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It’s an odd dichotomy, this stripper/sex worker stigma which exists. While it’s true that we do live in Portland, where the masses are constantly surrounded and reminded of naked ladies in the form of burlesque, topless bartenders, bikini baristas, nude fire-dancers, trapeze artists, strippers and sex workers, I must say that as a lady who has worked the pole (har har) for nearly two years, I’ve still encountered a fair share of narrow minded individuals who are determined to degrade and insult us. Us being women (and hey, men, while I’m at it) who get paid to dance and entertain naked.

It’s not difficult to think of various instances when I have encountered hostility of behalf of the patron, to my stunned bemusement. Here are a few that come to mind.

Dozens of people have interrogated me with: “Are you ever going to go back to school?”
Or the multiple times I’ve heard:
“You seem like a smart girl, how did you get into this?”
Or how about the grossly corpulent woman, who, after being reminded multiple times to tip while she sat at the stage (the minimum is a freakin’ dollar), finally threw a few bucks in my face and yelled:
“Now you can feed your starving children!”

Really, I have no children and I’m hard pressed to think of any of the girls I regularly work nights with at Lucky Devil, who do have kids...

You see, the times are changing. Perhaps in the past, it was more prevalent for exotic dancers to be drug addicted, ignorant airheads with no purposeful life plans or direction and few marketable skills. But these days, if I could pay PSU tuition, a mortgage, a car payment and insurance out of pocket and still live comfortably on a nine-to-five job, perhaps I would. But you know what? With the cost of a gallon of gasoline nearing one hour’s worth of minimum wage, there aren’t a lot of young busy ladies who can sustain their lives on such shitty salaries.

Let’s put it into context. You...yeah, you...have you ever viewed porn? Yes? Of course you have. Most people with a pulse have. I love me some porn and I will concede, that some porn chicks are dim-witted fucktards who will be out of a job after all of their orifices have become too chafed to work the biz. However, some of the most famous names in the industry are educated, seemingly well-rounded people.

**Example:** Dr. Sharon Mitchell, a former pornographic actress and stripper. She received her Ph.D in Human Sexuality in San Francisco, California. She streamlined the testing methods used in adult-entertainment production companies still used today and now spends her time working in foreign countries educating and helping minimize HIV and other sexually-transmitted diseases. She was in porn for as many years as I have been alive (25) and has been in over 2,000 adult films.

**Example:** Nina Hartley. Current pornographic actress and holds a Bachelor’s Degree in Nursing.

**Example:** Xaviera Hollander. Former call girl, madam, author and translator/secretary for the Dutch Consulate; her memoir, *The Happy Hooker* is still a best-seller today. She speaks several languages and recalls fond memories of her childhood and growing up.

In reality, the customer who comes to see the naked lady is inherently no better or worse of a person than the naked lady. For this basic reason, we are here to provide a service. You are here to be entertained.

Can’t we all just get along?

In closing, I love my job. I love seeing the amazement and excitement on the faces of the men and women when they come to my stage. I’ve been lucky enough to meet some of the kindest, most interesting folks in my life on that small stage at the Lucky Devil Lounge and have even welcomed a few into my personal life. Someday when I am much older, sitting at a quiet desk, with my high-necked business attire covering my tattoos as I read case briefs, I will look back on these days fondly. But for now, I will keep dancing for dollars.

Want to chat up Elle in person? You can find her at Lucky Devil Lounge on Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday nights from 9pm-close.
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There are so many dumb cunts that just don’t understand what it means to have a fucking vagina. Every female should LOVE their pussy. They should touch it, groom it, moisturize it, taste it and give it a motherfucking nickname. Pussy comes in all shapes and sizes and has more power than a goddamn chain saw in *Friday the 13th* (I won’t even mention the blood). Pussy has come a very long way, but has always had its hold on the world. The vagina isn’t just for fingerbanging, eating clit, or putting your fist in—it actually gives fucking life! Aside from mustaches (and I fucking love a good mustache), pussy is the most powerful thing on earth. Even though this pink pillow of comfort squirts out something that ruins your social life, demands strollers, changing tables and god forbid, no sleep—pussy is still pussy and it’s meant to be fucking.

Even at the beginning of time, before one could use such slang as cunt, pussy, cooter, coochie, crotch, beaver, snatch, muff, box, or even queef - the vagina was making money. The oldest profession in the world is about fantasies, desires, and making a fucker cum. Most bitches don’t realize that their pussy gives them almost limitless power over the male species. Being a powerful woman that controls what goes in between your legs isn’t such a bad thing after all. Things like being smart, beautiful, talented, flexible, strong and slutty are all great qualities and really make the sex that much fucking better. But really, at the end of the day, your cunt is all that really matters.

Think about the city we live in. A city built on the two greatest things on earth...great fucking beer and full nudity. What smart, respectable person doesn’t appreciate that? The only thing that could make a good beer at a great bar taste better is pussy. Add a fucking medium rare steak or Andrew Dice Clay sitting next to me smoking a pack of cigarettes, and I may never fucking leave. We are so lucky to literally have breakfast, lunch and dinner with not only a clit on the forehead, but a stripper’s asshole that can lip sync to me the song on the jukebox.

As you can tell, I love me a good fucking strip club. I can’t stand going to any other city and trying to enjoy the strip club to me the song on the jukebox. I don’t fucking care how much it rains, how horrible people drive and how sincerely terrible the dudes look in skinny jeans; Portland embraces the power of pussy and I am never leaving.

My point is that pussy is so powerful it can take over a whole city, help close business deals, even get you a second date or maybe even love. So why then don’t more women understand the power between their legs? Why do I hear of women not having sex on a regular basis, and when I say on a regular basis, I mean every day! **YOU BITCHES CAN GET LAID WHenever THE FUCK YOU WANT!**

The post office, pharmacy, car wash, dog supply store, traffic court and even nine months pregnant in the office of your gynecologist. Wake the fuck up and smell the rubbers! Your pussy comes with a get-laid-free card redeemable at any penis location—24 hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year. So if you’re horny, just ask for it. The point is...FUCKING ASK!

