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The title of DragStrip Riot’s sophomore effort pretty much says it all. As the first song rips through your speakers, there’s really only one thing to say… DAAMMMMMMNN!

DragStrip lives, breathes, sleeps and shits rock and roll. Yep, I said it, rock and fucking roll, not to be confused with rockabilly. Not that DSR has anything against rockabilly—they have just grown a bit tired of being classified in that genre. While discussing this with Knuck, (DSR’s singer, songwriter and guitarist) I was quite amused at his frustration of being considered a rockabilly artist (this coming from a guy wearing a Stray Cats t-shirt). “Our music is punk blues with a touch of other root elements (rockabilly, garage, surf). Our music is not upright basses and string ties. It’s a greasy engine that you broke your knuckle wrenching on. George Thorogood meets the Hellacopters mixed with Bo Diddley. We call it hotrod rock and roll,” says Knuck.

After spending a few days with Damn! spinning endlessly in the CD player, it was blatantly apparent that this disc proved these guys are rock and roll legends in the making. Damn! offers up the kind of tracks that make you want to quit your job, punch your boss in the mouth, grab a bottle of whiskey, start a bar fight, hop in a fast car with your favorite broad and hit the road without looking back. Their lyrics provoke emotions of heartbreak without regret (no whiny emo punks here, kids), an excessive abuse of alcohol and stirring up trouble like there’s no tomorrow with an in-your-face, hell-bound carelessness. Knuck tells his tales in the vocal stylings of Johnny Cash with an Elvis Presley flare, while ripping his guitar in techniques all over the map (my personal favorite guitar riff on the album is in “Misery is My Middle Name,” a slick little Van Halen-esque finger tapping/slide riff combo).

But enough about Knuck, there are two other very talented musicians that grease the wheels of fire that is DragStrip Riot. On bass we have ex-Portlander, Nils Scurvy and on the skins the most recent addition, Danny Von Dirtbag (from The Bloodclots). To see these three hellions come together on stage is amazing, there is an energy level that completes the music. Danny and Nils are more than just a rhythm section, they are the bullets in Knuck’s gun. In every show I’ve seen from these guys, they display one of the tightest unions ever. That’s right, I said every show. Regardless of the alcoholic content, these guys rock it out like there’s no tomorrow and their intoxicating presence can be dangerously contagious. Make sure you have the next morning off to nurse your rock and roll hangover before you go see them.

Another improper classification of DSR is punk rock. When I first saw these guys way back in 2004, I really wasn’t sure what punk rock had turned into, but I was pretty sure that these guys were not it. I’ve seen them countless times over the years. I guess I finally understood the improper classification when I caught their most recent show at Studio 7. These guys can shred out the tunes at breakneck speed on stage—thus the punk impression. But I’m only going to say this one more time my friends, DragStrip Riot is a rock and roll band. Go ahead, look it up in the dictionary, you’ll probably find a picture of these guys when you do. But this is rock and roll in 3-D, high-definition compositions. The kind you would hear in an old 50s drive-in as you reached up under your best gal’s poodle skirt or the kind of twangy ballads that would fit into a classic Clint Eastwood western during the final gunslingers showdown or the blues-y riffs you could picture in a deep South smoke-filled pool hall. But then they can turn it all around into a Motorhead-meets-Jerry Lee Lewis sounding shotgun blast to the face, as Nils Scurvy busts out with his lead vocal debut on Damn!’s final track, “Knife in the Back.”

The band has truly taken it to the next level and beyond with their second release. Bringing in Jack Endino (of Nirvana, Soundgarden, Supersuckers, Black Halos and Zeke fame) as co-producer made this 13-track powerhouse even more lethal. Knuck had this to say about his talents, “Jack Endino is the coolest guy to work with ever. I have never met someone so completely understated, direct, friendly and supportive. He’d tell you one take was “absolute shit” but follow that with “you know you can do better.” Can’t say enough nice things about that guy, he’s completely grounded and real.”

Damn! is going to knock your socks off, my friends. If you’re reading this, I can assure you; this is the kind of music for you. So grab a bottle, light up a cigarette and get ready for the ride of your life.

Be sure to catch DragStrip Riot’s Portland invasion this month as they tear the roof off of Devil’s Point on Saturday, February 20th then follow it up with an early show at Dante’s Sinforno on Sunday, February 21st.

www.dragstripriot.com  www.myspace.com/dragstripriot

Photos by Nate Manning
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5/7/8 The Salvation of the Porn
After an occasional editorial rant from a lush or two in the past, be they lesbian or Latin, the whole concept of a monthly column about our second favorite pastime here at Exotic just didn’t stick for some reason. I am, of course, talking about booze, drinking and the people that sling it. Now we’re going to give it another “shot” (pun intended) with a new mystery mixological goddess who makes her living by punishing our livers at one of your favorite strip clubs. This month, we thought we’d bust out a little Q&A action before we turn her loose on a freestyle rant. (She’s been known to have rage issues).

**EXOTIC:** Welcome to Exotic Scarlett X, What do you think makes a good strip club bartender?

**SCARLETT X:** Someone who knows how to take shit and dish it! Being hot helps, but so does a bit of personality or pouring techniques. You need to count money fast, pour fast and know your fucking drinks. If you can’t make a martini or have ten drop shots memorized when you walk into your bar, kiss your ass goodbye. The customers and the dancers will eat you alive.

**E:** Are there a lot of dancers-made-bartenders in strip clubs?

**S:** From what I’ve seen here in Portland, it’s a pretty even split. Ha! You believed me for a minute didn’t you? There are a lot of women who have decided to bartend rather than dance. Some of these girls are serious badasses, while some are just sloppily seconds that think their tits will make up for their lack of experience. In a lot of cases, these female booze slingers have made their way behind the counter because they want to leave the world of dancing behind. But they’re still wrapped in the allure of making a quick 20 or 40 spot by showing their tits—just between pours now. To the strip club patrons, this kind of foreplay is great. As a bartender, your job is very serious and you are in many ways responsible for your patron and staff’s safety. If you are not taken seriously, your pull and authority will slowly begin to dwindle. Keeping dancers behind the bar to entertain lurid fantasies doesn’t sound half-bad until you bear the brunt of a two-line, five-deep bar. The customer has now waited in line for 20 minutes because the bottom line is the “rock star dancer” sucks as a bartender. This awesome piece of eye candy that can’t pour for shit takes 20-minute smoke breaks and often times can’t remember drink combinations or prices. Sure, your bar made money but what are the chances you’ll have a significant amount of repeat customers if your customer service just sucked some serious ass.

