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SURvIvING ARMAGEDDON
man up with some guy stuff
by cooper
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OUT wIth thE OLD & PAthEtIC
taking out the garbage for 2013
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As I’m sitting here writing this column, two days before the supposed Mayan Apocalypse, I’m tempted to write about all those things I’ve always wanted to say, but had to hold back since we are an advertiser-supported magazine. But, that would be rather pointless since if the world does end as predicted, no one will ever get to read it anyway. So, I’ll go ahead and hold some of my thoughts back, but with the shit storm of a week we just had in the wake of multiple mass shootings, there are definitely some things that need to be addressed. After editing the rest of the Exotic contributions, my cohorts obviously feel the same way, as even our own Erotic Muse projected a rather dark tone in this month’s contribution.

Most of what goes on in this world, we have absolutely no control over. They spoon feed us with illusions like the rights to vote, bear arms or freedom of speech. But as soon as your use of said rights conflicts with the powers that be, you are immediately stripped of said rights, silenced and bitcheslapped back into line. Our absolute lack of control on what goes on in this world is made painfully obvious every time you turn on your local news, also known as, the media. It saddens me to think that this magazine you hold in your hands is also grouped into the same pack of liars, thieves and parasites that make up the legions of corporate/government-controlled media. Exotic is pretty much an underground-zine-type publication that embraces its freedom of speech in a state protected by the most liberal constitution in the country, yet still, our freedom of speech is a joke. An advertiser-supported publication’s content can often be held hostage by its customers. The Portland adult entertainment industry is a bit like Fight Club and we all know the first rule of that, don’t we? Any dirty laundry such as tax evasion, statutory rape, sexual harassment, drug abuse or solicitation is swept under the carpet without a word. Just sit back and enjoy the tits and ass kiddies—nothing to see here. Until, some dead guy shows up in a strip club parking lot in his trunk and then the legitimate media goes into a feeding frenzy about what exactly is going on in your favorite strip club. A stripper turns up missing? No big deal—it happens every day, according to Portland’s boys in blue, (that apparently only protect and serve when it’s convenient or socially acceptable.)

Law enforcement isn’t my target here actually—they’ve obviously got their hands full these days. These guys are held in place under the same boot heel as the rest of us when it comes right down to it. If they make the single, slightest little mistake, the media will turn on them just as fast as the lingerie shop owner who got caught with his hands in theookie jar with an underage hooker. Be it police brutality or twenty dollar blowjobs in the porn store parking lot—it’s all news baby, and the media must feed.

Without the media, how many of you would be aware that the world is supposed to end in less than 48 hours? Where would the Doomsday Preppers spread their propaganda without the National Geographic Channel (a network which also broadcasts such hard-hitting world issues such as American Gypsies, Amish at the Altar or Dogs With Jobs)? The Learning Channel, which one would assume should be teaching us something, has reduced itself to “educate” brain-dead Americans with Hoarders, Toddlers & Tiaras, Extreme Couponing and its most-prized commodity, Honey Boo Boo. How about organized religion? They’ve been shouting about monsters, The Rapture and Armageddon at the hands of the Antichrist since it all began, but it’s a lot easier to discount their ranting and raving, than it is a distinguished news anchor on World News Tonight, isn’t it?

The world has definitely lost its way. It’s easy to blame the media, but it’s even more ridiculous when you look closer at social media. Following not one, but two mass shootings last week, Facebook literally exploded with the largest collection of uninformed bullshit and holier-than-thou rants in the wake of the tragedies at Clackamas Town Center and Sandy Hook Elementary. I was amazed at selfish declarations by some of my supposed friends that used these acts of senseless violence as a soapbox to solicit pity for themselves because they knew the killer’s best-friend’s mailman or one of the children that died in Sandy Hook used to go to their sister-in-law’s nursery school.

Social media is a breeding pit for attention-starved pieces of shit in general, but when it comes down to using senseless acts of violence against children to persuade your loved ones to feel sorry for “your loss,” maybe you should just do the rest of the world a favor and put yourself out of everyone else’s
misery, or at the very least, delete yourself.

The only benefit to social media is the fact that, sometimes, credible information actually surfaces online, but social networks such as Facebook are so cluttered with critical information such as your favorite stripper’s relationship status and how many likes the picture of your new ass tattoo has received, that you didn’t notice the fact that there were some direct connections between the Sandy Hook murders and the Colorado movie theater shooter. As our own Cooper points out in this month’s Guy Stuff, I had no idea that the Clackamas Town Center shooting was finally shut down when a civilian set his sights on the shooter with his own legally-concealed handgun.

But, things like that aren’t important, right? We’d much rather watch 10 hours of aerial footage of a mall or school parking lot with hundreds of law enforcement members standing around picking their asses. Or, let’s just take everyone’s guns away. Who cares if neither one of the shooters owned the weapons they turned on their innocent victims. Apparently, it’s much more important to misinform the public with inaccurate assumptions about why these events happened. 2 dead? 50 dead? He shot his mother first, then slaughtered the rest of a kindergarten classroom? Killed his girlfriend and her lover in the food court? If you don’t know the facts, just guess and put it on national television—the sheep will eat it up.

Maybe this was all foreshadowing to remind us that the world is all going to end in two days anyway. These fucktards were just the opening act. So, if two days is all we have left, maybe it’s time to unplug, log off and hold the ones you love close to you. If the world doesn’t end, consider it a wake-up call. It’s time for change my friends and the change can only begin within yourself.

