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WORLD’S WORST DICTATORS
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Can the world, for Christ’s fucking sake, just get OVER Adolf Hitler once and for all? In the first place, he was SOOO 20th Century, and last time I checked my wristwatch, we were a good ocho años into the 21st. And if you want to gauge a dictator’s “Evil Factor” by how many corpses he left in his wake, Hitler wasn’t even the champpeen of his own century. I’m not sure who doesn’t want you to know this (well, I have a creeping suspicion, but it’s considered dangerous to even suggest it without getting zapped by a cattle prod), but the most conservative estimates have Josef Stalin

dictator: Kim Jong-II
country he dictates: North Korea
crime against humanity: Hasn’t sent his mom a Mother’s Day card for the past seven years.

dictator: Alexander Lukashenko
country he dictates: Belarus
crime against humanity: Owns three cats but only changes their litter box twice a month.

dictator: Robert Mugabe
country he dictates: Zimbabwe
crime against humanity: Has never returned a Blockbuster DVD on time.

dictator: Hugo Chavez
country he dictates: Venezuela
crime against humanity: Makes right turns without flashing his turn signal.

dictator: Raúl Castro
country he dictates: Cuba
crime against humanity: Once said “yes” when his girlfriend asked him if she looked fat in her dress.

dictator: Saparmurat Niyazov
country he dictates: Turkmenistan
crime against humanity: Farts in public elevators and blames his bodyguard.

dictator: Than Shwe
country he dictates: Myanmar
crime against humanity: Takes two (and sometimes three) papers from the newspaper box when he only paid for one.

dictator: Sayyid Ali Khamenei
country he dictates: Iran
crime against humanity: Routinely steals bath towels from hotels and then doesn’t even use them.

dictator: Idriss Deby
country he dictates: Chad
crime against humanity: Has never in his life put the toilet seat down after using it.

dictator: Omar al-Bashir
country he dictates: Sudan
crime against humanity: Steals French fries from friends’ plates when they go to the bathroom.
out-killing Hitler by at least five million and possibly as many as 20 million, while China’s chubby-cheeked Mao Zedong blew both peckerwoods out of the water by slaughtering an estimated 40 to 77 million of his own countrymen. But if we keep focusing on those scrubs from the past, we risk ignoring actual bad men doing actual bad things today. So in the spirit of earnest inquiry, I present to you 20 dictators who are acting like assholes as I speak. And just so you don’t suffer too much “Hitler withdrawal,” I’ve tried to find pictures of them in some variation of the “Sieg Heil” pose.

dictator: Bernard Makuza
country he dictates: Rwanda
crime against humanity: Holds loud cell-phone conversations in the movie theater.

dictator: Isaias Afwerki
country he dictates: Eritrea
crime against humanity: Rarely chips in when his buddies decide to get a few six-packs.

dictator: Muammar Qaddafi
country he dictates: Libya
crime against humanity: Once used a fake name during an online chat session.

dictator: Islam Karimov
country he dictates: Uzbekistan
crime against humanity: Always peeks in the medicine cabinet when he’s visiting friends.

dictator: Hu Jintao
country he dictates: China
crime against humanity: Never hesitates to take the last donut or slice of cake at a party.

dictator: King Mswati III
country he dictates: Swaziland
crime against humanity: Still owes his friend ten bucks from when the Broncos won the Super Bowl.

dictator: Teodoro Obiang Nguema Mbasogo
country he dictates: Equatorial Guinea
crime against humanity: Will wear the same shirt three or four days in a row.

dictator: Pervez Musharraf
country he dictates: Pakistan
crime against humanity: Neglected to report over 300 dollars’ worth of income in 2003.

dictator: Meles Zenawi
country he dictates: Ethiopia
crime against humanity: Feeds off a neighbor’s wireless connection for his laptop and hasn’t once offered to pay him.

dictator: King Abdullah
country he dictates: Saudi Arabia
crime against humanity: Has frequently slipped more than a dozen items through the “10 Items or Less” aisle.
DJs and music critics are often one and the same. Although coincidental considering the circumstances, I am not referring to “journalists” such as myself who make a living staring at tits with a small column on the side. Rather, I am referring to the responsibilities shared by those who select and mix music for club play and those who select and review music for publication. Through the processes of exclusion (or inclusion) and commentary, disc jockeys are basically living music-review columns. What gets played is hot (AKA “fly”), and what gets cut is not (AKA “ain’t”). Most of us DJs hold overgeneralized opinions about nearly every band we’re exposed to, attributing godlike qualities to the music we like and abusively deconstructing the bands we don’t.

If there’s one thing that critics of all types are often accused of, it’s the inability to put one’s money where their mouth is. “Hey asshole, if you’re so goddamn perfect, why don’t you start your own band?” ask the Daddies. Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you two perfect DJ-slash-musicians who are able to place their Benjis where their traps are, producing and performing quality music that puts most others to shame.

Turning the tables (no pun intended), I (the untalented musician who only puts his money where his mouth is when offering bills to dancers) will now criticize the critical. The hunter has now become the hunted. The jockey has now become the jocked.

Okay, enough with the bullshit. Here’s your fucking article.

