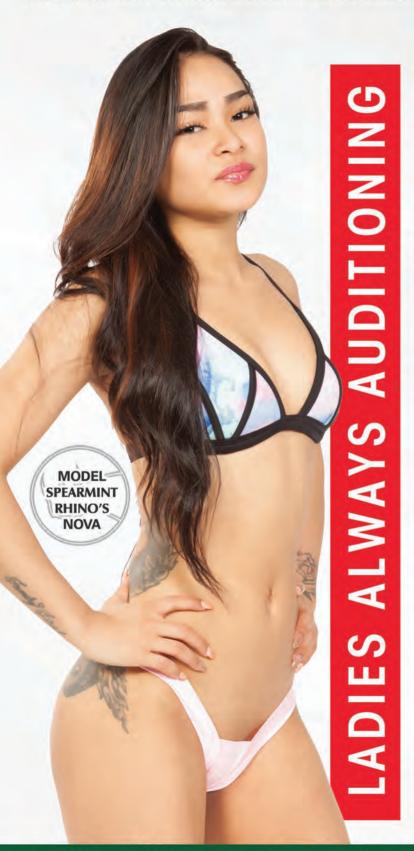


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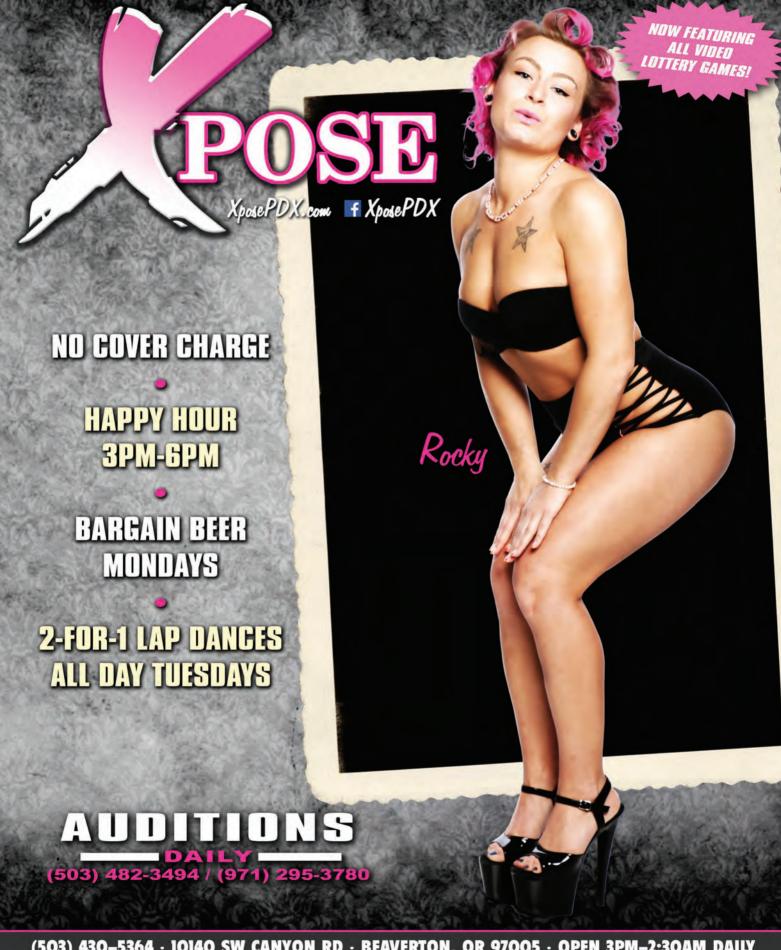






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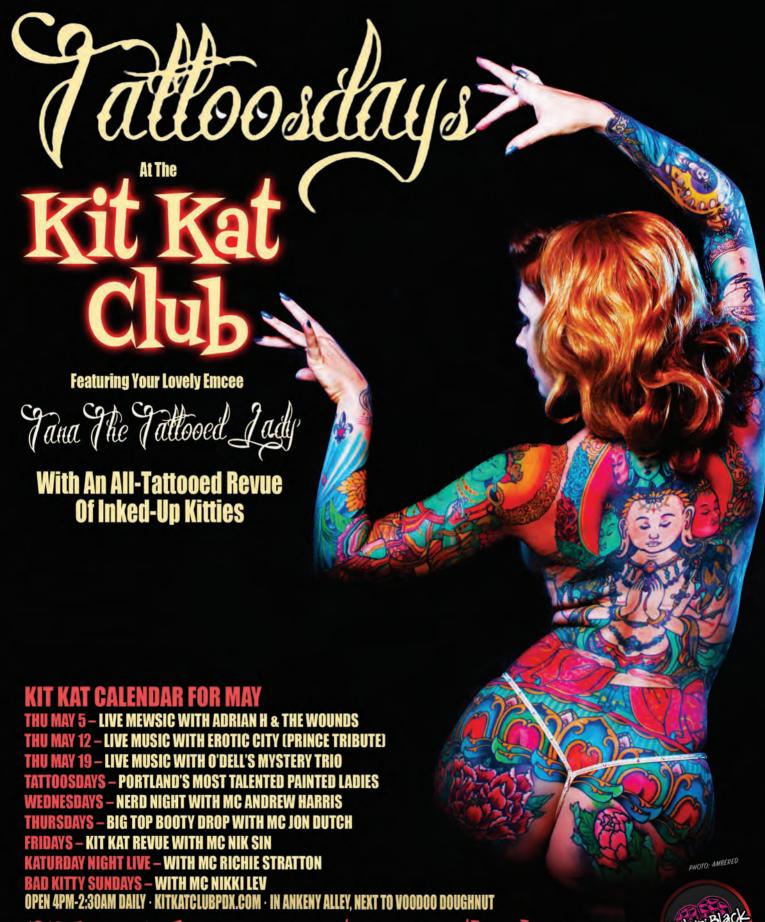
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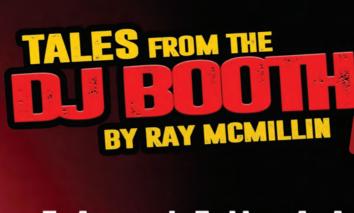












TO ASSUME IS TO MAKE AN ASS OUT OF A DJ

Although I'm not a fan of the chocolate backroads, I do consider myself an ass man. In the bedroom, a woman with a flat chest and a nice booty, always gets preference over fake tits and a skeleton bum.

Keeping in mind that I have, for the most part, quit DJing at strip clubs on a regular basis, I'm still booking gigs as a "DJ" DJ (as in, one who's allowed to mix and match on the clock). One such gig, landed me in Rockwood (bad) doing a benefit party (good) at a roller rink (awesome) that was supposedly after-hours and private (best). My buddy and yours, Jessie Sponberg (yes, the guy who is running for mayor of Portland), rented this badass roller rink out for what was supposed to be an inviteonly, adult age, exclusive benefit for a sick friend.

Of course, the music selection of the night had little to do with why I was happy to DJ at Skate Nation, or whatever it was called. Instead, I was primarily looking forward to adult women on roller skates, wearing whatever it is that adults who go roller skating after dark wear, while I got to mix it up with some sexy beats of maximum glute-worthiness. Booty is best viewed in a circular rotation, while one cheek fights with the next, in a never-ending crawl toward a sweaty tramp stamp. Christ on a bagel, I was ready to get

down and make the ladies rollertwerk (bootyblade?), and my cockiness became visibly apparent, as I put on roller skates, before unloading my shit into the roller rink's DJ booth. I haven't been on roller skates since I was twenty years younger (and a hundred pounds fatter) and it showed.

Anyhow, I wasn't really ready for my first request. A patron informed me that "her girl" would like to hear the newest song about trap houses and crack hoes, so I told her to give me a second, while I downloaded it illegally off of the roller rink's WiFi signal. I wondered if her girl was "thirty-six, twenty-four, thirty-six, but only if she's five th... Wait, five?!" That's where the rapping Sir Mix-A-Lot in my head scratched his record. I looked down and pulling at my pant leg, was a little kid.

"Who the hell are you? Are you lost?"

"My mamma told me that you were gonna get me some Fetty Wap."

I showed my age in more ways than one, and asked, "Is that some sort of candy?"

The little kid was not pleased. "Nah, ya old white man, it's a song. Play the song please."

And, like that, another handful of my dreams were crushed before my

"My dreams of playing sexy music for sexy women had been thwarted by the one thing that keeps sex dangerous-children."



eyes, like a handful of saltine nightmares, on a bowl of fuck-this chowder.

Apparently, the roller rink patrons from earlier in the night had decided to stick around. At first, I thought that I'd have to clean up the musical selections, but after the fifth or sixth local rascal demanded some shit like "Bitch Niggas 4 Breakfast (feat. Crackdeelah the Hoesplitter)," I just gave up and put on Tyga's Pandora station. My dreams of playing sexy music for sexy women, had been thwarted by the one thing that keeps sex dangerous—children.

Now, I'm not saying that the GAS-MASKs (Gresham-Area Single Moms And Struggling Kids) weren't fun to DJ for, but I'm not the type of guy to stare at a chick's ass while she holds her kid's hand, as I try to mix "Push It" with "Short Dick Man." The situation did have one bonus, however. A handful of snot-nosed kids (who could literally skate circles around me) approached the DJ booth and demanded that I run a game of "red light, green light." At first, I was getting really agitated, wondering how much money I could take away from a cancer benefit, but then a little kid by the name of "Buster" explained it to me; I play music, the kids try to skate from one end of the rink to the other, but if I stop the music, they have to stop skating (or they're disqualified from reaching the finish line). I'm assuming most roller rink DJs give about five or six "red light, green light" commands during the course of the game, but once I discovered that half the kids couldn't skate and that they would often crash and fall over when I said "red light," I ran the game for about ten minutes and clocked in no less than fifty instances of kids smashing into the floor. It was the most fun I'd had in ages and it was completely G-rated in nature (or whatever the MPAA assigns to kids falling over and losing teeth, while a poorly-booked disc jockey laughs and spins rap mu-

I was okay with the situation after two or three "crash, thud, wahhh"s echoed into the DJ booth from across the rink. In fact, it was almost

more entertaining than watching grown women twerk on wheels. I think, subconsciously, I knew that if I had actually been able to go home with a woman that I'd met in a Gresham-area roller rink, I'd end up having to be nice to the little shits running around her Crestwoodplace Manorsville RV Park property. Multiple middlemen were cut out of my planned festivities, and I went from complete stranger, to "Rick, who hurts the kids," without ever having to buy a single bottle of MGD on the way home from the auto repair shop.