I think the problem is that some women don’t understand what a man has to do to get laid. There is so much competition, so many fucking rules and so many goddamn games a motherfucker has to play to actually eat your fucking snatch. The whole myth that a guy won’t respect you if you give it up right away is a bunch of BULLSHIT. Guys don’t want to play your fucking mind games so you can fill your own ego, they want to literally watch your O-face and then cum on it. No guy really wants to hear about your stupid fights with your mother and your troubles with being an only child. Go buy a fucking vibrator you stupid boring bag of prude bones!

If I hear one more friend of mine, one more bitch complaining at the bar or one more fucking fat cunt complaining about how she just can’t get laid, I am going to throw my fucking high heel at her head. Bitches can get laid anytime they want. TRUST ME LADIES, ask for it and the cock will be yours. Pussy isn’t up for negotiation unless the chick is negotitating. Do you want to know how many free drinks, torn up traffic tickets and bouncers have let me backstage because I know how to negotiate my pussy? If you want to get fucked...get fucked. It isn’t so complicated and it doesn’t have to be about a relationship or love for fuck’s sake.

The real power of pussy is knowing that you have it, how to use it and how to ask for what you want. No matter what it is in life that you are looking for, just ask for it—especially when you want to get fucked. There is nothing more powerful and sexy than a woman who can be upfront while being confident. Try it on for size already you dumb bitches—you might actually clear out those fucking cobwebs.

Talking about this shit has totally made me thirsty. Who’s gonna buy me a shot?
In Portland it isn’t uncommon for a lot of business to be handled. I am totally a strip club snob…and I like it that way. Stand going to any other city and trying to enjoy the strip club to me the song on the jukebox. Only a clit on the forehead, but a stripper’s asshole that can lip sync are so lucky to literally have breakfast, lunch and dinner with not smoking a pack of cigarettes, and I may never fucking leave. We could make a good beer at a great bar taste better is pussy. Add a really matters.

Fucking better. But really, at the end of the day, your cunt is all that and slutty are all great qualities and really make the sex that much all. Things like being smart, beautiful, talented, flexible, strong controls what goes in between your legs isn’t such a bad thing after less power over the male species. Being a powerful woman that Most bitches don’t realize that their pussy gives them almost limit-

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or as cunt, pussy, cooter, coochie, crotch, beaver, snatch, muff, box, forbid, no sleep—pussy is still pussy and it’s meant to be fucked. Even though this pink pillow of comfort squirts out something that love a good mustache), pussy is the most powerful thing on earth. Aside from mustaches (and I fucking isn't just for fingerbanging, eating clit, or putting your fist in—it actually gives fucking life! Even at the beginning of time, before one could use such slang, to her head. Bitches can get laid anytime they want. TRUST ME that is what I call real fucking life that you are looking for, just ask for it—especially when you use it and how to ask for what you want. No matter what it is in any relationship. "Sexuality is one of the most powerful forces on earth, so the fact that you are getting sex for free or a gift is a huge deal. Don't let someone take advantage of your sexuality. It's important to assert your needs and desires in any kind of sexual relationship. This includes asking for what you want, whether it's a specific position, a type of stimulation, or simply communication about pleasure and comfort. Remember, you are entitled to feel good in your body and enjoy the act of sex. When it comes toask for it and the cock will be yours. Pussy isn't up for negotiation unless the chick is negotiating. Do you want to know how many free drinks, torn up traffic tickets and bouncers have let me backstage because I know how to negotiate my pussy? If she just can't get laid, I am going to throw my fucking high heel shoe in her face. I am not going to stand for being treated like shit by these damn dudes. They should touch it, groom it, moisturize it, smell it, taste it and play to actually eat your fucking snatch. The whole myth that a man has to do to get laid. There is so much competition, so many goddamn games a motherfucker has to play to actually eat your fucking snatch. The real power of pussy is knowing that you have it, how to use it and how to ask for what you want.

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I was standing at the bus stop contemplating the theme of this month’s issue, *Power of the Pussy* struggling with what I wanted to say. We all know being a woman comes with a significant level of power, but I was having a hard time pinpointing exactly what that meant. I had vague images of businessmen forking over thousands of dollars, thoughts about crimes of passion, tales of obsession and desperate love stories, but that wasn’t good enough. I needed something concrete and firmly rooted in today’s society.

As I contemplated, the powers that be must have taken pity on me, because the answer I was seeking came waltzing down the street at that very moment. I saw her coming from three blocks away, a sashay of pink and black, like a nymphet suddenly sprouting from a crack in the city sidewalk. It was early morning in the middle of the financial district downtown, and amidst the business-casual, her short skirt stood out like a flashing beacon of magenta light. Frankly, her skirt was too short, her legs too perfectly tanned and sculpted, and her heels too high; she seemed out of place traipsing down the street in broad daylight. I would have considered this her “morning-after” outfit, but this girl was not doing the walk of shame; she was sauntering with such confidence that suddenly the true power of the pussy became glaringly obvious to me.

This woman owned the street. As she walked, chaos ensued around her. Men’s heads swiveled so fast I expected whiplash, cars slowed and I almost walked into a street sign trying to catch the tail end of her as she rounded the corner. We’ve all seen it; the impeding car crashes, the careening necks, the stupefied looks on men’s faces when confronted with a beautiful woman. The power of the pussy is a strong force. It opens doors (both literally and figuratively), receives special treatment, gets to the front of the line, inspires poetry and even wages wars. (Helen of Troy, anyone?)

