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HOT LAP DANCES · PRIVATE VIP ROOMS
HOW TO MAKE STRIPPER ANGRY
an exotic exclusive!
by elle lynn stanger
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ART TO MAKE YOUR FLESH CRAWL
deconstructing toddlerpedes and doll parts
with jon beinart
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TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH
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by statutory ray
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THE MOON MUST BE DESTROYED
it’s a win/win situation
by bruce danus
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GUY STUFF
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PINFUP CALENDAR
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CLASSIFIEDS
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Sarah Tressler was pissed. After only three months as a journalist for the Houston Chronicle, an unknown adversary revealed to her employer that she was also a moonlighting stripper. The newly outed writer was subsequently fired (even though she had been openly blogging about her stripping adventures under the handle the “Angry Stripper”). Tressler didn’t sit idly by. Rather, the petite, doe-eyed dancer hired powerhouse attorney Gloria Allred to represent her in a lawsuit against the Chronicle, alleging discrimination. Several months after her termination, Sarah Tressler took the stages by storm in a nationwide strip tour and her 200 page tell-all, entitled Diary of an Angry Stripper, is set for release on July 15th.

We are seated in a VIP section of Wild Orchid. The white leather couches reflect blue. A dozen beautiful, semi-nude women are casually strolling throughout and the slender, shining poles gleam proudly. I shoot my tequila and promptly spill half of it down my shirt. The Angry Stripper pretends not to notice. I think she’s making me nervous.

**So, I have to ask, how did you begin stripping?**

Before I began dancing eight years ago, I was working for Starbucks. I hadn’t considered that stripping could be incredibly lucrative, but a born-again-Christian coworker told me stories from when she had danced. So it was then that I considered it. As an undergrad student in khakis, I walked in and they hired me. The place was called Caligulas XXI and it was a topless club.

You said earlier that, prior to being one, you had a poor impression of strippers. What do you think that stemmed from? I blame television and movies.

I think it was really because the first club I ever went to was a podunk town, Alvin, Texas. I was sixteen and went there with my coworkers from Taco Bell.

**Holy shit! Taco Bell?**

(Laughing) Yup, and they didn’t card me. They let us in and it was just a creepy, dark room. I don’t think I saw any of the girls making any money.

**Some girls will say that the potential money can be addicting, do you agree?**

Well, everybody is addicted to money to some degree. I mean, it doesn’t make sense to work for seven dollars an hour, when you have the opportunity to make a lot more in less time. I don’t think anybody would prefer to work longer for less.

**And the economy is shit.**

Yeah. I had received my Masters in Journalism and could not get hired doing what I had gone to school for. Even working a bit for US Weekly, doing red carpet stuff, wasn’t paying much.

That must have been frustrating.

It was. I honestly didn’t mind going back to dancing, but it was frustrating when customers would ask me stuff like, “Why aren’t you in school?” I mean, some people will always be condescending. That’s partly why I began the Angry Stripper blog. Even if the economy is shit and I have men talking down to me all night, I get to go home and write about them. It’s sort of like revenge.

**Do you ever think back on some of your characters, like where are they now?**

Oh yeah. There was this one chick I worked with; every single night she would wear the same outfit and this nice, black cowboy hat. A very expensive one, like a Stetson or something and this weird, uh…cape thing. Not a cape, but anyway…every single night, she would dance to “Save a Horse, Ride a Cowboy.”

**Wow, sounds annoying. Do you think that your perception of men and women has changed since you began stripping?**

Not really. I mean, when I began I was 22. Although stripping helped me quit dating guys who would weigh me down. I think having a lot of male attention will do that. I think I also realize that, with stripping, you have to do it with confidence or people are going to walk all over you.

I think that’s great life advice in general. **Do you have any advice for women who are just beginning, or for those who are considering stripping?**

(Laughing) Read my book, and if you still want to do it after that, then go for it. But really, there’s so many points I could touch on. Make sure that you look your best before you set foot in the club [to audition]. Make sure you look the best ever in your life, because there will still be ten girls who are way hotter than you and ten girls who will make you wonder how the hell they got hired. Hopefully, you’ll sit somewhere in the middle. Practice walking in heels. It honestly just boils down to a sales job and you can’t teach good sales.

**True. So, what’s Gloria Allred like?**

Oh man, she’s seventy years old and looks amazing. Like, up close and in person, she looks great. No, but really, she’s a very accomplished, very smart woman and she knows what she’s doing.

Sarah Tressler is announced and she stands to make her ascent. In a few long strides, she has disappeared in the crowd. I seat myself at the tipping rack. The Angry Stripper smirks at the audience and begins to dance. I realize I’m smiling and her eyes meet mine. For a second, I think she’s going to say something. Instead she turns around, smacks her ass and howls maniacally before leaping to the pole. It’s true, the best strippers are all a little insane.
Yeah, I had received my Masters in Journalism and could not get a job. Well, everybody is addicted to money to some degree. I mean, some girls will say that the potential money can be addicting, but a born-again-Christian coworker told me stories from when she had danced. So it was then that I considered it. As an undergrad student in khakis, I walked in and they hired me. The place was this total hole in the wall in a podunk town, Alvin, Texas. I was sixteen, is set for release on July 15th. It was a topless club. The Angry Stripper pretends not to notice. I think she's making an Angry Stripper in a nationwide strip tour and her 200 page tell-all, entitled "Diary of an Angry Stripper"). Tressler didn't sit idly by. Rather, the petite, doe-eyed blogger about her stripping adventures under the handle the "Angry Stripper". Tressler didn't sit idly by. Rather, the petite, doe-eyed blogger about her stripping adventures under the handle the "Angry Stripper")

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As the summer months heat up Portland, we’ve decided to take you on a little trip across this great country of ours and share some strange and unusual stories that take place within this wonderful world of exotic entertainment. Strip clubs definitely get their fair share of social rejects (both on and off the stage), but collectively, these fucktards definitely take top honors as candidates for retro-active abortion.

