate, an OB/GYN who hosts the blog GynoTalk. com, urine and a lady's joy juice both escape from the urethra, but, chemically, they are two different things. I guess it's kind of like a straw. One day you're sippin' a Slurpee, and the next day, it's a milkshake. Bad analogy, perhaps, but you get the idea. If you want a chemical breakdown of the difference between

the "orange and apple juice," feel free to read, Female Ejaculation: A Case Study, which was published in The Journal of Sex Research, circa 1981—or you can just take Gusher's word for it.

# **GETTING LOST**

Did you know you can access the Internet from a 9,000-foot peak in Yosemite? It was here, while taking a break by a mountain stream, that I read about the skene gland. Doctors think this is where the mysterious "myst" comes from. It wasn't discovered until the early 2000s. They call it the U-spot and it's being compared to a man's prostate. The über strange thing is, not all women seem to have a u-spot—which is why not all women are blessed/cursed with the ability to create too much lube.



So, exactly how much is too much? Research says some women cum a capful and others cum a whole cup. Having reached our final destination, Las Vegas, the answer was going to be easy to find. Right? I mean, we're driving down the strip, surrounded by flashing lights, hot, drunk women and the occasional moving billboards that claim, "We Bring Girls To You." But, again, we weren't looking for just any ol' doll. We were looking for a squirter. An expert squirter at that. A Niagra Falls of dream stream!

And then, luck struck! While hunting for a corset with the tits cut out (it's kinda my thing), I met a man named Eugene. Running a shop geared toward dancers called Diana's Deals, he hears a lot of stories. "I'm not sure if it's true or not," he whispered under his breath, "But, I've heard there's a girl that does shows out at The Alien Cat House, who can fill-up a fish bowl!" My research partner and I, thrilled at the possibility of finally finding the elusive human hose, googled the volume of a fish bowl. "A gallon !?!," Dirty Danny exclaimed, looking up from his smartphone. "Yep," Eugene replied. "A gallon."

And so it goes, on a dark desert road, under a green neon sign shaped like a UFO, the snatch watch continues. I'd report on our findings, but you know what they say. What happens in Vegas...

After 11 years living and working as a DJ in Portland, Bomb Shel has made the move to Las Vegas. You can find her spinning weekly at House Show Club. As always, keep up with her music and musings online at www.DJBombShel.com







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# AUSTIN'S LIMITS BY AUSTIN WILDE

"The entertainment business is a cruel and shallow money trench, a long plastic hallway where thieves and pimps run free and good men die like dogs. There is also a negative side."

I've often joked that Hunter S. Thompson must be my spirit animal. He lived his life as both scientist and mouse. He was unapologetic and spoke the truth as he saw it (or as he desired others to see it) and built a career by living on the edge and reporting to the world what it was like to be him. It is from Thompson, that we have the concept of "Gonzo Journalism," a style characterized by the journalist's participation in the subject being reported. The writing is often biased, sarcastic and riddled with profanity and controversial opinions. Most of the articles in Exotic would be considered "Gonzo Journalism," because most of us are working in the industry we're writing about. We're not reporters writing objective monthly columns about the stripping industry in the Northwest. We give it to you straight from the field, which used to be virtually unheard of in the world of commercial journalism.

Hunter was famed for his very public drug and alcohol use, gun enthusiasm, controversial political views and wild antics. As one could imagine, attempting to make a career out of drug use, mockery and

insults (but, also poignant moments of genius social commentary) seems near impossible. Subjects get offended, readers get offended, employers get offended-and, no one wants to pay someone to upset them. Sure, the people want to hear the truth, but the man signing the paychecks, only wants the truth that makes him look his best. The only way Thompson was able to successfully navigate the politics of writing the kind of things he wanted, was by building himself a reputation so beyond the norm that people had no choice but to accept and crave his uncensored opinions.

While watching the documentary Gonzo: The Life and Work of Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, it becomes clear that the director's underlying thesis is that Thompson's persona as a Gonzo journalist more or less devoured and consumed his identity—making who he was in his personal life

and his journalistic persona, one and the same. This idea strongly resonated with me and my career as a dancer. Is there such a thing as a "Gonzo Stripper"?

It seems like, in nearly every job, there is a defined line between who someone is on a personal level "at home" and who someone is on a professional level "at work." There is a multitude of reasons for this, but when it comes down to it, most people turn "on" or "off" aspects of their personality at work and at home. People see their "time off" as a chance to escape the workplace and coworkers they see almost daily, so that they can pursue other interests and cultivate other relationships. But, in every career, there are people who seem to have devoted themselves wholly to what it is they do for a living. Their social, political and work selves, become one and the same. They allow what it is they do to consume them until their very lives become "Gonzo."

