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SEX SLAVE OR A SLICK CHICK?

On the other side of any border, a woman is for sale. The difference between an in-country purchase and one abroad is the difference between sex and sex slavery. Or so it would seem to anyone who has read any of the stories in the avalanche of reporting over the past decade on sex trafficking.

Although prostitution in the United States is illegal except for a few wild outposts in Nevada, sex in exchange for money in any American city with local talent doesn't generate the same moral outrage as a tryst with an imported girl from Eastern Europe, Southeast Asia, Latin America, or the Caribbean.

This is understandable given that most of these women are smuggled into the country with only their bodies as a passport, ensconced by a “snakehead” in a safe house or massage parlor to work off their debt. But one wonders if this is always sex slavery. Might it be a struggle for survival on the part of a woman, the dream of escaping wretched conditions for a better life in America?

A series of stories in October in the San Francisco Chronicle with the headline “San Francisco is a Major Center for International Crime Networks that Smuggle and Enslave,” highlights the experience of one young woman, You Mi, who found herself “lured from her home in South Korea by international sex traffickers who had tricked the debt-ridden college student with promises of a high paying hostess job in America.”

You Mi, who lived in Busan, got sucked into this while scanning the advertisements for sex workers in a local newspaper. The 22-year-old college student was familiar with what are called “room salons,” since her mother had managed one briefly when You Mi was growing up. The room salon: karaoke, a bar, private rooms in the back—Brothel Lite. You Mi spotted an ad that read, “Work in an American room salon. Make $10,000 a month. Very gentle. No touching.”

She met with the man who placed the ad. He assured her no sex was involved and said she could pay back the $7,000 fee for setting up the job in Los Angeles after she started working, and he would fix her up with a visa or passport. You Mi took the job. The Chronicle reporter, Meredith May, sums up the candidate’s thoughts thusly: “You Mi wanted it to be true. She needed it to be true.”

But is it true? Only You Mi knows the answer. It strikes me that the reporter’s use of the word “needed,” whether intentional or not, does quietly undermine the notion of an innocent girl lured into sex slavery. Her mother was at one time a madame, You Mi selects sex ads in the newspaper in search of work, a visa will be supplied through unofficial channels, she will make ten grand a month, yet none of this rings the hooker bell? If a pretty young co-ed in Moscow or Saigon or Busan is told a high-paying “hostess” job is available in LA, does she take that at face value even if the guy she’s talking to says it does not require sexual encounters? Or might she know and find it prudent not to press the matter?

On top of this, the story notes she needed to make big money fast because she’d racked up a huge shopping debt on two credit cards along with heavy interest payments to money lenders she used for quick cash after maxing out her credit cards. After two years of this, she ended up with lots of low-rise jeans, high-heeled boots, digital cameras, and a $40,000 debt. Shopping. Hmmm. This is getting quite American—You Mi the college student at the Busan mall with a credit card.

Given this background, can we really believe she was lured into sex slavery? Let’s go with the flow here and assume she is telling the truth, and I am a rigorous, heartless, skeptical asshole. (True.) Whatever the case, she ended up working in a massage parlor in Los Angeles, paid off her snakehead debt in five months, then moved to San Francisco and worked on her own for an additional four months to pay off her credit-card debt. Despite having to perform as a sexual machine for a train of johns, one of her clients was a nice young man. She fell in love with him and they are still together.

And more good news for the sex slave. You Mi applied and received a T-1 visa—what I think of as a courtesan waver. The T-1 visa, created by Congress in 2000 as part of the Victims of Trafficking and Violence Protection Act, allows that those who can prove they were victims of human trafficking for the sex industry or for forced labor induced by “fraud or coercion” can apply for this special visa. This allows them to stay in the country for three years and then they can apply for a green card.

Sex slave or a good deal to become a citizen? You decide.
Dahlia Schweitzer firmly believes that women can be smart and sexy, and she's out to prove it. She admits that while this isn't a novel concept, we, as a society, still have a long way to go before women are truly accepted for their talents, even if they're in a mini-skirt. I agree with her completely, though I feel Dahlia has a long way to go as an artist.

Dahlia is a jack of all trades. She is an up-and-coming electro-cabaret singer and a published erotica writer. Dahlia moved to Berlin three years ago where she feels artists have a real chance to get ahead in the industry—and unlike the United States, they can actually make money doing so.