The reality is, that the power of the pussy is evident in everything we do. Old traditions, gender roles and social trends aside, there is something instinctual and primal about being in the presence of a beautiful woman, especially one that owns her sexuality. When I saw that girl, my eyes were instantly drawn to her skirt, to those legs, to my imagination of what she’d look like naked. I knew I would have been putty in her hands. *She had figured it out.* Somewhere along the line, she had confronted her pussy head-on and decided to harness that power, instantly transforming from a common mortal woman into the goddess lurking within.

Many women are naïve to it. We blindly walk through the opened doors. We accept free dinners, gifts and overly polite treatment by countless men, all without question. We take it for granted that we have the upper hand; not out of callousness, but because we’re so used to having things handed to us we don’t even recognize it anymore. From birth, we’ve been taught to flirt, to play hard to get, to use sex as a tool and sometimes as a weapon. Even as a semi-feminist, when a man opens a door for me, I smile demurely as a form of thanks. It’s in our genes.

We’re also conditioned to sell our bodies in varying degrees of prostitution. It’s part of the subconscious game we play. “Let’s see how much we can get out of this guy before we put out.” It starts with him buying all the drinks, then it might progress to dinner, and it better not be a Subway sandwich. A man is expected to cater to a woman he is pursuing financially until the woman reciprocates physically. That said, why do so many people judge professional prostitutes for being smart enough to capitalize on what we already do under the guise of femininity?

Undoubtedly, many of you will say, “I’m not like that!” But, it’s important to remember the bell curve. You may be perfectly content eating Subway and paying for your own drinks and even your date’s, but spend five minutes in any club on a Friday night and you’ll see that you are in the minority. Not all men are created equal, either. Not everyone goes gaga over the same woman—beauty is subjective. Everyone has someone who fits their tastes and they will go to the ends of the earth for her. Even if you are a callous shut-in who thinks women are the devil, there is always “that one” and she’s most likely the one who started your downward spiral to begin with.

It’s true that this is a man’s world—largely in part to counteract the power women come naturally equipped with. It is in our nature to try to “control the unknown.” Men feel threatened by women, so they demoralize them and label them as sluts or as having “daddy issues.” It’s where the phrase, “Not the kind of girl you’d bring home to mom” came from. A woman who has mastered the art of seduction and has been wise enough to use it for her own gain, is rarely respected or valued, unless it’s in the bedroom.

It’s a silent agreement we’ve all made. Women will take off their clothes for you and you will like it. You will pay for it in one way or another and then we’ll all shame one another for it. The media calls it a scandal when a politician or a celebrity takes part in it. Men are called perverts and women are unclean, though nine times out of ten, the people denouncing them are the businessmen forking over thousands of dollars.

All of this is brought on by the power of the pussy. Whenever someone asks a woman, “If you could have one super power, what would it be?” her response should be, “I’ve already got it.” The fact is, behind those perfect curves, there exists a real woman. Just as some fit the stereotype of “my daddy didn’t love me,” there are just as many who really are paying their way through law school, and I for one, applaud them. The strippers, the prostitutes and the pink tart who commanded the attention of 2nd Ave deserve to be respected as any other successful businesswoman. Most of them work harder than any of us do anyway.
A beautiful woman, especially one that is primal about being in the presence of us men. The pussy is evident in everything we do. Old Troy, anyone?

Poetry and even wages wars. (Helen of Men, gets to the front of the line, inspires and figuratively), receives special treatment.

Strong force. It opens doors (both literally and amidst the business-casual, her short skirt, walking through the opened doors. We accept this girl was not doing the walk of shame; considered this her “morning-after” outfit, but seemed out of place traipsing down the street at that very moment. I saw her coming from three blocks away, a sashay of pink and black, like a nymphet.

I was standing at the bus stop contemplating, the powers that be must have taken pity on me, because the answer I was seeking came waltzing by. I knew I would have been putty in her hands. Undoubtedly, many of you will say, “I’m not like that!” But, it’s important to know. It’s in our genes.

This woman owned the street. As she rounded the corner, we’ve all seen it; the impending car crashes, the men’s faces when confronted with a beautiful woman, the stupefied looks on their necks, the heads swiveled so fast I expected whips to crack.

Frankly, her skirt was too short, her legs too perfectly tanned and her heels too high; she seemed out of place. The magenta light. Frankly, her skirt was too much to handle.

We're also conditioned to sell our bodies. Many women are naïve to it. We blindly cater to a man he is pursuing physically until the woman reciprocates.

“A man is expected to pay for the first three dates. After that, the woman should pay. If you’re still seeing this guy before we put out,” it starts with. “Let’s see how much we can get out of him buying all the drinks, then it might be time to think about getting some dinner.”

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**MAY EVENTS**

**THU 5** - Mystic Gentlemen’s Club - Cinco De Mayo Party with free taco bar plus Cuervo & Corona specials

Jody’s Bar & Grill, Safari Showclub, Cabaret I & II, Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) – Cinco De Mayo Party

**SAT 7** - Dante’s - Loudness

**TUE 10** - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Hunks - The Show - America’s Hottest Ladies’ Night

**WED 11** - Dante’s – Adler’s Appetite (featuring Steven Adler from Guns N’ Roses)

**FRI 13** - Mystic Gentlemen’s Club - Ink ‘n’ Pink 7 Deadly Sins Preliminary Qualifier Round 1

Dante’s – Smoochknob’s Pimps & Hos Ball

**SAT 14** - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Miami Vice Party with costume contest & 80s music

**SUN 15** - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Hunks - The Show - America’s Hottest Ladies’ Night

**WED 18** - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Feature Porn Star Briana Blair Club 205 – Covergirl Dance Contest

**THU 19** - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Feature Porn Star Briana Blair Dante’s – Bad Manners

Mystic Gentlemen’s Club – Jell-O wrestling & 2-girl shower stage

**FRI 20** - Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Feature Porn Star Briana Blair Pallas Club - Ink ‘n’ Pink 7 Deadly Sins Preliminary Qualifier Round 2

