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THE RETURN OF ARTIST OF THE MONTH
with pdx pin-up master ronnie werner
by elektra luxx
page 14

THE GIRLS OF INK ‘N’ PINK
the top 13 tattooed sex bombs revealed!
photos by hypnox
page 22

THE KENNEDY LETTERS
hitler was a deejay
by ms. kennedy
page 28

AURAL STIMULATION
the pros and cons of the hybrid
by statutory ray
page 64

INSIDE STUFF
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THE TRUTH WITH KENNY MACK  PG. 62
The pin-up is not dead! Though, after 68 years, she does need some plastic surgery every now and then. According to artist Ronnie Werner, she’s still better than cheesecake. Werner is a pin-up artist residing in Portland, Oregon. He thinks that his viewers should feel excited when appreciating his girls and that art makes him happy. His Amazon women titillate the senses—all of them—with their naughty S-curves and mesmerizing eyes. Recently, I talked to Ronnie Werner about his girls.

If there was such a thing, what is a true artist in your opinion?
I think that a true artist follows his or her heart and says fuck it to those voices that say otherwise. Art is subjective and personal. I feel like categorizing it or making it elitist is pointless. If it makes me feel and think, it’s art.

Who and what inspires your style?
I’d have to say my style is hugely influenced by the early pin-up masters George Petty, Alberto Vargas and Gil Elvgren. I’m equally influenced by many past and current comic book artists. There are too many to name. What I find most inspiring though, are the gorgeous models who pose for me. They make it a pleasure.

What sets your style apart from others?
I guess it’s the merging of my comic book style and the classic pin-up. I’ve tried to modernize the pin-up while keeping the fun and sexiness of the old school artists. I also strive to make my art represent the models I draw. If you see one of my pin-ups and recognize the model, I have succeeded.

Who are your top two influences?
In Art, Jack Kirby—he was the king. He created so many fantastic characters and such insane art. Incase you don’t know Jack Kirby, he helped create and draw most of the characters in early Marvel comics such as the X-Men, the Fantastic 4, the Hulk and Captain America.

What are the similarities between comic art and pin-up art?
I guess it has a lot to do with drawing anatomy. In comics, you have to get the proportions and muscles right. You also learn a lot about composition and strong poses. Storytelling is very important in comics and with a pin-up you only have to capture one sexy moment.

Where do your girls hang?
My first pin-up art book was published in February. It’s called The Art of Ronnie Werner. You can find it at Countermedia in Portland or at Bud’s Art Books http://budsartbooks.com. My website has many of my pin-ups www.ronniewerner.com, though it needs an update.

What are you working on right now?
Pin-ups! I’m working on my second book and always looking for sexy, fun models.

How do you pick your models?
I use Model Mayhem to find models, www.modelmayhem.com. Sometimes, I meet models through friends or at a club, but usually they find me. I guess they see my work and think, “I want to be a pin-up.”

Are there any other art mediums that you’ve dabbled in?
I have worked in comics and graphic design. I love drawing comics. The graphic design, not so much.

What is it about pin-up art that attracts you?

Why do you like girls so much?
Really? You have to ask? They are the most gorgeous creatures to walk the planet, nothing compares.

There you have it ladies, you’re some awesome fruit salad. Take a bite! While you’re at it, don’t forget to sample up some of Ronnie Werner’s delicacies in his book The Art of Ronnie Werner at Countermedia in Portland or at Bud’s Art Books http://budsartbooks.com/prod.cfm/pcc/ARRW/cid/22. Here’s too keeping the pin-up young for another 68 years.
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If April showers bring May flowers, I wonder what golden showers bring? For some, it’s erotic pleasure. For others, it’s a feeling of domination. For all, it’s sure to bring on a change of sheets. Piss-play, water sports, the R. Kelly—or whatever you want to call it, golden showers is an expression used for deriving sexual pleasure or enjoyment while urinating on another person or being urinated upon. Some even drink the urine. Other enthusiasts participate in the act as part of a domination and submission scene.

Now that we know of Chris Brown’s dominant side, maybe we know the real reason for Rihanna’s umbrella.

After much discussion with various people over the past week about the subject, I was shocked to learn how many of my friends have participated in the activity. It only helped prove my personal theory: golden showers are acts of domination and submission. I got a lot of “I just wanted to see if she’d let me do it.” Other interesting points were brought up in these conversations.

One was that drinking pee is considered healthy to some people. If you ever get trapped somewhere without water, you supposedly can survive longer by drinking your pee. It gives a whole new meaning to “liquor diet.” Personally, I don’t think I would ever do it unless it’s an emergency, but I don’t judge. The point being, pee-play shouldn’t make you sick. But remember, it is a bodily fluid so it may not be considered safe sex, unless you have your raincoat on.

Then there’s the messiness. While the shower seems the best place for these activities, there was a shout out for a tarp. In one of the movies I ended up reviewing, I was very much impressed by the creative use of a kiddie pool.

Another point brought up by some girls was the feeling of having to pee so strong during sex that it prevents one from reaching orgasm. A few of my male friends said they have actually felt like girls have peed on them by accident. For some women G-spot stimulation causes an emission from the urethra (the same place where urine comes out) of a clear fluid. It is not urine, but female ejaculate. However, if you give her an orgasm so earth shattering she loses complete control over her muscles, chances are she will pee all over you. If she does end up urinating, don’t freak out and enjoy it.

Birds do it. Bees do it. Everybody does it—just maybe not on each other. Even Carrie on an episode of “Sex in the City” had to ask herself the question, “To pee or not to pee?” Since Carrie decided not to pee, I had to go to my local Taboo to check out this

urine lust for myself. I wasn’t going to settle for no pancy panty wetting. I wanted the real deal. Immediately, they directed me to the European section. Apparently scat play isn’t the only way those Germans like to get down. Speaking of Germans, I heard that Hitler was into the golden showers (giving or receiving, I couldn’t say). Maybe it’s a regional thing, because most of the movies I rented happened to be produced in Holland. Don’t you worry though; the US is still competing in water sports.