P.S. Just in case the world doesn’t end, our fine advertisers would like to invite you to the following events.

See you at the rack, Portland (or possibly in Hell), whichever comes first.

JANUARY EVENTS
Fri 4 - Pallas Club - The Pallas Princess Contest Finale with $1,000 in cash to the top 3
Sun 6 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Holiday Party
Thu 10 - Heat - Portland’s Premier Pole Dancing Contest Semi-Finals with $2,000 in cash prizes
Mon 14 - Lucky Devil Lounge - AeroLynn’s Birthday Party
Thu 17 - Mystic Gentlemen’s Club - Anniversary Party with FoxyBoxing, live music with Betrayed By Weakness, food & drink specials & much more
Fri 18 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Blanket Party - bring in your “woobie” for free admission - all blankets will be donated to a local homeless shelter
Sat 19 - Doc’s XXX - Fetish Night with naughty features, raffles, giveaways & more
Mon 21 - Lucky Devil Lounge - Pixie’s Birthday Party
Wed 23 - Club 205 - Portland’s Premier Pole Dancing Contest Semi-Finals with $2,000 in cash prizes
Mystic Gentlemen’s Club - Ladies’ VIP Night - Join us in the VIP room for appetizers & shopping with 10% off all clothing & party shoes
Fri 25 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Panty Raid Party - come & get your souvenir panties

Sat 26 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Celebrating Blazers Appreciation Month with a raffle for Blazer tickets & apparel - wear Blazers gear to get in free all month long

WEAKLY EVENTS

MONDAYS
Rose City Strip - Metal Mondays with DJ Krista spinning only the truest of metal
Jody’s Bar & Grill - Football with specials on beer, drinks & wings during the game
Dante’s - Karaoke From Hell - sing with a live band
Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Free Prime Rib with paid admission 6-9pm then stay for Jägermeister Mondays with cheap Jägerbombs

TUESDAYS
Lucky Devil Lounge - Tiny Tuesdays with your host 3’6” Nik Sin
Club 205 - 2-for-Tuesdays with 2-girl shows
Heat - Authentic Mexican menu plus IPA draft specials & topless servers
Jody’s Bar & Grill - Tequila Tuesdays
Devils Point - Soul Night
Safari Showclub - Taco Tuesdays 2 for $2
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Taco Tuesday with free tacos from 6-9pm & Manana Tequila specials
Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Bud Light Super Bowl Big Screen Bonanza - every Tuesday in January enter to win a big screen TV - must be present on Friday, Feb 1 to win

WEDNESDAYS
Heat - Wild Wednesdays - drop in from 8-10pm for wild beer specials
Devils Point - 80s Night
Jody’s Bar & Grill - Date Night with drinks special for couples plus whiskey & martini specials
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Free Prime Rib with paid admission 6-9pm
Pallas Club - Bad Girl Wednesdays where the ladies get all the specials

THURSDAYS
Heat - Double Trouble Thursdays with 2-girl shows
Jody’s Bar & Grill - Taco Thursdays, with all-you-can-eat for $2 & Tecate specials
Exotica International - Ladies’ Night with DJ Bossie
Carnaval (Male Dancers) - Amateur Night
Pallas Club - Latin Thursdays, with Mexican food & Latin beats
Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Surf & Turf Thursdays
Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Giant Thursdays, with giant specials on giant beers & giant food

SUNDAYS
Dante’s - Sinforno Cabaret
Club Rouge - Throwback Absolut Industry Night, with special prices on all Absolut flavors, plus Absolut gear giveaways
Pallas Club - Free pool all day & night, plus Service Industry night specials with OLCC ???
Jody’s Bar & Grill - Bloody Mary specials
Devils Point - World Famous Stripparaoke!
Safari Showclub - Free pool all day & night
Soobie’s - Silly String Sundays
**PROBLEM: BOHEMIAN ENTITLEMENT**

When I was just out of high school, my immediate circle of friends gave me shit for taking advantage of financial aid money—claiming that such resources should be reserved for people with the inability to attend and pay for school, not all those who qualify. For years, I felt guilty about sucking up state-allocated money, but I applied the guilt to my education like any other white-liberal studies major. Fifteen years later, I know dozens (if not hundreds) of capable, middle-upper-class-background people my own age (or older) who complain about not receiving enough in unemployment benefits or food stamp credits. Now, we’ve all seen the brand new $900 tattoo on the punk rock panhandler, but that’s just the start of it. I don’t know if it’s my own biased personal experience, but I have encountered entire social circles that revolve around hook-ups, discount Pabst, free handouts.

This does not provide a solid foundation for the “city that works.” Follow my words clearly here if you are between 18 and 45, childless, single, not suffering from a physical ailment and legally able to be employed—there is absolutely no reason you should be relying on hookups and state supplements of any kind, whatsoever. Further, your job is easy and it pays well. Disagree? Start a business of your own. If I had a dollar for every Facebook post about how an “unfair employer” is “forcing” so and so to work under “illegal conditions” yadda yadda, I’d use it to purchase whatever mall food-court stand hired the person in question—turning it into a sweatshop that thrives off of a strict regiment of Asian kindergarteners forced to work at knifepoint. And yes, we’d drug test. On the flipside, one of my friends is a hip hopper (goes by Acheron Flow) who makes a few grand a month selling home-burnt CD-Rs to people who would otherwise never listen to rap music, let alone pay for it. Though the fact remains, you can get a job. It might suck, you might have to kiss a little ass to get the good shifts and your employer may demand that you *gasp* change your sleep schedule, physical appearance and/or transportation budget in order to provide them with the service that they need for their company.