**DEVS POINT** - Live music with Three Bad Jacks & Dragstrip Riot

**SAT 21** - Montego’s – Last Party Ever - Join us before we close our doors on May 30 & find out what’s next

Stars Cabaret (Bend) - Feature Porn Star Briana Blair

Devils Point - Live music with The Rocketz & The Lordy Lords

Stars Cabaret (Salem) – Purple Rain Party with live music from Erotic City (Prince tribute)

Dante’s – Captured By Robots

**WED 25** - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Auto Industry Night

**WEEKLY EVENTS**

**MONDAYS**

The Pallas Club - Metal Monday with our hottest rocker babes and $1 taxi dancing

Devils Point - Fire & Burlesque Night

**TUESDAYS**

Lucky Devil Lounge - Tiny Tuesdays with your host 3’6” Nik Sin & Portland Pinup of the Year Elle

Pallas Club – Ladies’ Night with specials & our sexy female DJ Stockholm

Club 205 - Two-for-Tuesdays with 2-girl shows and Jäger specials

Heat - 50¢ Slider Tuesdays and IPA Draft special

**WEDNESDAYS**

Pallas Club - Double Trouble with 2 girls on stage & 2-for-1 VIP dances from 10pm-12am

Bottoms Up - Construction Worker Wednesdays with happy hour prices all day long with business card

Jody’s Bar & Grill - Ladies’ Night with margaritas, rum & coke & beer specials for the ladies

Club Rouge - Wild Wednesdays with J.Mack with fresh jams, cold drinks & the hottest chicks

**THURSDAYS**

Boom Boom Room - The Boom Boom Burlesque Revue - hosted by 3’6” emcee Nik Sin with special feature acts

Jody’s Bar & Grill - Extended happy hour & all-you-can-eat-for-$2 Heat - Double Trouble Thursdays with 2-girl shows & 50¢ tacos

**FRIDAYS**

Spyce Gentlemen’s Club - $9.99 steak & lobster from 3pm-9pm

Mynt Gentlemen’s Club - $4.99 steak & shrimp from 3pm-9pm

**SATURDAYS**

Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Couples’ Menu Night from 6pm to close with two dinners for only $25

**SUNDAYS**

Dante’s - Sinferno Cabaret

Pallas Club – Free pool all day & night

Devils Point - World Famous Stripparaoke!

Bottoms Up - Sunday S.I.N. - Happy hour prices all day with OLCC card

Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Sushi Sundays from 9 to Midnight
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Ask Anna:
Ask Anna: vol 43 The Scandinavian Sex Secret

“With Peak Erection Quality and Enhanced Climax... It’s The Best Sexual Experience Every Time.”

This month I received a letter. She tells of her “dirty little secret” that has changed her love life and led to life-changing, mind blowing sex.

Dear Anna,
I spent several years in Northern Europe. I always recall my time there very fondly because it is where my husband really took his lovemaking to another level. I had heard rumors from some of the other company wives about a certain natural “randiness” that permeated the male population in that region of Europe. I vividly remember the first time Dave came home early one afternoon with a grin on his face, a twinkle in his eye...and the most enormous erection I’d ever seen. I had to have him immediately! His co-worker had given him two different “formulas” to try. Rhyno BFS and OMax. He told him that once he tried it, he would never have sex again without taking it...

Rhyno BFS is an all-natural supplement that increases blood flow into the erectile chambers and that causes a fuller, stronger feeling erection. OMax causes enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release. In other words, it just keeps “coming and coming,” bringing a whole new meaning to the term male-multiple-climax.

Seeing Stars in Eau Claire, Wisconsin
Michelle M

Thank you for writing Michelle. It is always a pleasure to get real advice from real men and women. I have supplied information on how to buy these products below. I’d add more, but I think you said it all!!

Anna is a performance artist and glamour model from Oslo, Norway. She is also a contributing writer covering the topics of fashion, fetish & sexuality.

*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

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It’s no secret that Oregon loves its sex industry. Since the opening of the Star Theater in 1911 (which offered everything from burlesque to live sex shows in its decades of operation) and the handful of Supreme Court cases allowing free speech and determining that nudity for entertainment was legal, the preponderance of clubs that have opened have caused lots of room for debate in the community.

Well, here we go again. Conservatives determined to castrate the sex industry have proposed another bill, using fear and guilt to play on our representatives. Oregon Family Council (publisher of the Christian Voter’s Guide) is pushing legislators to support Senate Joint Resolution 28, which puts restrictive zoning laws into effect on adult businesses. On the shit list are all “strip clubs, lingerie modeling and private dance clubs.” The bill is in its infancy so far, only being introduced to the senate on February 17 of this year.

Exotic magazine contributor Deputy Andy brought this to my attention and I had a grand ol’ time perusing incredibly conservative proponent websites. “Sex is shame, nudity is bad…blah blah blah…” As a happy little sex worker, naturally this made my blood boil. What are these people afraid of? The mission statement of bible thumpers seems to be “protect the children!” Sounds heroic, but from what exactly will they being protected?

“Porn introduces kids to kinky, unnatural sex acts.” Um, no. Of the estimated thousand (or possibly more) youths who accidentally die from autoerotic asphyxiation every year in the U.S, I can bet you my dancer dollars that not a single teenager ever got the idea to choke himself and jackoff from a peep show booth being in the neighborhood—I’ve sure as hell never seen it in any XXX movie. Moving on, “The sex industry degrades women and promotes sexual violence.” Nice try, but you should be educating your kids on safe drinking, partying habits and training your daughters on self defense (since most sexually violent attacks occur in the home and involve alcohol). Most importantly though, since the majority of perpetrators are known to the victim, you might want to zone all familial males
from your houses. Problem solved!

