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Old folks used to tell me, “Sonny, the more things change, the more they stay the same.” Now that I’m one of those old folks myself, I suppose I have to agree with that statement. You see, no matter how many baby strippers come and go, their wants, needs, aspirations and expectations (and later, shattered dreams) all tend to be the same throughout the course of the six to eight-year shelf-life of the average Portland exotic dancer. As the editor/photographer/delivery boy/salesperson/promotional director/poster child or whatever the hell else they ask me to do for this fine publication since about 2000, I might as well have the Exotic logo tattooed on my forehead. So, casual small talk with strippers is generally something that doesn’t happen with me. Instead, I get whispers of, “That asshole from Exotic is here that fired me from the Pallas” or “Isn’t that the prick you have to blow to win Miss Nude Vagina?” But, the one single question I’ve heard from more PDX strippers than any other is “How do I get on the cover of Exotic?”

So, even though this topic has been covered in these pages numerous times, it appears it may need to be addressed once again. So, for all dancers present and future, we shamelessly present...

**HOW TO GET ON THE COVER OF EXOTIC MAGAZINE (VERSION 3.6.472)**

Since the newest batch of baby strippers has a tool called Facebook, they sometimes choose to use the wonders of social media to seek the answers to questions that could easily be answered directly from the source. Instead, all it takes is a girl to post, “Why haven’t I been on the cover of Exotic? I’m way prettier than that bitch!” and next thing you know, a deluge of her adoring slaves, fans and save-a-hos will enter into a verbal battle potential deletion in hopes of stroking the princess’ ego.

A typical response from some loser who’s just trying to get laid, is something like this:

“Forget Exotic. On a scale of 1-10, you’re easily a 20 or higher. You deserve way more than to be free tree-killing fap material.”

And then, you have the industry know-it-alls. With so many clubs in this town, there are easily thousands of DJs, bouncers, bar staff, managers, club owners and, of course, strippers. As an industry, we are legion. But, if Exotic was to send our graphic designer over to do some beat matching in Tickles’ DJ booth, it probably wouldn’t work out too well. But, apparently, DJs seem to think they have it all down, when it comes to Exotic business practices, as seen in the following statement.

“You haven’t worked for a boss with extra loot in tandem with the moment you were his personal favorite and when he was also in a promotions cycle.”

In response to this guy, extra loot will not buy a cover. Covers are not sold. They are a gift that Exotic awards long time customers who advertise a full page every month. As for the boss’ personal favorite? Well that’s not gonna hurt, but it certainly doesn’t close a deal. The covergirl selection process is determined in a cooperative effort between the club and Exotic, with Exotic having the final approval on whatever agreed-upon models the club owner suggests. If you are the boss’ favorite, does that imply that you’re sucking the boss’ dick? Not necessarily, though over the years, we’ve had plenty of potential covergirls shoved in our direction, where that was clearly the case. And when we rejected the boss’ little fuck toy, we’ve thrown down to the point of losing an account over it to protect the integrity of the cover. You seriously have no idea how many buck-toothed crackheads we’ve saved you from seeing on our cover over the years, due to hillbilly strip club owners making false promises to underage girls. On the flip side of that, I know a lot of bosses that would much rather have their “favorite dancer” show up to work four or five days a week, on time and ready to kick ass on her shifts. When Exotic knows a cover is coming up, we’ll roll into a club as incognito as possible, to jury potential covergirls. In most cases, the club owner has already given us a list of three or four girls that he would be happy with on the cover. Nine times out of ten, one of those internally pre-selected beauties ends up on the cover. But sometimes we’ll stumble on a hottie that was not on the list that we liked better. When the owner is asked why our little discovery is not an option, we can get any number of responses such as:

She just started here and I don’t know if she’s gonna last. She only works here two days a week and works the rest of the week at my competitor’s club.
She flakes about half her shifts, always shows up jacked up on pills and causes nothing but drama. As presently about 23 advertisers in this magazine that would eventually qualify for a cover if they consistently advertise. There are 12 covers in a year and two of those covers are awarded to contest winners (Miss Exotic Oregon, Polerotic A) which leaves 10 covers to be divided amongst more than 20 cover-worthy advertisers. Do the math. Just last night, the staff of Exotic assembled for a cover review and mapped out covers commitments through the middle of next year. This month’s cover club, Devils Point, has not had a regular rotation cover in about six years (although Cricket won them a cover as the first Miss Polerotic A.)

So far you’ve seen the sav- a-hos, industry know-it-alls and last, and certainly not least, we present the “You Go Girl!” Sisterhood. Our little Facebook cover-seeker has plenty of girlfriend ready to come to her rescue and it’s usually the overweight and ugly ones that will say something like this...

“Why would you want to be on the cover of Exotic and not even get paid for it? They’re just using you to help them sell their magazines! You’re better than that!”