The first two are this month’s poster children for the gloriously-dysfunctional symbiotic relationship that develops between a stripper and her stalker/trick/john/regular. The role of predator and victim are interchangeable, as you will discover in the following articles.

**HOUSTON, TEXAS – POCOHONTAS STRIPPER SLAYINGS!**

Cops are searching for Luerissie Ashley Ross, a 20-year-old stripper known as “Pocahontas” who allegedly lured two victims to her home (on separate incidents), set them up to be robbed and then had them shot.

According to the Houston Chronicle, during the most recent incident in February, one of the victims, Budrohoe Briscoe, was killed in Texas. Ross has been charged with capital murder and aggravated robbery in that case. Court documents allege that Ross befriended Briscoe and invited him to her Houston apartment. Briscoe picked his cousin up at the airport on Feb. 17th and reportedly asked him to “come meet ‘Pocahontas’.” The pair arrived at 2 am and the cousin stayed in the car while Briscoe walked up to the stripper’s courtyard. The cousin reportedly watched two men approach Briscoe before shooting him. Briscoe died at the hospital days later, leaving behind seven children.

Officers connected Ross to the murder when one of Briscoe’s relatives told them that “Pocahontas” was a dancer at the Ice Cream Castle nightclub. The ensuing investigation also reportedly revealed evidence that Ross pulled the same trick on Dec. 30th, in the same apartment complex. She’s accused of meeting an unidentified man there to rob him. Her boyfriend, Kevin Johnson, allegedly shot the man, but he survived.

Ross, who has allegedly admitted to her crimes, has been free on bail since April 29th. Cops haven’t been able to find her.

**STRIッPER DISMEMBERED IN MISSISSIPPI!**

Surveillance cameras inside Temptations (a strip club on Bourbon Street) captured images of a man and woman entering the club in the early morning hours on Wednesday, June 20th. Authorities said, around 20 minutes later, they left with dancer Jaren Lockhart— one reason the two are now considered ‘persons of interest’ in Lockhart’s murder.

Authorities said they have gathered footage from cameras across several other blocks, which also show Lockhart with the man and woman. “Somebody will recognize these folks. They know we’re looking for ‘em and they haven’t contacted us yet. So, it’s our desire to put this out there so somebody will identify them,” said Hancock County (MS) Sheriff Ricky Adam (whose office is handling the investigation).

Lockhart’s dismembered body washed ashore along Bay St. Louis and other Mississippi beaches last week and, now, the video could be key in helping investigators learn what happened.

Officials said that preliminary and unconfirmed information leads them to believe the man possibly works as a doorman for a nearby club, while the woman, they said, is possibly a street performer.

The relationship between the two and Lockhart is unclear. Officials said, for now, all possibilities are still on the table—including the idea that the two persons of interest may also be in danger.

They aren’t considered suspects, but they haven’t been ruled out either.

“If they’re not involved, they could be victims. If nothing else, they’re witnesses to the last time we know that (Lockhart) is alive,” said Hancock Sheriff’s Department Chief Investigator Glenn Grannon. “Our concern is that the safety of both of them could be in peril as well. If they seen something that the perpetrator didn’t want ‘em to see, they could be in trouble.”

While this second bit seems like a rejected script for some bad Skinemax flick, there are lessons to be learned from both of these stories. Most importantly, never trust a doorman who dates a street performer.

On the lighter side of strip club patrons behaving badly, we have this guy...

**FLORIDA SAYS, “CHECK YOUR PUSSY AT THE DOOR!”**

According to a Charlotte County Sheriff’s press release, Everett Lages was arrested outside of Emerald City strip club in Murdock, FL on Tuesday for repeatedly calling 911 after the club owner prohibited him from entering with a kitten. When Emerald City’s owner told the 47-year-old man to leave, he allegedly instead sat down outside and called the cops.

Lages appeared intoxicated when deputies arrived, prompting authorities to call him a taxi, according to the release. The kitten-carrier refused to tell the cab driver where he lived and instead kept calling 911—despite sheriff’s deputies still being at the scene—so police arrested him. Lages is charged with misuse of the 911 system, disorderly intoxication, trespassing after warning and resisting arrest without violence.

**MEANWHILE BACK IN PORNLAND, OREGON...**

Local media claims they have it on “good authority” that, beginning this month, Portland will be home for yet another TV series being filmed in our weird and wonderful city. If the deal goes through, the longest running series in MTV history, The Real World, will be invading Portland for its 28th season. This, along with Leverage, Grimm and Portlandia, will raise Portland’s TV ratings to four shows being produced here this summer. Suck it Hollywood.

**VODKA WITH YOUR PANCAKES?**

All in the spirit of getting Stripper’s drunk faster, liquor companies found a huge market trend by infusing hard alcohol with girly flavors like berry, cherry and cotton candy. Three Olives Vodka has taken it even further with their latest additions to their more than thirteen existing flavors. Lipstick alcoholics can now enjoy their vodka with the tasty accents of bubblegum, s’mores, Fruit
Loops, Mountain Dew, root beer and cola. No word yet on the Pepto-Bismol flavored vodka to take the edge off the hangover you're sure to regret the morning after you down a bottle of this sugary hooch.

**BASTARDS & TIGERS & STRIPPERS, ON MY!**

On Sunday, July 29, The Bastards Guild is putting on a party! As featured in the pages of *Exotic*, this band of misfit DJs and their ilk will be taking over the Tiger Bar with music, mayhem, general debauchery, entertainment and alcohol. Join your host, Lexi Sunset, for a night of feature sets by Chris Pez and Bastards founder DJ Danny, exotic performances by Orchid, Chaldee, Marie, Infinity and Ling, plus live music by Demain, R.I.P. and VIIRL.