**E:** How do you know when a dancer has a drug or alcohol problem?

**S:** Outside the more apparent physical signs, alcoholics are the easiest to spot. These girls rarely work a morning shift. Often times, even on the mid and evening shifts, they still reek of the night before and upon entry to the bar, promptly hand over ID and a credit card to start their tab for the night. Some are so well known as heavy drinkers that they have drink limits set before they even get to order their first round. That’s right Ms. 5’0″, I’ve seen you after two tall 151 and Cokes, and you only get one of these on my shift. The disorderly dancer is quicker to start shit with anyone that looks at her sideways and will usually attempt to bullshit the bartenders when it comes time to pay her tab by waiting for the shift change and arguing what she drank with the next bartender. Once we are forced to cut off a dancer, they will usually try to get customers to order for them and sneak them drinks. They are not intelligent enough, however, to order something that they weren’t drinking prior to getting their minion to come to the bar for them—big biker guys generally don’t drink Midori cocktails, dumbass. And of course, through all the debauchery and plethora of fruity shots and labor-intensive concoctions, they never tip for shit. Now with the more severe cases, we have our “other addicts” that do stuff like plunge head first (in six-inch heels) onto the only patch of concrete in the establishment. They get up and stagger into the dressing room, only to dump out the entire contents of their purse and unload the big reveal. A mixed network of junky rigs and empty baggies—uh, didn’t see that coming. They’ll tell you they’re not a tweaker ever and over, because that’s what other girls say and it’s all gossip. Then you get in the next day and your morning bartender has had to search the same girl’s bag because another dancers ID and credit cards went missing on a shift where only two girls worked. Guess who’s got not only the stolen ID and credit cards, but a baggy full of not meth, but heroin? Guess she had to step it up to live up to the gossip. Just to ease the reader’s minds, all of these girls were promptly removed from the premises with a black mark in the book, banning them from ever working there again, however, for every bad seed there are two more that sprout. It’s a never-ending complex battle of bad bitches.

**E:** Do you think guys hit on the bartender more than the dancers?

**S:** It’s funny you ask me that question, because I was just making an observation on that subject the other day. The girls make you think about sex and, depending on where you’re at and what time of day it is, for the most part they are pretty damn sexy. For the first few hours, dancers are definitely the more popular target for the patrons. Usually after a couple of private dances, several visits to the rack or if they are a repeat customer, men will gravitate to the waitress or bartender during the last few hours of the night. Why? Well, because we offer the last few rounds of drink, we look hot with clothes on and we offer conversation and counseling. Let’s not forget to mention we’re more likely to drain your wallet by making you buy booze and not by telling you the take home fee is $250.00.

**E:** Any last words of advice?

**S:** Get the bartender’s special! Though it’s almost always the most expensive drink at the bar, it’s usually also the most potent with the most bang for your buck.

---

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*With Scarlett X*
Dear Sheena,

My boyfriend has been pestering me about anal sex. Anal is something I have never tried before. I have always been an exit-only kind of girl and to be quite honest with you, I am downright scared! Do you have any advice? Is it something I should try? I was also wondering if I would need a special lube. Please Sheena, help a girl out.

Thanks so much, Anal-Lytical

Well girl, I feel you on this one. I know we all want to keep our happy married life but we all have our limits. My advice to you is to start slow and allow yourself a chance. A lot of people wonder if it will hurt. Simple answer: start with fingers. There are no real rules saying you have to bend over and take it like a champ your first trip down the Hershey Highway. You’ll know quickly if you are willing to change your own personal “exit only” rule. Lubes are your friend, yet spit is a big no-no. If you are still confused about the many different lubes available, head into Cathie’s on Powell, they are the super butt lube experts. Another good thing to do is to have “the talk” about the back-door before you start. That way he doesn’t mistake moans or sudden moves as having struck gold. Have a safe word with your mate so you’re not in the bed hitting Mariah Carey notes and squirming to get away and catch your breath. Of course, a shot of tequila will help loosen your freaky side up a little. Thanks for your email Anal-Lytical! Be open and let me know how it goes (or didn’t go).

XOXO, She

Hi Sheena,

Could you give me some tips to better pleasure my girl? She loves nipple play, but I’m not exactly sure what would turn her on the most. So far, all I’ve done are fondle them with fingers and suck on them but are there some tips or tricks you could give me to help out?

Thanks in advance for your help, Chad.

Ah, the nipples. My favorite by far. Chad do you know how connected the nipply doo dahs are to the triangle of love? Sucking and licking nipples properly can result in many lube companies going out of business. I’m talking sugar-dripping walls of fire! Women are mental and visual—the more you give us to look at, the more we love it. Try adding a little jug jousting in the mix. This is the winning formula—now remember you have to do it all at the same time.

Remember to breathe heavy.

Have her on top, you on the bottom, gripping her ass firmly while obsessively sucking and licking her nipples as she rides your cock. Here are a few more “titty tips.”

1. Never forget that there are two nipples not one. No playing favorites.
2. Do not bite! Very painful (similar to a bite on your balls).
3. Use feathers, silk or any other soft fabric to rub and barely touch them sensitively.
4. Honey, popsicles, fruit and ice are fun to play with.
5. Always talk about how much you love her nipples as you moan and suck.
6. Use both hands, grip both boobs and crazily go back and forth between them like you are an obsessed sex demon craving the taste of her tits.

Most women love to have their nipples played with. Get your game face on and go for it! Thanks for the email! Have a great time with it Chad.