**Ghost Motor**

The Goth Night is a dying institution. Although the Northwest used to be a Mecca for slutty chicks in black pleather and guys in Sisters of Mercy shirts who swear they’re not gay, both Portland and Seattle have seemed to lose their spooky factor over the last few years. (Tacoma, on the other hand, is and always has been scary.) Waltzing into Plan-B’s “Hive” night on a Sunday night in Portland’s eastside industrial area, I wasn’t exactly expecting The Mercury or The City. Much to my surprise, I discovered where all of the Goth kids have been hiding all this time. As DJ Brian Backlash (not a musician, but an online music critic...go figure) spun Revolting Cocks and Laibach, several pale kids dressed all in black danced in their own invisible bubbles. Off to the side, an energetic and less melancholy figure (also in black, but with fewer accessories) was up in some chick’s face, spitting game like he swallowed a chess set. Sniffling out my own kind, I was introduced to homeboy via DJ Backlash, only to find out that homeboy has a name, a DJ career, and a band (two, actually). Jared Scott, AKA DJ Flak, took a few minutes out of his night to discuss Ghost Motor, one of the remaining decent industrial acts in the area.

Five years after forming industrial band Particle Son in 1996, Jared took a break to begin DJing, allowing him to “stay very involved in the dance community while continuing to write industrial rock music.” Soon after, Particle Son began playing shows with already established Ghost Motor, and at this point Jared got signed to D-A-R-K records as DJ Flak. Earlier this year, Jared joined Ghost Motor as a keyboardist.

What caused Jared to ditch his own decade-old band to join some tour mates?

Jared explains: “I was drawn to Ghost Motor because of the song compositions. Drew (singer/guitarist) is an amazing songwriter and is always trying to come up with radical new ideas....That is what got me into electronic music to begin with.”

Continuing, Jared explains how spinning music has an influence on performing music: “I go from playing someone else’s tracks to writing my own. I get exposed to large amounts of different styles of music, so it helps keep diversity in the music I write. Being familiar with DJ cuts, I create mixes that are more DJ-friendly, (and) song structure is a big part of it, counting measures and so forth.”

**Demain**

Jason Demain has performed with Camaro Hair, The Cандystripers, International Pop Overthrow, M-Set, Smoochknob, and The Strain. Demain has also DJ’d at The Viewpoint, Union Jacks, The Main Attraction, Rick’s, Honeys, and Sugars. Featured on international radio, an Xbox commercial, and even as a demo track for a Microsoft/Kodak software campaign, Demain has all of the necessary ingredients for Ego-centric Rock Star Soup.

Fortunately, Demain is not nearly as good of a cook as he is a musician. Meeting him in person, you would be hard-pressed to believe that the guy has any ego at all, let alone a decade-plus of experience in the music industry. Relaxed, confident, and polite, Demain (AKA “that dude Jason”) discusses his latest project, Demain (AKA “that band Demain, fronted by that dude Jason”):

“Demain (pronounced ‘Dee-Main,’ not the French pronunciation, but with the same meaning; ‘tomorrow’) features a kaleidoscope of talent. Dark, poppy, complex, and to the point,” Demain is “very matter-of-fact in its honesty, yet sometimes abstract. (We) borrow a lot of ideas from [the] Lennon/McCartney style (of) songwriting, some material spanning from 50s to Southern twang, to Middle Eastern to industrial flavors, yet always maintaining a radio-friendly structure.”

A listen to Demain’s online tunes surprises this reviewer on two accounts. First, the production quality (even for a recompressed MySpace file) is nothing less than professional. Demain’s four-track EP sounds better than most full-lengths I’ve heard. Second, the project sounds nothing like the rest of Jason’s catalogue. Innovation, originality, and forward-thinking...from a strip club DJ. Good goddamn.

If Demain and Ghost Motor are representative of the majority, DJs have the advantage of having an ear for music as well as an understanding of the industry’s backstage processes. Notice how every band/project associated with Jason and Jared are not only Google-able, they’re successful by many standards. Further, the dudes don’t act like musicians. Lesson for your garage trio: Drop the attitude, take some criticism, and spend time on production. The cocaine and limousines can come later.
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Well, my friend, this section is dedicated to you. The strip club used to be the grown-up version of the boys’ club, but with modern times, seeing a guy and his gal out for date night at the flesh palace is not so uncommon. Generally, I can’t stand you people, even though I’ve been guilty of violating this slap in the face to the Brotherhood of Man myself. Couples in strip clubs can mean several different things. The ultimately creepiest reason is they’re hunting for a third to join in their little *Penthouse Forum* fantasies. Dancers hear lines such as, “My wife wants you SOOOOOOOOOO bad; what would it take to get you to come home with us?” on a weekly basis these days. The dancer probably thinks your wife is just as hopeless and pathetic as you are. Throwing two desperate souls at a dancer while they’re working only doubles your chances of failure.

One thing that almost always seems to work when bringing your woman to a strip club with you is the fact that she’s going to get twice as much attention than you are—not only from the dancers, but from EVERY HORNY GUY IN THE PLACE. Way to go, player! Even if your significant other is cool with you going to a strip club, leave well enough alone...and leave her at home!

No matter how cool you think she’s going to be, once your girl sees the way you’re looking at the dancers, and once she starts thinking about how flawed her body is in comparison to the Venus on the main stage, it suddenly isn’t very much fun anymore. And you will pay for her discomfort later...oh, yes, the suffering will be legendary, my friend.

**C: YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS A STRIPPER**

This is perhaps the most delicate and dangerous of the three scenarios. Generally, the best advice I can give those “lucky” souls out there that are dating strippers is this... GIVE THEM THEIR SPACE. She doesn’t come watch you operate your slushy machines at the Kwik-E-Mart, so offer her up the same courtesy. I know it’s hard, buddy. I mean, there are all those men fantasizing about your girl down there at the club...but play your cards right, and she will continue to come home to you.