**JULY EVENTS**

**Wed 4 - Happy Fourth of July!**
- Safari - 4th of July BBQ on the patio
- *Stars Cabaret (Beaverton)* - Star’s Hot Dog Eating Contest

**Thu 5 - Cabaret**
- 3-day 4th of July Party with specials & prizes (through July 7)

**Fri 6 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton)**
- VIP Party - current VIP cardholders can renew for free

**Sat 7 - Pallas Club**
- Wet & Wild Bikini Car & Bike Wash with an All-American BBQ, water balloon fights & wet T-shirt contests

**Mon 9 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton)**
- Anniversary Week begins with free prime rib dinner all week from 6-9 (through July 15)

**Tue 10 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton)**
- Pins For Pups event

**Wed 11 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton)**
- Adult superstar Jayden Cole (through July 13)

**Thu 12 - Heat**
- Best Natural Breasts Contest Finals

**Fri 13 - Stars Cabaret (Salem)**
- Tristen’s Black Light Birthday Party

**Sat 14 - Stars Cabaret (Salem)**
- Voodoo Tiki Party with adult superstar Jayden Cole

**Tue 17 - DV8**
- Nico’s Birthday Party

**Wed 18 - Cathie’s**
- Big Anniversary Sale with 50% to 80% off selected items, buy 2, get 1 free on movies & a free gift with purchases of $75 or more (through July 22)

**Stars Cabaret (Beaverton)**
- Join us for Are You Smarter Than A 5th Grader?

**Club 205**
- Covergirl Dance Contest

**Thu 19 - Club Rouge**
- DJ Dick Hennessy presents the 3rd Annual Vagina Pageant with over $1,000 in cash & prizes

**Wild Orchid**
- Feature Burlesque Entertainer/Magician Suzie Malone (through July 21)

**Stars Cabaret (Salem)**
- Chillin’ with Bonecrusher

**Fri 20 - Safari**
- Mustache Party

**Stars Cabaret (Salem)**
- Freaks & Geeks Costume Party with live music by Amerakin Overdose

**Sat 21 - Pallas Club**
- Wet & Wild Bikini Car & Bike Wash with an All-American BBQ, water balloon fights & wet T-shirt contests

**Doc’s**
- All-American Kegger party with Daisy Duke Contest, BBQ, prizes & more

**Wed 25 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton)**
- Adult superstar Lacey Wild (through July 27)

**Thu 26 - Heat**
- VIP Appreciation Party with free food, specials and a flat panel TV giveaway

**Fri 27 - Skinn**
- Best Popsicle Contest sponsored by PBR

**King’s Wild**
- Feature Friday

**Sat 28 - Stars Cabaret (Salem)**
- 3rd Annual Rockabilly Round Up with outdoor beer garden, show & shine, burlesque girls and live music by Back Alley Barbers & much more

**Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport)**
- Flappers & Bootleggers Ball

**Stars Cabaret (Bend)**
- Adult superstar Lacey Wild

**Sun 29 - Tiger Bar**
- 1st Annual Bastards Guild Party featuring DJs, live music and exotic performances

**WEekLY EVENTS**

**MONDAYS**
- *Rose City Strip* - Metal Mondays with DJ Krista spinning only the truest of metal

**Dante’s**
- Karaoke From Hell - sing with a live band

**Cabaret**
- Monday Madness with extended happy hour until midnight

**TUESDAYS**
- *Lucky Devil Lounge* - Tiny Tuesdays with your host 3’9” Nik Sin

**Safari**
- 80s & Disco Night

**Club 205**
- 2-for-Tuesdays with 2-girl shows

**Habebi Hookah**
- Ladies’ nights

**Heat**
- Authentic Mexican menu plus IPA draft specials

**Jody’s Bar & Grill**
- Ladies’ Night 7pm - midnight

**Cabaret**
- Tijuana Tuesdays with Tequila specials & 3 tacos for $3

**Devis Point**
- Soul Night

**Dream On Saloon**
- Rock & Roll Night featuring topless bartenders

**WEDNESDAYS**
- *Heat* - Wild Wednesdays - drop in from 8pm - 10pm for wild beer specials

**Devis Point**
- 80s Night

**Jody’s Bar & Grill**
- Free poker tournament at 7pm

**THURSDAYS**
- *Heat* - Double Trouble Thursdays with 2-girl shows & new Asian menu

**Jody’s Bar & Grill**
- Taco Thursdays - all-you-can-eat for $2

**Carnaval (Male Dancers)**
- Amateur Night

**SUNDAYS**
- *Dante’s* - Sinferno Cabaret

**Club Rouge**
- Absolut Industry Party with special prices on all Absolut flavors plus Absolut giveaways

**Pallas Club**
- Free pool all day & night

**Jody’s Bar & Grill**
- Nascar Sundays with domestic pitcher & pint specials during the race & an all-you-can-eat spaghetti buffet for $3

**Devis Point**
- World Famous Strippersake!

**Carnaval (Male Dancers)**
- Stripper Sundays - free admission to all exotic dancers
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Traditionally, here in Portland the good weather starts after Rose festival and the July 4th holiday. So hopefully that is about the time you will be reading this. With the good weather, we start our outside cooking season in earnest and, brother, that is when we as men get to show our true qualities in the art of outdoor cooking.

Ever since the Greek god, Prometheus, stole fire and brought it down off of Mount Olympus, giving us our first piece of technology, we have taken to it and never looked back. Every country I have visited, has some regional form of grilling meat with fire; from homemade street vendor grills in Bangkok to the Churrasco style of Brazil.

First, we need to understand some basic terms. I see the word “barbeque” tossed around inappropriately. Real BBQ is the art and science of cooking meat with smoke. The laws of BBQ are low and slow: 250 degrees, cooked over a long period of time! Traditionally, BBQ is done in a heavy metal pit cooker with a firebox on the side. Brisket, ribs (both beef and pork) and pork shoulder (Boston butt to some of you) all excel in this style of cooking. Pit cookers are usually big, heavy and cost quite a bit (although I am intrigued by the new crop of wood pellet grills for BBQ). I will explore this option in a further column after field testing one. What we do more of around here in the Northwest is “grilling” but often mistakenly called barbecuing.