I don’t blame apathy or laziness, however. I blame the hook ups and entitlements. Sure, I’m as guilty as anyone else of accepting a free meal from a client or a few drink tickets at a gig, but I have never once expected the treatment. Why is it that in 1996, Portland was accustomed to paying fifteen bucks to see Defiance at La Luna, but almost twenty years later, a five dollar cover charge is seen as an insult because you tucked the guy at the bar at last year’s Circle Jerk Awards party and thus deserve to take food out of the sound guy’s kid’s mouth? Thankfully I have not seen a whole lot of this in the strip club industry, but we’re also one of the few cliques left who understands the concept of “work harder, make more.”

As a side note, I’m not one of those bootstrap-pulling conservatives who believe drug cartels shouldn’t pay taxes when selling kidnapped workers to Monsanto either. I just don’t understand why my gutter punk friends are able to pay cover while the hipster with the nine-hundred dollar phone has a problem with it.

**SOLUTION:** Punchcards. Everywhere. Pay for ten shows/drinks/lapdances, get one free.

**PROBLEM: BIKE LANES**

Remember when grown men who rode bicycles to work were bad asses because they were obviously on their DUI? Lanes reserved for bikes on Portland roads get about as much use as handicapped parking spots at Goodwill or those phallic ashtrays in the bar parking lots. First, we (as in people who love riding bikes but also own an automobile because we don’t like choosing between inhaling fumes on a one-mile, two-hour commute) have given you every right of way and special privilege you’ve asked for. Tired of looking to the left before making a turn? We’ll mark off half of our lane with a bright green box. Using the green box to inch in front of rush hour commuters so you can accelerate at a pace slower than The Hobbit movie while the rest of us illegally use our cell-phones to let our bosses know we’re now running late? Fine, we’ll make it legal for you to ride in the center lane and build you free-range, open paths with panoramic views of the city. Still, you ignore all these things and pretend physics don’t exist as you pedal your lack of ambition and ability to qualify for an auto loan down MLK at five in the afternoon.

**SOLUTION:** Widen the bike lanes, give them to cars.

**PROBLEM: POINTS FOR TRYING**

“She’s not the best looking stripper, but she’s nice.” “He kind of sucks as a DJ, but he has lots of music.” “He’s a shitty cook, but he lives with the bar manager.” “She’s a terrible person with absolutely no regard for humanity as a whole and lives for the sole purpose of uploading pictures of her tattooed cleavage to Facebook, while somehow claiming to be “in a relationship,” but she’s great with kids.” Ad nauseum. Perhaps you’ve always wanted to be a fireman (or bartender), but you know damn well you don’t have what it takes to actually lift a hose and aim it—perhaps you should actually apply yourself to something you’re good at (or will eventually be good at), instead of living that dream that the rest of us all wish would die. From half-assed food carts to bands that soundcheck on stage seconds before their “performance,” I can safely say that I am speaking for the masses when saying stop. Just…stop. Please!

**HONORABLE MENTIONS**

**Dubstep (2nd Year in a Row)** - 140 beats a minute requires absolutely no talent to mix, especially when you’re drowning everything out with bass. There, I said it. Ball’s in your court, DJs.

**Taco Bell** - What the fuck happened? How do you even go about making garbage food actually taste like garbage? Flavor is the only variable you have any control over and you’ve failed us, Taco Bell.

**Feminism** - You’ve been the majority for over three decades and I’m still paying for abortions. Fück this.

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I just don't understand why my gutter worker to Monsanto either. I just don't understand why my gutter believes drug cartels shouldn't pay taxes when selling kidnapped people. As a side note, I'm not one of those bootstrap-pulling conservatives who understands the concept of "work harder, make more." As a member of the strip club industry, but we're also one of the few cliques left where we're not afraid to admit we're in it for the money.

Thankfully I have not seen a whole lot of this guy's kid's mouth? Unfortunately I have seen a whole lot of this guy's kid's mouth? Thankfully I have not seen a whole lot of this guy's kid's mouth? Thankfully I have not seen a whole lot of this guy's kid's mouth?

But almost twenty years later, a five dollar cover charge is seen as an insult because you fucked the guy at the bar at last year's Circle. But almost twenty years later, a five dollar cover charge is seen as an insult because you fucked the guy at the bar at last year's Circle. But almost twenty years later, a five dollar cover charge is seen as an insult because you fucked the guy at the bar at last year's Circle. But almost twenty years later, a five dollar cover charge is seen as an insult because you fucked the guy at the bar at last year's Circle.

I know what you're thinking. I know what you're thinking. I know what you're thinking. I know what you're thinking. I know what you're thinking.

For years, I felt guilty about sucking up state-allocated money, even though I never expected the treatment. Why is it, that in 1996, Portland free meal from a client or a few drink tickets at a gig, but I have never once expected the treatment. Why is it, that in 1996, Portland free meal from a client or a few drink tickets at a gig, but I have never once expected the treatment. Why is it, that in 1996, Portland free meal from a client or a few drink tickets at a gig, but I have never once expected the treatment. Why is it, that in 1996, Portland free meal from a client or a few drink tickets at a gig, but I have never once expected the treatment.

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How long have you been stripping/pole dancing?

Coming up on three and a half years since I first stepped onto a stage with the intention of getting naked.

The last time we spoke, you had a serious injury. How is your hand?