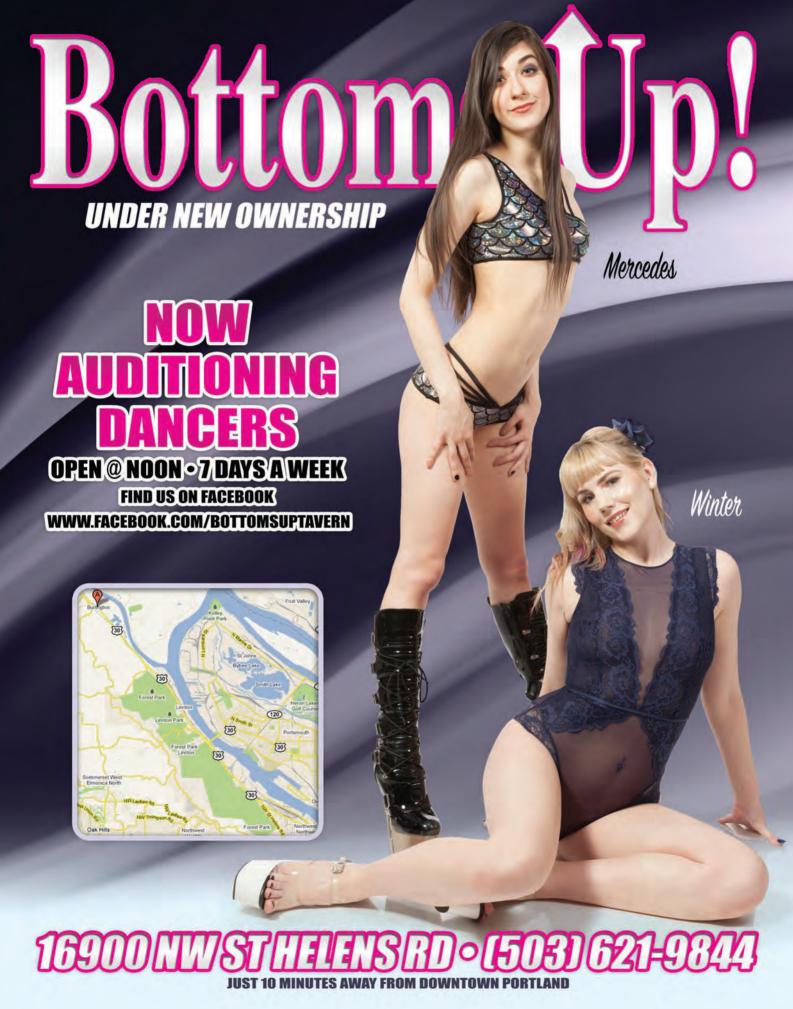
Sometimes, you ask the universe for things and it gives it to you like a smartphone using Siri with a shitty microphone. Be careful when you pack the DJ gear into your trunk, look at the night sky and say "Dear Lord, please let this event be full of hot, single moms with asses that won't guit." One lady had like seven kids. I think I got what I asked for.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com



















WHEN THE GRASS IS ASS

GREEN ROOM DIARIES: BY SATIVATORY RAY

"Booty" is a bad thing, when speaking in stoner lingo. If the pipe is booty, it's ready to be ashed. If the plants are booty, it means that mold (or those meddling kids) got to the crops before harvest time. If the booty is booty, it means that your girlfriend found out about the trimmer chick you've been banging on the side, so she decided to move back to Berkeley. But, what do you do when the stash, ass, and cash, is all booty? Here are some suggestions for things to do, the next time you run out of weed and want to maintain the "it's not addicting" schtick.



GO JOGGING

Exercise, particularly the cardiovascular type (which includes jogging and sprinting), mimics physiological effects in runners, similar to those caused by THC. This has been shown by multiple studies that I'm too lazy to cite here (but trust me, they exist). Basically, if you run out of weed, then decide to go for a run until you find weed, you will eventually start to feel high, even if there's no literal pot of pot at the end of the rainbow. If your stash is dry, just go for a run and you will eventually feel stoned. If you're a daily smoker, even a short walk down to the driveway, may potentially result in a brief rush to the head. Sweating in public places, while acting slightly disoriented, is another similarity between jogging and dabbing. However, it's only socially acceptable to appear dehydrated, stinky and confused, if you're wearing running shoes and an Adidas tank top. The similarities between doing laps and taking dabs, aren't limited to looking like Jimi Hendrix during an Alabama traffic stop, though; McDonald's breakfast is enjoyed by morning joggers and late-night weed smokers alike, nature trails are frequented by both hippies and yuppies, and for some reason, cops won't fuck with either one as long as they're moving in a fixed direction, while traveling faster than six miles per hour. Even if you skipped every P.E. class in high school, opting instead to roll blunts with the drama teacher, it's never too late to start giving a shit about your health, and the fact that exercise can get you high, should be incentive enouah.



OTHER DRUGS

Be warned: pot isn't just a drug that can be enjoyed by itself. It's also a companion substance that makes many other drugs easier to do. If you're about to peak on hallucinogens for the first time or come down from coke for the last time, weed can be your best friend. It's like a mediator between the good touch and bad touch of Uncle Substance. That being said, the only thing worse than being sober and out of weed, is being too damn high (this goes for rent, as well as narcotics) and out of weed. Doing coke off of fake tits in some random, semi-legal after-hours club located inside a storage unit? You're gonna wanna slow down that heart rate before the bouncer boyfriend (who paid for said tits) shows up. Taking mushrooms with mom on a trip to Canada? Be forewarned, the drive from the border to Vancouver is a long one, especially if you don't know where to get herb in the city (if you don't, just go to a place called the Camby Pub, stand by the jukebox without putting any coins in it and some dude with weed will approach you... you're welcome).



DRINK WATER

Water isn't just for showers and torture. Drinking the wet stuff that comes from the sink, can actually get you high (legally), but unlike jogging, most Americans can partake in it without breaking a sweat. If you drink a near-lethal amount of

water, you will enjoy what is known as an "oxygen high," which is basically the opposite of a hangover. Drinking gallons upon gallons of water is a dangerous, but effective, way to feel lightheaded and ready to listen to shitty music. In addition to being a safe alternative to bath salts, you can benefit from being pot-free and drinking the wet stuff from the tap (by the pile of dishes), in the form of a clean U.A. (which will be easier to obtain, if you keep your pipes wet with something other than booze). Think of all the goals you can achieve with a negative piss test! Apply for a job, donate sperm, adopt a kid, join the Air Force...the possibilities are endless.

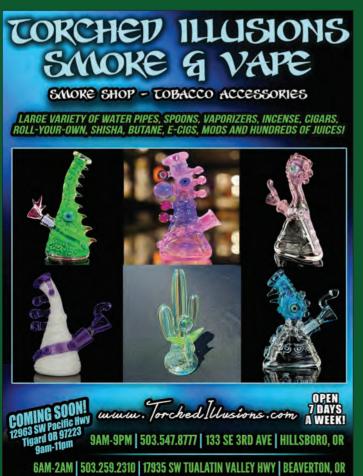


TALK TO COPS

Did you know that police officers spend at least fifty percent of their time doing things that don't involve beating up minorities? Part of the reason most people don't usually talk to police officers (aside from the dozens of obvious reasons), is that most of us are either holding, high, drunk, operating a motor vehicle, in possession of bootleg Disneyland merch or some combination of the above. When you're out of weed, though, there's really no reason to avoid the pigs (unless you're black, but that's a day-to-day thing, unaffected by the amount of weed a brother has in his pocket). The thrill of knowing you can just ask a cop whatever your sick mind desires and not have to worry about search, seizure and bail, is often better than that produced by good drugs. Just last night, I spent about a half hour harassing a cop about a weird one-way street in Salem and about halfway through the conversation, I realized that his job was to put up with dumb inquiries from people like me. I don't know if it's being close to a gun, repressed homosexual urges or a mixture of the two, but pestering the police without any worries of arrest, is as much of an exhilarating experience, as it is a uniquely-Caucasian one. The black version of "befriend a cop," may require participants to replace actual officers with mall security quard.











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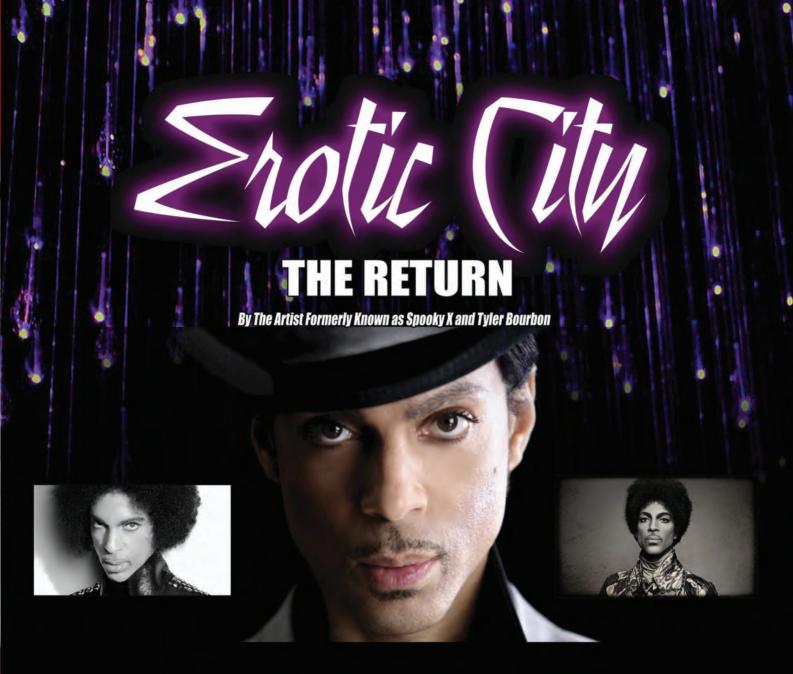
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Erotic City came alive in the pages of Exotic magazine way back in 1995, as a nifty, little event- listing page to promote our advertisers events and Rose City happenings. But, the O.G. Erotic City also happens to be a song recorded in 1984, as a B-side to the single, "Let's Go Crazy," by Prince Rogers Nelson. I had graduated in 1983 and caught a dream job at a record store in a California mall, just outside of Oakland. So, I decided to grow my hair long and fuck off the college education I could have walked into.