XOXO, She

Hey Sheena,

How do I convince my wife to try an open sexual relationship where we can play with others? We both feel our relationship is strong in all aspects except sex. Before we were together, I had different sexual partners at the same time and I loved the variety. I feel like I need that variety again. I have mentioned it to her that it would be fun to have someone join us in the bedroom, but I really need to have our sex life open up a lot more. Back to the question, how do I convince her that an open relationship will probably help our relationship, since the only lacking part is the sex?

Thanks, AJK Mike

Well Mike, there is always what you want and what you can actually make happen. First of all, you are absolutely normal. Second, you are going to have to really consider how picky your wife is going to be about your selection. Of course, it’s never worth ending a marriage over, but we need to keep you happy too! You know your wife better than anyone, so answer the following questions to help you determine if it is even a possibility.

1. Can it be one of her/his friends?
2. Does it have to be a younger girl?
3. Will she be able to be happy again with just you and her?
4. Will she eventually be so insecure that it ruins the marriage?

Having an open relationship is thrilling during the act. The aftermath can get so ugly that many times it’s not worth the heartache. You can always get her to role play, but if “variety” means “pussy variety” to you, that is another subject. Because most women (especially married women) just don’t budge on the, “But, I make love to you,” bit. After all, that’s why they get married! But when you get past all that, take her to the new swinger club downtown (Club Sesso) and see if you are okay with her having sex with men or women she doesn’t know. This can get sticky, be supportive and listen.

Go to swinger places, watch porn with her and simply be honest and explain what exactly you mean when you say you want “variety.” Your question to you is can she have variety too? What’s fair is fair. Your odds may get better if she can. I feel that the couples that adventure together stay together! Wish you the best babe.

XOXO, She

All of us want good, hot sex. I challenge all of you to go for it and meet, if not exceed your desires. If you’re not feeling like complete ecstasy floating on the moon after your sex, then you better get to searching for what’s going to get you there. For those of you who are, don’t be afraid to ask. I look forward to hearing from you soon!

Thank you for all of you that have written. I have been writing my book, so I’m in the “no appearances” zone for a while. When I’m back out there, you’ll know it! Until next time, all good things.

Sheena

Nipples, butt sex and adding a mate to the mix are this month’s hot topics. It’s me Sheena G with yes, you guessed it, more Sex Talk. This month I decided to wander through my E-mails and choose those asking for advice. Here we go my faithful sex fiends, this is dedicated to the needy and let’s not forget, the just plain greedy. Remember, if you have any stories, questions, thoughts or just plain freaky details that can wet those sugar walls, please do share. E-mail me at sheena@pdxgirls.com. Don’t be shy because I’m not!
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TO COMPETE FOR A TRIP TO THE PLAYBOY MANSION
AND THE COVER OF EXOTIC MAGAZINE
Happy Valentine's Day Portland. We hope you enjoy our 200th issue as much as we enjoyed creating it for you. With love in the air, it's probably an appropriate time to pull back a little bit from the venomous edge that often appears in this column. So as your Editor, I'm afraid I have to give Spooky X the month off and address some sincere issues. The problem with sarcastic wit is that while the majority of our readers will usually get the joke, there will always be a minority that may take offense to it. Unfortunately, it appears to have happened again.

Some time ago, we were approached by one of our distributors about the lack of content supporting adult stores such as Fantasy, Taboo and Castle (to name a few). Our first venture into this terrain was met with harsh criticism by fellow adult-store workers, claiming that our first contributor’s appraisal of porn store clientele was shallow and inaccurate. One response came from another porn clerk, who not only offered constructive criticism about the “offending article” but a contribution of her own to fill the void. And so, “The Pornclerk Diaries” was born. The article was penned by Kristine Levine, a cutting-edge comedienne and a long-time veteran in the field of slingling dildos. Her first articles were met with open arms by our readers and staff alike. Until last December, when she contributed an article that lead us to make a very difficult decision.

When December’s “The Pornclerk Diaries” was going through the multi-level editing process, each member of the editing team felt the powerful impact of Levine’s words. The first half of the article filled you with joy and humorous insight into a porn clerk’s holiday experiences. The second half took you to another place, a darker place. It is one of my many tasks to screen editorial for material that may be considered offensive to our readers and advertisers. Exotic Magazine is free to its readers because it is advertiser supported, therefore, rule number one is do not piss off the advertisers. When I read Kristine’s article that month, I was amazed at the transition of emotions the article had pulled out of me. It’s not too often that I’m taken from joy to despair so easily, especially by our contributor. I mentioned it to a few other staff members who had also read it, and found their opinions to be the same. Was it a negative piece? No, I don’t think so. It was gripping and full of powerful emotions, a trait I would normally associate with outstanding editorial. But I guess I missed the boat of porn store clientele was shallow and inaccurate. One response came to sabotage Piecura’s business. The origins and whereabouts of the goat cyborg goatinator (model G-800), sent from the future by a rival strip club vandalism, which led police to consider the possibility that the goat was a result of the article. Long story short, we were contacted by numerous customers. Having no insurance, her medical bills will be devastating. Stop by the fundraiser to not only help Ty, but to witness the amazing line-up of talent joining together and donating their performances to the cause. Plus, raffles for a car from River City Wheels and erotic gifts from Cathie’s.

Dear Exotic readers,

No one can disregard the long-standing commitment I have to my customers. I’ve been through it all with them. From my perch behind the counter, I’ve talked them through suicide attempts, coming out to their parents, gender operations, secret affairs, weddings, new babies, divorces and funerals. I’ve seen them deteriorate from drug addiction and illnesses, but I have also had the pleasure of witnessing a few of them recover and evolve into my friends. I have held their hands while they cried, given them coffee on cold nights, fed a few and even loaned some money. I’ve reminded them to take their medication and remembered to ask how their doctor appointments went. I’ve told some to get the fuck out. I’ve wished some would stay and when they didn’t stay, I waved goodbye while they left in the back of cabs, limos, police cars and coroner vans. Some have called me a cunt; some have called me Mom. Five years ago a boy was turning 18, but today he is 23 fighting in Iraq and is as far away from being a boy as he is from home. Some of my customers have gone off to prison, and I was still there for them when they got out. Some are still in prison. Some are in prison and don’t know it; those guys will never get out.