I received Dahlia's book in the mail, released in the states in November '06, called Seduce Me. As an erotica writer myself, I'm always anxious to get my hands on other people's definitions of hot and sexy. I usually don't get porn sent to me in the mail, so I was very ready to be impressed. Sadly, I was disappointed. I made it through the whole book in almost one sitting without having the urge to touch myself once. Her writing might be great for Penthouse, or other cliché sex rags that focus on traditional masculine sex scenes, but to me it came across as a little too vanilla. The farthest she goes out of bounds is dominating some poor sap with a foot fetish. To me, it reads like the confessional of a 15-year-old boy.

After reading her short stories, I turned to her music. Hoping to find some redemption, I popped in her CD Plastique and again was disappointed. The music sounded catchy at first, though a little poppy. As the lyrics kicked in, I felt like a 12-year-old girl dancing to Paula Abdul in front of my bedroom mirror. It's supposed to be post-punk electronic disco, but in reality, the production quality is passable, and the beats themselves sound more like a Kraftwerk/P!nk collaboration, but lacking the energy of P!nk and the clever innovation of Kraftwerk. The vocals themselves are slightly monotone, with uninspired lyrics and an emphasis on rhyme scheme over substance. In general, it follows the formula for a dance hit to the letter, but the execution goes tragically wrong in every song.

During our interview, I was surprised to find myself having a conversation, not with a Britney or a Paris, but an intelligent, driven woman with the right idea, but the wrong execution. A tip-off to me was when she recalled watching Tina Turner sing What's Love Got to do With It and it inspired her to perform, launching her musical career. It became clear that she was trying to combine two all-too commonly conflicting worlds—desire and professionalism—and she just can't seem to find the right blend. She wants to be the girl that commands attention through her sexuality and her raw talent, and unfortunately her persona gets simplified, and her music is quickly reduced to shallow pop songs. It becomes dumbed-down, just like Britney, who, by the way, is one of Dahlia's musical influences.

The thing is: Dahlia is a smart girl. She's going to school for her Masters in writing and critical theory, yet on the other hand, she chose Wesleyan as the college she wanted to attend, specifically based on the fact that it doesn't have a calculus requirement. I can understand hating math, but to rearrange your whole world because of a couple of calculus classes? Again—smart girl, not-so-smart choices.

If you want to judge for yourself, Dahlia is going on a mini-tour to the US and will be visiting the Seattle area, at Tost, on December 17th. I recommend waiting until Seduce Me makes its way to Half Price Books.
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www.thisisdahlia.com
www.myspace.com/dahlia

DAHLIA SCHWEITZER
CONFESSIONS OF A SEDUCTRESS
By BlackDove
It’s been a busy month in the *Exotic* world... Last month, MY DREAMGIRL TV sponsored a model search event at OUTLAWS hosted by RON JEREMY. We took a break from the office to go check it out. Congratulations to HOLLY FOXX of SASSY’S on tying for audience applause for a co-win. If you ask me, Holly Foxx was the winner hands-down, or maybe in her case, pants-down. I went onstage to meet Ron for my first time, bearing the gift of an *Exotic* T-shirt, and in return he bore a bit more. Some people shake hands, but not Ron. He pulled my bare breast out of my top and sucked on it, then signed it, then sucked on it again—for a photo-op moment, of course. I was proud to boast, “Ron Jeremy sucked on my titty!” Next time you see Ron Jeremy is coming to town, I highly recommend it for a good time.

Speaking of good times: Whether you let your freak flag fly high all year or prefer to keep it in the closet on the regular, we all need to let loose sometimes. THE PORTLAND EROTIC BALL at the CRYSTAL BALLROOM was a party free of inhibitions and just the place for getting loose without getting judged—where partygoers did anything for a dollar—“sexy dollars” that is, to win cash prizes along with contests for best costumes and more. We rounded up a group as large as we could to include our own October cover girl BEA for this event. If you like to people-watch, then this is a great event for you. I love any place that I can look over and see a gnome talking with a topless nun and the entire group KISS. That is just awesome. PEPE along with his BOTTLE BLONDES helped create the atmosphere of a really large house party where it was perfectly acceptable and in fact encouraged to talk to as many...have your photos taken with as many...and for some, even make out with as many people as possible. TABOO VIDEO was there, representing in full force, trying to assure that no one went home lonely. Don’t miss out next year on 2007’s Portland Erotic Ball. I know *Exotic* will be there.

