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turning our daughters into whores
by bruce danus
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REBOOTING A CLASSIC
erotic city gets a facelift
by john voge
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THE DARK SIDE OF BEAUTY
exposing the delicate side of shadows
by natalie shau
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A NEW HIGH IN LOW
another fucked up dj lost in america
by mort subite
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Monday, September 24 - Crazy Hair/ Wig/Head Covering
Have Hair Of The Dog $4.90 Bloody Marys Or Bacon Martins
$2.50 Domestic Red Beers, All Day

Tuesday, September 25 - Beachwear
Wear Your Bikinis, Swim Trunks Or Whatever You Would Wear At The Beach
$7.00 Toro Teas Or Hurricanes

Wednesday, September 26 - Hollywood Look-alike
Dress Like Your Favorite Or Look-alike Celebrity
$8.00 Cosmopolitans

Thursday, September 27 - Naughty Schoolgirl Or Nerd
Be As Nasty Or As Naughty As You Want
$5.00 Jungle Juice Or $5.00 Jell-O Shots

Friday, September 28 - Civil War: Ducks Or Beavers?
Dress As Ducks Or Beavers, Clothing, Hats, Etc.
$5.00 Duck Farts Or $7.00 Chilly Dawg - Beer Specials $3.50
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Saturday, September 29 - HOMECOMING!! Dress To Impress!!
$5.00 Jungle Juice Or $7.00 Cheers On Tuesday Before 11:00pm
Week Of Spirit Daily Raffles And Giveaways!

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As we prepare to send our children back to school, one major worry is on every parent’s mind, “Will my child be subjected to a sex education class and become a slut?” The short answer to that is “Yes.” We all know that abstinence education is the only way to keep our children from engaging in back alley copulation with homeless strangers and drug dealers, but thanks to our Kenyan Overlord Dictator named Obama, we are forced to have our children taught about condoms and how fun abortions can be. This is not only Obama’s fault, some of the blame falls on Bill Clinton as well. Clinton made it seem fun to receive oral pleasures from random fatties while smoking a fish-scented cigar and lying under oath to the American people. This turned an entire generation of children into dirty sex addicts and strippers. That same generation, known as Generation X, is now the same people teaching our children.

There were simpler times, like the 1950s, when our boys only worried about baseball statistics and getting chocolate malts after school with their buddies. The girls wore dresses and remained silent. They learned how to cook and sew in school. You can still see the morals of this great generation if you wake up early enough. The men are dressed neat and sharp, wearing their sky blue slacks and proudly opening the door for their wives, who are fully made-up with their hair styled neatly in the requisite old lady curls.

Now, our schools are a war zone. Kids are shooting each other, playing Devil games like Pokémon and Magic the Gathering, and even using deadly drugs like marijuana and bath salts right under the bleachers. Our girls are getting pregnant at younger and younger ages, trying to get on MTV’s 16 and Pregnant just so that they can collect child support for the next 18 years and not need to work. Our boys are being given alcohol and hashish by teachers in order to get them to make naughty playtime in the coat room. This is all happening because Obama is not from America and doesn’t understand the Christian morals that this country was founded upon.

Back in the 1950s, we didn’t need to teach our children about condoms, safe sex and abortions—they had morals. Today, we have bands singing about wanting to get girls pregnant so that they can get bigger welfare checks to buy more drugs. Gone are the days when the boys would ask a girl to the malt shop and get nervous just trying to hold her hand. Now our kids are fornicating in the bathrooms at public parks with strangers, just so they can get an abortion and be cool in the eyes of the Liberals. People like Obama and Jon Stewart are teaching our children that there is nothing wrong with intercourse and that STDs are to be worn like a badge of honor. They are now trying to force us to teach our children that it is natural to make whoopee with members of the same sex too. They are saying that sex was not just made by God for married people to have children, but that it is just to make your body feel good. This is clearly a lie. If sex was just to make your body feel good and not for procreation, then women would be able to have orgasms like men do. We all know that is impossible, so why are these Liberals lying to our children about this?

There is one simple explanation; they want to legalize gay marriage. They believe that by teaching our children that it is acceptable to play hide the fire hose with anyone, regardless of their gender, it will help cause more children to choose to be gay. They believe that the gays deserve equal rights and should be able to marry and adopt children like normal people. By creating more gays, they create a larger voting bloc, thus insuring that they will win every election forever. We need to stop these Liberals from ruining our children’s minds with lies of Evolution and saying that gays were born that way. We need to get back to simpler times, like when Ronald Reagan was still President and helped America destroy the evil Communist threat of Russia in the Cold War. Even just going back to before 2008, when the great George W. Bush was President, would be fine with me. He kept us safe from the terrorists and we had a booming economy. Now with Obama in office, he is attempting to turn us into a Socialist country. He is trying to make my tax dollars pay for any crackhead who wants an abortion or any marijuana junkie who needs their next hit of methadone. Well, I will not put up with it anymore. I hope you will all join with me in November and help us bring our country back to greatness. We need to vote to ban Sex Education in schools, make strict penalties for marijuana abuse, ban Gay Marriage and make abortions illegal.
As we prepare to send our children back to school, one major worry is on every parent's mind, "Will my child be subjected to a sex education class and become a slut?" The short answer to that is "Yes." We all know that abstinence education is the only way to keep our children from engaging in back alley copulation with homeless strangers and drug dealers, but thanks to our Kenyan Overlord Dictator named Obama, we are forced to have our children taught about condoms and how fun abortions can be. This is not only Obama's fault, some of the blame falls on Bill Clinton as well. Clinton made it seem fun to receive oral pleasures from random fatties while smoking a fish-scented cigar and lying under oath to the American people. This turned an entire generation of children into dirty sex addicts and strippers. That same generation, known as Generation X, is now the same people teaching our children.

