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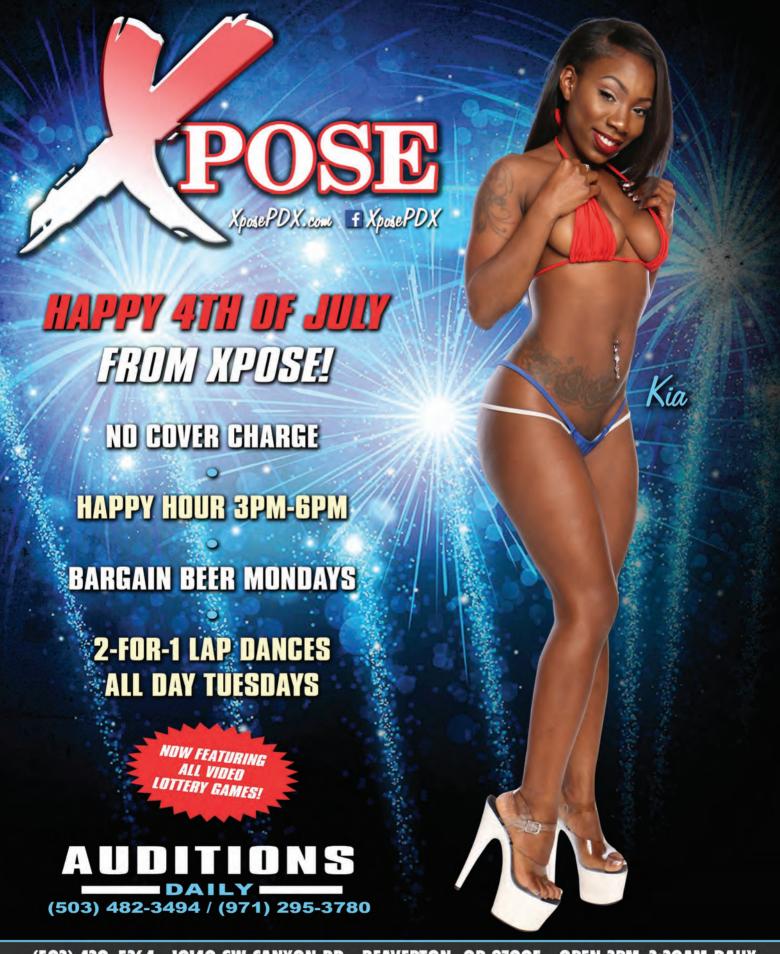
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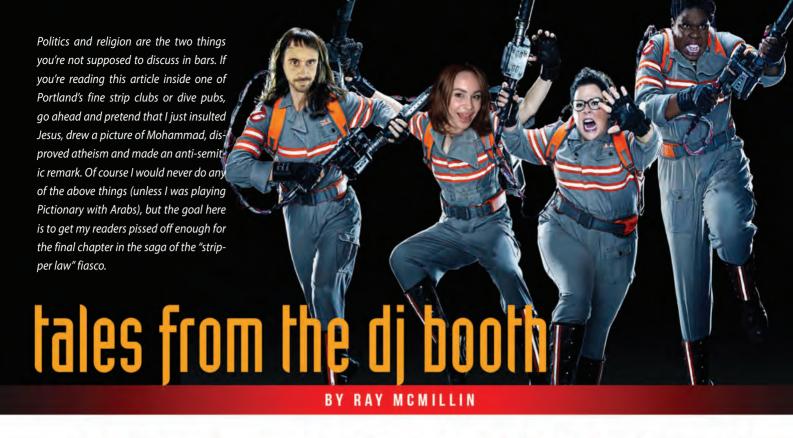
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### POLITICS 'N' SHIT (PART III)

Aside from the club owners and dancers who were forced to pay attention to the matter, many folks may not be familiar with the recent legislation passed down the halls of the Oregon's capitol building. House Bill 3059 (OR-2016) started with great intentions, but became warped through the process of revision. It was almost saved by a small group of lobbyists, but it crashed and burned, thanks to the Bureau of Labor and Industry (BOLI)—the party responsible for morphing it from a law designed to reduce human trafficking and abuse, into a thinly-veiled promotion for unions and minimum wage.

Originally (see past articles *Politics n' Shit I* and *II*), a group of dancers, a few DJs, a club owner and a handful of social workers sat down with lobbyists to discuss a few problems with the PDX skindustry. Mainly, we were concerned with trivial things like murder, rape, human trafficking and accidental death. Unlike any other industry in Portland, a city known for coddling to the most sensitive of its residents by prohibiting things like sharp corners and verbal criticism, the strip club industry has been left to our own disturbingly neglected devices. While meeting with legislators, judges, guys named Mark who work for the

governor's wife, etc., our small group of industry reps corroborated horror stories of physically-abusive customers, aggressive pimps, black mold and even dead maintenance men in the rafters of strip clubs. These problems are dealt with internally, more often than not, by people who aren't being paid nearly enough for the war stories. Keep in mind that 911 responds to calls from black neighborhoods, junk mail, hypothetical deities and then calls from strip clubs...in that order.

What the lobbyists, myself, strippers and DJs expressed in the initial meetings was simple; a hotline, staffed by volunteers (who were either sex workers or advocates), was to be created, as well as a poster detailing human rights (and the phone number to the hotline). Said poster, with such controversial resources as "who to call if you are assaulted" or "what to do if you find a body in the kitchen," was intended as a means to already existing ends (the laws that already protect entertainers). Put simply, the occasional new dancer may or may not have a background in law, and stated from an even more general angle, some club owners on the edge of Bumfucc, OR may not be quick to let their legally questionable hires know that it is, in fact, a no-no to force a dancer to continue the audition blowjob after she accidentally swallows a nail.

We didn't want a change in employment status, nor did we want club owners to deal with any more work than they already have. In fact, a consensus was reached between all involved parties not affiliated with BOLI, and in doing so, everyone agreed that a W2 employee status was not only undesirable, but tangential at best (and cancerous at worst), in terms of relevance to keeping strippers out of trunks and shelters. However, because the issues surrounding "keep the strippers safe" legislation technically dealt with workplace laws, BOLI was our only direct connect to the government channels responsible for issues surrounding "human females" and "someone's daughter, dude." So, keeping in the true tradition of the political process, BOLI produced a poster that basically doubled as an advertisement for W2 employment status (something that our industry has been actively avoiding and for good reason, since inception). Any mention of who to call if assaulted, or to report human trafficking, was included somewhere on the bottom of the poster, in small print, next to whoever is credited as dolly grip,

right above the small print about being void in Kentucky.

Remember when Obama ran for president? Remember what happened after he won, going all "white Michael" on everyone, before reemerging in his final, horrifying form? Politics works the same way at the local level as it does nationally; the entire process of getting a person (or piece of legislation) to become official, involves a jumbled mess of counterproductive, conflicting interests (usually involving money), doublespeak (see "universal health care") and flat-out lies (such as "this law will in no way affect the independent contractor status of dancers").

This is exactly what happened with HB3059, aka the stripper law, after it passed in Salem a few months ago. The only good thing to come of it was an eventual consensus among otherwise opposing parties (that the legislation turned out to be garbage). Some dancers feared the eventual outcome, which unfortunately turned out to be as bad as possible, while others, including myself and a handful of strippers, had originally hoped that politicians wouldn't lie to the women they often tip with state funds during lunch hours (email me for a list of names). After it was all said and done, the entirety of Portland's adult industry is in virtually unanimous agreement—we were bamboozled.

In terms of being true to the source, BOLI took our draft, hired George Clooney for the lead, put nipples on the bat suit and fired Tim Burton. A better analogy would be, if your local rape crisis line decided that it would be better ran by overseas technical support staff and everyone who called was interrogated regarding what they were wearing on the night of their attack, then asked to take a brief survey about their cell phone provider. I'll even go as far as to say that "Let's Get It On," as covered by Nickelback, would be a greater honor to the Gaye family than anything produced by the state capitol designed to honor naked entertainers. HB3059 sounded like a virus and it became one. We (myself, dancers, lobbyists, club owners, DJs, the press, that guy from the Christian PAC who kept interjecting with oddly specific stories about hookers, etc.) pushed for a poster that would read "Call 1-800-NO-PIMPN if you suspect human trafficking, underage performers or physical abuse." What we got was a brochure listing all the "benefits" of being a W2 employee, or rather, a list of carnal sins and risks associated with being an independent contractor. This happened, because everything Schoolhouse Rock taught you about the political process was a bald-faced lie. Remember the "I'm a pretty decent bill / on Capitol Hill / but, here come the special interests..." song? I don't.