During my run in Portland’s adult industry, all I dated were dancers. Who else would put up with my lifestyle, anyway? Bear in mind that all the advice I’m tossing your way came from my own failures, so hindsight is indeed 20/20 in this case. But if you find yourself in the precarious position of spending time at the same place your dancer girlfriend is working, attempt to follow these simple **GROUND RULES**, and you might survive—at least a little longer, anyway:

1. Don’t sit at the rack, especially if it’s not her rack. Even if it’s her rack, odds are you’re going to intimidate her and everyone else who was thinking about tipping her.
2. Don’t try to be a stud by telling the other dancers that your girlfriend is a dancer. It’s not going to make them think you’re cool or that you must be a nice guy since one of their “sisters in sin” (continued on page 30)
Crush

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I’M NOT SURE WHETHER YOU GIVE A FUCK, and I wouldn’t blame you if you didn’t, but I’m an epileptic, as are many unheralded geniuses.

During childhood, family members often spotted me having night seizures. My sister frequently observed my young, sleeping body kicking like a pink, hairless mule. At around age 12, when Ma chanced upon me flapping around on the bed like a sea bass on a ship’s deck, my family decided it was time to have me tested.

I remember staring at the scuffed, Wrigley’s-spearmint-gum-colored hospital floors as workers fastened cold metal electrodes to my scalp. I was instructed to lie back on the starchy white sheets and shut my eyes as they began flashing the strobe. Green-and-red honeycombs spun on my closed eyelids. As I drifted off, a row of twitching pens recorded the seismic disturbances inside my head.

The doctor who read my EEG said it showed abnormalities, but they were “within the statistical margin of error.”

After several nasty alcoholic blackouts in my late teens—and again suspecting epilepsy—I went to have a CT scan. They inserted my head in a spanking-clean, radiation-dripping white uterus as some bored doctor examined my brain one mozzarella-flavored slice at a time. Again, the test results were ambiguous.

It had been a good 30 or 35 years since I’d had a seizure. I wasn’t sure whether my brain had outgrown them or if I was merely gearing up for the Big One.

GREEN-AND-RED STAGE-LIT HONEYCOMBS spun on Syd Barrett’s face at London’s UFO Club back in 1966 as the club’s house band and the preeminent weirdlings of the UK’s psychedelic scene, The Pink Floyd Sound, strummed ditties about intergalactic hot-rod-ding and demonic housecats. As lead vocalist, lead guitarist, and principal songwriter, Barrett had led his band since 1964 through various incarnations such as “The Screaming Abdabs” and “The Meggadeaths” until settling on “The Pink Floyd Sound.” The moniker was an homage to two black American bluesmen, Pink Anderson and Floyd Council, which is highly ironic when you consider that Pink Floyd would become monstrously successful worldwide for playing just about the whitest music imaginable.

It was around 1966 when Syd first dropped acid, and video clips of his inaugural trip are easily accessible on the Internet. According to some accounts, he would ply his brain with LSD every day for at least the next two years.

And holy bleeding fucking hell, was it evident it in his music! The Pink Floyd Sound, later truncated to The Pink Floyd before finally dropping off the “The” and becoming simply Pink Floyd, were such a raging hit in London’s tripped-out club scene that by early 1967, they were recording their first album just down the hall from where The Beatles were laying down tracks for Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band. Pink Floyd also started releasing a string of singles—oddly, none of which appeared on their first album—which rocketed up the UK charts. Their first, “Arnold Layne,” was about a panty thief and reached #20. The second, “See Emily Play,” was a sweeping, whooshing, goosebump-inducing sing-along that crept all the way up to #6. Both songs had a wide, massive, ethereal sound so absolutely drug-drenched, one could conceivably have a full-blown trip just listening to it.

But not having heard it yet, I wasn’t going to take any chances. When I bought Pink Floyd’s first album, The Piper at the Gates of Dawn, I was around 19. I went into my bedroom, placed a hit of blotter acid under my tongue, set the needle to the vinyl, and sandwiched my brain between headphones. I’m sure the LSD helped ease the way, but there has never been another album before or since that impressed me so tremendously upon my first listen.

What a shock it was, too. I was already familiar with Pink Floyd’s later, more-famous work—none of it recorded with Syd Barrett—but not one note of any of it had prepared me for such a brain-ripping, otherworldly onslaught. I thought Dark Side of the Moon was the most overrated album in Earth’s history, couldn’t muster many feelings either way about Wish You Were Here, thought the flying pig balloons in Animals were cute (but that was about it), and was so annoyed by The Wall, I prayed for the fucking wall to collapse and kill the band members. As far as I was concerned, Pink Floyd had managed to become one of the world’s biggest rock bands merely by dint of overspending on production and album-cover artwork. They didn’t write catchy melodies or clever lyrics. They seemed congenitally incapable of truly rocking out. And most importantly, for a group that had purportedly staked its turf on being so “freaky” and “psychedelic” and “spacey,” to my ears they churned out a lazy, monochromatic,
didn't spend much time thinking about my childhood seizures.

Roger Keith “Syd” Barrett would release two solo albums in 1970: The Madcap Laughs and Barrett, and no anti-dope propaganda ever concocted by any drug-war czar could ever serve as more chilling propaganda against drug abuse. The manic, expansive energy of his work with Pink Floyd had been completely siphoned from his spine, leaving deadpan songs from a brain-dead man who sounded as if he might actually be dead. On one track from The Madcap Laughs, Syd fucks up mid-song, stops playing, yells at the producer, and then continues. What’s mind-blowing is that they didn’t even seem to think it was worth doing another take.