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Welcome to the all-new Erotic City. This month will mark a new beginning for Exotic’s longest running monthly column as we pop open the hood and re-tune the engine to make your adventures in Erotic City more well-rounded locally, as well as globally. Yeah, Spooky is still around here somewhere, but we won’t be putting his rants at center stage anymore. He’s gotten older and frankly, rather boring. So, for the time being, your gracious editor will be at the helm of the good ship, Erotic City.

Our first voyage will take you a troubling scenario unfolding in the state often referred to as the microcosm of the entire country, Illinois.

TAXING SIN

In a number of states across the country, so-called “sin taxes” exist for smoking, gambling and alcohol. Now, Illinois has taken the business of sin to a new low by initiating a “sin tax” for strip clubs (also known as a “pole tax” in Texas) which backers say, will raise up to $1 million a year to fund rape crisis centers in the state.

Illinois Governor, Pat Quinn, signed a law creating the Sexual Assault Services and Prevention Fund, sponsored by Democratic State Senators Toi Hutchinson and Sara Feigenholtz. The state senate passed the bill by unanimous vote in May, after a similar bill had already passed in Texas.

Put into action to stimulate the declining state funding for rape crisis centers, the new law allows the Illinois Department of Human Services to administer the fund to centers, which will be supported through the Live Adult Entertainment Facility Surcharge. Strip club operators will pay a charge on gross receipts on a tiered basis or a $3 surcharge for each patron. The law takes effect Jan. 1, 2013.

Hutchinson had initially proposed a $5 tax for the entry of each customer admitted into a live adult entertainment facility. She said the $3 surcharge and tiered structure, which is dependent on a club’s size and revenues, was a compromise proposed by club owners.

Micheal Ocello, president of the Illinois Club Owners Association, went on record with local media to say, “When the bill was first introduced, I was unable to find scientific proof that going to an adult club causes people to go out and commit rape or commit crimes,” though he applauded Hutchinson for “trying to do something good.”

Anthropologist Katherine Frank said one can’t single out strip clubs as promoting the treatment of women as sexual objects. She said attempts to link violence against women directly to visiting strip clubs, or viewing pornography, would be “far too simplistic.”

Texas Governor Rick Perry signed a $5 “pole tax” law in 2007, which also collects $5 from alcohol-serving strip clubs for each customer who enters the club in order to fund sexual assault prevention programs. A strip club owner in Texas and the Texas Entertainment Association sued the state attorney general and comptroller over the tax, saying it restricted free speech. But, the Texas Supreme Court ruled in August 2011, that the fee was constitutional and was only a “minimal restriction.”

Texas has already raised millions since the law was enacted and state lawmakers estimate it will bring in about $44 million.

Next stop, grab the Aquanet and head for Sin City baby.

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS GETS CRÜÈ'D IN VEGAS

Well, here’s one we could all see coming—Mötley Crüe singer, Vince Neil, has decided it’s time to work where he, uh... eats? Earlier this summer, Vince Neil’s Girls, Girls, Girls opened in his hometown of Las Vegas (about one mile off the strip across from The Orleans Hotel) where Déjà Vu had formerly resided.

“It’s something I always wanted to do,” said Neil. “So it’s like a dream come true. “This is the first rock and roll strip joint. It was a business opportunity to become a partner, that was too good to pass up. First, the girls will be edgier. Tattoos won’t be banned. They will look like they stepped out of a music video. Hot, provocative and edgy. I know it all comes down to G-strings in the end, but they’ll start out with much sexier outfits than you find elsewhere. Second, the music isn’t going to be boring. None of that house, generic strip club music. This will be full on rock and roll. We’re going to have a lot more fun and a lot more dancing with our music. It will be a blast from start to finish. Yeah, we’ll even play a little Mötley, but tons of others too! I know what guys want in sexy girls and we’ll have more than enough of that. I’m going to orchestrate the sexiest girls in town. I’ve always wanted to have a strip club and this one is going to be the best there is. I’m going to be there to guarantee that.”

Neil also confirmed the new topless nightclub project could wind up as a reality TV series on cable. “We’ve talked about filming behind the scenes of what goes into putting together a new club and all the fun, sexy stuff with the girls,” he said. “There’s plenty of reality television components in there—add in all the sexy stuff and Girls, Girls, Girls will be really Hot, Hot, Hot!”

Neil is a successful entrepreneur in Las Vegas; his businesses include tattoo parlors, restaurants and now a strip club.

Now boarding for New Jersey, where reality TV can turn middle-aged bimbos into strip club tycoons.

REAL HOUSEWIVES OF THE BADA BLING?

In Rutherford, New Jersey, The Real Housewives of New Jersey continue to cash in on their fame by reportedly opening a new strip club—Bada Bling.