I believe my piece speaks to my care and concern for each customer I serve. I believe I expressed clearly that even on the one day a year I come face-to-face with one kind of customer, that I do not see the majority as that isolated person. I love my customers for where they are going, not for where they are at the moment. No one should be defined by a moment. You will not find another clerk in this city, probably not even in this country, that loves her customers like I do. It is regrettable that my work has been misrepresented as hateful, rather than what it actually is—revealing, honest and compassionate.

My many thanks to the Exotic staff and readers. Thank you so much for letting me share my world with you.

My best, Kristine Levine

ON A LIGHTER NOTE—GOAT VANDALIZES STRIP CLUB

Last month in Coachella, California, Hank Piecura, the owner of the soon to open Lynx Gentlemen’s Club arrived at his business to find blood and broken glass outside the doors. Initially fearing a robbery, he was quite surprised to learn that the destruction had been caused by a 150-pound horned goat. After reviewing the surveillance tape, Piecura stated that he recognized the goat, as he had chased it away from the club the day before. The goat just stood there, hypnotized by its own reflection in the mirrored windows for several hours, then it reared up and repeatedly smashed its head into the glass until it shattered. Damages from the goat attack would cost Piecura over $2,000. Witnesses nearby stated that they saw a strange orb of blue lightning in an alley following the goats.

ON ANOTHER SERIOUS NOTE

Don’t miss the benefit for Miss Ty Fyre on February 10th at Dante’s. Ty was involved in a tragic accident doing what she loves best, being one of Portland’s most beloved fire entertainers. Having no insurance, her medical bills will be devastating. Stop by the fundraiser to not only help Ty, but to witness the amazing line-up of talent joining together and donating their performances to the cause. Plus, raffles for a car from River City Wheels and erotic gifts from Cathie’s.
FEATURED EVENTS
Thu. Feb. 4 - Dante's - Oracle CD release with special guest Storm Large
Fri. Feb. 5 - Dante's - The Dwarves with special guest Zeke
Sat. Feb. 6 - George's Dancin' Bare - Pole Erotica Exotic Pole Dancing Showdown - Preliminary Round 2
Sun. Feb. 7 - George's Dancin' Bare - Super Bowl Sunday Party – stop by to see what you get for $1.00
Hotties - Super Bowl Party with game time specials – wear the winning team's colors and get those specials all night long!
Hard Candy (Salem) - Public Drunken Sex with special guest
All Stars Cabaret locations - Super Bowl Mega-Party with over 50 grid-iron cheerleaders on our stages, free buffet and a ballistic half-time show.
The Viewpoint - Super Bowl Sunday party with never-ending happy hour and free buffet
Jody's Bar & Grill - Super Bowl XLIV with more girls, special and giveaways than ever!
Tue. Feb. 9 - Soobie's - Come see Robyn bartend topless for her birthday
Wed. Feb. 10 - Boom Boom Room - Pole Erotica Exotic Pole Dancing Showdown - Preliminary Round 3
Thu. Feb. 11 - Dolphin I & II - The Dolphin Clubs’ Valentine’s Extravaganza Pajama Party with dancers in lingerie, bed stage shows and erotic giveaways from Cathie’s
Fri. Feb. 12 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - A Vampire’s Valentine – Furious fangs, bleeding hearts and lovers in death.
Dante’s - Hell’s Belles
Sat. Feb. 13 - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - The Insensitives – A Stars Salem Anniversary concert
Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Belvedere IX presents My Bloody Valentine: A Vampire’s Valentine’s Eve with feature shows by To the Death, Parablliss, Blaze and live music by Be Still My Bleeding Heart
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Love/Hate: An Exotic/Erotic Valentine’s Day Weekend with roses, fangs, sensual audio chaos, cherubs and freaks. Reserve single and couple packages now!
Hawthorne Strip - Anti-Valentine’s Day Party with extra dancers, specials and giveaways from Cathie’s and Tennessee Reds plus lap dance raffles all night long. Wear red to win a door prize.
Club Rouge - Ciroc Vodka & Widmere Brewing present the Boy’s Night Club Rouge – raffles all night long. Wear red to win a door prize.
Jody’s Bar & Grill - Super Bowl XLIV with more girls, special and giveaways than ever!
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Club Rouge - Ciroc Vodka & Widmere Brewing present the Boy’s Night Club Rouge – raffles all night long. Wear red to win a door prize.

WEEKLY EVENTS
MONDAYS
The Viewpoint - Daily Grind Mondays – Buy a lap dance and get dinner on us – 5pm - close
George's Dancin' Bare - Minor Mondays featuring nothing but the sexiest young talent ages 18-20
Stars Cabaret (Salem) - More On Mondays with free prime rib dinner with paid admission

TUSSAYS
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Napkin Nights presents Tip Drill: A Tuesday Night Vibe with Starchile. mrBlack and special guest Cool Nutz – new guest DJs, sponsors, themes and specials each week!
The Viewpoint - Tax Relief Tuesdays – 2-for-1 dances all night long plus $1.00 tacos

WEDNESDAYS
The Viewpoint - Wet Wednesdays with wet t-shirt contests, Jell-O, mud and pudding wrestling with tropical specials

THURSDAYS
Jody’s Bar and Grill - All-you-can-eat tacos for $2.00
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Rockstar Thursdays an eROCKtic concert series every Thursdays at 9pm. Launch party on February 18th with Same ‘OI Situation and Thunderstruck.
The Viewpoint - Customer Appreciation Thursdays for service and transportation industries with $5 steak dinner, $2 appetizers and $10 private dances from 6pm-9pm

SATURDAYS
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - (beginning Feb. 25th) Cazadores presents UFC Fight Night! See the UFC on 1 big screen and 12 HD flat screens, win official UFC prizes and see future ring girls take on the pole

SUNDAYS
Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Napkin Nights presents Seamless Sundays with DJ Sugar with new special guests, sponsors, themes and specials each week!
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  AND A COVERED SMOKING AREA
- NEW OWNERS
- ALL-NEW GIRLS
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Whatever my initial intention was with this article, it has been completely annihilated by watching at least ten hours of stripper-themed movies. Seriously, I can’t remember what I was supposed to do beyond watching some of the most God-awful writing, acting, dancing, casting and costuming ever. Even the extras were bad, they are supposed to blend into the background and not distract from what we shall generously call a “plot.” They may as well be furniture on wheels (although upon further reflection an Ikea office chair could upstage Elizabeth Hurley) so maybe that’s not completely fair.