So, what else can they claim? Oregon-familycouncil.org believes that:

“Right now, Tualatin is fighting this battle. Last fall, it was the Montavilla neighborhood in Portland. In 2006, it was Salem and in 2003, Nyssa. Oregon cities and their citizens want to have a say in where nude dancing is located. Young girls shouldn’t be propositioned when they’re walking down the street.” I agree fully, that young girls shouldn’t be propositioned when they’re walking down the street. But guess what? I’ve had cars pull over to me as I walked and proposition me for sexual services since I was ten years old. The first time, I was walking the family dog with my little sister, who was seven at the time. I was shocked, disgusted and confused by what had just been asked of us, in broad daylight, by the side of the street. My sister, however, exploded in a fit of anger, yelling and screaming. She balled up her little fists and kicked the door of the red car and cursed words we had learned from our parents. The occupants of the car mumbled something in Spanish and drove away, wide-eyed. And you know what else? The town I grew up in didn’t have a single strip club for fifteen miles. My conservative little farm town didn’t have video arcades, or even a shop that sold lingerie. So much for that argument.

One advocate of shutting down and zoning adult businesses, the SOS Oregon group, has claimed that some businesses cause problems for the neighboring shops and houses. “The owners found people having sex in their cars in her parking lot,” said Lisa Leithauer of SOS Oregon. “Men have come over there and urinated in their bushes. So when you have these known issues with these businesses where they’re essentially harassing other businesses out of the area and businesses are vacating their leases, it becomes an issue for the neighborhood.” Okay, fair enough. But you know what I suggest? It’s the responsibility of these businesses to regulate on their customers. When a bar opens up in a neighborhood, it becomes responsible for all kinds of things—from noise complaints to cigarette butts on the ground. Keep the peep shows, but regulate on their asses. Whether it is security cameras for adjacent areas or security patrol, it’s their responsibility to maintain good business ethics. Consider it an agreement between both sides. I have an idea: allow peep shows and regulate them as sexual business.

I can’t say that I know the inner workings of peep shows; I’ve never worked in one. But I do know pharmacies, porn shops and strip clubs. Like any other kind of business, sexual or non-sexual, if things aren’t managed properly and regulated upon legally, the biz can fall to the wayside, regardless of what type.

I recall the days in the porn shop: the store was bright and feminine looking, lingerie hanging in rows, DVDs proudly displayed on the wall and toys in their cases. From 2005-2009, I worked approximately 1200 shifts as a dildo slinger, and not a week went by when I didn’t deal with someone (always male) who asked if we had “live booths.” And they didn’t mean a video arcade. We did not. Due to the surprisingly conservative politics in San Diego County, zoning laws require strippers to wear undies at all times, porn shops can’t sell much of a variety of films and other sex services such as peep shows and arcades (which Oregonians consider the norm), are outlawed by zoning rules. My humble little shop was no exception. Since we didn’t have viewing booths, myself and the other female staff were regularly hounded for services that we did not provide. No, I’m not going to try on that outfit for fifty bucks and no, we don’t have towel shows. And no, there is no “other bathroom.” My point is, the fact that my store and much of the city and neighboring towns didn’t have outlets for these people, did nothing to eliminate those seeking those services. Instead, it meant that young, naive clerks working in porn shops would be harassed by frustrated men.

The preposterous website of SOS-Oregon.org states that “adult businesses routinely treat workers as independent contractors to avoid employment taxes and fair employment laws.” Umm assholes, I AM an independent contractor, but last I checked, I pay a stage fee where I work, and I tip out at the end of the shift. This means I’m giving a percentage of my tips to the staff. This isn’t an economics or business ethics debate, but I’m pretty sure that it’s typical of lots of service industry jobs. SOS also claims that law enforcement says that adult business “serve as fronts for prostitution.” As far as sex trafficking goes…. In February 2010, I attended a workshop hosted by the Multnomah County Sheriff’s Department. Speaking at this workshop were representatives from various government offices. One federal official explained that currently a “very famous downtown restaurant” was being investigated for sexual slavery. Ahem, a restaurant. Not a porn shop. Not a strip club, but a downtown restaurant. I have an idea, let’s ban all restaurants!!!

During the aforementioned workshop, I was seated with middle-aged, suburbanite women. They were quite pleasant, scented like my grandma’s potpourri, with impeccable hair and shiny fingernails. We made polite discussion and I could almost hear their insides twist when I told them what I did for a living. “I’m a stripper.” I didn’t even hold back my laughter when one woman leaned in with motherly concern, put her hand over mine and asked if I had a pimp. “No, no I do not.” I can only imagine how many Dateline NBC programs she has watched while dusting her living room.

Eliminating the services will not eliminate the services. Rather, prospective clientele will seek sexual services elsewhere…illegally. Since prohibition and the war on drugs have proved so successful, clearly it would be practical for law enforcement to have to tackle one more vice. I say we keep the peep shows and the lingerie modeling for the women who are willing to work there and for the customers who are seeking that specific type of service. I’m a stripper. I dance and entertain, but I’m not going to put on a masturbation show—that’s not my job. Leave that to the women (and men) who will.
I recently had an old regular ask to sit at my rack on Wednesday and pay me on Thursday. This means that he did not have the $2 in order to tip me $1 per song. He explained that he was waiting for his unemployment check to go through. It was hard to stay mad at his broke ass.

“So, you’re a bisexual, right?”

“What? Yeah...why?”

“Well, I’m bifocal! What do you think about that?”

It was so stupid. I died laughing. Like head back, good posture out the window, half-naked body heaving and contorting with laughter. It was a shame that he had no money anymore and was useless. As if he could sense this, he asked if I needed anything from the bar. I wanted a Sprite, which he confessed was out of his budget. He explained that he was thinking more along the lines of...water. I think I must have looked at him with pity. He volunteered that he had a little bit of money, but that he needed to ration it for cat food. I imagined him buying a single can of wet food with pennies and it made me sad.

He pulled a mint out of his pocket and offered it to me. “Did you just get that from the jar on the bar?”