Real Housewives of New Jersey had a brilliant business idea. “Many viewers thought the housewives were either strippers, ex-strippers, or “professional” ladies,
so why not take advantage of that perception and open a strip club,” said a source close to the Housewives.

One of the housewives, Melissa Gorga, was quick to reveal that she never, EVER stripped during her stint as a bartender at Lookers Gentlemen’s Club in New Jersey and plans on suing anyone who says or even thinks about her being a stripper. But a source says Melissa feels she has a lot of experience in strip clubs and her business acumen will help make their new club a smash success.

The unique twist on the club? “All strippers will be wearing VERY expensive jewelry—jewelry they can’t afford” said a source close to the Housewives. Teresa Giudice, Jacqueline Laurita, Caroline Manzo, Melissa Gorga and Kathy Wakile of the “The Real Housewives Of New Jersey” will be joined by ex-housewife Danielle Staub, who has a great deal of experience in strip clubs, in the new venture.

Why not cash in even more on their fleeting fame? Gorga and her Jersey cohorts wanted to name the club Jersey Girls, but Bruce Springsteen (and Tom Waits) reportedly sent them cease and desist letters—so they came up with the brilliant name Bada Bling. “It’s a takeoff on that strip club in the Sopranos’, except it shows that we are more upscale than those whores,” said a source close to the Jersey Housewives.

Overseas, most likely brought to you from the creators of Toddler & Tiaras, it’s time for…

**PRESCHOOL POLE DANCING**

Move over Bratz, there’s a new wildly inappropriate toy in town. This little missy comes equipped with her own disco ball, flashing strobe light and yep, you guessed it…a stripper pole. True, pole dancing is gaining popularity as a tongue-in-cheek way for women to have fun at the gym or bachelorette parties. And yes, this doll is apparently sold only in Asia to off-price retailers. But this, combined with other disturbing trends among young girls, points to a more and more sexualized childhood experience.

Surprisingly, this isn’t even the first time this has happened—back in 2006, British retailers Tesco sold a product called “My First Stripper Pole”—an actual stripper pole how-to kit for little girls. Here’s a blurb from their marketing materials: “Unleash the sex kitten inside…simply extend the Peekaboo pole inside the tube, slip on the sexy tunes and away you go!” The product was quickly taken off the shelves after an angry backlash from parents, but clearly, the world still has a yen for teaching tots how to strip.

And yet, another reality TV monstrosity infects the world of exotic entertainment as rival strip clubs enter…

**THE BATTLE FOR OCTOMOM’S VAGINA**

Today in the world of very serious legal battles, a strip club tried to get an emergency injunction to keep Octomom, Nadya Suleman from stripping at a competing club. Suleman, was due to launch her stripping career last month in T’s Lounge in West Palm Beach with a series of eight shows. Unfortunately, after one of the club’s bartenders called her “crazy” in a TV interview, Suleman canceled the gigs just days after signing the contract and threatened to appear at the nearby Playhouse Gentlemen’s Club.

T’s Lounge says, Suleman was required by contract to give 35 day’s notice of cancellation, and only gave 34 day’s notice. The lawsuit also claims Suleman is barred, per the contract, from appearing within 50 miles and 90 days of the T’s Lounge gigs. The club wants more than $15,000, seeing as the lack of an Octomom strip show caused “irreparable harm.”

Circuit Judge Timothy McCarthy has ruled against holding an emergency hearing requested by T’s Lounge in West Palm Beach, saying the situation does not “constitute a legal emergency.”

Octomom new masturbation video, Octomom’s Home Alone is now available through Wicked Pictures.

Last stop, Portland, Oregon. Land of the free and home of the depraved—where this month marks the return of the state’s biggest erotic competition event, **MISS EXOTIC OREGON 2013 BACK WITH A VENGEANCE!**

After taking an 8-month hiatus from 3 solid years of promotional titans, such as Ink ‘N’ Pink and PoleroticA, Exotic magazine’s promotional division will reboot last year’s most successful event to date, Miss Exotic Oregon. When contacted, the event organizer (me) had the following to say:

From start to finish, Miss Exotic Oregon was probably the one event that will have the most impact on me—it was almost like a lifetime-achievement kind of moment. That might sound a little weak, but when you consider the fact that the series of events started less than a month after shaking off cancer and the 12 weeks of surgeries, chemotherapy and radiation that went along with it. So I went from that, straight into spending three months collecting the best of the best of Portland’s naked goddesses. Good to be alive? Fuck yeah. Yet, by the time Lady Stockholm captured the crown and the curtain closed on Miss Exotic Oregon last December—in the back of my mind, I wanted it to be done. I was tired. And with another competition coming up less than two months later, I made the difficult decision to suspend PoleroticA, cancel Ink ‘N’ Pink and get some much needed rest—it had been a tough year.

So after a little relaxation and rejuvenation of the soul, I’m back bitches! Miss Exotic Oregon 2013 launches next month with the first preliminary qualifier round at Mystic Gentlemen’s Club on Thursday, October 4. At press time, pre-registration entries have shown us some returning favorites and runner-ups as well as some truly amazing, fresh faces.

Boasting the same generous payout of $5,000 cash and the cover of Exotic’s very special January 2013 issue, the competition will also take a few new twists and turns along the way this year that will promise to make this event the most spectacular of its kind.