My life is like this. It dawned on me one day, as I was giving an interview for an upcoming reality show pilot. They wanted to know who I was outside of work. What did my "outside friends" think of my profession? Who was I, when I wasn't "Austin Wilde?" I didn't know how to answer any of those questions. All my closest friends are my coworkers. I don't really have any "outside friends," so I have no idea what they would think of my career, (and, I'm not sure that if I did, I'd even care). You know what I'm doing on my "time off"? I'm watching YouTube videos of pole dancing, I'm writing articles and opinion pieces about the stripping industry, I'm editing music and thinking up ideas for feature sets, I'm sewing costumes and I'm lounging around gossiping with my co-workers. I perform three Sundays a month at Sinferno and do you know what I do on the fourth Sunday? I go to Sinferno. That's where my friends are and that's where I can see a stimulating show-that's exactly where I want to be. In fact, I find it exhausting even trying to have friends with 9-5 "normal" day jobs. They work all day long during the week, while I'm entertaining myself during my time off. Then, come the weekend, they're ready to paint the town-while I'm focused on dancing and taking advantage of the club's busiest time of the week. I've even caught myself introducing myself as "Austin" to people I meet, completely outside of the industry. It's practically muscle memory. I have so few occasions in which I would go by my legal name, that it no longer naturally rolls off my tongue as easily.

I'm certainly not saying that this is the way everyone should model their lives. I think, in most cases, it's healthy to maintain boundaries between your professional and personal lives. However, some of the people I look up to the most, have the same lack of barriers within their career as I do. It's passionate, but it's also beyond that—it's a little crazy. And, as Hunter S. Thompson once wrote, "If you're going to be crazy, you have to get paid for it or else you're going to be locked up."

I haven't lost myself in my career—I've found myself in it.

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# ARTIST OF THE MONTH

KUKSI

As a true modern-day Michelangelo and a heavyweight in the world of fine artists, Kris Kuksi's artworks carve out and imprint thought-provoking and uniquely macabre imagery. Fellow artists and collectors herald his artwork as godlike and masterful. Every piece embraces a new dimension, and every corner an untold tale. I am truly in awe of the depth and creative genius it must take to construct and endure such laborious masterpieces. After more than a year on our most-wanted list, Exotic was finally able to catch up with the brilliant mastermind behind the artwork and just what it is that makes Kris Kuksi's clock tick.

KRIS

Stylistically, the depth of your work is profound! How do you even begin to imagine the pieces you're about to put together?

KK: The whole process is really accidental, unpredictable and an altogether enlightening experience. There is a lot of just placing objects together to see if it looks good. Then, from there, more things just add up to the whole composition along the way and hopefully it all looks balanced! I try to visualize it all, but it's really quite an adventure that is full of unknowns. The challenge is keeping my ego out of it!

# How long does it take you to acquire the pieces for such intenselydetailed masterpieces?

KK: Ah, months, weeks, days and most desirably, being able to just head into town to find the right part. I've held on

to stuff from the last several years, in thinking I will use it all eventually, but not everything makes its way into a piece.

# From the start to finish, how much time do you consume creating one piece?

KK: That is a common question, but I really don't know. It can take anywhere from a couple of weeks to months. It is all dependent on availability of materials and parts. But, I never clock all the hours into one piece—that would drive me mad for sure. It is madness enough just to make the damn sculptures, ha!

# What is the largest "scale" project you've ever done?

KK: Depends on width or height? The longest one I've done was 11 feet across and about six feet tall and the tallest was nine feet by seven feet. I have done a handful of these "titans," as I call them, and they are very exhaustingly laborious to make and move around. But, the wow factor is necessary, I suppose, despite the back-breaking effort.

I'm certain not one person would take away the same meaning from one of your works, but do you create hidden meanings or messages? Does your large collection of sculpted pieces hold hidden treasures or profound knowledge?

KK: Of course, they are littered with meanings, but it doesn't matter anyway—because humans seek meaning, and they will interpret things suited to their own egos. So, if the title of the work is specific to my meaning, it is hard to know whether a viewer would get the meaning without the title. So I think it is more desirable for the viewer to just have fun and relate meaning according to what is visually experienced. Lots of hot air really, ha! What got you into sculpting at this level and how long have you been at it?

KK: I foremost blame my childhood obsession with model kits and Legos, They infected my adulthood into making these sculptures. But, I'm sure my love for miniatures is big. I'm big into the small, haha. So, anyway, my exposure to art and the baroque buildings and structures seen in Europe, made the right recipe to create what you see today. I have matured my childhood insanity into a well-behaved, adult onslaught of madnessin gluing thousands of parts together. I have been doing these regularly since 2004, but as an exclusively artistic career choice, since 2006.

Your artwork provokes such intrigue and wonders within your audience is there any one piece you find awe inspiring?

KK: There is a love for all of them, and I love seeing old works again because, I realize the true madness within as I ask myself, "What the hell was I thinking when I did this?" But, I have my favorites. The most fluid experience in a piece I've ever had, was with *Ode to Herculanuem* from 2010. That is probably my ultimate favorite. Your work seems to be ever evolving... what direction do you see yourself headed in the years to come?

KK: That is a terrifying question and I can't even think about what my work will look like in the years to come. But, I do hope they are still talking to me, as they seem to do now in the studio—but I won't admit to any mental illness.

What was the defining moment in your world of incredible fantasies?

KK: Shutting out the rest of the world and turning off the voice of my ego.

# See more of Kris' work at Kuksi.com









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