Okay, first of all, selling free magazines is not difficult. You see—they’re free. I could resurrect Marilyn Monroe in her prime, slap her on the cover of a free magazine spread-eagle and butt naked, and guess what, I still wouldn’t be able to sell one. Because, just in case you missed it the first time, they are free. Why would you want to be on the cover of a magazine? Check me if I’m wrong, but most dancers are doing this to make a few bucks, right? Are they doing it to enrich the arts? To abolish prejudice? Cure cancer? No, I’m pretty sure it’s the money. And what better way to let the consumer know where they can find you, than to be put on the cover of a magazine conveniently delivered to nearly every club in Portland and beyond. By the time you’ve landed on that cover, we’ve already spent thousands of dollars to put you on that page, photo shoots, graphic design and about 30,000 sheets of paper. Then there are all those horndogs looking for someone just like you with pockets full of wrinkled dollar bills, that just happened to pick up our magazine that even gave them a map on how they could find you. Tell her Exotic sent you boys—no need to thank us.

The enigma surrounding the cover of Exotic truly is legend. At one point in time, long ago, it was rumored that any Exotic cover with a white background meant that the publisher had fucked that covergirl. I believe it was the publisher of one of our failed competitors that put that rumor into circulation. Quite humorous, when you consider the fact that I had witnessed said individual straight up beg for pussy in exchange for a cover on more than one occasion. Perhaps that is why he decided to turn his back cover into a second cover for a year or so. But here at Exotic, that’s not gonna happen.

The last option you have in conquering the cover is to take it by force. Twice a year, Exotic offers up covers gladiator style, as the best of the best entertainers go to war for substantial cash prizes, bragging rights and a cover and centerfold in Exotic. Your first opportunity just passed you by when Miss Exotic Oregon concluded in December, but your second chance is knocking on your door right now. Polerotic A will be coming to a club near you next month featuring a grand prize of $3,000 in cash, $2,000 in prizes and what just might be your very own cover and centerfold. Covers are a lot like good friends; they are either earned in loyalty, or won by respect. Who’s next?'
Through the trials and tribulations of my 5-year yogi tenure, I have come to completely despise almost everything about yoga. Maybe it’s personal, or maybe yoga is retarded and for people who want to listen to some guru make metaphors about ocean waves and hard-working goats. Before you get on your soft-spoken, glowing soapbox and be all like “Yo, she hating on purity,” let me say, that’s exactly what I’m doing and here are the reasons why I fucking hate yoga:

Get there before! How about if the spirit in you honors the fucking fact that I have a chronic hereditary condition where I am late to everything? Aren’t you all just so on-time and sitting perky lotus on your stupid last-year, ocean pine, Gaiam mat (wait, they don’t make those out of recycled tires?) looking at me like I’m the biggest asshole in the universe.

Your third eye opens up and you can read peoples’ minds. The problem with this is, you can read peoples’ minds.

You start to wonder where your ego went and how to get it back. You’ll be writing letters to yoga asking for your ego back. I love you ego, no don’t jump into the ocean, come back to me, please.

Every nervous ending in your vagina starts to work and all you want to do is fuck everything with legs. Did not need that aphrodisiac. This can be a real big problem, since there are things like herpes and babies still happening in the world.

Who can remember all of the Sanskrit names? Not me. Fuck you. Animals follow you around and smell your crotch, a lot. Maybe, all of a sudden, you love kittens, totem poles and soft things. Asking yourself things like, “What is the universe trying to tell me today with this dead possum on the road?”

Detoxing? No thank you. Please give me all the bad shit, the cancer cells. My brain wants something to laugh at while hanging out in my stupid body. I do not want to be made of kale and bananas. Today, please add a pinch of cement.

You cannot be both a stripper and a yoga instructor—not allowed! Maybe you start seeing light. Just saw Karma magically energize itself between two human beings, no seriously, saw that shit, did you see that? It was like purple and yellow, their energy fields and they merged for a minute, maybe 37 seconds, should have used a stop watch.

Flowers unearth and bloom in your footprints. It gets a bit awkward in public.

You start to wonder if you can stop your heart and then feel like you probably could. This might not be the best thing to try, because of dying.

Disagreement is good—compassion is bad. You want to dislike someone, it’s part of your ethereal essence. Screw that stupid high school yoga clique with a middle finger.

You know what’s really awesome? Taking a picture of you doing that just-looks-super-tricky yoga pose and making it your profile picture on Facebook. I will look at it and be like, “Geez, I wish I could do that. Oh wait, I can.”

Dehydrated.

Level 25, you can now taste the GMOs in your store-bought pancake mix (not made from scratch). Your nose is on overdrive and you can smell the bacteria on the barstool. Your friends will ask you why you haven’t been to the bar lately. From now on, and for the rest of your life, you will take an extra shower every day. Eating chicken strips stirs up images of slaughtered bloody chicks. Just don’t eat or touch anything, ever again.

There’s a syndrome called the Kundalini Syndrome and it’s why crazy bitches should not do yoga, ever. It was in the DSM-IV. My Kundalini does not need to be awakened, it will eat your face.

I once respected a yoga guru, until he told the story of a crane coming down to see him outside during meditation. I was like, why did you have your eyes open while you were meditating? What kind of power animal is a crane? You are not touched by the universe. You have brain damage from head stands.