First of all, stripping is a terrible, depressing theme for a movie marathon—I can in no way recommend this as a healthy way to spend a weekend. Here I sit, surrounded by empty beer cans trying to force myself to watch the second half of Showgirls. I have even lost the willpower required to get more beer and my roommates refuse to fetch me anymore.

SHOWGIRLS

I was really hoping I could skip this one because it’s about girls who dance in shows but don’t do lap dances. Then some asshole reminded me that Elizabeth Hurley works at Cheetahs before getting miraculously recruited to follow her dream. It’s not totally clear whether she gets hired in the show because her weird, angry dancing is actually interpreted as extreme talent or if it’s because the bitchy veteran “star” of the show has evil plans for her. The intentions of said bitchy veteran, Vegas star (Gina Gershon), are also kind or vague. She either wants to fuck her, watch her fuck, slowly crush her soul, quickly crush her soul, create an empathetic clone of herself or create a clone of herself that will crush itself to death after fucking her. Maybe they thought the ambiguity would create some desperately lacking depth. Gina Gershon is like Dr. Frankenstein and Elizabeth Hurley is like the collection of corpse limbs she is trying to make into an awkwardly lurching monster for some unfathomable reason.

Anyway, I think that you are supposed to feel sympathetic towards little miss anger management problem, Elizabeth Hurley. I also assume that her dancing is supposed to be seen as “impressive.” Prior to naked dancing, I actually did quite a lot of “dancing” dancing and grunting is generally frowned upon. In fact, you really aren’t supposed to accentuate difficult steps by making weird caveman noises. Besides grunting, Elizabeth Hurley mainly throws a lot of temper tantrums and some of those are set in the dressing room of the strip club she is trying to escape. Of all the implausible shit in all of these movies, my very favorite is when the strip club manager shows the new stripper to the dressing room and then tells her that she has to give him a blowjob. If a manager strolled into a dressing room of 20 real strippers and demanded oral sex from one of them, the rest would immediately shred him like a pack of rabid hyenas. He would be clobbered unconscious with plastic shoes before the bouncers could even get to him.

So, Elizabeth Hurley achieves success and the most retarded looking orgasm ever under a waterfall in a pool. Then she beats the crap out of someone, claims to have “found herself” and hitchhikes off into the sunset. I don’t know why I watched the end of that movie, I really don’t. I could have spared myself the epileptic underwater sex scene.

FLASHDANCE

Another story of a naughty dancer trying to become a “legitimate” dancer. This is ironic because usually it works the other way around. A lot of strippers have dance and gymnastic backgrounds. Stripping tends to pay better and you get to pick your own music. Yes, it is a classic scene, but the whole chair dance that finishes with the bucket of water splashing on her is hot but totally ridiculous. Someone is going to have to clean that up which means the audience is going to be staring at a stage containing a janitor and a mop instead of tits and ass. It reminded me of the time a girl I worked with brought her snake on stage—it was totally sexy, right up until the snake got motion sickness from spinning around the pole and puked. We had to turn on the lights and shut down the stage so the poor barback could clean it up and the smell was awful. Speaking of snakes on stage…

STRIptease

Oh my God, I forgot just how amazing this movie actually is. Demi Moore is “forced” to become a stripper because Judge Fingerhut (actual name of the character) awards child custody to her scruffy crook of an ex-husband. Demi the super-mom is...
also “forced” to abduct her own child and then brings her daughter to work with her! There is a child in a strip club dressing room playing cards with the strippers, while her mom is onstage. Just to make that whole idea even ickier, the part of her daughter is played by her actual offspring, Rumur Willis. Other things which are disgusting: Marabou-trimmed stripper outfits, dancing with snakes on stage, naming a strip club “The Eager Beaver” and Burt Reynolds. This is one of those movies where the good guys are good and the bad guys are bad. “Good” prevails despite being hindered by a total lack of good judgment and the bad guys get what is coming to them, which is apparently being trapped in a mountain of refined sugar. The only reason to watch this movie is to find out whether or not Demi’s boobs are real. I’m not going to tell you because if that’s the kind of information you are interested in, you should have to suffer like I did and watch it yourself.

**DANCING AT THE BLUE IGUANA**

Okay, remember that 90s experiment of making movies with no plot? It’s one of those. Frankly, after re-watching Striptease it was kind of refreshing. If you are going to demand that the audience suspend their disbelief every five minutes, you should at least give them a good reason. Instead of battering you with idiotic premises and goofy story lines, Dancing at the Blue Iguana depicts the lives of women working at a strip club in L.A. It’s like a documentary in that it’s pointless, except it’s not real and doesn’t document anything. This was the one movie that actually sometimes accurately reflected this weird little sub-culture. This shit-hole club and these super messed-up strippers could totally be real. The real club would have an average of seven customers at a time and the dancers would look less like models and fall more under the category of “unattractive and lacking effort,” but it could happen. Actually, the only optimistic thing about this movie is attractive women making a lot of money in a busy club. It’s pretty fucking depressing. You would think that maybe the one role Daryl Hannah could deal with would be a dim-witted, scatter-brained slut, but she still managed to overact until I was left wondering how her character even managed to tie her own shoes. Sandra Oh is totally awesome though. I have absolutely no doubt that she would be a totally kick-ass stripper. Then they go and fuck up the character by having her read tortured poetry in coffee shops.