I have to admit that while getting my porn on, I blushed every time I needed an intermission to pee. As I went to the refrigerator and poured myself a glass of apple juice, I couldn’t help but laugh at my ironic craving. While I can’t say that peeing is my new thing, I have not ruled it out. Maybe my Piss Charming just hasn’t come along yet. Until next time, go check out some DVDs of your own and get that juice!

**THE PISSING REVOLUTION HAS BEGUN.**

The Liquid Gold, Series 1 - 15: Produced by American company JM Productions in California promises the following on its box covers:

“Girls with full bladders unleashing a flash flood of urine that will leave you dripping wet and begging for more.”

“Countless gallons of piss! Oceans of piss flowing from the biggest names in porn.”

“Piss whores drain their bladders for your viewing pleasure. Have they no shame? It’s all about the pee pee!”

And my personal favorite; “So, if pissing is your thing, urine for the time of your life.”

Gold Rush: Where piss turns into liquid gold Volume 1 and 2 printed and copyrighted by Book & Film Int. (also from Holland). Both feature strictly girl-on-girl match-ups with a lot more than water sports at play.

Welcome to the Wetlands: I have no idea how many of these there are in the series because they are from a Dutch company called Shots Media with no website. I had the pleasure of viewing Volume 13. Should you have had the pleasure of watching Volume 1 through 12 you have already been more than “warmed up” by now! Number 13 coupled an exhibitionist element, with the pee-factor keeping an outdoorsy theme throughout the DVD.

Also from the Shots Media family, was Shots Video, presenting the hardest of hardcore, this time with Piss Industry. Five hours of XXX material that is much more than just girls drinking from bowls filled with urine. It completes our porn needs with blowjobs, masturbation, hard sex, cum-shots, salad tossing, foot licking and more. I even saw a girl rubbing her shit with a stuffed animal. It really had everything!
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Sometimes, I’m not even sure exactly what “Erotic City” is intended to be about anymore. I am certain that over the years it has gone through a lot of changes. Back in 2000, when I first started writing this little ditty, E.C. was nothing more than a listing of events, much like the second page now. Our editor at that time insisted on spurring out an introductory paragraph about whatever got his rocks off that month (usually feet or high-heeled shoes) to get the ball rolling. Then I would simply try to make Jell-O wrestling and Two-Fer Tuesdays sound more exciting than they actually were. A couple of years later, when Exotic hired a controversial writer fresh out of prison (whose name we dare not utter), I followed the lead that the new loose cannon set into motion, and attempted to take E.C. in an edgier direction. This soon became more of a demented slam campaign on whatever stripper was pissing me off that month or trashing our now non-existent competition or attacking industry targets that weren’t Exotic friendly. Back then, E.C. was the second most popular monthly column in the magazine, shadowing our then publisher’s column “Carnal Knowledge.” You all couldn’t wait to see who Spooky was going to throw down with next. That all sounds pretty lame when I write it down now, but truth be told, you guys really got off on that shit!

After I left Oregon, E.C. was passed on to our new female editor who upped the cuteness factor of the column, as well as the font size to disguise her low word count. That lasted for a year or so, until I was asked to take the reins of my bastard column once more. I did this from Seattle for about two years as an absentee tour guide. I slipped right back into the same old rut of trying to make the return of the Popsicle Suck-Offs sound like Led Zeppelin had raised John Bönham from the dead and was planning a reunion tour. At last, I came back home, and here we are.

Each month, since I’ve been a Rose City citizen, E.C. has shifted from one format to the next. For three months I attempted to show you helpful tips for survival in strip club etiquette. You told me tales of notorious strippers who do very bad things and warned you of nefarious plots by politicians that would drive all of us naughty people into dark corners on the wrong side of the tracks and take away your constitutional right to enjoy Portland’s sinful nightlife.

Perhaps one of the largest responses I received from my E.C. ramblings was when I reviewed our other writers, particularly when I summarized a full-page editorial regarding a drunken stripper that attacked our writer with a snow cone (rendering him blind in one eye for four days). I probably shouldn’t have even brought it up, but the fact that he spent a full page whining about it while never really taking off the gloves on his assailant, left me feeling let down by the story. There was no vindication, no punch-line. I took a shot or two at the evil ice-wielding gremlin right here in E.C. Not because she has ever done anything wrong to me personally, simply because she’s caused a lot of people close to me their share of grief. Now guess what, all of the sudden I’m leading the campaign to drive the Snow Queen out of town. To be honest, I couldn’t care less. But my question is, why in the hell did one paragraph in this column spread like wildfire, when my associate wrote a whole page with no backlash? Am I just better at being mean and nasty? Maybe someone should throw a slushy at me and teach me a lesson. One rather interesting question came up when a dancer friend asked me why the target of my venom isn’t given a chance to retaliate to her editorial assassinations. I pondered this for a moment and said, “Because she’s not the editor of a magazine, I guess.” But that’s just wrong, isn’t it? I’ll throw this out here for you. Several years back, Exotic used to publish an editorial called “We Love Exotic” which featured a mix of letters from our treasured readers. I would actually love to bring that back and I’ll go ahead and throw that offer out to anyone who feels they have been done wrong in these pages (yes, Frenchie, even you).

Which leads me to my point, (hang in there, there is one, I promise). Is this still really what you guys want to read? It seems that our editorial demeanor has taken on a generally bitchy profile these days. Now I’m no angel myself, but I have attempted to try and find a way to put a smile on your face without sacrificing the “innocent.” But if you put our current stable of writers in the same room together these days, you’d probably end up with a blood bath on your hands. Where is the love people? Now onto something a little more relevant.

