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With the surrounding controversy of videos supposedly depicting the sexual exploits of former Ms. California Carrie Prejean and 2004 Vice-Presidential candidate John Edwards, the term celebrity sex tape has been the recent buzzword in tabloid papers and celebrity gossip magazines. Ever since Hogan’s Heroes actor Bob Crane’s filmed sexual encounters became a seminal piece of evidence in his murder, celebrity sex tapes have been a black mark on the careers of almost all public figures associated with them. While most are over-hyped, un-strokeable and are seen only as a novelty by porn distributors, everyone from Pam Anderson, Paris Hilton, Bob Lowe and Oregon’s own Tonya Harding have been the subject of these movies. Though some tapes are center pieces of extortion cases and paparazzi blackmailing schemes, there is one thing that celebrities should keep in mind before they hit the record button: If you don’t want it to be seen, don’t film it. Apparently, they didn’t remember what happened to Ellen and Clark Griswold in European Vacation. But there are a few celebrities (if you could call them that) that are so desperate for attention that they actually go out of their way to make one of these videotaped monstrosities and come up with an end result that’s so vile, so disturbing that they are forever burned in the memories of anyone who watches them. Take this article as a friendly warning, these are the celebrity sex tapes you don’t want to see.

SHAUNA SAND: Everyone loves bunnies! They’re cute fluffy and have the most adorable floppy ears. But the author of this article spent many days growing up in Southeast Oregon and has seen enough of them dead on the highway to know that they are filthy, disease-ridden creatures that promise to do much more than fuck up your cabbage patch. Apparently the same rings true for Playboy bunnies. While she wasn’t busy creating a shit storm with everyone she’d ever met, former playboy centerfold Shauna Sand took the time to film this sexual escapade with one of her many euro-trash man whores. Looking like a corpse dipped in silicone, the duck-lipped Sand really stuck it to her ex-husband Lorenzo Lamas with this subpar sex tape. While one might think a Playmate’s venture into hardcore would be something worth seeing, the exact opposite is true (especially when she thought it would be really hot to pour ice cream all over her self-browning, sunburned body). Worst of all, parts of this film are subtitled.

CHUCK BERRY: While most purists of rock and roll’s originators will agree that Carl Perkin and Elvis Presley had nothing on duck-walking guitarist Chuck Berry, they might also agree that outlaw toilet punk G.G Allin had nothing on his sexual exploits. As the singer of such classics as “Maybelline” and “School Days,” Berry had a well-documented court case about the filming of women in the bathrooms of his Missouri restaurants. It was around that time another video surfaced with Berry supposedly engaging in other deviant sexual behavior. Since Exotic would rather not inflict psychological damage on its readers, the publication will spare the “juicy” details. Let’s just say, if you see it, you might think twice about finishing your meal at Fuddruckers when “Johnny B. Goode” comes on the sound system. It has never been confirmed that the person in the video is actually Chuck Berry, which luckily for him keeps his image intact. But as Berry’s song says, it just goes to show “You Never Can Tell.”

DUSTIN DIAMOND: After losing his lucky beret before the big chess meet against Valley, breaking his mom’s Elvis statue and getting sued for selling his grandma’s fake-ass spaghetti sauce, it’s hard to imagine why Zach Morris and A.C. Slater would want to hang out with Bayside High’s biggest loser, Samuel “Screech” Powers. But what is even harder to understand is why anyone would want to see him in a three-way. Train-wreck child-star Dustin Diamond had the camcorder ready when he hooked up with two drunken bridesmaids more fucked up than Jessie Spano on caffeine pills. Filmed in a hotel suite littered with empty booze bottles and dirty Tupperware containers, Diamond takes it upon himself to mark a poor girl for life by giving her a Dirty Sanchez. (Interestingly enough, there is an accompanying scratch-n-sniff sticker on the DVD box.) With his sexual exploits on film, it’s hard to wonder why he didn’t reprise his role as Screech on the porn version of Saved by the Bell, or for that matter, why Lisa wouldn’t fuck him.

JOEY BUTTAFUOCO: Before The Situation and Snooki, there was noted statutory rapist and attempted wife killer Mr. Joey Buttafuoco. While most people thought Buttafuoco left the public consciousness with Dan Quayle and Reebok Pumps, a decade and a half later he joined a noble group of public figures by voluntarily releasing his own sex tape. Attempting to keep in track with his former slutty counterpart Amy Fischer, Joey Buttafuoco joined the distinguished group of public figures who voluntarily released their own sex tape. Joey Buttafuoco Caught on Tape, as it’s called, is entirely composed of images of a pale, doughy mass covered in grey body hair and bad tattoos gyrating into Buttafuoco’s noticeably unenthusiastic wife. But with the slick editing techniques and professionally blocked sexual positions, it’s easy to notice that this film wasn’t made with your dad’s JVC Handycam. By technical definition, Joey Buttafuoco is a legitimately contracted porn actor. What is also obvious about this movie is how much cocaine was consumed by the person who thought people would actually want to see this.
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This month, I’m going to depart from the rant about horny customers and whacked-out strippers and focus on this column’s primary function. It’s all about the booze my friends. St. Patrick’s Day is upon us and, even though, it’s my favorite of all holidays to drink for no reason, it doesn’t mean you need to waste your liver on cliché Midori sours, crème de menthe and green beer. Irish-loving patrons everywhere need to celebrate this year’s St. Patty’s day right.

Stick to the root of the holiday’s celebration and try an actual Irish whiskey—distilled and brewed with the sweat and blood of Ireland’s most cherished leprechauns. Not just any ginger kid can produce such fine beverages for the masses, it takes a true freckle face to understand and maintain the century old family recipes.