The elephant in the room here (albeit a fiscal elephant with donkey morals), is the guy writing this column. Dearest club owners, fellow DJs, dancer friends and "I dunno about Ray" party affiliates; in no way do I support employee status among strip clubs. This industry attracted me, and many others, because of its non-conventional status. I enjoy counting my own tips, reporting my own income (should I choose to do so) and working on a come-and-go basis. Giving strippers minimum wage, would be like giving strippers minimum wage. No one in my camp supports this, including the various voices in my head and the pen names I use to hide my actual lessthan-popular views. Analogously, we supported the idea of Ghostbusters III, starring the original cast. BOLI gave us Ghostbusters 2016. Please, please don't blame me for the CGI-splattered fat black woman stereotype that came from the well-intended efforts of myself, Elle Stanger, PAC West or anyone else who tried to get a hotline for stripper rights. Labor unions (BOLI's buddies) are meant to protect loggers and roofers from getting screwed out of life and limb. They have no place in strip clubs (unless they're on lunch break, in which case they're damn fine customers) and this whole experience just goes to show that our industry is destined to remain independent, in more wavs than one.

Here's a reality check; there are a handful of video poker machines in every Port-

land strip club and nearby each lottery lounge, a poster on the wall lists a hotline for gambling addiction recovery. These posters exist because society got together and agreed that slot machine addicts deserve the same resources as everyone else. However, about ten feet from any of those slot machines, sits a stage with a stripper pole, on which human females expose themselves mentally and physically in the presence of intoxicated men, while attempting to pay rent and buy food for their children. Sure, these women have nowhere to go if they're groped by a shifty manager and being told to have sex with the guy who spends big at the bar...but, at least they don't have to worry about losing another twenty bucks on Flush Fever.

Speaking to anyone in the Oregon strip club industry who knows about my involvement with (and subsequent support of) the original draft of the bill, I owe everyone an apology for endorsing a piece of legislation that ended up becoming a twisted and counter-intuitive version of our original intentions. The poster that actually resulted from HB3059 should be wrapped around a toilet paper roll and left in an outhouse at the Gathering of the Juggalos. A huge, honest shout-out to the underpaid bouncers, honest club owners, dedicated bartenders, motorcycle clubs and amazing customers who keep our dancers safe, because the state isn't remotely concerned with doing that job. Still, as long as the comradery of this industry remains loosely intact, we don't need no legislation.

#### TalesFromTheDJBooth.com



















### TRAVELING THE GREAT STATE OF OREGON

**GREEN ROOM DIARIES: STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME** 







Traveling with weed is usually a bad idea, but in Oregon, it's no worse than having a six pack in the trunk. Originally, I was going to dedicate this column to the best ways to not get caught while packing a joint or two through unfriendly states like Idaho, but the only thing I need to tell folks is to keep any contraband on your physi-

cal person (cops search cars first, but usually wait to search crotches and ass cracks until after arrest), while remembering that dogs can smell particles, not just nugs, so those turkey bags are useless if you touch them without washing your hands first. The only legit way to travel through places like Utah, is to do so during the day, in the middle of traffic and never try to "play it cool" if you get pulled over (people act at least a bit inconvenienced when their day is being stalled by traffic cops, and being friendly to authority figures is a sure sign of intoxication). Oh, and don't keep a single green Rice Krispie treat hidden in a sandwich bag. Cops in these states are assholes, not morons.

Instead of traveling to far-away places like Salt Lake City, which is a pretty pointless pastime thanks to the advent of YouTube, I encourage my readers to enjoy the great sites offered by Oregon instead. Here is a breakdown of popular, weed-friendly travel destinations within our own borders.

#### **BEND**

Located smack dab in the middle of the state. Bend offers a perfect range of stoner-friendly activities, ranging from the physically exhausting to the mindlessly entertaining. There's a dispensary on nearly every corner, and if you happen to voyage to the nearby mountains for outdoor recreation (or medicine), you're almost guaranteed to run into someone who has weed (look for dudes who dress like snowboarders in the middle of July, or their festival-bound girlfriends with tattoos of dreamcatchers and sparrows). A single dude's paradise, the female-tomale ratio in Bend, accounting for single moms and vacation families, is roughly 1,000-to-Steve. He usually works nights at the distillery, though, so your competition is virtually nil.

#### **EUGENE**

If you enjoy getting baked and watching crackers do crackery things, Oregon's "Emerald City" showcases everything wrong with white people, themed by unique neighborhoods,

each of which reflects their own style of Caucasia. From college jock white people, to dread-locked Trustafarian white people, to homestead white people, organic white people, liberal white people and conservative white people, the diversity in Eugene is astounding, once the racial component is ignored. Forget about the



drum circles and jam nights, though. The most enjoyable "while high" activity I've ever been a part of involved watching white people protest each other at the Trump rally in Eugene. Thousands of liberal whites herded together outside of a large amphitheater in downtown to protest the racist antics of a man who openly hates Latinos and Muslims—even though no one in the area on either side of the debate has ever met an Arab or Mexican. Either way, clouds of free weed are clouds of free weed.

#### **GRANTS PASS**

The State of Jefferson is alive and still giving approximately zero fucks about whether or not the neighbors know about the plants in the backyard. In a 2015 poll, nine out of ten Grants Pass residents grew weed in their front lawns. with the remaining ten percent accounted for by the crooked cops who only do coke. Navigating the scenery without a GPS is like watching an amputee trying to give a good handjob while blindfolded; you know it's not going anywhere in particular, but it's hella fun to watch. One warning about taking the backroads, though...never, ever ask the lady with the black hair who works at the Wolf Creek gas station about taking backroads into the city, in order to avoid the stretch of I-5 that feels like a roller coaster. You will end up on a one-lane road, on the side of a cliff, asking yourself why you didn't just get your brakes fixed before you left.

#### SALEM

The capitol city of Salem, aka Oregon's "other Detroit," is one part abandoned wasteland, one part single cat lady art gallery, two parts "... come to think of it, I haven't seen a cop for hours" and three parts "Ohhhhhh, so this is the

bad part of town where all the cops patrol." At 2am on a Friday night slash Saturday morning in Salem, you can shop for donuts, guns, tacos, pornography, weed paraphernalia and hookers, but good luck finding a gas station. I've been referring to Salem as "the Applebee's of Oregon" for a while, mostly because no one ever goes to Applebee's on purpose (they just fuck up all their other options and realize it's better than nothing). With a hundred or so dispensaries, an apocalyptic amusement park and no less than a dozen institutions (ranging from correctional to mental), Salem is also extremely inexpensive and a great place to hook up with depressed singles who have given up all hope on ever finding someone worthwhile.

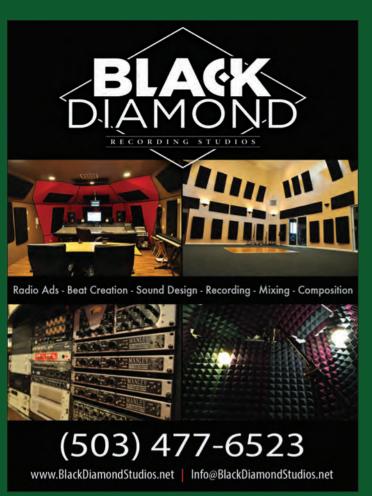
#### **NEWPORT**

Of all the coastal towns on the 101 in Oregon, only Newport has a Fred Meyer's, a Walmart and a Starbucks, making California's Bay Area look like a withering heap of pathetic sadness in comparison. Well, maybe not, but you've gotta give it up to Newport for having a 24-hour diner, four dispensaries and a seafood place that isn't Mo's. Yeah, they also have a Mo's, which is far superior to the other place, but I'm really reaching for things to include here. I enjoy Newport because you can get baked as fuck and enjoy an overpriced Wax Museum experience, that turns out to be worth it, if you can hold your breath and stand still while groups of tourists take your photo. Newport also has a cool old town area, with plenty of unattended boats in which to sleep off an Indica high.