Last month, we finally got around to addressing the impact the industry has suffered following the smoking ban. Just when the dust is starting to settle on that one, here comes the “Sin Tax.” Granted, if you’re going to tax a town on sin, I think Portland is probably one of your primary targets, right behind Las Vegas. After all, we pretty much have the market cornered on just about all of the seven deadly sins. But the preliminary targets for Oregon’s new Sin Tax are cigarettes (again) and booze. Perhaps the state’s loss of lottery revenues from the smoking ban inspired them to attack the same targets to replenish the funds so they could do something important like spend $38 million upgrading PGE Park to facilitate a major league soccer team. Yay Portland! Schools are closing early and open fewer days due to budget cuts and we have one of the highest unemployment rates in the country, but we’re going to have a soccer stadium. Go team! When the original Sin Tax targets were declared to be beer and wine, local breweries (which Oregon houses more of than any other state in the nation) cried out that the 15 cent increase per pint would not allow them to compete with national brews. After considering immunity to the local breweries, the final decision shifted to other sins. Beginning April 1st, we can all expect to see prices on cigarettes jacked up anywhere from 70 cents to $1 a pack, and The Oregon Liquor Control Commis-

Jesse Jane appearing at the Adult Shop in Salem on April 4th with Sasha Grey.
tion has approved a temporary 50 cent tax on every bottle of distilled spirits sold in the state. The state claims that this surcharge is expected to raise at least $1.5 million and will help cushion the $3.8 million in cuts legislators imposed on liquor agents to help balance the budget that ends June 30. While this particular Sin Tax is only scheduled to last for three months, you really have to wonder, don’t you?

Even if they do lift the tax, what will they tax next? Table dances? Lingerie? Dildos? Maybe even Exotic Magazine? If that shit ever goes down, you can bet the taxes are all going to be passed onto the sinful end user. In closing, riddle me this Portland. Why is it that the standard acceptable tip for staring up a naked exotic dancer’s holiest of holes is only one dollar? Probably because a quarter will get you tossed out on your ass and the one dollar bill is the lowest form of currency. It’s high time for us to step up and realize that inflation has never been properly accounted for while you’re drooling all over that babe on the rack. Do the right thing or we’re going to lobby to eliminate the one dollar bill and replace it by bringing back the two dollar bill. I’m out.

P.S. – Welcome back Magic Gardens, we missed you!

Featured Events
Fri. Apr. 3 - Safari Showclub - Ink ‘n’ Pink - The New Blood Semi-Finals with live music by Fluid, on-site tattooing & giveaways
Fri. Apr. 10 - Dante’s - Ink ‘n’ Pink - The New Blood Finals with live music by Charlie Drown, Evil Twin, Demain & Wombstretcha and the crowning of Miss Ink ‘n’ Pink 2009
Thu. Apr. 2 - Stars Cabaret Salem - 38MMM XXX Entertainer Crystal Ashley
Fri. Apr. 3 - Stars Cabaret Salem - 38MMM XXX Entertainer Crystal Ashley
Sat. Apr. 4 - The Adult Shop - Jesse Jane & Sasha Grey in person
Stars Cabaret Beaverton - 38MMM XXX Entertainer Crystal Ashley
Sat. Apr. 11 - Lucky Devil Lounge - Portland Pin-up Girl Contest - $500 cash prize and a pin-up modeling session w/ Ronnie Werner judged by celebrity judges and audience applause.
Dante’s - Zepparella
Sun. Apr. 12 - Safari Showclub - Easter Party
Dante’s - Sinferno Early Show - Jesus Presley Easter Special
Wed. Apr. 15 - DV8 - 5th Anniversary Party with a $325 gift certificate giveaway, 2 girls per stage and tons of door prizes.
Sat. Apr. 16 - The Pallas Club - Disco Inferno Party
Sun. Apr. 19 - Safari Showclub - Safari’s first golf event
Dante’s - Sinferno with the return of Ty Fyre and Fireoticca
Mon. Apr. 20 - Sassy’s - 21st Anniversary Party with prizes for everyone all day and night.
Casa Diablo - Happy HERBivore Celebration with a Green Room

38MMM Crystal Ashley appearing at Stars locations April 2nd - April 4th

Thu. Apr. 23 - Stars Cabaret Salem - Feature Entertainer Little Tina
Fri. Apr. 24 - Stars Cabaret Salem - Feature Entertainer Little Tina
Safari Showclub - Last Friday Party
Sat. Apr. 25 - Boom Boom Room - 10th Annual Boom Boom Booty Contest - $500 Cash prize open to all dancers judged by celebrity judges and audience applause.
Stars Cabaret Beaverton - 1st Annual Job Fair - 11am to 6pm - Hiring bartenders, entertainers, managers, servers, hostesses, cooks & more. (other companies will be there too!)
Stars Cabaret Beaverton - Wild: A Jungle Party with feature shows w/ wild animals, dance competitions, mud wrestling, food eating contests and a chance to win a cruise!
Dante’s - Appetite For Deception
Cocktails & Dreams - Worst Tattoo of the Month Contest
Wed. Apr. 29 - Dante’s - Lead singer of the Dwarves, Blag Dahlia

Thu. Apr. 30 - Spyce Gentlemen’s Club - Tracy’s Big Birthday Bash
Jody’s Bar & Grill - Come celebrate Kristen’s Dirty 30 Birthday Party with Jell-O shots, specials and giveaways.