I personally dig the single malts, like Bushmills’ (10 to 21 years) or Locke’s (8 year) especially after a hard night shift. If you’re a pure pot still lover you’ll definitely dig Green Spot or Redbreast, but if you’re really hardcore and feeling up to the challenge, sample some triple- or quadruple-distilled Irish Poteen (the equivalent of homemade moonshine at 90 percent ABV or 180 proof). Irish Poteen (along with Irish Cream and Irish Whiskey) is one of the only spirits to be privileged with protection by the European Union Geographical Indicative status. If you can even find this once-outlawed concoction here in the states, it’s sure to sauce the hell out of your liver.

If you’re not a connoisseur and find yourself scratching your head at the choices laid out before you, take a trip on the lightweight train and drum up some sissy cocktails like the Irish Buck or the Dingle Dram. When it comes right down to it, nothing about true Irish spirits is sissy, so tip back something more than a black and tan or green beer to expand your Irish palate and suck up a few of these bad-ass brews.

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1 part light rum
1 part vodka
1 can Red Bull
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Peachy Irish
2 parts Jameson Irish Whiskey
2 parts orange juice
Mix portions over ice and splash with Sprite or ginger ale

SHOTS:
Fuzzy Irishman
1 part raspberry liqueur
1 part Irish cream
This does not need to be layered but poured into shot glass in order given.

The Dancing Leprechaun
2 parts Irish whiskey
1 part lemon juice
Mix contents in highball glass with ice and add a splash of ginger ale and lemon peel twist.
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Panties for sale? What is the fascination with the panties, men? Women want to know! This is the hot topic for this month. Everyone everywhere knows that some men like to buy and wear panties. Several dancers have made big bucks off selling their undies, and women all over the world are still wondering what ever happened to that pink pair of lace panties. For those of you dancers that don’t know, yes, you can make big bucks off selling your panties. Men like the panties that have been sweat-ed in, worn quite a few times and, most important, fingerbanged in. If your panties or pussy smells like a field of llies in late spring, you are sure to disappoint these types of men. They like it funky and fragrant. I sell my panties for no less than $500 a pair, but I put care and concern into them. It takes me nearly a month to prepare them. Most men also prefer you not to shave, it adds to the smell excitement. I just recently heard a story about a guy who bought panties from a girl and then wore them all week. His whole fetish stemmed from walking around without anyone knowing he was wearing the girl’s panties. Not just any girl’s panties mind you, he was wearing a hot Portland stripper’s panties. It was his dirty little secret that no one would believe. Some of you manly men may think him gay, but no, this fetish is for the straight man that is seriously turned on by wearing a pair of bright red stripper panties.

The sense of smell, one of our strongest sex senses is greatly overlooked and hardly ever mentioned. I know of a girl who gets horny beyond belief when she smells vanilla because it reminds her of a great ex-lover that wore vanilla lotion. Smell can really make you excited and aroused sexually, yet you may not necessarily recognize the connection.

Back to the man wearing the stripper underwear he purchased—part of the fantasy is the shock and fear of getting discovered. My dancer friend told me that she wasn’t shocked when he showed her that he was wearing her panties and acted upset when she didn’t react. I say if you really want to shock somebody, show your boss at work. My dancer friend said, “Sheena, what the fuck is up with all these men that like wearing panties? Not just any panties, small thongs with no banana hammock. What an uncomfortable fetish to be into.” Since I have a vivid imagination and enjoy a good laugh, I pictured the man’s balls all clogged up and hanging out the sides with a thin panty strap up his ass. Did she know that he would be wearing them? Would it really have mattered? Would she still sell them to him anyway, knowing he would be sporting her panties equipped with her coochie flavor all between his butt cheeks and balls? Do men have sex while wearing girl panties to fantasize about the dancer they saw wearing them? Ladies ask important questions about where your man got his panties, if he brings some home to role play. This is a huge fetish for men. To all of you that do this, don’t worry, you are normal. To the men wanting to buy panties, before you go sniffing, licking or wearing stripper panties here are a few tips you may want to consider:

A lot of dancers may have sex before they go into work. Many of them do not use condoms or even take their panties off during sex. Those may be man juices you smell. Contrary to popular belief, not every dancer is a virgin. They may have some sanitary issues. Not all panties are good panties—if it’s the wrong week of the month or there were only three squares of toilet paper left when the job needed six. Clubs are dark, so check them in the light. Don’t buy brown panties.

What do these men do with the panties besides lick, hump, wear, chew and sniff? Can men openly talk about this while hanging with the guys or is it a private luxury they simply keep to themselves? I picture a man with containers stacked sealed and labeled with all the dancers’ names he has purchased panties from—his very own dancer’s panty collection. Do panties get thrown in a freezer bag and sealed in the freezer? Do they throw them over their head with the crotch in their nose to sleep better? Of course there is the question of what panties sell for. I mean after all, you really don’t know what these men do with the panties once the deal is done. These are questions that need to be answered. Feel free to send me your panty stories. Ladies, if you can’t find your panties after sex, you may have a closet panty bandit on your hands. You can email me at Sheena@pdxgirls.com. I would love to hear from you.

This month I will be at The Viewpoint on Saturday, March 27th for the next stop on my strip club tour. I’ll be performing my single Smell The Money and I will have a contest party, so stop by. For details check out www.sheenagmusic.com. Until next time, have a kinky sex life, love and laugh.

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A
fter our editor hijacked my column last month to say farewell to one of our fallen comrades in industry narrative, I was planning on coming out with something so over the line it might get me a forced vacation as well. But when I hit the keyboard and started at it, I realized that one thing has changed my style even more than the drugs that used to fuel them. I’m speaking of the one thing no writer, stripper, photographer or model can ever escape, age. Yet with age comes experience. Apparently, it makes a fine wine finer, so hopefully the same can be said about aging pornographers.