Outdoor grilling is done with charcoal, wood or gas. Let me go on the record right now, as I will half-heartedly apologize to those of you who use them, but contrary to what Hank Hill says, gas grills are an abomination! Y’all might as well cook inside on a gas stove or oven. With that out of the way, let’s look at what I think is an essential piece of man gear. Since 1952, the Weber grill has been dominating backyard cookouts. Even if you have a pit cooker, pellet grill, big green egg or whatever, I think you need a Weber to compliment it. They are affordable, take up a small footprint of space (i.e. downtown small-ass apartment balconies), require very little maintenance and are extremely versatile in their ability to cook most anything. My current Weber is a performance series. That basically means it’s a gold touch without the tripod legs, mounted on a cooking/prep table. It replaced a standard silver series that was over fifteen years old.

The three basic ways to cook on a Weber are direct grilling, indirect grilling or a combination of both. Direct grilling is cooking directly over the coals with medium to high heat (think steak, chops, shrimp, etc.). Indirect is banking your coals to one or both sides, grilling in the middle and over a longer period of time. You can also add that great BBQ/smoke flavor with Weber Wood chips (available in almost all of the great BBQ woods: hickory, oak, mesquite, etc.). Just add them to your charcoal pile after it has ashed. A tip for using wood chips, soak them in water overnight and drain them. That way, they will not burn, but smoke.

These are a few of the praises for the Weber grill, but it is not a perfect machine. While you can attempt a traditional BBQ with it, it is not the optimum tool for this. I have tried with very mixed results and have found that anything longer than a couple of hours is getting into pit cooker territory. The Weber is also susceptible to outside temperatures affecting the results. I did a prime rib once in the garage and I do not really recommend this. This goes along with a grilling rule: do not lift the lid any more than you have to! In fact, the first accessory you should buy is a good remote thermometer. Not only for grilling, but to use in your oven at home. Remember, cooking is the art of time and heat. Another tip for my fellow griller, always allow your meat to come to room temperature before putting it on the grill. Also, remember that extra virgin olive oil and kosher salt are your friends. Additional highly-recommended accessories are any of the Weber cookbooks on grilling. I especially like Weber’s Big Book of Grilling. It is chock full of tips and recipes on grilling theory.

As we have just touched the tip of the proverbial iceberg on the subject of grilling and BBQ, we will be sure to visit it again down the road. I am going to close out with the recipe for my signature dish on the grill (I suggest you double the recipe, as it will disappear fast). Until next time, have a cold one over the grill and smoke ‘em if you got ‘em.

**SMOKED SANTA MARIA TRI-TIP**

FOR THE SALSA:
- 2 cups diced ripe tomatoes
- 1 (7-ounce) can diced green chilies
- 8 green onions (white part only), thinly sliced
- 2 tablespoons finely-chopped fresh cilantro
- 2 teaspoons minced garlic
- 2 teaspoons red wine vinegar
- 1/2 teaspoon prepared horseradish
- 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 teaspoon kosher salt
- 1 teaspoon Tabasco hot pepper sauce

FOR THE RUB:
- 3 teaspoons granulated garlic
- 2 teaspoons kosher salt
- 1 teaspoon freshly-ground black pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon celery seed
- 1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper
- Tri-Tip roast beef, 1 1/2 to 2 lbs and about 1 1/2 inches thick
- Extra virgin olive oil
- Kosher salt
- 1 baguette French bread (optional)
- 1 stick unsalted butter, softened (optional)

**TO MAKE THE SALSA:** In a medium bowl, mix together the salsa ingredients. Cover and set aside until ready to serve.

**TO MAKE THE RUB:** In a small bowl, thoroughly mix together the rub ingredients. Press the rub into the roast. Allow to stand at room temperature for 20 to 30 minutes before grilling.

Follow the grill’s instructions for using wood chips (oak or hickory chips soaked in water for at least 30 minutes). Lightly brush or spray the roast with olive oil and season with salt. Sear over direct, medium heat for about 10 minutes, turning once halfway through searing time. Continue grilling over indirect, medium heat for 20 to 30 minutes more until the internal temperature reaches 135°F for medium rare. Remove from the grill and allow to rest for about 5 minutes.

Cut the roast across the grain into very thin slices and arrange on a platter. Serve with the salsa and baguette, sliced and buttered.
perfect machine. While you can attempt a traditional BBQ with it, it is ideal for smoking. Wood chips, soak them in water overnight and drain them. That way, you can add them to your charcoal pile after it has ashed. A tip for using wood chips is to add that great BBQ/smoke flavor with Weber Wood chips (available at most hardware stores).

Indirect grilling is achieved by banking your coals to one or both sides of the grill. This style of cooking is great for foods that are usually cooked directly over the coals with medium to high heat (think steak, chops, and chicken thighs). Indirect grilling is perfect for larger cuts of meat like brisket, ribs (both beef and pork), and pork shoulder (Boston butt). Brisket is typically cooked in a heavy metal pit cooker with a firebox on the side. The firebox is used to control the heat and smoke levels.

Direct grilling involves cooking directly over the coals with medium to high heat. This is perfect for cooking smaller cuts of meat like steaks, chops, and chicken breasts. Direct grilling is also great for cooking seafood like shrimp, oysters, and clams.

Weber grills are an essential piece of man gear. Since 1952, the Weber grill has been dominating backyard cookouts. Even if you have a pit cooker, a Weber grill, a Pellet grill, or a Big Green Egg, you need a Weber grill! I have visited many outdoor cooking festivals and the Weber grill is always a big hit. The Weber grill is not a Pit cooker territory. The Weber is also susceptible to outside temperature swings and can experience a drop in heat and smoke levels. I have found that anything longer than a couple of hours is getting into pit cooker territory. The Weber is also susceptible to outside temperature swings and can experience a drop in heat and smoke levels.