Weekly Events
SUNDAYS
Spyce Gentlemen’s Club - Industry Night with showtime for all amateurs
Lucky Devil Lounge - Ladies’ Night
Dante’s - Sinferno Cabaret & Vaudeville Sex & Service Industry Night
Stars Cabaret Beaverton - Sunday Showdown with $100 Pole Competitions
Devils Point - Stripparaoke

MONDAYS
Devils Point - Fire Strippers
Lucky Devil Lounge - Miami Mondays

TUESDAYS
Hard Candy Gentlemen’s Club (Salem) - 2-for-1 dances
Lucky Devil Lounge - Stripper Twister
Devils Point - Service Industry Night

WEDNESDAYS
Cocktails & Dreams - Tattoo Wednesdays
Lucky Devil Lounge - Texas Hold ’Em Tournament
Devils Point - New Wave Wednesdays

THURSDAYS
Dante’s - Xotica Go-Go
Lucky Devil Lounge - 90s hip-hop house party
Devils Point - Ladies’ Night

FRIDAYS
Spyce Gentlemen’s Club - Ditch Fridays with $9.99 Steak & Lobster - 3-9pm
Lucky Devil Lounge - Texas Hold ’Em Tournament

SATURDAYS
Stars Cabaret Beaverton - April Shower Shows plus cruise drawings for couples.
Cocktails & Dreams - Swing-Tini Saturdays
Stars Cabaret Salem - Stimulus Saturdays featuring cigars, t-shirts, beanties, tanning, tattoos, car audio and airline tickets all up for grabs.
Devils Point - Strippers with live music
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I have problems with DJs. I always have. Maybe it’s the inevitable collision of two intoxicated control freaks. Maybe it’s because they have an annoying tendency to act authoritative when they have very little authority. I think they are just self-important assholes. I probably should come up with a sincere and convincing disclaimer (not that it did me a damn bit of good last month): It’s not ALL DJs, I’m sure some of you are sensitive kitten-loving rainbow watchers blah, blah, blah, I’m sorry. But for everybody else: You know who you are.

Customers think that the DJ is just an annoying voice responsible for all the musical choices. Seriously, why don’t they think this through? Does the guy with the black band T-shirt look like he wants to be playing the Cardigans or Stacie Q? No, he looks like his foot is snapped in a bear trap and he has lost the motivation to chew off his own leg and limp towards freedom.

In a club full of strippers, the most arrogant, bitchy, gossiping and demanding diva is the DJ. He is only slightly more unpleasant than the manager’s stripper girlfriend. A pissed-off DJ can make your life hell. A happy DJ is like a unicorn, mythical and non-existent. A non-pissed-off DJ is way preferable to the other kind and they are less prone to unpleasant tantrums. When I say a DJ can make your life hell, I mean it. This vindictive bastard has control over the lights, the music, the volume, the microphone and sometimes the thermostat. I had a friend who wronged a DJ and was put onstage to the unedited version of “In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida” for twenty minutes. I have heard horror stories about the chicken dance song.

I learned this the hard way. As it turns out, intentionally leaving little pieces of trash in the DJ booth every time he goes to the bar and the bathroom is a bad idea. It is also a bad idea to have one of your stripper friends distract him while you replace his chair with a broken barstool. If you don’t want to end up dancing to “I’m a little Teapot” or “Cartman’s Mom is a Bitch” onstage under supermarket lighting you have to play nice. For some reason the idea of retaliation never occurred to me, but in retrospect it was inevitable and I totally deserved it.

In case you think I am exaggerating the level of petty douche-baggery these people are capable of, I managed to score an interview with one who is of the less bitter and vengeful variety.

Kennedy: Tell me again, what am I supposed to call you?

DJ: In order to avoid shamelessly plugging any mutual parties, I will say that I go by DJ HazMatt while at “work.”

K: How long have you been working strip clubs?

DJ: About five years. Ever since that possession charge.

K: So far how many strippers have you slept with?

DJ: “Slept” with? About two. The majority of the ones that I fuck don’t get to sleep over.

K: Why can’t you just fucking play the song I want to dance to?

DJ: You’re at work. Save the spineless, beatless garbage for the shower. This way you can sing all the Yeah Yeah Yeahs you want while wet and naked, without sacrificing income and dignity for the both of us. You’re a fucking stripper. Learn to like Kid Rock and AC/DC, or work at Taco Bell with people that actually relate to Kid Rock and AC/DC.

K: Are you trying to sleep with my roommate?

DJ: I’m already sleeping with your roommate. I’m currently trying to fuck her.

K: Why can’t you just fucking play the song I want to dance to?

DJ: The former is actually more applicable to my job than any kind of “dancing” is to yours. I auction off Porches, Mercedes, Lexus. The ones that are less beat-up and to mine than any kind of “dancing” is to yours. I auction off Porches, Mercedes, Lexus. The ones that are less beat-up and have more miles on them tend to appeal to the top spenders, while the cheaper and smellier ones appeal more to the masses who think they actually have a shot at taking one home. Same shit with selling cars.

K: I’ve spent some time with you outside of a strip club environment, do you ever shut up?

DJ: No.

K: Can you not put me onstage after the girl wearing so much fake tanner and baby oil that she makes the pole greasy?

DJ: Sure thing. I will gladly rearrange the rotation and piss off twenty other dancers because your logically impaired brain sees a problem with touching a greasy pole lest your hands be dirty while picking up dollar bills with your lips.

K: Do you want me to fall and break my neck?

DJ: No. I want you to fall and break your leg, so we can hear you scream.

K: Is that your fourth Guinness?

DJ: No.
You’re not supposed to know this, but we nude-mag journalists have been known to occasionally partake in freelance assignments from publications that don’t feature centerfolds or porn reviews. Last month, I was given two assignments to write up, both of which called for a “generalized” (aka no editorializing or critiquing of the films) review. Should I mention that both were romantic comedies that dealt explicitly with extended discussions of cum shots? Let’s move on.

**DOCTOR K AT THE MOVIES: PORTLAND SUCKFESTS**

It was an unusually quiet weekend evening when a contact from Columbia Chronicle phoned me up, seemingly agitated and/or coked out of his head.

“K, this is Joe. We’ve got a problem. I have a film that I need reviewing and I can’t get anyone else to do a good review of it. You want to take it? I can have the DVD to you in an hour. The film is called Damaged Goods and it was written, produced and directed by a retired film critic from the Columbia Chronicle.”

Based on what was told to me, I assumed that “good review” meant “decent job at writing.” When I picked the film up from a colleague of much higher caliber than myself, I soon learned that “good review” meant just that. Supposedly, Joe and company couldn’t find one positive thing to say about the film I was about to review. Being a sucker for self-abuse, I gladly accepted the assignment, lied for 500 words or so, and accepted my generous payment of 20 bucks and a beer.