At the Erotic Ball, I was invited to another event the following week: TOM LEYKIS broadcasting live from BARRACUDA’S. For those of you who are not familiar with Tom, he is a talk-radio personality on AM 970 who advises men on his ways of “humping and dumping,” and he brought us Flash Fridays. Fashionably late, I walked into the biggest sausage fest I have EVER been to. It was a little intimidating at first, and I could feel the testosterone in the air, but after calculating my odds, I was pretty relaxed. Perhaps it was the vodka. I couldn’t pass up an opportunity to talk about *Exotic* magazine on national radio, and that’s why I took one for the team and had my breasts signed once again. This time, that required flashing the 300-plus men in the audience as they chanted, “take it off!” I’m going to blame that one on the vodka, too! Free admission, drinking in the afternoon, STARS girls handing out prizes, and even a murder confession on-air—entertainment at its best. Yes, a murder confession—a live caller from Arizona admitted on-air to killing her ex-boyfriend over child support. Upon Tom reminding her that they had the number she called from and he was going to give it to the police, she quickly hung up. Tom himself claimed this to be the most outrageous thing to have ever happened on his show; leave it to happen in Portland! I would like to thank KEN BUDDE from Taboo Video for the invitation and Gary (Tom’s producer) for the great time (and the vodka).

After seeing a little bit of what Stars is working with these days, it gave us a great idea. That’s where we went straight for when it came to finding ourselves a December cover girl. As predicted, we were not disappointed, and that’s where we found JENNA. Within less than five minutes of being there, we automatically knew she was the one! We hope you agree. Feeling a little left out? Sorry you missed one or all of these events? Don’t be stuck at home while we’re out having all the fun. Check out the *Exotic* calendar to beef up your own social calendar, or check out *Exotic’s* myspace page to see where we are going to be next: www.myspace.com/xmag.
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Rock music and entertainers go hand-in-hand. OK, maybe hand-in-something-else, but the picture should be clear.

There is something to be said when seeing a rock band play while entertainers perform onstage. Mixing both live bands and live naked chicks can either be a recipe for ecstacy or another random excuse for complete sensory dipshit overload. You watch bands belting out bone-crushing metal and turn a mere fifteen degrees to witness some beautiful blonde with Japanese characters across her back spinning on the brass poles of heaven. Yes, I said heaven! Thus heaven and hell unite in what may be easily confused as the ultimate eyefuck buffet from Heavenhell (that's heaven and hell put together in case you're wondering what Heavenhell means, unless you actually already knew what I meant and you think I am an idiot for writing this long-winded explanation about what the word Heavenhell is).

These two genres belong together. Entertainers in this day and age (and a select few clubs) are already realizing that rock is one of the more preferred choices while performing onstage. AC/DC, Zeppelin, and Nickelback are all good, but today it's Slayer, White Zombie, and Lamb of God that find their way into the DJ systems. For Lamb of God to debut #7 on the Billboard charts with Sacramento is just another example of this generation's deeper drill into the abyss. Beautiful girls dancing to Pantera, Deftones, or Black Label Society cannot even be explained in mere words. What I can repaint as a picture is actually seeing live music continuously play while girls bang out the birthday suits on multiple stages. It's something to be witnessed, and the thought of seeing it could never become a broken record spinning into a frozen yarn. You take any band member and throw him into this situation, and he (or maybe she) will play with more adrenaline-drained abandon than ever, or on the flipside, they could fuck up every guitar riff while a beautiful exterior or glows like a beam of light from the main stage. In any situation, bands dig it, and from my experience so do patrons and entertainers. It's ultra-mega-extreme situations like this that make life complete for those in the rock world who already have a predetermined life expectancy of a goldfish, and if any band hears they're playing live at a strip club and doesn't walk in and out with a grin painted from ear to ear, they must fly with a very south-wristed flock of seagulls.