The genius who founded Pink Floyd would eventually spend some time in a British “home for lost souls” before moving back into his mother’s basement. He lived as a legendary recluse who mostly tended to his garden before finally succumbing to pancreatic cancer in 2006.

I FORGOT ABOUT SYD BARRETT FOR DECADES, just as I didn’t spend much time thinking about my childhood seizures. A few months ago I began having headache symptoms that fell neatly into the category of migraines: weird “halo” visual lighting effects forming around objects, followed by nausea and vomiting.

I eagerly gorged my brain on Syd’s sonic insanity for a few days until that fateful Sunday when I started to feel another migraine coming on. I began to see little multi-colored plastic chips in front of my eyes, then felt intensely nauseous and tried to induce vomiting, with no success.

And that’s all I remember. According to my intensely pregnant wife, I walked into our living room, sat on the couch next to her, looked out the window, and my eyelids began fluttering. She thought I was just goofing and asked me to stop. Then my arms and legs started flailing, I bit down on my tongue hard enough that blood was pouring out of my mouth, and I finally collapsed, stopped breathing, and turned blue. She pushed furniture out of the way, dragged me to the floor, called 911, then proceeded to administer mouth-to-mouth.

At the hospital, they strapped my head down with leather and shove me into a giant cold white vagina where I was absolutely...
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is dating you. You’re just gonna look like a creep or a sleazeball, and she’ll probably tell your girl that you were hitting on her.

3. Don’t instigate arguments with your girlfriend when she’s at work. Maybe some jobs can be done when you’re fired-up or pissed-off, but exotic dancing isn’t one of them. No one wants to tip a coving dancer. You’ll just look like an asshole, and you’ll make her look like an idiot for dating you. Not to mention, bouncers just love 86ing dancers’ boyfriends, you dumb-ass!

4. Do not bring a pack of friends with you. Though the fact that your better half is a dancer can gain you great admiration from your loser buddies, bringing those same buddies in to check out your girl’s holiest of holies is plain creepy. Your girl is probably uncomfortable enough with you being there, let alone your buddies from work that she had to hang out with at the BBQ last weekend. She probably doesn’t even like those guys when she’s dressed, let alone bare-ass naked. But if for some reason you can’t avoid this situation, make sure your loser friends tip the girls and show them respect, because their actions will all be taken out on you, regardless of your own behavior...you ARE your brothers’ keeper in this situation.

5. DO NOT GET DRUNK! Drunken boyfriends in strip clubs always end up in trouble. Either you end up throwing down with some guy that you think made a pass at your girl (ummm, hello, that’s what guys do in strip clubs), or you got too friendly with another dancer and tried to slip her something besides a twenty.

6. Don’t stare at the other dancers’ and/or waitresses’ goodies...PERIOD! Eye contact is the way to go, and even that can get dangerous if you overdo it. This applies even more if you happen to be at the club where she works when she’s not there. If you do anything in her absence, she will find out about it tenfold within the hour.

Sounds fun, doesn’t it? Just be careful what you wish for, and if you happen to get it, see a doctor at once. In the meantime, how about keeping it simple and enjoying the wonderful, carefree, uninhibited adventures awaiting you in the City of Roses this month? Such as...

**FEATURED EVENTS**

**Thursday, July 3rd**—Happy Birthday America Party at the Dolphin clubs. ... V.I.P. Party/Customer Appreciation at Stars Beaverton.

**Friday, July 4th**—Cabaret JT’s Patio Grand Opening, featuring a swimming pool and hot tub. Open every day this summer. ... Cheetahs (Salem) 4th of July Bash with free BBQ, prizes, and contests. ... Happy Birthday America Party at the Dolphin clubs. ... All shows 50% off at PussyCats. ... Independence Day Party with prizes and gifts at Stars Beaverton.

**Saturday, July 5th**—Happy Birthday America Party at the Dolphin clubs.

**Wednesday, July 9th**—Magazine Model Gia Nova at Stars Salem.

**Thursday, July 10th**—Magazine Model Gia Nova with three shows nightly at Stars Beaverton.

**Friday, July 11th**—Stars Beaverton pulls out all the stops with their 12th Anniversary Celebration, featuring the Heaven and Hell Party, where pleasure and pain become one! With fire shows, suspension, domination, bondage shows, theme shows, ice bar, magic shows, best costume contest, and theme stages, plus magazine model Gia Nova with three shows nightly!

**Saturday, July 12th**—Safari Showclub—Magazine model Gia Nova with two shows nightly.

**Wednesday, July 16th**—Cheetahs (Salem) hosts Amateur Night with a $100 prize. Come down to be a judge.

**Friday, July 18th**—DV8 presents the 2nd Annual Full Moon Over Foster Bar Peddle at 6 PM in the parking lot. Prizes for best bike decor, best pirate costume, and best pirate lingo.... *Pirate’s Cove*—Panty Auction at midnight.

**Saturday, July 19th**—Doc’s Club 82 rocks with the Terrified Space Monkeys. ... *Dream On Saloon* hosts Alex and Harvey’s Retirement Party at 5 PM, featuring Harvey’s Southern BBQ. ... Celebrate “Pirates of the DV8” with prizes and giveaways starting at 9 PM with a Pabst Blue Ribbon bicycle raffle at 11:59 PM. ... Safari Showclub—Grand Patio Opening Luau. ... Stars Salem—3rd Annual Island Fantasy Luau with traditional Hawaiian pig roast.