This was at the dawn of musical

monstrosities like Def Leppard's Pyromania, Synchronicity by The Police and David Bowie's Let's Dance. MTV was changing the face of music, by actually playing music. Record sales were booming. In between living my own dream of working in that mall from Fast Times at Ridgemont High and cruising the ladies, I actually had to work at the record store. I had to inventory the Top 20 and be sure that endcaps were stocked full of the vinyl and cassette options. Duran Duran, Billy Idol, Cyndi Lauper, Lionel Richie and some broad named Madonna, were all chart toppers in '83. But, the battle for musical supremacy got serious, when Michael Jackson's *Thriller* dominated the charts for the rest of the year and well into 1984... until the Revolution showed up.

On a personal level, I was a wanna-be rocker kid that looked like a reject from a Def Leppard cover band, with permed-frosted hair—ridiculous...yes, but goddamn, did I get some pussy. I had a system— by tracking the sales of what the hottest, horniest lookin' babes were buying, that told me which concerts I needed to go to. Fade to purple...

Meanwhile, Michael Jackson still had the lock on sales—his fans were Legion, including kids, grandmas, your mom and the old dude that runs the corn dog stand in the food court. But, what if there was a Michael Jackson that was more about the important things in life, like pussy—who made music dripping with so much sexuality, that you can't think about anything else but getting off—just so you can do

it again. There is such a person, dear reader, and his name is Prince. This was before AIDS had terrified the world into momentary abstinence and condoms were only for when you did butt stuff with hookers. *Purple Rain* was probably responsible for more one-night stands and illegitimate children, than any other album—a stat you probably won't find on Wikipedia.

Purple Rain (Prince's 5th album) followed Prince's first top-10 album, 1999 (the 5th highest selling album of 1983),which featured top-10 singles "Little Red Corvette," as well as the title track. But, with Purple Rain, Prince meant business when the album released on June 25, 1984 (my 19th birthday), followed by the major motion picture release a month later. To date, the film has grossed \$64 million, while the album sold 13 million units in the US alone and spent 24 consecutive weeks at #1—dethroning the

King of Pop.

Shortly after I caught on to the fact that the ladies loved Prince, the Purple Rain tour went on sale for 6 shows at The Cow Palace, just outside of San Francisco. And, guess who was the guy behind the ticket outlet terminal. Well, it wasn't me, but I was standing behind him and the other three guys that all outranked me. But after that ticket ma-



chine cranked out the first set of primo seats, that baby kept on printing and printing, until all 6 of those shows (eventually) sold out in record time. At the end of the day, I got enough table scraps to score myself a couple of pairs—1 for me and 1 for a "friend." When I got home that day, my wife snatched the first pair of tickets for her and her BFF, (she didn't know about my second set of tickets). Yeah, I was married, but I was secretly a whore. I was 19, worked in a record store where hot, and hope-

fully-legal, girls threw themselves at me on a daily basis. I think my faithfulness cherry popped about three months after I got that job, but that's another story. I took the other pair of tickets, called up my wingman and headed into the Purple arena.

That night changed my life forever. I don't need to go into details; I'm sure most of you have witnessed the greatness that is Prince.

He appeared as an ethereal being, that was sent here to share the gospel of sexuality. Between him and Madonna, I'm pretty sure the rest of that decade delivered some of the sluttiest and most magnificent moments in music history. Prince took all the elements of rhythm and blues greats, like James Brown and Marvin Gaye, with the sexuality turned up to 11. He was the king of pussy. Leave the pop

for Michael.

I left the concert alone that night. My primary directive to find another temporary mistress for the evening, became unimportant. I locked onto that stage from start to finish, and by the end of that night, I decided it was time to talk about that annulment with the wife. There was so much more fucking to do! And, why waste the time of sneaking around about it? A week later, I got caught anyway, after a hot-little Latina from





the troubled girls' home down the street, left a note on my '79 Fire-bird's dash, thanking me for the cunnilingus. Prince set me free to be the biggest slut I had ever been. Sure, working at the mall slingin' records was a regular pussy smorgasbord, but Prince taught me how to do it right—until Bon Jovi taught me how to dress, I never really looked good in purple.

The music of Prince has spanned decades, with volumes of his work to enjoy as a legacy. Since signing his first contract with Warner Brothers in 1977, at the age of 18, Prince has released 39 studio albums, five soundtracks, four live albums, five compilation albums, seventeen video albums and twelve extended plays. He penned hit singles for artists such as Cyndi Lauper, The Bangles, Vanity, Apol-Ionia, Morris Day and The Time, Stevie Nicks, Sheila E., Chaka Khan, Madonna, Sheena Easton and Sinead O'Connor. Everyone wanted a piece of Prince, and most

Like David Bowie and other godlike musical entities, Prince never failed to deliver a body of work that delivered a continuous metamorphosis of his musical craft, from one album to the next. Even after deal-

of the previous list, got the full-

service treatment from the Purple

one...if you know what I mean.

ing with legal issues concerning the use of his own name, Prince recrafted and relabeled himself as a symbol, which represented love.

Prince has had an effect on all of us. Whether you realize it or not, he's been there for you—at a special time in your life when you needed him. You should probably thank him, because he helped get you off. He was one of the beautiful ones. I could sit



here and do another two paragraphs of working his song titles into erotic puns, but I won't. He was a master of his craft, and music just lost another true artist, in a very bad year to be a rock n'roll legend. Hopefully, this will be the last—we've had enough loss 2016. Please stop reminding us that all we're going to have left, will be the Weeknd and Lana Del Ray. Is anyone going to cry at Kanye's funeral?

Perhaps, we can sacrifice Limp Bizkit, Nickleback and Kid Rock to the dark lord, so that we can hang onto the true artists, that fill our hearts and minds with music to live by. In the first five hours after the announcement of Prince's death, there were 61 million Prince-related interactions reported by Twitter and Facebook, while cities across the globe held tributes and vigils by bathing buildings, monuments and bridges in purple light.

Back in 1985, they used to show Purple Rain for \$2 on the midnight movies at the old, rundown theater near the mall. That place might of well have been a porn theater, with all the ghost babies I planted there. To this day, I can't even listen to a Prince song, without thinking of sex. He's up in the heavens, servicing Aphrodite while Eros is tickling his ass.

This title of Exotic's longest-running column shall remain as it once was, Erotic City. It was never broken and didn't need to be fixed. I was the broken one, but I've still got a column or two left in me, until then. But, that's another story for another day. Meanwhile, be it heaven, hell or somewhere in between, they have one hell of a band in the afterlife. Cue the crying doves.

John Voge







Eroficcity dub zone BY RAY MCMILLIN

ROCK HARD PDX

I spoke with a head 'rocker-in-charge' (management) who describes Rock Hard PDX as an "adult strip mall" (pun most likely intentional). Folks of legal age can enjoy a live rock concert, eat an excellent dinner and, if choosing to venture into the secondary venue, can still watch a naked girl swing around a pole. While not yet equipped with a topless frozen yogurt stand or kiosks that sell prepaid cellular phones, visitors to Rock Hard PDX will appreciate the "strip mall" approach that new ownership has used to revamp a previously-neglected location.

Although a lot of strip clubs that claim to have a "rock format" are simply trying to say "no rap music" without sounding racist, Rock Hard PDX actually means what they say, when they say that they bring rock n' roll to the speakers and stage. With acts like Tracii Guns of L.A. Guns (performing May 13th) gracing the stage, Rock Hard PDX fills their daytime hours with the hits we've all grown to love—from AC/DC to ZZ Top, with newer bands (only the good stuff) thrown in for good measure. Plus, it sounds good, thanks to a stacked sound system that rivals the best venues in town. There's nothing like hearing Mötley Crüe the way it was meant to sound—loud as hell and close to boobs.

If you're looking for the same mozza-rella sticks found elsewhere around strip city, go elsewhere. Everything on the Rock Hard PDX menu, whether a chicken fettuccine entree or a finger food appetizer, is made from scratch (meaning that it doesn't come from a frozen box dropped off by UPS). Hundreds of liquor varieties adorn the bar, which, shockingly enough (considering that it's in Portland), features bartenders who will stop what they're doing to take drink orders from customers. I've been frequent-

ing the same Portland coffee cart for ten years and they still fuck up my drink, so it's really cool to know that not every spot in town hires directly from the unemployment office. I ordered a few pints of various I.P.A.s a few months back from Eco at Rock Hard PDX, returned last week and she had remembered what I drank, going as far as to remind me which specific brand I had liked.

In addition to live music on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, Rock Hard PDX features comedy on Tuesday nights, as well as karaoke every Sunday and Monday. Having performed stand-up at the venue myself, I'm confident relaying the heads-up to other area performers—Rock Hard PDX is a better crowd, with a better host (Jamie Stewart), than most other non-mainstream comedy spots in the area. Doing comedy in a strip club may sound like a nightmare (even though stand-up started in burlesque joints, see last month's Exotic), but at Rock Hard, the strip club is annexed away from the comedy stage. If it weren't for the muffled sounds of Rob Zombie echoing through the floor, comedians (and audience members) would have no idea that there is a performer showing off more than jokes in the other room.