It is proven, darkness is more powerful than light…it’s done way more shit. Take your yoga and shove it where the sun don’t shine, while doing a salutation. Namaste.
Through the trials and tribulations of my 5-year yogi tenure, I have come to completely despise almost everything about yoga. Maybe it's personal, or maybe yoga is retarded and for people who want to listen to some guru make metaphors about ocean waves and hard-working goats. Before you get on your soft-spoken, glowing soapbox and be all like "Yo, she hating on purity," let me say, that's exactly what I'm doing and here are the reasons why I fucking hate yoga:

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You have brain damage from head stands.

It is proven, darkness is more powerful than light…it's done way more shit. Take your yoga and shove it where the sun don't shine, while doing a salutation. Namaste.
BY STATUTORY RAY

aural stimulation

PAY-TO-PLAY SCAMS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM

You’re bored, checking your band’s MySpace/ReverbNation/Facebook/Geocities inbox to see if the guy from the college radio station ever got the demo you sent, when all of a sudden you notice a message from a “booking agent” or “talent scout” who is offering you the gig you’ve been waiting for. The message reads something like this:

“Hey, Bandname/Username I’m a talent artist/agent from (Yourtown, ST) booking shows for (crappy venue that no one goes to anymore) and I noticed your tunes on (ReverbNation/SoundCloud/MySpace), think you’d be a good fit for the upcoming shows we have on (Date, Date or Date) or some others I have in the next few months. Email me back at Joe@ShadyEntertainmentWebsite.com, I look forward to hearing from you.”

You get stoked for the opportunity, convinced it’s your hit single “Money, Cash & Bitches” that did the trick. After emailing the “talent agent” a reply, dumping your girlfriend, quitting your job and renting a tour bus, you are subjected to a series of canned responses which all beat around a problem booking concerts, nor would such an act be expected to sell a certain number of tickets in order to play a show.

If you just recorded your debut EP on a PlayStation 3 using Rock Band before uploading a diss track directed at your landlord-slash-stepdad, what makes you think that people will pay money, in advance, to reserve a spot at your (potentially sold-out) concert? Honestly, who would wake up at 7am to clean shit from toilets or serve burgers to fat people just to earn cash that will be set aside, willingly, as a bet against the threat of your sold-out concert? This is not to say that your potential for talent isn’t within a decade’s reach, but simply that I have purchased advance tickets for Ween, Dark Knight Rises and David Bowie. Other than that, the 2,000-plus shows I’ve attended have mostly been a result of door purchases, offers from friends (thanks to Ezra for the Tomahawk show last month!) or last-minute online snags.

The pre-sale ticket scam also elicits a direct, vacuum salesman approach to whoring out the pay-to-play gig to close friends, family members and anyone with a debit card or ten spot—often requiring that purchasers make a special note of which act on the bill they came to see. This system is used not only to ensure that the pay-to-play scammers get the money they’re after (and of this money, a very small per-ticket cut goes to the bands if the band reaches a certain goal) but to track which acts are selling tickets, which will in turn determine when these acts get to play their sets. Stop for a minute here and pretend you were going to Warped Tour, Woodstock...hell, the Gathering of the Juggalos. Which act are you there to see? The phrase “enter your debit card number, indicating whether or not you’re a bigger fan of MC Hammer or the Tequilla Tequilla shit-attack” does not appear on a single reputable ticket sale website and frankly, it’s not a choice I would feel comfortable making.

There are explicit exceptions to the pre-sale ticket system. If artists (likely of the non-musical variety) are selling wares or making a direct, controllable profit from participating in a festival or showcase, then yes, it is reasonable to ask a flat fee for the merchandise space, and often times, pre-sale tickets are offered as an alternative to cash rental. ComiCon, Raw Artists and similar showcases use a legitimate, non-necessary pay-to-play incentive, but bands rarely perform these types of events. Another appropriate instance, is when pre-sale tickets are available, but not necessary. If I’m throwing a gig with five bands, I give each band their own unique internet button that just says “Show Title – Cost” with a...
It's a common mistake. your ego cloud the logic required to do so. validation for your musical craft, you let well-known pay-to-play scam agencies. fan bases), you turn over the $400 in ticket a ten-minute show at 5:50pm for the other acts. Your hip hop group shows up, plays when your band's time slot will occur on canned responses which all beat around a tour bus, you are subjected to a series of girlfriend, quitting your job and renting a Bitches" that did the trick. After emailing convinced it's your hit single "Money, Cash &

Email me back at Joe@ShadyEntertain-

to anymore) and I noticed your tunes on artist/agent from (Yourtown, ST) booking (ReverbNation/SoundCloud/MySpace),
tions or even acknowledging that he or she

The first sign of sketchiness was the

on the bill they came to see. This system

The night PDS played the Dirt Nasty show; they were given adequate compensation from the venue, free pizza, mass exposure and drink tickets, plus professional sound and the ability to put Dante's on their résumé. I took two slices of pizza and forty bucks in t-shirt sales for the hookup. The band was asked to promote the show (which they did—because any local act getting a good gig will promote on their own) but not forced to, because the headliner was enough of a draw. People who purchased tickets in advance did so out of interest, not guilt.