**Wednesday, July 23rd**—Stars Salem—Fight for the Cure Wii Sports Boxing.

**Thursday, July 24th**—The Big Bang—Panty Auction at 8 PM. ... Stars Salem—Porn Star Katsuni.

**Friday, July 25th**—Stars Beaverton—Porn Star Katsuni with two shows nightly.

**Saturday, July 26th**—Come oil the girls down with Oil Wrestling at Cheetahs in Salem! ... “ESCAPE” to an island party at Stars Beaverton! With the Bad Fish Band, fire shows, outdoor pool and bar, shower shows, limbo contest, prizes, giveaways, Porn Star Katsuni with two shows nightly, and much more!

**WEEKLY EVENTS**

FRIDAYS—Safari Showclub—Come spin the Wheel of Porn for a chance to win airline tickets! (Saturdays, too.)

SATURDAYS—Pallas—Come check out some ASS and get some free GAS cards! (They made me write that!)

SUNDAYS—Soobie’s—Industry and Amateur Night.

**OTHER NEWS AND EXOTIC SUGGESTIONS**

Stop by Cocktails and Dreams, where you’ll find two brand-new 42” HDTVs with satellite coverage. The Dolphin clubs wish to congratulate Sophia, the winner of Miss Nude Oregon 2008. Additional cheers go out to Nadya, who finished 2nd, and Carla, who finished 3rd. You can celebrate the summer heat at the Riverside Corral, where the outdoor deck is now open, featuring food and beverage specials daily. Soobie’s has sold $2 Miller High Life all day, every day, and is offering a $1,000 dancer bonus. Call for details. PussyCats has shortage summer specials with limo-service parties and escort/bachelor parties all at 50% off. Plus $50 for 30-minute two-girl shows throughout July.

Taboo Video is celebrating Christmas in July with extra savings on select items to make your summer fun as exciting as Christmas morning! Enter to win “Special” Christmas presents valued up to $100, no purchase necessary. All 20-hour DVDs on sale for $20, and the Screw My Wife DVD series is on sale at two for $20. Special event for the ladies...Taboo Adult Video Ladies’ Night Friday, August 1st, from 4 PM-6 PM. Enter to win special toys and other prizes. View the new products, lingerie, and shoes. And for the best part, visit with some of the top Playgirl centerfold models from 4:30 PM-5:30 PM. Later that night, join the Playgirl models at Club Zoo, where they will be performing from 7 PM-9:30 PM. Plus, four lucky ladies will have the opportunity to win a trip on the PDX Party Bus with three of the models. Take a leisurely 90-minute ride around Vancouver and Portland with the guys while sipping on champagne and enjoying the elegance of the evening. The bus will depart and return to Club Zoo. Enter through the entire month of July at either Taboo Video or Club Zoo.
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I remember the first girl I had a crush on. I was in the 6th grade at an upper-middle class Bellevue school. Her name was Amanda, and she was the epitome of what would come to be known as “my type”: Long, dark hair, thick in all the right places, a sensual, pouty mouth. Regardless of the fact that she played volleyball and had a habit of telling people “Jesus loves you,” I was smitten. The problem was, I didn’t have a clue how to approach a girl in any way other than as a friend. So I would sit behind her in class and wish I could get up the courage to speak to her, so she would at least know my name. I would dream up elaborate scenarios before falling asleep every night where she would profess her love for me, and we’d carry on a secret romance among the bushes behind the school.

One day after school, I was hanging around waiting for my friends to meet up with me when she walked by with a group of girls. I wouldn’t dare approach her here, with other people around, but I couldn’t help but stare at her as she walked by. As she passed by me, she caught me staring and turned her head to catch my gaze. Frozen in fear, I kept my eyes locked on hers, trying to send my attraction to her in silent concentration.

She stopped and walked back to where I was sitting on the curb, bringing her posse of gum-smacking, high-top-wearing, Aqua Net sisters with her. “What the fuck are you looking at, bitch?” she spat out, hands on her hips, looking down at me. I was shocked. I couldn’t figure out how my intentions had been misread. But realizing these girls would kick the living shit out of me if I told the truth, I stood up and told her, “I’m still trying to figure that out, bitch.” Clever, I know.

We lobbed a few more threats back and forth, but being typical middle-school kids nothing real happened, except the girl who I had wanted so badly immediately became my school rival. More importantly, it taught me a sad-but-valuable lesson about women: We hate each other.

Fast-forward a couple of decades. I’m standing in front of a bar having a cigarette. A very attractive girl walks outside with her boyfriend in tow. I can’t help but notice how perfectly her skirt is clinging to her ass, and being the shameless one that I am, my head swivels around to watch her walk by. Her boyfriend catches me doing it and whispers to the girl. He’s pretty cute, too, and I’m thinking, “Hey, maybe I could go home with both of them tonight!” The look on her face immediately kills any hope of that. It was the same look I’d gotten 20 years prior, only as adults we don’t directly say, “What the fuck are you looking at, bitch?” We say it with our eyes. I quickly finished my cigarette and ducked into the bar.

These experiences happen almost every day. This kind of behavior has defined how bisexual women deal with other women—stuck between a rock and a hard place. On the one hand, if we don’t say anything and admire from a distance, situations like the above happen all the time. This makes us develop a thicker skin, along with the realization that if we’re going to get anywhere, we have to be direct.