I was in a cast pretty much until the finals. I had to sleep in a splint every night and keep it wrapped in an ace bandage when I was at work. But, it's better. I had three fractures from my knuckle to my palm and bruising that finally went away two weeks before the competition.

What were some obstacles to your goal?

First, I broke my hand fighting in Los Angeles and was in a cast up until a few days before the finals. Secondly, I was blocked from posting on Facebook for 30 days and couldn't advertise myself at all. The third obstacle was finding enough confidence to compete after my injury. I almost dropped out because I couldn't even hula hoop with a cast, let alone climb a pole. Lastly, I was having a very hard time finding a partner to play Prince Eric, who would also know what he was doing. Luckily enough, Jon Dutch hooked me up with the amazing Phil Stasz, who made a very charming Prince Eric.

Why The Little Mermaid?

In September, two Union Jacks girls and I were in the dressing room on a slow night, chatting and somehow Disney came up. I had about three tequilas in me, so it's a bit blurry! At the preliminary round, another dancer representing Mystic, named Armani, performed to the Lion King. I was nervous that people would think I used her idea once I got to the finals. She killed it on stage during Can You Feel the Love Tonight? and I screamed my head off for her. Armani made it to the finals also and killed it again as a goddess facing sacrifice to the Mayan Apocalypse.

Do you think you will compete again in the future?

Of course. I love competing. I love getting creative and coming up with sets and costumes. I love getting nervous before stage. I love the buzz of the dressing room. And, I LIVE for the cheers and applause after doing your best in front of hundreds of people. One reason I even started dancing was to compete. It's where my heart lies.

What will you do with your $$$?

I’m going to take my younger sister to Hawaii for her birthday in March and hopefully get a larger apartment for my wife (and fellow dancer) Rian and I.

You had some stiff competition, did you think you had a shot at winning?

Oh, God no. I was sure I wasn’t even going to place. I’m fairly shocked even still. I saw some unbelievable sets performed by 14 of the best girls that Portland has to offer. I was nervous as hell. I mean, Lark did Wayne’s World!!! My all-time favorite movie, EVER. I about shit my fishtail when I saw that. But after my injury and hardly being able to promote myself at all, I had to look at this as a showcase, instead of a competition. Otherwise, I’d fall to my knees in panic. And, I do fully believe that my attitude helped me win. Sure, having Rian running around screaming “Vote for my wife!!” helped some and having a set where I laughed, smiled and made fun of myself helped even more. If I took it absolutely seriously, I don’t think I would have made it. Between being voted Stripper of the Year and Best Stage Performance this year AND winning Miss Exotic Oregon, I’m speechless. Thank you to each and every one of you that believed in me and voted for me. Without you guys, I’d just be a boring stripper with a butthole tattoo.

Do you have any advice for women who are considering competing next year?

My best advice is to get super creative, but choose a set that both you and the audience can relate to. Have fun and smile big!

Is there anything else we should know about you, Soren High?

I own a clothing line called Hidden Hand Clothing Co. and we made Ariel T-shirts based on my set and also based on Walt Disney’s subliminal corruption. We have them for sale at hiddenhandclothingco.com or at facebook.com/hiddenhandclothingcot.
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1st runner-up
Luka Bazooka

2nd runner-up
Lark from
Sassy's Bar & Grill

Melrose from Wild Orchid

Foxy from Mystic Gentlemen’s Club

Luna from Club Rouge

Lexi from Club 205
We would like to thank the following for their participation in making Miss Exotic Oregon 2013 the most incredible event in Exotic magazine history, none of this could happen without each and every one of you!

Our gracious hosts at Mystic Gentlemen’s Club, Wild Orchid, Boom Boom Room, Club Rouge & Dante’s & all their staff that tolerated our behavior.
Our sponsors AmbeRed Photography, Oregon Blueprint & Mystic Gentlemen’s Club.

Our amazing support staff - AmbeRed, Kristin, Bryan, Scott Underwood, Elle Lynn Stanger, Shawna, Lady Stockholm, Remington, Nils Scurvy, Frank, Travis McFadden, Paris & Stevie Mickelson
All photography on this page by Hypnox.com
Soren High
MISS EXOTIC
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AND UNION JACKS
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DANCE CLUBS

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Daily 11am-2am
JAGUAR 22
7455 SW Nyberg St | (503) 692-3655
Mon-Thur 7pm-2am, Fri-Sat 7pm-3am, Sun 7pm-2am
TOMMY’S TOO honey
1035 SE Foster Rd | (503) 774-5220
Daily 11am-2am
DANCING QUEEN 23
398 E Burnside St | (503) 236-1125
Mon-Thur 4pm-2am, Fri-Sun 4pm-3:30am
WEED NIGHTS honey
10108 SW Canyon Rd | (503) 297-5389
Mon-Wed 2pm-2am, Thu-Fri 2pm-4am, Sat 2pm-5am
WILD ORCHID 24
1926 SE Division St | (503) 894-9219
Daily 1-3:30pm