*continued on page 33*
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It is with no shame; I admit I probably would have been better suited for the Portland of the 1930s through the late 60s. I think men look better in suits and hats, and women are hot in dresses with garters and stockings. Good manners were the standard, not the exception. There are things of the current modern age I do enjoy; such as computers, the internet, modern media and good coffee. But, they don’t give me the sense of satisfaction I get when putting on a LP record of Howlin’ Wolf, or The Beatles classic Twist and Shout, picking up and firing a handcrafted Smith & Wesson or Colt handgun from the 50s or walking in and ordering a cocktail from a bar that has been in the city for over seventy years.

As a child and a young man, I was fortunate enough to have two mentors who introduced me to the tail end of what I call Old Portland. My grandfather was a southern gentleman from Mississippi. In the 30s and 40s, he was a sideman and played the dance halls of Texas and Oklahoma with the likes of Ernest Tubb. He relocated to Portland after the war and managed farms and ranches the rest of his life. Jakes, Huber’s, the original Rose’s and the Republic Café were some of his favorite places to eat. So was Bwana Junction, a long gone higher-end gun store that was located in Downtown Portland. The grand old man never had a problem dragging a youngster along with him to these places. I learned manners, good food, Duke Ellington, Hank Williams, Stetson hats and the art of shooting a revolver and shotgun from him. My other mentor of Portland was my high school girlfriend’s father. He showed me a bit of the darker side of Portland. Ken was an Air Commando in Vietnam and had a taste for Scotch whiskey, fast cars, shady deals and the ladies. Even though undertake, my size and demeanor allowed me to accompany him into a lot of establishments I should not have legally been in, such as the long gone Carriage Room. Both these men taught me about Portland—some things good and some bad.

So Cooper, what the hell is the point of this? It was a way for us to get to some long-established places here in Portland, where men can still pursue some manly endeavors. In no particular order, here are a few.

Once upon a time, men wore hats. Today when we think of men wearing hats, we pretty much envision either a baseball cap worn at every angle but the correct one or (I shudder at this) the flags still on the bill. But, if you want a real fedora or panama, there is only one place to go, John Helmers for Men on SW Broadway—Portland haberdasher of choice for around 85 years. Things like the impeccable service and selection, right down to the same vintage shopping bags they have used for about 50 years, have made me love this place.

So, now that you are decked out in your new panama and maybe a blue blazer, let's find a nice old-school Portland bar to have a drink and maybe a bit of fine dining. Two of my favorites are the original Jakes Famous Crawfish on SW 12th and The Ringside on West Burnside. Jakes has been serving up cocktails, crawfish, oysters on the half shell, excellent seafood and steaks for 110 years. It would be right at home in my favorite US city of New Orleans. The powerbrokers of Portland once ruled the city from the curtained-off private dining rooms here. Before corporate steakhouses and emaciated vegans invaded our city, the Ringside had already been here serving excellent cuts of beef since 1944. I particularly love their bar, filled with vintage sports memorabilia of Portland. Neither of these places is necessarily inexpensive, but for special occasions or just a cocktail and some people watching, they are exceedingly hard to beat.

Maybe you are more in the mood for a cold beer and cheaper fare. I’ve got that covered too. Some last bastions of old Portland taverns are still around, such as Kelly’s Olympian—a great working man’s bar established in 1902, located on 426 SW Washington street. Out in the Southeast, you have Nick’s Famous Coney Island. They have been serving up cold beer and great food, located smack dab in the Hawthorne District since 1935. Over on Sandy Blvd, you have Pal Shanty’s. An old-school bar that has been serving buckets of steamer clams, Crab Louies and cold drafts for just about forever.

While there are many other old Portland spots, I think these are a nice sampler to get you started. I always chuckle when I see the “Keep Portland Weird” bumper stickers. I remember when it was truly happening, classy (in its own way) and truly weird without trying—it just was Old Portland. There are parts of a passage from the good doctor, Hunter S. Thompson’s book Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, that sums up what I see in my mind when I think of the Portland I grew up in.

Maybe it meant something. Maybe not, in the long run…but no explanation, no mix of words or music or memories can touch that sense of knowing that you were there and alive in that corner of time and the world. Whatever it meant…history is hard to know, because of all the hired bullshit, but even without being sure of “history” it seems entirely reasonable to think that every now and then the energy of a whole generation comes to a head in a long, fine flash, for reasons that nobody really understands at the time—and which never explain, in retrospect, what actually happened…with the right kind of eyes you can almost see the high-water mark—that place where the wave finally broke and rolled back.

Until next time, smoke ‘em if you got ‘em.
Once upon a time, men wore hats. Today when we think of men wearing hats, we pretty much envision a baseball cap worn at every angle but the coroner might think that every now and then the energy of a whole generation comes to a head in a long, fine flash, for reasons that nobody really understands at the time. You have to make the window of your own generation open and let the smoke pitch your brains as it rises, or the heat will bake you back into old habits. But, if you want a real fedora or panama, there is only one place to go, John Helmers for Men in Downtown Portland. The grand old man never had a problem dragging a youngster along with him to these bastions of old Portland taverns are still around, such as Kelly's Olympian—a great working man's bar in the Pearl District since 1935. Over on Sandy Blvd, you have Nick's Famous Crawfish. An old-school bar that has been serving steamer clams, Crab Louies and cold drafts buckets of steamer clams, Crab Louies and cold drafts for just about forever.