**I KNOW WHO KILLED ME**

Lindsay Lohan plays a stripper. I tried to watch this but gave up after 20 minutes and just watched the stripping scenes on YouTube. Prior to going on stage, Lindsay sits at a make-up mirror popping pills and washing it down with a bottle of booze. The whole point of popping pills is that you can do it covertly, which Lindsay well knows. And the bar is really going to let you run around with a bottle?!! It’s a strip club that serves alcohol. Did they run out of glasses? Is the dishwasher broken? Also, I don’t know one stripper who would have let her leave the dressing room wearing panties with weird tassels around the waist; stripper attire should never in anyway resemble a souvenir Mexican sombrero. Lindsay did do a convincing imitation of a way-too-fucked-up stripper capable only of sliding down the pole and rolling around on the floor.

**ZOMBIE STRIPPERS**

Yeah, I was supposed to watch this, but I didn’t because I don’t like zombies. All they do is stay dead and bite, they have no psychology—are boring and stupid. I’m not crazy about the horror movie genre in general. As far as I can tell, the point of thrillers is that they induce generalized anxiety. If I wanted to freak out for no good reason, I would pick up the phone when my mother calls.

That was my weekend, confirming once again that my profession is deliberately misunderstood on a massive scale. I do like the way they depict strippers on My Name is Earl. There is a clear distinction between the character who enjoys dancing at Club Chubby and Patty the Daytime Hooker. And you kind of got to love Jaime Presley screaming “Boys! Get mama’s clear plastic stripper shoes outta your Leggo box!” Anyway, I think the only way I’m going to regain any sanity is to watch at least three hours of some dry British Masterpiece Theatre about some nice turn of the century sexual repression.
For the past 20 years, it seems that men do not have the balls to ask women out in person. I blame this on the advent of internet dating and social networking sites, they make men lazy. In the 90s, people met the old fashioned way, in chat rooms. In the 90s and 10s, there’s no way of getting around dating on the Internet, unless you like being single and have a lot of patience. Of course, there are those stories, those one-of-a-kind run-ins people have, the stripper really likes you, the fireman saved your cat—the exception. For most of us, we hide in our alternate online personas and hope to come across someone who has built their own avatar up equally and cross-your-fingers, is at least halfway as good looking hope to come across someone who has built their own avatar up equally and cross-your-fingers, is at least halfway as good looking and charming in person. The dynamics of internet dating are very delicate, I’d say even more so than being asked out in person. The internet ocean has many more creatures, which is a dual-edged swordfish. On the one flipper, it’s easy to move onto the next fish, on the other flipper, it’s easy for them to move onto the next fish.

I’ve taken the liberty to put together some advice for you men-seeking-women out there. Primarily in the hopes that the advice will be taken and I won’t have to roll my eyes as much during my own dating escapades.

**Do not text pictures of your cock to women you haven’t met.**

No matter how much she convinces you that she wants to see it, chances are your cock is crooked and veiny. The cock exposure can be handled much easier during the first night of sex, where hopefully the woman is in lust/love with you enough to ignore the ugly little critter and cancel it out by staring up your nose.

**Your profile picture should look like you.** Granted, it should look like you on a good day, but if you are spinning a picture that is sure to let down the lass on first glance, the date will be over before you can say sea urchin.

**Keep it short.** Don’t talk about yourself too much on your profile, on the phone or on a date. There is nothing worse than a man who won’t shut up about how great he is.

**Pick up the fucking tab.** There are few exceptions to this rule. One of the few times a man should not pick up the tab is if he is trying to make a point—he does not like the woman—and he should pay for his half of the date. If you are on a date with a rich cougar, it is in your right to let her pay for everything, because God-willing you will have to fuck that thing later.

**If you are ugly, talk about how much money you make.**

If you are ugly, work on being funny. The handsome bad boys do not always win and women are more likely to consider you for long-term material if qualities besides attractiveness are well worked.

**Do not admit that you are looking for something serious.** Do not admit that you are looking for some tail, either. Keep your true intentions to yourself and ride the wave. Women resent thinking they are some kind of skank just because they don’t want to commit to a man after the first date.

**Do not talk about your mother.** Do not give details about any problems with your mother. In this Freudian-fried culture, any and all references to your mother will be transformed in her mind to a perception that you do not want on your bloody hands. There is nothing good that can come from talking about your mother and it must be saved until much later in the relationship, where it can be handled better.

**Forget using myspace as a dating medium anymore.** You have a better chance of getting a date by poking someone on Facebook then you do of finding a legit human being on MySpace. Your attempt at communication will be deleted, rather then responded to by anyone except promiscuous 17-year-olds looking for herpes.

**Do not pass up the single moms.** Few men realize single moms are a gold mine available for tapping. There is no gray area with single moms, they will either make a great no-strings sex partner or an easy serious relationship. Single moms are less likely to lust after the bad boy and more likely to be searching for the nice guy. They also are too busy to overburden men with too much attention.

There you have it fellas, following the etiquette of internet dating is sure to increase your chances of catching a sexy, prized fish.
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2/8B EINSTEIN The Producer Takes The Stage w/His Party Rock Band
  For Our Biggest Summer Sunday Ever
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- SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH - 9PM, MY BLOODY VALENTINE:
  A Vampire’s Valentine’s Eve. Sponsored By Belvedere, 141 Feature Shows By
  “To The Death,” “Parabellum Trappeze,” “Blaze,” w/Musical Guest “Be Still My Bleeding Heart!”

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AT ALL LOCATIONS
PUBLIC DRUNKEN SEX

Last month, my “band,” Wombstretcha the Magnificent, performed at Hard Candy in Salem, a venue not traditionally thought of as appropriate for live music. We had more dancers, opening acts and regulars than we did heads who actually wanted to see a live show, and the “musicians” seemed to be nothing more than obstructions to the naked girls dancing behind us. One of the openings, Public Drunken Sex (PDS), opted against the rest of our lackluster approaches to doing a show in a strip club, executing a high-energy performance complete with an R. Kelly striptease and synchronized dancing (seriously). PDS’s set was the only 30 minutes of the “Wombstretcha show” in which dancers actually stopped dancing to watch the live music. Not only did they upstage two other openers and a headliner (us), they managed to elicit more comments than the naked six-girl rumble that went down that night (albeit by a very slim margin). Since the show, I’ve received calls from at least ten different industry folks asking if I could hook them up with “the black dudes who opened for Wombstretcha.” Humbling, yes. Surprising, no.