The problem is that women are so used to having girlfriends around to go shopping with and partying with that “friends” becomes the automatic default of relationships with other women. If a guy asks a girl out for drinks, his intentions are pretty much known from the beginning. If a girl asks a girl out for drinks, a typical response is, “Great! I need more girlfriends to hang out with.” The worst response I’ve heard when asking a girl on a date is, “I’d love to! We can bring our kids!” Um, I think that’s illegal in most states.

This puts us in the slimy position of having to state our intentions outright. “Do you want to get drinks sometime, and I don’t mean as friends?” Or asking outright, “Are you bi?” This is awkward and presumptuous and often makes me feel like a dirty old man. I can’t decide which is worse—investing time, money, and hours of conversation to beat around the bush, finding out the girl is completely straight and I had no chance to begin with, or cutting to the chase and risking offending her before the date even begins.

This leaves us in a void, surrounded by beautiful women and no way to act on it. Sure, we could go to the gay bars, but those have about as much appeal as a gym. We shouldn’t be forced to go to meat markets to pick up a date. Plus, it’s not always that we’re on the hunt; sometimes it’s the girl at the checkout line or the bookstore that catches our eye. We should be able to hit on girls with the same freedom that we hit on guys.

Sometimes, when I’m beginning to think I’m the only bisexual girl left on the planet, the situation reverses and I catch a girl looking at me like that. Unfortunately, because of the dating double standards between men and women, girls are conditioned to wait to be approached (this is another editorial just waiting to happen), so we both just smile awkwardly and bite our lips a lot. We’re both left with the uncomfortable task of trying to gauge the interest level without being too presumptuous, tossing in some sexual innuendo like fish bait, hoping one of us will breach the safety zone.

We can’t let this be the end of it. I don’t know whether my 6th-grade crush was bi or not, or if she even knew what the word meant back then. I don’t know what the girl at the bar thought my intentions were. But we have to make a pact, ladies. We have to vow to push past the bullshit and be upfront with each other. If you’re straight and a girl is staring at you longingly, don’t be a bitch—take it as a compliment.

For the rest of us, when you meet a woman you find attractive, let it be known! I want more women catcalling to each other on the street. I want more women yelling phone numbers between cars at stoplights. I want to see more grocery lines held up because you’re getting that cute checkout girl’s phone number. I want to see more heads swiveling, more women making out on the street. I want women to once and for all know what “Let’s have a drink” really means. We have to learn to read intentions. If a girl is stammering and looking at you like you’re an all-you-can-eat buffet, take a hint—and the initiative.
Hello again, faithful readers. Kenny and Troy are back to demonstrate this month’s technique, the Underhook and V-Block to Power-Half Takedown to Knee-Ride. Here, it is used as a defense to a Right Cross punch.

Frame 1...Troy and Kenny square off, each in a basic fighting stance. Notice how both Troy and Kenny have their chins tucked close to their chests, their shoulders slightly shrugged, their hands close to their faces, and their elbows close to their rib cages. Their foot stance involves one leg slightly forward and the legs about shoulder-width apart.

Frame 2...Troy throws a Right Cross at Kenny and Kenny protects by lifting his left arm up slightly, catching Troy's fist on his forearm.

Frame 3...As Troy recoils his right arm, Kenny follows it back and engages Troy in a clinch position. Kenny has established a V-Block with his left hand by catching the crook of Troy's right elbow between his index finger and thumb. At the same time, Kenny has driven his right arm between Troy's left arm and rib cage, securing an Underhook.

Frame 4...This frame shows the opposite side of Frame 3 and the Underhook Kenny has established. See how Kenny has his right hand cupped high on Troy's shoulder. He also has his head buried against Troy's cheek, controlling his head, and he has Troy's left arm pinched tightly between his own shoulder and forearm.

Frame 5...Kenny removes his left hand from Troy's right arm and reaches up over Troy's head, grabbing him on the occipital bone. This bony protuberance on the back of the head makes an excellent handle with which to control Troy's posture. Kenny begins to drive Troy's face toward the mat.

Frame 6...As Kenny forces Troy's head downward, he guides Troy's enormous skull under his chest and puts weight on Troy's neck and shoulders to prevent him from popping back up. While applying the pressure, Kenny slides his hand down to Troy's chin, grabbing it like a football. This control position is called the Chinstrap.

Inset A...Note how Kenny is cupping Troy's chin and is pinching his left elbow tightly to his ribs. This helps control Troy's upper body, in addition to the pressure on Troy's neck and shoulders.

Frame 7...Having established good control, Kenny now takes a big, circular step back with his left leg while simultaneously driving his right arm up over Troy's left shoulder and pulling Troy's head to the right side of his body. This action corkscrews Troy to the mat and is known as the Power-Half Takedown.

Frame 8...As Troy's body hits the ground, Kenny drops his knee across Troy's belly and scoops Troy's left tricep with his right hand, establishing a Knee-Ride position. In this case, Kenny is ready to deliver strikes, but the Knee-Ride is also an excellent position for control or to transition to other positions or submissions.

For a more detailed study of these techniques or just for a kick-ass time, contact Mata Leao Combat Sports at 503-890-5086 and mataleaocs.com, or Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu at 503-839-5010 and myspace.com/thirdeyejiujitsu.

Use of any of these techniques is at your own risk, and neither Mata Leao Combative Arts nor Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu accept any responsibility for their use, misuse, or any beating you may deliver or receive in their application. Please also check your federal, state, and local laws for the legality of any of the techniques demonstrated. Always avoid any confrontation whenever possible and use these techniques as a last resort only.
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As I take a close look at the town, I see that the scene is starting to pop off with more new and innovative spots to kick it. I think everyone that genially likes to have a good time is no longer settling for less! Promoters are doing more and more networking, and the local artists continue to surprise me with the heat they’ve been releasing! I’ll be reviewing a few spots in this month’s column. I also have another featured “Power Mover” of the month that I got to give some props. And by the way, it’s a female! Plus, the Honey of Month is the shEEEYIT! Roll some of that green girl up and let’s go!