Considering the "this is not just a strip club and the strippers are kept in the back" pitch taken to this review so far, it is worth mentioning that the dancers featured at Rock Hard PDX are of a higher caliber than one would expect, especially considering the location. The venue has taken steps to eliminate any dancers who engage in "extra-curricular activities" (water polo is a huge problem in East Portland), filling their ads with headshots, not mugshots. The annexed strip club portion of the building has a separate entrance, and hypothetically, if comedy, music and karaoke offend you, but you find naked women to be comforting, Rock Hard PDX can meet your entertainment needs. The DJs at this spot are strip club vets and you're not gonna see a girl on stage who isn't qualified to be there (unless we're talking about my friend Carrie, who thinks she can sing Pat Benatar at karaoke, but ends up sounding like a dying Stevie Nicks whenever she tries to sing "Heartbreaker"). Security at Rock Hard PDX is also a notch up from the building's previously unattended state, and although ever-present in form, the club's security guards are just as cool as the rest of the staff.

I'm a pretty hard-to-please dude. Getting me to drive halfway to Gresham, for anything other than traffic court, is next to impossible. However, I proudly look forward to my next visit to Rock Hard PDX and it's a welcoming feeling, knowing that I'm probably gonna be the sketchiest person on the block when I arrive. Visit Rock Hard PDX on the corner of SE 136th and Powell in Portland, OR.















ASS THROUGHOUT THE AGES

Before I start my sermon, can you do me a favor? Say Maynal. Say it out loud. Maynal. May. Anal. Maynal. That's a dirty-Frankenstein portmanteau that doesn't want to be alive. Yet, here we are, it's May and we're talkin' about anal like we don't do it all the time anyway. Anal sex, that is. Ass fucking. Digging in the dirt pit. Getting your hole gophered. Snaking the drain. People have been taking it up the booty since time immemorial. But, WHO EXACTLY is taking it up the ass and where is their phone number listed? I'm going to give you guys a guick who's who in the world of ass fucking and I won't even talk about Catholic priests. Because who wants to beat an old, dead, they're-still-getting-away-with-it

After doing some research, I found out that I myself, have been butt-diddled. Just goes to show, it can happen in your own backyard. In fact, if you were placing bets that I've had it in my ass more frequently than I've had it in my girl hole, you might possibly be correct.* Vaginas can be mysterious. When I first began to develop a need to stick things in holes, I felt safer and more comfortable putting things up my ass than in my pussy. Prior to that, masturbation was a lot of furious rubbing. Simple and to the point. The anal orgasm was a new level for me, though. It was deeper. It showed me that you can completely change your sexual experience by stimulating "unconventional" parts of your body. And thus, a freak was born. I won't bore you with the extremely fascinating list of things I've put up my ass, but let's just say I'm embarrassed to release it to the general public—if you know what I mean.

I got a colonoscopy from a very hot Welsh doctor a while back. Prior to the procedure, we were in his office discussing my health history. He was trying to convince me to guit smoking cigarettes, and his expert advice was to "have a long island ice tea" every time I wanted to smoke. In hindsight, his medical advice and his office-van were a little suspect. But, not many doctors insist that you call them by their nickname, "Doctor Gapin' Gabe," certified jizzician, which I thought was neat. He stressed that the quotations were legally necessary to obtain his medical degree. At any rate, I was feeling flirty and told him, "Hey buddy, you're gonna stick this thing up my b-spot without so much as a bouquet of flowers? How about you buy ME the drink, huh?" just as sassy as you please. Anesthesia can make you loopy and when I came to, I started babbling real loud to anyone within earshot, about where's that long island iced tea he promised me and what kind of doctor performs his colonoscopies on a futon, anyway. What an embarrassing faux pas! I guess we both got buggered on that one, since I didn't get my drink and he left in such a hurry. He never billed my insurance or contacted me again.

Who else is getting fucked in the ass? Lots of folks! Most recently, Kanye West was outed for being a #fingersinthebootyassbitch by exgirlfriend Amber Rose, an extremely untalented spokesperson for sex positivity. Rather than taking the opportunity to set a butt-positive precedent in hip hop, Kanye spinelessly denied that he does that sort of thing, adding that he,

in fact, does not even own an anus and isn't sure what they're even for. Apropos of nothing, Kanye then professed rape comic Bill Cosby's innocence, we all

promptly forgot how ashamed a full-grown man was of the consensual sex he likes—and reality got a little bit more meaningless for people everywhere.

F I N G E

BOOTY

Here's some history about cavemen-Homo sapiens and Neanderthals interbred! But, only one of the two are still in existence. Which ones? We're not sure, but scientists suspect it's us, based on evidence that we're alive. Why

come? Well, it's this author's opinion, based on a cool porno idea I had, that the practice of anal sex in interbreeding, kept Neanderthals from continuing their species into the present day. Homo sapiens as a species, excel at taking it in the ass when we need to. Now, here we are, having taken many a stone-age nut and we've come out on top. You could say anal is the defining trait of our humanity. I wouldn't say it in front of people who have been to college, but you could say it to a hesitant sexual partner and see where that gets you, maybe.

You know that song Pour Some Sugar On Me by Def Leppard? Remember? You saw a drunk girl dance too confidently to it at a party way more than one time...remember, how it seduced 0% of the people she thought it would? Anyway, there's a lyric toward the end that goes, "Do you take sugar, one lump or 2?" I think it's pretty obvious that the lyric is a cheeky way of asking a woman if she wants to be DP'd. Double Penetrated. If you didn't already know what that means, then you're part of the problem. Put this article down and go watch some porn, dweeb. It's one in the front pussy, one in the back pussy. Whose back pussy? That's right, the girl at the bar. You don't have to be seductive to get double pronged—lucky for a lot of us. You just have to convince your boyfriend he's gay if he DOESN'T fuck you with another

With an eye toward the future, I would like to direct your attention toward recipients of severe anal boning to come. Keep an eye out, to see the following honorable mentions get fucked in the ass: confident straight men, hella sex robots, future adults (aka today's children), human survival in a crumbling global society that struggles to navigate climate change and

depletion of resources (aka today's children), and last but not least, a starfish punching that transcends all time and space. Partaken in by the whole of humanity, a sodomy that will continue long after the

universe implodes and the stars cease to create new life, is the unfathomable, labrynth-like dick pit known as Your Mother.

XOXO. Wednesday

*studies have been inconclusive

horse?



STRIP CLUBS AGROPOLIS 1 FOOD LOTTERY 8325 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 231-9611 Daily 10:30am-2:30am BOOM BOOM ROOM 4 FOOD LOTTERY 8345 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 244-7630 Daily 2pm-2am BOTTOMS UP! 5 FOOD COTTENY 16900 NW St. Helens Rd | (503) 621-9844 Daily 12pm-2:30am CABARET 7 FOOD LOTTERY 17544 SE Stark St | (503) 252-3529 Daily 2pm-2:30am CASA DIABLO 46 FOOD LOTTERY 2839 NW St. Helens Rd | (503) 222-6600 Daily 11am-2:30am CLUB 205 56 FOOD LOTTERY 9939 SE Stark St | (503) 256-0527 Daily 11am-2:30am GLUB PLAYPEN 30 FOOD LOTTERY 6210 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 281-3212 Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am CLUB ROUGE 48 FOOD DITENY 403 SW Stark St | (503) 227-3936 Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am **Club Sinrock** 23 FOOD 12035 NE Glisan St | (5031011111) 332 Daily 2pm-2:30am DANCIN' BARE 11 FOOD LOTTERY DAVILS POINT 12 [000] LOTTERY 5305 SE Foster Rd | (503) 774-4513 Daily 11:30am-2am DUSK TIL DAWN: CASA DIABLO II 80 FOOD 8845 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 222-6610 Open Daily 17 FOOD LOTTERY 5021 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 788-7178 3532 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 232-9516 Daily 2pm-2:30am HEAT GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 57 FOOD LOTTERY 12131 SE Holgate Blvd | (503) 762-2857 Daily 10:30am-2:30am JAG'S CLUHOUSE 32 F00D 605 N Columbia Blvd | (503) 289-1351 Daily 11am-2am KING'S 15 FOOD LOTTERY 13550 SE Powell Blvd | (971) 703-4248 Daily 1pm-2:30am KIT KAT CLUB 69 FOOD 231 SW Ankeny St | (503) 208-3229 Daily 5pm-2:30am LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE 47 FOOD LOTTERY 633 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 206-7350 Daily 11am-2:30am **LURE EXOTIC LOUNGE** 2 FOOD LOTTERY 11051 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 244-3320 Daily 4pm-2:30am MARY'S CLUB 25 FOOD LOTTERY 129 SW Broadway | (503) 227-3023 Daily 11:30am-2:30am **MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 52 FOOD LOTTERY** 9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523 Daily 9am-2:30am NICOLAI ST. CLUBHOUSE 27 F00D 2460 NW 24th Ave | (503) 227-5384 Mon-Fri 9am-2:30am, Sat 11am-2:30am

PIRATE'S GOVE 29 FOOD LOTTERY 7417 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 287-8900 Daily 2pm-2:30am PITIFUL PRINCESS 60 FOOD 12646 SE Division St | (503) 954-1019 Daily 9am-2:30am
RIVERSIDE CORRAL 31 FOOD | NUMBER | 1 | NUM Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-2:30am ROSE CITY STRIP 10 F001 3620 SE 35th PI (503) 760-8128 Daily 3pm-2:30am THE RUNWAY GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 55 F000 1735 SE Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 640-4086 Daily 7am-2:30am Daily 7am-2:30am

SAFÁRI SHOWCLUB

38 F000 LOTTENY

3000 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 231-9199

Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am

SHIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

40 F000 LOTTENY

Mon-Sat 9:30am-2:30am, Sun 10am-2:30am

SKINN GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

21 F000 LOTTENY 4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771 **SPEARMINT RHINO** 65 FOOD LOTTERY 15826 SE Division St | (503) 894-9219 4pm-2:30am Daily

SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

49 F000 LOTTERY

33 NW 2nd Ave | (503) 243-4646

Sun-Thu 6pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am STARS CABARET BEAVERTON 36 FOOD 4570 SW Lombard Ave | (503) 350-0868 45/U SW LOMDGIA AVE (1503) 300-0806 Mon-Sat 11am-2:00am, Sun 4pm-2am STARS CABARET BRIDGEPORT 50 F001 17939 SW McEwan Rd | (503) 726-2403 Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 4pm-2am THE SUNSET STRIP 37 F001 10205 SW Park Way | (503) 297-8466 Mon-Fri 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 5pm 2:30am Sun 5pm-2:30am