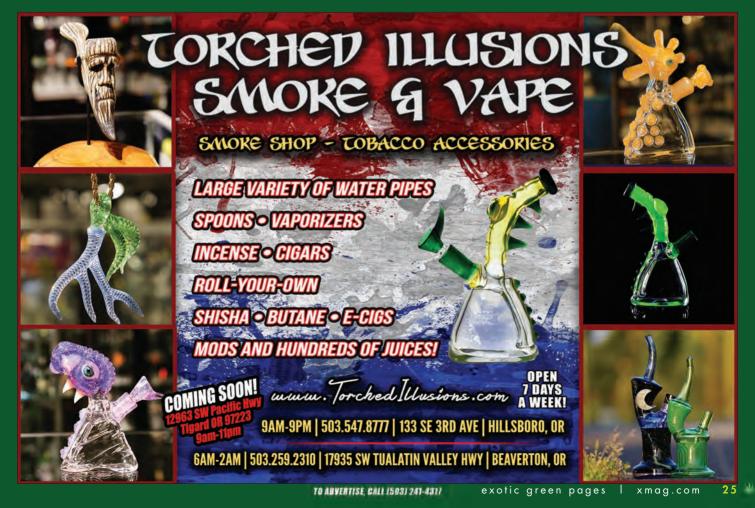
#### **PORTLAND**

Meh. Buy a donut, tip a stripper and be done with it. Maybe catch a show at Dante's and eat some cheese fries at the Roxy, but don't stay too long after that.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com







### 3 Simple Things You Can Do To Travel For FREE (That Will Haunt You Forever)

Most people think that spanning the globe like the jet-setting superstar that you are, has to be some huge, expensive ordeal. Well, I'm here to tell you, that through the wisdom I have gained from several traumatizing mistakes made in my early-to-mid-to-late twenties, travel can not only be cheap and easy, but also terrifying and life threatening. Through my personal boners, here are three tips that I think will help you get out of the house and into some hot water...





### 1. Date Chet Cadbury

Chet Cadbury is a bad boy with some major connections and a disposable income. His father set him up with a sweet sales job, so he basically gets paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to fly everywhere and hook people up with chocolate. Everybody loves him, but he has a very dark side that few people know about. Anyway, he asked me to go with him to Fiji, which I knew about from the water, so, I figured it would be fun & refreshing—like the water. As it turned out, Chet had very dangerous rivals in Fiji and I ended up being kidnapped in the middle of the night. I awoke to a horrific struggle and a sack being placed over my head. When I heard Chet scream out in anguish, I feared for the worst and tried to play it cool. My hands bound, I was forcibly led to a jeep. I bided my time, until we were isolated out on the road far enough, so that I could exact my vengeance without alerting any potential backup. In what turned out to be a bloody orgy of violence, I murdered three men while floating in and out of consciousness. I awoke in a helicopter with Chet holding me close in his arms. He had survived! Presumably, through unspeakable actions! Apparently, we both had to commit horrible atrocities that night and not surprisingly, it put a giant rift in our relationship. We parted ways soon after and have not spoken since. If you want to explore the world without having to spend a dime and get emotionally and mentally scarred for life, I would definitely recommend jumping into a long-term relationship with Chet Cadbury.



### 2. Become A Drug Mule

If you really want to get around, while exposing yourself to the seedy underbelly of the globe, I highly suggest (pun intended) becoming a drug mule. This method is potentially trickier than dating Chet, but the reward is greater, as most times pushers will even pay you! Through selling my body as a vessel for the purpose of trafficking and distributing contraband, I was able to meet scary drug dealers in China, Thailand, Hawaii, Prague and Atascadero, CA! That's not all! I've even spent significant amounts of time in prisons and holding centers in Alaska, Brazil, Belarus, and Waco, TX! I can't recall now how many times I've had a gun held to my head, but life moves fast when you are a worldly socialite!



### 3. Teach Surfing

Being a surfinstructor is a great way to have a staycation in some of your favorite tropical hot spots. Though, as to be expected, it's not all limes and coconuts! Many dangers await you out on the sand and waves, including sharks, bikini girls with machine guns, and most terrifying of all, the ocean's most formidable predators: locals. I was in Malibu, rinsing off after taking a board to the face out in the water, from this punk named Bunker. When him and his boys Warchild, Archbold and Anthony Kiedis show up to cut my water supply. I say some shit about them telling off my yuppie ass, when Warchild informs me that they just want to fuck me up. I grab my board and start thrashing on them until, suddenly, I start to get choked out from behind! They all start taking cheap shots and I get ready to lose consciousness, when, wouldn't you know it, Patrick Swayze shows up, starts throwing guys

around and making threats until they back off! Sarcastically, I thank Bunker for taking the time to talk to me before punching him in the face, which incites another burst of combat from all parties, until eventually Patrick Swayze and I emerged victorious. We became lifelong friends and embarked upon a record-breaking, bank-robbing joyride, that unfortunately ended in a lot of sorrow. Truly a remarkable experience I will never forget, but also one that has left me shaken to my core, in ways that make it impossible for me to sleep at night.

There you have it! These are just a few examples that have benefitted/terrified me, though they may not work for everyone. Don't limit yourself—get creative! There are all kinds of opportunities out there for people that want to get out and explore on a budget. You don't have to be rich, to live a thrilling life full of questionable experiences. Maybe you just have to be a vampire, a pirate or even a simple traitor! However you choose to enrich and fuck up your life is your business and business travel is tax deductible! ;)





17 years is a long time to do the same thing. I could sit back and write, "all work and no play makes John a dull boy" for the rest of this article, and out of 40,000 readers, maybe 40 of you would read it. Or, I could rerun a bunch of shit I've written in the past 17 years, that makes me wonder how in the hell I still have a job here. Sure, let's do a piece called "Spooky's Most Dangerous Hits!" We could revisit the days of breaking up fights between the lingerie models upstairs and throwing gargoyles onto the sticky streets of Burnside below. Or, waking up on the office floor, with a hole torn in the ass of your leathers, a split of champagne stuffed down the front of your pants, while your coworker snores on the couch above you, with his handgun in his lap. Or, that time, in porn camp, when I started two shitty wannabemagazines just to piss off the boss, 'cause he took away our free lunches and the all-youcan-snort cocaine bar.

I started at Exotic, back at the dawn of the century at the age of 32. After a brief career with their watered-down competition (now defunct), I went to work with a group of guys and girls that would change my life forever. I fondly remember the day, when a new graphic designer we had hired named Shon, confided in me that he didn't know what a clitoris was. I mean, he kinda knew what it was, but like, where was it? Exotic magazine was a dream job for me. I had always had a problem/addiction/love for strippers, much to the dismay of not one, but two, ex-wives. So, when I arrived in Portland to visit a friend, only to discover that I had found the "unofficial strip club capital of the world," it was game on bitches. I went back home to California, broke up with the stripper girlfriend I had left my second wife for, sold most of my shit, bought some ninja powder, rented a truck and headed north.

My first self-imposed assignment, was to stop at every strip club in the state on the way up. Yeah, that worked out real well. First stop, I tried to find a joint in Klamath Falls. This was before Mapquest, Google



Maps and all the rest of the shit that holds the hands of millennials who don't know where they are. I had a Thomas Guide and a printout of TheUltimateStripClubList.com's list of all Oregon strip clubs (a website that still exists today, mind you). I used this site as my secret field guide for unauthorized porntastic adventures across the country, while vacationing with the wife (she slept a

lot). But, thanks to the ninja powder, I wasn't thinking reasonably and didn't realize that Klamath Falls was more than an hour away. So, I bailed on that one and found my first titty bar in Medford, at The Office. I lost \$40 to a buxom girl with a huge gap in her teeth and another \$40 to a poker machine. Did you know that you can GAMBLE in Oregon! I didn't, until I decided to move here. Ninja powder, strippers and gambling! It's like Disneyland for the doomed.

I hit Eugene for another hour or so of driving in circles, decided to pass on The Great Alaskan Bush Company ('cause I wasn't a fan of pubic hair) and found The Silver Dollar, where I left another \$200 behind (3 dances for \$60, another \$40 on stage and another \$100 to the poker machines). I then promised myself that I wasn't going to gamble anymore, until I got settled in Portland. By the time I hit Salem, I found The Main Event and immediately broke the moratorium on gambling, when I hit a royal flush and won \$600. I was king of the world—how many strippers can \$600 buy in this town, I wondered. I didn't have to wonder for long. It was 2 am, I had lost over half of my winnings and I was soon shown the door, before I had the chance to try any silver-tongued persuasion on acquiring a stripper to-go. I picked up a copy of Exotic as I left and scanned their map page for any all-night depravity. After 2:30am, the state was a ghost town for strippers. But wait a second, what exactly are these lingerie modeling places about? They're open-all-night!!! Time to bring it on home to the motherland...next stop—Portland!