First Up… “Local Clubs Raising the Bar”
Recently I had the chance to check out one of the liveliest clubs in downtown Portland. It’s called Solo and it’s located in the Pearl District. This club is run extremely professionally from the time you walk in until the time it closes. It reminded me of a nightclub you might go to in Vegas. The honeys were fly & sexy, and the DJs had the joint jumpin’! The bartenders were also on it! They made good drinks and you didn’t have to wait long to get one! I liked that. To the owner, whom I had the chance to meet, the security team, and the rest of the staff at Solo, thanks for the love! It’s a spot definitely worth checkin’ out if you haven’t already. Solo is located at 1300 NW Lovejoy between 13th & 14th. You can also check out their website, solobar.net, and I’m sure you’ll be impressed with the unique upscale nightclub.

The Lucky Devil is another club that has raised the bar! This is a gentlemen’s club that is located on 633 SE Powell. This is the absolute best I have seen this particular club ever look. After several different owners and club names, in my opinion it’s way more appealing now than any of its predecessors. I don’t say this because the owners and I have been friends for years; I say it because it’s the truth! From the interior to the outside patio with the fireplace, these cats have really put in some serious work! The service was excellent each time I’ve gone there. Plus, the food was on and crackin’! The entertainers at the Lucky Devil were also on-point. Big ups to everyone at the club, and I’m sure I’ll see you all again real soon!

Envy is another fast-growing and popular nightclub where people are starting to flock. This elegant club is located on SW 2nd and Yamhill.

The décor is something to see! Thank you for making the town shine a little brighter!

Next Up… “Meghanomics”
Meghan is currently running her own booking agency for models, exotic entertainers, and spokesmodels. The name of her new company is Twilight Promotions & Events. This classy and professional young lady is definitely making a name for herself in the Northwest! Meghan and her company are currently joining forces with other promoters and nightclubs to assist them with coordinating events. Twilight Promotions & Events also gives job placement to the models and entertainers they represent. If you or someone you know is interested in having your very own booking agent, contact Twilight Promotions & Events at meghan.mcleod@pcc.edu.

Mack Spots
I will be hosting Tasty Tuesdayz every Tuesday night at the Boom Boom Room with my homie DJ Jordan of the group POTNUS. The club is located at 8343 SW Barbur Blvd. Each week I will feature Portland’s hottest honeys and some of the best local artists in the town. We will also be giving away some adult goodies all night. Make sure you check out ya guy! On Wednesday nights at The Mansion, I will be co-hosting an event called “Team Playerz” with one of Portland’s favorite sons, My-G! This is all about networking with the town’s Who’s Who every Wednesday night. Not only that, we will be featuring up-and-coming hip-hop artists, R&B singers, and DJs. If you have a record label or artists that need exposure, this is the place for you! For more information, call 503-206-4674.

Honey of the Month
This month’s Honey is the extremely beautiful and seductive Amber Easton. I am in the process of booking this international model and porn star to host one of my events with me this summer. This sexy diva also models for eyecandy.com and has a busy career in the porn industry. Congrats, baby, for being the July 2008 Honey of the Month!

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503girls.com is still the #1 adult-information site in town. Log on and check it out! Liquid Assets supplies the town with the finest custom-made jewelry you ever want to see! Keep up the good work, fam!

Until next month, y’all keep it crackin’!

One Love,
J.Mack

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Dear Choose Your Battles:

How about deleting the application? Maybe spend time on the computer doing more productive things such as finding Internet porn. I’ve got it—get your man to take you to Hysteria on a Wednesday night. You can’t stop her from flirting with your man, but you can stop encouraging her by sending messages. The important thing here is that it is a COMPUTER APPLICATION! It is supposed to be fun. Personally, I block applications because one way or the other, it ceases to be fun. You can’t own anybody. You can’t control what other people are going to do. All you can do is feed the fire or realize how stupid the whole thing has become. This has obviously ceased to be fun for you, so I’d say discontinue the epic battle that has made you upset.

—Pantera

Dear Looking for Everything:

Have you talked about knocking boots when he is in town and then going to get your intellectual/emotional needs met elsewhere (keeping it safe and honest, of course)? There are a million ways to get what you need without sacrificing the satisfaction of your heart and mind, not to mention the hell of being without sex or a soul mate when he is away! You are sacrificing for the hope that something will change. See it for what it is. You love to fuck when he is in town, but you want more upstairs. Have you talked to him about this at all? Go get yours, girl! Ask for what you want and need! Don’t be a priss and give up your right to happiness! The pursuit of happiness is what this country is all about. Get patriotic and get whatever dick/pussy/heart/soul/mind you need, be it from him, others, or bath!

—Wildflower Power to Ya!

Hello, Patriotic Momma:

Pursue the needs of your body, lady. You’ll look back and wish you had. On top of that, maybe have something to talk about when he gets home. Start having some adventures of your own so you have some stories. Maybe take a gun class so you can shoot them together. The lack of communication is because you and your soldier boy aren’t experiencing anything but sex. Now, whose fault is that? Plan shit for when he gets home like a party with all his old homies. Do something you’ve always wanted to. Remember that shit he really enjoyed before he went to war? Remember the shit he really enjoyed before he went to war? Well, if it wasn’t just sex, plan a whole day of doing those things. Have sex in public. Why must I always come up with great ideas for you people?!