UNION IACKS 13 1000

938 E Burnside St | (503) 236-1125

Mon-Thu 4pm-2:30am, Fri-Sun 3pm-2:30am

TOMMYS 100 10335 SE Foster Rd | (503) 432-8238 Daily 10am-2:30am WHISPERS 67 6218 NE Columbia Blvd Daily 11am-3am

XPOSE 70 FOOD LOTTERY 10140 SW Canyon Rd | (503) 430-5364 Daily 3pm-2:30am

EVERYTHING ELSE 9220 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 224-1604 Mon-Thu 11am-9pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm, Sun 12pm-6pm
ADULT VIDEO ONLY 102 Vancouver: 10620 NE 4th Plain Rd | (360) 891-3988 Mon-Tue 12pm-10pm, Wed-Sat 12pm-12am, Sun 12pm-8pm ALL ADULT VIDEO 103 14555 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 652-2004 Daily 24 hours CHAIR FAMILY BOOKSTORE 105 3205 SE Milwaukie Ave | (503) 501-0243 Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat 11am-4pm B.A. VIDEO 122 B.A. VIURU 1727 7964 SE Foster Rd | (503) 477-5446 Mon-Fri 11am-7pm, Sat 11am-5pm CATALYST: A SEX POSITIVE PLACE 171 5224 SE Foster Rd | (503) 726-9930 Hours vary by events 8201 SE Powell Blvd #H | (503) 771-9979 Daily 9am-12am CLUB FANTASY 158 1232 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 445-6688 Daily 24 hours EXOTIC NIGHTS BOOKS 114 5620 NE MLK Blvd | (503) 493-3944 Mon-Fri 12pm-11pm, Sat 5pm-12am Live Models: Mon-Sat 12pm-11pm FANTASYLAND (2) 116 5228 SE Foster Rd (503) 775-0094 Daily 24 hours 16014 SE 82nd Dr (503) 655-4667 Daily 24 hours FAT COBRA VIDEO 118 5940 N Interstate Ave | (503) 247-DICK (3425) Mon-Fri 6am-3am, Sat-Sun 24 hours FROLICS 120 8845 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 408-0958 Daily 24 Hours HEAD EAST 164 13250 SE Division St | (503) 761-3777 Sun-Thu 10am-9pm, Fri-Sat 10am-10pm HOT BOX 157 4589 SW Watson Ave | (503) 574-4057 Mon-Sat 11am-10pm, Sun 11am-9pm HUNNIES 148 3520 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 254-4226 Daily 24 hours LIBERATED WORLD 123 10660 SE Division St | (503) 257-6881 MR. PEEP'S / MR. PEEP'S TOO (2) 162 13355 SW Henry St | (503) 643-6645 20625 SW TV Hwy, Aloha OR | (503) 356-5624 NAUGHTY KINK 142 909 SW Gaines St | www.NaughtyKink.com Daily 8am-11pm
OREGON THEATER 127 3530 SE Division St | (503) 232-7469 Daily from 12pm
PARADISE VIDEO 128 14712 SE Stark St | (503) 255-9414 Daily 24 hours PARÍS THEATRE 129 6 SW 3rd Ave | (503) 295-7808 Mon-Thu 11am-12am, Fri-Sun 24 hours PASSIONATE DREAMS 130 6644 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 775-6665 Daily 10am-4am PEEP HOLE 131 709 SE 122nd Ave | (503) 257-8617 Daily 24 hours

3414 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 384-2794 5226 SE Foster Rd | (971) 255-0133 10813 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-5874 Daily 24 hours **SEDUCTIONS** 170 5321 SE Foster Rd | (503) 719-5046 Daily 24 hours **SHEENA'S G SPOT** 137 8315 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 972-1111 Daily 24 hours
SILVER SPOON 139 8521 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 245-0489 Mon-Sat 10am-7pm, Sun 12pm-5pm SPARTAGUS LEATHERS 141 300 SW 12th Ave | (503) 224-2604 Mon-Thurs 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am, Sun 12pm-9pm

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8226 NE Fremont St | (503) 568-4090 Daily 24 hours
TABOO VIDEO (4) 144 Downtown: 311 NW Broadway | (503) 227-3443
Portland: 237 SE MLK Blvd | (503) 239-1678
Portland: 2330 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 777-6033
Vancouver: 4811 NE 94th Ave | (360) 254-1126 Daily 24 hours
TORCHED ILLUSIONS 149 17935 SW Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 259-2310 Daily 6am-2am
TORCHED ILLUSIONS II 169 133 SE 3rd Ave | (503) 547-8777
Daily 9am-9pm
THE RED DOOR 172 314 W Burnside St, Suite 300 Daily 24 hours THE VELVET ROPE 101 3533 SE César E Chávez Ave | (971) 271-7064 Thu 8pm-2am, Fri-Sat 8:30pm-4am, Sun 8pm-2am X-OTIC TAN 147 8431 SE Division St | (503) 257-0622 Daily 24 hours DISPENSARIES 110 SE Main St Ste C | (503) 477-4261 Daily 10am-8pm 9663 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-7462 Daily 10am-8pm

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3350 NE Sandy Blvd | (971) 703-4777

NECTAR - 122ND AVE

C 1019 NE 122nd Ave (971) 279-2512 Daily 10am-11pm
NECTAR - MISSISSIPPI

D 4125 N Mississippi | (503) 206-4818 Daily 10am-11pm
NECTAR - SW PORTLAND 10931 SW 53rd Avenue | (503) 477-8800 Daily 10am-11pm



231 SW ANKENY ST 503-208-3229



10140 SW CANYON RD 503-430-5364



33 NW 2ND ST 503-243-4646

1735 SE TUALATIN VALLEY HWY

503-640-4086

55



9950 SE STARK ST 503-477-9523



12035 NE GLISAN ST



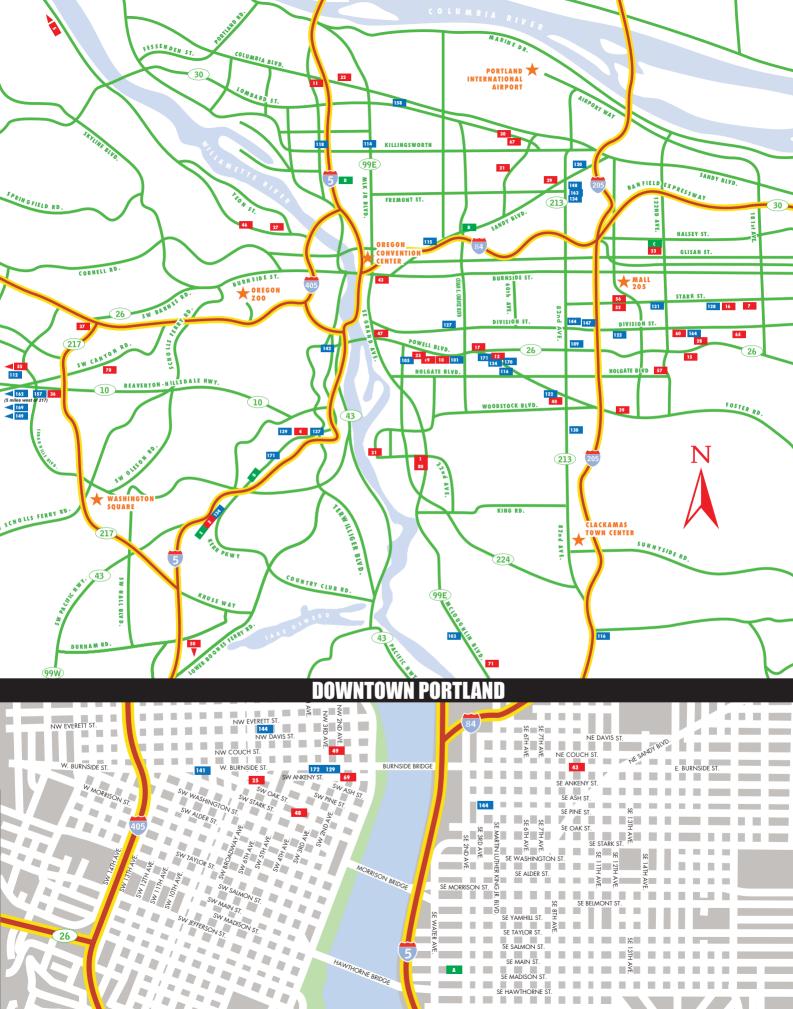
3620 SE 35TH PL



2839 NW ST HELENS RD 503-222-6600



BEAVERTON - 4570 SW LOMBARD AVE - 503-350-0868 BRIDGEPORT - 17939 SW MCEWAN RD - 503-726-2403



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2897 Marine Dr / (503) 325-2746 Beer & Wine, 1 Stage Tue-Sat 5pm-2:30am

END

IMAGINE THAT

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3570 W 11th Ave / (541) 988-9226 Essentials For Lovers Sun-Thu 11am-11pm, Fri-Sat 11am-1am

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Mon-Sat 12pm-2am, Sun 3pm-12am SILVER DOLLAR CLUB

2620 W 10th PI / (541) 485-2303 Full Bar, Food, 3 Stages Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

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LAST CHANCE SALON

7650 Checkerboard Ct / (503) 792-5100 Full Bar, Lottery, 1 Stage 12pm-2:30am Daily

KLAMATH

5711 S 6th St / (541) 882-0145 1Stage, Private Dances, Full Bar, Lottery 3pm-2:30am / 7 Days

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2159 NW Highway 101, Suite C (541) 996-6600

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2755 S Pacific Hwy / (541) 770-5493 Videos, Magazines, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie Mon-Fri 9am-7pm, Sat 10am-5pm

CASTLE MEGASTORE

1601 N Riverside Ave / (541) 608-9540 Essentials For Lovers Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm

1 S Riverside Ave / (541) 772-4079 Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottéry Mon-Fri 12pm-2am, Sat-Sun 2pm-2am