Not all pay-to-play scams come in the form of a canned email. Here are two other common examples of scams wrapped in the tortilla of exposure and fame:

**Battles of the Bands:** Multi-round “competitions” to see which unknown band can sell more tickets than the other unknown bands to win prizes including, record deals and industry contacts from companies and A&Rs so big, they resort to scouting Tuesday night gigs in Gresham.

**Opening Gig for B-List Affiliate of A-List Act:** If a mini-biography reminding potential attendees whom the headliner is appears on the flyer, it’s not an act with a fan base big enough to lift you any higher than seed-filled schwag weed. This will be another show where band members double as fans.

I could go on for pages about the pay-

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**IT HAPPENS TO NEARLY EVERY WET-BEHIND-THE-EARS MUSICAL ACT, AND IF YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A PERFORMER, IT'S PROBABLY HAPPENED TO YOU...**

The night PDS played the Dirt Nasty show; they were given adequate compensation from the venue, free pizza, mass exposure and drink tickets, plus professional sound and the ability to put Dante's on their résumé. I took two slices of pizza and forty bucks in t-shirt sales for the hookup. The band was asked to promote the show (which they did—because any local act getting a good gig will promote on their own) but not forced to, because the headliner was enough of a draw. People who purchased tickets in advance did so out of interest, not guilt.

Not all pay-to-play scams come in the form of a canned email. Here are two other common examples of scams wrapped in the tortilla of exposure and fame:

**Battles of the Bands:** Multi-round “competitions” to see which unknown band can sell more tickets than the other unknown bands to win prizes including, record deals and industry contacts from companies and A&Rs so big, they resort to scouting Tuesday night gigs in Gresham.

**Opening Gig for B-List Affiliate of A-List Act:** If a mini-biography reminding potential attendees whom the headliner is appears on the flyer, it’s not an act with a fan base big enough to lift you any higher than seed-filled schwag weed. This will be another show where band members double as fans.

I could go on for pages about the pay-
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Patrons pay my bills. This poses a simple, yet treacherous threat to addressing the subject of customers. Specifically the strip club clientele whose dollars keep the (literally) well-oiled machines running on a steady stream of Pabst-influenced exchange of capital. If you are a gentleman this column in Exotic, you too, are a customer who has spent enough time in a titty bar to notice that there’s reading material located in the dark corner by the door. Without any further pre-apology, please use this handy guide as a list of thank-yous or suggestions, depending on where you fit.

**Couples**

Strip clubs are a great place for healthy, adjusted straight couples to enjoy the presence of a naked third-wheel without any of the awkwardness associated with threesomes (picking which face to shoot your wad on, having to go triple-Dutch at breakfast, apologizing for calling out the name of someone who isn’t even present, etc.), as well as a hotspot for same-sex couples who want more of a good thing (or something new, depending on which side of the spectrum you fall). Yet there exists a “couples phenomenon” that many first-dates-at-the-club seem to fall victim to; so let me clear up a few seemingly obvious facts the majority of rendezvous at the rack seem to ignore.

First, you might share a tax form, but you’re still two people. As pathetic as it is to remind singles of the same dollar-per-song minimum (which, if adjusted for inflation since its introduction in the 1970’s, would equal to about two dimes and a penny), it is downright insulting to assume that a stripper is willing to work for less, just because you’re sharing a chair (which is something couples should stop doing as well). Further, couples are likely going home with something that the majority of strip club patrons might be lacking (or avoiding), that being another person. The guy who just got dumped by his girlfriend is trying to watch a stranger strip naked to loud music while he drowns his sorrow in beer, not a make-out session between two people who have yet to discover their loathing for one another. Dry fucking at the rack should be a felony, but that falls into the next category of customer depreciation.

**Attention Whores**

Night clubs are awesome places to fill up a few hours with enough evidence to convince Instagram followers that you don’t spend the majority of your time slaving to a shitty job or finishing up a worthless college degree. After taking duck-face-laden photos of the sluts you met on the Douche Room dance floor and grinding against inanimate objects while doing that weird white-boy-gang-sign thing with your hands, you and the rest of Yolo Inc. may decide to bring the crew into the strip club up the street. This is fine. We appreciate your business and look forward to playing you good music while you drink beer that costs less than thirteen bucks a bottle. However, once you walk into the strip club, your swag is no match for our vag. In fact, fuck your swag. There are naked women present, many of whom are risking their kid’s custody to pay rent under an alias and do not want to be caught in a photograph, nor have to resort to competing for the attention that your douchebag friends are creating by turning everything you do into a Facebook check-in.