It was a nice gesture, but really, I could pick a mint out myself and it wouldn’t be warm from traveling around in his pants.

“Oh! Uh, where did I get this?”

“You got that from the jar of mints, didn’t you?”

“Oh...I guess you must be right!”

I pointed out that the sole of my shoe needed to get glued and that it was talking to him. He exclaimed that he had double-sided tape in his car, “That has to be worth $2!”

“Well, I could use it.”

“Great, I’ll go get it.”

This was great, except he suddenly gave me a hug goodbye and ran off before I could even ask what all that tape talk was about. He never came back the next day. I hope the cat is okay.

A few weeks ago, I was on stage when the DJ made an announcement in the middle of my set. “If anyone found a lost iPhone, there is a one hundred dollar reward. I repeat; if you find an iPhone, turn it in at the bar for a one hundred dollar reward.”

He may as well have shot a gun in the air or yelled, “GO!” Everyone in the room, dancers, staff and customers alike, started violently pushing chairs aside (they’re on wheels, so you can really give them a dramatic shove) and holding their own phones out over the carpet, trying to catch that first glimpse of the golden ticket. It was so competitive that some people raced to check the most unlikely areas of the room as though it were an egg hunt and someone had deliberately hidden the phone. You could see them thinking, “If I were that $100 iPhone, where would I be?” If they had been allowed in the kitchen, they probably would have checked the freezer.

There’s nothing like being naked, elevated above the rest of the room with spotlights on you, and watching people race to hunt down a cell phone. It made a little more sense for the dancers and staff to desperately look because it was so slow in there. But the customers? That was like admitting that they could really use $100, which is like admitting that they shouldn’t even be there in the first place. They didn’t even try to play it cool and casually scan the floor while remaining seated.

They were at the forefront of the crusade to restore the lost phone to its rightful owner. It was total chaos. I just stood naked, invisible, thinking, “Where ARE we, Bartertown??” But also thinking, “God dammit, why do I have to be on stage right now?!! Someone’s gonna find that phone before I have a chance to get down and look! This is so unfair!!”

If you would like Kat to make you laugh in person, check her weekly schedule at xoticspot.com/misskat.
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It was so stupid. I died laughing. Like head back, good posture out the window, half-naked body heav-ing and contorting with laughter. It was a shame that he had no money anymore and was useless. As if he could sense this, he asked if I needed anything from the bar. I wanted a Sprite, which he confessed was out of his budget. He explained that he was thinking more along the lines of…water. I think I must have looked at him with pity. He volunteered that he had a little bit of money, but that he needed to ration it for cat food. I imagined him buying a single can of wet food with pennies and it made me sad.

He pulled a mint out of his pocket and offered it to me. “Did you just get that from the jar on the bar?”

It was a nice gesture, but really, I could pick a mint out myself and it wouldn’t be warm from traveling around in his pants.

“Oh! Uh, where did I get this?”

“You got that from the jar of mints, didn’t you?”

“Oh…I guess you must be right!”

I pointed out that the sole of my shoe needed to get glued and that it was talking to him. He exclaimed that he had double-sided tape in his car, “That has to be worth $2!”

“Well, I could use it.”

“Great, I’ll go get it.”

This was great, except he suddenly gave me a hug goodbye and ran off before I could even ask what all that tape talk was about. He never came back the next day. I hope the cat is okay.

A few weeks ago, I was on stage when the DJ made an announcement in the middle of my set. “If anyone found a lost iPhone, there is a one hundred dollar reward. I repeat; if you find an iPhone, turn it in at the bar for a one hundred dollar reward.”

He may as well have shot a gun in the air or yelled, “GO!” Everyone in the room, dancers, staff and customers alike, started violently pushing chairs aside (they’re on wheels, so you can really give them a dramatic shove) and holding their own phones out over the carpet, trying to catch that first glimpse of the golden ticket. It was so competitive that some people raced to check the most unlikely areas of the room as though it were an egg hunt and someone had deliberately hidden the phone. You could see them thinking, “If I were that $100 iPhone, where would I be?” If they had been allowed in the kitchen, they probably would have checked the freezer.

There’s nothing like being naked, elevated above the rest of the room with spotlights on you, and watching people race to hunt down a cell phone. It made a little more sense for the dancers and staff to desperately look because it was so slow in there. But the customers? That was like admitting that they could really use $100, which is like admitting that they shouldn’t even be there in the first place. They didn’t even try to play it cool and casually scan the floor while remaining seated. They were at the forefront of the crusade to restore the lost phone to its rightful owner. It was total chaos. I just stood naked, invisible, thinking, “Where ARE we, Bartertown?” But also thinking, “God dammit, why do I have to be on stage right now?! Someone’s gonna find that phone before I have a chance to get down and look! This is so unfair!”

If you would like Kat to make you laugh in person, check her weekly schedule at xoticspot.com/misskat.
This is the history of electrical tape, as told by go-go dancers Pistolita, London, Nikki, Breezy and Luka and recorded for posterity by Jami Hendrix.

On Sunday nights in the green room of Dante’s, a common phrase is echoed amongst the go-go dancers of Sinferno Cabaret. “Who got the nipple tape?” The shiny black electrical tape is used to cover the nipples of our crew when we dance. I don’t think I’ve ever seen such a hot commodity used for boob discretion. It is the only product that causes mild panic should it run out. When this happens, naked-nippled go-go dancers run frantically around asking stage hands, sound crew and bartenders for backup.

Apparently there are other uses for it, which I discovered once as I strolled the streets of downtown Portland. I watched as a construction worker dropped a fresh roll of what I know as “titty tape” from his tool belt. As he walked away, I figured that unless he moonlighted as a member of the Village People, he didn’t need it as badly as I did. That roll of tape is still in use today and has since touched the nipples of many beautiful girls.