3055 NW Burnside Rd | (503) 666-2286
Daily 11am-2:30am

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ANGELSPLEX.COM 25
3533 SE 39th Ave | (503) 727-3580
Fri & Sat 6pm-4am
ARDENT Video only TERRAINS 26
Vancouver: 10820 NE 4th Plain Rd | (360) 253-2800 | Mon-Thur 8am-10pm, Fri 8am-12am, Sat 8am-12am, Sun 8am-11pm
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Daily
AREA 60 28
7720 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 774-5544
Daily
BLUE BEWEY WING 29
322 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 251-8944
Daily 10am-2am
CASTLE MUNDATORY 30
9815 SW Capitol Hwy | (503) 768-0005
Sun-Thur 11am-10pm, Fri-Sat 11am-1am
CASTLES & BARS 31
8201 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 771-9979
Daily 11am-12am
CLUB FANTASY 32
132 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 445-6688
Daily 24 hours
EXOTIC NIGHTS BOOKS 33
5620 NE MLK Blvd | (503) 493-3944
Mon-Fri Noon-11pm, Sat 5pm-Midnight
Live Models: Mon-Sat Noon-11pm
EXTRASLANDIZING 34
5228 SE Foster Rd | (503) 775-0004
Daily 24 hours
16014 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 655-4667
Daily 24 hours
FAT COBRA VIDEO 35
5940 N Interstate Ave | (503) 247-DICK (3425)
Mon-Fri 9am-6pm, Sat-Sun 24 hours
FROGSCON 36
8845 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 408-6058
Daily 24 hours
GABEY HOOKER BAR 37
11652 SW Pacific Hwy | (503) 608-7203
Mon-Sat 5pm-9am, Sun 6pm-5am
HEAVEN’S CLOSED 38
5429 SE 72nd Ave | (503) 573-7286
Tues-Sat 11am-8pm
HOT BOX 39
4989 SW Watson Ave | (503) 574-4057
Mon-Sat 11am-10pm, Sun 11am-8pm
HUNNIES 40
250 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 254-4226
Daily 24 hours
LONEDARK WORLD 41
10660 SE Division St | (503) 257-6881
Daily 24 hours
LOVE FACTURE 42
1720 SE 122nd Ave | (503) 252-2017
Mon-Thurs 10:30am-7:30pm, Fri 10:30am-9pm, Sat 10:30am-8pm
MR. PEEP DNR. PEEP’S TOWN 43
1335 SW Henry St | (503) 643-6865
20025 SW TV Hwy, Aloha OR | (503) 356-5624
Daily 24 hours
ON ZONE 44
6218 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 284-4759
Daily 10am-3am
OREGON THEATER 45
3530 SE Division St | (503) 232-7469
Daily from Noon
PARADISE 46
14712 SE Stark St | (503) 255-9414
Daily 24 hours
PASSION THEATER 47
6 SW 3rd Ave | (503) 295-7080
Mon-Thur 11am-12am, Fri-Sun 24 hours
PASSIONATE DREAMS 48
6644 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 775-6665
10158-B NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 252-5559
Daily 10am-4pm
PEEP HOLE 49
709 SE 122nd Ave | (503) 257-8617
Daily 24 hours
PETE’S 50
13560 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 208-3710
Daily 10am-2am
PAPA’S 51
1712 E. Burnside St | (503) 206-7731
Mon-Fri 10am-8pm, Sat 11am-8pm,
SECRET BENZIE BECZ 52
12503 SE Division St W | (503) 781-4404
Daily 24 hours
SHEEDEA’S G-SPOT 53
8315 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 972-1111
Daily 24 hours
SILVER SPERM 54
8521 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 245-0489
Mon-Sat 10am-7pm, Sun Noon-9pm
SMOKE SHACK 55
300 SW 12th Ave | (503) 224-2604
Mon-Thurs 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am, Sun 11am-11pm
STILETTO LININGER MODELING 56
7827 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 568-4909
Daily 24 hours
TANSIE’S 57
Downtown: 311 NW Broadway | (503) 227-3443
Portland: 237 SE MLK Blvd | (503) 239-1678
2303 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 777-0033
Vancouver: 8411 NE 94th Ave | (360) 254-1125
Daily 24 hours
TORNADO ELUSIONS 58
17395 SW Tuwulite Valley Hwy | (503) 259-2310
Daily 10am-11pm
TOWN CENTER 59
12436 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 761-0355
Daily 24 hours
X-OTIC TAN 60
8431 SE Division St | (503) 257-0622
Daily 24 hours
My end-of-the-year column was originally intended to be a bit of a fluff piece. Hey this was good, this was not so much. Try this, not that. But, a conversation on Facebook, in the wake of the recent mass shootings changed that for me. I was reading some comments—some by friends, some not. I started to comment and it then turned into a bit more and now, to this. By nature, I am not a preachy, soapbox guy. I believe in live and let live. But, I also believe in the truth and being informed on a subject. I am not going to put in the de rigor “sorry if this offends some of you” comment. I hope this does make some of you mad. Because if you’re mad, it means your reading, hopefully waking up and thinking.

On December 11, we had an active shooter at the Clackamas Town Center, who attempted to be a mass shooter, but was stopped after only two victims. Two days later, one of the worst mass shootings in US history occurred in an elementary school in Connecticut. Just two more goblins that were failing at life, that woke up not feeling loved enough and decided to take their angst out on innocent victims and gain their self-imagined infamy.

As a father and someone who has been in one form or another of protective services his entire life, my heart bleeds for the victims of these senseless shootings. But, if the mainstream media would quit sensationalizing these assholes when they do this, there would be no pay off for them. Quit running it into the ground! Quit asking an eight year old, who has seen her classmates butchered in front of her “how she is feeling” or “what the mood was.” The gun control zealots always clamour for more gun control laws after a shooting. Well here is a proposal for a law. I would propose and pass a law, where after their self-inflicted gunshot or very public execution, their name and any trace that they ever existed would be erased. No self-imagined glory allowed. They would be buried in an unmarked grave, in a potter’s field, the earth salted around them erased. No self-imagined glory allowed. They would be buried in an unmarked grave, in a potter’s field, the earth salted around them and their name forgotten.