I’ve never quite understood why the majority of Portland-area clubs prohibit typically-chill motorcycle clubs (or in extreme cases, sports fans) from wearing attire that promotes a group membership, while at the same time allowing neon-clad, Stabback-fitted suburbanite pricks in Ed Hardy uniforms through the door without a problem. So to state my bias, yes, you glitterswag kids are getting a pass and it’s only a matter of time before clubs adopt the “if it’s on the Jersey Shore, it doesn’t get through the door” rule. In the interim though, remember that we appreciate all the money your parents loan you and your 24-year-old roommates, but from the second you stroll past security, you are being watched for the first sign of fratbeys and will not be pardoned from the bouncer’s wrath if you decide to turn your bar into your photo-booth-slash-dance-party.

Also, yes, I have tons of dubstep. No, I won’t be playing any unless you have money laid out in front of a stripper before she takes the stage.

**Women**

Men are given a clear set of instructions from a young age, at least those of us with fathers who don’t listen to Coldplay on a regular basis; always check the chamber, don’t drive drunk, pull out and don’t touch strippers unless they tell you to. If a guy tries to break the rules in a strip club, he usually knows he’s breaking the rules and doesn’t act surprised when the bouncer tosses him on the street for trying to finger a performer. For some reason...
though, women (mostly of the heterosexual variety) seem to think that it’s okay to overstep the boundaries because, hey, another double standard won’t hurt anyone. I do have a dollar for every time I had to remind some shitfaced YOLO slut that she’s not an OBGYN, so technically, no, you’re not hurting the DJ by being all touchy-feely with the dancer. You will, on the other hand, feel the raw burn of equality as pepper spray ruins your Gen-X mascara. Most bouncers would never hit a woman. After all, we’re “gentleman’s” clubs. Yet, our dancers’ safety takes priority over your need for physical contact. The good news is that if you head East on Burnside from downtown Port-

land, take a right on 82nd Avenue and pick up one of the girls dressed for a fashion show in Reno, they will let you touch. You may even bring home a few surprises for your boyfriend in seven to ten days.

**WANNABE REGULARS**

Oh, you know one of our strippers from Facebook? Please, let our understaffed bar take special care of you and your non-tipping, can-drinking friends while you block the waitress station with bike helmets and turn the DJ booth into a coat check.

Real regulars have respect for a bar, they don’t ask for favors from the bar. This is why they get the favors they get. The dudes who’ve actually hung out with the bartender outside of work, have heard her constant complaints regarding the lack of bar etiquette, so they are allowed to hang around a little longer, get comp’d a few drinks and shoot the shit like a friend because they are friends with the woman pouring drinks. If you came into the club twice last summer and introduced yourself under the name your (now-defunct) indie band gave you, you are not a “regular.” The paradox behind this is not as complex as it is stubborn; if you are out to become a regular, you will never be a regular.

The best way to understand who does and doesn’t qualify for semi-special treatment is to study the television show *Cheers*.

There are characters ranging in relevance from guest spots to frequent extras, but you can’t name any of them unless you mention their relationship to one of the familiar faces (Norm, Cliff, Carla, etc.) or mention what they did to disrupt the general feng shui of the bar with their quirky, one-off appearances. The regulars are the people who are noticed when gone. Norm’s empty chair speaks louder than the guy who dated Carla for a few episodes. In other words, the best way to get on our good side is to show up to the bar every day and not rustle the flow of those before you.

**HONORABLE MENTIONS**

**HAS-BEENS**

You remember the old Doc’s on Powell? How cute. You ran seven stages back in Florida and have a lot to teach Portland DJs? Adorable. You’d spin circles around our girls if you didn’t have a son old enough to bartend weekend nights? Do us all a favor and find a DeLorean, some dangerous chemicals and Christopher Lloyd. We’ll be waiting here while you show off your impressive skills to 1985.

**PROMOTERS**

No, I will not be announcing your overbilled, pay-to-play Bizzy Bone show at whatever name Mt. Tabor is going by these days and if you want your demo CD heard, tip the DJ but don’t do so before professionally mixing, mastering and editing your music to fit club format. A few years back, I went ahead and played the CD-R handed to me by a gold-grilled white kid who “guaranteed” me the strippers would like it before being subjected to a gorgeous, naked woman yelling at full volume “hey Ray, what the fuck is this garbage!? Change this terrible song!” I’m pretty sure that kid’s in a country band now.

**RECRUITERS**

If your club made the kind of money you claim it does, you wouldn’t be spending Saturday nights at our establishment trying to lure away staff. Further, the occasional dancer who will leave a good club to try out a place she’s never been to (and one that requires recruitment) is one who will jump ship as quickly as she will drop trou. The best (and easiest) way to staff a strip club is to fire the ugly dancers, replace your roommate/friend who can’t bartend but got the job because rent is late every month, clean the needles out of the parking lot and advertise in a color publication.

**IN SUMMARY...**

Strip club customers are usually awesome. Unlike music fans or art crowds, there’s no front being put on about who was into naked tits first or owns Malice’s first lap dance on vinyl. If you can walk into a building full of naked women and relax without a visible hard-on or a sudden case of social anxiety, you’re a better person than I. But, like pimples on the ass of a Playmate, the rare one-to-two percent of patrons who ruin it for the rest of us stick out.