After almost jackknifing the truck on the Ross Island Bridge offramp, I somehow found myself cruising 82<sup>nd</sup> Ave. It looked nice and dirty—just what I was looking for. It was almost 5am, when I found myself in the lobby of The Palace Of Pleasure. While I was in the waiting room, I flipped through a collection of Exotic magazines, as I wondered exactly what lingerie modeling was all about. I hoped they weren't expecting me to model it—that wasn't my thing. What I got, or should I say, didn't get, cost me the rest of my poker winnings. I didn't model the lingerie and any sex I was hoping for, was self-service. As I left, I decided to grab their collection of Exotics off the table, since it was a self-service kind of place.

I decided it was finally time to head towards my eventual destination across the state line in Vancouver, so I rolled the truck back up Powell, got sidetracked at another lingerie modeling studio, hoping for more "assistance." Instead, I watched a girl behind a glass wall bang a suction-cupped dildo attached to the barrier between us, so aggressively, that I worried about the stability of the glass. For an extra forty bucks, she

offered me the opportunity to stick my dick through the slot in the glass and she would jerk me off. Momma always told me not to put my dick into slots in the glass, so I politely declined.

As the sun came up over Portland, I took a wrong turn off of Powell, trying to get back on I5, and next thing you know, I found myself in the parking lot of Club Cabos, where the words "OPEN AT 7 AM" were painted across the side of the building. I checked my watch (a device humans had before cell phones) and saw that it was 6:45am. Seeing as how it wasn't the first time I found my-

self in a parking lot waiting for a strip club to open, I accepted my shame and flipped through my newly-acquired collection of *Exotics*. The doors opened, and I was on that rack with a rum and coke by 7:15am. And, of course, there were poker machines. I got my first stripper phone number on the way out, after losing \$400 to the poker machine. As I walked out of Cabos that morning, the shame of sunlight had never burned so brightly. I took inventory of my wallet and discovered that after leaving California with \$1,700, I was now down to \$385. Welcome to Portland, dumbass!

In Cali, I had gone bankrupt chasing a career in art gallery sales. It turns out, that having a ninja powder and hooker addiction, isn't really good for business in the adult world. So, I lost it all. After the bankruptcy, I floundered from job to job, picking up whatever income I could. Concrete demolition, fine iewelry sales and eventually selling my massive comic book and actionfigure collection, kept me going for awhile. But, I needed to start over. Somewhere new. I eventually came up with a marriage between two of the things I loved the most art and strippers. My company, Erotic Art Productions, is what eventually led me to Portland; selling erotic artworks by Olivia, Soryama and other masters of naughtiness. But, it just wasn't paying the bills. So, in the meantime, I explored other Portland-friendly markets, such as an independent Internet escort via MSN Messenger, amateur porn (behind and in front of the camera) and two nights of terror as a male stripper.

My first gig in Portland, was as a pseudoeditor for the now defunct, SFX—an *Exotic* spinoff brought to us by an ex-*Exotic* staffer. I threatened the SFX publisher with a lawsuit



for using unauthorized, copyrighted images in his magazine of one of the artists I represented and he responded with offering me a job. I took it. I knew I was working for the second-best free porn mag in Portland, but it was a job and I was a little tired of my assistant manager gig at Spencer Gifts, where it was my job to chase young hooligans through the mall, who dared to steal the plastic poop. I stuck it out for longer than I meant to at SFX. Things got ugly and I quit in December of 1999. Had I already washed myself out of the industry in 12 short months?

On the dawn of the new millennium, I met Frank from Exotic at the Cobalt Lounge. About a week later, I started as the delivery boy—in a beat up van with no registration, slinging free porn mags into racks at every shamehole across Oregon. I went from delivery, to ad sales, to photography, (with these nifty, new things called digital cameras). I was the lead ad sales guy for about a year, then a writer, then the guy who started all those weird contests...Ink 'N' Pink, yeah, whatever dude. I developed an alter ego named Spooky, and the whole reason I even came here, got lost somewhere in between, "Here, smoke this!" and "Let's start a new magazine!"

Even after a horribly ugly and bitter separation with *Exotic*, it kept pulling me back in. For all the destruction that this job enabled me to wreak upon myself (with my "innocent" readers along for the ride), I somehow managed to come out okay in the end. I'm still in the industry, but I've turned into the wise, old grandfather who sits quietly in the corner, puffing on his vape pen and watching all of you as he violates your earholes. Actually, that's only a half-truth...some-

times, I think about how I would like to crush some of your heads between my thumb and index finger.

Portland, I love the hell out of you. Thank you for tolerating my behavior. And, as for Exotic, I don't know where I would have ended up without you. You are the longest relationship I've ever had in the 51 years of my life. I still love ya, baby, but...we've grown apart. I look forward to August issue, when I can look at your face and see it for the first time—instead of criticizing you 15 times and waking you up in the middle of the night to tell you how much I hate what you were wearing on page 53. The August issue will be the beginning of the new Exotic. I even found you someone

else. You'll like him. His name is Ray. Actually, I know you've been sleeping with him on the side. I can see it in your eyes. But now, you two can be together without me in the way anymore. I found another as well—it's called a family. And there ain't nothing like it! See you in the shadows, and don't forget...

SUPPORT PRINT MEDIA, SMASH YOUR SELFIE STICKS, RESPECT OUR SEX WORKERS & GET THE FUCK OFF MY LAWN!

## **Coliccity**

### NATIONAL NEWS

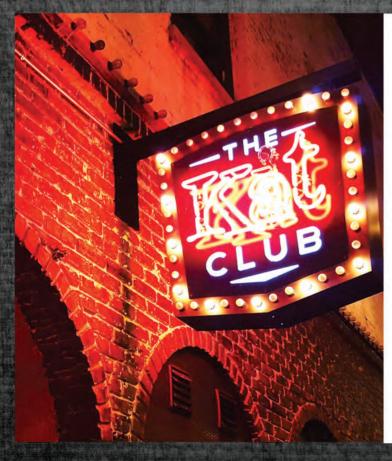
It's been dubbed as the "Oscars" of the adult nightclub industry, the marquee event of the Annual Gentlemen's Club EXPO and an evening worthy of celebration. The Annual Adult Nightclub & Exotic Dancer Awards Show—known more frequently as the ED Awards—will return for its 19<sup>th</sup>-straight year at the 2016 EXPO, which will be held at the Hilton Riverside in New Orleans from August 7-10. This year, the Harrah's Theater, located directly across the street from the Hilton Riverside in the Harrah's Casino, will host the ED Awards Show

and Reception on Tuesday, August 9th, from 9-11 pm (reception starts at 8 pm). The Awards After Party will also be held at Harrah's Casino, at the Masquerade Nightclub.

Local favorites nominated for this year's ED Awards are one of Portland's newest and most popular showclubs, the Kit Kat Club for Club of the Year (Western Region) along with their sister club, Devils Point, for Small Club of the Year (Western Region). In addition, local newcomer and gonzo naughty clown extraordinaire, BJ McNaughty, of the Kit Kat Club, nailed a nomination for Newcomer Feature Entertainer of the Year.

Nominations are swell, but victory is so much sweeter! Do your part, Portland! Get off your asses, log on to TheEDAwards.com and vote for these local nominees!!! Be sure to do it TODAY, as the online ballot will remain live until midnight on July 4th, 2016.

Once you've voted, if you'd like to take it to the next level and see it live, The 19th Annual ED's Awards Show will honor the best-





of-the-best in adult nightclubs, club staff, and feature entertainment. The show will be hosted by no-holds-barred comedian. Colin Kane, and will feature special guest presenters and command performances by the nominees for ED's Overall Entertainer of the Year Award. Tickets are \$69 and available by calling (727) 726-**3592** or by visiting the Official **EXPO** website at

www.TheEDExpo.com/Attending/Attendee-Registration.