Now, with every good half there is a dark one. A band could end up with an entertainer (or an employee) in the bathroom! A young dude in an S.O.D. jersey may decide to mosh on top of tables and throw his PBR into the air while Joe and Sally Patron sit quietly at a table celebrating their anniversary. Entertainers may be dancing so fast due to a double-bass drum ride that someone mistakes her entertainment for a Code 4 crack convulsion. The appetite for destruction does shield a double-edged sword, and that sword can be swift and unpredictable. All worth it in the end, unless people don't know how to react when Godzilla rolls through the streets blowing fire and stepping on Hot Wheels. Granted, some may see this as a defeating element in the big picture of a particular club's morals or mission statements...wait! Did I just say “morals” and “mission statements?!?” Shit, what was I saying? Oh, right...some clubs may think this combination takes the momentum of their business in a wrong direction, but if you think about it, as long as the bands are good and the show is the complete package, in time this could be the next generation of strip-club epiphanies. Imagine a huge venue with four to five stages and a huge live music stage with beaming lights and strobes. The band rocks the house, and the naked chicks rock more than just the house.

Bands will get a better draw and may actually get paid, entertainers in the right situation will make money, and the show is more than just a show and a concert ticket—it's an overall experience in a setting where music and women once again go hand in...you know what.

As stated in my last article regarding local bands becoming lazy, isn't this the solution that may set the whole problem on fire? Fuck those eight-hour Tony Robbins motivational DVDs! Those self-help articles in that toilet-side Reader's Digest don't hold a candle! If I am a local band and have the opportunity to promote a show that includes multiple hot naked chicks performing while I am playing music with my band, how could I not pull my shit together in a half-baked blink of any eye?

—mrBlack (eldiablo@mrblackworld.com)
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633 SW McLoughlin (503) 235-0911
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, full menu, sign

ATLANTIS SHOWGIRLS
4727 NE 44th Ave. (503) 282-3803
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, sign

BEAVERS
M 5117 SE Powell (503) 233-3027
M-Sat 11am-2am Sun 6am-2am—beer, wine, snacks

THE BIG BANG
2441 S 30th St (503) 232-3340
Daily 2pm-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

BOOM ROOM
2033 SW 3rd. Ave. (503) 232-3340
Daily 2pm-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

BOTTOMS UP
1800 SW 9th Ave (503) 233-3027
M-Thurs 12pm-2am Fri-Sat noon-2am Sun 12-10pm
1 stage, full bar, food

CABARET
1754 SE 10th Ave. (503) 232-3340
Daily 3pm-3am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

CABARET II
1524 SE 10th St. (503) 232-3340
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

Cocktails & Dreams
326 SW 30th St (503) 232-3340
Daily 2pm-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

DANCE
120 SW 7th Ave (503) 232-3340
Sat-Sun 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

DEMONS PIPELINE
5325 SE Forest (503) 771-8646
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

THE DOLPHIN
187 10th Ave. (503) 232-3340
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

THE DOLPHIN III
1630 SW Broadway (503) 677-6066
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

DOUBLE DRIBBLE TAVERN
1303 SE Powell Blvd (503) 232-3340
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

JOEY'S BAR 'N' GRILL
432 NE 8th Ave. (503) 232-3340
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

JIGS
7455 SW Nyguy Rd (503) 232-3340
M-Fri 11am-2am Sat-Sun 2pm-2am
1 stage, full bar, food

JODY'S & BAR 'N' GRILL
1203 NE Glisan (503) 232-3340
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

LUSH
610 NE 122nd (503) 232-3340
M-Fri 11am-2am Sat-Sun 2pm-2am
1 stage, full bar, food

MAGICAL GARDENS
217 NW 4th (503) 232-3340
Sat-Sun 11am-2am Sun 6pm-3:30am
1 stage, full bar, food

MARY'S CLUB
129 SW Broadway (503) 232-3340
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

MONTÉGO'S
511 SE 12th (503) 232-3340
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

NICO'S CAFE & HOUSE
2460 NW 24th (503) 232-3340
M-Fri 11am-2am Sat-Sun 2pm-2am
1 stage, full bar, food

THE PALLAS
13639 SE Powell (503) 770-5128
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

PIRATE'S COVE
741 8th Ave. (503) 232-3340
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

POP-A-TOP PIZZA
621 NE Columbia (503) 281-3271
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

RIVERSIDE CORRAL
540 SW 3rd St (503) 232-3340
M-Fri 11am-2am Sat-Sun 2pm-2am
1 stage, full bar, wine, lottery

ROOSTER
605 N Columbia (503) 281-3271
M-Fri 11am-2am Sat-Sun 2pm-2am
1 stage, full bar, wine, food, lottery

SAFARI SHOWCLUB
3000 SE Powell (503) 233-3027
Daily 11am-2am—1 stage, full bar, food, lottery

DANCE CLUBS