...AND A SOLUTION

There is a time, and place, for you to see the dancers break all the rules. Monday, April 1st at Kit Kat Club (formerly Burdette’s Pan to all you City Limits folks), Maggie Magnolia and 1HRx will be presenting You Can’t Do That On A Stripper Pole. Word count limits the amount of description I’m allowed to leave here, but check OneHourPharmacy.com for more info. I will be starring as “Shawn Vogue,” dancers will be selling hot dogs and we’ll probably be allowing photography, too.

How’s that for a shameless plug?

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Here we are, two months into the New Year, and sadly, everything I predicted in January’s column (regarding the assault on your second amendment rights) has come true. The left has been in full-court press, since Sandy Hook. I experienced the “assault rifle” ban of 1994, and this time around they are even more draconian and totalitarian than ever before. If there is one thing I would like to impart on you, the reader, this month, it is this. “This is not about gun control, or as the liberal media is now calling it, ‘gun violence,’ it is simply about control.” Control of you, the way you live and your Constitutional rights.

Let us take a look at that right—the Second Amendment of the Constitution of the United States of America. “A well-regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a Free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.” While I may not be the smartest guy on the planet, I comprehend the meaning of “the right of the PEOPLE to keep and bear arms, SHALL NOT BE INFRINGED.” I also do not see one single word, phrase or reference to hunting in it. If any of you have read The Federalist Papers, you will know that the framers intent for the populace was for them to have a means of protecting themselves from the tyranny of the government.

Between 1994 and our current situation, I have heard so many erroneous statements tossed out by the liberal left that I am almost numb to them. Let’s take a look at some of these. The most common is “assault rifles or weapons.” To be considered an assault weapon, it must fire in full automatic mode. Fully-automatic weapons have been strongly regulated to the general population since 1934, and pretty much ended in 1986, when the books were closed for any new sales or manufacture to the general population. In all that time, only one registered automatic weapon has been used in a crime, and it had been stolen. What is common is a semi-automatic rifle or pistol (ONE pull of the trigger, equals ONE cartridge being fired). I hate to break it to the liberals, but this type of sporting firearm dates back to before the turn of the 20th century. I also love it when the moonbats and media refer to a rifle as a “Weapon of Mass Destruction.” A WMD is a nuclear, chemical or biological weapon. I don’t believe these are available over the counter at your local gun shop. As stated above, this time around we are hearing cries of “gun violence, common sense approach, we have to do something.”

What we have to do is stand together and say NO MORE! Because my friend, you need to understand the end game. As much as the liberals would like, they know realistically they are not going to get all of what they want. So, one of the tactics used for a long time is this, “Ask for everything settle for some of it.” But each time, you lose more of your rights. Remember those years I threw in January, they ramrodded new legislation through in just two days, to one cosmetic feature and a seven-round magazine limit. California just introduced its new piece of legislation to include background checks for ammunition; all semi-automatics must have a fixed magazine (this basically will make all handguns, except revolvers illegal). See to the people who would strip you of your rights, these are just “common sense measures” because “we have to do something.” I could go on and on about proposed legislation across the country. What will “it makes me feel good legislation” do for actually reducing crime? Next to nothing, except for almost instantly making criminals out of millions of average law-abiding citizens. Even crazy Uncle Joe Biden was caught on audio admitting this.

What you need to know is this, Incrementalization and registration lead to confiscation and disarmament. There is not one case in modern times (Nazi Germany, Great Britain, Australia) that registration did not lead to confiscation. Ask their citizens about the dramatic increase in crime since being disarmed. You can see it here as well. The cities and states with the most intrusive gun laws, almost, if not always, have the highest crime rates. Again, I’m not the smartest guy around, but I see a pattern there.

There is some hope. This time around, lawful gun owners are uniting and standing up as never before. We have a Congress that remembers what happened in the post-1994 elections where most of the Congress who voted for the assault ban, were voted out. We also have timing, at least at the federal level. Obama wanted to wait until after the 2014 midterm elections for this push. But, Sandy Hook escalated the issue. I think that at the federal level, most, if not all, legislation will be blocked this time around. Where the true battles will be, are at the state level. This is true especially here in Oregon and Washington. Both states have had bans and limitation of your rights legislation introduced. Stand up, call, e-mail and write your federal and state representatives. Tell them where you stand, that they are paid to represent you and if they vote for the assault ban, you will vote them out. We also have timing, at least at the federal level. Obama wanted to wait until after the 2014 midterm elections for this push. But, Sandy Hook escalated the issue. I think that at the federal level, most, if not all, legislation will be blocked this time around. Where the true battles will be, are at the state level. This is true especially here in Oregon and Washington. Both states have had bans and limitation of your rights legislation introduced. Stand up, call, e-mail and write your federal and state representatives. Tell them where you stand, that they are paid to represent you and if they vote for these bills, you will vote them out. Both Smith & Wesson and Ruger have apps on their web pages that will e-mail them for you with a couple of quick clicks of the mouse. Remember, an unarmed person is a subject and an armed one is a citizen. Until next time, smoke ‘em if you got ‘em (until that is banned as well).
had no expiration date. It was filled with the usual drivel, no more passed its own assault weapons ban, but unlike the federal one, it your rights. It is called Incrementalization. I will give you a prime Act of 1968 and a host of 20,000 more gun laws, you lost more of time, you lose more of your rights. Remember those years I threw time is this, "Ask for everything settle for some of it." But each to get all of what they want. So, one of the tactics used for a long the liberals would like, they know realistically they are not going cause my friend, you need to understand the end game. As much as approach, we have to do something."
Welcome to Exotic magazine’s newest monthly, Reel Reviews. This month’s inaugural column will finish off my 2013 movie preview I started in last month’s Gay Stuff column. So without further ado, grab some popcorn and settle into your favorite chair.