THU 7 - GOLD CLUB - DICK HENNESSY PRESENTS THE 7<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 1

SAT 9 – CLUB SINROCK – DICK HENNESSY PRESENTS THE 7TH ANNUAL VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 2

THU 14 - KING'S - DICK HENNESSY PRESENTS THE 7<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 3

FRI 15 - DIVA'S (SALEM) - DICK HENNESSY PRESENTS THE 7<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 4

FRI 15 - CLUB ROUGE - PORNSTAR ASA AKIRA

FRI 15 - ROCK HARD PDX LIVE MUSIC WITH PUDDLE OF MUDD & KLOVER JANE

SAT 16 - SPYCE (SPRINGFIELD) - DICK HENNESSY PRESENTS THE 7<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 5

THU 21 - SPEARMINT RHINO - DICK HENNESSY PRESENTS THE 7<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT ROUND 6

> **THU 21 – SILVER DOLLAR (EUGENE)** ADULT FILM STAR BONNIE ROTTEN

FRI 22 & SAT 23 - SUNSET STRIP ADULT FILM STAR BONNIE ROTTEN

**SAT 23 – THE NEW HAWTHORNE STRIP** 10TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY

> SAT 23 - DREAM ON SALOON **HUGE 21<sup>ST</sup> ANNIVERSARY PARTY**

THU 28 – THE RUNWAY – DICK HENNESSY PRESENTS THE 7<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL VAGINA BEAUTY PAGEANT FINALS

> **THU 28 – CHEETAHS (SALEM)** THE LIONS' DEN ALL-MALE REVUE

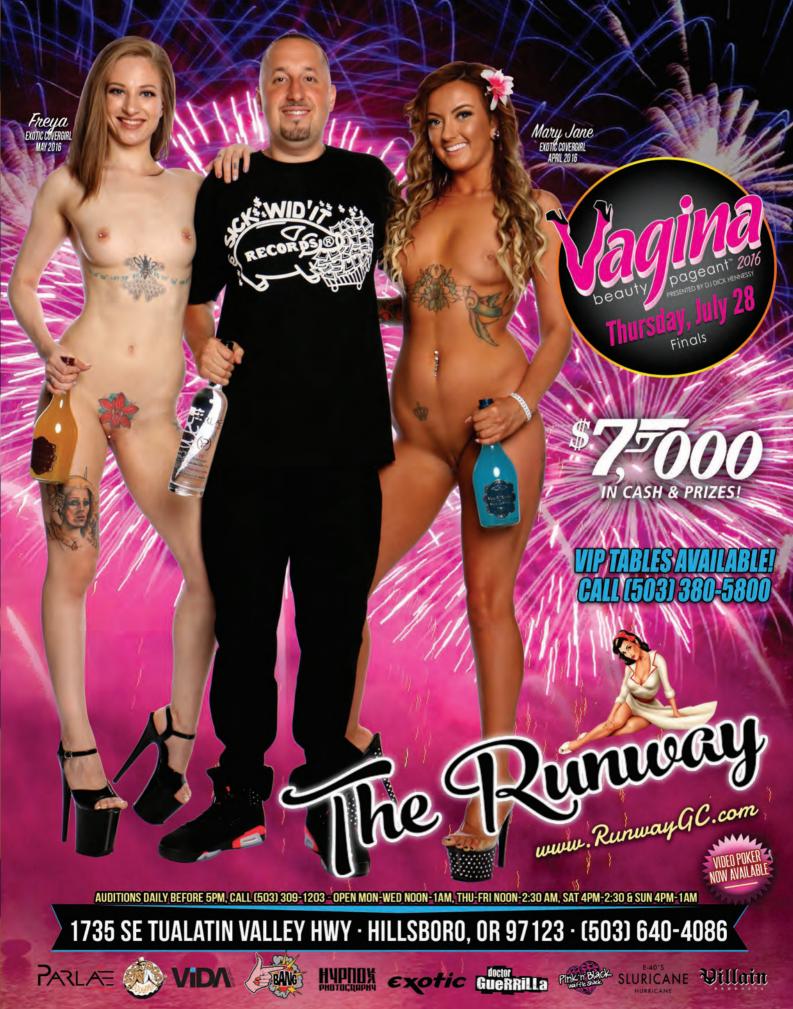
FRI 29 - KINGS - ANNIVERSARY PARTY WITH PDX PORNSTAR ASPEN ORA

SAT 30 – STARS CABARET (BEAVERTON) STARS 20TH & FINAL ANNIVERSARY PARTY WITH THE STARR SISTERS











Grab your bathing suit, your suitcase and don't forget the sunscreen! Whether it's a drive to Canada to flee the country, a plane flight to Canada to flee the country or a secret underground tunnel to Canada to smuggle your family out of the country, most of us will be doing some traveling this summer. Wanderlust hits around this time of year and a temporary mass exodus finds Americans swooping into foreign lands like seasonal cuckoos. As an

expert parasite, I am here to help you, dear reader, suck the most that you possibly can out of your brood hosts. Here are some travel dos and don'ts to help you make the most of your summer vacations!

Don't learn a "foreign language." A lot of peo-

ple don't know this, but languages that aren't English are actually made up. You will look like a fool to the locals, spouting some gibberish you learned at the community college and they will laugh at you behind your back. Do tell people to stop being stupid, if they're speaking in a way you can't understand. They are doing it to anger you and will stop the moment you call them out on it.

Do remember that many countries outside the United States are not actually real, so choose your destination wisely. For example, China is not a real place. Have you ever known anyone who's been to China? Probably not. NOPE, YOU HAVEN'T. Proof: if you take the letters in China and replace them with random letters from the alphabet, it spells "NOTRL," which stands for "Not Real". If you find a country that insists that it's China, find out the country's real name and say it three times. It will disappear in a puff of smoke, and you will see that you've been standing in a barn in South Dakota the whole time.

Do use violence to establish American dominance. All countries outside of the United States follow prison rules. Find the biggest local you can and beat their pussy accent out of them, that way you can rest easy and enjoy your trip knowing there's no one around to lord their size over you. Most cultures will make you their leader upon your victory.

Do smuggle drugs. When you're traveling through the airport, go ahead and forget about the bag of weed and an even bigger bag of coke in your purse. Remember that you have these things after arriving at your destination, which will reaffirm your suspicion that the TSA is a sham perpe-

> trated by the United States government, to keep citizens fearful and compliant and that there's no real safety in the world. Results are best when done multiple times.

> Don't describe details from the movie Alive to distract passengers from plane turbulence.

> Don't switch to quotes from the movie Airplane during continued

turbulence.

Don't lose your nerve, start sobbing and ask people not to "eat you ass first when the plane crashes."

Don't single out passengers and tell them that

you're going to "eat them ass first when the plane crashes."

Do remember, on the plane, that you have coke in your purse and excuse vourself to the bathroom to go do some. Announce that you have to take a "huge shit," making sure to wink and do finger quotes at each passenger individually on your way down the aisle.

Don't tell United States Border Patrol that you're a stripper. They WILL detain you on your way in and

on your way out of Canada, holding you for three hours in a cell in cuffs, while they tear apart your car to "make sure you're not a human trafficking victim" and read your fucking journal, act like your jokes aren't funny, read everything in your phone, access your Facebook, probably steal your nudes, then fine you \$500 for having a vape pen in the

state of Washington, WHERE IT'S LEGAL TO HAVE MARIJUANA, BUT SOMEONE WHO'S DEFINITE-LY NOT ME CAN BRING COKE ONTO A FUCKING PLANE MORE THAN ONCE? FUCK YOU AMERICA AND FUCK YOUR IDIOT FEDERAL GOVERNMENT (see you guys in secret prison come November).

Don't spit in the envelope you send the check for your \$500 dollar fine in and then feel like an idiot, when you have to lick the envelope to seal it.

Do throw your peanut shells and everything else on the floor in the restaurants you attend, as it's customary in most places and you will offend if you don't. If the restaurant you're at does not serve peanuts, you are expected to bring your own and throw them on the floor.

Do remember that EVERYTHING in a hotel is complimentary.

Don't touch foreign children. Their mother will discard them, once you've left your scent on them.

Don't miss your flight home from Germany, because you spent your last night fucking a Czech guy named Tomas, who had a lizard tattooed on his bicep and whose first words to you after coitus

were, "You have Facebook?"

Don't cry in the airport and yell, "I'M NEVER GOING TO SEE MY HOME AGAIN, I WANT OUT OF THIS EUROPEAN SHITHOLE," when you've missed your flight because you were fucking a guy named Tomas, with a lizard tattoo on his bicep. Actually, it was more like a gecko.

Lovely readers, I hope this guide will be helpful to you in your travels to come. Stay cool,

do your booty squats and I'll see you in hell.