Where this column is about to go is, unfortunately, going to cross-over into Ray’s Tales From The DJ Booth zone. Since Ray was in diapers when I was getting my first lap dance, there’s a major difference between us when it comes to being strip club DJs, or dance commanders as Ray calls them. The difference is that I’m older, happily married and honestly have no sexual appetite for my clothing-deficient co-workers at the club, whereas Ray still has a ravenous (and well-publicized) appetite for stripper sex. If Ray was a black golfer, his career would be over. But since he’s not, he is able to provide a monthly column about the wondrous things we observe while seated behind the false sanctuary known as the DJ booth. You honestly can’t ask for better material handed to you on a silver platter, night after night. Material from the kind of characters that no casting director could ever dream of putting together. The fact that they haven’t pulled off a strip club reality series yet blows my friggin’ mind. But when you actually work in the reality of a profession that is completely based off of fantasy, you’re going to come across some rather intriguing entertainment on a daily basis.

EVERYTIME YOU PLAY SHAGGY, IT MAKES A RESPECTABLE STRIPPER CRY

The inciting incident that would launch a three-hour debate amongst the 16 exotic entertainers at Union Jacks all started off rather innocently. A well-dressed, middle-aged customer that one of the girls had already nicknamed Fabio swaggered up to the booth and asked if he could get one of our dancers to dance to Shaggy’s Bombastic for $40. I informed the customer that the girls all picked their music, but I was pretty sure I could talk one of them into it with the $40 price tag on his offer. He then focused his request on one of our A-list entertainers, Stella. I warned the customer that Stella was a punk-rock princess, and would probably be a tough sell on his Shaggerrific selection, though I was sure I would be able to find him someone else who would be more willing, and might actually like Bombastic (in spite of its played-out, has-been appeal). Once Stella was approached with the offer, she didn’t hesitate for a moment to reject it.

Since the girls had all been complaining they weren’t making shit for money that night, I have to admit I was a little shocked and intrigued at her immediate dismissal of $40 for three minutes of aural dissatisfaction. When the girls are on the back stage at Jacks, they have to dance to whatever the girl on the front stage has selected, and trust me, sometimes they pick things far worse than Shaggy. My heart often bleeds for the poor customer who has just spent 40 bucks on a private dance, only to be exposed to a fucked-up, epileptic, down-tempo piece of shit Bjork song simply because he had the bad timing to get his dance when the Bjork-loving dancer on the main stage just picked her music (while simultaneously clearing her own rack). But when a girl takes the main stage, that’s when she gets to shine. She picks her own music, and she runs the club for six to eight minutes. She can use that time to build or destroy the rack, but the one factor that can have the most dramatic effect on the crowds support is the music. If a hot girl plays something they hate, they are just as likely to get up and grab another drink as they are to toss out 20 bucks a song to the ugly girl who just played back-to-back Lynyrd Skynyrd tracks at their request.

After Stella shut down the Shagman, I approached her and asked why exactly she chose to pass on the 40 dollars. Her answer inspired me to write this column, obviously. In order to present her response accurately, I asked her to write it down for me:

“Portland is a unique city where a stripper can be considered more of an entertainer. I have a certain clientele that know me in town for dancing to a unique type of music and tip generously for that. I love my music with my heart and soul and really love performing to it. Selling myself for 40 dollars feels just as degrading to me as giving a 40 dollar handjob because it’s making me do something I really don’t want to do for some fucking lame, middle-aged drunk customer. I’ve been dealing with these assholes for years and can spot them a mile away and won’t let them degrade me any more than they already do every night. I’ll give them a lap dance but won’t cater to their drunk, inflated ego any more than that!”

After Stella schooled me on her feelings on the subject, I decided to explore the views of the rest of the dancers on shift that night. Another Jacks tattooed beauty, Rian, happened to be standing by as Stella and I discussed this and she piped in that she would do it for $40, it was only one song after all. I informed the Shag that
Rian would be more than happy (a lie) to dance to Shaggy for him. And guess what the bastard did? He tried to renegotiate down to $20, like Rian was some kind of discount special. The guy lost all class and respect at that moment with all of us, and soon just turned into another customer that everyone ignored whenever possible. But the Shaggy debate did not end there. After interviewing more than a dozen of the dancers that night, it was pretty much a 50/50 split on the question, “Would you dance to Bombastic for $40?” Union Jacks is a pretty artsy, unique bunch of ladies and Stella’s passion for her music is a common trait they all share, but the heart of the question is, at what price do we sacrifice our passion for the all mighty dollar? Hell, I would (and have) played Bombastic more times than I can remember for customers who have tipped me anywhere from $2 to $100 (what is it about Shaggy that appeals to this type of person anyway?).

The heat of our debate rested on the issue of whom exactly we were playing this music for. Is it for the dancer that generally picks the same six to eight songs every goddamn night until they gradually find another six to eight songs to dance to every goddamn night? Do they intentionally select the music that can force their pain, angst and hatred for men into every unlucky bastard in the club? Generally as a DJ, I work for the club, and the girls—in that order. But in my little fantasy world, when we have a crowd to work with, I like to throw the customers into the mix and see if there is a way we can all just get along. That’s your job as a DJ, basically. Knowing when to tell a girl that Sarah McLachlan is a bad idea and knowing the exact strategic time of the evening to play Journey’s “Don’t Stop Believing.” For the most part, it’s controlled chaos at best. Dancers are primarily there to make money, yet as entertainers they are also artists. And if someone had offered Picasso $40 to paint with a shitty brush, he probably would have told the guy to fuck off too. Mad props to you Stella, but I’m not too proud to say I would have taken the $40 in a heartbeat.

FEATURED EVENTS

**Wed. Mar. 3** - Spyce Gentlemen’s Club – Pole Erotica (qualifier round) – Exotic’s Pole Dancing Showdown – Don’t miss your last chance to qualify for the finals!

**Sat. Mar. 6** - Stars Cabaret (Salem) – Live music with Krotch Rockit

**Thu. Mar. 11** - Boom Boom Room – Pole Erotica (wild card round) – Exotic’s Pole Dancing Showdown – Don’t miss your last chance to qualify for the finals!