**July**

The Lone Ranger - Another revival of a classic brought to you by the creative team behind the Pirates of the Caribbean franchise. I have to admit, I was less than excited when I heard this was in the works—until I saw the first trailer. I love Johnny Depp’s weird Captain Jack-like vibe in his translation of Tonto. I am also interested in seeing Armie Hammer in a role like this. He had been the choice to play Batman in the first-proposed Justice League movie, which got cancelled by the writers’ strike a few years ago. My thoughts on this film are that it will be a good solid action comedy yarn, or this current generation’s Wild Wild West.

Pacific Rim - This is one I am pretty excited to see, as it is horror master/director Guillermo del Toro’s first crack at sci-fi, that also boasts an amazing cast including Sons of Anarchy’s leading badasses, Charlie Hunnam & Ron Perlman. The plot sets Earth in peril, when legions of monsters rise from a portal in the bottom of the sea intent on wiping out mankind. We fight back with giant freaking combat robots piloted by humans. Brilliant! It’s sure to be summer popcorn movie fodder, but with the top-notch production value that the trailers offered up, you can be sure I’ll be there.

The Wolverine - Hugh Jackman reprises his role again as Weapon X. Based on the celebrated comic book arc, The Wolverine, finds Logan, the eternal warrior and outsider, in Japan. There, samurai steel will clash with Adamantium claw as Logan confronts a mysterious figure from his past in an epic battle that will leave him forever changed. It is my sincere belief (and hope) that this film will erase the shit stain that was Wolverine-Origins. Christopher McQuarrie (Way of the Gun, Usual Suspects and Jack Reacher) and Mark Bomback wrote the script, so my hopes are very high for this. It also gets my vote for the coolest movie poster of the year.

**August**

300: Rise of an Empire - This follow-up to Zack Snyder’s 300 (in turn based on Frank Miller’s 1998 comic book miniseries), is expected to tell, in part, the story of the legendary Spartan king, Leonidas, set in the wake of the Battle of Thermopylae (depicted in the first film). The sequel is shaping up to outdo the original movie and character so good. Hopefully, it will continue the story Miller has written just for the movie sequel. I do know that the second, of a planned trilogy, for everyone’s favorite machete-wielding mercenary, will arrive this year. It remains unknown what is going to be in the sequel. Is it possible to improve upon the first? Of course! I’ll be there.

47 Ronin. Together, they seek vengeance for the death of their master, an act that will plunge them into a world of teeming retribution, renewal and redemption, and will provide a crucial link in their epic quest. The first movie of the franchise’s Riddick was finally released this past August. The only way off is for Riddick to fight for survival against alien predators or be turned into a weapon for the sole purpose of being used as a test subject. The second in the series appears to be lifeless. Until he finds himself on a live-action stylized adaptation of the Elysium science fiction movie of the same name, starring Matt Damon and directed by Neill Blomkamp. I am interested to see how this one will turn out, for I am a fan of both sci-fi and Blomkamp. I haven’t heard much of a buzz about this one, but I have been in love with the script since I first read it. The premise resides on a ruined Earth, a man (Matt Damon) left behind on a space station while the rest of the population heads to the Moon. His only hope is to return to Earth and return to the only people he still cares about. Alternatively, he could try the Martian, but that would take a lot more time. The only way off is for Riddick to fight for survival against alien predators or be used as a test subject.

In the aftermath of The Avengers, Marvel’s sec-

The Hobbit: The Desolation of Smaug - The second installment of the Hobbit trilogy begins, Bilbo, Gandalf and the dwarves attempt to get the dwarves’ gold back from the sea monster Smaug. One Ring. As the journey continues, our hero gains the help of the dwarves,拟miters, Sofia Vergara and more. Just go see it, you know you want to.

A Dame to Kill For - I'll be there.

The Avengers - This American remake of the most-quoted movies of the last time for Christmas. Even though they’ve already disappointed, The Avengers is how much of the first film they have been many imitators that have followed. The sequel is expected to activate an emergency beacon and alert the all the Nine Realms to save Earth and all the realms. Thor battles God/King Xerxes.

For more on Reel Reviews visit www.xmag.com
of Greek General Themistocles, who lead Athens against Persian invaders in a battle that played out simultaneously with the Battle of Thermopylae (depicted in the first film). Since the first 300 hit theaters, there have been many imitators that have followed and there’s nothing like the original. What I am curious to see in this prequel/sequel, is how much of the first film they integrate and expand on. If well done, it could be fantastic. Plus, we even get Rodrigo Santoro, reprising his role as Persian God/King Xerxes.