**DAMAGED GOODS**

Damaged Goods, a predictable and cliché story about two lonely 30-something singles and their inner devil/angel characters (presented in a Harvey-style invisible friend sense), was written, directed, produced and filmed entirely in Portland. You don’t need a film critic to tell you this, however, the set design in Damaged Goods at its most complex state consists of a studio apartment furnished with no more than two props (usually some blinds and a table), actors who were obviously auditioned through craigslist and a cameo appearance by Lloyd Kaufman (Troma films) that is advertised on the box of the film, the website, the preview and even within its own DVD special feature (to me, this sad attempt at incorporating established talent is the same sh*tick as a local rapper boasting an E-40 or Lil’ John guest spot on their Sharpied CD-R demo).

The back of the DVD (paper cover, most likely duplicated at Kinko’s) boasts that this “biting romantic comedy” comes from the “twisted mind” of David Walker (Film You’ve Never Seen, Film You’ve Never Seen Part II, Some Crappy Blog), ex-film critic and self-fellator. You can tell after watching the final product that this shithole looked fucking awesome on paper (or napkins or LivJournal) and that Walker patted himself on the back after every keystroke, storyboard and scene. The director/writer/producer makes an attempt (and fails) at following in the same footsteps as Kevin Smith, using tongue-in-cheek, self-aware, John Cusak-influenced character dialogue while masturbating to his own ideas without ever actually reaching climax. Scenes drag on for hours as comic timing is equivalent to that of a stroke victim telling a “three guys in a raft” joke. The sexuality would have been thought-provoking had the casting agent hired actors who were more attractive than the day shift at Beaver’s Inn. Damaged Goods is the only date movie I have ever seen that made me lose the desire to have sex for more than a week.

When Joe called me back up, asking for another “good” review of yet another local film, I was hesitant to respond. This time the film was supposedly about a porn director, I would be able to see it in a theatre (as opposed to DVD) and I was promised that it would not be as bad as Damaged Goods.

**THE AUTEUR**

The Auteur is written, directed, and edited by Portlander James Westby (produced by Byrd McDonald). The Auteur is everything that you would not expect from a local film: it is bitingly funny, well-acted, visually stunning, innovative and entertaining. Showcasing the rise-fall-and-re-rise of porn director Arturo Domingo (Requiem for a Wet Dream, Full Metal Jackoff), it will not only entertain for it’s intended purposes, but Portlanders specifically will get a kick out of seeing their favorite strippers, bartenders and vaginally-confused Sinferno MC shine on screen. Sex industry folk will not stop laughing as the majority of the humor is intelligent enough to not insult us insiders. Non-perverts will enjoy watching a local film that doesn’t look, sound or feel local. The Auteur is a suck-fest, but in the good sense of the word. I’ll leave it at that.

K’s final thought? The Auteur and Damaged Goods, from my limited research, appear to have both been produced with equivalent budgetary restrictions. Both films feature scenesters-turned-actors, Portland-based sets, localized music, style and humor (or attempts at humor in the case of Damaged Goods). The key difference between the films is ironically the key difference between most other Portland-based failures and triumphs: Smug stains, humble shines. Whereas Westby presents a solid, confident and enjoyable product using a very restrained and subtle style (to address a very vulgar topic), Walker uses a tired, vulgar and cocky style (to present a tired and mundane subject matter). Please learn from the mistakes of others when attempting to film your own project, or don’t film it at all. Until next time, take care of yourselves, and each other.
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This month we called upon the lovely Stephy “Jackhammer” Johnston and Albert “Pop Rocks” Hernandez, owner of Pugilists Gym, to demonstrate an effective boxing combination to counteract a common arm grab.

**Frame 1**
Because he is an abusive bastard, Albert grabs Stephy’s right arm with both of his hands.

**Frame 2**
Displeased by Albert’s familiarity with her arm, Stephy pivots on her right foot and steps forward with her left foot. As her left foot moves forward, she snaps a left jab to Albert’s chin.

**Frame 3**
Hoping this momentary shock to Albert’s head will cease his aggression, Stephy decides not to follow up the jab with a combination of punches. The jab stuns Albert, but makes him angrier and even more abusive. He retaliates by cocking his right hand back to punch Stephy in the face.

**Frame 4**
“Crude and slow Highlander. Your attack was no better than that of a clumsy child,” (Juan Sanchez Villa-Lobos, Highlander). Stephy slips Albert’s punch and drops another bomb on his jaw with her right hand, by juking forward with her punch.

**Frame 5**
Stephy then cuts the corner to Albert’s right to prepare a right hand to the body.

**Frame 6**
Stephy jukes again and punches Albert right in his sausage-filled belly.

**Frame 7**
Stephy follows her gut-buster with a short left hook behind Albert’s Vulcan-like ear.

**Frame 8**
Immediately after landing the left hook, Stephy fires a straight right to Albert’s jaw, knocking him on his ass.

**Frame 9**
Now that Albert is “tits up” on the floor, Stephy gives him a taste of his own medicine by scrambling his juevos with a heel stomp to the groin.

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For a more detailed study of these techniques or for a great time, contact Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu at <www.myspace.com/thirdeyejiujitsu> or (503) 839-5010. You can contact Albert Hernandez and Pugilists Gym at (503) 318-8281.

These techniques should be performed only under the supervision of a qualified instructor, any other use is at your own risk. Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu, Pugilists Gym and Stephy assume no responsibility for their use or misuse, nor 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 only use these techniques as a last resort.
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**APRIL SHOWERS BRING SQUIRTING POWERS**

Spring, ah, what a wonderful time of year. The birds are singing, the flowers are blooming, the squirrels are humping and I’m fucking horny! I want to invite my mailman in for some cookies and cream—my cream. I want to take the barista in the back of the coffee shop and get my special drink—one single tall Americano with whip. I want to go to my doctor for my pap smear, just so he can get a look at my freshly shaven pussy. My best friend told me, “Dirt Star, I think you were born with an extra gene that most women don’t have, an extra horny gene!” I think she is right.