**Tues. Mar. 16** - Lucky Devil Lounge – Stripper casting call for Stripperland from 6-9pm

**Wed. Mar. 17** - St. Patrick’s Day

- The New JD’s – St. Patrick’s Day Party with green beer, car bombs and green beads. Come see what the girls will do for your beads!
- The Dolphin Clubs – Chase the pot o’ porn to The Dolphin Clubs for a St. Patty’s Day Bash with corn beef and cabbage dinner, porn giveaways from Fantasy Video & holiday specials!
- Jody’s Bar & Grill – St. Patrick’s Day Celebration
- Hard Candy (Salem) – St. Patrick’s Day Party
- Safari Showclub – St. Patrick’s Day Party
- The Pallas Club – St. Patrick’s Day Party
- Stars Cabaret (all locations) – St. Patrick’s Day Party sponsored by Jameson Irish Whiskey
- Club Rouge – Tullamore Dew and Guinness present St. Patrick’s Day at Club Rouge with spectacular prizes, product sampling and special pricing all night long!

**Bottoms Up** – St. Patrick’s Day Party

**Mystic Gentlemen’s Club** – St. Patrick’s day party with green Jell-O wrestling & shots plus green beer

**Sat. Mar 20** - Dante’s – Pole Erotica – Exotic’s Pole Dancing Showdown – THE FINALS! Come cheer on our 13 finalists and help us decide who will win a trip to The Playboy Mansion for two & the cover of Exotic magazine—live hot rod rock & roll with DragStrip Riot.

**Taboo Video (SE 82nd)** – General casting call for Stripperland from 3-6pm

**Devils Point** – Spring Break Bash featuring The Clampdown (Clash tribute band)

**Hawthorne Strip** - Customer & Entertainer Appreciation Party with raffles & giveaways all night long

**Jody’s Bar & Grill** – Spring Break Party with bikini contest, wet t-shirt contest & more

**Stars Cabaret (Salem)** – Spring Break Pool Party

**Sat. Mar. 27** - Devils Point – Erotic City (Prince tribute band)

**WEEKLY EVENTS**

**MONDAYS**

- The Viewpoint – Daily Grind Mondays – Buy a lap dance & get dinner on us – 5 - close
- George’s Dancin’ Bare – Minor Mondays featuring nothing but the sexiest young talent ages 18-20
- Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) – More On Mondays with free prime rib dinner with paid admission
- Stars Cabaret (Salem) – More On Mondays with free prime rib dinner with paid admission
- The Pallas Club – Amateur Night

**TUESDAYS**

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

**THURSDAYS**

- Jody’s Bar & Grill – All-you-can-eat tacos for $2.00
- Cabaret III – Male Revue (beginning Thu., Mar. 18)
- Dante’s – Exotica Go-Go
- Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) – Jager Live Music Thursdays - Krotch Rockit (3-4) - Lid/Ditch Digger (3-11) - Quandry (3-25)

**FRIDAYS**

- Cabaret III – Male Revue (beginning Fri. Mar. 12)
- Spyce Gentlemen’s Club – $9.99 steak & lobster from 3pm-9pm

**SATURDAYS**

- Cabaret III – Male Revue (beginning Sat. Mar. 13)

**SUNDAYS**

- Dante’s – Sinferno Cabaret
- Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) – Napkin Nights presents Seamless Sundays with DJ Sugar with new special guests, sponsors, themes & specials each week!
- Devils Point – Stripparaoke
- The Pallas Club – Industry Night
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Welcome to the land of oversized implants, hollow souls, opportunistic parasites and imaginary romance. Grab the remote and prepare to have your brain cells extracted through your corneas—you’ve just landed in the Reality TV Zone. A world generally dominated by talentless bimbos and himbos that are one step away from total oblivion. Where did it all start? Perhaps we can blame MTV for launching the non-celebrity reality craze back in 1992 when they debuted The Real World (the network's longest running show, now into its 26th season). The Real World promised the true story of seven strangers picked to live in a house...work together and have their lives taped...to find out what happens...when people stop being polite...and start getting real. If they only knew what was to come on the coattails of the show's success. Reality TV has changed the face of network programming forever. By taking absolute nobodies with the lowest IQs possible, putting them through uncomfortable challenges, feeding them near-lethal amounts of alcohol and instigating conflict amongst obviously antagonistic races, sexual preferences and walks of life, the recipe for reality TV usually promises two things, big ratings and low production cost. This month, we’re going to take you into the reality zone to examine ten of its most notorious inhabitants (all female of course) that all share one thing in common—it was easy to find nude pictures of them. Enjoy the ride and be sure to bring adequate doses of Penicillin and Prozac, you’ll need it.

DAISY DE LA HORA—ROCK OF LOVE, DAISY OF LOVE

Giant tits with a face stretched so tight that you can’t cut through the Botox with a serrated knife. This girl doesn’t have shit for brain power and even the directors of Daisy of Love didn’t think twice about a second show. After Bret shot her down, she nearly had a mental breakdown during the Daisy of Love show (a media frenzy later exposed as a drug overdose). This girl has zero star power and works her plastic assets to get past go.

MEGAN HAUSSERMAN—BEAUTY AND THE GEEK, ROCK OF LOVE, CHARM SCHOOL. I LOVE MONEY. MEGAN NEEDS A MILLIONAIRE

Currently doing scores of guest appearances in random meat markets across the nation, Megan is capitalizing on the one thing all these reality glam whores do after their shows end for income. They’re like reality TV leeches that suck onto whatever comes along until they bloat up and fall off the wound they created. I still say the best fucking moment ever is when Megan goes head-to-head with Sharon Osborne on the Charm School reunion show. Megan, known for her scantily clad bikinis and antagonistic dirty game play, gets a drink tossed on her head and her shit thumped on by Sharon until security finally separates the two. It is reality TV when the bitches get what they deserve. The icing on the cake occurred when Megan finally got a solo show where a dozen or so alleged millionaires tried to woo the celebritard into submission only to have the show cancelled after three episodes when one of her suitors was charged with the murder of his wife and found dead a week later. Too bad he didn’t save his murderous intention for Megan before he offed himself.