As we have just touched the tip of the proverbial iceberg on the science of cooking meat with smoke, it's important to understand some basic terms. I see the word "barbecue" tossed around inappropriately. Real BBQ is the art and science of cooking meat with smoke. The laws of BBQ are low and slow...and very, very delicious. The most common method of cooking meat with smoke is called barbecuing. Traditionally, here in Portland the good weather starts after Rose Festival and the July 4th holiday. So hopefully that is about the time when you will be reading this. With the good weather, we start our outside cooking season in earnest and, brother, that is when we as men get to show our true qualities in the art of outdoor cooking.

There are many accessories available for Weber grills. These accessories include grills, griddles, rotisserie kits, and scorchers. I especially like the Weber's Big Book of Grilling. Additional highly-recommended accessories are any of the Weber Accents. These are usually big, heavy and cost quite a bit (although I am intrigued by the new crop of wood pellet grills for BBQ). I will explore this option in a further column after field testing one. What we do more often than not is use a Weber grill for almost all of our great BBQ woods: hickory, oak, mesquite, etc.)

Weber's Big Book of Grilling is a comprehensive guide to grilling theory and practice. It is chock full of tips and recipes on grilling theory. It is not just for the novice griller, but also for the experienced griller who wants to expand their knowledge. The book covers a wide range of topics, including grilling safety, grilling techniques, and grilling recipes. It also includes a section on grilling accessories and tools.

The cover of the book features a Weber grill with a red and white checkered cloth draped over it. The title of the book is written in capital letters in bold black font. The subtitle is written in smaller font and is also in capital letters.

The interior of the book is filled with full-color photos and diagrams. Each chapter is focused on a specific aspect of grilling, such as grilling safety, grilling techniques, or grilling accessories. Each chapter includes step-by-step instructions, tips and tricks, and recipes.

One of the most important sections of the book is the one on grilling techniques. This section covers everything from how to light a charcoal grill to how to sear meat. It also includes advice on how to control the heat and smoke levels, how to use a gas grill, and how to use a grill griddle.

The book includes a section on grilling accessories and tools. This section covers everything from grilling tools like tongs and spatulas to grilling accessories like grilling baskets and grilling nets. It also includes a section on grilling safety, which includes tips on how to prevent grill fires and how to avoid burns.

Weber's Big Book of Grilling is an excellent resource for anyone who is interested in grilling. Whether you are a novice griller or an experienced griller, this book will provide you with the knowledge and skills you need to grill like a pro.
Jon Beinart’s art is not for everyone. Upon first viewing his work, I realized I was wrinkling my nose with equal parts disgust and amusement. “Check this out,” I said, turning my laptop to the woman nearest me in the coffee shop. She stared at the screen and was silent. Pause. “I don’t like that.” Could have been coincidence, but she slid her purse over, momentarily stood and walked away.

The Australian artist, famous for his ‘Toddlerpedes’, has been called “gross,” “disturbing” and “genius” all at once. Beinart’s love of creation is evident not only by his detailed statues, drawings and published works, but also by the photograph of the artist straddling his giant Toddlerpede, beaming like a proud parent. Here, Jon Beinart takes a break from crafting his next creature to speak with us at Exotic.

WHAT WAS THE FIRST THING YOU EVER MADE? WHERE IS IT NOW?

I was always making art as a child, so I couldn’t tell you what the first thing I ever made was or where it is now. I do remember the first Toddlerpede I ever made. I think it was about 10 years ago. I stuck a bunch of doll torsos together and added a few bits and pieces. I thought it looked really funny and I enjoyed showing it around! I included it in a few exhibitions and ended up loaning it to a bar/restaurant where it was displayed for many years (until the business was sold). I have no idea where it is now.

DO YOU CONSIDER YOUR CREATIONS TO BE DISTURBING?

Although I am drawn towards art that is generally considered disturbing, I am rarely disturbed by what I see... just intrigued. That being said, I don’t consider any of my own art disturbing. I have received a lot of feedback from people who have found my Toddlerpedes disturbing, but I’ve always thought they were cute and amusing. I can kind of see where people are coming from with the whole dark/disturbing thing, but I think it’s all in the eye of the beholder. Different people are disturbed by different things. I’ve always loved black comedy and I think that’s probably more where I’m coming from.

SO, IF YOU FIND THE T O D D L E R P E D E S CUTE AND AMUSING, WHAT WOULD YOU CONSIDER DISTURBING?

I don’t really find any art disturbing, but I am disturbed by some aspects of reality!

WHAT DO YOU THINK A TRUE ARTIST IS?

I’m not sure if there is such a thing as an untrue artist. I think anyone who is involved in the act of creativity could be deemed a true artist depending on your perspective. I can only really comment
on what I admire in an artist. I like artists with integrity, who create work that is personal and not just tailored for an audience. I’m also really inspired by artists who create imaginative and satirical works with a lot of technical skill. I’m always impressed by artists who are prolific.

WHEN YOU SAY INTEGRITY, DO YOU MEAN SOMEONE WHO IS TRUE TO THEIR OWN CREATIVE IDEAS?
Yes, someone who expresses themselves honestly through their art without any censorship.

YOU FEATURE OTHER ARTISTS AND PUBLISH BOOKS ABOUT THEM. WHO ARE SOME OF YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTS, ALIVE OR DEAD?
This is a really difficult question, as I love so many! Some of my favorite contemporary artists are: Jeremy Geddes, Odd Nerd-rum, Charles Pfahl, Laurie Lipton, Ben Tolman, Kris Kuksi and Dino Valls. Some of my favorite historical artists are Hieronymus Bosch, Hans Bellmer, Zdzislaw Beksinski and MC Escher.

YOUR WEBSITE TELLS ME THAT YOU WRITE AND PUBLISH BOOKS ABOUT ARTISTS WHO INSPIRE YOU. DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING COMING OUT SOON?
We’re about to release Chet Zar’s first book, which I’m very excited about! I’ve been communicating with Chet for many years now and he’s not only an amazing artist, but he’s also a lovely person. He’s been an absolute pleasure to work with.

WHAT COMPelled YOU TO PUBLISH?
I was already promoting artists on my website (beinart.org) and publishing just seemed like the next logical step—a perfect way to finance what I was most passionate about—creating art and promoting other artists. I also love the idea of creating a permanent record of an artist’s life and works for people to look at for years to come.