Spring is in the air and apparently I’m not the only horny one in town. I met a hot couple one night when I was stripping. They were super naughty and started talking dirty to me. “We’re going to fuck you so hard tonight. You will be begging for more!” The woman pulls my hair so firmly that my head tilts back. She then aggressively bit my neck. (Remember I’m still working at the club, dressed in my stripper gear). “Oh, my god, you’re so hot, but you’re going to get me in trouble!” I was turned on but nervous.

April fucked me with her eyes and said with confidence, “Don’t worry Dirt Star, we’re friends with the owner. You’re in good hands.” Friends of strip club owners are usually trouble. God, I love trouble. My shift was coming to an end and I had two new friends. April rode home with me and her man PJ rode on his Harley. I was wishing I could ride with him. I wanted to feel the engine between my thighs, vibrating on my wet vag all the way home. But April kept me satisfied during the drive. She was playing with my cunt. Her fingers entered me. I was so turned on. She took her fingers out and put them in her mouth. “Mmm, your pussy tastes so good.” Yes it does April, yes it does.

We get back to their place and cut straight to the chase. April wanted to show me “their bedroom.” She pushes me onto her bed and we start to make out. Her lips are so soft, she smelled so sweet, good enough to eat. My hands wander down south. Her pussy is dripping wet. Her hands go down on me; I too am excited and soaking. April sure knew what she was doing because she banged my G-spot so hard; Moan Fest Spring Fling had begun.

PJ and his friends were partying in the living room and became curious of the noise. They wanted to watch. We let them. It’s always more exciting with a crowd. We were getting everyone all worked up, but just when they thought Gangbang ’09 was about to start, PJ gave his friends the boot. This was going to be a threesome, not an orgy.

Now I had the green light to get this party started. April and PJ start to make out and I start to go down on April. I kiss and caress her beautiful soft breasts and then her puss. Yummy, yummy pussy juice in my tummy!

While I’m eating her out, she starts to rip off PJ’s clothes. To my great surprise, he had a huge cock, especially for a short guy. I started to suck. April is playing with herself while watching me suck her man off. Then she goes down on me. I needed some of Mr. Fat Cock. PJ slaps on a jimmy, bends me over and fucks me from behind. I’m licking and kissing April’s puss while her man is giving it to me hard. Every time he thrusts, it pushes me into her vag deeper and stronger. It felt so good. I’m moaning, she’s moaning and he’s groaning. They talk dirty to each other, I get a few words in, but my mouth is pretty busy.

She tells me she is about to come. “I’m coming, I’m coming. Oh god baby she is so good. Harder, harder, oh God!” Gush. Squirt. She sprays all over my pretty little face. She squirts so hard, it’s like a man blowing his load all over the place. It kind of freaked me out. It was definitely porno-grade squirting action. God I love a hot threesome. I screamed, she screamed, we all screamed for pussy cream!
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Three months ago, I introduced myself to another dancer named Kennedy. Upon hearing about my once-a-month attempts at journalism, Kennedy looked at me with disgust and asked me if I was “that guy who writes all sorts of derogatory shit about dancers.” Ironic as it is, this lovely, compassionate lady had just begun writing for Exotic. After asking yours truly for journalistic advice (that’s like asking a cop for drugs), she has so far produced three very honest pieces, each bashing every industry role other than dancers. Turn to her column this month and you’ll even get to read little Ms. Sunshine rant about DJs.

I have decided to take the high ground this month. Instead of writing “derogatory shit” about my pole-wielding co-workers, I will hopefully make up for page 28’s angst with a piece that requires more balls than balling.

DJ, dancers, bouncers, bartenders and drivers are peons. Let’s cut the shit and get to the topic of club owners. That’s right, I’m going to risk whatever is left of my resumed and reputation with the following piece, laying into the same people that write my paychecks. Hopefully, this will go over well.

Statutory Ray’s Field Guide to Strip Club Owners

Much like DJs, dancers and bouncers, club owners come in a variety of recognizable forms, each possessing their own distinct characteristic traits. Whether Miami or Milwaukee, a common thread exists among those who decide to apply their business savvy attitude toward selling tits. Some common archetypes include:

The First-Timer

This is the guy or gal who decided to turn his or her bar/restaurant/gym/classroom into a strip club, for whatever reason. With no past experience, the First-Timer has a fresh and open attitude toward new ideas, tends to respect the opinions of veteran employees and usually has an unchallenged past in whatever city he or she decides to operate their club. These qualities are extremely desirable, but are also completely disastrous given the wrong circumstances. Sure, the First-Timer hasn’t already pissed off half of the dancers in town, but his or her often hair-brained theme nights and poorly conceptualized business strategies are often too foreign for the seasoned customer or dancer. Whereas fire dancing, poker, selective menu items and music theme nights work for the most part, clubs that offer these perks are often established and respected prior to mixing things up. On the other hand, if you have an extra $300,000 laying around, throwing a pole in the middle of a dive bar on 82nd and spray-painting blue polka dots on the outside of the building under a sign that says “Portland’s First All-Albino Strip Club!” will likely generate no more than three month’s revenue before closing down faster than an all-rap, after-hours club that features a shooting range.

The Invisible God

This is the owner who will never be seen face-to-face but has the ability to put the fear of God into those who doubt his or her existence. As with the First-Timer, the Invisible God’s positive and negative traits seem to be codependent. Micromanagement, personal problems and immediate verbal abuse are at a minimum in a club operated by this archetype. But should you fuck up, it’s over. The email is sent. The phone rings. Once again, you’re applying for day shift at Timmy’s Too. All the while, you have no idea as to what your job terminator’s face looks like and thus cannot give him or her dirty looks at the Hotcake House after work.