Zion, GNS and Hybrid, collectively known as PDS, put on a 20-minute set that, hands down, topped that of any hip hop group I have seen in the past decade. I’m not saying this lightly, as I’ve had the fortune of meeting some of the most influential and talented performers out there (Tech N9ne, Felt, Cage) and have even been impressed by some lesser-known local acts (Acheron Flow, Nomatic, K-Dizzy, Sleep Bandana and Trifecta to name a few essentials). Every issue, I shamelessly write up a different band that I claim to be my “favorite” and this month is no different, with the exception that PDS has no idea I’m even typing this. In other words, I’m being genuine in saying that everyone out there needs a little PDS in their lives.

“But Ray,” you exclaim, “you’re an easily amused alcoholic music columnist with no credibility whatsoever. Why should I take anything you say as fact?”

Good question.

Put to the acid test, PDS has three specific things working in their favor: stage presence, credibility and the ability to appeal to a crowd that would otherwise avoid hip hop (or black culture in any manner) at all costs.

Regarding PDS’s stage presence during the Hard Candy show the band was able to distract a room full of horny stoners and the larger percentage of a local biker gang from the five naked, barely legal and shit-faced dancers rolling around on each other in front of them (Doug, or Hypnox, had a good time with the pile-0-pussy, but that’s to be expected). Rapping over actual instrumentals (instead of a vocal DAT) and making Michael Jackson look like Napoleon Dynamite in terms of rhythm and timing, PDS executed every syllable of their songs with precision, all the while seeming as if they were more relaxed on stage than most of the dancers I work with. When the crowd applauded, they kept going. When the crowd stared blankly wondering how Hard Candy became the new spot for local urban talent, they kept going. When the Titanic hit the iceberg and the ship went down, they kept going. Okay, maybe that’s a little too far-fetched (and possibly racist) for this write-up, but you get the point.

PDS is not only entertaining, but they have established themselves on both the national and local circuits. After Portland rapper Tragedy was unable to open for Tech N9ne due to some conflicts with his schedule and personal life, PDS (then, and to some extent still, unknown) approached a sold-out crowd at the Roseland Theater to open for one of the most talented lyricists and live acts of all time. Instead of being hit with pennies, PDS was hit with an offer to finish out the leg of the tour as an opener for Tech N9ne and company. That’s like Spooky X being asked by Playboy to replace Hugh Hefner.

Far from perfect, PDS needs to fix up the basics (in other words establish a working webpage, release an actual CD and get some music videos together) before becoming the next 2 Live Crew. However, their live performance is so kick-ass that they will be performing on Valentine’s Day at Ash St. Saloon for Wombstretcha the Magnificent’s last show (yes, my band is breaking up, but not as a result of being upstaged). If the guilt trip isn’t enough to get you in the door, consider it one of your last opportunities to see PDS as well. Chances are high that Public Drunken Sex will get snatched up by a major label soon, or at least venture outside of the Portland/Salem area.

www.myspace.com/PublicDrunkenSex1

PUBLIC DRUNKEN SEX

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Olive North wasn’t the only dick standing tall in the eighties—the decade definitely had its share of some quality fuck pictures. But in the era of AIDS, the Moral Majority and having a nuke-crazed TV cowboy as the Commander in Chief, the conditions for the porn industry were far from ideal. New technology offered by home video flooded the market, causing production qualities to suffer. Soon porn became the bland cash crop of amateurish productions filmed in the back-taxed luxury houses of the San Fernando Valley. But there where two guys who saw things differently. Enter the Dark Brothers, Walter and Gregory Dark, who are still considered by many in the adult film community, the most original directors porn has ever seen and have since been credited as the originators of alt-porn. Known for their outlandish production designs, irreverent dialogue as well as their cutting edge new wave soundtracks, the Dark Bros. broke the mold by shooting most of their films in 35mm rather than the emerging video format. Dubbed the “Purveyors of Fine Filth,” the Dark Bros. were never apologetic about their lack of political correctness, which resulted in some of their films to be permanently removed from the market. Because of this, Gregory retired from the business in the mid-90s and went to direct videos for artists like Snoop Dogg, Britney Spears and Linkin Park. Thankfully, we still have the movies to revisit and our genitals to play with to see how the Dark Bros. were able to define the decade in their skin ficks.

**NEW WAVE HOOKERS:** Hands down the most infamous of The Dark Bros. films, if not the most infamous adult film of the 80s. Jack Baker is joined by adult legend Jamie Gillis, they play two beer drinking buddies named Jamal and Jimmy. After a long night of watching porn, they discuss the what-ifs, had they taken careers in the field of professional escort managing. They come up with the genius idea of brainwashing women with the sounds of new wave and go into business together as New Wave Hookers, Inc. Soon after they fall asleep, they’re idea becomes a reality. They wake up to find themselves dressed like characters from a Bret Easton Ellis novel in the middle of the offices for New Wave Hookers, Inc. Joined by a dog/person who also serves as the ring to their phone, Jamal and Jimmy (who now is Japanese for some reason) proceed to brainwash women into indiscriminate fucking with the sounds of synth-pop. The rest of the film follows the exploits of their day-glow-hos as they orally serve Moroccan diplomats and suffice anal fixations of college nerds. All of which leads up to the totally-ways-awesome orgy scene at the end.

With its entertaining premise and high production value, New Wave Hookers became Hustler Magazine’s film of the year for 1985. Adding to its notoriety was the fact that the original cut starred then illegal teen and now fuckaweso techno singer Traci Lords. After it was discovered that Ms. Lords was only 16 at the time of shooting, the film was re-cut to feature a young Ginger Lynn long before she made that nasty Metallica video.