WHAT IS SOME OF THE FEEDBACK YOU’VE RECEIVED IN PERSON FROM PEOPLE WHO VIEW YOUR WORKS?
I remember taking a girl home once at the end of a date and, after I showed her my Toddlerpedes, she said “You’re a bit strange, aren’t you?” Things got awkward and she went home.

CAN PEOPLE PURCHASE YOUR PIECES?
Yes. People interested in purchasing my art can visit jonbein-art.com. You can also follow Jon and the rest of the collective at BeinArt on Twitter & Facebook.
SINFERNO cabaret
sex & service industry night
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Emcee Ed Forman • DJ Mr. Nudz • And One Man’s Lifelong Quest To Find The Truth About His Missing Vagina, Emcee Andrew Harris
“Name a number.”
“I honestly never thought about it.”
“Come on, everyone has a price. Everyone has a price. Name yours.”
“Well, I’m quite flattered but, really... I can’t accept your offer. Thank you though.”
“Five thousand dollars is a lot of money, but it’s no problem. In a stack, yours, right when you walk in. No problem. The money isn’t a problem. It’s yours, just say yes. For one night.”
I’m smiling slightly, with a closed mouth, shaking my head slowly...no.
He frowns slightly and thinks for a minute.
“I will give you...ten thousand dollars. Cash. For one night.”
And I politely decline, again.
When his songs are over, he has only hundreds and singles, so I offer to make change, but he tells me to keep the big bill instead.
I smile and thank him. He tells me, “You’re awesome. Thank you.”
I used to see this guy at Lucky Devil about once a month. Sometimes he would ask for private dances from me, sometimes not.
To look at him, you wouldn’t think that the guy had a lot of cash to blow, but if there’s one thing I’ve learned from stripping, it’s that you can’t ever judge the contents of a man’s wallet by his appearance. The first time he propositioned me with cash for sex, he blurted out “five hundred dollars” and I had no problem nicely refusing him. Multiply that by twenty and I still don’t feel the slightest bit of temptation. I will not blink once before I coyly refuse, and I’ve done some illegal things in my life (haven’t we all?), but it was never about money. He’s not a bad looking guy, I don’t feel unsafe and I don’t doubt that he can afford it—I just don’t feel like it. Perhaps I have the luxury to be so dismissive because I’m not in dire need for funds; no outstanding debt, hospital bills or drug habit.
Some girls reading this will think I’m an idiot because in their clubs, doing extras or leaving with a customer is par for the course. And that’s too bad. Why? If I wanted to be a prostitute, I’d be a prostitute. I’m not on a moral high horse. And if you’re a chick who does sexual favors to a client for money, you’re a prostitute that is pretending to be a stripper. This is tricky for a few reasons and it has nothing to do with morality.
For dancers, it makes it increasingly more difficult to earn honest, legal stripper tips when there is a girl on shift giving handies for the same prices as a lap dances. There’s nothing more frustrating than losing dollars to a girl who is not a better hustler, dancer or conversationalist, but just about letting the dudes fill her with their fingers.
For club owners, it can jeopardize their business. While the OLCC no longer regulates the goings on between dancers and customers via four-foot rule or similar, the police still do. I’d like to think that there are more pressing things for Portland PD to attend to, but it’s not untrue that police still do prostitution stings. Resulting from this, the hooker and john can be busted, but the business can pay the price with either a fine or being shut down for a month (or indefinitely). This punishes other individuals for something with which they have had no part.
To a man on the prowl, it might be frustrating and difficult to pay for sex especially when our society has deemed this illegal in most parts of the country. And, if there is no consistency in what to expect from entertainers, that shit is fucking confusing. I’ve witnessed many of my coworkers complain about being propositioned on shift and some of these women were incredibly offended for some reason. Don’t be. Honestly, with all of these hookers hiding behind the safety of a stripper stage, how can customers tell the difference?
I have to reiterate that I don’t believe there is anything inherently wrong with paying for a service even if that service is sex and considered taboo in our culture. But, that’s not what I do for a living and it shouldn’t be something that girls who call themselves dancers do either.
I have a handful of female friends who have told me about times that they traded sex or sex acts for money, drugs or food. Some of them regret it and some of them don’t.
I have a couple male friends who told me about the time they rented women out of the red pages and it proved to be a very positive, satisfying outlet (or so they told me).
On the other hand, I appreciate them for what they do; it’s the dirty job that I won’t. Almost all developed societies have housed hookers for the simple fact that sex isn’t attainable for all individuals, unless they pay or trade for it. It seems ironic that one of the most available commodities can also be one of the least obtainable.
I have not seen the customer in this story for nearly a year. I think I might have embarrassed him, hurt his feelings or he simply became bored with me and found a girl who would put out, instead of just dance. But honestly, if that’s the case, good for him—we are both happier.
Elle dances at Lucky Devil Lounge on Sunday, Tuesday and Friday nights.
“Name a number.”
“I honestly never thought about it.”
“Come on, everyone has a price. Everyone has a price. Name yours.”
“Well, I’m quite flattered but, really.... I can’t accept your offer. Thank you though.”

“Five thousand dollars is a lot of money, but it’s no problem. In a stack, yours, right when you walk in. No problem. The money isn’t a problem. It’s yours, just say yes. For one night.”

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I have a handful of female friends who have told me about times that they traded sex or sex acts for money, drugs or food. Some of them regret it and some of them don’t.

I have a couple male friends who told me about the time they rented women out of the red pages and it proved to be a very positive, satisfying outlet (or so they told me).

On the other hand, I appreciate them for what they do; it’s the dirty job that I won’t. Almost all developed societies have housed hookers for the simple fact that sex isn’t attainable for all individuals, unless they pay or trade for it. It seems ironic that one of the most available commodities can also be one of the least obtainable.