**RED 2** - It’s an explosive reunion for this team of retired CIA operatives as they use their old-school style to take on a new set of enemies all across Europe. The first **RED** was a surprisingly great action film and the sequel is shaping up to outdo the first.

**Elysium** - A sci-fi tale from the awesome director of **District 9**, Neill Blomkamp. Set in the year 2159, where the very wealthy live on a machine-made space station while the rest of the population resides on a ruined Earth, a man (Matt Damon) takes on a mission that could bring equality to the polarized worlds. Haven’t heard much of a buzz about this one, but as a fan of both sci-fi and Blomkamp, I’m willing to give this one a shot.

**SEPTEMBER**

**Riddick** - Vin Diesel reprises his role as the infamous Riddick, where he has been left for dead on a sun-scorched planet that appears to be lifeless. Until he finds himself fighting for survival against alien predators more lethal than any human he’s ever encountered. The only way off is for Riddick to activate an emergency beacon and alert mercenaries who rapidly descend to the planet in search of their bounty. Hopefully, this third outing returns us to what made the original movie and character so good.

**Machete Kills** - Robert Rodriguez’s second, of a planned trilogy, for everyone’s favorite machete-wielding ex-federala played by Danny Trejo. Ridiculous cast on this flick, Jessica Alba and Michelle Rodriguez are back for more of Trejo’s blade, along with Charlie Sheen, Mel Gibson, Lady GaGa, Antonio Banderas, Sofia Vergara and more. Just go see it, you know you want to.

**OCTOBER**

**Sin City: A Dame to Kill For** - I am an unabashed fan of Frank Miller’s **Sin City** series, both the books and film. I have been waiting for this second turn at the denizens of Basin City for seven years. Not a lot is known about what is going to be in the sequel, I do know that **A Dame to Kill For** (one of my favorite stories) and a new original story Miller has written just for the movie are included. Very curious to see who they cast as Dwight, pre-cosmetic surgery (Ed: see photo Coop). This will be the second sequel directed by Robert Rodriguez (along with Frank Miller) this fall. Returning cast from the first film includes Jessica Alba, Rosario Dawson, Bruce Willis and Mickey Rourke; along with some fresh faces to Sin City like Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Josh Brolin and Ray Liotta.

**Oldboy** - This American remake of a Korean modern classic (as interpreted by Spike Lee) follows the story of an advertising executive (Josh Brolin) who is kidnapped and held hostage for 20 years in solitary confinement without any indication of his captor’s motive. When he is inexplicably released, he embarks on an obsessive mission to discover who orchestrated his bizarre and torturous punishment, only to find he is still trapped in a web of conspiracy and torment. His quest for revenge leads him into an ill-fated relationship with a young social worker (Elizabeth Olsen) and ultimately to an illusive man (Sharlto Copley) who allegedly holds the key to his salvation. Though the idea of remaking this movie is enough to turn off a lot of viewers, I am interested to see where Spike Lee takes this story.

**NOVEMBER**

**Thor: The Dark World** - Marvel’s second outing for the year will continue their transition into Phase II of their film universe. Thor battles to save Earth and all the Nine Realms from a shadowy enemy that pre-dates the universe itself. In the aftermath of Marvel’s **Thor** and “The Avengers,” Thor fights to restore order across the cosmos, but an ancient race (led by the vengeful Malekith) returns to plunge the universe back into darkness. Faced with an enemy that even Odin and Asgard cannot withstand, Thor must embark on his most perilous and personal journey yet—one that will reunite him with Jane Foster and force him to sacrifice everything to save us all.

**DECEMBER**

**The Hobbit: The Desolation of Smaug** - As the second installment of the Hobbit trilogy begins, Bilbo, Gandalf and the dwarves have successfully escaped the Misty Mountains and Bilbo has gained the One Ring. As the journey continues, our heroes attempt to get the dwarves’ gold back from the Dragon, Smaug. “I think the set up from the first film will really start to pay off in this one.”

**47 Ronin** - From ancient Japan’s most enduring tale, comes this epic fantasy-adventure of 47 Ronin with Keanu Reeves leading the cast as Kai, an outcast who joins Oishi (Hiroyuki Sanada), the leader of the 47 Ronin. Together, they seek vengeance upon the treacherous overlord who killed their master and banished their kind. I don’t know how the movie will turn out, but the folk story of the 47 Ronin is a classic.

**Anchorman: The Legend Continues** - One of the most-quoted movies of the last decade, gets its long-awaited sequel just in time for Christmas. Even though they’ve become major comedy stars in the years since, Will Ferrell, Paul Rudd and Steve Carell are all back to reprise their roles as idiotic, misogynistic, but oddly-endearing newsmen. Comedy sequels are notoriously disappointing, but I maintain high hopes for this one.
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Facebook.com/PallasClub

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Saturday, March 16
at both clubs

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