The Has-Been

Even though he or she has been eighty-sixed from the rest of the town’s titty bars for poaching dancers and shouting obscenities at previous employees, the Has-Been continues to open up a new club every other year or so, running each of them into the ground like a hell-bound gopher. The best part about working for the Has-Been is the fact that, no matter what you do or how drunk you are when you do it, you have yet to fuck up as bad as the owner or any other past employee. Working for one particular Has-Been owned club, I was told that as long as I “didn’t bring any loaded firearms into the DJ booth” I could do “all the blow I wanted to in the bathroom.” Pockmarked and high-strung as I may be, cocaine is one of the few substances I refuse to put in my body (seriously, I don’t understand how anyone can stuff powder up their nose knowing it has been smuggled anally) and after letting this particular Has-Been know that I will pass on the get-out-of-a-coke-binge-free card, I was asked if I was a narc. Has-Beens provide unpredictable, chaotic and often comically epic environments that are usually all fun and games until someone loses an eye, at which point a pirate theme is suggested instead of a hospital visit.

The Veteran

Veteran owners know what they’re doing, and like them or not, they all share one thing in common: success. Sometimes irritating, more times demanding and nearly always turning a profit on weekday afternoons, these club owners are set in their ways for a reason. Sure, you might “not understand” why it’s okay to play ICP but not NWA, but if you ignore the idiosyncrasies you will be left with someone who will make you money. Although this is often the most difficult owner to work under, your pocketbook will not complain about the $1000 nights that resulted from sticking to a certain format or ignoring logic in favor of house rules. Owners may often come across as abrasive or controlling, but they are risking much more monetary loss in one night than the rest of us do in a month.

DJ Tip of the Month: Actually, Kennedy pretty much took care of this for me.
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The Spring Break get down is a time to kick back, relax and hang out with some fly girls. This is the time of year when a lot of sexual taboos are put to the side and people come together from different parts of the planet to party, drink, do drugs and have sex with random people, with no conscience. Word to the wise, this is also one of the busiest times for random pregnancies and STDs, so make sure to wrap it up (Trojans, Lifestyles or plastic wrap). Just remember to be safe when partying. I don’t know how many of y’all are really into sex, but it seems like in 2009, being a closet freak should be a thing of the past. So, for any of the erotic ideas that you’ve been keeping tucked away in the back of your brain, now is the time to let ’em out! Clean out ya closet and find someone or ones that share some of the same ideas as you when it comes to having wild sex.

A couple of things come to mind on this subject, but I think one of the bigger ones that reside inside of our heads is the Three-piece. That’s the threesome for all you lames who haven’t been invited to one. Just for the record, it is not a true three-piece spicy meal if two of the participants are males. That is a fake party, and not considered for awards when comparing sex party stories around the blunt smoke pow-wows, ya dig! Remember that the proper combination for the elusive ménage à trois is two girls, one guy. That is the sweet science on that! So when plannin’ out one of these with a chick, make sure she calls her friend, sister, cousin, auntie or if you’re truly blessed, the mother daughter combo. Remember the math, it’s two-thirds and one-third boy. If you stick to those measurements then you are almost guaranteed a successful night with a story for the grandkidz, ya dig!

Golden showers are considered to be distasteful by a lotta MF’s. In my experience, a lot of chicks like it. For those that are not aware of the definition of a golden shower, it is when one or more parties pee on the other during sex. Personally, I haven’t ever been in the golden shower, but I have jumped off some yellow shower water before. If you have never had the opportunity to turn the yellow water on a chick, you should start out slow with something like pissin’ on a girl in the shower when her back is turned. This is a good step for a beginner. If she trips out when you do it in the shower, chances are that she probably won’t take it too good if you introduce the Mountain Dew in the bedroom. Remember, startin’ off small is okay when it comes to experimental situations. Quiet as kept, that’s where I developed my golden shower game before I took it to the pros.

The next joint is for definite professionals only. I don’t really know too much about it personally, but I am aware of it. I think one of the first times I had heard about it was on The Notorious B.I.G’s album Life After Death when he said the chick wanted him to take a gangster on her. Also known as scat play or plain and simply, shitting on her. Now, in my opinion, this is some messy shit, ya dig? There is too much funky shit in this for me, but over in Germany this is very common. Don’t be surprised if you run across a German girl and she asks you to dump on her. This is a health risk and isn’t up my alley, but to each his own.

One good thing about our wonderful city is that we have one of (if not the biggest) sex industries per capita here. After the clubs close down for the night and you’re fucked up, but not quite ready to go home, you can take a chick or two by one of the many adult shops that stay open 24/7. You can check out new accessories or one of the many booths that play pornos. One thing that I noticed about these spots is that they have discreet parking in the back that keeps it low-key. A lot of the people that go to these places do not wanna be seen hanging around, but I’m saying, what are you hiding for? If you gotta hide, don’t go! I always pull up and park right in front, blow a tree and fall up in there. And women like browsin’ through all of the toys, movies and panties that are available. Shit, you never know, she might even wanna pick up a dildo or some booty-balls to play wit’ for the night.

**FEATURED PRODUCER: TERMINILL**

As far as MFs that really know how to run a studio session, there aren’t too many. So when I recorded my new album The Streetz Ain’t Safe I went and fucked with my guy Terminill. Not only is his studio A1, but he is tough on the mixing board. He started making slaps in 2002 and opened his Flatline Studios in 2005. He has worked with notable West Coast artists Cool Nutz, Mista F.A.B. and The Bams just to name a few. He has a group called Northe’n Lights and a new album coming out called Cut em Or Pay em featuring the cream of the city and artists from NYC, ATL and VA. He is also handling all of the production on the album, so if you’re an artist and you wanna get at him for something, slaps, recording or mixing, you can reach him at <www.myspace.com/terminill> or check out his production at <www.soundcloud.com/terminill>.