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The complete calendar is as follows:

**Preliminary Qualifier Round 1**
Thursday, October 4
Mystic Gentlemen’s Club

**Preliminary Qualifier Round 2**
Thursday, October 11
Venue TBA

**Preliminary Qualifier Round 3**
Thursday, October 18
Venue TBA

**Preliminary Qualifier Round 4**
Thursday, October 25
Venue TBA

**Semi-Final Round 1**
Friday, November 1
Venue TBA

**Semi-Final Round 2**
Friday, November 8
Venue TBA

**Wild Card Round**
Friday, November 15
Venue TBA

**The Final Round**
Date & Venue TBA

At press time, several of the above dates are under sponsorship negotiations, most likely, by the time you’re reading this, the events have been booked. To inquire about booking availability for Miss Exotic Oregon events, contact John at (503) 816-4174.

Dancer registration for the events is now open; just email missexoticoregon@xmag.com for entry information. Visit us at exotic magazine | xmag.com for a complete posting of event rules, scoring, performance expectations, prizes and updates on event locations throughout the next several months.

Stay Exotic Portland!

**September Events**

**Sun 2** - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Stars’ Big Glitter Party

**Sat 8** - Hard Candy (Salem) - Inked – live bands & tattooing, door prizes & raffles

**Doc’s** - Europa’s Sweet 16 Party with drink specials & tattoo virgin giveaways from Raven Ink

**Thu 13** - Heat - Pretty Pussy Contest - $1,000 cash prize (open to all)

**Fri 14** - Pallas Club - The Great Pallas & Dream On Covergirl Hunt - Preliminary Qualifier Round 3

**Wed 19** - Club 205 - Pretty Pussy Contest - $1,000 cash prize (open to all)

**Thu 20** - Mystic Gentlemen’s Club - Miss Exotic Oregon 2013 - Preliminary Qualifier Round 1 - Your first chance to qualify for the finals with over $5,000 in cash & prizes, plus the cover of Exotic magazine

**Fri 21** - Dream On Saloon - The Great Pallas & Dream On Covergirl Hunt - Preliminary Qualifier Round 4

**Sky Club** - Fall Equinox Back-to-School Celebration

**Stars Cabaret (Salem)** - Hillbilly Ho’ Down with live music by Rock ‘N’ Roll Cowboys

**Wild Orchid** - 1-year Anniversary Party

**Sat 22** - Boom Boom Room - Detention- A party for bad girls & boys with feature acts, contests & Dante’s pizza

**Stars Cabaret (Salem)** - Naughty Schoolgirl Party with live music by Erotic City

**Thu 27** - Club Rouge - Miss Exotic Oregon 2013 - Preliminary Qualifier Round 2 - Your second chance to qualify for the finals with over $5,000 in cash & prizes, plus the cover of Exotic magazine

**Heat** - VIP Party with free food specials & giveaways

**Mystic Gentlemen’s Club** - DJ Dick Hennessy’s Bottomless Party with prizes, special celebrity guests & more

**Sat 29** - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - DJ Dick Hennessy presents the Best Breasts of the West Contest with $1,000 cash prize

**Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport)** - Naughty Schoolgirl Party Back-To-School Edition – get teamed up with your favorite girl & spill your brains for gifts & prizes

**Pallas Club** - Naughty Schoolgirl Competition with $100 cash to the naughtiest schoolgirl

**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

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

**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

**Devils Point** - Soul Night

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

**WEDNESDAYS** - Pallas Club - Come see what you get for free every hour on the hour from 9-12 plus 2-for-1 private dances

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

**Devils Point** - 80s Night

**Pallas Club** - Come see what you get for free every hour on the hour from 9-12 plus 2-for-1 private dances

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

**Devils Point** - Free poker tournament at 7pm

**Safari Showclub** - BBQ Night 6-9pm

**Doc’s** - Bacon & Boobs from 12-7pm

**Stars Cabaret (Beaverton)** - Free Prime Rib with paid admission

**THURSDAYS** - Pallas Club - Come see what you get for free every hour on the hour from 9-12 plus 2-for-1 private dances

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

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

**SUNDAYS** - Dante’s - Sinforno Cabaret

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

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

**Jody’s Bar & Grill** - Nascar Sundays

**Devils Point** - World Famous Stripparaoke!

**Carnaval (Male Dancers)** - Stripper Sundays - free admission to all exotic dancers
Artists can be difficult to wrangle. It was easy to seek out 24-year old Natalie Shau; as her stunning mixed-media pieces have infiltrated the popular trendster webpage known as Tumblr. Shau’s artwork is created using a blend of photo manipulation, 3D elements and digital painting/drawing. Inspired by religious imagery, fairytales and the dark, macabre side of beauty, Natalie’s creations have exploded on the net via fan pages such as fuckyeahnatalieshau.tumblr.com, and of course, Facebook. Her website, natalieshau.carbonmade.com, links directly to an email form, from which I immediately received a response. Although easy to find, this beautiful Eastern European artist is the first subject I’ve interviewed, who does not call English their first language, as Shau is of Russian and Kazakh heritage and currently lives in Lithuania (Vilnius).