I have not seen the customer in this story for nearly a year. I think I might have embarrassed him, hurt his feelings or he simply became bored with me and found a girl who would put out, instead of just dance. But honestly, if that’s the case, good for him—we are both happier.

Elle dances at Lucky Devil Lounge on Sunday, Tuesday and Friday nights.
Although I tend to consider myself a native Portlander, there is a dark past to Statutory’s story, one that originates in a small white trash town to the south called Salem. If you’ve driven through our state’s capital on the I-5, you may recognize Salem as a seven-mile stretch of giant, prisonlike concrete walls that are dwarfed only by correctional facilities, mental hospitals and the occasional Denny’s. There is a reason for this; with the exception of Stars Cabaret, Cinnebarre and a now-closed coffee shop, there is virtually no single inch of Salem that could be defined as “attractive,” let alone upscale. Hidden from the rest of Oregon like an ugly stepchild, Salem is also one of my favorite places on the planet. A certain shameless pride exists in the hearts of those of us who had the misfortune of growing up there, and for anyone seeking to spend a night discussing Stevie Ray Vaughn B-sides and auto mechanics with a fully-bearded thirty-something in a biker bar/oriental buffet, Salem is prime pickins’.

“WELL, IT’S PROBABLY NOT A GOOD IDEA FOR ME TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT I’M SORTA WANTED FOR MURDER…”
Eerily charming, like an episode of Roseanne filmed through the lens of David Lynch, Salem is also home to some of the most surreal characters one would ever expect to encounter. While taking time off from Portland clubs and working at Hard Candy, one of my favorite neighborhood-bar-style strip joints, I met such a character. I’ll call her “Lifetime.” No one really remembers who hired Lifetime, but she was decently attractive and virtually maintenance-free. A skinny, childless, tattoo-free woman who seemed more like a housekeeper than a stripper, Lifetime didn’t really have much in common with the other girls and she didn’t divulge much other than her taste in music (“anything”) and her stage rotation preferences (“whenever”). At the end of a particularly tiring shift (Hard Candy can get a little crazy on the weekends, imagine Roadhouse meets Showgirls), Lifetime was found passed out on the floor in her jeans, topless with lipstick in her hand. Naturally, she was woken up violently by another dancer and my ride-home services were volunteered against my consent. Hoping that this minor diversion wouldn’t keep me from my Playstation and bong for too long, I grudgingly loaded Lifetime into my car and hit the road.

As she was waking up, she mumbled “blah blah Peace St, near 12th” as if she was accustomed to waking up in strange places with strip club DJs who had, up until this point, exercised a serious amount of restraint (or at least confined the lack thereof to a few cellphone pics and funny poses while Lifetime was assed out in the dressing room).

“DJ guy, right? Thanks for the ride man.”

Fuck. The word “situation” is never, ever presented in a positive context. If someone wins the lottery, they don’t refer to their “situation.” That show on television about faux Guidos with fake tans? The worst character is named Situation. There are no “sticky” circumstances, predicaments or backstories. No, only situations can become aesthetically unattractive, if not dangerous.

Ignoring the subtle threats against my mojo and well-being implied by Lifetime’s words, I managed to navigate to the absolute worst area of Salem without being car-jacked for meth money or pulled over. Lifetime was fully awake, visibly sober and very appreciative (while somewhat surprised) to make it home alive and unraped. Explaining to her that she was lucky I was so awesome, I politely invited myself in for a few bong hits (I wasn’t leaving the Peace St. neighborhood without red eyes, as suspected narcotics are often shot on site). Lifetime was more than hospitable, and as we went into her top-floor unit out of comfortable distance from my easily-broken-into car, I noticed something about her apartment—two things, actually; a couch and a television. That was it. No posters, rugs, rigs, drugs or pugs—not a single luxury.

I politely asked, “Are you in the process of moving?”

“You got an ex-husband or something? Is he gonna be cool with me smoking in here?” I wish the answer to these questions were a simple “yes,” but truth is often way more epic than fiction. Without blinking an eye, and with the casualness of discussing a boring day at work, Lifetime explained:

“Well, it’s probably not a good idea for me to tell you this, but I’m sorta wanted for murder. I mean, he said I did a bunch of things that no one would ever accuse me of doing, but after I ended up with his money, I decided to escape and I came here, borrowed some furniture from my dealer friend and have been working down at the strip club to lay low. Do you want some coffee?”

Yes, I wanted some fucking coffee, and more so, I wanted to ash out the bowl and leave. It’s usually at this point in a “why I’m a wanted felon” conversation that a woman starts to cry and beg for someone to listen to her, or at least it happens to be in my personal experience. Lifetime seemed sweet, possibly in danger and definitely not worth testing in terms of ditching out to go home, so I listened. And listened. To the point where the sun was coming up, I was falling asleep and the stories had become so unbelievable that even the most forgiving retarded child would call bullshit. Biker gangs had become mafia members, ex-husbands had become relatives, children were had, forgotten about and posthumously aborted (or kidnapped). I had continued to ingest a steady stream of chronic and had finally reached the point of no return (during the part where she was busted for drugs in Mexico), before I passed out like an exhausted stripper.

I woke up a few hours later, fully clothed in her bed while she was staring directly into my eyes and stroking my dick through my jeans. Normally, this would be awesome, but nothing about this night was normal.

“Uhhh…what’s up?” I asked as I woke up in a bad Cinemax porn. “I want you so bad,” Lifetime said, “that’s the only reason I wanted you to come in. I’m sorry about all the bullshit.”

Ignoring the fact that I had invited myself in, I was stunned and reacted with the subtlety and politeness of anyone else waking up to a handjob in Felony Flats. “Why the fuck didn’t you just ask if I wanted to stay the night? I’d have much rather listened to five minutes of moaning than six hours of the Lifetime channel.” She told me that she didn’t want to seem like a slut. A murderer, compulsive liar, drug dealer and snitch, sure, but definitely not a skank. Confusing? Slightly. Arousing? Not really, but sorta. I decided to be a gentleman and went back to sleep while Lifetime did god knows what to my fully-clothed member.