XOXO

Wednesday





### 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 [500] [0TTERY] 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 CLUB 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 F000 LOTTEN 12035 NE Glisan St | (503) 889-0332 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 Daily 2pm-2:30am DV8 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 FOOD LOTTERY 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 LOTTERY 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 11am-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 545 SE Tacoma St | (503) 232-6813 Mon-Sat 10am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-1am ROCK HARD PDX 28 1000 LOTTERY 13639 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 760-8128 Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-2:30am ROSE CITY STRIP 10 F000 3620 SE 35th PI | (503) 760-8128 Daily 3pm-2:30am THE RUNWAY GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 55 FOOD LOTTERY 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 F001 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 FOOD 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 | (971) 255-1039 Daily 11am-3am **XPOSE** 70 F000 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 Mon-Sat 9am-12am, Sun 11am-10pm 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

SYLVIA'S PLAYHOUSE 163

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
NECTAR - NE SANDY
B 3350 NE Sandy Blvd | (971) 703-4777 NEGTAR - 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



POSE

10140 SW CANYON RD 503-430-5364







1735 SE TUALATIN VALLEY HWY 503-640-4086



9950 SE STARK ST 503-477-9523



12035 NE GLISAN ST 503-889-0332



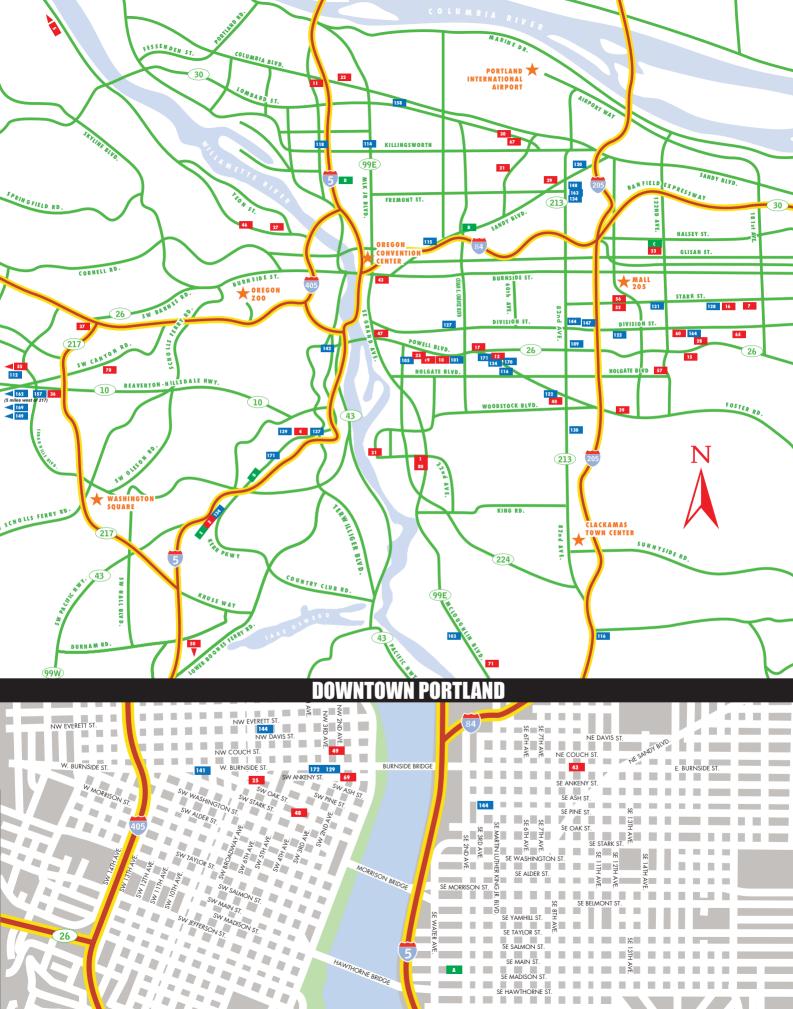
3620 SE 35TH PL 503-239-1004



2839 NW ST HELENS RD 503-222-6600



BEAVERTON · 4570 SW LOMBARD AVE · 503-350-0868 Bridgeport · 17939 SW McEwan RD · 503-726-2403



### OREGON

### ASTORIA

### ANNIF'S SALOO

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

### $N \square$

### IMAGINE THAT

197 NE Third St / (541) 312-8100 Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts 24 Hours / 7 Days

197 NE 3rd St / (541) 388-4081 Full Bar, Full Menu, Beautiful Dancers Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 4pm-2am

### COOS

### **BACHELOR'S INN**

63721 Edwards Rd / (541) 266-8827 1 Stage, Full Bar, Full Menu Mon-Sat 4pm-2:30am, Sun 6pm-2:30am

### EUGENE

### B & B DISTRIBUTORS

710 W 6th Ave / (541) 683-8999 Videos, Arcade, Clothing, Novelties, Viewing Room 24 Hours / 7 Days

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

### 1030 Highway 99 N / (541) 688-1869 Full Bar, Full Menu, Dancers

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

### GERVAIS

### LAST CHANCE SALOON

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

### **IMAGINE THAT II**

2159 NW Highway 101, Suite C (541) 996-6600 Videos, Magazines, Toys, Body Jewelry, Novelty Gifts Sun-Thu 10am-10pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

### ADULT LAND

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

### NEWPORT

### SPICE ADULT EMPORIUM

611 SW Coast Highway / (541) 574-6969 Videos, Magazines, Multi-Channel Arcade 24 Hours / 7 Days

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Road head is old hat. Everyone's tried it, many have succeeded, some have picked the wrong gravel road and I'm convinced that at least a few people loose a tooth to it every year. Going down on someone in a car is amateur shit. The real thrill comes from engaging in full-on sex while operating a motor vehicle.

Before we go any further, let me clarify that Exotic does not condone, in any way, having sex while operating a motor vehicle.

With that being said, class is in session.

### **How to Have Sex While Operating** a Motor Vehicle

### Step 1: Maximize Leg Room

First of all, when it comes to sex, the mantra that "size doesn't matter" is actually true for once, at least in terms of vehicle width. I. for instance, drive a 2003 Hyundai with bad shocks and a steering column that rests about half a foot above my junk. If I can get down on the move, you can too. The importance of knowing how to maximize your seating space is crucial. How much can you resemble Ice Cube posture? For those unfamiliar with seeing Cube operate a car in any capacity, he turns his seat into a recliner and scoots it back as if the pedals were covered in toxic dog shit. If you can make it possible to fit a small puppy on your lap, you can have sex in the driver's seat. Now, I'm not encouraging the act of banging small puppies. Quite the opposite, I'm advocating for grown cougars (but, they have minivans and that's just cheating). As the driver, your goal is to assume Ice Cube posture and then find a way to place your right foot on the driver's side floor. This is where having an automatic comes in handy, but based gods will find a way to make the manual transmission scenario workable.

### **Step 2: Practice Driving With Your Left Foot**

Since most people operate their car using their right foot and hardly anyone wants to turn a good opportunity for road tail into a game of Twister, it is imperative that you practice driving with your left foot for a few days, prior to engaging in freeway fucking. The brake pedal and accelerator are techni-

cally in the same places, but your left foot will naturally want to move outward, as opposed to inward, in order to apply the brakes. Once you get used to the process of leaning your foot in the appropriate direction, driving with your left foot will come naturally.

### Step 3: Take a Test Drive in Park

Okay, now that you've exercised your thigh muscles and removed any unnecessary cup holders or aux cables, you are officially ready to test out your road tail skills in the comfort of your own driveway. Your partner, playing the sub role of passenger, should adapt to whatever angle you can position yourself in, depending on your yoga background and general flexibility. Once he or she has found a way to connect Slot A with Tab B, you can then begin to experiment with various positions. At first, they may seem limited, but once your partner finds out where his or her foot can rest on the driver's side floor without touching the pedals, you can explore the endless possibilities. Ass-to-dash, tapedeck-to-face, etc. One important note, however, is to always make sure you can operate



the steering wheel. Turn signals and emergency brakes are frills, as your main focus is brakes and steering (at least it will be, once you take your fuckwagon for a real spin).

### Step 4: Ignition

Put on R. Kelly's "Ignition." Not the remix, but the original.

### Step 5: Engage in Road Tail

The best neighborhoods to try out road tail are the suburbs. For one, having sex behind the wheel is about as distracting as yelling at your kids while texting and trying to put a new Spongebob DVD into the portable death trap that the family takes to soccer practice. So, if you opt for the suburbs, the occasional sharp left turns and erratic braking patterns won't raise an eyeball, as long as the car next to you is equally distracted. Seemingly good (but actually bad) ideas include rural highways (keep it over 18, but under 35, same



goes with your speedometer), ghettos (you don't want your date getting falsely accused of prostitution) and freeways (cops galore). Plus, in the suburbs, no one will call the cops on you, as long as you stay inside your vehicle and white children are often kept on actual leashes (thus preventing you from having to pay attention during after-school hours).