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FILLED WITH FUN

2498 Old Highway 99E S / (541) 957-3741 Novelties, Videos, Arcade, Toys, Magazines Mon-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri 10am-12am, Sat 11am-12am, Sun 12pm-9pm

4635 Commercial St SE / (503) 763-6020 Lingerie, Clothing, Books, Gifts, Novelties Mon-Thu 12pm-10pm, Fri-Sat 12pm-11pm, Sun 12pm-6pm

3815 State St / (503) 363-3846 Adult Books, Videos, 63 Ch. Arcade and Mini-Theater

9am-2am / 7 Days CHEETAHS XXX CABARET & MODELING

3453 Silverton Rd NE / (503) 316-6969 18+ Juice Bar, Full Menu Tue-Thu 6pm-2am, Fri-Sat 6pm-5am, Sun 7pm-2am Modeling 24 Hours / 7 Days

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2pm-2am / 7 Days THE FIREHOUSE CARARET

5782 Portland Rd NE / (503) 393-4782 Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery Mon-Sat 12pm-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am PRESLEY'S PLAYHOU

3803 Commercial St SE / (503) 371-1565 Full Bar, Full Menu, Light-Up Dance Floor And Pole

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3815 State St / (971) 304-7082 Lingerie Modeling 24 Hours / 7 Days

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1166 South A St / (541) 726-6969 Videos, Mags, Clothes, Novelties, Arcade 24 Hours / 7 Days

SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 1195 Main St / (541) 741-0402 Full Bar, Full Menu, 4 Stages Sun-Thu 7pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am

1206 6th St / (509) 942-8067 18+ Juice Bar, 1 Stage Thu-Sun 8pm-3am

1501-6th St / (541) 922-4112 2 Stages, Full Bar, Lottery, Full Menu, Closed Mon, Tue-Thu 4pm-2:30am, Fri 11am-2:30am, Sat-Sun 12pm-2:30am Adult Entertainment: 6pm-2am

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2109 Auburn Way N Suite G / (253) 839-2675 Lingerie & Women-Friendly Adult Novelties Mon-Fri 11am-11pm, Sat 12pm-11pm,

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DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade Mon-Sat 8am-2am, Sun 10am-10pm

321 N Callow Ave / (360) 479-0111 Videos, Magazines, Books Mon-Sat 11am-1am, Sun 11am-12am

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AIRPORT VIDEO 2

21635 Pacific Highway S / (206) 878-7780 Theatre, Arcade, Video Peep Shows, Movies, Novelties & Toys 10am-2am / 7 Days

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522 N Columbia Center Blvd / (509) 374-8276 Essentials For Lovers Sun-Thu 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-1am

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3922 100th St SW / (253) 582-3329 DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade Mon-Sat 8am-2am, Sun 10am-10pm

3710 100th St SW / (253) 581-0362 Videos, Magazines, Books, Arcade Sun-Thu 8am-12am, Fri-Sat 8am-1am

LYNNWOO

15329 Highway 99 / (425) 742-7747 Videos, Magazines, Arcade, Novelties, Toys 9am-1am / 7 Days

LOVERS LAIR

4001 198th St SW #7 / (425) 775-4502 DVDs, Novelties, Lingerie, Únique BDSM Supplies Mon-Sat 10am-10pm, Sun 12pm-6pm

ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO

3724 N Rainier Ave / (509) 547-5341 DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade Mon-Sat 9am-12am, Sun 10am-10pm

208 SW 16th St / (425) 255-3110 18+ Gentlemen's Club, 1 Stage, ATM Mon-Fri 2pm-2am, Sat-Sun 6pm-2am

CASTIF MEGASTORI

1017 F Pike St / (206) 204-0126 Essentials For Lovers Sun-Thu 11am-11pm, Fri-Sat 11am-2am

DANCING BARE

10338 Aurora Ave N / (206) 523-1227 18+, 1 Stage, VIP Area, ATM, DVDs, Toys, Novelties 11am-2:30am / 7 Days

HOLLYWOOD EROTIC BOUTIQUE 12706 Lake City Way NE / (206) 363-0056 DVDs, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie, Theater 24 Hours / 7 Days

PASTV'S

5220 Roosevelt Way NE / (206) 526-5653 18+ Gentlemen's Club. Full Bar. Full Menu. 1 Stage, ATM Tue-Sat 9pm-2:30am

SANDS SHOWGIRLS

7509 15th Ave NW / (206) 782-1225 18+ Gentlemen's Club (No Cover), Pool, ATM 12pm-2:30am / 7 Days

TABOO VIDEO

9813 16th Ave SW / (206) 767-4855 DVDs, Novelties, Arcade, Theater, Best Prices

8am-12am / 7 Days

THE FANTASY SHOP 9630 16th Ave SW / (206) 762-3299 Video Sales/Rentals, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Lotions, Games, DVDs

10am-11pm / 7 Days

10326 Lake City Way NE / (206) 523-5973 DVDs, Magazines, Books, Toys, Novelties, Theater

10am-3am / 7 Days

YOUR CHOICE VIDEO 9811 16th Ave SW / (206) 768-0711 DVDs, Novelties, Arcade 10am-12am / 7 Days

SHORELIN

RONNA'S VIDEO

19540 Aurora Ave N / (206) 542-1044 Videos, Magazine, Arcade, Novelties, Toys Open Sun-Thu 9am-12am, Fri-Sat 9am-1am

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2789 NW Randall Way / (360) 308-0779 Essentials For Lovers Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm

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HOLLYWOOD EROTIC BOUTIQU

3813 N Division St / (509) 324-8961 DVDs, Toys, Noveltiès, Lingerie Mon-Thu 9am-12am, Fri-Sat 9am-2am & Sun 12pm-10pm

SPOKANE

CASTLE MEGASTORE

11324 E Sprague Ave / (509) 893-1180 Essentials For Lovers Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-1am

HOLLYWOOD EROTIC BOUTIOUE

9611 E Sprague Ave / (509) 928-9499 DVDs, Toys, Novelties, Lingerie, Theater 24 Hours / 7 Days

6015 Tacoma Mall Blvd / (253) 471-0391 Essentials For Lovers

10am-1am / 7 Days ELMO'S ADULT BOOKS & VIDEO

5440 South Tacoma Way / (253) 474-9871 DVDs, Books, Magazines, Novelties & Arcade Mon-Sat 8am-2am, Sun 10am-10pm

CASTLE MEGASTOR

235 Strander Blvd / (206) 575-7575 Essentials For Lovers Sun-Thu 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-12am









STOP CALLING ME "BOOTY" COLLINS: AN OPEN LETTER TO GEORGE CLINTON

by William Earl "Bootsy" Collins

Come on, George. It was a mistake in 1993 that was kind of cute once, (because we were on the set of "PCU" and it made Jeremy Piven laugh), but it's devolved from innocent taunting, to disrespect, to just plain mean. You know my name's not "Booty." Just stop it. It's been 23 years. I love you, man. We're brothers. We've been through a lot. Like the time you talked me down off the moon, after I got into the funk a little too hard and blasted off. Or.

when I rescued you from all 13 of your renegade ninja brides. We have each other's backs, on and off the stage. I just have to be real with you. You're hurting Bootsy's feelings, baby! I admit that, once, I thought it was funny. Especially since I am usually, quite literally, neck deep in some booty. I love it. I yearn for it, live for it. It is my "raison d'etre." My reason to be Bootsy. You're just tearing Bootsy apart, baby. Look, I know you're the King of Funk. I would never try to dethrone you. You don't have to put Bootsy down! I am your trustworthy knight! Riding into battle with my bass as my steed, felling all the pussy in the land.

George, I actually just stopped writing this for a solid minute and a half, to belt out a funky slap bass solo! Ode to you, baby! That's how much you move me! That's why you have to stop calling me "Booty." Sure, we all laugh when you say it. Every time. Because you're our leader, and also, you're super sensitive. That's why I don't even feel comfortable addressing this with you in person. So, I'm telling you now, in print: Your terrible sense of humor is going to ruin relationships, George Clinton! It already has! Need I remind you of a certain supermodel that you loved in the 90s? One that got pushed away, because you could not stop making fun of a certain beauty mark? I hate to go there. I'm sorry for bringing it up. I'm just telling you, it has to stop. Not for me, baby—for you! No more "Come check out this episode of 30 Rock, Booty!" or "I'm taking this last slice of pizza, Booty." And, certainly no more, "Guess they ran out of room in first class again, Booty!" I know you're just messing around, but it's not clever. It's not funny, and that's not my funk-loving name!



I really do not know where this harbored resentment came from. Is it revenge for when we were in Spain and I called you Jorge? I thought I was just having fun and getting into the spirit, baby! I certainly did not mean for you to take offense. Jorge is just Spanish for George! I know! I asked! I have a feeling that's what it is, so I'll be waiting for you to step forward and admit it, then I'll apologize and we can move on with our lives! I don't want this to ruin our friendship. I think we still have like, three or four reunion tours left in us, so why don't we just put this behind us. Stop calling me "Booty," man. It's ridiculous. You're acting like a child. I'm a grown man named Bootsy and you know

it. It's a power thing, I think. You want to keep me down, put me in my place. I'm just the bassist, is that it? Look, I never even wanted to play bass! I was just trying to piece my life back together, after my time as a vigilante cost me everything. I can't help being the way that I am. I've killed people with the funk, George! Sure, they were terrible men, they deserved to die, but I killed them with the funk! I didn't understand how to control it. You hand-

ed me the bass guitar and you gave me a new life! A fresh chance! You taught me how to harness it and use the funk for good! You gave me everything I've ever wanted and more! I owe you, George. Owe you my life, but, I can't take this abuse. I have to be my own man. I have to stand up for myself.