—Pantera

Need a Bottom Line? Send questions to: undergroundmagazine2004@yahoo.com.

“We are in no way, shape, or form people you should actually listen to. This is by no means a certified medical-advice column. We’re simply two gals in the land of confusion with everybody else, sharing our pearls of wisdom as we see fit.”
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iCrap

Logic (the arch-nemesis of the strip-club industry) dictates that usefulness, practicality, and inexpensiveness are crucial to the survival rate of any new technology. Past fads that have failed usually lack one of these criteria. Virtua Boy. Tamagotchi. Female condoms. We’ve all wasted money on stupid shit, and it is unlikely that consumers will stop doing so in the near future. Horrible technologies usually disappear on their own, leaving nothing but a trail of “Whatever happened to that MiniDisc player?” in their wake. However, this trend has recently been broken by unseen forces of evil whose sole purpose is to anger DJs and increase profits for der Führer, Steve Jobs.

For whatever reason, most likely drugs in the water, the Apple iPod is still around. This angers me greatly, and until I go on a paid-per-article rant about how much it pisses me off, my life will not be complete. (Upon submission of this article, though, I will no longer have a reason to live and will most likely implode, so consider Ray a martyr.)

Because I lack the intellect to add genuine dramatic effect through words, please imagine some really somber background music here (like the kind Dateline uses for that show where they bust pedophiles, or maybe just the 20/20 theme).

iPods. Love them or hate them, sooner or later you will end up hating them. The tequila of tech toys, iPods seem like a good idea until you’re broke, frustrated, and throwing up on a naked stranger.

Let’s take this step-by-step, starting with the basics. Portable music devices are intended to serve as a convenience, and with the evolution of technology, storage and playback have become easier. Cassette tapes became CDs. Walkmans became mp3 players. Napster sold out, and everyone was hunky fucking dory.

Until the iPod came around.

Instead of being able to simply copy and paste an mp3 file into an empty USB drive, the iPod required use of special iPod software. Enter iTunes, a program intended on “simplifying” the process of transferring music from a hard drive to an iPod and back. Because “Lil Wayne - Lollipop.mp3” on my iPod shows up on my computer’s file browser as “L@&&liWayne%%%%&2-Lo29**$lipop@$%.mp%3,” iTunes is required to translate the filename. Seems simple enough, right? Install a program and then be able to play the music I busted my ass to down...purchase. Cool, I can deal with iTunes...

...until I try to play a fucking file from my C:\MP3\ folder. Why the hell can’t iTunes find the program? Oh, that’s right. I have to manually enter the names of all forty thousand songs on my laptop into the iTunes database. Either that, or use the automatic feature which labels Wombstretcha songs as Wumpscut and somehow gives me fifteen songs named “untitled.mp3.”

So let’s review. Instead of plugging in my WalMart mp3 player and pasting my files directly to an empty drive before playing them with any media-player program I choose, I now have the option of renaming all of my files as gibberish, installing Apple software that monopolizes my file extensions on a Windows platform, and taking several unnecessary steps before opening a file that is “unable to play due to digital-rights infringement.”

But Ray, how does any of this even relate to strip clubs? I’m glad you asked. Here’s a typical evening in the life of a modern strip-club DJ: “Hey, DJ, I want to play this song but I don’t know what it’s called and I have it on my iPod.”

“Well, I’ll have to unplug my laptop RCA to plug it in.”

“But whyyyyy? Cassandra plays her iPod during the day.”

“Okay, fine. I’ll shut the club down for ten seconds so you can hear ‘Fuck You Like an Animal’ by Marilyn Manson. You know, I have the actual song on my...”

“Why can’t you just play this? Here. The song is cued up.” (Dancer tosses iPod at DJ and walks off.) <BLATANT LIE> “All you have to do is push Play.” </BLATANT LIE>

On any other device (CD player, laptop, Zune, etc.), I would turn the volume to max before running it through the mixer. On an iPod, this will cause the speakers to crack, so I have to estimate a mid-volume level. On a laptop, I would have one menu for all of my music files. On an iPod, I have eight submenus and the inability to select any of them with a wet or cold finger. On a computer screen, I would have a constantly backlit timer telling me how much time has elapsed on a song. On an iPod, the backlight darkens after three seconds, forcing me to constantly touch the iScreen to see how long my iTune has been accidentally changing the iVolume, causing the iDiot dancer to yell from onstage.

I understand the opposing point of view. Why would anyone want to dance to one of the thousands of tried-and-tested songs that a DJ is paid to have when they can listen to a poor-quality version of the same song they’ve been listening to all week in their car? Sure, the DJ is a professional player-of-music who possesses a vast amount of technological expertise, but your iPod is pink, marketable, and trendy, just like you.

Crystal is an individual that thrives on being unique. No, not that Crystal, the other one. You’re thinking of the Crystal at DV8. No, now you’re talking about the Crystal from Dolphin. No, not that Crystal; she’s retired. The Crystal with the tats. Yeah, she’s one-of-a-kind, no doubt. And you can see her individualism every time she whips out her pink third-generation iPod.

Dancers, do your DJs a favor and let them play music. Chances are, they’ll refrain from dancing and all will be well. If for whatever reason a DJ doesn’t have the latest Clash-sampling booty jam or the newest “song” by Fergie, just pretend there was music written before 2006 and grit your teeth. Or we can swap jobs.
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