### Step 6: Destination or Bust

Unless you're actually headed somewhere during your road tail escapades (in which case, good on you for sticking to a schedule and taking care of errands), the end game of car sex is obviously an orgasm. Females can just treat the experience like they spilled a sauce packet (wipe it into the seat covers and wait for the ants), but men not looking to conceive a child while inside a Hyundai will no doubt need a place to dispose of their baby-makings. This is where empty coffee cups, Sobe bottles and other varieties of what I call "trucker restrooms" come into play. Be warned—if you don't have adequate receptacles in which to intercept your man chowder, the most likely places it will end up are either on your leg or lost in some crack behind the A/C vent (where it will wait for the ants). Nor-



mally, I wouldn't recommend the use of condoms, but in this case, they provide a fantastic alternative to aiming one's wad into an empty Dutch Bros. cup. Just remember, "tie your load," as the sign says, before chucking it out the window and taking your partner to Taco Bell like a boss.

### Sex Tourism: What Is It & How Can I Get Some? (One woman's real experiences in Brazil)

Look, prostitution has a terrible reputation. Of course, there are genuine concerns, such as slavery and child abuse. You know where else has slavery? Restaurants, fruit picking and domestic service, right here in the U.S. There are, of course, health risks and drug use associated with prostitution. But, show me a job where most people don't go home to have a beer and then we can have a real conversation about drug use amongst sex workers.

I need to get that blurb out of the way before I can encourage you to engage in international sex tourism. You should do it wisely, but you should do it—because, sex is fun! And, done correctly, you can find the best sort of travel companion—one who authentically pretends to find you interesting, while showing you the best of what their city has to offer.

Sex tourism means different things to different people. Some will define it as just hiring a prostitute while in a foreign country. For me, it meant something more expansive than even the best "girlfriend experience."

As a *gringa* living in Brazil, sex was always easy to come by. There's an element of being exotic with my milky white skin and green eyes. In Brazil, it's easier as a foreign (heterosexual-ish) woman, because of the culture of male dominance. It would be only slightly more difficult as a woman seeking an American man, but I've seen it done countless times.

Step 1) Go to the beach or wherever it is the tourists hang out. The locals that cruise there, know what they're doing.

Step 2) Find someone or wait to be found. In the Pelourinho in Salvador, Bahia, Brazil, I once cruised a tourist club so straightforward, I walked through the crowd with a raised eyebrow meaning, "Wanna fuck?" And, I'd get a nod here, followed by conversation or a shake of the head by somebody cruising for something else. It was so easy and the options so plentiful, I never minded rejection—another option was literally right behind them.

Step 3) A date. This may be what differentiates

sex tourism from prostitution. If there is an upfront discussion about costs, that's a prostitute and, of course, enjoy yourself if that's what you want. If the person lingers and suggests dinner, take them up on their offer of companionship, but offer to pay. In this situation, the commerce they are selling is local wisdom, a knowledge of the area, safety/security and hopefully access to the best drugs around. If your local sexual partner doesn't know how to get the best drugs, you've failed in your effort. If you're not interested in drugs, I'm frankly surprised you are the type of person that would travel to a foreign country with the explicit interest of a casual, short-term sexual companion or one who would read this magazine.

What you give in return, is money to do things



and money for food, with an unspoken (or not) knowledge that if things go well between the two of you, it might end in a foreign wedding— which would frankly, benefit you both. In the meantime, the exchange of mutual benefit is the sex, the laughs, the companionship.

I was once picked up on by a guy at the beach in Salvador. An hour or two after meeting, we fucked in plain sight, behind a touristy lighthouse. I bought a drink or two, but that was it. He was pushy—I didn't care for him and his desperation showed through with his immediate, "I love you, I need to be near you." No, thanks. Just because this is a form of sex trade, doesn't mean you have to flatout lie to me!

A different time, and keep in mind that I was living in Brazil for 18 months, I picked up on a home-

less traveling artist. I paid for his art and invited him to my table to help me finish a pizza. That night, we got high on that weed I told you a good companion can find, and fucked on the beach behind a hotel, as my moans echoed through the courtyard. I passed on the coke, but I appreciate that he offered. He and I entered into a different sort of sex trade—domesticity. I paid for most things. He got us groceries with his mother's Brazilian government pension (which pays some sort of food stamps...she had since moved to Europe.) He cooked for me, cleaned for us, helped me navigate my work life, stood up for me when I needed it. In other words, I was his gringa sugar mama and he was my Rasta-Hippieeducator on all things Brazilian, including and especially, racism and classism. We loved each other and we both benefitted.

Where is the line between prostitution and dating? I'm honestly not always sure. One of them can get some people arrested, but since rich people or friends of cops almost never get in trouble, the law really isn't objective anyway and I'm only further confused. Sex occupies a weird niche, where it's illegal to pay for it, unless it's filmed. If you're legally married, it's almost impossible to get in trouble for raping that person, but God forbid you financially help somebody you care about, if you've boned. Which leads me to the last step of the sex tourism.

4) Pay the person generously. Even if you're not rich by American standards, if you have enough money to travel to a foreign country, you have enough money to make a small impact on somebody's life there. It isn't just the paying for things while you're there, although you might provide them with a secure place to stay, delicious meals, tickets to the theater or, shit, hang gliding or whatever tourists get up to these days.

Don't think of payment as something you have to do in order to deserve that person's time and affection. Think of it as a logical gift from you to a person you love.

Dr. Helen Shepard is a clinical sexologist in Eugene. If you are interested in discussing hangups about sex work or anything else, email her at EugeneSexology@gmail.com.

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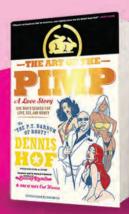
"Those seeking depictions of graphic sex and the ins and outs of prostitution will dig Hof's salacious memoir!" - Kirkus Reviews

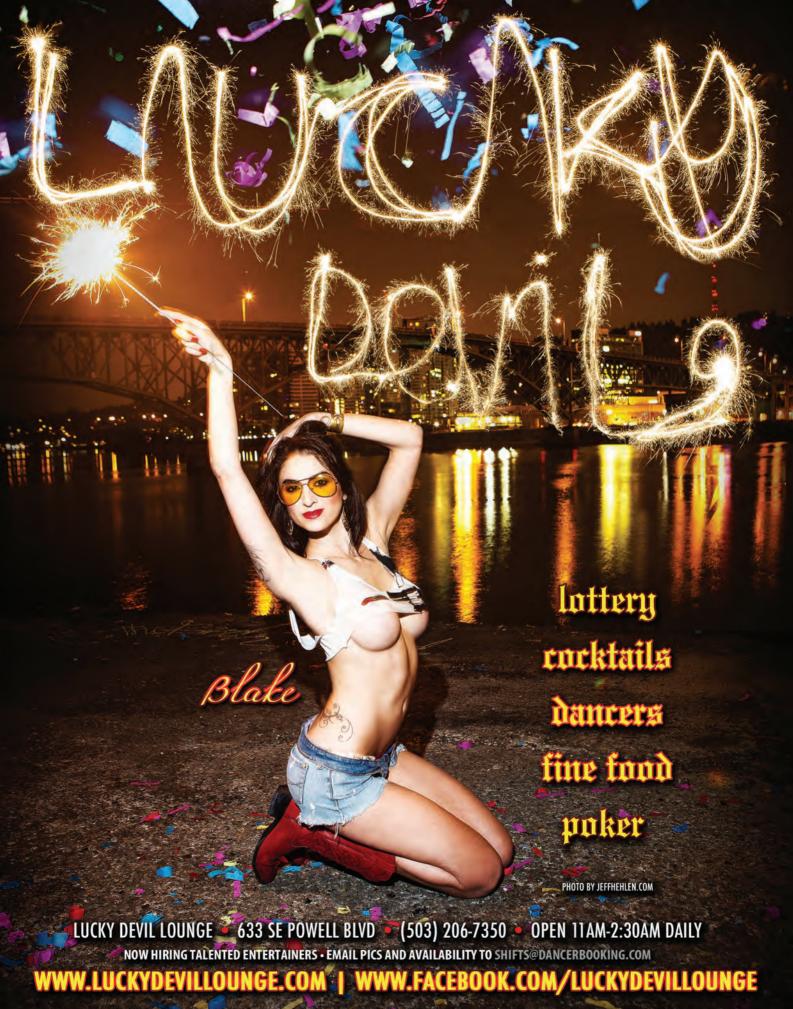






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Unsure of how to approach the subject of travel, the present author assigned themselves the task of taking LSD and walking around East Portland at night, with the intention of visiting the nastiest porn theaters & arcades that the city has to offer. The present author was under the impression that they would be able to gain the experiential benefits of travel, without leaving Portland. The following is an account of their experiences.