It has been said that female artists always make their subject beautiful. Yet in Shau’s case, she has perfected the ability to create beauty and light within the shadows of the grotesque. Each character is reminiscent of a dark, twisted fairytale heroine, sexualized yet innocent, with huge floating eyes and full, relaxed lips. The surreal beauty is hypnotic, yet sometimes slightly unnerving—taking the viewer to a place somewhere in between your sweetest dreams and your most haunting nightmares.

Though our interview with Natalie was brief and challenged by international hiccups in communication, we were lucky enough to get a small peek inside the mind of this very talented artist. What we may lack in text, the breathtaking images on these pages more than make up for. Enjoy.

Your work has spanned the globe and has established praise and recognition in several countries. What would your American fans find most recognizable?

I had a gallery showing for tattoo artist, Kat Von D and worked with the band, Cradle of Filth.

You say that your works are inspired by gothic horror, can you name some specific influences?

Not all of my works are inspired by horror, but some, most definitely. I have been influenced by the horror stories of Russian classical writer Gogol, as well as such horror masters as Edgar Allan Poe, HP Lovecraft and Thomas Ligotti.

What can you tell me about your newly-released art book?

It is a large, square-format book with 70 of my best works that I created between 2005 through 2010. They are printed on beautiful luster-coated paper. Each book is hand-signed and numbered in a limited edition of 500 copies. It can be purchased directly by emailing me at blu3black@gmail.com.

How did you determine which pieces to select for your book?

I just selected works that I consider being the most refined and beautiful.

It looks like you work with multiple mediums, is that correct?

Yes, I work as a photographer and I also create photo art and digital illustrations. With photography, I prefer fashion and portraits. In my photo art and illustration, I combine my photography, 3D elements and digital painting.
**What's your favorite piece?**  
Usually the last one I created (smiles) if I think it worked out well.

**Can your work be purchased?**  
Yes, I sell limited edition giclées (chek-Klay - a typically higher quality inkjet print, often used for fine art reproductions). I sell them through galleries all over the world and they can be purchased directly from me online as well.

**Who are your favorite artists?**  
I do not have a single favorite artist; there are just far too many great ones.  
Currently, I find inspiration in the works of fashion designer Alexander McQueen, Academy Award winning costume designer Eiko Ishioka and sculptor/photographer Kate McGwire.

**Do you do commissioned works?**  
Yes, I often work with musicians, fashion designers or writers. I just finished a great book cover for Darren Roberts’ *The Unexpected Story*—a book about how porn became one of the smartest industries on the planet. I’m about to shoot the second cover for dark, teen satire author, Tonya Hurley’s *Blessed* series in August.  
So I do many things, and if someone needs interesting visuals for their special project, I may be able to help with that.

Natalie Shau is available for freelance commissions and has clients and collectors in the United States, Germany, Czech Republic, Lithuania, France and Italy. natalieshau.carbonmade.com
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AMANDABLOW@LOVERANCH.NET

HOTTEST SEX OF A LIFETIME!

XXX STAR! THE BEST EROTIC EXPERIENCE! (VEGAS)
Some dancers refuse to do lap dances—other girls rely on them for earnings. While nothing compares to the adrenaline rush of an amazing stage performance, I’ve always enjoyed the calm (not to mention lucrative) intimacy that lap dances can render. However, once seated away from the crowd, the three walls of privacy offer little protection from the potential weirdness of one-on-one interaction. I’ve ended songs prematurely for many reasons; because my customer was rude, smelly or those two instances that I was vomited upon. Another time, I’m pretty sure I was nearly stabbed with hedge clippers by a man wearing overalls and glitter nail polish, à la Buffalo Bill.

Alternately, some of the most poignant experiences I’ve ever shared with a stranger have been during lap dances. I’ve been the going away present to soldiers of war, or husbands to be, the coming out gift to newly-minted lesbians, and I even met a couple of boyfriends via private dance. Doing private dances can actually be a cathartic and mutually bonding experience—it’s almost therapeutic at times.

Last week was any other Friday evening at Lucky Devil. Two out-of-towners had bought my affection with tequila and I was anticipating a good night. After enjoying a half hour of easy conversation, a customer inquired about lap dances, so we made our way to the quieter, curtained room. He was a decade older than me at least and smelled of clean laundry and aftershave. I inhaled deeply, appreciating the masculine scent. A familiar song began pulsing over the speakers and I started moving to it. About a minute in, he spoke.

“I bet your dad would be real proud of you right now.”

I was so immediately angered and surprised, that I did not respond or even react. I had a couple more minutes to consider a response. I did not stop moving on and around him. I considered letting it go. I asked if he would like a second song. “Does that change the price?”

It is said that there are no stupid questions, but I never liked that saying. Whatever, man. I just wanted to eat my peanut butter and banana sandwich, sitting in my lockbox backstage, but I was a few digits from making my nightly goal and felt it necessary to proceed. He spoke again; “So, what do you do when this lifestyle gets old?”

“Lifestyle?”

“Yes, all this. This lifestyle.”

“Dude, I was up at eight this morning. I don’t even smoke cigarettes. What lifestyle do you think I have?” This seemed to quiet him.

I completed his two songs, but his aforementioned comment had certainly put a damper on my enthusiasm. As he reached into his wallet, I sat deliberately on the bench seat across him and folded my hands slowly.