Look at the age of most mass shooters in the last five years—male and under the age of 25. Instead of the inevitable cries of broken homes with no positive role models for kids. The two go hand in hand. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. The two go hand in hand. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values. They probably are not models for kids. Spend time with your children and teach them morals and values.

"The rifle itself has no moral stature, since it has no will of its own. Naturally, it may be used by evil men for evil purposes, but there are more good men than evil, and while the latter cannot be persuaded to the path of righteousness by propaganda, they can certainly be corrected by good men with rifles."

Col. Jeff Cooper, Firearms Pioneer

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The mainstream media also hates to tell you when a lawfully-armed citizen ends one of these confrontations. Take the Clackamas Town Center shooting. A young 22-year old man, carrying his lawfully-concealed weapon, basically ended the shooting, with mercifully only two victims. He got his family safely down, took a position of cover, drew and covered the bad guy. He did not take the shot, due to people behind the shooter and worried about hitting them. But, the goblin saw him, decided to take the coward’s way out and shot himself. This got a blip on the media radar. Why? Because it was a lawfully armed civilian and it does not fit in the propaganda of gun control.

A firearm is just a tool, like a car or a hammer. It is the person behind it who pulls the trigger. One of my role models growing up was the late Col. Jeff Cooper. He summed up what a firearm is better than I ever could. “The rifle itself has no moral stature, since it has no will of its own. Naturally, it may be used by evil men for evil purposes, but there are more good men than evil and while the latter cannot be persuaded to the path of righteousness by propaganda, they can certainly be corrected by good men with rifles.”

All I can say to you is, don’t fall for the propaganda that is going to be barreling towards you like a freight train in the coming year. The founding fathers put the 2nd Amendment in the Constitution for a reason. An armed person is a citizen and an unarmed one is a subject. As a lawful gun owner, who helps prevent thousands of acts of violence a day, you are about to become demonized for such. Stand fast. As to the recent shootings, the only solace I can find and offer in the wake of these tragedies is this—love your children, family and friends. Hold them tight, raise them well and be prepared to make one of these assholes DRT (dead right there) if they threaten you and yours.

Let me clarify, I love my country. But, our government and the country itself is deeply cracked and well on its way to being broken.
I only had enough room to go up to 2012. Heh. That'll freak somebody out someday.

The tequila is ready, you want some? I'm working on this calendar, but I guess if I don't finish it, it won't be the end of the world.

Don't get to the end of this, or you'll miss the point.

There's got to be a reason why you're reading this.

We have to reschedule the Apocalypse. Pestilence, plagues, and death.

PSYNY-EEEEK!

I'm telling you, we have to be more than an American. Our government is bankrupt, and if we're not ready, we could be more extinct.

Don't believe a word of it!

On January 6, 2016, we ruled this planet for 600 years. And we will do it again.

Next you'll be telling us how to kill the animals! Oh, and we will.

Well, what do you know. It's not the end of the world after all... We just forgot to turn the page.

I think that on 12/21/12 all electric power companies, water suppliers, and cable TV operators should shut down for an hour to scare the crap outta people!

What if the Mayan calendar ends in 5105 and we've just been holding it upside down.
In the wake of last month’s Clackamas shooting tragedy, I heard it a dozen times, “He doesn’t look like a killer.” Second only to, “I knew that guy.” Although it’s true that Portland is a major city, this is a small city by many standards and even more so, by how many individuals have mutual friends with only a couple degrees of separation. The adult entertainment industry in Portland is also very close knit, even incestuous.

As humans, we like to know what our enemies look like. Biologists know that plants and animals often display warning signals in nature; colorful, poisonous frogs with their brightly striped backs, barbed plants that can lacerate our tender skin if we get too close or a gorilla that shows its teeth before it attacks. If you understand evolution, as most intelligent people do, it makes sense as to why we attempt to identify our opposition—it harkens back to tens of thousands of years spent trying not to be killed by creatures bigger and badder than us. In hunter-gatherer societies, the only real threats were hostile outsiders or carnivorous animals. In our current, technologically-advanced society, these adaptive skills have gone to the wayside. We humans rely mostly on verbal communication and ignore nonverbal clues, behaviors and micro expressions in others. But, how does this relate to the strip club?

I was recently interviewed by a woman who heads up a major unit in Portland Department of Corrections. She works with sex offenders and has done so for years. “You know, a lot of these guys who are registered, spend a lot of time in the clubs,” according to her. If you are waiting for a punchline, there isn’t one. This sounds pretty frightening, until you realize that these folks also must frequent the grocery store, the bank and the café. Where did you go today?

The point is, people don’t just exist in the capacity in which you imagine them. Back to the original point, the shooter was younger than I expected. Because of the nature of his actions, he would be labeled a spree killer. Spree killers aren’t as easily defined as serial killers. Serial killers, according to statistics and clearance rates of the Bureau of Justice, tend to be white males in their mid-forties, married with two children and blue-collar workers. And yet, the media and the rest of us always seem surprised when a crazy homicidal maniac doesn’t look like a crazy, homicidal maniac. The Oslo, Norway shooter, who killed nearly a hundred people, looked like a Swedish model. The Aurora, Colorado shooter looked like a geeky raver kid with bad skin.

As a stripper, I’ve been told a hundred times “you don’t act like one” or that I am, “way smarter than I would have expected.”