BRITTANYA O’CAMPO—ROCK OF LOVE, CHARM SCHOOL

In my opinion, Britttyana is the hottest of all the reality TV bimbos. She backs up her bullshit at least! Not just a scrapper on TV (but off the screen as well), her game play seems to land her in the spotlight too often. No stranger to danger, Brittanya started early with her renegade ways by tagging up walls and doing jail time for vandalism and assault. But when her stint on Charm School ended, the big question was, “Why was she in trouble with the law?” Well my friends, watch out for this vixen. At the time she was attending Charm School, the courts were trying to put an attempted murder charge on her plate. This charge was later reduced to assault and battery, assault with a deadly weapon and causing bodily harm. With a bail at a quarter-million, I can see why she wanted to win that money so bad.

TAYA PARKER—ROCK OF LOVE

She looks great airbrushed and if you type her name into any search engine you don’t even have to dig to get naked pictures of this Penthouse Pet. She’s made it very clear that she’s all about promoting herself—even if it’s her labia you get to see the most. Still apparently seeing Brett Michaels, Taya’s MySpace tells us she’s in a relationship and is pushing her music harder than ever. For those of you who watched Rock of Love, you know she was one of the very few that actually had a voice. Keep plugging Taya, you won’t need another facelift for at least a couple years.
**BRANDI C/Brittany Burke—Rock of Love, I Love Money, Baby Got Boobs, In The VIP, Wipe Swap**

Type this name into your Google search engine with the safe search off and the first thing that pops up is a 40-minute-long porno titled *Can’t Wait To Have Sex*. If you like seeing your favorite reality star pounded, then this is the chick you want to follow up on.

**Sarah Michaels—Bad Girls Club, Love Games, Bad Girls Need Love Too**

Take everything you know about emotional baggage and irritating, mind-numbing psycho babble, mash it together and you have the perfect recipe for a reality whore. Sarah Michael’s one big aspiration in life was to become a *Playboy* model. Now that she has (and probably never will be again), this young hot mess does what all the rest of these washed-out reality TV stars do and bounces from club to club trying to create income from personal appearances. Sarah still accepts TFP (Trade For Prints) work on her Model Mayhem and will delete your message if you ask her to pose nude. Same shit, just different date and rate!

**Kim Kardashian—Keeping Up With The Kardashians**

Regardless of how she became so popular (see Ray J sex tape), this reality vixen may be dumber than a box of rocks but at least has a family with good marketing skills. As far as the search engines revealed about her accomplishments, at least Kim has something to show for her submission into reality TV whoredom. Everyone else seems stuck in there same rut, while this one continues to capitalize on perfumes, diet pills, clothing and her show is still on the air in its fourth and final season.

**Tila Tequila—Shot Of Love**

Breaking down the gender barrier on reality TV, this chick took on girls and guys. Stressing her bi-tendencies were no hoax, Tila (known for her outrageous MySpace hits and petite good looks) started dating Johnson & Johnson heiress, Casey Johnson. After less than a month of being involved, the two were engaged. Weeks later, Casey was found dead at her home. Tila was the first to post on her twitter about the heiress’s death and has been accused of exploiting her fiancé’s untimely demise and using it as a promotional tool to fuel her new blogs. What kind of sick twisted bitch does that sort of thing?

**Paris Hilton—The Simple Life, Parish Hilton’s New Off**

Just a horrible waste of space! Who fucks and talks on their cellphone at the same time then seems okay with the lame ass sex tape. Her adventures into reality TV were bounced from one network to the next and they all share the same shallow premise. Hell, even fellow waste-of-space Nicole Richie was able to see how pathetic this little trainwreck of an heiress turned out to be. But at least Paris is setting a good example to other up-and-coming, talentless overdoses waiting to happen, such as Lindsay Lohan and Britney Spears (maybe the bald Britney, but she’s all better—at least for the moment).

**Adrienne Curry—America’s Next Top Model, The Surreal Life, My Fair Brady**

Although she’s had her share of TV-induced mental breakdowns, I have to admit I like this one. She was the first to survive and win the Tyra Banks-driven exploitation masterpiece known as *America’s Next Top Model* and subsequently the first to blow the whistle on the show’s false promises of fame and fortune. But she soon after found her way back into reality TV stardom with VH1’s *Surreal Life* (a virtual graveyard for has-been or never-was celebrities). Her only fault was eventually marrying her *Surreal Life* co-star Christopher Knight (aka Peter Brady) and putting us through three painful seasons of *My Fair Brady*. At least she found her way not once, but twice into the pages of *Playboy* to reward us for tolerating her reign of terror on reality TV.
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Photo by: Jeff Allen
It’s March, and that means it’s time to get drunk. When I say drunk, I don’t mean drinking just enough to loosen up before talking to the hottie at the bar. I’m talking drunk enough to go home with the hottie’s fat friend before getting down on her like a Wal-Mart laptop. You have three really good excuses to get drunk this month. The first, is the obvious St. Patty’s Day celebration. Being Irish, I can’t tell you a fucking thing about St. Patty’s aside from the fact that it has something to do with snakes. It’s also the only ethnic-centered holiday in which you get to live out the negative stereotypes of an entire culture without any fear of repercussion from the angry, violent race upon which they’re based. The next good reason to get liquored-up beyond reasonable limits is that now is the time when most people get their tax returns. If you’re not looking forward to a fat check, don’t worry because this is an ample season to bum shots from your more successful (and preferably alcoholic) buddies (many of whom do have a hefty tax return in their pockets). Finally, Spring Break is upon us. That means it’s once again safe (for a week) to go out for drinks without running into frat boy douchebags and their bippi-twat girlfriends. While they’re busy doing keg stands and getting date raped in Tijuana, you can relax comfortably in the safety of your local strip club.

Let’s say, however, that you aren’t exactly “big ballin’” this March and you want to spend at least one good evening getting plowed while watching silicone bounce. Ladies and gents, your usual DJ-related bullshit will resume next month, as I’m proud to bring you...