“You know, that thing you just said about my dad, can you explain what you meant by that?”

“Oh. I didn’t mean anything by it.”

Uh-huh.

“So, in case you don’t realize, it is never a polite thing to say to a stripper, or to imply that her parents are ashamed of her at all. Mine, however, are not.” He raised his hands in defense, realizing he’d figuratively stepped in shit. In hindsight, it’s never polite to suggest to anyone that their parents have no respect for a job, be you a janitor, burger flipper, stripper or politician.

He tried to argue his point—he hadn’t one. I was becoming increasingly agitated when he spilled the beans.

“My dad was a card-carrying member of the KKK and a police officer. My mom was a school administrator and I got disciplined from both ends. Seriously, really HARD discipline. I didn’t have much of a fun childhood.”

It immediately made sense. It’s been years since Psych 101, but I didn’t need no mothafuckin’ psychology degree to realize that this Everyday Joe had some serious Jerry Springer-type issues. I suddenly felt incredibly sorry for him. Still, on the principle, I pressed him.

“So, basically, you’re projecting your problems on to me?”

He objected to that idea, but I wasn’t even angry anymore. I’ve never visited a therapist, but I’ve often wondered what it’s like. I imagine that, for some of my customers, the lap dance chair is the closest thing to a psychiatrist’s couch. Based on what I’ve been told by some of them, it can be just as therapeutic and actually, more affordable. There’s a joke based on a Bloodhound Gang song, “the lap dance is better when the stripper is crying.” I can’t attest to that, but I’ve seen so many dudes cry while I’m naked in front of them, I’ve considered renaming my pussy The Tearjerker and carrying Kleenex in my bootie shorts. This Dude wasn’t a crier, but then again, I think he was only two drinks deep. Rather, he had taken the alternate route, spewing verbal diarrhea that could easily offend total strangers, without him even taking a second thought.

Everybody has problems. The ability to cope and work out major life issues can be the strength that shapes people into fulfilled individuals. If this is not achieved, then they are the type I can expect to roll up singles and fling them at dancers, toss chewed gum on the stage or just be antagonistic in general.

I’m a firm believer that those who go out of their way to make others unhappy, are simply trying to alleviate themselves of their own misery. Ladies, don’t let the bastards get to you. Like kicking puppies or pissing on an anthill, insulting the naked person in front of you is easy and pointless. They say living well is the best revenge—and that is what I did. I wished him goodnight, collected my pay, ate my sandwich and picked up my cell phone to send a text message.

To: Mom
Msg: Just had a lame customer. Thanks to you and Dad for never abusing me or being in the KKK. Loves!

Elle is a dancer at Lucky Devil Lounge and a burgeoning psychologist. Unload emotionally on her Tuesday, Friday and Sunday nights from 9-close.
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Gather ‘round dear readers… I have a story to tell.

Back in the late 90s, there was a chat site called The Globe. In retrospect, I actually have quite a few fucked up stories from girls I met on the site. However, this story is a special kind of fucked up.

I went to vocational technical school for graphic design. When I graduated from the program, I scored a job at the local newspaper as a paginator. Essentially, it was my job to do some quick proofreading, layout editing and print the negatives that would eventually be used to plate the evening paper for printing. The actual job portion of my job consisted of maybe 2 hours worth of work in an 8 hour shift. My terminal had internet access and I signed up for a worldwide chat network called The Globe. Through the duration of a few weeks, I became close with a 30-year old BDSM stripper I met in public chat. We “fell in love,” and over the course of many phone calls, she eventually offered to fly me from my hometown in Northeastern Pennsylvania to her place in Austin, Texas for a few days of romance and sophisticated passion.

I didn’t give them the specifics of our relationship, but at the time, my parents were deeply, fundamentally religious and expressed serious misgivings about the trip. My mother accused this woman of “stealing her little boy from her” (she had issues), but after asserting myself a legal adult, I began my preparation for the trip.

Prep consisted of obtaining a half-ounce of weed and smoking the entire thing as quickly as I could before, during and after my trip to the airport. I was about as high as our cruising altitude for a solid 12 hours before I even got
anywhere near the Texas border, and I was jetlagged and LaMarcus Aldridge’d when I finally stumbled off the plane. Upon arriving at AUS, I belligerently demanded to a several-times-larger-than-life sized image of Willie Nelson “PAY YOUR FUCKING HIPPIE TAXES YOU COM-MIE SCUM.” My girlfriend speedily wheeled me away to the nearest airport bar and explained that Willie Nelson is the most revered person in Austin, Texas and that she just narrowly averted my catching of a righteous ass beating from several be-cowboy-hatted individuals who were none too thrilled with my slanderous accusations of the freakishly large image of the Pope of country music.

In the bar, we encountered the first of several not-very-well-thought-out quandaries that plagued our short relationship. Me not being the necessary age of legal alcohol consumption would prove to limit me to about zero places she frequented where I would be allowed entrance. The airport bar was also a restaurant, so I sat there while her and her stripper friend “Kitty Cocaine” downed a few Bloody Marys and I sputtered some random nonsense. I was commended for being much like my online presence (aside from internetisms, I type like I talk), but internally I was experiencing some serious anxiety and paranoia for a number of reasons.