**PICK OF THE MONTH: T-SOPRANO—ROUND 2**

T Soprano is one of the top artists from the City of Rosez and his latest mixtape ROUND 2 proves that he is makin’ his own lane and separating himself from a lot of the other artists on the West Coast by droppin’ back-to-back joints. Meaning the nigga stays in the booth, so fuck with it! The line-up on this joint won’t disappoint: Cool Nutz, Kenny Mack, Mikey Vegas, Syko, Pricy and that’s just some of the weight on there. Also be lookin’ out for the upcoming album Respect B4 Success. For booking, contact Anthony Allen at (702) 266-9560 or Fats@highrollerz.com. To reach T. Soprano go to <www.myspace.com/soprano12>. The new bangers can be downloaded free at <www.coast2coastmixtapes.com>.

The summer is about to come around the corner. If you’re getting money, stay out the way, it’s too many MFs in the middle of the street. Remember, be good at it or be gone, ya dig! If you wanna get on, get at me at (503) 891-9047 or KENNY MACK, Google a nigga!
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SCREAM!

Last October, this column celebrated the successful fusion of multiple genres as performed by bands that can actually get away with it (Rehab and S1nd1cate). If there is something positive to be said about hybrid success (i.e. punk-ska), than an equal amount of negative attention deserves to be applied to convoluted failure and generally to-be-avoided trends on the opposing end of the spectrum (rap-rock, mopeds and Lime Budweiser). I’ll save you the typical Ray-Ramble and cut directly to the scene of the crime. Many of you may not be familiar with the newest development in catastrophic failure: Scream. It’s the latest solo album by former Soundgarden and Audioslave vocalist Chris Cornell. Produced, molested and co-written by Timbaland, the third Cornell solo album is an unsurpassed epic failure.

Let’s back up a decade in order to help those in-the-dark readers catch up with the disastrous impact that Timbaland and Cornell have each left on the music industry. Do not forget that these two assholes were individually responsible for respectively ruining Rage Against the Machine and making a former N-Sync member into a street-cred-bearing thug. Regardless, both Cornell and ‘Land have become somewhat mandatory add-ons to status-seeking sellouts attempting to make it big in the rock and pop-hop genres. In short, Chris Cornell and Timbaland are the Michael Bay and Ben Stiller of the music industry, each attempting to pass off explosive production and redundant appearances as talent.

Catching up to present day, imagine what you would expect if Michael Bay were to produce the latest Ben Stiller shitpile. It would be a tangled mess of predictable romantic comedy mixed with CGI pyrotechnics that cost more than the last war. The musical equivalent of this hypothetical reference point, Scream, is the third installment in the Chris Cornell solo trilogy. The hybridized, 14-track, aural nightmare sounds exactly how most people might imagine it sounds, overproduced, poorly juxtaposed and ridiculously forced.

Throughout the many months of writing for this publication, I have attempted to maintain a somewhat balanced perspective when reviewing albums. When a bias is present I attempt to make my skewed perspective blatantly obvious. With that being said, Scream possesses all of the worst traits I have mentioned in past doses of Aural Stimulation. Overproduction and digital compression (comparable to Metallica’s most recent embarrassment) ruin vocals and restrict the dynamic range that originally helped Cornell establish Soundgarden as the world’s first grunge band with talent. Obvious attempts at club play are manifested throughout the album; from unnecessary backbeats (unspoken “look at me, guys!” shouted from Timbaland in the form of 808s and stock-archieve DJ loops) to restricted track lengths, titles and even marketing strategies (Justin Timberlake album cover, anyone?).

But Ray, you haven’t even touched on the specifics yet!

Actually, I have.

Sadly I cannot, with a drip of honesty, list a single positive thought, feeling or momentary lapse of disgust that I experienced while listening to Scream. This is coming from a strip club DJ who, besides occasional sips of Budweiser, I’ll save you the typical Ray-Ramble and cut directly to the scene of the crime. Many of you may not be familiar with the newest development in catastrophic failure: Scream. It’s the latest solo album by former Soundgarden and Audioslave vocalist Chris Cornell. Produced, molested and co-written by Timbaland, the third Cornell solo album is an unsurpassed epic failure.

How did this happen? What the fuck were these two kids drinking, smoking or snorting to result in such a horrible album from two capable musicians? Cornell’s sophomore album (Carry On) supposedly resulted in an idea to remix a few tracks for purposes of shits and giggles. Timbaland was contacted by Cornell and shits turned to explosive diarrhea and giggles turned to grimaces. A potential remix EP was supposed to result in a few bong hits. Regarding the Cornell-Timbaland lovechild LP, there is not enough weed in the Eugene police department’s confiscated drug warehouse to make me want to ever, ever listen to Scream again.

HYBRID MOMENTS: A RETROSPECTIVE

Chris Cornell ruined Rage Against the Machine, Timbaland ruined Chris Cornell. If history continues to repeat itself, a collaboration between Zack De La Rocha and Justin Timberlake is in the foreseeable future. There are, however, some extremely underrated jambalaya dishes available on record store shelves. To redeem the negativity that has driven this month’s Aural Stimulation thus far, I give you suggestions of diamonds in the hybrid-genre rough that any music lover should have access to:

**Judgment Night (Soundtrack)**

Rap-rock, before popularized by Limp Bizkit, had potential. Rock bands such as Sonic Youth, Slayer and Biohazard collaborated with rappers including Ice-T and Cypress Hill to produce a soundtrack that was far superior to the film that it scored, cementing Judgment Night as the only soundtrack better than those released alongside Mortal Kombat films.

**Skull and Bones, Cypress Hill**

This two-disc set showcasing both rap and rock styles, separately and inclusively, was widely ignored due to a departure from the band’s longtime label combined with piss-poor promotion. Had the idea evolved further, B-Real would have ended up at Ozzfest.

**Strange Little Girls, Tori Amos**

Covering songs from male artists (including Eminem, Slayer and Tom Waits), Tori Amos successfully one-upped Johnny Cash’s American series by presenting an album of reworked covers that are, for the majority, nothing like the original versions. As an added bonus, the lyrics to Raining Blood are finally legible (as well as sexy). You read that correctly. I would rather listen to a Tori Amos album than sit through another round of Chris Cornell’s Scream.
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