March Madness: Big Pimpin’ on 80 Bucks

The goal is simple, have as much strip club fun as you can in one night for 80 dollars without going home disappointed or pissing off the bar staff—seems impossible until you learn my easy-to-follow plan. First, you need to know the four types of strip clubs in Portland: Dive Bars, Theme Clubs, Hipster Hangouts and Upscale Lounges. You will need to pick one of each of these types of clubs (archetypical description will follow) before you plot your journey, and make sure you only bring cash (no credit cards, food stamps or sea shells) totaling 80 bones. Remember to stick to your plan and your goal to have fun without being a douche and go home happy.

Your first stop is the local Dive Bar strip club. By “dive,” I’m not talking Beaver’s Inn (RIP) or some piss-stained asbestos farm on the edge of town. In the more positive sense of the word, the local dive is the place where the strippers will actually talk to you, PBR is on tap for two dollars and the DJ is willing to play literally anything you request. Start out here with a budget of ten bucks, which should get you a drink (plus tip) as well as a good two sets at the rack (a buck a song in these places is gold). After your PBR is dry, tack another five bucks onto the budget for a well shot. After proving that you’re not a heroin addict on welfare (like the rest of the customers), your bartender should give you a stiff pour and you’re still able to drop a dollar or two in front of him (these places always have male bartenders because security is too expensive and the DJ is too baked to throw down) before leaving to your next stop, the Theme Club.

The goal of your next stop is to ride the alcohol while actually being entertained. You can spot a Theme Club by browsing the ads in this magazine. Places like Devil’s Point and Union Jacks that showcase alternative dancers and stage talents (fire-dancing, pole work, strip karaoke) are perfect spots for just-a-bit-tipsy entertainment. The rack feels more like concert seating, and you’ll witness some of the more enjoyable entertainment in town without the pressure of the private dance or champagne lounge. When you show up at the Theme Club, break a twenty for ones and grab a cheap five-dollar (with tip) drink to keep your liver tied over for a few minutes. Spend your ones at the rack, tipping at least a few bucks a song and taking in the stage show while you can. After watching the girl with the labia piercings stand on her knuckles while death metal blares from the speakers, hit the road with your remaining 45 bucks.

The next destination is the Upscale Lounge. Since these places usually charge cover, feature expensive drinks and pricey lap-dances, your goal here is food. You’re two shots and a beer into the evening, so your strategy for looking like a “real” customer is to order a meal and eat it slowly while seated a few tables away from the stage. This allows you to be visibly patronizing the establishment and tip a dollar every other song or so (the fact that you’re getting up from your seat to tip helps you look like more of a customer than you actually are). Now that you’re probably 15 more bucks into your budget, take your remaining thirty bucks and bail to the last stop.

The Hipster Haven isn’t defined by its look, but its customer base. Places like Aerop, Lucky Devil and Magic Gardens are all destinations for non-regulars, aka single women. These are clubs that, although featuring attractive dancers, don’t necessarily emit the panhandling vibe or the VIP pressure. You have 30 bucks left and you want to make your strip club crawl worth it. After proving that you’re not a heroin addict on welfare (like the rest of the customers), your bartender should give you a stiff pour and you’re still able to drop a dollar or two in front of him (these places always have male bartenders because security is too expensive and the DJ is too baked to throw down) before leaving to your next stop, the Theme Club.

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heezy Flicks Entertainment, the studio that brought you I Am Virgin, is proud to announce OPEN CASTING CALLS for their next film in Portland, Oregon. STRIPPERLAND!

To be filmed in Portland and released later this year, Stripperland is a road-trip movie set after the “Stripper Apocalypse.” It is a sexy parody of Zombieland and other zombie films, but instead of brainless, man-eating zombies, the world is ruled by brain-dead, man-eating, scantily clad stripers! An unexplained plague has destroyed society by turning women into mindless strippers, compelled to wear lingerie, trashy heels and suck the life out of men. In the midst of this sexual apocalypse, two men and two women form an uneasy alliance during a cross-country jaunt to the safety of Grandma’s house in Portland, Oregon—the most dangerous city in America because it has the most strip clubs per capita. Along the way they meet many intriguing characters, including a pimp whose business dried up since strippers took to the streets, an evil doctor attempting to train strippers to do his bidding and an aging movie star who has managed to stay alive by disguising himself as a stripper. Disaster strikes in Portland’s “Stripper Alley” and the deadly strippers close in on our heroes.

You will have three chances to audition to become a movie star. There are hundreds of roles to be cast, for both STRIPPERS and NON-STRIPPERS. The general public will be the judges of several roles. After each casting call, photos of the hopefuls will be posted and voted upon at www.StripperlandTheMovie.com. So tell your friends, family and neighbors to vote for you and you could be a star!

Stripperland will be rated R, so the nudity will only go so far. Most of the stripper characters will be wearing a skimpy bikini, so if you’re not an exotic dancer and you want to be a zombie that gets their arm chopped off, a guy walking his dog or a woman that weighs more than 150 pounds, Stripperland has a role for you. Do you drive a Pacer, Pinto or nice muscle car that you think would be cool to see in a movie? You could tell your friends, “Hey look, that’s my car that two hot strippers are making out on in Stripperland!”

Cheezy Flicks will be casting NON-STRIPPER ROLES at the Interstate Firehouse Cultural Center (IFCC), 5340 North Interstate Avenue, Portland on Saturday, March 13th from 3 to 6 p.m. This casting call will be hosted by Aaron Duran and Scott Dally of Geek in the City Radio. Check out their interviews with stars such as Jerry Seinfeld at www.GeekInTheCity.com.

Cheezy Flicks will be casting STRIPPER ROLES Tuesday, March 16 from 6 to 9 p.m. at the Lucky Devil Lounge, 633 Southeast Powell Boulevard, Portland (www.luckydevillounge.com). Don’t sweat it if you don’t want to get nude on camera. Most of the stripper roles will require you to wear a sexy bikini of your choosing—big breasts are a plus!