I don't know, maybe I'm the one that's wrong. Maybe, to you, it's just an endearing nickname. I guess we've never really talked this through before. If that's the case, I guess I owe you an apology for overreacting. I just care about you and I need you to know that this has been having an adverse effect

on me for some time. This isn't something I can forget about, like the time you landed the mothership on my foot. This isn't something that will go away, like that little problem we had in Panama. This is us, baby. This is P-Funk. This is forever, but only if you take the first step. Just pick up the phone and call old Bootsy. No bullshit. Even if you have me in your contacts as "Booty," it doesn't matter. You can edit my name in contact preferences. I love you, George. Let's let bygones be bygones and create sweet, sweet, ass-shaking, earthquaking, pussy-dripping funk. Bootsy out.



Anal play is a touchy subject. In a society with a strong love/hate relationship with sexuality in general, anal sex pushes real buttons. With all this ass tension, how do we move from scared to curious, to relaxed and gaping?

The scariest part of anal play, may very well be talking to your lover about it. In my practice, the most relevant and revealing question about a person's problem is usually, "Have you tried talking to your partner?"

But if you're eager to try it and you haven't had the conversation, don't ask for it out of the blue. Just like asking, "Hey baby, wanna suck my cock?" will go over much better if you've been making out for ten minutes, than if you approach a stranger at a bar. You are more likely to be rejected, if you ask a person to open up the most fragile part of themselves when they're cleaning up your literal shit in the bathroom. Start by taking a sexy shower together and exploring their body. If they jump when you brush through their ass crack, talk about it. Starting with, "I want to pleasure you," is usually a good idea.

Now, in my experience, and according to research, (Read the book *A Billion Wicked Thoughts)*, more people want to be anally penetrated, than those who are looking to anally penetrate. Here's why: it feels awesome (which you know because pooping is practically the most pleasurable part of your day) and it's super relaxing. Anal penetration stimulates the Vagus nerve, which turns off adrenaline production and turns on sleepiness (expect to fall asleep after an anal massage). Furthermore, the prostate is most easily reached through the anus (for penis-people; for vagina-people, the prostate [aka G-spot] can be reached through anal or vaginal stimulation). The prostate creates cum-juice. Push it and you'll leak—but, in a fun way.

So, I'm going to assume that when you read any "How To Anal" article, you're reading it with the hope that somebody's going to touch your ass gently, maybe even lick it, and can you imagine, if the stars align, maybe even put something long and hard inside you. So, here's my tip for receiving anal play—give some first. And, here's how to do it right:

1) Set the mood. Clean your house, so there will be no distractions. Make sure it's warm enough to re-

lax naked. Light some scented candles—nothing interrupts anal play like the wafting smell of cat shit in the litter box.

2) Don't go straight for the butt—start with a full-body massage and move progressively closer. The asshole does not exist in a vacuum! Use coconut oil—that shit's good for everything. Just make sure if you're going to put some in somebody's ass, you don't put that jar back in the kitchen.

3) Get consent, give consent. Consent is often misunderstood to mean you have to ask "Can I {blank} you?" every step of the way. Not only is this redundant, but it can also wreck the mood and make people nervous. There are other ways to show your partner you care about what they want. "Do you like this as much as I do right now?" or "Is there any-



thing I can do to make you more comfortable?" are sexy ways to make sure your partner is engaged.

4) Listen to their body. With connected movements, make your way closer to their ass. If their body relaxes or they moan with pleasure, keep going. If they tense up or stay completely silent, they aren't having a good time. The only real goal is to have fun touching each other and as long as it's fun, explore anal. If a person isn't ready in mind or body, anal sex won't be fun and you're unlikely to be invited back.

5) Wear nitrile gloves. They'll make your fingers smoother and it's less likely to spread infection. And, this way you can pretend you're a doctor doing something naughty.

6) If you think you're moving too slow, move even slower. Graze their hole, push on it with a wide

touch, so there's no risk of entry, and then move away. Keep massaging their ass. Make their hole hungry for your touch—pleasure your partner until their body begs you for more.

7) Switch things up. Try different strokes: a hypnotist's swirl, a mischievous villain's finger roll, a dismissive hand flip. Vary your intensity—ticklishly light or physical therapy firm. Use different speeds—slow and slower. All the while, ask your partner for sexy consent..."Which is better? Does this make you want more?"

8) Wait until their asshole tells you it's time to penetrate. When done right, anal massage transitions from external to internal when an asshole opens up and swallows your finger. Unless it's grasping at your fingers like an alien barnacle monster or your partner is begging for it, hold off on penetration. You'll see what I mean. If you have to push or pull to get inside, you're doing it wrong—slow down.

9) Stretch the sphincter slowly and gently. By now you've spent the approximate length of one Marvin Gaye album in anal massage and your partner's baby-barnacle-alien-monster is sucking on your finger. Once inside, cautiously feel around the ass and notice there are two rings of muscles sucking on you. Some people won't feel inner play as well as outer play, so be sure to check in, as always. You can stimulate both inside and outside at once, it's called multitasking and frankly I think more people need to realize this during all types of sex. With plenty more coconut oil along the way, gently press and stretch outward in a circular motion.

10) Continue as long as it feels good. If your partner falls asleep, consent is revoked.

DO NOT ask for an anal massage immediately after giving one. Instead, soak up the praise and admiration of your partner, who is impressed with your new skill. Let them relax. Later, when they're not expecting it, clean the house first and then hand them this article.

Dr. Helen Shepard is a clinical sexologist with a practice in Eugene. She'd be happy to talk more about the medical benefits of anal penetration and can be reached at EugeneSexology@gmail.com

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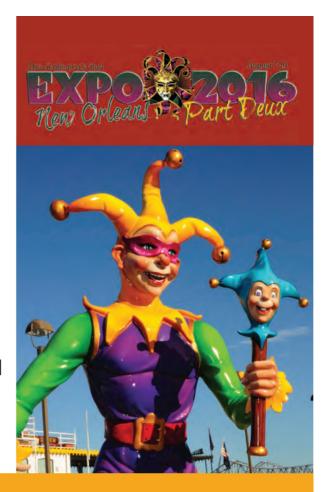
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Terrible Memories

growing up gringo

By Josh The Terrible

I grew up in a Hispanic neighborhood, where my brother and I were the only two white kids. I wouldn't understand or fully appreciate the childhood exposure I had to Mexican culture until I was older. I'll never forget the generosity of our neighbors, who would frequently bring us handmade tamales and invite us to their backyard birthday parties. It was a friendly neighborhood, although a low-income one.

Race didn't mean anything to us then, though. We were all just kids. We were more concerned about who was going to be the first one to beat Super Mario Brothers 2, than what conclusions we were supposed to draw based on the color of our skin. We weren't concerned with race, or politics, or many of the silly things grownups tend to carry on and on about.

The first time I recall my young child's mind grappling with the difference between races, was when Hildegardo (he insisted we just call him "Ricky") and I were both taking a leak behind the church bushes and I "accidentally" saw his uncircumcised penis. You see, my parents had failed to mention that they had VOLUN-TARILY CHOSEN TO CUT OFF PART OF MY DICK when I was born (and it must have been so traumatizing that I couldn't remember it). And so, through my formative years, I held the belief that the biggest difference between whites and Hispanics was our (comparatively) weird looking weiners.

Oh man, what a fun childhood though. We lived at the end of a deadend street so we could just play in the street all day long. We passed the time with hide-and-go-seek, soc-cer and a game that we invented called Gegg, which used a lopsided ball and combined elements of bowling, kickball and basketball. I remember this one time, when my cousin came over and she rode my bike really fast and then did a "ghost rider," and we all looked on (seem-ingly in slow motion), as Tomás turned around just in time for the bike to hit him in the nuts

at full speed. He doubled over in tears, as we died laughing. 'Cause we were kids. And, kids are assholes.

Another time, after my brother and I were done playing My Little Pony* in the backyard, I noticed that one of my mom's raspberry bushes wasn't doing as well as the others. So, I decided to water it...by peeing on it. I took it upon myself to get up real early, sneak into the backyard, "water" the bush and then sneak back into bed. Well, you may not know this, but pee doesn't work the same as water. The bush was com-pletely dead a week later. And, I've never told anyone. Until now.

Long summer nights were the best. Back then, we could climb up on top of Miguel's house to watch the double features on the drive-in theater screen (i.e. - The Fly, Howard the Duck, Big Trouble in Little China, etc.) which was about a mile away and we could just baaaaarely tune in the sound on our boom

box if we held the antennae just right. We'd sit up there, gorging ourselves on cherries that we had picked from the Rodriguez's bountiful trees. One particular summer evening...I must have eaten at least a hundred of them and just as I was about to pop another juicy, delicious cherry into my mouth, I spotted a tiny worm crawling out of its center. Aaaaack! I threw it off the roof in disgust. And, then a thought occurred to me...fearing what I

already knew to be true, I slowly began slicing open cherry after cherry after cherry...I found a worm in every single one.

Well, I could reminisce about my Spanglish childhood all day. Learning Mexican gang signs and curse words (Chupa mi verga, puto!), baseball bat/piñata mishaps, legends of Chupacabra sightings, digging tunnels in mom's flower beds

to play with our Transformers and Hot Wheels, co's "pet chickens" had actually been roosters that he trained for illegal cockfights.

But anyway, fast forward to age 17-ish. I'm working my second job, which, like the first, I was pretty much the only whitey and spoke more Spanish than English in order to communicate with my co-workers (and the majority of our customers). It was fun working with those guys, but they gave me so much shit! The only really nice person was this tall, Mexican dude named Victor, who worked in the bakery as our cake decorator and who always smiled and winked when he talked to me. Hmm...anyway, they always seemed to think it was funny to steal habañero peppers from the produce department and slip them into my soda when wasn't looking. NOT FUNNY!!!

But, you know what was funny? When the boss bought every employee a scratch-it from

the new lottery game and I won a thousand bucks. Guess who was laughing and counting his pesos all the way out the door? That's right. The fuckin' gringo.



(*by "playing My Little Pony", I do not mean that we were playing

with dolls. No... We would fantasize about being Peach Blossom and Baby Cuddles, prancing about our pretend universe while singing the entire theme song by heart. Which we recorded onto a cassette and played every night as we fell asleep in our space-ship-themed bunk bed and tucked safely under our Star Wars sheets.)