I’d expect him to be walking down 82nd in a furry animal hat, bopping his head while listening to Deadmau5, not shooting up a theater. Even Charles Manson was a fairly handsome young man when he had a haircut and a shave. And like I’ve said before, even Hitler had a girlfriend.

As a stripper, I’ve been told a hundred times “you don’t act like one” or that I am, “way smarter than I would have expected.” I attribute this to a couple of things. Firstly, television and the media have done us the disservice of portraying us poorly. Secondly, in much of the country, stripping is more likely to be synonymous with prostitution. Thirdly, I have tattooed about 75% of my body, and while body art used to be indicative of a criminal lifestyle, this is no longer the case. Which leads me to wonder, what do most strippers act like? Look like? Don’t get me wrong, I’ve met plenty of dumb dancers. But, I’ve met just as many stupid patrons.

Last week, I struck up a very pleasant, easygoing conversation with a man, who suddenly confessed that he was listed in the county as a registered sex offender. “A woman visited my [place of work]. She was flirting with me, wearing short shorts and a tiny shirt. So, I tied her up in duct tape. She loved it. But, then her boyfriend found out, so they reported me and I was charged with two counts of harassment. So, now I’m a registered sex offender.” I didn’t know what to think then and I still don’t today. I tried to remain impassive as he told me this. He bought me a drink, bought a private dance and I gave him a hug goodbye. Had this man never told me that, I would never had any inclination that such a polite man could be capable of such a thing. And, I should know better. After three years of stripping full time, I’ve interacted with thousands of people. My pragmatic brain knows that it is absolutely true that some of them have raped people, perhaps even killed people. Such is life. As service industry workers who interact on a sometimes very intimate and sexual level with the public, what do we learn from this?

People can be too trusting. Ladies, consider for a moment your favorite customer. Perhaps he buys you dinner, drives you home and takes you shopping. It might seem ludicrous that he could ever harm a hair on your head. But, consider any of these aforementioned notorious offenders—even the Clackamas shooter had people who knew and loved him for 22 years of his life.

Elle dances at Lucky Devil Lounge on Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings. Come say hello and don’t tell her if you are a sex offender.
I

Colorado shooter looked like a geeky raver kid with bad skin. A hundred people, looked like a Swedish model. The Aurora, homicidal maniac. The Oslo, Norway shooter, who killed nearly a hundred workers. And yet, the media and the rest of us always seem surprised when a crazy homicidal maniac doesn't look like a crazy, you go today?

In our current, technologically-advanced society, these adaptive skills have gone to the wayside. We humans rely mostly on verbal communication and ignore nonverbal clues, behaviors and micro expressions in others. But, how does this relate to the strip club? The point is, people don't just exist in the capacity in which you imagine them. Back to the original point, the shooter was a couple degrees of separation. The adult entertainment industry includes many of these aforementioned notorious offenders—even people who have raped people, perhaps. As a stripper, I've been told a hundred times "you don't act one way, look like one" or that I am, "way smarter than I would have expected." Hitler had a girlfriend. When he had a haircut and a shave. And like I've said before, even the Clackamas shooter had people who knew and loved him for 22 years of his life. But, consider any of this is no longer the case. Which leads me to wonder, what do guys who are registered, spend a lot of time in the clubs, "according to a unit in Portland Department of Corrections. She works with sex offenders and has done so for years. "You know, a lot of these guys who are registered, spend a lot of time in the clubs," according to Elle dances at Lucky Devil Lounge on Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings. Come say hello and interact on a sometimes very intimate and sexual level with a man, who suddenly confessed that he was listed in the clearance rates of the Bureau of Justice, tend to be white males defined as serial killers. Serial killers, according to statistics and research, are younger than I expected. Because of the nature of his actions, you must frequent the grocery store, the bank and the café. Where did you dinner, drives you home and takes you shopping? It might seem ludicrous that he could ever harm a hair on your head. But, consider any of the theater. Even Charles Manson was a fairly handsome young man bopping his head while listening to Deadmau5, not shooting up a theater. Even Hitler had a girlfriend. When he had a haircut and a shave. And like I've said before, even the Clackamas shooter had people who knew and loved him for 22 years of his life. But, consider any of the theater. Even Charles Manson was a fairly handsome young man bopping his head while listening to Deadmau5, not shooting up a theater. Even Hitler had a girlfriend. When he had a haircut and a shave. And like I've said before, even the Clackamas shooter had people who knew and loved him for 22 years of his life.

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NOT EVERYONE SHARES THE SAME APPRECIATION FOR PREGNANT STRIPPERS AS I DO.

For a brief period, in late 2007, I attempted to obtain what is known as a “real” job—mostly due to pressures on the domestic front. Outside of bingo calling and hosting community radio, there really wasn’t much in the job market that required an ability to speak on a mic while playing music for drunken strangers, other than karaoke. For those not in the know, karaoke bars are basically strip clubs without nudity or restrictions against singing along with whatever terrible 80s music that the KJ chooses between performances. Due to poor research on the part of the owner, I was given a gig running karaoke and “intermittent break music” at an upscale restaurant near Lake Oswego called Out of the Blues. The only problem with this scenario, was that the bar wanted me to bring a crowd, a phrase that translates roughly to we ran our business into the ground by not offering anything that appeals to a consistent crowd and are now hoping to import a clientele by offering sixty bucks (plus tips) to a disc jockey with a readily-accessible pool of screaming fans.