In a state of curiosity, us girls looked to the go-go encyclopedia for the origins of this adhesive gold that we hold so dear to our hearts. Apparently, the usage of electrical tape has evolved over the course of history. In ancient times, you know, like with mummies and pyramids and stuff, electrical tape evolved to be used in an X-shape as go-go dancers traded their nipples to the stripper gods for the opportunity to partake in the art of seductive go-go dance. In the days of the baby boom, New York mobsters were too cheap to provide their girls with appropriate outfits, but instead insisted on a crew of underage girls to dance while showing them some naked modesty…whatever that means!

In the case of the Sinferno go-go dancers, this black and shiny PDX sex industry trend derived from one source—our mother goddess of exotic entertainment, Malice. In case you’ve been living under a rock, Malice is one of the most famous strippers in Portland—with an innovative style that defines much of what we go-go dancers live by in modern times. It was her usage of electrical tape that inspired us to brand each nipple with a black “X” separating us from the other exotic performers in our field. Along with go-go boots and the ever-twinkling shine of glitter, electrical tape is an imperative part of our performance attire.

Electrical tape is to go-go dancer as g-string is to stripper. On a practical note, nipple tape serves as both a sweat guard and nipple protector. I suppose the only difference is that titty adhesive is not removed during performance. Although, I’m sure the slightly painful tearing sensation would peak the interest of our bondage and fetishist fans. It was established by the dancers before us that the go-go dancer maintains censored nipples as the pay rate isn’t substantial enough to show all the goods. Consider it a loophole learned from the New York mobster image. The X marks the spot, leaving the audience naughtily questioning the size, shape and color of our nipples. One of the few ways to separate go-go performers from Sinferno Cabaret’s featured pole technicians, is that you will just have to guess whether we are erect like the precious, pink eraser from a number two pencil or have chocolate mounds like Hershey’s Kisses.
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As a young woman living here in “Pornland,” I find myself constantly looking for the next best strip club to call home. I am not a dancer. You could call me a “frequent flyer” of the numerous adult clubs that have rooted themselves in this fine city. With 51 strip clubs advertised in this magazine, I have come across some very female-friendly clubs and some not! However, I never give up and enjoy the challenge of making the dancers love female patrons as much as they love the men! This is not always an easy task, but let me tell you, I have a blast doing it. I have searched long and hard to find as many non-lesbian, female-loving strippers as humanly possible. I have my list of favorite clubs and friendliest dancers.

When I first started frequenting strip clubs, I was shy and meek. I felt uncomfortable for the girls that were bearing it all in front of complete strangers. Since then, I have come to meet many awesome women and they have helped me understand what exotic dancing means for them. No one makes them do it—they choose to and most of them truly enjoy it! For them, it is a sense of power, expression and the ability to use their sensual side to make a good living. I am actually jealous that they have the strength and courage to do this day in and day out. I have come to realize (in my many evenings spent in these establishments) that these women are just like me, you or your sister. They are average gals who like to watch movies, go to the beach, go fishing and do many other everyday things we all enjoy. I find myself more comfortable in strip clubs than any other type of bar or night club. I am now the outgoing, loud-spirited patron that the gals love to see.

When first visiting a club, you have to get to know the dancers. Some are easier to approach than others, but dancers are usually willing to chat with a fellow female as long as it isn’t keeping them from their work! The main reason strippers are bothered by women patrons is because they look at you as possible competition. Remember that these women are there to work and make a living. By being a “regular” (as in non-dancer) woman in the club, you may be giving the male patrons the fantasy for free—unintentionally taking away business from the girls that are working hard to make a living. Offer to buy them a drink, make sure to explain to them that you are just there to have a good time and not trying to hit on them or take away their potential business. Once the gals see that you are there just to have a good time, most will warm up to you easily. You never know what type of friendship you could end up making.

Since we are fortunate enough to live in Portland, I think every woman that enjoys going out should occasionally enjoy going to a strip club. Treat the ladies the way you would any other worker at a club. Remember to tip them, because these ladies work for tips only! Remember not to stare too much. If you are a gal that has a boyfriend with you while you are at the club, make sure he behaves himself. Be respectful, polite and don’t dress too trampy or the men may think you work there. If you follow this advice and these rules you will always feel comfortable in strip clubs and could end up with a BFF that happens to be an exotic dancer. I have my favorites and like them dearly. In a place like Portland, you have to have a few good friends that are strippers!

My favorite gals and clubs are always changing. In this business, there is a very high turnover rate, but my current favorites include the following: Violet is a bartender and dancer at Dream On Saloon. When I walk in the door, she has my drink at the bar waiting for me and she prides herself on learning new tricks for her sets on the rack. Niko from Mystic, a beautiful mix of Korean and African American, has the greatest smile and personality I have ever met on any gal—stripper or not. Infinity, an exotic beauty who remembers my name, works at Dancin’ Bare and always gives me compliments on my shoes! That means a lot to a gal like me. Gabby, who works at Club Rouge, is free-spirited and loves to chat about recent drama in the lives of celebrities.

It is these types of dancers that keep a hard working gal like me always returning to these great establishments. Nowadays, I sometimes don’t even notice that these girls are completely naked. They are so polite and so welcoming that I always enjoy coming back. It’s fun and gals like this make these clubs feel like my own personal “Cheers.” Even though I am not there for their beauty and bodies, these women seem to be some of the best. I have found awesome gals to hang with while out for a night on the town, I will never stop searching for the best-of-the-best when it comes to women friendly establishments and exotic dancers. Keep it up ladies!
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Lately, those employed in the local stripping industry are full of negativity and often with good reason. The economy is in shambles and the Portland strip club scene is over-saturated with clubs and dancers. As a dancer, it can be difficult to keep a positive outlook and a smile on your face when a drunken frat boy is trying to grope you or a crusty old guy with nasty breath is telling you he thinks twenty dollars is “too much for a private dance.” On those nights when the DJ has to announce for the fiftieth time that “when you are seated at the rack you must tip AT LEAST a dollar per person per song” on the microphone, it’s easy to get frustrated with your job. Dancers deal with a lot of on-the-job stress and it’s because of this that we bitch about our profession so much. We’ve just gotta vent!