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PORTLAND:

By Ray McMillin

36-24-36? Only if She's in the 503

Trying to figure out why Portland isn't an ass town, may seem a black and white conundrum—quite literally. As the whitest major city in the country, it's unlikely that Sir Mix-A-Lot will be filming a video here anytime soon. However, the dude only lives two hours away, and seeing as how Tacoma was the birthplace of the man who brought "L.A. face and Oakland booty" to the airwaves, Portland has no excuse not to rep the Pacific Northw-ass-t. That pun was a stretch, which brings us to

the first bucket list item on my list of things Portland girls can do to start becoming booty queens.

Exercise

This may seem obvious, but a bangin' bootay requires much more than leg days at the gym. Daily rides to work via fixed-gear bicycle only go so far (literally and figuratively). For those unfamiliar with the city's layout, Portland has what is commonly referred to as a "west side," one that ex-

pands far beyond the reaches of downtown. Miles of forested park exist in a place called, you guessed it, Forest Park. This park may be famous for dead hookers, but since it has no access fees and is located next to downtown, there is no reason not to take ass-vantage of Forest Park's butt-eauty (boo-eauty?). Walking at an incline not only helps the gluteal muscles, but the stream of passersby on bicycles, as well as other joggers/hikers/walkers, will help you gauge whether or not your booty is making any progress, as long as said passersby are well-versed in the Portland cat call ("Hey individual who may or may not identify as a binary gender, your physical attractiveness, while subjective and clearly influenced by mass media standards, clearly warrants verbal recognition..."). On second thought, it may be a better idea to walk the stairs up the Steel Bridge, if you're looking for ass feedback, as it connects to MLK

(the chances of hearing a confirmation of "dat ass" somewhere in the cat calls are exponentially increased). Plus, you can get a nice, fat-filled, greasy plate of something other than kale. Speaking of which...

Diet

Vegans are all fun and games, until someone displaces a hip...at age 25... in perfectly good health. A vegan diet

is usually adopted for reasons such as social pressure, the need for an identity, something to talk about on first (and often last) dates, or a moral compass that enjoys the fact that plants can't scream and are therefore easier to eat (even though broccoli and cauliflower are technically surrounded by nerve endings). Now, I know there's a dressing room full of girls at Casa, ready to rip these pages up because they've met (or happen to be) vegans with ass. Fine, but let me remind you, I've

> watched a handful (pun intended) of the best booty-having girls from vegan clubs, slip into the depths of deep fryers after hours at various taco stands and pancake houses. Any girl who will try out a butt plug for fun, will also sneak a few strips of swine to feel dangerous. And, trust me, when vegans slip, they fall right into the lard-'n'-slide (bacon is cocaine in meat form). So, aside from the exception to the rule, it's a pretty safe, sweeping generalization to assume that you're

not gonna see a lot of ass outside the Belmont Kale Stand, Val's Vegan Veal or whatever tax write-off, er...food cart is closing this weekend on Belmont St.

The nicest asses I've ever seen were on strippers who spent most of their ones at the McDonald's drive thru. Now, please consider that I put exercise first in this column; you can't just McNugget your way to a booty without tightening



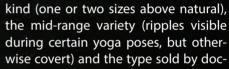
it up first, or it will look like a McNugget does before it gets doused with chemicals and pressed into familiar shapes. However, whatever the hell they're

pumping chickens with these days (hopefully nutrients, probably hormones) is going straight to the asses of white girls everywhere—and I'm lovin' it! If you happen to prefer real food, a diet completely void of fast food products is possible; load up on whole wheat, veggies, mixed nuts, sweet potatoes, lean beef and tuna. These will all help you get a bigger, healthier ass, according to the first result on a Google search (Bing suggests lean... not lean beef, just "lean").

Implant

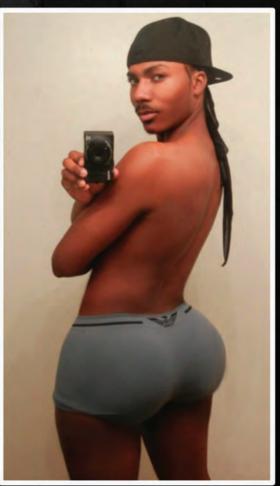
In a city with more strippers than Japan has Pokemon, it's a damn shame that more women aren't as quick to get a fake butt, as they are to get a fake rack. I know many day-job-having, church-going, constantly-clothed women (who are as far from being strippers as one can get without having a gay dad) that have fake breasts. I don't know if they're selling tits at Ikea, or if there was a coupon in the paper or something, but imitation ta-tas are suddenly

as common in Portland as every other trend that was popular in L.A. during the 1990s. I've encountered the good



tors who just got their first scalpel, but for some reason want to set a world record for 76WW cup breasts (and, make their patients cause pain in those they hug).

A quick web search for "ass implants" results in dozens of pages, but the bad news is that a good majority of these sites feature pictures of botched booty jobs or arguments against getting them installed. At first, this may be a turnoff to those considering turning a 30 into a 38, because 40 is just around the corner. Yet, if one considers how far breast implants have come (the increase in quality between Pamela Anderson and Pamela Anderson Lee is no argument), we're only a few white girl rappers away from perfecting the art of backside silicone.



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It's not often that *Exotic* revisits an artist for an encore appearance, but when someone penetrates art in multiple mediums, we've been known to make exceptions—especially, when it involves putting things in our asses. So, when the Anal Issue came into play, it was only natural that we probed deeper into the mind of Jesse Lindsay. Aside from his brilliant, mixed-medium art pieces, sculptures, apocalyptic clothing and brutally modified NERF weapons, Jesse's latest labor of love, takes his art off the wall and into your ass, with a very unique series of adult sex toys—more specifically, butt plugs.

His first leap into the world of modified sex toys, began with his fusion of a lightsaber and a dildo, that offered the perfect blend of the light and dark side of forcing things into your holes. The line was named Glow Fuck Yourself, and soon after his success with the dildos, he started developing a very diverse and unique line of butt plugs. The first of which, (the Magic 8-Ball Butt Plug) not only attracted local attention, but went absolutely viral on the Internet. I actually had a nerd-on when I saw Chris Hardwick's @Midnight crew (including Kevin Smith) chatting it up about Jesse's insanely brilliant idea by suggesting captions for the 8-ball such as Moist Likely, Your Future Stinks or Reply Hazy...Ass Again Later. And, with that, the Magic 8-Ball Butt Plug took viral to a whole new level.

Now that another of Jesse Lindsay's homegrown idea has blossomed into a global sensation, it was time to bring it back home to Exotic for a second round of adventures inside the mind of the artist who just can't wait to get inside your ass.

X- From what part of your brain did you pluck the idea to mastermind these very unique butt plugs?

JL- I assume one of the drunker ones, many of the ideas came together after a long night of drinking and mature highbrow humor. We started kicking ideas around that





would be funny to put inside of an anus or two, which turned into a LOT of laughter and now a business! There's something special about that moment when you see something beautiful and think to yourself, "Yeah...that's going in my homie's ass!"

X- How long have you been making these butt plugs? And, when did they debut?

JL - Honestly, I'd like to think that just about anything can be a butt plug—if you're brave enough! I started making the Magic 8-Ball ones as a joke last summer and then people started demanding them! Within a few weeks, I was getting commissions from all kinds of places, strip clubs, porn companies, bands, businesses wanting logos and all kinds of neatness! So, I wound up throwing together an ETSY page in February and it damn near exploded over night! Thus, becoming the only time I've ever associated the term "explosive" with "anal" and not been terrified or ashamed!

X - What's the most unusual butt plug you've made?

JL - The guy who asked for his dead mother's face on it probably takes the rectal cake, and the Mormon-themed ones are pretty impressive. Aside from that, the ones of mass murderers are probably the weirdest—they give you this questionably moist/warm/paranoia kinda feeling. Just keep in mind that a LOT more people want a portrait of Hitler inside of their assholes, than you would ever have any reason to guess.

X - Do they vary in shape and size?

JL - Damn right they DO! Although we mainly sell the small and med sizes, I'm down to cater to any level of elasticity my clients need. Randomly, a real anal adventurer comes along and gives me that "I need something more like...a pumpkin! Or, maybe something more like a baby making a fist?" kind of look and it really gets the creative juices frothing.

X - Which is the most ordered?

JL - So far, the Magic 8-Ball-style plug, the USB butt plug and the portrait of Jesus Christ are the sellout items. I mean. think about it, this allows people the opportunity to tell the future, show strangers how deeply you love Jesus and keep all your important files safe, in one of the most sensitive parts of your body!

X - Which one is your favorite?

JL - Currently the scorpion, the Ouija board and the Hellraiser puzzle box make me the happiest. But, just about any time a stranger, friend or co-worker runs up to me out of nowhere, bends over and shows me how happy they are to be keistering something of mine, that one becomes my favorite. Thank you, everyone, who has done this by the way! Your anuses are all as beautiful as you are!

X - Do you have an asshole fetish or do you indulge in ass play in any way?

JL -I'm not super into anal, but I think most people deserve it! Anal is one of those things that can be absolutely amazing, assuming it's both consensual and with someone who's good at it. It's kind of like eating sushi—it's great if done right and by a professional. If not, you may wind up shitting your brains out, in tears, cursing the name of whatever god/bottle that put you in that situation.

X - What do you see in the future for your butt plug empire?

JL - Outlook good! I'm erecting a powerful empire the old fashioned way, with hard work, sex toys and ass play! I feel like as long as people love anal, then I'm going to do my duty to keep providing them with decorative options and rectal contraptions that will delight their partners, enhance their sex lives, impress their parents and REALLY surprise strangers. Ready your anus for victory!!!

X - Do you do custom orders? And, how can someone purchase one of these beautiful anal pleasure/torture devices from you?

JL - Indeed, I do! People can always get a hold of me directly with any questions or ideas. Online, my ETSY page is where I do most of my business—the shop's named GlowFYourself and our home page is www. GlowFuckYourself.com. I'm always down to make custom plugs, educational toys, gag gifts and help you put stuff in the butts of your loved ones.











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