It should be noted here, that I’ve very likely had varying degrees of bipolar and borderline personality disorders for most of my life. At the age of 14, I started smoking marijuana and consuming large quantities of LSD regularly. By the time I was 18, I was using pretty much every classification of drug you could imagine and my adolescent brain was a minefield of psychological sewage. On top of this, I had recently discovered Jungian psychology, as well as several “fringe psychology” and occult authors. Sanity was not necessarily my domain, but I’ve always been fairly charismatic and able to roll with the punches socially. At the time, unbeknownst to me, I was coming slowly unraveled and the rest of the trip was like a mental breakdown in slow motion.

Kitty drove us back to my girlfriend’s place and I was now experiencing a full on panic attack. My girlfriend gave me some sort of anti-anxiety pill, which did nothing to calm the vitriolic sea that churned in the center of my torso. We had sex. Awkward, MILF-banging, anxiety-riddled, “Oh fuck, she’s got a spiked hood stud and it feels like I’m being stabbed by a Smurf that lives on her pelvis” sex. Afterward, we drank wine and planned the evening’s entertainment. The Genitorturers were playing that night and we were all to go. My girlfriend had sway with the door guys at the club, so I was probably guaranteed to get in. After this, we ate some MDMA and got dolled up for the show.

At the time, I had only done molly once prior. That particular experience was tempered with ketamine and LSD, so I hadn’t really experienced the drug on its own. This was further complicated by the fact that, presently, Texas had some of the strongest MDMA in the country and I was also drunk, besieged by terrible anxiety and hundreds of miles from anything remotely familiar. Kitty, my girlfriend and I piled into Kitty’s car and Kitty put on A New High In Low by Pigface. The album had been released not long ago and was a mainstay in rivethead playlists at the time. We picked up two of the members of local industrial band Settlement 23 (warning, terrible emotronic music will be the fruits of your google-fu) and the MDMA came on, combining with the addition of more people I didn’t know and I began to feel horrible. Abject terror, I think, would be a not inappropriate term. The show was a blur. I remember enjoying the stage show immensely, but any time I was distracted from the focus of the show, reality came crashing down on me and I was stuck in Austin with a congregation of menacing strangers.

The show ended and we went back to Kitty’s place for Mimosas and after-show hanging out. Kitty put on Velvet Goldmine and insisted on pausing the film every 2 minutes to explain how “beautiful and special” the romance between Brian Slade and Curt Wild was, while my girlfriend curled up next to one of the guys in the band. After the film, everyone except me piled into Kitty’s bed and I was left to fend for myself on the couch—coming down off MDMA, booze, whatever the fuck that anxiety pill did to me, the airplane ordeal, a probable orgy I was not invited to (that my girlfriend was likely a participant of) and the bumper crop of marijuwacky I’d smoked in the last 48 hours. The situation was tense. Outlook…not good.

We went back to my girlfriend’s house the next day and spent some time with her roommate, who was a member of a suspension and body modification performance troupe. We watched Strangeland, and for some reason, I found myself intensely disturbed by the awful, cheesy film (this is coming from someone who, at the time could easily watch Faces of Death and eat Spaghetti-O’s whilst tripping on mushrooms). I think it was mostly the conglomeration of the drug rot and the emotional strain I was under. I hid out in my girlfriend’s room and babbled a bunch of psychology bullshit at her, trying to do some work toward individuating myself or whatever. I slept uneasily, and the next day we went to a CD release party for Settlement 23’s newly recorded “Paradise Lost Me” (pretension level: through the goddamned roof).

At the party, I got blackout drunk on bourbon and Cristal and made a complete cunt of myself. 14 years later and I still get a knot in my stomach thinking about it. Such is life. At any rate, I lost my boots, some more crazy drug shit happened and my girlfriend and I woke up at her friend’s house. He was clearly displeased that I was there, but tolerated my presence for the benefit of my girlfriend. Here, we watched the film Clean, Shaven (still a favorite of mine) and at one point I left the apartment to go get some cigarettes. At the time I was wearing Napalm Death’s, Nazi Punks Fuck Off shirt and conveniently, a fucking truckload of skinheads drove by.

I was forced to run for my life, managed to acquire smokes and head back to the relative safety of the apartment without further incident.

After this, the timetable is recollect fuzzily. I think we drank some more. I don’t recall. It’s all a mental stew of black mud, peppered with half-memories of Austin sprawl. The next thing I remember, is the dinner we went to the night before the morning of my flight back home. I babbled some more inexpertly understood pseudo-psychology, everyone looked at me like the crazy, drug-addled teenager I was. Sometime later, my girlfriend and I were in the car on the way to the airport with A New High In Low still in the disc player of Kitty Cocaine’s car. Not much was said during that ride. Not much really could, or even should, have been said. In fact, words should have ceased several days previous. I should have simply taken a taxi to the airport and negotiated a flight home after the ecstasy debacle. At any rate, my girlfriend-like person parked by the curb near the entrance and I grabbed my stuff. The last song on the album was somehow playing right when this happened. The song is an a cappella number consisting of the lyrics:

And you know
There’s nothing we can do
To make it better
You know, you know, you know (Repeated in a kind of “round” fashion)
She looked at me and said “Well, see ya.” I said nothing and walked into the air-conditioned abyss of the Austin-Bergstrom airport defeated, never to see her again.

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