But (surprise!), this is not an article about venting. Instead, this is an article about one of the positive aspects of the industry. This is a shout-out to all of the amazing strip club customers who realize how physically and emotionally challenging a dancer’s job can be and go above and beyond to show their appreciation for what we do. These customers are few and far between and we wish there were more people like them! When I started asking fellow strippers about the positive experiences they’ve had at work, the testimonies were slow to surface. Some of the ladies really had to think about it for a while before examples came to mind and that’s a damn shame. Here are a few gems that I managed to dig up…enjoy!

One of my co-workers is a big time animal lover. She has a house full of pets. She’s constantly sharing photos and videos of them in the dressing room. They are her kids. One evening she was hoping to make enough cash to get one of her cats spayed. She struck up a conversation about her pets with a customer that she’d never talked to before. She told him she was taking her cat into the vet the next day. He casually asked what vet office she took her animals to, tipped her on stage, told her it was nice meeting her and left the club. The next day she woke up early to take her cat to the vet. When she opened her purse to pay the bill, the receptionist told her it had already been taken care of. The nice fella from the night before had called the vet’s office and covered all of her expenses on his credit card. He left specific instructions with the vet office receptionist to keep his name private. He just wanted to do a nice thing for an entertainer whom he enjoyed spending time with. How incredibly kind of him!

Another dancer I know goes all-out onstage to put on a good show. Not only is she sexy, she’s acrobatic and flexible; doing splits and handstands, smiling the whole time. One night, she was performing for a full rack of people, but they all seemed hesitant to tip—staring at her with blank, seemingly unimpressed faces. She was starting to feel very underappreciated. As she was collecting her money at the end of her second song, she spotted two crisp new hundred dollar bills laid out in front and center on her stage. She looked around for some indication of who had put them there. She asked the customers at the stage whom she should thank. Remarkably, no one would take responsibility for the generous tip. She spent the rest of the night grinning ear to ear—touched that someone recognized how hard she was working to entertain the crowd and wanted to anonymously make her night.

Dancers here in Portland really have to go out of their way to impress the hometown crowd. Regular PDX strip club patrons are used to seeing creative and athletic performances on stage. Sometimes even the most challenging pole tricks and flexible feats don’t elicit a big response from a jaded Portland crowd. Putting on a physically challenging show can put a lot of wear and tear on your muscles. Many dancers stretch and train, but most of us don’t have the health insurance coverage to get the chiropractic and massage sessions that could really make us feel better.

One of the most considerate gifts I’ve ever seen a dancer receive was a deluxe spa and massage treatment gift certificate from a gentleman customer who noticed she was suffering from chronic shoulder pain.

Sometimes, the nicest gestures are not necessarily a huge tip or an expensive gift. Instead, it’s the small things that make us smile. When I used to work at Sassy’s on mid-shifts, there were a lot of fellas who came in to have a beer and a sandwich on their lunch breaks. Most of them didn’t have time to get dances or sit at the stage. They were in a big hurry to eat their lunch and head back to work. Yet many of them made a point of saying “thank you” to the dancers and dropping a five or ten spot on the stage as they headed out the door. Even though these guys weren’t “making it rain” or lavishing the dancers with attention, this small gesture of recognition and appreciation was really awesome. I remember one of these guys was particularly sweet to me at Easter time. A week before Easter, he asked me what my favorite candy was. When I worked Easter weekend, he came in one day to have a few beers and watch the game on the bar TV. Every time I went on stage, he’d walk over and tip me a few bucks and a Cadbury chocolate egg! That was so rad! Speaking of candy, one gentleman at Union Jacks deserves a special shout out for his continued efforts to make the dancers smile. He comes in regularly and brings us all chocolate! If he knows a dancer’s birthday is coming up, he’ll go out of his way to get her favorite candy. In addition, he’s one of the most polite and considerate guys I’ve ever had the pleasure of knowing. He doesn’t hesitate to open doors or get up and offer a dancer his seat when the club is
crowded. We love you Dave, keep those cavities coming!

One of the best ways to make a dancer’s day is to surprise her. For example, one night I was shopping for new work shoes online. Dancers are really tough on their shoes. We usually tear them apart in a matter of weeks. Those platform stilettos are expensive! I’d found a pair for sale online that really caught my eye, but were too expensive. Expecting nothing, I posted the link to the shoes on my Facebook page with a caption that said I wore a size nine. A few weeks later, my club manager called and said there was a package addressed to me waiting behind the bar when I came into work. I was puzzled...what could it be? I totally squealed when I found the sparkly pair of heels inside the box! As a thank you, I sent the fella who bought them for me a print of one of his favorite photos of me. I still have the shoes and I wear them often. Another customer surprised me with an absolutely beautiful vintage dress on my birthday this year. It really meant a lot to me that someone would go out of their way to give me something special.

Remember, Portland strippers are some of the best! I’ve travelled quite a bit throughout the United States and I make a point of visiting clubs wherever I go. I have never seen anything quite like what Portland has to offer. Strip clubs in Portland are known for their hot women who do more than just take off their clothes and strut around. I’ve heard out of town patrons gasp and wildly applaud at the dance moves and pole acrobatics that PDX strippers have mastered. We really appreciate the customers who come out to support the sexy, naked arts and who appreciate how hard we work for you! Thank you!

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WEDNESDAY DOUBLE TROUBLE - 2 GIRLS ON STAGE & 2-FOR-1 TABLE DANCES FROM 10PM-12AM
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IF OUR WELL DRINKS ARE
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IMAGINE OUR HAPPY
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Hot Girls Make Your
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