The time is 7pm. I'm leaving Pair Of Eyes Adult Video wearing damp cutoffs and a sweat-stained button-up shirt. There's a tote bag on my arm; it contains a t-shirt, pants, weed, a knife, lube and an early birthday present for my brother: Dillon Harper's 19-year-old vagina. The box appears to have been opened before and studiously taped back up; I have no doubt that he will use it, since he is the person who got me a "Taco Stroker" for Christmas (he's in the Navy, so go figure).

At this point, I am still not sure if what I am doing is a good idea. Having been dropped off far from home, I decide to commit to the hazy plan that had brought me here. I certainly don't want the acid to hit during a bus ride or while chatting with a graphic design savvy Lyft driver. Back at Pair Of Eyes Adult Video, I briefly considered going into one of those video screening rooms for masturbation and witchcraft that they have in the back. Something about the several silent men, just standing in the hallway staring at the wall ahead of them, made me reconsider. There would be plenty of that at

Monsieur Peepers, the next stop on my squalid journey.

Thankfully, it was still light outside, when the woman (high on what I assume was some new designer drug) cackled in my direction, saying to a friend lurking about, that there are



two of me. At the time, I was amused to hear this, probably because of the cap and stem I ate earlier at the river. In hindsight, she may have been on to something, which I will get to in a bit.

Just behind this dubious seer, was the Rainbow Dragon Chinese Restaurant, where I attempted to change into my pants and t-shirt. Due to the overwhelming filth of the bathroom, I didn't want to touch anything, and lacking the balance to change into my underwear without

an object to lean on, I only changed into my pants and shirt, before moving on to my next destination, Monsieur Peepers. I knew next to nothing about Peepers; I was only going there because it was the second stop on this dubious tour, based entirely on a single text message from local comedy inspiration, Tim Ledwith. I told him I was writing a piece for *Exotic* on the theme of travel and that my plan was to ingest a hit of LSD, before taking a nocturnal walking tour of East Portland's adult arcade/theater locations (speaking to Tim the next day, he told me that he thought I was "joking"— haha).

At Monsieur Peepers, I learned that there are rooms where you can preview movies, some with an optional window for watching others masturbate and, finally, glory-hole rooms. Above the doors are two lights: red means occupied, green vacant. All the gloryhole room lights were red, like the hands and faces of the several men waiting anxiously outside of them. I went into a voyeur room, locked the door and rubbed my hand on my pant leg, as I fished a dollar out of my pocket with the other. One dollar gets you four minutes in the room, which is more than enough time to masturbate in public in my opinion. I didn't partake of myself, however, despite the fresh roll of paper towels. Listening to grunts coming from the other rooms, I inspected the voyeur window; I pressed open, which prompted a message on the digital screen, "Are you sure?" After some soul searching, I decided no, I don't want to look at a stranger's penis. It was then, that someone tried to enter the room. Nervous,

I turned up the volume on the straight porn on the screen, as my butthole jumped up and hid in my throat. When the four minutes were up, I used a paper towel to open the door, got my bag and escaped.

I was really leaning into the giggles at that point; the next stage—Deep Concern For All Of Existence—to begin within the next hour. In a 7-Eleven bathroom, I made another attempt to put on underwear, but my ass backed into the view of the hand dryer's motion sensor. The blast of hot air upon my anus and bonch, was immediately interpreted as yet another clear example of my unique and inescapable

hubris. Outside, lurching towards 82nd Avenue, I passed a strip club, where a stripper on a smoke recess, swats my entire being with her battlehardened stare and casual derision.

It wasn't until I was laughed at by a Mazda full of ravers whilst giving a fiver to a bag lady, that I fully compre-

hended what I had gotten myself into. No fucking way am I gonna go to The Purple House, Tattoo VHS and the Oregon Theater like this. At best, I am a journeyman Psychonaut, and though I still have much to learn, one thing I did know, but had forgotten up until that point, is that hallucinogens are not ideal party drugs. They deserve respect and when they tell you

to go in a direction, you GO. Any contrivances attempted by the ego, shall be met swiftly by eerie calamity. I bought a packet of peanuts for dependable body fuel and heeded the Great Mother's directive: go home immediately.

During my walk of 20 blocks, I got stoned, seriously considered bisexuality and possibly creeped out a person, who for reasons unknown, I dubbed "NPR Lady."

By the time I got to my front door, all of my clothing was completely soaked in sweat. When I got up the stairs to my attic room, I was convinced that some entity had followed me erupted behind my eyes, as an ever-imploding, lemon-colored jewel with a mind of its own, gently stole away my pathetic fears and hollow ambitions. After it happened, I said "do it again" and it did—then, a third time. By 5am, I was waking up my neighbors with shitty 80s music blasting out of my bedroom window, while I typed out a rambling manifesto about gender and confidence —and, in case you are interested, the crux of the lesson that was shared with me, was that I should stop trying to "get" things. That's all I will say about it for now.

Now, I must admit that this walkabout premise makes me sound like a low-rent Hunter

S. Thompson. Furthermore, my treatment of the subject "travel" is what one would expect of a precocious teen writing a college entrance essay. With all that being said, my outlook is quite different than it was prior to last weekend. Certainly different than the time

I drove to Baja California and was almost arrested along with a bunch of whiney-hardcore kids, for not bribing a police officer...come to think of it, I could have just written about that. Huh.



into the house, so that when I made it to my bed and flopped onto my back, I witnessed a shadow pass behind the screen dividing my room. Instead of being afraid, I sprawled out into a centerfold pose, with my legs spread and told this thing to take me. What happened next is what I can only describe as a "Kundalini orgasm"—a flood of information and light



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JOSMINE RIVERSIDE SPORTS BAR & LOUNGE 1ST PLACE

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Covergirl Closeup With Miss Polerotica 2016

There must be something in the water out in Umatilla. The Riverside Sports Bar & Lounge (an exotic entertainment oasis out in the desert of NE Oregon) showed up on our radar in 2011, for our second year of Polerotica. A girl named Trinity, from The Riverside, absolutely dominated that year and went home with top honors. Then, she came back again for another victory in 2013: and yet again, in 2015. I'm sure she would have won 2012 and 2014 as well, but Polerotica only ran every two years back then. After her third victory, Trinity was awarded legacy status and appeared at our most recent Polerotica as a judge and guest host. But, Umatilla and The Riverside had no intention of letting the title slip from their grasps.

Enter Jasmine, the new Miss Polerotica 2016. Born in Bremerton, WA and after only a year and a half of pole dancing, was able to capture the crown of Exotic's ecdysiast pole competition.

Hello there Jasmine, welcome to Exotic and congrats on your victory! It's always a pleasure to talk with a covergirl who got her cover the hard way—by earning it in the heat of battle! So, tell us about your journey throughout Polerotica.

J- All the competitors were extremely polite and sweet, which was definitely a breath of fresh air. It's always nice to meet beautiful, talented women. One thing that I found challenging, was that the poles are a lot bigger in Portland, and with small hands, that definitely makes it more difficult—not to mention, that the final was my first time competing on a static (stationary) pole.

Did Trinity have anything to do with your participation in this event?

J-Trin is amazing! She has been my inspiration since I started at The Riverside. She is one of the reasons I did this competition...she basically forced me—hahaha. Literally, she told me four days before the qualifier, "Bitch, you're doing it!" The contest was an extremely nerve-racking experience. I was scared going into a competition not knowing anyone or what to expect. It was one hell of a ride, but I don't regret it. Performing is what I do and I looked at it as just another



huge show—and I let all that out on the stage. Where else have you danced, other than Riverside? J-I started at a little club called Honeybunnz Hideout, but later ventured to Riverside, where I reside now. But, when I travel to Portland, I call Casa Diablo home. Now that you're Miss Polerotica 2016, do you plan on going on any feature tours? J- Hey, if anyone wants to invite me to their club, I'm more than happy to arrange a special guest appearance. What do you do for entertainment, outside of being an entertainer? J- When you have a mini, you really don't need to do anything—as long as he's with me, everything is entertainment! Whether it's doing puzzles together or out for an adventure, he's all the entertainment I need. Do you have other ways you express yourself outside of dancing? J-I perform with my circus family, Super Geek League! If you haven't heard of them, you should look them up and go to a show! It's something you've probably never seen before! But, I'm HUGE into dance and grasping a character. At this very moment, as I write this, I'm backstage, getting ready for my performance with EDC (Electric Daisy Carnival) in Las Vegas. Dancing is my passion and it doesn't matter how old I get—I will forever dance. The Riverside Sports Bar & Lounge Lmatilla, OR



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