In 2005, this film was re-made into the “high-concept erotic feature” Nue Wave Hookers. But unless you’re a member of Greenpeace and have some creepy thing for the girls who hang out on Hawthorne all day, the remake is not worth seeing. Even in porn it’s safe to say “they just don’t make ’em like they used to.”
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**We're Getting Lazy.**

Yes, the economic “crisis” has resulted in a serious lack of strip club customers, but a lack of customers is a poor excuse for industry veterans to lower their performance bar. The problem with the “few-customers means-less-effort” mentality is that it contradicts the basic principles of any professional performer (not only dancers, but DJs, bartenders, cooks and bouncers).

When a performer prefers to conduct their business in a full house, they are acting analogous to a fisherman who prefers a full pond or a marksman who prefers multiple targets—taking advantage of statistical probability instead of raw talent. Running with this analogy, there are bigger fish to catch in the open sea and snipers get paid a hell of a lot more than those who frequently partake in drive-by shootings. Again, clarifying the notion is that, in my opinion, “analogous” is a Tool album; actual talent thrives in challenging environments that provide greater rewards instead of easy ones, simply because the attention the performer gets is warranted, as opposed to accidental.

Dancers are, by definition, performers. If your definition of dancing is being able to soak up the remains of whatever pocket scrap the guy in the Tap-Out shirt has after he buys his last pitcher of lime Budweiser simply because you’re willing to show your tits, welcome to being a PG-13 prostitute. Of course you thrive on busy nights, the same way some shitty opening band “thrives” while touring with a Grammy-winning act—you’re soaking up applause because there are enough drunk customers crammed into a small area where anyone and anything under a spotlight will garnish attention. On the other hand, an actual performance will turn heads and open wallets regardless of how many people are watching.

Portland is full of talented and unique performers, so for purposes of scientific accuracy I will be using Salem as an example. First, you have Bourbon Street Cabaret. This place is bigger than Kanye West’s ego and located in a somewhat secluded area. Factoring in Salem’s nightclub scene (none) and economy (shitty), let’s just say that Bourbon takes the occasional Sunday-night loss. Although it’s easy for any performer to get discouraged in what feels like a post-apocalyptic Las Vegas, Ginger (one of the most talked-about and sought-after dancers I’ve met in any club), performs as if her life depended on it even when there are literally no customers. Song choice and roster don’t seem to affect her in the least, and she consistently makes good money on what other dancers call “bad” nights. Up the road at Stars Cabaret, Veesha competes with twenty other dancers on a mid-week night shift in front of no more than an available (aka not getting dances or outside smoking) ten customers. You may remember her as last year’s Ink ‘n’ Pink winner, beating out dozens of Portland-area competitors. Even covergirls do pole tricks on dead shifts.

Obviously, not relying on the washed-up cash that comes from over-capacity crowds, Ginger and Veesha are two of the most asked-about dancers from customers and friends in the Salem area, many of whom have never set foot in a strip club. One of my “caregivers” for the “back problems” that I “suffer” from isn’t allowed to frequent strip clubs due to a severe case of pussywhipping, yet when I told him that I worked at Bourbon Street he asked about “that one chick who does, like, crazy pole tricks and shit.” Drinking Guinness at Stars, I ran into a friend I haven’t seen since middle school and instead of discussing our whereabouts for the last decade and a half, he couldn’t stop asking me if “the chick with the mohawk” was working that night. Neither of the dudes mentioned are the sleazy, drool-over-tits type, yet both remembered Ginger and Veesha for their performance ability (and while one dude advertises Bourbon Street to his “patients,” the other is at Stars dropping money on a Monday).

Professional performers are just that—talented and willing regardless of place or circumstance. Yes, there are lonely men who are willing to spend a hundred bucks on a meth’d out girl sitting on stage topless with her cellphone, but for the most part, it takes a lot more than a nice pair of tits to get customers in a state capital to spend money on anything besides drugs or food. Props to Ginger and Veesha. The rest of us (myself included) should consider putting this magazine down and approaching that guy on the video poker for a private dance (or song request).

Because it’s February...

Since I do the same thing for Valentine’s Day every year (a random stranger), I have nothing in terms of theme-appropriate stories this month. Thank fuck for The Roxy though, because the after-shift dancers eating there are always willing to share gory details regarding any topic aside from rocket science or debt management. Take the following (anonymous) example:

> “Hey, you’re the guy who does the *Exotic* column, right?”

> “Yup.”

> “Are you gonna write about this?”

> “Nope. Gotta stick to a theme this month.”

> “Well, last year for Valentine’s Day I spent all night taking shots by myself because I was lonely. When my husband came home, I was going down on him and started to feel like puking, but I didn’t stop and ended up spewing all over his cock. He didn’t notice at first, so I kept going until he was finished. Then afterward he was like ‘What the fuck? There’s puke on my thighs.’ We ended up getting a divorce.”

> “Okay, you get a mention.”

> Perhaps I have a different upbringing than most, but my parents always told me that when I find a keeper I should never let her go. The first woman to continue blow- ing me after puking on mycock is not only getting a wedding ring, but a Valentine’s Day card as well.
On November 22nd at about 0130 hours, two women left The Viewpoint at Northeast Killingsworth and 82nd in Portland. When they arrived at their home at Heatherbrea Apartments on Southeast Bell in Clackamas County, they were confronted by a lone African American male armed with a handgun. The suspect held them at gunpoint while he stole their purses and luggage. The victims’ monetary loss was substantial. It is believed that the women were likely followed from Northeast Portland when they left their work.

The suspect was described as an African American male, about 5’10” tall, with brown eyes, very close-cropped black hair and an angry sounding voice. The suspect was wearing a dark, zip-up, hooded sweatshirt with the hood down and was armed with a black, semi-automatic handgun.

One of the victims has worked with the Clackamas County Sheriff’s Office forensic artist to prepare a forensic sketch.

Investigators are pursuing a number of leads, however, contacts with other members of the industry indicate it is likely that there have been other victims of this same type of crime and possibly with this same suspect. These crimes have not been reported to police.

Investigators strongly encourage victims of such cases to report these incidents to their local police or to the lead investigator in this case.

The robbery detective assigned to this case is Detective Dan Kraus (503) 557-5811 (dankra@co.clackamas.or.us). You can also send tips on your cell phone by texting CRIMES (274637) with CCSO as the first four letters of your text.
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