On a typical night, I’d run about two karaoke songs (one Sinatra tune for the old guy who drank straight gin and an Evanescence song for the fat girl who always talked about how much she hated her ex). This allowed for some serious fill-in “intermission music” from my archive and, to state the obvious, I eventually got pulled aside by the owner. “Look, we like you and the seven friends you invited out to drink overpriced beers at our polished jazz club, but your style just doesn’t fit here.” I offered to wear pants that fit and show up a little less high than usual. With increasing conviction, I was told “Ray, this business will never be a strip club. Sorry.” I folded up my illegally burnt collection of Sweet Georgia Brown karaoke DVDs with videos of dancing dogs and headed home to another doomed domestic discussion about “career goals” and “father material” with my (now ex-) girlfriend.

After working another three years in the snatch ranches, my 30th year came to a visible end and I decided to attempt quitting the titty bars again. A bar that I had been frequenting was letting a punk band play their weekend nights for up to $300 a gig—which is practically unheard of. It turns out that the owner of the bar was, at the time, on pregnancy leave and somewhat unaware of how much her acts were being paid. Opportunism knocked. I pulled some strings and eventually began to host a weekly karaoke night at the bar. On occasion, I would let bands play on my nights in between requests from regulars to sing whatever horrible Evanesence songs their recent ex hated the most. My karaoke night morphed into miniature dance parties for shirtfaced suburbanites.

At an average of two bills a night, I was in a really good position to keep things smooth and not jeopardize the situation by resorting to my old ways. Fuck that, though. I was turning thirty and my days of having access to literal herds of nudity-prone women were running thin. I scheduled a birthday party and asked a few of my friends in local hip-hop and punk rock groups to perform. That wasn’t going to be enough, however. I needed strippers. Thankfully, my good friends Ling and Hezzy volunteered their services for a low fee and a somewhat empty promise regarding their physical and legal safety. This was all locked in months before my actual birthday. In the interim, Ling got pregnant. “I’m still planning on doing your show,” she comfortably reminded me, “I just may be showing a little bit by then.” Taking initiative as the dynamic producer that I am, I took shit to the next level and asked if we could turn the opportunity into a feature event. “We can have a ‘guess which stripper is pregnant’ contest, put it in the ad and perhaps make a little more at the bar,” I suggested. Ling thought the idea was amazing and I printed up the flyers.

A few months later, the party was just starting when the first rapper started his set. Sleep Bandana, a Portland emcee who stands about seven feet tall, is typically a reserved type of dude. That is, until he hits the stage. The problem with the bar I was working at was, they really didn’t have a stage. Bands typically set up in the corner, Sleep set up on the tables. Not the mixer and CD-Js, but the square platforms intended for pint glasses and appetizers. About three songs into his set, Sleep Bandana was standing directly above two visibly-intimidated, elderly, happy hour strugglers and rapping directly into their eyes.

Then the strippers arrived. Ling looked as if she had brought me a watermelon for my birthday and was hiding it under her hoodie.

I let Sleep scare the shit out of Wilford Brimley and his nachos while I set up a makeshift area for the stripper contest right next to Susan the Womb Cannon (a pair of mannequin legs attached to a large tube rigged to launch candy through a fake vagina), where rapper Wombstretcha the Magnificent was preparing his set. Once the crowd filled up, we unleashed the boobs, candy-launching pussy machine and ready-to-burst pregnant Asian stripper onto a crowd of unsuspecting suburbanites and midlife crises.

The next day, I received a call from the owner who had apparently not only returned to her managerial duties after giving birth herself a few weeks prior, but who had also stopped by the bar for a few minutes during my birthday party. Apparently, these few minutes guaranteed I would never be allowed within the establishment again. I called the owner racist and hung up on her. It was at this point, that I realized I should probably give up on the whole “normal gig” schtick—at least until I could replace the income lost by improvised mother-and-unborn-daughter sex shows.

Before giving up on the karaoke circuit, (yes, such a thing exists) I stopped by Out of the Blues to see if the bar had increased their customer volume or fired the lady who didn’t appreciate 2 Live Crew. The bar that had once been run by a woman who told me it would “never be a strip club,” had since been sold, cleaned up and remodeled. It also had a full parking lot, lower drink prices and a new name, Stars Cabaret Bridgeport. Welcome to Portland. talesfromthedjbooth.com
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www.HeatGentlemensClub.com
Blazers Appreciation Month
Every entry gets a raffle ticket - no purchase necessary. Raffle will be held Sat, Jan 26 after Cuppers vs. Blazers game. Prizes include Blazers tickets, Blazers gear and more! Wear Blazers clothes and get in free all month long!

Taco Tuesdays
Free tacos 6-9PM and Mexican tequila specials!

Prime Rib Wednesdays
Free Prime Rib 6-9PM

Giant Thursdays
Giant Thursdays specials on giant beers & giant food

Jägermeister Mondays!
Come for the free prime rib, stay for the cheap Jägerbombs!

Bud Light Super Bowl Big Screen Bonanza!
Every Tuesday in January, enter to win a big screen TV! Must be present on Fri, Feb 1 to win.

Holiday Party
Sun, January 6
2-6PM

Blanket Party
Fri, January 18
Bring in your "Woobie" for free admission! We donate all blankets to the local homeless shelter

Panty Raid
Fri, January 25
Get your souvenir panties!

www.StarsCabaret.com
55 Lunch Special Mon-Fri, 11AM-6PM All Locations - Free Prime Rib 6-9PM (1/2 paid admission Mon - Salem & Bridgeport Wed - Beaverton)

Now hiring top NW entertainers and staff. Apply in person at all locations.