There will be one last chance to audition in case you miss the first two castings at Taboo Video on Southeast 82nd Avenue Saturday, March 20th from 3 to 6 p.m. Get location information at www.TabooVideo.com.

A complete list of roles and character descriptions is available at www.StripperlandTheMovie.com. Don’t forget to vote for your favorite actor and help them make it to the top!

Cheezy Flicks Entertainment wants to make stars out of Portland’s sexiest ladies and, well, everyone else too. Show us what you got!
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9PM FEATURE SHOWS
3/7- Carney
3/14- Gia Nova
3/21- Christian Kane
3/28- Think About Life
4/4- Spring Fashion Show
4/11- Phillip Roebuck
After working in clubs for more than a decade, it has become difficult to find leisure spots that don’t immediately remind me of my occupation. Morticians don’t hang around cemeteries on the weekends, and (most) doctors don’t spend their Friday nights digging through people’s organs. Although I love getting drunk and listening to loud music like any other self-respecting alcoholic Irish music columnist, I have found it harder and harder to enjoy being “out on the town” due to the fact that, especially in Portland, it becomes impossible to avoid drunk strippers and iTunes DJs at the local watering hole. Thus, I have found solace in a creepy little bar in the inner Eastside called Plan B. On Sundays, the local goth kids congregate here to “dance” to goth/industrial “music” and on most other nights, a rowdy crowd of socially inept metalheads usually dominate the stage and the bar for a three-band set. The place isn’t exactly the type of joint where you can get away with talking up your amateur photography or ability to sleep with exotic dancers; no one fucking cares unless you’ve got a rare Ministry B-side or some really good drugs.

With the above stated, I am proud to showcase an underground musical act that I have been exposed to as a result of submerging myself in the clove-cigarette-stained anti-community that is otherwise known as Portland’s dark underground scene. Although nothing like goth/industrial in form or content, this month’s featured artist is not only more talented than your band, but would also fly under the hipster-driven Portland music radar if it wasn’t for the kick-ass publication you’re holding in your hands.

**PANZGERGOD**

“I’ve seen a lot of shit in my day, but these guys are really fucking brutal.”

Although it reads like the opening scene to a Brian DePalma film, the above quote was actually the phrase that brought to my attention Panzergod, a Portland metal band that has caught the eyes and ears of one of the most hard-to-please subcultures around. Booking agent for Plan B and a generally quiet guy, Dean has seen hundreds of metal bands come and go. Whether local (Millions of Dead Cops) or national (The Murder Junkies), it takes a lot to catch the attention and zeal of a seasoned bartender who serves liquor to kids with baphomet tats on a regular basis. After informing me of Panzergod’s “brutality” with enthusiasm that would dwarf that of the guy who sells one-dollar subwoofers on television, I thought I’d check them out.

That night, however, I drank way too much and completely forgot about the band Dean was pitching me on. A week later, I’m DJing a goth/industrial set at Plan B when a sweaty, long-haired drunk dude shoved his way through the “dance” floor, nearly elbowing kids in Cure shirts and chicks in black wedding dresses to give me a beer-stained CD-R.

“Dude, you’ve gotta fucking play this shit,” he insisted.

“What is it,” I asked, “and you do know this is a goth night, right?” It was either the studded leather jacket or whiskey-stained Slayer patch that gave me the not-into-Bauhaus vibe.

“Bro, fucking metal is what it is man. It’s my band!”

I ignored the kid’s request out of fear for my well-being. Sure enough, it was Panzergod, the same band Dean had simultaneously promoted and warned me about. Adding to the you-better-write-these-fuckers-up triad was my final encounter with Panzergod vocalist and guitarist, Lord Andross. Upon hearing about the type of publication that a potential write-up would appear in, Andross mentioned friendly affiliation with several local stripper-celebs. Before pitching me on the band’s music or upcoming shows, Andross was adamant about making sure I used “the picture of the Acrop girl with the gun in it.”

**Sold.**

So, Panzergod is down with (gun-toting, meat-eating) strippers and they are able to impress a veteran metal show attendee slash booking agent. Further, their members are not afraid to bum-rush the goth kids in an (albeit failed) effort to get their music played. I figured it would be worth it to throw some headphones and get to doing some of that irritating “research” bullshit that I try to incorporate every few months in this column.

Some Portland heads might recognize Skullsplitter, a band consisting partially of former and current members of legendary punk group Poison Idea. Panzergod is comprised primarily of Skullsplitter members as well as twice removed Nyarlathotep Rising and Dead Conspiracy alumni. In addition to experiential credibility, Panzergod knows their roots. As Lord Andross was explaining to me over a cup of tea and some freshly baked crumpets (okay, it was a Guinness and a cigarette but I’m trying to appeal to a larger audience here), black metal is one of the most under-recognized genres in the music industry. Although black metal is often passed off as unintelligible “cookie monster” music to the non-discerning ear, the associated subculture makes Deadheads and Juggalos look like casual fly-by-night fans. Andross explains, “Yeah, overseas the scene results in all sorts of fights and shit. Sometimes they’ll kill a member of another band and wear their bones as jewelry.”

Could you imagine how much more appealing Portland’s indie rock scene would be if Modest Mouse gutted out Elliot Smith’s remains and made an awesome hat out of his ribcage?

Although everything up until this point may lack any relevant substance or content regarding Panzergod’s stage presence or recorded sound, it is simply because Panzergod is good black metal. Any further description beyond “their tracks sound crisp” (which they do) and “they’re established in the community” (which they are) is overkill for an audience that would otherwise avoid anything draped in blood and black eyeliner.