When I woke up later in the afternoon, Lifetime was gone. I went back to the club to start my next shift early (read: drunk enough to ignore the fact I had spent 24 hours in Salem), and although Lifetime was scheduled, she didn’t show up to work. I never ran into her again, and even though I frequent Hard Candy every time I get the chance, no one there ever remembers the girl. Perhaps I was having my own Tyler Durden experience—masturbating in an abandoned slum to cope with the fact that I had returned to my hometown after reaching adulthood, only to become a strip club DJ and part-time rapper. Either way, from now on I’m gonna start waiting until I get home (or at least to an afterhours spot) before I blaze up the post-shift blunt.

Next month, Tales From the DJ Booth takes on the behind-the-scenes mayhem involved in stripper pageants, plus an exclusive interview with Little Miss Statutory 2012, Layloni. talesfromthedjbooth.com
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I do not think this type of celebration is what our good, Christian founding fathers had in mind when they signed their names in blood on the Declaration of Independence, do you? What can we do to show how grateful we are to them for giving us this wonderful land? How can we show to them that the sacrifices they made in the name of Manifest Destiny, like giving up seashells, beads and blankets to the Indians (feathers, not dots) were not in vain? What would be the most amazing show of celebration of our freedom and would also help to promote our great country, giving us much needed resources? We must destroy the moon!!! Below, I will list some reasons why this is the greatest gift of freedom that we can give to the rest of humanity.

Let's take a moment to think about this from a logical and scientific standpoint. America owns the moon. Our flag is planted on it and nobody else has been there (or will be in the next twenty years). The Commie Chinese plan is to go there in 2025, but not if we have anything to say about it. Do we really want a Woktong Wal-Mart on the moon? The Godless Chinese also plan on building militaristic moon bases there. Do we want them to be able to spy on us from the moon? They will be able to see everything, from how many nuclear bombs of love and freedom we have to the P.S.U. Volleyball team changing clothes and showering. Do we want the Red Dragon menace to have that much power over us? NO! Also, thanks to the lack of gravity on the moon, they would be able to set up snipers on the moon to shoot people who would never know where it came from. This would be even worse than the kamikaze sneak attack that China pulled on Pearl Harbor. They could possibly shoot every single God-fearing American before we even had a chance to rain down our nuclear salvation on the yellow Buddha's belly. Allowing the code-yellow agents of the Far East to control the moon is too much power for a country that is not controlled by God's steady hand to wield. They are evil, Satanic, Atheist Commies. We must destroy the Moon.

The moon is a threat to us, even without the evil kabuki armies of China trying to take it over. The moon controls our ocean's tides and waves. It is the sole reason that we have tidal waves and tsunamis. If we destroy it, there will be no more tidal waves or tsunamis like the one that nearly destroyed the Chinese state of Japan last year. Our oceans will be wave free. This will make our ships sail smoothly across it and cause us to be less reliant on foreign oil. No more natural disasters caused by the oceans and less oil consumption by our shipping companies. Sounds like a win/win to me, right?

Speaking of using foreign oil, if we destroy the moon, chunks of it will likely fall harmlessly to Earth and we can pay immigrants pennies to harvest the moon rocks for us to collect the natural resources from. We can easily harvest

“AMERICA OWNS THE MOON. OUR FLAG IS PLANTED ON IT...”
hydrogen and hydrogen-3 from them and whatever country has the most hydrogen-3 will be the superpower of the world. All we need to do is set up a controlled demolition of the moon to make the chunks fall on useless and uninhabitable places like Canada or France. Once we have the moon rocks on Earth, we just need to hire enough immigrants from the Home Depot parking lot to go collect them for us. It is another win/win situation and nobody important gets hurt.

Another great benefit is that we will be reducing the amount of stockpiled nuclear weapons we have without them going to waste and needing to be dumped in rural areas. We foolishly spend billions of dollars dismantling our nuclear arsenal. These weapons were gifts, a triumph of Caucasian ingenuity and might. If we must get rid of them, at least use them to destroy the moon. The savings could go to new military technology (maybe a wall on the Mexican border), or towards new oil exploration of northern lands. Thanks to the hippies, people who like the band The Phish and #Occupy protestors, we are required to lessen the amount of nuclear love that we can use to shower our enemies. By destroying the moon, we will lessen our nuclear arsenal but will also be providing much needed resources to our country. Another win/win (even the hippies can’t whine about this).

Destroying the moon will also end one of the most horrifying epidemics we have ever witnessed...the Twilight franchise. The Twilight franchise is a bunch of horrifying movies written by J.R.K. Tolkien, which they even made into a book series after the success of the movies. By destroying the moon, we will be able to seek out and kill all vampires because they will sparkle all the time. Also, werewolves can only become werewolves under moonlight. If there is no moon, there will be no werewolves. We have another win/win.

We will basically put an end to crime by destroying the moon as well. The majority of crimes are committed when the moon is high in the night sky. If there is no moon, crime rates would decrease by nearly 97%. How can we not allow this to happen? We don’t tolerate drug dealers in our gated communities, yet we allow this giant menace in the sky to continue causing crime? Imagine how nice it would be to walk through downtown, looking up at a sky filled with even more stars because the moon isn’t blocking them, and being able to do that without being stabbed or mugged by a homeless person.

The final thing that will be aided by destruction of the moon is the end of women’s menstruation. We all know that women menstruate on a lunar cycle. If there is no moon, there will be no lunar cycle—meaning there will be no more menstruation. Men will be much happier and productive and women will be almost like humans. Again, it is another win/win.

Join me this 4th of July in petitioning our Kenyan, Muslim Overlord named Barrack Obama to once and for all DESTROY THE MOON! All it does is stare at us all night and suck up our valuable sunlight. We could be having 90 degree weather all year long, but the moon steals 50% of our sunlight every day. WE MUST END THE MOON MENACE AND DESTROY IT NOW! We must DO IT FOR OUR CHILDREN! Thank you for your time, God bless you and have a happy and safe 4th of July.
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