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Drunken texting—we’ve all done it and regretted it the morning after. It has always been my belief that gadgets that enable communication such as computers or cell phones should have the option to be equipped with breathalyzer devices to prevent remorse over things you may have said but can’t remember. Fortunately, for the masterminds behind Texts From Last Night (TFLN), not only do sobriety blocks for cell phones not exist, the masses of blacked-out, horny frat boys and girls-gone-wild alumni are all too willing to share their lack of moral and ethical judgment when it comes to texting their sordid adventures to their peers.

Taking social networking to a whole different level, TFLN is an anonymous (identified only by area code) haven for its members to post text messages they have either sent or received. Ben Bator and Lauren Leto originally set up the TFLN website as a playground for their friends in February 2009. After opening it up to the public in April, their site went “batshit viral”They spent their time filtering through 15,000 plus texts they receive daily, weeding out recycled jokes to cherry pick the most ridiculous examples of drunken texting. As their database grew, they started compiling a list of texts that they knew were destined for something far greater than their homepage. After going through every page on their site and reviewing every text ever submitted (at the time there was over 1.1 million of them), Ben and Lauren were able to submit a manuscript that would become Text From Last Night: All The Texts That No One Remembers Sending, which was released in January of this year. Before the book had even been released, The TFLN iPhone app soon joined the Top 25 list in the iPhone app store.

The following is a small sample of the TFLN site submissions, which are updated daily. Spelling and grammar has not been corrected to preserve the raw drunken purity of its original context.

(216): The hardest part of getting a new computer is deliberating whether to start the cycle of porn and viruses all over again.

(203): i just saw a man pushing two thirtys of beers in a stroller while his little kid ran to keep up. father of the year

(810): i went to go through my sent box of drunk texts from last night and they were all deleted... i’m going to assume drunk me made the executive decision that sober me would be better off not knowing what they said

(208): you threw up out the window, wiped your face with a twenty dollar bill, and threw that out the window too.

(1-208): did we at least go back and get it?
(208): how else do you think we got jack in the box...?

(502): I just withdrew $200 in ones. I think the teller knew what was up

(978): dont touch anything in my room. If its phallus shaped, i can almost guarantee its been in my vagina.

(951): So after we got done with our cardiac arrest patient, I thought how awesome would it be to hook up the defibril-lator pads to cook a burrito.

(909): dude... how have they not drug tested you yet?

(843): Dude she let me cum on her face

(1-843): You have the wrong number I’m the she who let you cum on her face unless some other girl has let you since this morning

(708): so my doctor just swabbed my throat, and he looked up in suprise when i had no gag reflex. yea, he just judged me.

(952): I told you not to have sex with her on my futon

(612): I didnt dude, i swear!
(952): either that or you were eating mayo, which was the second thing i told you not to do on my futon

(860): just found preset five on the shower head...pretty sure my pussy just had a panic attack

(202): im covered in puffy paint and glitter i cant find kevin and im wearing shoes that dont belong to me....come get me please

(904): took out my tampon, fucked him, and put a new one back in all before he realized I was on my period. beat that one bitch.

(845): We were just about to get down to business and shes like oh the olympics! and jumped up and turned on the tv. cockblocked by freestyle skiing. seriously?

(1-845): Who won mens mogul?

(845): That canadian guy... bilodeau... but you’re missing the point, dude.

(818): it was only during my walk of shame that i realized i was wearing the exact same outfit that julia roberts wears on the dvd cover or pretty woman. prostitution is my destiny.

(971): I have two black x marks on my hands.

(503): Yep you got cut off last night after a stripper bent over in
front of you and you screamed very loudly ‘I can see your soul from here’

[971]: Dammit, I wish I could remember that!

[480]: My valentine’s day: watching The Notebook, and porn, eating chocolate, and ice cream. All while jacking off.

[1-480]: Wow... you’ve managed to cover all of the sad girl stereotypes that exist.

[978]: so i wake up and the chick who i had sex with last night left her phone number. next to the number was a broken condom. should i call?

[704]: Her vagina smelled like bad decisions

[806]: A guy just tried to send me a pic of his penis & my phone sent me a disclaimer saying “the components were unsuitable for your terminal”

[501]: Even your phone knows you shouldn’t sleep with him...

[970]: How the hell can the Olympic committee frown so much on weed and yet put on a show you would have to be high to actually enjoy?

[251]: you came in and threw goldfish crackers on our blue carpet and screamed SWIM BITCHES and then made me drink a best friends potion with you

[503]: Dude, I’m not gay or anything but that Swedish speed-skater has really nice thighs

[214]: did i have both of my shoes on when the bouncer threw us out last night?

[250]: I saw a seagull swallow a hot-dog whole today, it reminded me of you.

[208]: i just remembered before I gave him head I couldn’t find a hair tie and he offered to hold my hair up. Maybe we were wrong.. Maybe he does have a heart.

[208]: dude manswers just said that a guy can only cum up to eight times in one day. I’m gonna prove that show wrong.

[206]: ha well at least you have goals.

[503]: I just fired a shotgun out of the back of a truck going 60. i am going to miss oregon.

[661]: Also I just saw on facebook your sister is taking pole dancing lessons. Just a heads up.

[832]: She wouldn’t go home with me cause I forgot her name. I didn’t realize it would matter after she danced with her vagina on my face

[813]: I’m fucking your sister right now.

[1-813]: You motherfucker

[813]: She’s next.

[617]: I would really appreciate it if you would stop texting my girlfriend.

[508]: I would really appreciate it if you would stop cock blocking me.

[19]: Learn some fucking English or leave me alone! “Your” is for something that belongs to you, like ‘your herpes’. And “you’re” is a contraction for “you are”, like “you’re not sleeping with me”.

[918]: we should wear snuggies to the strip club

[503]: hanging on that rope, lady gaga looks exactly like a used tampon.

[1-503]: all i know is that if they can hide that much blood in her outfit, they definitely could have hid a penis

You can find much more at www.textsfromlastnight.com including custom t-shirts with your favorite text slogan as well as the new book. Join up as a member and maybe you’ll even find your very own moment of texting disgrace immortalized on the site for all to see.
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